

latest changes

- rewrote the encounter with the militia, expanded it a little bit to add some more details about the situation.
- rewrote most of the intro, originally it was too vague and unconvincing.
- added the flare gun
- moved the "stay or go" choice until after the protagonist searches the house for supplies, but before he goes to the mall.
- I got rid of the bad end when fighting the shop owner at the mall. like anon pointed out, it's useless because people would just reload a earlier save. instead i added a new flag: wounded. we'll see how this plays out, if it the story starts to branch out too much we'll have to trim it somehow.
- added a different conversation to the end of the prologue in case protag returns home empty empty handed.
- added another random event on the way to / from the market

to do list

- add more references to the "monsoon season"
- mention food shortages more often
- rewrite the trip to the mall completely and all the other random events. the city becomes a ghost town for no reason.
- add bandages or painkillers.
- i think the encounter with the militia should be mandatory, since it has a lot of important info
- think of what to do if the player decides to not go to the mall. instead of skipping to the dinner scene there should be a few scenes in the middle. something about crafting or boarding up the windows.
- dinner scene needs to be a little bit longer.
- add one more opportunity during the "normal" dinner scene for the player to pick the go route
- re read the whole script and look for contradictions, inconsistent stuff, etc
- add a short intro that quickly explains what the mouse universe / doomday equation are. emphasis on how those who isolated themselves from society survived the experiment.

start

bg = newsfeed showing riots

(narrator, NVL mode) Once again, the TV was showing more images of the protests that had been taking place at the city center every night for the past few weeks. Large groups of people smashed windows, threw rocks and chanted political slogans while clashing with a cordon set up by the riot police in front of the Senate. The crowd charged at the fence again and again,

trying to bring it down, while the police tried to disperse them with a water canon and rubber bullets. It didn't look as if the battle would end soon, and every charge got more and more violent, leaving a trail of the unconscious behind each attack. I felt as my eyes were glued to the screen.

bg = dining room, night, lit
ADV mode

(sis) -Aren't you hungry? You haven't been eating much lately.

Oh, um, sorry. I must have been daydreaming. I keep getting distracted a lot lately.

(sis) -Mom called before... She said their flight got cancelled. They don't know when they'll get back. Are they gonna be ok, stuck at the airport? They've been gone forever...

a) I'm sure they'll be back in time for your birthday.

Yeah, the airport's not the worst place to be stuck at, right?

b) I don't know.

(sis) response a) You think so? I can't wait for them to get back.

Your sister has gained hope. (+1)

(sis) response b) Uhm... ok. I guess they'll get back eventually.

You're worried about what's going on over there, aren't you?

-Yes. I've never seen something like this before.

(sis) They're like this everyday... that's why the school started the summer vacations so early. They said the streets were getting too dangerous.

-Does Dad ever talk about this with you? What does he think of all this? I hope he knows what he's doing.

(sis) Sometimes. He used to tell me that the people protesting are farmers and workers who lost their jobs. The monsoon season last year was very violent, and a lot of people had to move here to look for jobs.

-What about that mutiny earlier this year? Did he ever say anything about it?

(sis, sad) I don't know about that. Sorry.

bg = troops

NVL mode

(narrator) Although my sister didn't know, a lot of particularly bad things had been happening that year. As much as the government had tried to hide it, everyone knew that the armed forces had had to deal with several mutinies, and this eroded the trust of the people. In the worst and most well known incident so far, the 700-men crew of the country's flagship cruiser refused to

leave port and murdered some of their officers. Some of the conscripts that participated were later interviewed by several magazines, and they complained about mistreatment, lack of pay and poor living conditions. There was a lot of discomfort in the armed forces. Even though incidents were resolved quickly the government never really recovered from the backlash. People were getting more scared as the days passed, and tried to stay inside as much as possible.

bg = dining room, night, lit
ADV mode

-Well, it's not like you can blame those people right? It's been getting more and more difficult to find jobs.

(sis) was it always like this?

-No... I'm sure it wasn't. Remember when most of our neighbors' parents worked in the factories on the other side of the city?

(sis) Eh? What factories?

-Heh. You're too young to remember, but we could see the pillars of smoke from the balcony. I think that was way back when we still shared a room.

(sis) That must have been like... 8 years ago, right? Before you moved away with mom.

bg = pillars of smoke
NVL mode

(narrator) I remembered that day clearly. The entire class was in upheaval. Although I don't remember exactly what caused it, the night before there had been some big announcement on the TV, and the next day everyone was talking about how a lot of factories and companies would have to close. I think it might have been related to something about tariffs, or a new law, or maybe something else, like a spike in the price of some raw material. I was only 12 back then, and I didn't really understand what was going on.

bg = foreclos
NVL mode

It think that's when things started to go downhill. I'd go as far as saying that it was the day the fuse was lit. It took me a long time to realize what was going on, but for a lot of people it was getting harder to pay for living costs, and the streets were filling with homeless. Many parts of town were becoming slums, some places were so bad that most wouldn't risk travelling through them. We had pretty much imposed our own curfew - too afraid to go out at night, with things as they were. That's when my mother decided to move away to the neighboring country of _____ (note: we can always reword this to avoid having to use any names, and keep the situation vague and abstract) it had always seemed more stable, and getting a job there was not as difficult, but their immigration laws were demanding. Despite this, my father decided to stay behind with my sister.

bg = dining room, night, lit
ADV mode

(sis) You're daydreaming again.

-I was just thinking, why didn't Dad want to come with us? He knew life is easier there.

(sis) I used to ask him all the time.... I'm not really sure. He always said he had his reasons. "I'm not giving up yet" and all that.

-But the protests have been getting worse every day. There are rumors that some government officials are planning to leave the country if their families are threatened.

(sis) I'm not worried! That's why mom and dad sent you here.

-What were they thinking... going on a trip in times like this...

no bg change
ADV move

My sister usually has an innocent air about her, but I don't think she's oblivious to the problems around us. I think seeing the problems in the streets and on the TV has hardened her a little to the impending reality we might have to deal with. Maybe that's what my parents were counting on. But, I wasn't exaggerating when I told her about the growing levels of violence. Several government officials resigned recently, and I heard the ruling coalition would collapse any day now, as the unrest was becoming unmanageable.

Still, I couldn't really blame them if they tried to run away like that. Things had already been bad even before the current government was elected. Yet, I always figured they had a responsibility, and if they dropped out on that, a lot of us would suffer for it. Looking back, I don't think I could blame any government in the previous ten years for this. It was too unusual. Everything had taken a literal nosedive, people were acting rowdier and more aggressive than I had ever seen, and to be honest, I didn't know how to react either. With most of the country running rampant, how could any government deal with things without hurting a lot of people in the process? In fact, maybe this whole thing had been set in motion decades before I was born and no one could have ever done anything about it. But that doesn't matter now.

