

(The player chooses the save file, inputs their name in a text box, and the screen fades to black)

o(Note: a * indicates a text change, but not a background change)

(Note: a / indicates what screen there will be in the background of the text)

/Text on a black screen

Yawn

NARRATOR:

Ah, another day. You wake up, stretching your arms high above your head. You rub the sleep from your eyes.

*

You're *really* tired this morning. Guess last night's 3 AM shenanigans playing Dead by Daylight with your friends is not *always* the wisest option.

*

Still, you hop out of bed, careful not to wake your roommate, who doesn't have class until noon today.

*

Why did you ever sign up for an 8 AM class?

*

You promise yourself never to do that in future semesters. Though you suspect that it might be broken by the spring...

*

FADE IN: **/PLAYER'S DORM ROOM - MORNING**

NARRATOR:

You get dressed and get your school supplies into your backpack. You check the clock on the wall and realize you still have an hour and a half until you have to make it to your first class of the day.

*

Luckily, it seems you have a bit of free time this morning. You check your computer real quick for any messages.

*

Nope. Your friends don't wake up at 6:30 in the morning. You wish you didn't either.

*

Well, you're awake. Might as well be productive.

FADE OUT:

FADE IN: /DORM ROOM HALLWAY

NARRATOR:

The endless possibilities of the day stretch before you.

WHERE WOULD YOU LIKE TO GO?

Option 1: The Common Room

Option 2: The Bathroom

Option 3: Head to class

Option 4: Go back to bed

Option 1: THE COMMON ROOM

TRANSITION TO: /THE COMMON ROOM

NARRATOR:

You open the door to your floor's common room, a place you often go to quietly study or read a book when your roommate decides to blast some Eminem through their speakers. You don't even *like* Eminem.

*

Your floor's common room is surprisingly rather comfortable. There's a couple of tables in the corners near the door, a large couch situated in front of a TV, and an entire kitchen on the far end of the room.

*

The kitchen is complete with a sink, stove, oven, and a microwave. A lot of students like to cook here for dinner, since it's a lot cheaper than the campus dining hall.

*

This morning, the common room is almost entirely empty. There's a small mess in the kitchen, presumably from someone's dinner escapades from the night before.

*

The only other person in here is a girl, who is busy typing away at her laptop. She apparently heard the door open, because she looks up at you when you enter. Her eyes light up when she sees you.

CECILIA (O.S) (marked as ???):

Good morning, Y/N! You're up early!

NARRATOR:

You recognize her as one of the really cute girls you met at orientation! You panic, trying to figure out how to respond. Quick, what do you say?

Option 1: "Oh hey, Cecilia! I was just getting a quick bite to eat before I head to class. What are you doing?"

Option 2: "Yeah, I didn't really get a lot of sleep last night so I guess I got up early to do some homework. How are you?"

Option 3: (shyly) "Oh gosh, uh... Hey Cecilia!"

Option 4: "Wassup girl how you doin'?"

OPTION 1: "Oh hey Cecilia!"

/Image of Cecilia, smiling

NARRATOR:

You wave happily to Cecilia, who's busy typing away on her computer. She always looks so regal and lovely, even at the earliest hours of the morning. She greets you with a kind smile.

CECILIA:

I'm just cramming in some last minute studying for my exam later today. I've studied all night but I still don't feel ready for this thing.

NARRATOR:

You completely understand how she feels. You're currently struggling to keep up in your calculus class. Derivatives are *really* confusing.

*

You nod your head in sympathy, and Cecilia seems to appreciate it.

OPTION 2: "Yeah, I didn't get any sleep"

NARRATOR: (Yawn SFX)

You yawn again, only partially regretting last night's escapades.

*

Cecilia smiles at you, nodding her head in understanding.

CECILIA:

Ah, yeah, I feel the same way. I was up all night studying for my midterm exam and I don't think any of it has stuck.

NARRATOR:

Cecilia yawns as well, stretching her arms high above her head. (Yawn
SFX?)

CECILIA:

Man. You know, getting an hour's worth of sleep was probably *not* the best idea I've ever had. Let's hope I don't fall asleep during the test!

NARRATOR:

You laugh, nodding. You've accidentally fallen asleep during a test before, so you know what she's feeling right now.

OPTION 3: "Oh gosh..."

NARRATOR:

You awkwardly wave to the very pretty girl you're standing in front of. She smiles brightly, waving back at you. Your stomach turns to knots.

*

Good lord are you useless in front of pretty girls. You can only smile dumbfoundedly back at her. Cecilia giggles.

CECILIA:

Not very much of a talker, are ya? That's fine. You can hang out here with me if you wish. I'm just cramming in some last minute studying.

NARRATOR:

You awkwardly lean against the wall as Cecilia goes back to working on her laptop. Since you're too socially awkward to keep up a conversation, you stand there twiddling your thumbs, glancing around the room to think of what to say to this cute girl.

*

Luckily for you, Cecilia doesn't seem to mind your awkwardness. She appears to simply appreciate your company as she continues working on her laptop.

*

While you feel a little bit embarrassed at your lack of communication, you're grateful for Cecilia being so nice about it.

OPTION 4: "Wassup girl..."

NARRATOR:

You immediately see Cecilia's face grow uncomfortable, and you instantly regret introducing yourself like that.

*

That's *not* how you flirt with someone. That's how a dudebro flirts. Don't be a dudebro.

*

Cecilia awkwardly laughs it off.

CECILIA:

Oh, I'm fine, thanks! Just working on some homework is all.

NARRATOR:

Cecilia quickly goes back to her work. You cringe inwardly, wanting to facepalm yourself. Of *all* the things you could say, why that?

NARRATOR:

Cecilia's stomach apparently growls, and she puts a hand to it, her cheeks flushing red with embarrassment. You think her getting embarrassed is absolutely adorable.

CECILIA:

Oh yeah, that reminds me, I oughta get some breakfast. I've been sitting here since around 5 AM studying for this exam and I haven't eaten anything yet!

NARRATOR:

She laughs, gesturing over to the kitchen area of the common room.

CECILIA:

I have the ingredients for pancakes in the fridge that I bought yesterday. If you have a little bit of time before class, I can make you some!

NARRATOR:

Your stomach grumbles at the thought of a stack of delicious pancakes. You check the time on your phone and realize you still have plenty of time left before class...

Option 1: "Heck yeah, I'd love some pancakes!"

Option 2: "I'd love some, but don't you want some help with that?"

Option 3: "I appreciate the gesture, but I don't think I have time for them right now. I'm just gonna get an apple and head out. I appreciate it though!"

OPTION 1: "I'd love some!"

CECILIA:

Sounds great! Take a seat, I'll get started on these. How many do you want?

NARRATOR:

You hold up three fingers as you take the empty seat next to hers.. Your stomach begins to growl at the thought of the delicious pancakes, and you realize you haven't eaten since around lunchtime yesterday afternoon.

*

Cecilia grins, nodding as she jumps up from her seat and heads toward the kitchen.

CECILIA:

Do you want any fruit on top? I think I have time to chop up some extra bananas or strawberries for you!

NARRATOR:

Cecilia looks so adorable as she offers you fruit that you can only think of nodding your head.

CECILIA (laughing)

So... I'm gonna take that as both?

