

AUTHENTIC IN ALL CAPS
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By

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EPISODE ONE: THE BET

Navigation Bar has buttons: Back, Forward, Play, Pause, Rewind, and a Music button (with a music note "[U+266B]" icon) that is only clickable at certain events; as well as rows of empty circles which are filled when the player goes to a website (there are empty circles for each episode, they are clickable once the player has gone to them with the critical path circles are on the same level whereas the side-events are to the side); as well as a new tab button, credits button, and a URL browser bar.

SCENE #1.1: AUTHENTIC IN ALL CAPS OPENING SEQUENCE/TUTORIAL

Website is a white page, with animated Universe Creation 101 logo. It reads: "A Universe Creation 101 Production".

NARRATOR

You're happy you clicked the play button as you stare at the company logo. But now you're wondering when the action will start.

(beat)

The music keeps going, and so you wonder how long they've given you to read the darn thing. Too much time it seems, you're a fast reader.

(beat)

You listen to me stomp around this webpage, looking for meaning for you.

(beat)

You remember this is much more fun when you have your headphones on, and you quickly pause me if you don't have them yet.

(beat)

And you're happy you have your headphones on or earbuds in, because you remember you can hear me running to the right, to the centre, and to the left! All this to try and find the meaning behind the time we're spending with this webpage.

NARRATOR VOICES MOVES to left, centre, and right speaker according to what side of the screen/room the NARRATOR is RUNNING AROUND A ROOM, LIFTING UP THINGS.

(beat)

I think we've totally completed this page. Yes, I fist bump you and your ability to listen. And

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

NARRATOR (cont'd)
now, to show me what other cool things you can do, you scroll all the way down the page and see a text box.

At the bottom of the page is a text box, enter button, and the words "[INSERT FIRST NAME] has totally completed this page".

You don't wait to hear instructions, because you know what to do.

Once the player enters a first name, a new page opens with the text:

"AUTHENTIC IN ALL CAPS

EPISODE ONE: THE BET"

And underneath there is a text box with an enter button, and the text in brackets "(Wait for it...)". Player can enter text at anytime.

Now it seems you've finally unlocked the episode, but you're sitting there staring at another text box. You're thinking what words you will need to enter next. Now you're thinking about the things you hide from others...Yes you are. And you type in that something you don't want others to know about yourself. It will make us closer. So what is something you keep secret? Type it in and I will analyze it.

(beat)

It is just between you and me.

(beat)

You type it in, let it out. Let it out, type it in. Type it out.

(beat)

Once you do, I'll tell you about someone who has been running a secret website.

(beat)

And so you decide to type the first thing that comes into your mind, no matter how silly or true, and press "enter".

(beat)

Yes, you decide to type the first thing that comes into your mind, silly and true, and press "enter".

(beat)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

NARRATOR (cont'd)

Or you decide to press "pause"
until you're ready.

(beat)

Thanks for that!

Whatever they enter, the screen responds with one of the following (depending on tech either randomly, or in order depending on user session):

"[USER NAME] confessed to hiding how insecure they get when they're around people with eyebrow piercings, and eggplants. #playAUTHENTIC Tweet this. Send to Facebook."

"[USER NAME] confessed to hiding an undeniable awareness that all their "friends" really do want to have sex with them. #playAUTHENTIC Tweet this. Send to Facebook."

"[USER NAME] confessed to hiding an extreme feeling of inadequacy when in the company of people with really cool T-shirts. #playAUTHENTIC Tweet this. Send to Facebook."

"[USER NAME] confessed to hiding a love of sex where the other person does all the work. #playAUTHENTIC Tweet this. Send to Facebook."

Well, that is a surprise! You naughty, weird, little thing you. Perhaps you shouldn't share this confession. But I like that you opened up to me. No really, I did note what you said. That was a big step in our relationship, and so now I'll show you something about a lady I know. I want you to type in a website address. Go to your browser bar and type in YouSuckAtDeath.Tumblr.com...That is "tumblr" with no "e".

