**Camera Anima Demo 1.0 Story Mode Script**

Writing Sample

by

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This is an excerpt is adapted from the in-game script of a point-and-click adventure visual novel. Parts have been reordered has been reordered to reflect level progression.

**TABLE OF CONTENTS:**

1. [STORY MODE - DESIGN NOTES](#critdesignnotes)
2. [STORY MODE CRIT PATH - MAIN SCRIPT](#critmainscript)
3. [EXPLORATION MODE CRIT PATH – OPTIONAL INTERACTIONS](#optionalscript)

STORY MODE – DESIGN NOTES

**Story Mode Must:**

* Be within 1500-2500 words (including coding)
* Introduce the three principal characters (Essie, Giselle, and Artisan)
* Introduce the setting and characters.
* Introduce dialogue selection to familiarize players with asking characters for information.
* Two to three scenes. One outside the bistro to introduce context, one inside the bistro for Essie and Giselle's conversation and expository dialogue.

**Necessary Objects:**

iMask

* Item(“Blue Mask”,”essiemask3.png”,”My Face, proof of my citizenship and Face rank.”)
* Default item. Always in inventory.
* Object is not useable but it gives players something constant to interact with in the inventory. Object description also provides more setting information.

EXPLORATION MODE – MAIN SCRIPT

SET UP: Essie and Giselle arrive at the bistro for lunch and to chat about the recent goings-on in the Awyr Isles.

LOCATION: Heavenly Host Bistro

*Over a black screen, narration appears.*

Narrator: For the Artisan, it began over forty years ago.

Narrator: The Artisan had accumulated twenty-five known victims. Motives and exact details of modus of operandi remain debated.

Narrator: For them, it started five years ago.

Narrator: Essie still worked in a phlogiston refinement factory, only mildly disliked automatons, and lacked the sunken eyes and insomnia.

Narrator: Giselle worked in the hat shop, still occasionally removed her Face, and lacked the chronic tremors and insomnia.

Narrator: What happened to them remains something they never talk about, least of all with each other.

*The level opens on a small, refined restaurant. There is a small sitting area and a specials menu on the outside. Among food items, the menu reminds patrons that the restaurant has the right to refuse service based on Face rank.*

Giselle: Don't forget, we need our Faces.

Essie: It's not too late to go to Cat's Eye.

Giselle: But I got a raise! I can afford to buy us a decent lunch for once.

Essie: Giselle, I still need time to get back to work. Boss already has me staying late for taking time off.

Giselle: It'll be fine. They run like clockwork here. We'll be in and out with plenty of time to get you back.

Essie: I think they'd be quick to get rid of us for other reasons.

Giselle: Well, it's still faster for us to eat here than go to another place. Shall we?

*Eventually, the pair proceeds inside. As they do so, they put on their masks.*

Giselle: Faces on.

Essie: Yeah, yeah...

Narrator: upon entry, the Concierge automaton immediately scanned their faces. Its glass eyes lit up blue and it tipped its hat.

Narrator: Welcome to Heavenly Host! Please proceed towards the Blue Room on the right. Please keep your Face on until the server has verified you are in the correct seating area.

Essie: Because it'd be sooo inconvenient if a Blue were seen with Purples or Reds...

Giselle: Behave.

*The pair is led to a brightly lit room with fine furniture and décor. They are the only ones currently seated in that room.*

Narrator: The server noted their Faces and led them to a room in the back, away from the main dining areas. It was late in the afternoon so they had the room to themselves.

Narrator: Once they were seated and the server had their order, they took off their masks.

Essie: At least Cat's Eye doesn't scan you.

Giselle: We can't always go to the coffee shop.

Essie: I'm just saying. What's the point of talking about things like equality, solidarity, and fundamental freedoms if we're not practicing it where we should?

Giselle: Where we should do won't get us the best meat pies in the city if we don't compromise.

Giselle: They're good beliefs but there's a time and a place. Most places still aren't as accommodating as a classroom or a hole-in-the-wall cafe. Our discussion group's not big enough for that yet.

Essie: hat doesn't stop mantras like, 'out of the classroom, out of the coffee shop, and onto the streets' from feeling pointless if we aren't going to practice it.

Giselle: \*sigh\*

*Giselle’s face falls with frustration and she falls silent. A tense beat passes.*

Essie: …

Essie: Moving on...Are the pies really good enough to be called the best in the city?

*The change in topic perks Giselle up. She smiles.*

Giselle: Absolutely.

Giselle: We got some time to catch up before our order arrives. Is there anything you wanted to talk about?

*A list of conversation topics opens. It ends when Essie chooses to move on from the discussion.*

Dialogue branch:

* Work:

Giselle: How's Becher? You said there was an accident but you never gave me the details.

Essie: Still out. Some brainless fuc—...idiot, screwed up the pressurization of the crystal she was handling and it went 'WHOOSH'.