NARRATOR:

You blink, annoyed at yourself for your dumb response again. You tell her you'd like some strawberries, and she nods as she gets the ingredients prepared.

OPTION 2: "You want some help?"

NARRATOR:

You perk up at the opportunity to lend a hand. It would feel awkward letting Cecilia do all of the cooking for you, considering that she has an exam to study for.

*

Cecilia beams at you, touched at your kind offering.

CECILIA:

Oh, that's very sweet of you! I think I can make them more quickly if I make them by myself though. I appreciate the offer though, hun!

NARRATOR:

Cecilia gets up to head to the kitchen to begin the pancakes.

CECILIA:

We can chit-chat in the meantime if you'd like!

OPTION 3: "I wish, but I've got class soon" [closes Cecilia route permanently]

NARRATOR:

You grab one of the apples on the counter. Cecilia seems rather disappointed in your decision, but she nods understandingly before turning her head back to her laptop screen.

CECILIA:

Oh, that's probably a good idea. I have to get back to studying for this exam anyways. I don't want to break this concentration anyway.

NARRATOR:

Cecilia smiles and waves goodbye to you, but the smile doesn't seem to reach her eyes. She almost seems sad to see you go.

CECILIA:

Good luck in class, Y/N! I hope you do well!

NARRATOR:

You wave back at her as you leave the common room, wishing her luck on her exam. She thanks you before going back to typing on her laptop.

You hear her sigh as you close the door. **[CHOICE PANEL]**

NARRATOR:

You watch from the table as Cecilia starts getting the tools needed to make the batter. She struggles to reach the shelf where the bowls are and has to stand up on her tiptoes.

*

You laugh a little at how cute she is as she tries to get the bowls, her face squished in concentration, and her tongue slightly sticking

out.

*

Once she finally gets the bowls off the shelf, she laughs at you.

CECILIA:

Hey! I can't help it that I'm short! Don't be mean!

NARRATOR:

She continues to laugh as she starts making the batter, playfully bantering with you along the way. You're impressed by how joyful one person can be so early in the morning.

*

During your idle conversation, you bring up the exam Cecilia's been studying for, and her cheerful demeanor wanes ever so slightly.

CECILIA:

This linear algebra exam is making me lose sleep! This professor teaches like we already know everything in the textbook. It's like he expects us to already know all of the material before we even learn about it in class!

NARRATOR:

Cecilia lets out a groan of frustration. You see her shoulders slump a little. Looking at her more closely, you can see dark circles under her eyes, faintly showing through some makeup.

Option 1: Stay silent

Option 2: "I know you'll get through it, you're one of the smartest people I know."

Option 3: "Maybe try to email them? Or get into a study group, that could be helpful."

OPTION 1: Stay silent

NARRATOR:

You sit there and watch as Cecilia continues making pancakes. You don't really have anything to say to her troubles.

*

Your lack of social skills is really hampering the conversation right now.

*

Cecilia continues for a moment before collecting herself. She inhales deeply and blows out a breath of air.

CECILIA:

Sorry, I didn't mean to go off like that. I know you don't really wanna hear my problems since you have your own.

NARRATOR:

She stays silent for a little while, continuing to stir the batter. You feel bad for her, wishing you knew how to help.

OPTION 2: **"You'll get through it!"**

NARRATOR:

Cecilia smiles a little, giving a soft chuckle.

CECILIA:

Thanks, it's nice to know you regard me so highly. It just feels like I have no free time these days, you know? I've been so engrossed in this darn math class that I haven't had time to eat, let alone get a break.

NARRATOR:

Cecilia sighs, looking down at the pancake batter.

CECILIA:

I appreciate that someone believes in me, at least. Thanks, Y/N. I appreciate it.

NARRATOR:

Cecilia goes back to stirring the batter, a slight smile peaking at the corners of her mouth.

*

You continue to chat back and forth for a little while, being careful to avoid the touchy subject of math.

OPTION 3: **"Email them?"**

NARRATOR:

Cecilia huffs, looking a bit irritated.

CECILIA:

I tried that, but that professor just doesn't seem to care. I have to "be better at studying", he said.

*

Ah well, what can you do? That's just the brutal life of an engineering student. I appreciate the idea though.

NARRATOR:

Cecilia seems to scrunch her nose at the idea of communicating with her professor, and you figure that the professor isn't exactly the best at communicating with his students.

*

You feel for Cecilia, but are unsure of how else to help her.

NARRATOR:

As the two of you continue to talk while the pancakes bake, you suddenly come up with an idea. You remember hearing about the new garden on-campus, and mention how Cecilia could go there for a break. She definitely looks like she needs it.

CECILIA:

...A garden? That sounds like such a great place to sit and relax. I'll think about it.

NARRATOR:

Cecilia plates the final pancake and tops it with a nice slice of butter, some finely chopped slices of strawberries, and generous amounts of syrup.

*

She turns and places your plate in front of you, along with a fork and knife. Cecilia does some jazz hands to display their brilliance.

CECILIA:

And voilà, your pancakes are finished! I hope you enjoy them, it's a recipe that I tweaked to my own preferences.

NARRATOR:

You pick up your knife and fork, intrigued. You take a slice of pancake and put it in your mouth and-

*

WOW, this tastes really good! It's probably better than any pancake you've ever had! You tell Cecilia this through a sticky mouthful.

*

She beams at you, bouncing slightly in her seat.

CECILIA:

Oh wow! I'm glad my silly little pancake recipe is a hit! Thanks!

NARRATOR:

You two sit and eat the pancakes together. You don't talk too much as you eat, as you two feel comfortable in the silence and each other's presence.

*

Cecilia eventually takes the last bite of her pancakes, sitting back and patting her stomach.

CECILIA:

Oof, I'm full! I'm glad you walked in here, I really needed that food break.

*

It was nice talking to you, Y/N! I felt like I was about to go crazy in the silence of this common room all by myself.

NARRATOR:

Cecilia grows a little silent, realizing that it's time for you to leave.

CECILIA:

...Guess you have to head to class now. Thanks again for keeping me company, I really appreciated it.

NARRATOR:

Cecilia takes both of your plates away and begins to wash them in the sink.

CECILIA GOOD ENDING:

NARRATOR:

You thank her for the pancakes and start leaving the common room.

*

But before you get to the door-

CECILIA:

W-Wait, Y/N!

NARRATOR:

You turn and look at Cecilia. She seems unsure about something, fiddling with the hem of her dress as she speaks. She can't seem to look you in the eye.

CECILIA:

Do you want to...uh...go to that garden you mentioned? I think it would be a nice break to my studies, and having you as company would be great.

*

But if you need to head to your class, then no worries! Don't worry about me, haha...

NARRATOR:

Cecilia's sweet, awkward laugh warms your heart, and you're immediately on board with her plan.

*

You look at your phone. Class starts in an hour. You have plenty of time to spare. Plus, who in their right mind would go to class in a situation like this?

*

You tell her you would love to go with her. Cecilia's face lights up, elated.

*

She packs her stuff up in a hurry, and then you two are off to the gardens.

*

FADE OUT:

FADE IN: /GARDEN (Sound ideas: nature sounds along with the Garden music theme)

When you get there, it's full of beautiful flowers and lush trees. Sure, there's campus buildings around it, but it's a nice pocket of pristine nature.