NVL mode

(sis) I think all they had to do was do was take care of some papers where Mom lives... did they tell you anything?

-Nothing.

-Wait, does that mean Dad finally decided to move?

(sis) I don't know... I hope not. All my friends are here. I can't just leave them.

(sis, sad) Don't you miss your friends?

bg = living room dark

-I'll go get some candles. Why don't you head up to your room?

(sis, scared) Th-the door's locked, right?

-Yeah, don't worry about it.

sfx = footsteps

NVL mode

We were used to power cuts, but I don't think we've ever had this many. I've had to throw away a lot of good food during that week. Luckily the longest ones only last a couple hours at most, so I usually just waited them out and then went back to playing games or watching TV.

...

...

sfx = clock ticking

ADV mode

-I guess it's not coming back until tomorrow. Not much to do except go to bed.

-The heat isn't helping either. Sat in the dark, no power for fans, or even anything to help me take my mind off of things. I wonder how my sister is taking this?

bg = black

...

...

(sis) <bro>! Wake up!

(sis) Can you smell that? Something is burning!

- Inside?

(sis) No, outside I think!

bg = living room

I quickly climbed out of my bed and ran downstairs. Everything was fine, but I could smell the smoke coming in through the window.. I was relieved to find that there weren't any fires nearby.

-What's going on? Are you alright?

(sis) I'm ok, but I don't know what's going on - the TV still isn't working!

I opened a window, and looked outside.

bg = city with pillars of smoke

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The sight was particularly frightening. I was used to seeing tires, cars and even some buildings being set on fire during the last few days, but the pillars of smoke were larger than I had seen before. I could almost taste the plastic in my mouth. On top of this, I could hear sounds on the distance... it was difficult to tell what they were at first because they were so far away, but the fireworks that I used to play with every new year quickly came to mind. However, this time it was different. They were probably gunshots. Things were spiralling out of control.

I noticed my neighbor was moving things into his car. His two children were inside, buckled up on their seats.

I ran out and waved to him.

bg = street 1

-What's going on?

-Didn't you see the news?

-My power's still out.

-It came back for one hour before daybreak. Everything got out of control last night. Armed groups joined the protest in the city centre and things got ugly. They say the Army evacuated everyone from the building in a helicopter, and took them to a base in the countryside. The police barricaded themselves in their stations and now everyone is out in the streets looting.

-What? Who? What's going to happen?

-I don't know. There's so many different groups and parties out there, it's impossible to know for sure who started it. A lot of political organizations had had their own paramilitary wings ever since that big mutiny last year, and now that the police is out of the picture there's no one left to keep a leash on them. I'm taking the kids out of the city until things get better.

-This doesn't make sense. Why would the President just leave? Can't he just call in the Army to restore order?

-I hope he does. But I'm not going to stay here and wait.

-What about your house?

-I've got more important things. At the moment, these kids are my priority right now. Are your parents home yet?

-No. Their flight got cancelled...I don't know when they'll even be back.

-Don't you have a anywhere else to stay?

-No, I don't. I can't go anywhere else.

My neighbor looked at his car for a second. It was packed full. His children were sitting on some bags that looked as if they had been stuffed with as many things as possible.

(neighbor) Then lock all your doors and windows and wait for your parents. They'll know what to do. Maybe try and keep your valuables out of plan view, right? Well, I've gotta go, sorry. I hope you stay safe till your parents get home.

-Yeah...bye.

bg = living room

(sis) What was that about? Is everything ok, <bro>?

a) Not much. Nothing to worry about, anyway. (hope +1)

b) I'll tell you later, I have to do something.

c) You know what it's been like around town lately, don't you?. We might need to start thinking about what we're going to do if it gets worse. (little sister realism +1)

Response

a) (sis) Oh, okay. What are you doing?

b) Oh...alright then.

c) I'm scared, <bro>, but you'll take care of things, right? I'll help you if I can.

I picked up the phone. No use, it wasn't working either. Busy lines? No surprise.

(sis) The phone hasn't been working at all! We can't contact anyone...

I had to make a decision. There was a chance trouble would soon spread to our neighborhood as well. In that case, I would have to defend myself and my sister, but it wouldn't be easy. Our house had too many windows, and it wouldn't be easy to defend it from gangs. On the other hand, we could pack our things and try to run away. We didn't know anyone outside the city, but the chances of being attacked would be a lot less after we got out.. This seemed like the best idea to me at first, but looking at my sister I quickly realized that the journey would be dangerous for her. What if she got sick? Not to mention, she wouldn't be capable of moving very fast or carry any weight. There were a lot of risks, either way.

(sis) I'm worried... shouldn't we go where the neighbor is going?

-I don't know. I just need to think for a minute. How much food do we have?

(sis) I don't know. I've been cooking the meals mom left in the fridge.

-When was the last time we went shopping?

(sis)Ummm... last week?

(sis)Dad just left me a bunch of stuff and told me it'd be enough. The market was very crowded last time he took me there.

-Must have been because of the monsoon... a lot of crops were probably ruined.

(sis)What are we going to do?

-Can you come with me? I'm going to need some help.

(sis) Okay, what are you doing?

-We won't be able to leave the house for a while. Let's make sure we've got enough supplies to see us through.

a) - enough food for 2 days

To my dismay, the fridge was mostly empty. The black outs had caused most of our perishables

to go bad. There was a bottle of yogurt and some meat inside but nothing looked healthy so I had to throw all of it away.

(sis)Hey! Look what I've found.

She passed me a couple bags of pasta, with a smile. They wouldn't last too long, but it was better than finding nothing. I really worried about my sister going hungry.

-That's good - did you find anything else?

(sis) I could only find some canned food. It's hard to find anything else.

-That's ok, but it won't be enough, I think. Let's keep looking.

We did another thorough search, but all we could find were snacks, like candy and the odd cookie. My parents' wine collection sat there, almost taunting me. I resisted emptying them out of sheer irritation - the stuff would last us for a while, if we could actually drink it. I never understood why they collected wine in the first place - wasn't that stuff meant to be drunk, no hoarded?

-Well, looks like that's it. No point in messing around here any longer. Can you get started on the dinner? I gotta take care of something.

(sis)Um, okay. I'll try not to use too much.

She looked apprehensive. She was used to cooking food, but in this situation, it wasn't surprising that she was worried about it.