Essie: It was only a small lighting crystal so there wasn't much phlogiston to release but a little more would have lit the workshop on fire instead of just her.

Giselle: Have they disciplined the idiot?

Essie: Nope. How about you? Still camping out in the shop?

Giselle: ...Some nights...

Essie: Dammit, Giselle. It's not like *you* can't get off work before curfew.

Giselle: Yes, but I want to keep ahead of the rest of the staff. The missus tells me that my hats sell the fastest. If I want a chance of moving up I need to keep my hats in stock.

Essie: So this has nothing to do with your roommates?

Giselle: Well, not having to share a bathroom with them every morning helps.

* Phlogiston (unlock if work asked about):

Giselle: I get worried about you sometimes. I know phlogiston's the best way of releasing heat and energy but it sounds dangerous to work with. One mistake and instant combustion occurs, if not worse.

Giselle: Hasn't your management thought of making changes? I read that some factories are trying substitute methods that use aether instead.

Essie: There's been some talk but it'd never stick.

Essie: They could use automatons to handle the stuff that, ya know, might actually kill us...

Essie: Except it costs more to pay for maintenance and upkeep than replacement workers.

Essie: They could start using aether, which'd be convenient since the Isles are pretty much made up of aether deposits anyway...

Essie: Except groups keep complaining that if we keep mining aether we're going to be the 'Slightly Hovering Isles' instead of the 'Floating Isles'.

Essie: They could always just close up shop entirely rather than risk the lives and safety of their workers...

Essie: Except that's stupid. Other companies would just keep refining phlogiston, we'd just end up having

to go somewhere else, and management'd probably end up just as copperless as the rest of us.

Essie: And honestly? I'd rather be screwed by the slight possibility of something blowing me up later than the immediate lack of money.

Giselle: I just thought I'd ask.

* Discussion Group:

Essie: By the way, you might want to make sure Tommy gets you his part of your group assignment ASAP.

Essie: He finally got a job.

Giselle: Really!? Where?

Essie: He joined a tour in the Lower Lands.He's going to be traveling around for a year with Nigel and

Florence to bring enlightenment, trade, and pitches of the Awyr dream to Low Landers.

Giselle: Well, that's still good for him. Our discussion group is going to feel emptier, though.

Essie: Yeah. Not that surprising. It's not easy to get to classes in the first place and we all got more important priorities.

Essie: If it wasn't for the chance to get out and socialize, I probably would have stopped going a long time ago.

Giselle: You don't care about completing the certificate?

Essie: It's not like I'll be able to use it for much. Don't get me wrong, it's actually one of the better perks for our Face rank.

Essie: You can join the work force as early as thirteen and still get an education, attend what classes and discussions you can, and finish whenever you want at whatever age

Essie: For some people, that's perfect. You'll probably get a lot of mileage out of it too, wherever you move up.

Essie: For me, though? I'm not likely to get out of the factories so what I've learnt isn't going to do me much good.

Essie: Even Ma never got out of the job she had when she was our age.

Giselle: Essie…

Essie: Sorry. Let's talk about something else.

* Not really:

Essie: Nothing in particular.

*Time passes. Utensils clink against plates over the soft murmurs of conversation.*

Narrator: The talked about this and that until their orders arrived.

Narrator: The pies really were the best in the city, though.

Giselle: I told you!

Essie: I dunno. 'Best' is still a pretty big word.

Giselle: Really. I see you've gone through yours faster than I have.

Essie: Really.

Narrator: Essie pushed her mostly finished plate away.

Essie: Anyway, I won't get off till after curfew but Cat's Eye should still be open a little past that. Wanna go there after? We might be able to score some discounted spiced cider.

*Giselle stops eating, and things fall silent. Her cheer is gone, replaced with anxiety. A beat passes.*

Essie: Giselle?

Giselle: I've been thinking. Maybe tonight we should stay in.

Giselle: My landlady has no problem with female guests and my roommates have been wanting to meet my dashing sister.

Essie: Okay, sure...but, first, what's up?

Giselle: It's nothing. I'll seem silly.

Essie: C'mon, Giselle. If it's just you being silly, I'll be the first to laugh and move on.

Giselle: Did you see today's paper?

Essie: Nah. I was in a hurry out the door.

Narrator: Giselle pulled copy of the Copperman Times and passed it to Essie.

*Essie looks over the paper. The front page reads, “The Artisan Strikes Again: Faceless Woman Found Dead in White Temple Road”.*

Narrator: The sketch caught Essie's attention before she read the headline or article.

Narrator: A woman without a mask lay prostrate on her back, a cape draped over her, and (on a closer look) flowers woven into her hair.

Narrator: She appeared to be sleeping but Essie knew better.

Narrator: She knew the woman's eyes would be open, unseeing, and empty.

Essie: …

Giselle: …

Giselle: What do you think?