(beat)

T.u.m.b.l.r.

(beat)

You can click the pause and rewind buttons to hear the address again. Amazing eh?

(beat)

Or if you want, you can go to Google in a new tab and search for "you suck at death tumblr". You'll see it a few entries down.

(beat)

The lady started the website not long after leaving her ex-boyfriend, and the Underworld...What am I referring to?...*(says)* dot dot dot...

SCENE #1.2: YOU SUCK AT DEATH WEBSITE

This Tumblr site has a few reblogs from other sites, and some notes about the nature and meaning of death.

So here it is! This is the site she was blogging at anonymously, because for some insane reason thinking about death is just not accepted in the Overworld. She is an Autopsy Pathologist you see, and they're meant to just give the facts. Oooo. Yes, she thinks about things. You can pause here if you want a dramatic pause.

(beat)

Thanks for that. You can go to any link on any of the pages we visit in this story. None of them will have audio attached.

Sounds of CLICKS while,

So you can clickety click all over the place while I chat away. All the sites with audio attached are hidden or will be revealed. Yes, hidden or revealed. What strange magic is this?! So let's go to one of those hidden links now, to her workplace, where she is about to find out her secret blog has been exposed. Woah.

(beat)

Where is the link I hear you think! Go to the description text in the sidebar and follow the link.

(beat)

Where she says "a blog contemplating death". Yes, click on that and you'll see the hidden link...

SCENE #1.3A: MOMENTARY MORGUE WEBSITE - VISIT #1

The Momentary Morgue website looks like a shopfront you can enter. It has an About page; Alive People page (with brief details on the Pathologist); Dead People page (password protected); and a side-bar with a quick poll on what type of Express Autopsy people prefer that rewards the player with an image of the inside of the Morgue, and "ItWasThemInsurance.com" (where people can be insured against the decisions of others).

DOOR OPENS, STREET SOUNDS, DOOR CLOSES.

(CONTINUED)

STRANGER

(beat)

Hello?

(beat)

Helloooo?

A mutilated leg is dropped on the floor of the back autopsy room.

PATHOLOGIST

(from back room)

Oh crap! It's okay! It's just Mr Davidson's mutilated leg.

(beat)

It's okay because he's dead.

(beat)

Not by me of course.

(puts head through back door)

Would you like a hot chocolate?

STRANGER

(pleasantly surprised)

Oh, yes, thank you!

Pathologist BOILS KETTLE.

PATHOLOGIST

(from back room)

Take a seat.

Stranger PULLS OUT CHAIR and SITS.

Not that one! Sit at the good one at the computer.

STRANGER

Oh!

STRANGER gets up, walks to computer desk, and sits down.

PATHOLOGIST

(from back room)

You can have a look at my partner site - "It Was Them Insurance". I get click-through money for that.

STRANGER clicks on link, and clicks around new site.

Chocolate flakes on top?

STRANGER

Yes thank you.

PATHOLOGIST walks slowly into room balancing two filled clinking cups on a tray. Places down tray, places cups on the table, stirs each with a spoon, rests it on the tray, and then sits down.

PATHOLOGIST

So, welcome to Momentary Morgue,
the fastest autopsy service in
town!

STRANGER

(smiling)

I'm not here for an autopsy.

PATHOLOGIST

(cautious)

Oh?

STRANGER

I'm here about the...you know...

PATHOLOGIST

Look, I don't do that anymore.
It's exhausting, and the straws
get bent.

STRANGER

(a bit confused)

I mean about your secret death
blog. It's in all the papers.

PATHOLOGIST

Ohhhh! Right! Really?!

STRANGER

You've been outed as a
Philosopher. Everyone knows you
have a secret identity.

PATHOLOGIST

(wryly)

So my cleverly crafted secret
identity on a public website is
now public knowledge?