*

You find a bench that the two of you can sit down on. Cecilia looks around in awe at the beautiful garden, beaming.

CECILIA:

They did such a beautiful job with this garden! A well needed area for destressing, honestly.

NARRATOR:

Cecilia turns to you, suddenly looking bashful. Her cheeks grow red.

CECILIA:

I'm...glad I'm here with you. It's really nice being here with you,
Y/N. Thanks for this idea.

NARRATOR:

Your heart flutters. She looks so cute when she's all flustered. You
tell her that you also enjoy her company, and that you like talking to
her.

*

Wait. Did you just come on too strong? NOPE, she giggled. Pog!

*

You two sit together, not talking. No words are needed though, you're
comfortable in each other's presence.

*

You look down, and your hands are just barely far enough apart to not
be touching.

*

Should you?

*

You take a chance and gently grab her hand. She giggles, putting her
head on your shoulder, and you feel your heart slam against your
chest.

*

You take another look at your phone. 8 a.m. You're skipping class.

*

But as you look at Cecilia's face, blissful and happy, you decide that
skipping class is worth it.

POG! You got a GOOD ENDING. Wanna try again?

Options YES or NO

CECILIA BAD ENDING:

NARRATOR:

You thank her for her company and start leaving the common room.

*

FADE IN: /COMMON ROOM - DIFFERENT ANGLE - CECILIA AT COMPUTER (Sound
ideas: no "common room music/ambiance", just deafening silence as
Cecilia types away at the keyboard and writes things down on paper)

Before you've completely left, you turn back to look at Cecilia. She's
already put the dishes in the sink and is back at her computer, typing
away diligently.

*

She looks so composed and regal, but when you try looking a little more closely, you can see the slight sag in her shoulders and stuttering in her typing.

*

She looks so... sad. Though you can't tell if that's your imagination or not.

*

You hesitate at the door. A voice in the back of your mind nags at you, telling you that you should do something...but what?

*

...Whatever. You need to get to class anyway. Cecilia is fine on her own anyways. She doesn't need you distracting her from her studies.

*

You close the door to the common room, leaving Cecilia to study alone.

Uh oh! You got a BAD ENDING. Wanna try again?

Options YES or NO

Option 2: THE BATHROOM

NARRATOR:

You decide washing up before class and brushing your teeth for the first time this week might be a good idea.

FADE TO BLACK:

NARRATOR:

You begin to head to the other end of the hallway, where the girl's restroom is located.

*

Before you could get across the hall, however, you see that someone's door is cracked open...

*

FADE IN: /AN OPEN DOOR

NARRATOR:

You can hear weird crashing noises coming from within that dorm room, immediately followed by a shout.

*

SUSIE (O.S) (shown as ???)

AH FUCK, NOT AGAIN!

*

NARRATOR:

Well, that doesn't sound good. You have a weird feeling you may wanna check out what's going on in that room. Should you?

Option 1: Eh, they've *probably* got it all figured out. I'll leave them to it and go about my day.

Option 2: Yeah, I should probably check out what's wrong. Someone could be dying, for all I know.

Option 1: Leave for the bathroom [closes Susie route permanently]

NARRATOR:

Good idea. You don't wanna get mixed up in drama you're not involved in.

*

Plus, they might accidentally kill you or something, what with all that ruckus and sounds of destruction.

SUSIE:

FUCK YOU!

NARRATOR:

Yeah, time to leave..

FADE TO: /THE BATHROOM

NARRATOR:

The bathroom is empty. You head to the sink and wash your face to try to wake yourself up a little better.

*

You hope that person is okay, but it's not really your problem right now. You have your own problems at the moment.

*

You turn off the sink, dry your hands and face, and leave the bathroom to head to class.

[GO TO CLASS, END SUSIE ROUTE]

Option 2: Check out what's wrong

NARRATOR:

Carefully, you walk towards the door, noting the single name taped up on the door, written on construction paper in the shape of an apple:

"Susie."

*

You gingerly peer inside to see what kind of chaos might be going on...

FADE TO BLACK

FADE IN: /A MESSY DORM ROOM

SFX: /Crashing noises

SUSIE:

AAH! SHIT!

NARRATOR:

From your vantage point in the doorway, you can see a girl, presumably Susie, who apparently has fallen to the floor.

*

Surrounding her are heaps of tangled wires and discarded snack bags.

There's also a gray trash can next to her desk. It looks...oddly similar to the ones you see outside on campus.

*

There's one bed in the room, but apparently it doesn't even have any bedsheets on.

SUSIE:

Aghh...God DAMN it! Cheating bastard with his stupid wave dash and stupid predictions and stupid-

NARRATOR:

She continues muttering while lying face down on the floor.

*

Suddenly, she looks up and spots you.

Option 1: Offer to help her up.

Option 2: "What the hell happened here?"

Option 3: "Holy crap, what got you so upset?"

Option 1: **Help her**

NARRATOR:

You feel awkward for being caught watching the chaos, but nevertheless you step into the girl's room. You reach her and crouch slightly, holding out a hand to offer her help. But she swats it away.

SUSIE:

Ugh, thanks, but I'm good. Do you always walk into people's rooms without permission?

NARRATOR:

Only when it sounds like they've been murdered, you tell her.

SUSIE (scoffing):

Alright, ya got me there.

Option 2: **"What happened?"**

NARRATOR:

Susie squints at you, then gestures to the mess around her.

SUSIE:

I fell down, genius. Wasn't that obvious?

*

This game just pisses me OFF sometimes. There's always that one guy that HAS to use an exploit to get an edge. What a pathetic brat. Can't win the normal way.

*

Damn gamer boys. Always think they know everything, then get pissy when a girl beats them, so they resort to cheating. Ugh.

Option 3: **"Why are you upset?"**

NARRATOR:

She makes a pained expression, then plops her face back down on the floor again.

SUSIE:

I lost a game because some random guys I was playing with just LOVE to use these dumbass exploits. They can't win themselves, so they cheat like a bunch of shitters.

*

I just wanted a fair match, ya know? But noooooo, these losers wanted to cheat! UGH!

NARRATOR:

She pushes herself up, dusting herself off. She groans and rubs a sore spot on the back of her head.

SUSIE:

Ouch. Damn, that's gonna give me a headache later.

*

Well, um, welcome to my humble little abode or whatever. Do me a favor and don't report that little commotion to the RA. I'd hate to get a third strike.

NARRATOR:

You can't imagine what she did to get the previous two strikes. Oh wait, yes you can.

*

Suddenly, she drags a chair over and plops it down in front of you. You watch her drag it over to you and look up at her, confused. You see her holding out a controller towards you.

SUSIE:

Since you're here, might as well be my player two. I'm kinda sick of playing against online players at the moment.

*

Only if you're cool with that, of course.

Option 1: (Awkwardly) "Oh, uh...sure!"

Option 2: "HELL YEAH! Let me get in on this!"

Option 3: "Uh, I'm good. Maybe I can just sit and watch you?"

Option 4: "Sorry, I'd love to stay but I have to head to class."

Option 1: "Uh...sure?"

NARRATOR:

You tentatively take the controller from Susie, who ignores your hesitation and seats herself in front of her television.

*

Well, this is certainly one way to make a friend, isn't it?