-It's okay, just take it easy and make us something light.

(system message) You've found enough food for the next two days...

b) enough food for 4 days

The fridge stank - Unsurprisingly, most of our food had gone bad and I had to throw it away. Although, there was still some milk left that wasn't totally undrinkable, and even some frozen meat and eggs. We'd have to use the remaining food before it went off like the rest. My sister came in, with some food - more than I had expected. I smiled at her as she entered, with a bit of relief.

(sis) Hey, I fou

-Let's see... a bag of rice, some pasta, a few cans of tuna. Good job.

-That'll keep us going for a while, but we'll still run out soon enough.. Did you find anything else?

(sis) Um...I can go back and keep looking, if you want me to.

-Nah, it's ok, don't bother. We'll figure something else out, we'd have to think of something else eventually anyway. There's something I need to do.

(system message) You've found enough food for the next 4 days.

c) enough food for 7 days.

I opened the fridge, and found myself greeted by an overpowering whiff of rotten food. Nearly all of it had gone bad, and I was uncertain about the food that wasn't completely spoiled. I seriously hoped that mom and dad hadn't left all their food here, otherwise we'd be in trouble. It was a bad idea to get so much of this kind of food with the power cuts. Then again, it was a bad idea for them to have left at all...

(sis) Hey, look what I've found!

I perked up at the sound of my sister's voice, leaving the rotten food alone to go check on her. I found her by the storage room, pointing at large piles of tuna cans and bags of pasta and rice. This was great! We also had several bags of sugar, some salami and even a few pastries. I couldn't really ask for more.

(sis) This is good, isn't it?

She smiled at me widely, as if she were looking for approval.

-Yeah, this is awesome. I didn't know they had so much food hidden away. You can go ahead and start making dinner, okay? I have something to take care of.

(system message) You've found enough food for a week!

all 3 options will lead to this

(sis) Where are you going?

She asked me before I left.

-I'm going to check dad's chest.

(sis) He wouldn't have any food in there, would he?

-I'm not looking for food, I think his gun is in there. I might need it.

(sis) A-a gun? Why would you want a gun? You're not going to shoot somebody are you?

I felt bad. She looked scared now I had mentioned using a weapon. I suppose I would react in a similar way if dad had done the same thing.

a) If somebody comes, I might have to do it. (hope -1)

b) No, don't worry. It's here just in case. Sometimes just seeing a gun is enough to keep people away, right?

(sis) It's because of all those protesters outside and on the TV isn't it! I wish they'd just stop!

Why do they need to be so bad? Why would they want to hurt us?

-I wish I knew. Some people are just like that. I guess they're more common nowadays than

they used to be.

I went and found a hammer and went to the living room. My dad kept a locked chest next to the bookstand, and I knew for a fact that's where he kept all his old military paraphernalia from the time he served in the army. I still found it hard to imagine him being in the army, but I was kind of glad he was if it meant I could have used his stuff to keep us safe.

sfx = hammer

##equal chances

a) nothing

I frantically searched through the chest, my heart sinking as all I found was photo albums, different mementos, and even more annoyingly, army clothes. What was the point in keeping all this junk? Why would you even keep it locked away if it wasn't something important? Well, I guess that's sentimentality for you. Rummaging all the way to the bottom, I eventually found a machete.

I sized it up, a little sceptically. It was large and looked rather brutal. It wasn't that sharp, but it was probably tough and decent as a weapon. It was better than the kitchen knives, at least.

trait gained: unarmed

(system message) You've found a machete.

b) a gun and enough ammo for 2 battles

I began to worry there'd be nothing of use in the chest, as I dug through a lot of dad's old junk. Military clothes, mementos, stuff that wasn't generally of any importance to anyone other than him. Still, I searched it thoroughly enough to find a small box at the bottom. I opened it up to find a surprisingly heavy pistol, and some ammunition besides it. I didn't really know much about guns, but I knew this would only last so long. Furthermore, I had next to no idea how to deal with a firearm. I'd be lucky to get off a fire shots properly, not counting if it broke or some other stupid thing happened.

-It'd do though. It might work as deterrent, at least.

(system message) You've found a handgun.

c) a flare gun, enough 'ammo' for 3 battles

#for now the script won't be able to tell the difference between bullets and flares, it will only make a distinction between 'armed' and 'unarmed'. i'm going to change this later on when we

add more items and stuff.

-Huh? What is this?

I was surprised to find a flaregun inside. Why would my dad keep something like this? I set it aside and started to dig deeper into the chest, trying to find a gun or something more useful, but to my dismay the chest was full of useless trash; clothes, books, photo albums...

-This is hopeless...

Looking at all the garbage spread out around the chest, I considered my situation, feebly trying to prepare myself mentally for the coming trial. There was nothing else I could use to defend myself and my sister. If I was very lucky, I wouldn't need to use it, but I wasn't feeling optimistic. It was one thing to get into a fight, maybe throw a punch or two, but would this be enough? That was a whole new ball game, one I wasn't sure I'd be able to play. Still, I'd always considered myself able to deal with whatever circumstance was thrust upon me. This was just something I'd have to deal with, eventually.

####

My sister was still cooking, and I could smell the food as my mouth began to water. She was such a good cook. I drifted into a daydream momentarily, thinking of what the food would taste like, until she spoke up and brought me back to reality.

(sis) Did you find anything?

1) if the unarmed flag was raised

-Nope. Chest was full of junk.

I couldn't help hide my bitterness.

(sis) I-is that bad? What would we do if somebody tried to break in, <bro>?

a) Then we'll just have to try and hide, I guess. (-1 hope)

My sister nodded timidly. She said nothing and carried on cooking.

What was the point of trying to hide the truth?

A single man can't stop an angry mob with a machete.

b) I'll figure something out.

(sis) Okay, I trust you. I'd be really scared without you here, you know?

I could tell she was forcing that smile. She was probably terrified.

2) if the player has equal to or more than 1 ammunition

-Yeah.

I nodded calmly.

-I'll be able to keep us safe for a while. Is the food almost done? I'm starving.

(sis) Well, that's good. I'm glad you're here with me, because I don't really know what I'd do on my own.

####

Sitting down, I looked at the stuff we had gathered. It looked surprisingly insignificant. I guess that was because I knew none of it would keep us going indefinitely. It wouldn't take much for it all to come crashing down. Still, I had to try and keep my spirits up. It was time to choose between lesser of two evils. Would these supplies be enough to hold out until the army arrived? Or would it be better to make a run for the countryside?