ASSISTANT

Yes! And the exciting thing is
they'll come after you, and you
may even lose your business! This
is so cool.

PATHOLOGIST

True, true. I'll be so poor I
won't even be able to pretend to
be successful online.

STRANGER/ASSISTANT

Yes! But I have a plan. I will be
your Assistant.

(CONTINUED)

PATHOLOGIST

Oh good. You can bring me a bottle of Shiraz every Frii...everyday.

ASSISTANT

No, I've been researching marketing so I can help construct a story about you they will like. We just need to find the right line between giving them what they want and you living with yourself!

PATHOLOGIST

And I would just like a bottle of Shiraz.

ASSISTANT

I've read online that the most persuasive contemporary selling method is to be "authentic," and "AUTHENTIC" is in all caps.

PATHOLOGIST

(unconvinced)

Really? They want authenticity?

ASSISTANT

Yes, it's the latest thing.

PATHOLOGIST

Write this down then.

Assistant quickly GETS OUT A NOTEPAD AND PEN FROM HER BAG and STARTS SCRIBBLING.

Come on down and slap that corpse on me-

ASSISTANT

Yes, yes!

PATHOLOGIST

I'll make sure you remain unchanged by the most profound event in life. Yes, I will save your naïve soul from ever comprehending the gut-wrenching pain and wonder of losing someone you love, forever.

Assistant STOPS SCRIBBLING.

Yes, their entire existence is gone. There is no phone number to call, no email to send, no social media to stalk. You only have memories, and even they are

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

PATHOLOGIST (cont'd)
fucking unreliable. As each day
and month and year passes, you'll
keep rewriting your memories
until they are nothing more than
puerile spin promoting your ideal
past. So contact me if you're
ready to bear the darkness.
Otherwise, bugger off.

ASSISTANT
(disappointed)
I don't think they mean
"authentic" authentic.

PATHOLOGIST
Then "authenticity" is as
meaningful as what side your
toilet roll paper hangs. No wait,
I take that back, that is
meaningful.

SCENE #1.3B: MOMENTARY MORGUE CONTINUED

*DOOR OPENS, STREET SOUNDS, and a CAR SHADOW passes over
the building wall.*

TICKET OFFICER
(entering)
You should be working, not
thinking.

DOOR CLOSES.

PATHOLOGIST
Of course you would come.

TICKET OFFICER
Rules are rules, Pathologist. As
an Officer of the Reality
Infringement Council, I am here
about your website, the one
called "You Suck at Death". Your
secret Tumblr site has been
exposed and now we all know...you
philosophize about death.
Disgusting.

PATHOLOGIST
Well I'm disgusted that you're
disgusted.

TICKET OFFICER
Oh! Well, as your new case
worker, it is my duty to commence
a program of financial bondage to

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

TICKET OFFICER (cont'd)
 help you return to the real
 world. As such, I am empowered to
 issue you with the following
 infringements. I suggest you go
 to our digital website to see the
 details of your crimes while I
 read them out.

Pathologist TAPS KEYBOARD.

Open up a new tab. Now type in
 H-T-T-P-colon-forward-slash-
 forward-slash-W-W-W-dot-realityinfringementcouncil-one-wor

ASSISTANT

Just type in
 RealityInfringementCouncil-dot-org.

TICKET OFFICER

Have you ever seen a website
 address without the "HTTP"? No.

ASSISTANT

You don't understand.

TICKET OFFICER

No you don't understand. The
 evidence is right there in front
 of you. See?
 H-T-T-P-colon-forward-slash-
 forward-slash-W-W-W-dot-realityinfringementcouncil-dot-org

ASSISTANT

(sighs)

SCENE #1.4A: REALITY INFRINGEMENT COUNCIL WEBSITE

*A government-style website, outlining the mission of the
 Office; an extremely convoluted organizational structure;
 convenient infringement number search; submit an
 infringement form; hashtag for reporting and creating
 infringements in Twitter; and possibly a shame page that
 showcases a selection of people and their infringements.*

TICKET OFFICER

See, we have QR codes, hashtags,
 and Twitters. We'll be augmenting
 our phones shortly, and hopefully
 we'll have our own TEDx soon too.
 This could be you, Pathologist,
 once we get you back to normal.
 (beat)
 Now, to the "Infringement Page"!