Option 2: "LETS GAME"

NARRATOR:

You fucking LOVE this game. Even if you're bad at it, you still have loads of fun picking your favorite character and spamming down B.

*

Susie gets this fiery look in her eyes. She seems very excited to finally have someone playing with her in person.

SUSIE:

Hell yeah, looks like I finally have some decent competition!

Option 3: "I can just watch"

NARRATOR:

Susie gives you an incredulous look.

SUSIE:

C'mon, I'll put it on easy mode. It'll be a quick game for you, anyways. I doubt you'll even last a minute, punk.

NARRATOR:

Oh, THAT strikes a cord. You snatch the controller from her hands, ignoring her smug look, and seat yourself in front of her television.

*

Susie snickers, sitting down in her seat excitedly.

Option 4: "Sorry, gotta go" [closes Susie route permanently]

NARRATOR:

Susie stares at you for a second, as if studying you, then sits back down. She almost looks disappointed to not have a worthy opponent to play against.

SUSIE:

Sure, yeah, ok. Have fun with your books and paper.

NARRATOR:

She immediately starts up another match, ignoring you. Almost as soon as the match starts, she starts screaming at the screen again.

*

You roll your eyes and make your way back out the door. You begin heading to your original destination once again - the bathroom. **[JUMP TO BATHROOM]**

SUSIE (snickering):

Right, go ahead and choose your character. I can pick one I'm not really good at to give you an advantage. You clearly need one.

NARRATOR:

Oh suuure. Maybe you won't be able to beat her, since she plays and rages at the online mode. But maybe you can try your best?

*

What if you beat her by accident, though? Don't want a potential rage on your hands. What to do...

Option 1: Just play casually, have some fun before class.

Option 2: It would be so damn funny if she raged. Try your best.

Option 3: Maybe just lose, don't want to make her get that third strike so soon.

Option 1: Play casually

NARRATOR:

You pick a character you're familiar with, and the game is on.

*

A successful dodge there, a failed grab there. Susie seems to be pretty good at reading your plays.

SUSIE:

Hey, ya missed the ledge. Seems like you're on one stock now.
(Sarcastically) Oh nooooooo....

*

It'd be a real damn shame if I juuuust-

NARRATOR:

You try to jump to avoid her hits, but she catches you and lands three up-airs. Then she spikes you down. The game flashes a bunch of bright lights in your face, and the iconic death sound triggers. Looks like it's game over for you.

SUSIE:

HA! I knew that was gonna be an easy win. Better luck next time, nerd.

NARRATOR:

Susie raises her fist in victory, and you groan. You expected to lose, but did she *really* have to rub it in your face?

Option 2: Play to WIN

NARRATOR:

You pick your favorite character, and the game is on.

*

She picked a heavy character, but you have the advantage running the hell away, since you chose one of the lightest characters.

SUSIE:

God DAMN, come back here you punk! Just gonna hit and run like that?!

NARRATOR:

Yes, you are. Keeping your distance, with the occasional down b, you manage to kill her, but moments later she combos you until you're critical.

*

Susie catches up with you again, and throws you off the map. You try to recover, but she guards you and you dramatically fall to your death. Looks like it's game over for you.

*

Susie jumps out of her chair, knocking it over with a loud BANG. She begins to shout in victory, and you wave to her to keep it down so early in the morning.

SUSIE:

HELL YEAH! THAT'S WHAT YOU GET FOR RUNNING SO GODDAMN LONG!

NARRATOR:

Once she finally finishes doing her victory dance (which contains a weird amount of hip thrusting), she calms down, coughs awkwardly, and picks her seat back up.

*

You never normally see a person *that* excited to win, but honestly... it's kinda cute. You laugh a little, and Susie seems a little embarrassed at her reaction.

SUSIE:

Ahem... sorry. Got a bit carried away there.

*

Good game, I guess. You were a bit tougher than I thought you'd be. At least you didn't cheat. I can appreciate you for that.

NARRATOR:

You nod your head, swearing revenge on her one day, and she laughs.

SUSIE:

Yeah, right. Like *that*'ll ever happen.

Option 3: **Purposefully lose**

NARRATOR:

You pick your worst character, and the game is on.

*

Said game doesn't last very long, though. You try to spam down-b every time she nears you, but Susie catches you and beats the shit out of you.

*

Every. Single. Time.

*

Before you know it, Susie has already rid you of all your lives, and with one final down-b, she flings your little character into the sky, and you die. Looks like it's game over for you.

*

Susie turns to look at you, slightly annoyed. She puts her controller down in a huff.

SUSIE:

Damn, were you even trying? Didn't land a single hit on me. Kinda boring, to be honest. I like at least a *little* bit of a challenge. Not *that* much to ask, is it?

*

I mean, I knew you weren't *good*, but I expected better. Whatever. It helped get my win/lose ratio up, at least.

SUSIE:

Hah...welp, that was mildly refreshing from the cesspools of online. Good to play with you...uh...sorry, what the hell's your name?

*

Oh, well, nice to meet you Y/N. Maybe we could play again, and you can bring your A game this time around. Give me a *real* challenge.

SUSIE GOOD ENDING:

NARRATOR:

You liked the sound of that, but after checking your phone, you realized that you really need to head to class.

*

You thank Susie for the game and tell her you need to get to class. You stand up and head for the door. You're about to head back out when-

SUSIE:

Wait, Y/N! If you have the time-

*

There's, uh, a tournament for this game being held later at 10 pm over in this floor's study room. Do you wanna come?

NARRATOR:

Susie looks down at the floor, looking a bit shy as she asks.

SUSIE:

You don't have to play, but if you do, it'd be a nice change to the usuals who play there. You're nice company.

NARRATOR:

You smile and tell her you would love to come. Even though you lost terribly, playing with her was really fun.

*

Susie grins, and you both say your goodbyes as you head off to class. You have a skip in your step as you walk across campus. You can't wait for tonight.

FADE IN: /STUDY ROOM (Sound ideas: group of people talking, yelling? Button mashing, game sound effects)

NARRATOR:

You walk into the room, and are hit with a wave of noise. A lot of people are talking at once, some even shouting at the projection set up on the wall. A couple people scream as a character is shot off the platform to their death.

*

From the corner of your eye, you see someone waving at you from the back of the group. It's Susie! You immediately walk over and sit next to her.

SUSIE:

Hey! You actually came. I'm glad, now I have some company during these things.

*

I'm not too close to these guys anyway. I'm only "social" during these tournaments, but really it's just me screaming when I lose.

NARRATOR:

She seems to catch herself for a second before backing up.

SUSIE:

Uh, I mean... when I win! I'm obviously better than these losers, of course. You'll see.

*

My turn isn't until much later, but I wouldn't mind just chilling with you until then.

NARRATOR:

All of this screaming at games reminds you of last night's game session with your friends, and you smile.

*

You decide to give the tournament a go, but you're immediately out within the first round. You decide it's best just to watch Susie play.

*

She actually gives it a decent go, and makes it to the semi-finals of the tournament. All the while, you're cheering her on louder than most anyone else.

*

When she inevitably loses, she predictably screams at the projection, yelling about someone cheating. You can't help but smile at her over-the-top reaction.

*

You realize you might have just made a new friend in Susie. Sure, you just met her and her first impression is very explosive, but she's pretty cute, and you just might be warming up to her.

POG! You got a GOOD ENDING. Wanna try again?