- a) stay
- b) go

#stay route

I glanced at my sister and realized that staying would be dangerous, yet would provide a lot more certainty. Trying to leave a city infested with gangs, looters, mobs and militias while carrying her would be next to impossible. She was my responsibility and I couldn't put her in that kind of situation.

(sister) What are you thinking? You're not going to do something drastic, are you? I don't want to go outside.

-It's ok, we'll stay here for now. I don't think it's a good idea to go anywhere.

(sis) Are mom and dad going to be back soon?

- a) Yeah, relax, okay? Just a delay, that's all.. (hope +1)

I didn't like lying to her, but it was better to keep her spirits up when i really didn't know when they'd be coming back.

- b) I'm don't know - if the plane is cancelled then there's no way of telling when they'll be able to get here.

I had to be honest. I had no idea when our parents would be coming home and I didn't want to give her false hope.

How long would we have to wait? There was no way to know when my parents would get back, and even then, would things be okay anyway? They were safe enough in (name of neighboring country), but we were on our own. I anxiously worried about what was going on outside - where was the army? Surely if things had gotten this bad they would have been called in by now? The rioters couldn't fight the army. No, they wouldn't stand a chance. Yet, there could have been another mutiny, or maybe the armed forces were following their own orders now and had their own plans for the government. This could explain why the President had fallen off the radar. And what about everyone else in the neighbourhood? If things got bad enough, they would surely do something about it, wouldn't they? Yet if there's nobody here now, how would I know if they would ever come? The future was very uncertain, and all I could do was prepare myself. Sooner

or later our house would be targeted.

sfx = clock ticking

(sis) Is something up? Do you have any more ideas?

-I was just thinking... is this going to be enough?

If my sister saw me looking down, it'd probably affect her too. Something urged me to do something. I didn't feel comfortable just sitting here and waiting. I could go out and try and get some more food. It'd help us last longer, and I might even find somebody who would be willing to help out. That was risky, though. Even though it was still light with it being summer, things tended to get worse later on in the day. As always, there was the danger of getting caught by somebody, or even the house being broken into while I was out. It was still relatively early though.

a) go for it

b) no, we should stay and try to barricade the windows.

part 3 of the pastebin (completely unedited)-----

A) go for it

if flag unarmed

Was this really a good idea? Going into the city alone, armed only with a machete... what if someone tried to break into the house while I was gone? My sister would be easy prey to looters.

But I didn't have a choice. We needed more supplies. With enough luck, I'd even find a gun or a better weapon. I could also get an idea of how violent the city really was- the power was still out and I had no way to know if the army would intervene or not.

-Pass me that sports bag. I'm going out.

(sis) What? no. it's dangerous.

a) I'll be back soon.

your sister gains hope. (+1)

b) I have to.

-We don't know when this will blow over, we have to stock up.

-If anyone, anyone at all, tries to get in, hide under your bed. I'll try to get back as soon as possible.

(sis) ...

I took the machete and the bag and opened the back door. I couldn't risk being seen leaving the house- I didn't want anyone to think it was empty.

otherwise

The local mall had a lot of different stores, and a short visit could get me all the supplies I needed. Leaving my sister alone was a problem, but I couldn't just give her the handgun, since she could have an accident. Plus, I'd probably need it more than her- I had no idea what I'd run into out in the streets.

-Pass me that sports bag. I'm going out.

(sis) What? no. it's dangerous.

a) I won't take long, I promised.

Your sister gains hope. (+1)

b) I have to. We don't have enough supplies.

-If anyone, anyone at all, tries to get in, hide under your bed. I'll try to get back as soon as possible.

(sis) ...

I had no time to explain, so I took the bag and opened the back door. I couldn't risk being seen leaving the house- I didn't want anyone to think it was empty.

if sister's hope equal or lower than 0

bg = street 1

When I tried to step out, I felt something pulling my sleeve back. Thinking it was stuck on the door handle or something, I turned around violently to get it loose, and noticed my sister standing on the doorway looking at me with a surprised face.

bg = living room dark

-what's wrong?

(sis, sad) do you really need to go...? I'm scared. please stay with me.

-But what are we going to do? I don't know if we have enough food. We might need some medicine as well, and other stuff.

(sis, sad) I don't care... like you said earlier, we'll figure something out. I just don't want to be alone.

-just go to your room. I know what I'm doing.

Maybe I hadn't been managing the situation correctly. If I wasn't more careful when talking to my sister, she could end up with a nervous breakdown, or worse. But there was no time for that now.

otherwise

bg = street 1

The mall was about 30 minutes away on foot, but I wasn't counting on getting there so fast, since the streets would probably be full of roving gangs and militias. And I couldn't just make a run for it either and risk getting shot by a scared sentry or a paranoid neighbor. Fortunately, the sun was setting down and it'd be night soon, so there was a chance I could get there unnoticed. And as expected, the streets were completely deserted. It was almost eerie; not 5 days ago there were dozens of cars going in and out of the neighborhood every minute, but now it was a ghost town full covered in trash.

there are 6 random events. the player will run into 2 of them on the way to the shops, and 1 on the way back. each of them has equal chances of happening. some of them will have choices

list of events: injured cat, militia cars passing by, militia barricade, looted store where the protagonist used to go, pile of corpses, encounter with the family

the store and the cars scene are way too short

bg = generic night city street 1

before the second event starts, it will switch to generic night city street 2.

for the third one, it change back to 1

--injured cat

sfx = meow (distant)

Uh..?

sfx = meow (distant)

I could hear a cat somewhere close, but something was wrong. It sounded like a whimper.

sfx = meow

Where was it? I turned around and looked near a pile of garbage bags, kicking them away. I couldn't find it.

sfx = meow

-found you!

The cat was standing under the closest car, staring at me and whimpering. It looked injured; there wasn't enough light for me to see well, but I could tell he had a few burns. Remembering the smell of burnt plastic from that morning, I got up and tried looking at the cars parked in the street. Their windows had been broken, their seats doused with fuel and set alight. What kind of thought process could make someone vandalize random cars like that? If the goal was to get back at the government, it would make more sense to burn down public property. Unless, of course, it was just random vandalism. Where was the army? Why didn't they stop it?

bg = black
wait 2 seconds

--looted general store

I couldn't help but notice all the houses and stores that had been ransacked. Their windows had been broken and their doors kicked, and those things that the looters considered useless had been thrown outside. A particular shop stood out. I could recognize it because of the sign at the front- it was a general store that I used to visit when I was in primary school. The entire front had been smashed to pieces and the shelves were empty, nothing was left, not even the children's toys. I wondered if the owners were alright, since they were such a nice couple, but I didn't have enough time to go inside and check. Hopefully they had a chance to leave the country before everything got out of control.

bg = black
wait 2 seconds

--pile of corpses

In order to avoid the larger streets, I cut through a nearby food court.