Pathologist CLICKS to page.

Infringement number 467, you can

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

TICKET OFFICER (cont'd)
enter it in the search box at the
top there.

Pathologist TAPS keyboard.

467. That is it. Infringement
467: using the wrong side of your
brain. Next, Infringement 532.

Pathologist TAPS keyboard.

Wasting tax-payers money on
"reflection". Infringement 588.

Pathologist TAPS keyboard.

Impeding civil progress by
sleeping in. Infringement 691.

Pathologist TAPS keyboard.

Contemplating subjects that are
of no relevance to good working
citizens...

PATHOLOGIST

Oh this is ridiculous. How...?

TICKET OFFICER

No questions! You've asked enough
questions, Philosopher. Here's
another ticket, 227, for asking
too many questions.

ASSISTANT

That's not...

TICKET OFFICER

I suggest you listen,
Time-Traveler, you're next!

PATHOLOGIST

(to ASSISTANT)

You're a Time Traveler?!

ASSISTANT

(to PATHOLOGIST)

I'm studying part-time to be a
Time Traveler.

TICKET OFFICER

(to Assistant)

Yes you are. Let's see.
Infringement 323: Not grooming
your pubic hair to contemporary
standards of standard beauty.
Infringement 716: Not staying in
one reality. Infringement 717:
Believing there is more than one
reality.

(CONTINUED)

ASSISTANT
(sincerely)
I bring shame to my family.

TICKET OFFICER
Now, Pathologist, to remind you
of your work duty, I'll also
raise your license fee by 500%
and make it due tomorrow.

SCENE #1.4B: MOMENTARY MORGUE CONTINUED

DOOR OPENS, STREET SOUNDS.

NEW CLIENT
Are you open?

TICKET OFFICER
Yes they are! Quick, close the
Council website. That's it.

DOOR CLOSES.

So, New Client, you have a corpse
to process?

NEW CLIENT
Yes.

TICKET OFFICER
Pathologist, you have an
opportunity here. You can earn a
valuable cash credit by issuing a
natural cause for this corpse.
(to CLIENT)
And we assure you, New Client,
their autopsy service is very
good. What do you do New Client?

NEW CLIENT
I work in an advertising agency.

TICKET OFFICER
Perfect! Who died?

NEW CLIENT
My wife.

TICKET OFFICER
Perfect! Pathologist, you should
capitalize on his wife's death in
social media.

PATHOLOGIST
In all caps?

(CONTINUED)

TICKET INSPECTOR
(confused)
Wear whatever you want.

ASSISTANT
We do take your business very seriously, New Client. Please take a seat while the Pathologist conducts the autopsy.

PATHOLOGIST
New Client, were you married for long?

NEW CLIENT
Twenty years. We worked at the same company, but I hardly knew her. I was suddenly off work-

TICKET OFFICER
(horrified)
Oh no.

NEW CLIENT
...because I broke my leg.

TICKET OFFICER
(disapproving)
Tsk tsk tsk.

NEW CLIENT
She called me at home to see if I was okay.

TICKET OFFICER
Lovely story! Now, to autopsy your wife's corpse and get you back to work!

NEW CLIENT
Okay.

PATHOLOGIST
You want the standard autopsy? Is her body around the back?

NEW CLIENT
Yes, her body is around the back. If the standard autopsy is cheapest, then yes.

PATHOLOGIST
Fine! One
Express-Widower-Natural-Cause-Autopsy-and-Cremation-to-Go.

Client TAKES A SEAT while short random THUD and DRILLING sounds.