Essie: I'm amazed the constables let the papers run the story with so little facts.

Giselle: What else?

Essie: It’s horrible?

Giselle: And?

*Finally, her patience runs out. Essie scowls.*

Essie: Giselle, I don't know what you want.

Essie: It's disgusting. It's frustrating the constables won't hurry up and catch the guy-this has been going on since we were *kids*.

Essie: Shit, I dunno...Do you want me to say yeah, 'course you're right, let's play careful?

Giselle: That's part of it.

Giselle: Don't you get worried? How people disappear and then turn up like this?

Giselle: Ma used to scare us with stories of the Artisan but when they keep happening don't you get scared?

Giselle: And last year, there was Andrea...

*Essie goes still.*

Narrator: Essie felt a cold spike in her stomach.

Narrator: Andrea had been the brightest in their discussion group, probably even the brightest at the workers college. She had shimmering red hair, a grin that reached her eyes, and soft hands.

Narrator: Andrea had been the one to suggest taking their beliefs out of the classroom and into the real world. She'd been the first in their group to stop wearing her Face.

Narrator: She was the Artisan's twenty-first victim.

Essie: Maybe we shouldn't meet up.

Giselle: We don't need to go that far. I just think we need to be a little more paranoid. Ma isn't around to do that for us.

Essie: Hah! If she saw us now, she'd drag us out and solder our Faces on. 'Girl's don't forget your Faces', 'the smog will burn your eyes', 'remember, one, two—’

Giselle: ‘—The bell tolls late'. 'Three, four, don't forget your face'...

Giselle: Honestly, the last part still scares me. 'Nine, ten—’

*Neither completes the verse. There’s discomfort as they recall the final line.*

Narrator: *Never wake again*.

*Essie regains her composure first. Giselle quickly follows her lead.*

Essie: It's just a song. Someone just based it off the Artisan but slapped lessons to it like 'don't stay out late', 'don't talk with strangers', and 'don't forget your Faces' to scare kids into behaving.

Giselle: You're probably right.

Essie: So, we good to meet up after I get off?

Giselle: Sure. Just because we should be a little more paranoid doesn't mean we should let our routine be completely disrupted.

Giselle: Let's talk about something else while we still have time, okay?

Narrator: They continued to talk until Essie went back to work. Neither finished their pie.

*The level closes out on a black screen and narration.*

Narrator: Essie would later discover that while the papers never said it outright, most of the Artisan victims were Faceless - citizens who hadn't lived in the city long enough to receive a mask or those stripped of their Face rank.

Narrator: Other victims, usually of low Face rank, were found without their mask.

Narrator: Essie shouldn’t known better.

**Story Mode Ends**

EXPLORATION MODE – OPTIONAL INTERACTIONS

*If the player examines the store sign, Essie looks up at a sign with clean, neat lettering.*

Essie: (Heavenly Host, one of the most prominent eateries on central island.)

Essie: (If it wasn't for the 'Faces Mandatory' rule and the prices I'd probably like it more.)

*If the player examines the specials menu, Essie sees a chalk signboard with a list of food items. Items include names like, ‘Delicate Onion Soup’, ‘Delightful Orange Salad’, and ‘Succulent Meat Pie’*.

Essie: Someone really liked their adjuectives.

Giselle: No worse than your poetry.

Essie: *Old* poetry! I’m learning to tone it down and be pickier about who I share it with.

Giselle: Don't worry, somewhere out there there's someone that will look past your adjective abuse and purple prose and appreciate your genius.

Essie: (It definitely won’t be you.)

*If the player examines the piece of paper, Essie stands near the paper. As she does so, a motorized device rapidly approaches.*

Essie: (Just trash—)

Essie: WHOA—

Narrator: A heavy weight ploughed into Essie's leg.

Narrator: It was a Cleaner automaton: three-foot tall and box-shaped, a rusted ‘H’ on its head, and brushes on its feet and left 'hand'.

Narrator: Its right 'hand' was a blunted pincer pinning the piece of litter to her boot, while its left madly scrubbed away.

Narrator: Essie shook her foot with no success.

Essie: Get. OFF - you blasted piece of s—

Giselle: \*giggle\* Do you need help?

Essie: Nah, I al—most—Got it!

*Essie knocks the Cleaner off, and it puts away.*

Narrator: A final kick shook the Cleaner loose. It aimlessly wobbled and swerved back down the street, still holding onto the piece of trash.

Essie: They got to do something about those things.

Giselle: C'mon, its not like it actually hurt you. It was just doing what it was programmed for.

Essie: Yeah, before whoever programmed it went belly up. Based on how it was fairing, it’s probably another stray automaton. We have a bunch like it around work.

Essie: New owners keep moving in somewhere, messing up, and skipping out. Sucks but at least people can find elsewhere. Those things wander around doing whatever until they fall apart.

Giselle: It's still hard to blame things that can\'t help themselves.