-What's that smell...?
-It's disgusting.

I couldn't even get close to the center of the food court; the smell made step back to the street. Where was it coming from? There couldn't possibly be that much food in a fast food place. I covered my nose with my shirt and stepped back into the courtyard. I couldn't tell what was giving off the smell due to the darkness, but I could make out a large pile of something in the center.

-garbage bags?

(optional)sprite = pile of corpses

When I got closer, I realized they were corpses, probably 20 or 30 in total. A cloud of flies was

buzzing around them. The intense heat was making them decompose faster, forcing me to look away.

-What happened here?

I didn't want to get too close, so I looked around the court. Kicking the trash away, I could make out expended cartridges all over the floor. If it had come to this, then our neighbors would be forced to intervene soon. But how long would it take? Would they get here before the same paramilitary group that killed those people targeted our neighborhood? I had to move.

bg = black
wait 2 seconds

--militia barricade

After walking a few blocks in silence, I was about to make a turn into a large street when I saw a group of armed people standing outside a building, and instinctively backed away. Taking a closer look, I noticed the building was protected by sandbags. Thinking they were members of the military, I thought about waving to them and asking them for help, but the idea went out the window when I realized they were wearing civilian clothes. They were probably members of a militia or the armed wing of a political group, protecting their turf. I didn't know their intentions- for all I knew, they could be members of a citizen's militia simply trying to keep their neighborhood safe from looters, or revolutionary zealots on a power trip. I had to be careful with them.

- a) Try to sneak past
- b) Go around

##sneak

I could take a detour and go around, but it would take too long and I didn't have much time. Maybe if I was careful enough, they wouldn't see me. I dropped to the ground and started crawling behind the line of cars parked in front of the building the militiamen were guarding.

-I'm making too much noise...

Crawling was much more tiring than I expected it to be. Pulling my entire body weight with just by forearms exhausted me quickly. This made get sloppy and start arching my lower body more and more to help myself go faster with my feet. Not even 2 minutes later I had to stop to catch my breath.

equal chances

1) nothing happens

Why hadn't they spotted me yet? I wasn't very far from them, maybe 20 meters at most. I looked under the car, and noticed they weren't really paying attention. A couple of them were sitting down and reading something. The rest of them were smoking and conversing casually.

-Lucky me.

Still, I wasn't home free. After what felt like a eternity of crawling to me, I stood up and kept walking.

bg = black
wait 2 seconds

2) friendly militiamen

bg = flash of light

(militia2) Don't let him away!
-Don't shoot!

I raised my arms and stood up. even though their flashlights blinded me, I could tell they were aiming their rifles at me. someone grabbed my bag and took it away.

(militia1) It's just a kid.
(militia2) what are you doing here?
-My sister is very sick... I'm trying to find medicine for her.

#if unarmed flag
(militia1) Look, he's got a machete.
otherwise
(militia1) Look, he's got a gun.

(militia2) You should have been more careful. You know how bad things are, right? You should have just waved at us.

-Are you guys with the army?

(militia2) What? No. The army left their barracks early today. They put everything they could fit into their trucks and left. Now get moving. This place is dangerous.

-Wait, please. Our TV doesn't work. Can you tell us what's going? Where did the army go?

One of the guards threw the sports bag back at me, and walked away. He seemed tired, and didn't care about my questions. The other two were more cooperative.

(militia1) They've blocked off the highway up north, and set up camp there. What's left of the police and other local units joined them. More are moving in from the rest of the country.

-But why?

(militia2) You know why. The government could not be anymore un popular. They're trying to cordon off the city to gather their strength and negotiate a solution. If they had tried to move in right when the riots started there would have been a bloodbath. The president can't afford that.

-So he's just doing this to gain time? Things will only get worse if he keeps waiting. He should just resign and then maybe...

The guards started laughing.

(militia1) You don't read the newspapers often, do you?

-I'm sorry?

(militia2) Neither the President or his Generals are going to give up power. If they did they would have to face trial for all their excesses and abuses. It's all or nothing. Once the army has assembled loyalist troops up north, they'll try to take the city. They're trying to scare people into fleeing the city to make their job easier.

-I can't believe the army is supporting him. Why haven't they arrested him?

(militia 2) It's their propaganda machine. They've managed to convince a lot of people that the riots and mutinies were originally encouraged by spies from _____ (the country the protagonist moved to) a lot of new conscripts think they're fighting to keep the country together.

The expression of one of the guards changed. He turned to talk to his friend, as if I wasn't there at all.

(militia 1) You and I both know it's not propaganda.

(militia 2) What would you know? You weren't in that cruiser.

(militia 1) Tell me, who unlocked the crew compartments that night? Why was the armory left open? You know who benefited the most from this. They want to tear us apart to steal our natural resour-

(militia 2) Well what's your idea? Joining the loyalists, and helping this corrupt government stay in power and ruin what's left of this country? Huh? Is that your plan?

(militia 1) Just stop! You know the student organizations can take advantage of this. All we have to do is keep the viral groups down at the city centre from hijacking the revolution all for themselves. You know who sponsors them. We need to talk to our section chief again tonight. If we can convince him to talk to the other representatives, maybe even convince the people at the Polytechnic to join us, then maybe we can get enough people to take the city centre before it's too late...

(militia 2) They were shooting at us this afternoon! It's never going to work!

Their discussion started getting too dense for me. They were obviously much more knowledgeable in politics than I could ever hope to be, but that didn't concern me. All that mattered was getting home. I took my bags and started running.

bg = black
wait 2 seconds

go around

Sneaking would have been too risky... These weren't professional soldiers, but I still had to be careful. If something happened to me, I don't know what would become of my sister. I didn't even want to think about it. The detour would take longer, so I had to hurry. ## increases chances of bad end when returning home

bg = black

--Militia cars passing by

bg = large flash of light

The sound of car engines and a very bright light shocked me, making me drop to the ground into a pile of garbage bags. Thinking I had been spotted, I stood still waiting for someone to shout at me.

bg = black

...

...

bg = street

However, nothing happened. The vehicles just passed me by. I raised my head, and noticed they were mostly pick up trucks and vans, carrying armed people. They didn't have any uniforms, so they must have been members of a militia, being deployed to another part of the city. I counted at least a dozen vehicles.