Options YES or NO

SUSIE BAD ENDING:

NARRATOR:

Just then, you stick out your arm to stretch, but your hand accidentally knocks into a soda can that was sitting on the table. The can falls onto Susie's lap and soda spills everywhere, staining her shirt and jacket.

*

Susie immediately jumps up, yelling in agitation.

SUSIE:

AW FUCK! Damn it, I did my laundry yesterday!! What the fuck, man!?

NARRATOR:

Argh, you're such a klutz, you tell yourself. Not wanting Susie to deal with a problem you caused by herself, you suggest that you two should go clean her up in the bathroom.

FADE IN: /BATHROOM (Sound ideas: very reverby everything)

SUSIE:

Argh, this is like the fourth time this shit has happened to me in the past week. Guess I have to do laundry now. AGAIN. What rotten luck.

*

Wait, I forgot to buy more Tide Pods. UGHH. I don't have a car either.

FUCK!

NARRATOR:

You try to calm Susie down, telling her it'll be alright, but she doesn't wanna hear it.

*

As you try to help clean up the mess, you catch the time on your phone. 7:15 am. Your class starts in 15 minutes, and it's a 20 minute walk from the dorm.

*

You apologetically tell Susie that you have to leave because your professor hates late students. You apologize again for spilling soda on her.

*

She gives you a REALLY annoyed look, but sighs and shrugs it off. She grabs the wet paper towel from your hands.

SUSIE:

Yeah, sure, whatever. Have fun in class, I can deal with this myself. I usually do, anyway.

SFX: /Sink running

NARRATOR:

Before you leave the bathroom, you look back at Susie. She seems very dejected, her shoulders sagging as she runs water over her jacket. You feel really guilty, but it's time to run for your class. You leave Susie in the bathroom to deal with the mess you made.

Uh oh! You got a BAD ENDING. Wanna try again?
Options YES or NO

Option 3: HEAD TO CLASS

NARRATOR:

You decide that heading to class a little bit early wouldn't hurt.

*

FADE TO BLACK:

FADE IN: /OUTSIDE (Sound ideas: just nature/walking ambiance)

NARRATOR:

The walk to class is peaceful. The sun is beginning to rise, and there's not a lot of people up at this hour, so the usual noise of campus is dimmed for the moment.

*

It's a brisk, chilly morning, but you remembered to wear a jacket before leaving your room.

FADE IN: /A UNIVERSITY CLASSROOM (Sounds of students chit chatting)

NARRATOR:

You sit down in your usual spot in the back of the classroom, groaning as you see your history professor begin to pull up their presentation for the day.

*

Great, it's about the Roman Empire. This class is probably gonna go long today.

NOVA (O.S) (shown as ???)

Heya, Y/N!

NARRATOR:

Thankfully, you're not alone in the class! Nova, your best friend since elementary school, is here to share in the suffering.

*

Nova takes off her motorcycle helmet and shakes her head to try and make her hair go back to normal.

NOVA:

Damn, gorgeous biking weather today.

NARRATOR:

Nova places her motorcycle helmet on her desk, surveying the classroom. You always thought she looked amazing in a leather jacket.

*

Nova looks over at you, smiling. Your stomach erupts into butterflies. You can't even interact with pretty girls you've known your entire life, for goodness sakes.

*

Nova sits down in her usual spot next to you, her arm bumping gently against yours. She puts her backpack next to her chair and groans.

NOVA:

Man, I don't wanna be here today. Especially this early in the morning. I'm glad I have you here with me to make this a little more tolerable though.

NARRATOR:

You nod your head in agreement. History has always been one of your easier subjects in school, but you've never been a morning person, so this class has been a bit harder than usual.

*

You start to open your notebook to a blank page, ready to take down today's notes. Before you can get your pencil out, Nova gently bonks her foot on yours to get your attention.

NOVA:

Hey, I just realized I forgot to eat breakfast. Wanna go with me to get a snack in the hall real quick?

NARRATOR:

You look over to the front, where your professor is setting up their presentation for the morning. People are starting to file in more quickly, and you know class is about to start.

*

You know that if you go to the vending machine, you'll miss some important notes, and you might get in trouble for it.

Option 1: Yeah, I could go for a snack!

Option 2: I don't wanna get in trouble with the professor... you know how they are with being late.

Option 1: **Go with her**

NARRATOR:

You nod, your stomach grumbling at having eaten little to nothing this morning before class. It wouldn't hurt to ditch the first few moments of class, would it?

NOVA:

Hell yeah. Come on, I'll buy ya something.

NARRATOR:

You begin to protest, but Nova has already jumped out of her seat and has headed out the door. You laugh a little before getting up and following, looking back at the front of the room to make sure the professor hasn't noticed you.

FADE TO BLACK:

FADE IN: /**HALLWAY WITH A VENDING MACHINE**

NARRATOR:

The hallway is eerily quiet, with a majority of students having already made it to class. The vending machine is just down at the end of the hallway, and Nova is already at it.

*

You head over towards her, trying to see what snacks are available to you today. Nova's trying to flatten a dollar on her pants to make the machine read it, but the machine keeps spitting it out.

NOVA:

Ugh, damn these things. They never work for me.

NARRATOR:

You see Nova growing more frustrated with the machine as it keeps spitting out her dollar.

Option 1: Don't help

Option 2: "Here, I got it."

Option 1: **Don't help**

NARRATOR:

After a little more wrangling with the machine, Nova sighs in frustration and puts the dollar back in her pocket.

NOVA:

Agh, forget it. Sorry Y/N. I think the machine's just broken today. I promise I'll pay you back for that snack, though. Come on, we're gonna miss class.

NARRATOR:

Nova slinks back to the classroom, looking a little bit defeated. You feel bad for the inconvenience, but there's not much you can do about it, so you follow her back to class.

FADE TO BLACK:

FADE IN: /A UNIVERSITY CLASSROOM

NARRATOR:

Nova is already back at her desk, not looking up at you as you walk in the door. You take your seat beside her as quietly as you can and try to catch up to where the professor is in the middle of their lecture.

PROFESSOR:

Now, pay attention to these due dates, everyone. As you know from the syllabus, I never allow late work to be turned in, so I expect these essays to be completed and turned in in a timely manner.

Option 2: **Help pay for the snacks**

NARRATOR:

You gently push Nova out of your way as you take out a 5 dollar bill and carefully insert it into the slot. You hear a click (**vending machine sound effects**) and you get the option to choose what snacks you want from the machine.

NOVA:

Oh man, everything works perfectly for you, huh?

NARRATOR:

She elbows you playfully, then turns away from you for a minute.

NOVA:

Thanks, man. I'll pay you back, I promise. But can you get me a pack of chips?

NARRATOR:

She points to a space in the middle of the machine that contains a yellow packet of chips. You press the button for the chips, along with the button that summons some trail mix for yourself.

*

The two snacks fall, and you reach into the machine to get them.

NOVA:

Ugh, trail mix. I don't know how you like that shit. The taste of nuts makes me sick.

NARRATOR:

You stare at Nova with a smirk, waiting for her to realize what she said. She blinks before bursting into laughter.

NOVA:

Oh, you know what I mean, you dork. I mean, you know I don't like the other meaning either, but this time I literally just meant peanuts, I swear! You're the one with a dirty mind!