(CONTINUED)

ASSISTANT

Here is a complimentary coffee and biscuit, and some magazines about laptop-cover fashion. And I'll stamp your autopsy loyalty card.

TICKET OFFICER

Perfect! This business does the fastest autopsy service in town. Very fast.

DRILLING, FLIPPING, SIPPING and STAMPING.

PATHOLOGIST

I've finished the autopsy. Here are your wife's ashes, and the death certificate for you to sign.

PUTS plastic container and SLAPS paper ON TABLE.

The full report is also online. Here is the password.

NEW CLIENT

I can't read the password, is that a "y" at the end?

PATHOLOGIST

Yes.

TICKET OFFICER

Perfectly done. I'm off now, and we're very pleased with your effort today.

Ticket Officer STEPS out and CLOSES DOOR.

NEW CLIENT

That's it?

PATHOLOGIST

Well, no, that doesn't have to be it. We can talk about hats made out of rice, birds flying backwards, Tweed, how your wife now exists in Tupperware.

ASSISTANT

Okay! Will you be paying by credit card?

NEW CLIENT

I...I want to understand why I can't wake up to my wife's beautiful face anymore.

(CONTINUED)

PATHOLOGIST

Aha! You want to contemplate her death!

NEW CLIENT

Yes!

ASSISTANT

(shocked)

Really?!

NEW CLIENT

(retreating)

Noooo.

PATHOLOGIST

(disappointed)

Really?!

NEW CLIENT

Maybe. Look, I don't know what contemplate means.

ASSISTANT

(to Pathologist)

Should you be doing this, Pathologist?

NEW CLIENT

I don't want anyone to know I'm doing this.

PATHOLOGIST

Doing what?

NEW CLIENT

(retreating)

Whatever this is.

PATHOLOGIST

I tell you what, New Client. If you're serious, meet me at the Underworld Casino and we'll talk.

NEW CLIENT

(fearful)

The Philosophers' Casino?

PATHOLOGIST

Yes.

NEW CLIENT

(confident)

I'll be there.

*FOOTSTEPS, DOOR OPENS, STREET SOUNDS, and DOOR CLOSES.
Then DOOR OPENS, STREET SOUNDS, New Client pokes head in.*

(CONTINUED)

NEW CLIENT

Where is the Casino?

PATHOLOGIST

First street on the left after the "Revised and Biased for Our Own Good Library" and follow it until it turns into Underworld Lane. Then it is the third on your right, straight after "Everything They Ignore in That Library, Library".

NEW CLIENT

Oh, of course.

DOOR CLOSES.

SCENE #1.4C: MOMENTARY MORGUE CONTINUED

ASSISTANT

So that is the license fee taken care of! Now, I'm coming to the casino with you, yes?

PATHOLOGIST

Talk to me straight, girl. What is this about you being an Underworld Time Traveler?!

ASSISTANT

Yes! Well, I'm studying to be one, at the prestigious Online Time Traveler College!

PATHOLOGIST

Oh. A prestigious online college? As in "this banana is prestigious"?

ASSISTANT

So they don't have much money, or books, or a building. But the teachers are really there for you via email between 9 and 9.30am. You *have* to come see! Open up a new tab, yes, and type this address in: (spells out) TimeTravelerCollege.org.

Pathologist TAPS KEYBOARD.

time-traveler-college-one-word-dot-org.

SCENE #1.5: TIME TRAVELER ONLINE COMMUNITY COLLEGE WEBSITE

The Time Traveler Online Community College is an online, cheap version of Hogwarts - Underworld style. It has a page outlining the Course Topics (History, Types, Triggering, Ethics, Side-Effects & Problems of Time Travel); Staff Page; Careers Advice page; and a Registration page where players can register to do the course (students/players receive their certificate of completion upon registration).

ASSISTANT

Here it is! It is pretty comprehensive. See with the course topics -- click the first on the left. I've only just started the course and so I haven't figured out what I will figure out about time travel yet.