Is this why the military hadn't stepped in to restore order yet?

bg = black
wait 2 seconds

people talking about a refugee camp

The streets near the market seemed to be more lively, judging from the candle lights noticeable from the windows and the amount of people moving around. Most of them were carrying bags and boxes, and didn't seem to be armed at first glance, so I didn't feel threatened and deduced it would be a good idea to approach some of them and ask them what they knew about the current situation.

"can I ask you something?" I said to what looked like a family that was dragging a series of large

bags into the back of a van. It looked as if they had just wrapped a blanket around their things and tied up the loose ends.

The man stared at me for a full minute before responding, probably trying to figure out what I wanted from them.

He quickly said "We're full. Sorry." and turned around to continue loading things into his vehicle. It was understandable for him to be wary of strangers, but I need answers.

"It's not that. Where is everyone going?"

The woman next to him put down her things and responded while catching her breath.

"You didn't hear about the refugee camp?"

"Sorry, I didn't"

"Today the army started moving troops to the north of the city, on the other side of the river. They're telling everyone to get out of the city and that they've set up camps for the evacuation. We think they're going to try and take it back."

Hearing that made me feel I had done something terribly wrong and that I was about to be punished for it. It was the same sense of impending doom that I had not felt since I was 7 or 8 years old when I accidentally misplaced my father's wallet and thought my life was about to end. However this time the danger was real. If the neighborhood I lived in was about to become a battlefield, I needed to do something about it.

"When? How much time do we have?"

"They didn't say, but it'll take them some time to gather all the troops. If you want to get out, you should do it now before the militia starts putting up barricades and block off all the bridges"

It was getting late, I hadn't even made it back home yet and I was about to miss my chance to get out of town.

"I have a kid with me, and I don't have a car. How dangerous is it to try to leave the city?"

She took her time to respond. It wasn't a easy question.

"I'm really sorry. We just don't know. Maybe it'd be safer for you and your kid to stay inside. We're leaving."

She went back to her family, without even giving me enough time to say thanks or goodbye. I kept walking past them dumbfounded, trying to process the information I had just received. Was revealing all this to my sister even a good idea?

###arrival at the mall

cg = large building on fire

Was I too late? most of the building was on fire. It was obvious that the looters had had their way with the building, but I couldn't go home with my hands empty after coming all this way. The least I could do was take a quick look inside and see what I could find.

cg = stores

I was surprised to see there were still some people inside, rummaging through what was left of the shops. The first floor was safe from the fire, but it had been completely looted of everything of value. I ran up the stairs and investigated the second floor.

cg = black

wait 2 seconds

cg = stores (same one from before)

the smoke made my eyes watery, making me stick to the walls. I had to find some supplies quickly and go home as soon as possible.

equal chances

1) nothing

I walked into one of the shops, and started moving away all the cardboard boxes, piece of plastic, paper, and torn down shelves looking for food, medicine, anything that could be of use. there was nothing left. I ran into the next shop, jumping behind the counter to try to find anything the looters might have missed.

cg = black

wait 2 seconds

-Nothing! fuck...

I could almost hear the clock back home ticking and imagined my sister sitting in the kitchen, staring at it. But no matter how many shops I checked, all I could find was trash. What was I supposed to do? The looters had taken everything. I sat down in the stairs to catch my breath and take refuge from the smoke. My sister would be disappointed, but what else could I do?

-I better go home. No point in wasting time here.

cg = street 2

I left the mall and started walking home, trying to think.

2) shop defended

The first shop I checked in had been completely looted, and the looters had only left pieces of plastic and cardboard behind. I kicked some of the trash around in anger, and walked back out.

-I thought the power was out...?

There was light coming from one of the shops. The windows had been smashed, but there wasn't any trash lying around. However, when I tried to open the door someone shouted at me.

(owner) go away! I'll shoot.

The owner was standing behind the counter. He was pointing a handgun at me. I let go of the door, raised my hands and walked away until I was at a safe distance.

What was I supposed to do? His store was probably the only place in the mall that hadn't been looted yet. I needed his supplies.

a) beg

b) attack him

a) ## equal chances

owner agrees

I walked back to the store with my hands raised to show that I only wanted to talk. I didn't feel very comfortable having a handgun pointed at me, but I had to do this.

(owner) I'll shoot.

-my little sister is very ill. I just need some food.

(owner) no. go away.

-She's just 12. Please, I only need a few bags of rice.

(owner) where are your parents?

-our house was looted. they killed them.

the owner didn't respond. He started looking around the room.

(owner) stay there. Don't move.

he walked into the back room, and came back out in less than a minute. he was holding a few bags under his left arm, which he dropped to the floor and kicked towards the door without saying anything. I put them in my sports bag.

-thanks!

(owner) that's all I can give you. Now go home.

I turned around and started running with a smile on my face. This wasn't enough, but it was better than going home empty-handed.

cg = street 2

-I just hope nothing happened while I was home...

cg = black

(food for 2 days gained)

owner says no

I walked back to the store. Maybe I could talk some sense into him.

-please, I only need a few bags of rice. My sister is very ill.

(owner) I don't care. Go away.

-she's only 12. She's starving, please, I can't go back with my hands empty.

(owner) I said I don't care. I don't believe you. Just go away.

No matter how much I begged, he just wouldn't listen. he just kept shouting at me over and over again to go away.

-Just one bag... I'll pay for it! I just need one bag.

(owner) I said get out!

I walked away in disappointment. I had come all this way for nothing... the things I needed were less than 10 meters away from me, but I couldn't take them. Unless...

a)leave

b)attack him

leave-----

I considered attacking him from a second. If I managed to kill him, I'd be able to walk away with a bag full of supplies, and I wouldn't need to worry about food at all. But I could get shot, and die... I tried to make excuses for it, telling myself that my sister needed me and that it just wasn't worth the risk. But I couldn't lie to myself. I was a coward and I was too scared of getting hurt.

cg = street 2

Dragging my feet, I returned home.

b) attack him.

if flag unarmed

Time was running out. Leaving my sister alone for so long was a terrible idea, and I had no time to reason with the owner. I took my machete out of the bag and considered my options... with some luck, if I charged into the store straight on, I'd have a chance to take cover behind one of the shelves, and get close enough to the counter. I'd be a easy target, but I needed that food. I grabbed my machete and ran into the store as fast as I could.

bg = shops (Same as before) with tunnel vision

I ducked behind one of the shelves, and ran for the counter. I couldn't miss. I had to aim for his neck and kill him with my first strike, or he'd shoot me.