NARRATOR:

Nova quickly snatches the chips from your hands, still laughing as she opens them.

NOVA:

Alright, come on you dork, we gotta get back to class.

NARRATOR:

The two of you are in a cheerful mood as you head back to the classroom.

TRANSITION TO: /A UNIVERSITY CLASSROOM

Nova playfully puts her finger to her lips in a gesture to shush you as you enter, making sure not to make a ton of noise as she sits down in her seat.

*

You carefully find your way back to your own seat and sit down. Looks like the professor didn't even notice the two of you return, as they are deeply invested in their own presentation.

PROFESSOR:

Now remember, students, your essay is due two weeks before your final. I know that sounds like a lot of time, but trust me, those days will go by very quickly, so get on it sooner rather than later.

Option 2: **Stay where you are**

NARRATOR:

You shake your head. You're always worried about making a scene in a class, and you don't want the professor noticing you being late.

*

Nova looks at you in disappointment.

NOVA:

Damn, and I would have bought you something too. Your loss, kiddo.

NARRATOR:

Nova gets up from her seat and walks towards the door, disappearing out of sight. Almost as soon as she leaves, the professor begins to speak.

PROFESSOR:

Alright, settle down. Remember to pay attention and take a lot of notes today. We start a new unit today, and I really want you to consider using the Roman Empire as a subject for your final papers.

NARRATOR:

You quickly start to drown out the noise of the professor's voice, wishing you had gone with your friend to the vending machine. You mindlessly write down the notes from the board, your mind elsewhere.

*

A few minutes later, Nova returns to her seat, a bag of chips in hand. She sits down next to you and elbows your writing hand, making your pen fly off the page.

NOVA:

See, the professor didn't even notice me leaving. Betcha wish you went with me, huh?

NARRATOR:

Nova chuckles, a smile forming at the ends of her mouth. She somehow manages to open the bag of chips as quietly as someone could ever open a bag of chips and pops one into her mouth, winking at you.

NARRATOR:

The class seems to drone on and on for what feels like eons. You're able to follow along, writing down as much as you can before the professor switches to a new slide.

*

You seem to be in a sort of trance as you take down these notes. It's only broken when you hear a faint sound of frustration coming from your right.

*

You glance up from your notes to see Nova groaning in frustration, her notebook only containing a few bullet points from the past hour worth of lecture.

NOVA:

Ugh...

NARRATOR:

You're reminded of Nova's dyslexia, which often makes her unable to take notes in a timely manner during class. Usually, she puts her phone on the desk in order to record the lecture so she can go through it later, but you can't seem to find a phone in sight.

*

You gently poke Nova's arm with your pencil. She turns to you, looking panicked.

NOVA (whispering):

My phone ran out of battery five minutes ago. I'm trying to write the slides down, but the professor is going way too fast for me to keep up.

NARRATOR:

It always hurt to see Nova struggling with school, even back when you were kids. You always tried to reach out to help, but sometimes she'd have adverse reactions to you trying to help. She'd see herself as an idiot that couldn't read properly and then shut down.

*

Sometimes, though, people can't always do some things on their own...

Option 1: **Say nothing, and continue to take your own notes**

Option 2: **"Hey, I'll get you my notes after class. You'll be fine."**

Option 3: **Pass your phone to her, voice recorder app open, so she can listen to the rest of the lecture later on.**

Option 1: **Don't do anything**

NARRATOR:

You're worried about your friend, but you're not sure how you can help her in this situation, and you're about to fall behind in your own notes as well.

*

You give her an apologetic look before looking back at the board, writing your own notes. **(This will bring up dialogue later on that could lead to a bad ending)**

*

Nova mutters something under your breath that you can't entirely make out. You glance over at her on occasion throughout the rest of class.

At some point she gave up on catching up with the notes and began doodling in the margins of her notebook.

*

She seems tired, and at some point she puts her arms on the desk and puts her head down. She doesn't pick up her head again until the end of class, when the professor reminds everyone to complete the online discussion posts.

PROFESSOR:

I've noticed a lot of you have been turning in your discussion posts late, which really defeats the purpose of talking with your peers on this stuff. Please keep your due dates in mind as you continue on with the semester.

*

Anyways, I think that does it for class. You are dismissed. Have a great weekend.

NARRATOR:

Nova picks up her head groggily, blinking sleep from her eyes. She must have started to fall asleep in the last few minutes of class.

NOVA (sleepily):

Oh, it's the end of class already? Rad.

Option 2: Offer her your notes

NARRATOR:

You point to your notes, indicating that you can easily send her a copy of them after class that she can use for her own notes.

*

Nova's eyes light up, and her panicked expression fades into relief. She smiles brightly at you, and your heart beats quicker again.

NOVA (whispering):

Really? Damn, thanks man. You're a real one.

NARRATOR:

She leans a little closer towards you and lowers her voice even more, so it's just barely a whisper.

NOVA (whispering):

Maybe I owe you a *little* more than a snack now.

NARRATOR:

She turns back to her notebook, much less concerned with note taking. She begins to draw various video game characters in the margins, giving them all a unique cartoony style.

*

You go back to taking notes for the two of you, adamant that you get as much information down as you can. You glance over at Nova at one point and see that she's drawing a rose in her notebook.

*

That's odd. Nova *hates* things that are typically perceived as feminine, especially flowers. You've never seen her draw one before.

PROFESSOR:

Alright, class, I think that's all I have time to cover today. I hope you all took good notes!

NARRATOR:

The professor's voice slaps you out of your thoughts as you realize class ended earlier than you thought it would. You put your notes

away, making a mental note to take a photo of them to send to Nova later on.

Option 3: Give Nova your phone

NARRATOR:

You see your friend struggling to keep up with the stress of class, and you suddenly have an idea. You quickly bend down and dig through your bag before you find your phone, fishing it out.

*

Glancing to make sure the professor doesn't notice, you quickly turn the phone on and open up a voice recorder app. You press "Record" and gently put your phone on Nova's desk. You try to give her a kind smile, but it probably looked incredibly cheesy and awkward.

*

Nova looks at you gratefully, smiling back at you with that contagious grin that you've liked since high school.

NOVA (whispering)
Damn, man. Thanks.

NARRATOR:

She looks at the phone curiously.

NOVA:

I guess you'll send the file to me after class?

NARRATOR:

Oh yeah, dumbass. It's not like she can take your phone so she can take notes from the audio file. You inwardly cuss at your stupidity, but you nod to Nova that you'll send the file to her later in the day.

*

Nova gently touches your arm in appreciation, and her hand on your bare arm sends goosebumps up your skin.

*

Good grief, learn to control your gay, Y/N.

NOVA:

Thanks, Y/N. I really appreciate it.

NARRATOR:

You smile, thankful to find a way to help your friend.

*

Class continues as normal, and with Nova's stress waning, she begins to draw in her notebook.

*

You know her style of art - edgy, abstract art that only she understands the full meaning to. But this doodling is a bit different. Today, she's drawing happier scenes - a field of flowers, a sun shining on a summer day... and a portrait of someone that looks..

*

Well, they look almost exactly like you.

*

You try not to think about it as you continue working on your notes, but you can't help and smile a little.