PATHOLOGIST

So can you time travel?

ASSISTANT

Only sometimes, and I can only travel to the past, and only to my own past. And the only way I can time travel is when I have my social media accounts open on all my devices.

PATHOLOGIST

What do you use it for?

ASSISTANT

Er, stuff.

PATHOLOGIST

What do you use it for?!

ASSISTANT

(winces)

Argh! I use it for dating!

PATHOLOGIST

(laughs)

Let's do it now.

ASSISTANT

No way.

PATHOLOGIST

Trust me, I've done embarrassing.

ASSISTANT

So have you had a time when you're putting on a show walking

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

ASSISTANT (cont'd)
 sexy in your heels and you trip
 over?

PATHOLOGIST
 Of course.

ASSISTANT
 So have you had a guy go down on
 you and you can't relax because
 you need to fart?

PATHOLOGIST
 Everyone has that.

ASSISTANT
 And what about when you're in a
 threesome and there are so many
 hands you realize you've been
 spending most of the time with
 yourself?

PATHOLOGIST
 (beat)
 Let's focus on the present, and
 going back in time.

Assistant TYPES

ASSISTANT
 Alright, I've opened my social
 media accounts on all my devices.
 And the site
 is...TheChatSite-oneword-dot-net.
 Thechatsite.net! Argh!

SCENE #1.6: THE CHAT WEBSITE

*The page opens to a chat room, and the text automatically
 unfolds while the Assistant and Pathologist talk.*

DATE
 (typed)
 Hey sexy ;)

ASSISTANT
 (voiceover)
 See how much he likes me!
 (typed)
 ;p How is your day going?
 (voiceover)
 I'm pretty sure he is an
 Underworld guy, because he always
 gets upset if I ask him about
 "work".

(CONTINUED)

DATE
(typed)
killing it.

PATHOLOGIST
So you don't know what he does,
or even if he is a he?

ASSISTANT
(voiceover)
He is definitely a "he".
(typed)
Slayed!

DATE
(typed)
Sooo...are you unshaven? ;)

ASSISTANT
(voiceover)
I'm not unshaven, but I know he
likes it so I have this video
ready.
(typed)
Ooooo...unshaven of course! A
real woman.
<http://www.youtube.com/user/amandapalmer#p/u/6/v9LzyW1P82Q>

PATHOLOGIST
Just tell him what you like.

ASSISTANT
It doesn't work like that.
They're all definite about what
is sexy.

PATHOLOGIST
Listen, it isn't women who shave
and women who don't. It's people
who think there is a right and
wrong way to be a woman, and
those that don't.

DATE
(typed)
A real woman. ;)

ASSISTANT
(typed)
Yes I am. ;)
(voiceover)
Some guys just need help seeing
who you really are. By being the
woman he wants, I'm creating a
bridge between him and me. And
being a better kind of me.

(CONTINUED)

PATHOLOGIST
You're being his kind of you.

DATE
(typed)
I have another question...

ASSISTANT
(voiceover)
This hasn't happened before.
(typed)
...go ahead...
(voiceover)
He respects my opinion!

DATE
(typed)
Can I squeeze your tits?! :p

PATHOLOGIST
The opinion of your boobies.

ASSISTANT
(voiceover)
He does like me, he just needs my
help to guide him towards the man
he can be.
(typed)
Cheeky! ;) I have a question for
you actually...

DATE
(typed)
Yeesssssss

ASSISTANT
(typed)
So we've been speaking every
day...
(voiceover)
This is the hard bit.
(typed)
...and we've had lots of good
times together...

DATE
(typed)
Hot times 8-->

ASSISTANT
(typed)
...so...just quickly wondering
where we're at?!! hehe ;D ...and
don't say online! ;p hehe
(voiceover)
Boys scare easily.

DATE
(typed)
we should be at it ;p

ASSISTANT
(typed)
hehe. Yes we should ;p

DATE
(typed)
Gotta run!