Strangely enough, he didn't. Or at least, it didn't look like he did. Maybe I was pumped with so much adrenaline that I couldn't see the muzzle flashes. He just kept aiming his handgun at me as I charged at him and lunged the machete towards his neck.

I looked down at him, and made sure he was dead.

if handgun

Time was running out. Leaving my sister alone for so long was a terrible idea, and I had no time to reason with the owner. Fortunately, I wasn't unarmed. I took my handgun from the bag, loaded it, and took the safety off. I had never aimed or fired a gun before, but I was sure that if I got the first shot I'd be able to kill him.

Standing next to the store, I took a peek inside. I saw the owner, and our eyes met. I knew he'd raise his gun immediately. I pulled the trigger, not knowing at which point it'd make the gun fire. The feeling of anticipation was like nothing I had ever experienced in my life. The handgun was very heavy, and the shots echoed in my head, making it very difficult to aim. I felt as if I was in a bell tower at 7 AM on a Sunday morning- my head was about to explode.

Suddenly, the owner wasn't standing behind the counter anymore. I could see him lying face down on the floor.

if flaregun

I had no choice. The owner didn't want to listen to reason, and my sister was all alone in a city where thugs were running rampant, and it was only a matter of time before someone tried to break in. It was time to use my flaregun.

I took it out of the bag, and loaded one flare into it. I had never handled a gun before in my life

before, but it seemed to be pretty intuitive.

sfx = loading gun

I aimed it at the shop from a distance, with both hands- the owner wouldn't be able to hit me from so far away. Still, I couldn't help but feel terrified, and my eyes closed instinctively when I started to pull the trigger. How strong and loud would the kickback be? Could I get hurt? There was only one way to find out.

Strangely enough, it wasn't as bad as I expected it to be. I could never even tell if the owner had tried to shoot back.

-Huh? Is that it?

I looked up, and noticed something inside the store was in flames- it was hard to tell what was going inside because of the smoke, so I had to be careful in case the owner was waiting for me inside. That was when I noticed the smell.

-Burned hair?

I rushed inside. The flames were spreading from behind the counter, but I could see a person lying down on top on a bunch of boxes and bags behind it. It looked as if we had wriggled around the shop wildly before falling down.

using the machete end, there is 50% chance of being wounded.

using the flaregun, 20%

handgun, 35%

cg = shops

wounded - the owner had a real gun

Knowing he was dead made me feel safer, and the adrenaline started leaving my system.

cg = shops (same as before) with red tint

-argghh...

Suddenly, I felt something was tearing me apart from the inside. Looking down, I realized I was bleeding. Why had I been so stupid? There were a dozen expended cartridges all around the owner's body, and smoke was coming out the end of his gun... how could I have expected him to not miss at such close range? I was in such a rush that I couldn't even realize he was firing at me.

I sat down, trying to think about what to do next. I couldn't move in my condition. Every breath I took made me feel that my ribcage was about to burst open.

There was no time to lose. I needed to get back home as fast as possible, and try to treat my

wound. I would have to think about what I had just done later.

cg = black

I stuffed the sports bag with food; cans, plastic bags, bottles, everything that was within arms reach. As the adrenaline started to flow through my system again, I forgot about the wound.

-it can't be that bad... I think I can make it.

(system message) You've found enough food for 5 days!

the owner had a toy gun (hence the "murderer" flag)

There were blood stains in the wall, and over the floor. Some of them had gotten into my clothes; my sneakers had been painted red. The adrenaline started leaving my system, and I became aware of the thick gunpowder smell in the air. I could even feel it in my nostrils and tongue with each breath.

-There's no way someone can get up and fight having lost that much blood.

I had just killed a human being, but I had no time to think about it. It was necessary; the city was in chaos and the law of the jungle was in effect- He had something I needed to survive, and didn't give me a choice. I had to get as much food as possible into my bag and go home. The back room was full of canned food and bags of rice, but I couldn't take all of it with me, so I just grabbed everything I could fit into the small sports bag.

As I was leaving, I realized I had forgotten to pick up the owner's handgun and whatever ammunition it had left. Our house could certainly use another weapon.

-Eh...?

-A toy gun? But...

That's why I never saw any muzzle flashes. It wasn't my tunnel vision or adrenaline rush. The owner just couldn't defend himself. Holding the fake gun up close, I could tell that he had sawed off the big red plastic tip and spray painted the rest black, and was using it just to scare away looters and protect his property. My life had never been in any danger- I could have just threatened him to make him share his food with me and both of us would still be alive. If my sister found out about this she would probably never even talk to me again. What if this man had a family, or even children, counting on him? What were they supposed to do now? I tried to not think about it and ran away from the scene.

(system message) You've found enough food for 5 days!

#flag raised: murderer

bg = street 2

3) shop is undefended, and there are a few supplies left.

The first few shops I visited were completely empty; nothing but trash.

-If only I could feed my sister with cardboard...

It looked like the only option left was to check the shops closest to the source of the fire. Again, I covered my mouth and nose with my shirt and ran into the first one I saw.

bg = black

wait 2 seconds

bg = shops (darkened)

The smoke made it difficult to see, so I started digging through all the trash piled up on the floor and the knocked down shelves, trying to find any food I could just with my tact.

-Yes!

-You've found enough food for 3 days.

Under a pile of foam and cardboard, my fingers recognized the cold, metallic texture and round shape only canned food could have. I pulled as many of them as I could into my bag and run out of the shop to get away from the smoke.

-I hope my sister is okay...

cg shops

cg black

wait 2 seconds

cg street 2

the 3rd random event will happen here.

return home

cg street 1

Finally! I could see my house. As I expected, the power was still off. I couldn't contain my excitement and started running towards it. I reached for my keys as I got closer and I grabbed the handle, but...

20/80 chances (taking the detour around the militia checkpoint increases this to 40/60)

##bad end

...I realized the door was already open.

bg = living room

I immediately feared the worst, and called for my sister desperately.

...

...

-No...

bg = kitchen

The kitchen had been torn apart. Someone had come through here and taken everything they could find. But I could only think about my sister now.

-Whats this?

There was a piece of cloth under the kitchen table. I pulled it out, and realized it was my sister's dress.

-Why? What did I do wrong?

It was easy to tell what had happened. I should have been faster. I could only hope that, no matter where she had by taken, her suffering wouldn't last long.

end

(if protag has been wounded)

As for me, it was the end of the road. The blood wouldn't stop coming out of the hole in my stomach, and I had no energy left to do anything about it. I went upstairs, laid down in my bed and stared at the ceiling while waiting to die.

good end

...I realized the door was already open.

bg = living room

I immediately feared the worst, and called for my sister desperately.