*

PROFESSOR:

Alright class, I think I'm gonna stop there for today. Remember to turn in this week's essay on Caesar; I'm looking forward to seeing your opinions on the anarchy that came after his death.

NARRATOR:

Oh boy, papers.

*

You put your notebook in your backpack and zip it up.

*

Nova gets her stuff together, reaching behind her to grab her motorcycle helmet and put it on the desk. She stands and puts her backpack on her shoulders, then turns to you.

NOVA:

Hey, you free right now? I don't have anything going on until 3. I just thought you might wanna hang out.

NARRATOR:

Nova looks down at her feet and scratches the back of her neck, looking rather awkward as she asks you that. Her cheeks redden slightly with blush.

*

You always love hanging out with your friend, but you still feel rather tired from last night. You could go take a nap, but you kinda wanna hang out with your friend..

Option 1: "I'd love to, but I'm rather tired, man. I can hang out with you later today, though." (**This ends Nova's route**)

Option 2: "Sure! I'm not busy for a while, I'd love to hang out with you!"

OPTION 1: "I'm too tired man, sorry"

NARRATOR:

You smile and shake your head, thankful for the invite, but you're incredibly tired and don't think you can handle a lot of social interaction at the moment. You yawn at the thought.

*

Nova looks at you, clearly disappointed. Her shoulders sag, her face falling.

NOVA:

Oh. Yeah, I understand man. I guess I'm a bit tired myself.

NARRATOR:

Nova reaches for her helmet and awkwardly bops your stomach with it.

NOVA:

I'll talk to you later, then? I'll be online later today if you wanna chat.

NARRATOR:

You nod, but Nova is already starting to walk towards the exit. She leaves without another word.

*

Now you just feel regret at not hitting Nova up on that offer. You really don't have much else to do today.

*

You walk out of your classroom into the middle of an ocean of students. You look around, but Nova seems to have disappeared into the sea. There's no way you can catch up to her at this point.

*

Looks like the only thing you can really do now is go back to your dorm and play a video game until your next class.

*

What a lame way to spend your afternoon. [**Ends route?**]

Option 2: "Yeah, let's hang out!"

NARRATOR:

Nova laughs, picking up her motorcycle helmet.

NOVA (chuckling):

Well, come on then, kiddo!

NARRATOR:

She takes your hand and drags you towards the doors, and your spirits soar. Sometimes the feeling of seeing your friend this happy makes you feel like flying.

FADE TO BLACK

FADE IN: /A SIDEWALK ON CAMPUS

NARRATOR:

The two of you walk around campus with no real destination. You talk about nothing specific - everything from your professors, to your dreams, to your memories of high school escapades and adventures.

*

At some point, however, Nova goes quiet. You gently ask her what's the matter, concerned. Nova continues to look at her feet.

NOVA:

Sorry, I just.. I had some thoughts is all...

NARRATOR:

You gently prod her again, hoping she'll tell you what's going on.

NOVA:

I was just... I'm so dumb, ya know? I mean, I was diagnosed with dyslexia so long ago and I'm *still* bad at reading. What the fuck is wrong with me?

NARRATOR:

Seeing Nova beat herself up like this breaks your heart. You should try and think of something that might help her out...

Option 1: "I mean, your mom always told you to try therapy and get help with your reading. Why haven't you tried that again?"

Option 2: "Hey, look, it's not your fault, okay? A lot of people have dyslexia. That doesn't make you dumb or anything. You just gotta... learn to live with it, you know?"

Option 3: "I know I will never be able to understand what's going on in your head, Nova. But know that if you need anything, I'll always be here for you. I always have, and I'm not stopping now."

Option 1: Go to therapy

NARRATOR:

Nova seems a bit surprised by your answer, as her head jerks back slightly. She takes a minute to answer, choosing her words carefully.

NOVA:

Y/N... you know about my history with therapists, right? I haven't had any good experiences with them. In fact, they're probably the reason why I still have anxiety when it comes to learning to read faster.

NARRATOR:

You immediately regret what you said, but it's too late to take your words back. You can only cringe at your own words as Nova seems to quiet down again.

*

She tries to offer up a decent explanation of your idea, but it's incredibly awkward for the both of you.

NOVA:

I mean, yeah, you're probably right, I should just... you know, get over that stupid fear of mine... whatever, we don't have to talk about that right now. Sorry for bringing it up.

NARRATOR:

You continue to walk together, a little quieter now, and a little more awkward. **(Skip the ending dialogue of this route, the one outside the green)**

Option 2: You're not dumb

NARRATOR:

Nova's still looking down at the ground, but the corners of her mouth twitch a little when you say that.

NOVA:

I still feel like I'm an idiot for not being able to read faster than a first grader. I keep thinking I should be better than this by now.

*

But... thanks, Y/N. I really do appreciate that.

Option 3: "I'm here for you"

NARRATOR:

Nova is taken aback by your kind words stuttering on her words for a moment.

NOVA:

T-that... that was really kind of you, Y/N. Really. I really appreciate that.

*

Honestly, it makes me feel a little bit better about the whole thing, knowing that you're there for me. It means a lot.

NARRATOR:

You nudge her arm and smile at her, telling her that you're there for her no matter what. Through anything, good and bad. And she tells you the same thing - that she'll be with you until the end.

Nova seems a lot happier after your words of encouragement, and she seems to have a bit of a skip in her step, almost as if you helped lift a weight off her shoulders.

*

She talks rapidly about a variety of subjects now, the way she used to do when you were kids and she was abnormally happy about something.

The nostalgia fills you with joy. You just love seeing your best friend like this, and you hope she stays this happy for life.

NOVA GOOD ENDING:

NARRATOR:

Nova suddenly looks at you with a smirk, her eyes bright.

NOVA:

Hey, let's go for a bike ride.

NARRATOR:

Your stomach turns, for more reason than one. You first voice your concern over the safety of two people on a bike. Nova scoffs and waves off your worries.

NOVA:

No problem, sweetheart. Got that covered. I always have a spare helmet I keep in the luggage rack on the back. Plus...

NARRATOR:

She leans in to you, her face inches from yours.

NOVA:

Just hang on to me, and you won't fall off. I promise.

NARRATOR:

The thought is exhilarating, not just the idea of riding a motorcycle, but riding one with your best friend.

*

A best friend you very, very clearly have a crush on.

*

And it looks like she knows that. And is taking full advantage of it.

*

And you have no problem with that.

*

You grin, nodding at her plan. She grabs your hand and excitedly takes you to where she parked her bike for class earlier this morning.

CUT TO: /A PARKING LOT, WITH A MOTORCYCLE

NARRATOR:

You've always been impressed with Nova's ability to ride one of these things. Her bike feels monstrous, and you've always wanted to ride on one, but were too scared to ask.

*

Nova's bike is shiny and black. You know she takes good care of it, and her hard work seems to pay off.

*

Nova opens up the trunk of the motorcycle and produces a second helmet - this one black with a red stripe going up and down it. She hands it to you, almost giddy.

NOVA (excitedly):

You have no idea how long I've wanted to take you on this thing, dude.

NARRATOR:

It's almost as if she can't contain her joy, and it's becoming contagious. You can't help smiling as you slide the helmet on your head. Nova does the same and closes the trunk. She hops onto the seat with extreme ease.

*

She turns back to you and pats the part of the seat behind her. You can't see her face through the tinted face shield, but you can tell what she's feeling by her excited motions.