ASSISTANT
(typed)
Already?!? Quick answer to the
question before you go?! :)

DATE
(typed)
You know what I'm like. We have
fun but I'm not ready to settle
down.

ASSISTANT
(typed)
I'm not talking about settling
down!!! 8o

DATE
(typed)
Just can't do this now. Check ya!

ASSISTANT
(typed)
OK! We can work out. :p ...
Hello?

Date EXITS CONVERSATION

(voiceover)
If I didn't ask him how he feels
about me, we'd be together. I
can't seem to figure out how to
get him to stay.

PATHOLOGIST
Sometimes that is a good thing.

ASSISTANT
I guess we need to get to the
casino?

PATHOLOGIST
Yes.

ASSISTANT
I just need to close all my
social media on all my devices,
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

ASSISTANT (cont'd)
to bring us back to the time we
were in.

Assistant CLICKS to close all the tabs.

PATHOLOGIST
Right, and I know a shortcut to
the Casino. Go back to our
momentarymorgue website.

Assistant TAPS KEYBOARD.
Now click on the "Contact Us"
link.

SCENE #1.7: MOMENTARY MORGUE WEBSITE - VISIT 2

Assistant CLICKS.

*The Contact Us page opens to a special 404 page. It says
that "Due to an error, this is an error page."*

ASSISTANT
It's an error page!

PATHOLOGIST
Exactly. 404 pages are the
gateway from the Overworld to the
Underworld. Not all sites have
them, but mine has a link to the
Casino.

ASSISTANT
Where?

PATHOLOGIST
Scroll down to the bottom of the
page. See at the bottom, the word
"bottom"? Click on that.

*The link opens the Philosophers' Casino website in a new
tab.*

SCENE #1.8A: PHILOSOPHERS' CASINO WEBSITE THRESHOLD

*Huge Victorian doors, with a flashing neon "Philosophers'
Casino" sign. There is a small slit on the door.*

STREET SOUNDS.

PATHOLOGIST
The threshold test.

ASSISTANT
(overwhelmed)
What do we do?

PATHOLOGIST
Trying knocking on the door.

*When the player KNOCKS on the door, POPUP with a question.
You answer the question, I've
already done it.*

ASSISTANT
(reads)
"There is a door in front of you.
This door creates a division
between two spaces. One is
apparently outside, and the other
apparently inside. What is
outside and inside is a matter of
perception.
(beat)
One. Tell me what inside feels
like." Mmmmm, inside feels
like...

*Assistant TYPES KEYBOARD.
"Two. Tell me what outside feels
like." Oh, outside feels like...*

*Assistant TYPES KEYBOARD.
"Three. Are you inside or
outside?" Oh I know!*

Assistant CLICKS on "OUTSIDE" BUTTON.

*Upon ENTERING CHOICE, DOORS UNLOCK and OPEN, and a NEW
PAGE OPENS.*

SCENE #1.8B: PHILOSOPHERS' CASINO WEBSITE

*The "Philosophers' Casino" sign in neon over the entry
hall, with the subtitle "is this just another site?".
There is an "Entry Page" that outlines the opening times
(a mini puzzle), and dress requirements; a "Games Page"
with philosophy game descriptions, and links to philosophy
games by fans and existing indie game designers; and a
"Meta Page". Every time the cursor rolls over a link, the
floating text says "am I really here?"*

*Sounds of CHIPS, POKIE MACHINES, and philosophers
GAMBLING.*

ASSISTANT
Wow.

PATHOLOGIST

I used to frequent it a lot. It is what Philosophers are supposed to do in the Underworld, gamble.

GAMBLING PHILOSOPHER #1

I bet you cannot prove history exists...

ASSISTANT

Why did you leave? You can do philosophy all the time here.

PATHOLOGIST

I left because this place wasn't me anymore.

GAMBLING PHILOSOPHER #2

And I'll play my hand now: Social media is a philosophy of failure, the creed of ignorance, and the gospel of envy, its inherent virtue is the equal sharing of misery.