...

...

sfx footsteps

(sis, happy) you're back!

She hugged me tight.

(if protag was wounded)

(sis) Wait, what's this? ## optional - a surprised sprite would be nice

(sis) you're covered in blood... what happened? Are you hurt?

-I just need to lie down for a bit... help me out.

I stumbled into the couch and fell. My sister looked very worried.

-Hey, don't forget... lock the door.

(sis) Stay still, you're hurt! Oh my god... what happened out there?

With no energy left, I was about to fall asleep... knowing that it'd only scare my sister even more, I struggled to keep my eyes open, but it was hopeless.

sfx = footsteps

if no medical items (they don't actually make a difference during the first day, it's just for flavor)

(sis) I'll cover you up in blankets. That should keep you warm. That's good isn't it!? Are you listening!?

half fade out

(sis) Wake up! Oh god...

(system message) Your sister loses hope. (-1)

She grabbed my arm and pulled, but I was too tired to give a meaningful response.

cg = black

(sis) What am I gonna do? What am I gonna do...

I could hear her pacing around the room.

(jump to next day, with a special scene playing at the beginning)

if medical items equal to or higher than 1

(sis) This should help a bit...

-Bandages?

(sis) Yeah. Just stay still.

My sister wasn't a nurse, so it probably wouldn't change anything, but I still felt relieved. I took a long breath and could feel all the tension leaving my body.

(sis) How did this happen? Did you get into a fight with someone?

a)Yeah. He wouldn't give me his food. I had to shoot him.

(sis, shocked) ...

(sis, sad) I'm going to bed. Just... call me if you need anything.

(system message) Your sister loses hope. (-1)

jump to next day.

b) I need to rest.

(sis) Oh, right... sorry. It must have been a long trip. I'll get your bag.

(sis, happy) Wow, you found a lot of stuff!

(sis) But, I'm worried... is it really that bad out there? Are we going to be fine?

-I'm just happy I made it.

(sis) Try to take it easy. I'll be here if you need me.

She sat on a chair next in front of the couch, and closed her eyes, as if she was going to sleep.

-Wait... aren't you going to bed?

(sis) It's alright. I want to stay here.

cg = black

if flag murderer raised

(sis, sad) How did this happen?

She was staring at the blood stains on my shirt and shoes. It was hard to describe the expression in her face; it looked like a mix of disgust and disappointment.

(sis, sad) what did you do? You hurt someone, didn't you?

Your sister loses hope. (-1)

a) Lie to her

-I didn't hurt anyone. It's just that... the owner of the shop had been killed by a mob, and I got some of his blood on me while looking for supplies.

(sis, sad) Why are you lying to me? I'm not a kid anymore.

-I'm not lying, you just weren't there. You should have seen what it's like out there in the streets of the city, it's hell on earth. People are dying every minute.

(sis, sad)...

(sis, sad) If you kill someone, I'll never forgive you.

-I promise.

(sis, normal) Thank you.

Your sister gains hope. (+1)

It didn't feel right hiding what I had done from her. But I had no idea how she'd react if she found out I had killed a innocent man just for some food. She could stop talking to me completely, have a mental breakdown, or even try to run away from our home. And what about our parents? Once they came back, they would inevitably found out about it. Once order was restored, I could have problems with the police.

But in that moment, all those things seemed to be very far away. I had dinner to worry about. I locked the door behind me and went to the kitchen. # (jump to dinner scene)

b) Tell the truth.

-Yes. I'm not going to lie to you, he didn't give me a choice.

(sis, sad)...

(sis, sad) Why? How could you do something like that?

-We didn't have enough food. How are we supposed to hold out with nothing to eat? Tell me. I'm open to ideas.

optional - a crying sprite for the sister would be perfect for the rest of this conversation, and we could re use it in other scenes later on.

(sis, sad) I don't know... I don't care... why is this happening?

(sis, sad) When are our parents coming back? I hate you...

Your sister loses hope. (-1)

sfx footsteps

And just like that she ran off to her room. I didn't even bother trying to stop her. There were a lot of things left to do; rationing the food I had collected, changing my clothes, getting something to eat. And then finally I could get some rest. # jump to next day (end of prologue)

otherwise

-Don't ever do that again. You almost gave me a heart attack.

(sis, normal) Sorry... I forgot.

(sis, normal) come to the kitchen. dinner is ready.

dinner scene

bg kitchen

(sis) Oh, by the way!

(sis) Did you find anything at the mall?

#if empty handed

(sis) your bag feels too light...

(sis) Why...? Why is it empty?

I could only stand there and watch her unzipping the bag, and looking inside. Her smile vanished in a split second. I had put myself at risk for nothing, like a idiot- this would surely erode her trust in me.

-I'm sorry. I was too late.

(sis)...

(sis) It's okay. I don't care.

-I'll try to find more stuff tomorrow.@ There's another mall not too far from the plaza-(no pause)

(sis) Nono, I mean it. It's okay.

-but... (no pause)

(sis) Because you could have been hurt. I'm just happy you made it home.

#if not empty handed

(sis) Wow! you found a lot of stuff!

(sis) This is going to last a long time.

-I hope so.

##either way

(sis) Sit down. Dinner is ready

We sat down at the table. Everything was so neatly organized- it felt just like any other night. My throat was parched after so much walking, and I drank nearly half a bottle of juice in one go.

(sis, sad) No... that's the last bottle we had.

-I'm sorry. I was too thirsty.

Come to think of it, I wasn't used to drinking tap water. And neither was my sister. Hopefully she'd get used to it.

-You know, we're gonna have to ration our things. We have to be careful with our food.

(sis) what do you mean?

-We don't know how long it'll take for things to calm down. We need to make our supplies last as much as possible, so from now on, we're going have only one meal a day.

(sis, sad) Only one...?

-Don't worry. I'm sure the army is on it's way to the city right now. They'll restore order, and

everything will go back to normal. Who knows, they might do it tomorrow or maybe even later tonight for all we know.

(sis, sad) Yeah, that's nice I guess...

(sis, sad) I wish I could watch some TV. I was so bored when you were gone... I had nothing to do.

if "go" route

-You should go to bed soon. Tomorrow we'll have to pack our bags and things fast if we want to leave early.

if "stay" route

-Well, I'm not going anywhere. We'll stay inside and play some board games.

(sis, normal) Are we really going to be fine?

-We're still alive, aren't we?

fade transition

cg black

#end of prologue

at this point the go and stay routes become completely different. it's best to leave them alone until the prologue has been fully edited and converted into a proper script