*

You are a lot more clumsy as you hop onto the motorcycle, but Nova makes sure you don't fall off as you climb on, holding onto your elbows to keep you balanced.

*

Once you appear settled, Nova gives you a thumbs up to make sure you're ready.

*

Shaky, nervous, but excited, you give a thumbs up back.

*

She gestures for you to put your hands around her waist, and you oblige. You're hoping she doesn't notice your hands shaking - you've never been this close to your friend in... ever, probably. And this is the kind of feeling you never want to end.

*

Nova turns back around and puts the key in the ignition, and the engine of the motorcycle roars to life. She turns the throttle and the sound of the engine revving fills your ears, drowning out all other thoughts.

*

Nova backs up from the parking space before revving the throttle twice, and before you know it, you're holding on to Nova for dear life as you speed out of campus, onto the main road.

*

The initial terror that you will fall off and die this crazy machine ebbs rather quickly; you know Nova would never let you fall. As the fear subsides, you start thinking about how good the wind against your skin feels, how beautiful the town is around you, and how amazing it is to be experiencing this with Nova.

*

Eventually, Nova decides that the two of you have had enough of the town views, and she turns onto a back road. Here, she gains more and more speed, and soon you feel like you're flying.

*

Trees fly by faster than you can blink, and the landscape around you turns into a blur. You feel free out here.

*

You squeeze Nova's waist ever so slightly, and you feel her hand come down against yours. She squeezes back.

*

You never want this moment to end.

POG! You got a GOOD ENDING! Wanna try again?

Options YES or NO

NOVA BAD ENDING:

NARRATOR:

Nova sighs, irritated. She scowls at you slightly, and your stomach drops. Something's up.

NOVA:

Hey, what's been up with you, man? It just feels like you've been so... passive aggressive towards me today. Especially when you could clearly tell I needed help in class. You didn't even bother to help like you usually do. **(This dialogue may or may not be in here depending on the option)** That's not like you man.

NARRATOR:

You stutter, trying to figure out what to say. You didn't think you were doing anything wrong; you just panicked and didn't know how to help your friend, so you thought it was best to leave her alone.

*

Nova's scowl turns into a frown. She looks away, staring at something on the ground in the distance.

NOVA:

Is it... it's something I did, isn't it?

NARRATOR:

You begin to protest, but Nova doesn't let you get a word in.

NOVA:

No, it's okay. I'm not always the best to get along with. I get it. I just... I wish you could have *told* me, instead of being so weird about it.

NARRATOR:

Nova turns away from you.

NOVA:

I think it's best if I leave you alone for a while. I'm sorry. I hope I didn't annoy you too much.

NARRATOR:

You beg for your feet to move, for your mouth to make any sort of words come out, but you're frozen. You can only watch as your friend walks away from you, her head hanging low.

*

You worry that this is the last time you'll see her. If she thinks you now hate her, and she'll sit in a different spot in class so she doesn't bother you. She always thinks she's in the way, but she never is.

*

So why can't you tell her that now, when she needs it?

*

Damn, you're having a bad day.

Uh oh! You got a BAD ENDING. Wanna try again?

Options YES or NO

Option 4: GO BACK TO BED

NARRATOR:

But you have such a long day today, you really oughta get ready for the long day ahead early on so you can get everything done...

Option 1: Okay fine, I'll head out...

(this option takes you back to the first options screen)

Option 2: Dude, I'm so tired from playing Dead by Daylight until 3 AM last night. It'll be a quick nap, I promise!

/FADE TO BLACK

NARRATOR:

You decide to head back to sleep, thinking it'll just be a quick nap. What you don't realize is you forgot to reset your alarm!

*

FADE IN: /APOCALYPSE (Sound ideas: distant gunshots, screaming, chaos, fire, explosions)

You wake up in 2147, where a nuclear apocalypse turned the world into a wasteland. Your college is now a pile of rubble, the only thing having survived, oddly enough, is your dorm building.

*

SFX: /GUNSHOT

The moment you step outside, you are immediately shot to death by a rogue bandit, who had been hiding out behind a burned out truck, their eyes crazed by some sort of drug.

*

Looks like your days of playing zombie apocalypse games were all for naught in the end. And you never even got to see any cute ghoulish women... tragic.

Uh oh! You got a BAD ENDING. Wanna try again?
Options YES or NO

MAP:

- Option 1: The Common Room
 - **CECILIA'S ROUTE**
 - Choice 1: Greeting
 - Option 1: Be friendly! (+2)
 - Option 2: Be honest (+1)
 - Option 3: Bruh you're just shy (+1)
 - Option 4: Cringe option (-3)
 - Choice 2: Pancakes?
 - Option 1: Heck yeah! (+1)
 - Option 2: Offer to help (+2)

- Option 3: No thank you (**Lock Cecilia route**)
 - Choice 3: Cecilia struggling with a class
 - Option 1: Stay silent (+0)
 - Option 2: Be encouraging (+2)
 - Option 3: Offer advice (+1)
 - Ending:
 - Good: Gay Garden scene
 - Bad: Leave her to suffer
 - Option 2: The Bathroom (**Lock Cecilia route**)
 - Choice 1: Check what's wrong?
 - Option 1: Nah (**Force Nova route**)
 - Option 2: Yeah
 - **SUSIE'S ROUTE**
 - Choice 1: She fell
 - Option 1: Offer to help ()
 - Option 2: Ask what happened ()
 - Option 3: Ask why upset ()
 - Choice 2: Asking to stay
 - Option 1: Accept (Shy) (+0)
 - Option 2: Accept (Bold) (+1)
 - Option 3: Decline and watch (-1)
 - Option 4: Sorry, gotta leave (**Lock Susie route, force Nova route**)
 - Choice 3: Gaming with Susie
 - Option 1: Play casually (+1)
 - Option 2: Play to WIN (+2)
 - Option 3: Purposefully lose (-2)
 - Ending:
 - Good: Play in a game tournament (study room tournament)
 - Bad: Spill drink on her by accident, both go to the bathroom but you leave her to go to class
- Option 3: Head to class (**Lock Susie route + Cecilia route**)
 - **NOVA'S ROUTE**
 - Choice 1: Get a snack
 - Option 1: Go with her (good)
 - Option 2: Stay at your desk (bad)
 - Choice 1A: Nova can't get the machine to work
 - Option 1: Don't help pay (bad)
 - Option 2: Pay for the snacks (good)

- Choice 2: Nova needs help with note taking
 - Option 1: Don't do anything (bad)
 - Option 2: Take notes for her (good)
 - Option 3: Record the rest of the lecture (best???)
- Choice 3: Walk with Nova?
 - Option 1: No **(Ends the route)**
 - Option 2: Yes
 - Choice 3A: Advice
 - Option 1: Go to therapy (bad) (-3)
 - Option 2: It's not your fault (good)
 - Option 3: Whatever you need, I'm here (best)
- Ending:
 - Good: Go on a motorcycle joy ride
 - Bad: Nova feels a little hurt that you didn't help her and gets a bit upset at you, so you end up in an argument
- Option 4: Go back to bed
 - Choice 1
 - Option 1: Okay, fine (**goes back to original options**)
 - Option 2: Go back to sleep
 - **GENERIC BAD ENDING**