ASSISTANT

I can't see the New Client.

SLOT MACHINE spinning.

GAMBLING PHILOSOPHER #3

CLINK as first symbol stops.

A Plato!

CLINK as second symbol stops.

A Socrates!

CLINK as final symbol stops.

(confused)

A Cow?

SLOT MACHINE GAME OVER music.

ASSISTANT

(beat)

There he is!

NEW CLIENT

(snaps)

Where have you been? They keep staring at me.

PATHOLOGIST

Oh I know, those scary thinkers.

(CONTINUED)

NEW CLIENT

Look,
(whispers)
I miss my wife. I want you to
investigate...
(reluctant)
...what you do.

PATHOLOGIST

Philosophy.

NEW CLIENT

Yes.

PATHOLOGIST

I cannot promise you a particular
outcome.

NEW CLIENT

I just want something more than
this autopsy report.

WAVES REPORT.

I have a hole, here.

ASSISTANT

Your neck?

NEW CLIENT

No, here.

PATHOLOGIST

Your elbow?

NEW CLIENT

Nooo! Where the heart is.

PATHOLOGIST

Alright, let's assume you're
serious about this, and you have
a heart in your elbow. New
Client, I'll take on this case.
Send me everything you have on
your wife from her last few days.

NEW CLIENT

Done. And I'm never meeting you
in the Underworld again. This
place is full of people that I'm
guessing don't do any
self-promotion. Oh, and here is
my business card, with a QR code
to my Twitter, and this
personalized tattooed poodle.

*Poodle YAPS as Assistant carries it, and New Client STEPS
away.*

SCENE #1.8C: PHILOSOPHERS' CASINO CONTINUED

ASSISTANT

Ooo, he was upset! And now you're doing a secret illegal activity that could make your business fail. This is so cool.

PATHOLOGIST

Well no-one knows.
(rolls eyes)
Oh here we go. Remember before I said I've done embarrassing?

ASSISTANT

Yes.

PATHOLOGIST

Well here he comes.

Dog YAPS.

PHILOSOPHER EX

(yells at her sports commentator style)

Ladies and Thinking Men! What do we have here?! It seems that after an attempt at Overworld pathology the yearnings of her true Underworld identity as a philosopher crept in and burst through in the form of a secret Tumblr that for some reason isn't secret anymore, and so she is back to defend her title as philosopher in the Underworld Casino...

PATHOLOGIST

I'm not back to be a philosopher here.

Dog YAPS.

PHILOSOPHER EX

(yells sports commentator style)

Bam! And she can't quite handle the pressure of this fast paced intellectual life. I point at her intimidatingly!

PATHOLOGIST

I don't have to live in the Underworld to be a Philosopher.

(CONTINUED)

PHILOSOPHER EX

(yells sports commentator style)

She's now playing by the rules of another game! Everyone knows you can't be an Underworld philosopher and an Overworld pathologist at the same time. If A then not B yells the crowd! If A then not B!

Dog YAPS.

PATHOLOGIST

I came here to meet an Overworld client who has hired me to investigate the meaning of death. And I'm doing it.

PHILOSOPHER EX

(yells sports commentator style)

And we see her picking up pace! But her actions may not be enough. Why? I outed this past champion as a Philosopher to give her a chance and now she shames her kind by investigating the meaning of death through someone else's death!

PATHOLOGIST

(shocked)

You outed me?! Right! I *bet* you I can explore the meaning of death through another person's corpse.

PHILOSOPHER EX

(yells sports commentator style)

And she throws in a bet! A bet is a serious declaration of a philosophical debate people, and she has grabbed it by the horns. And she's now signing the bet form with the betmaster, and so am I!

BOXING BELL sound.

SCENE #1.8D: PHILOSOPHERS' CASINO CONTINUATION

PATHOLOGIST

Now let's get out of here.

(CONTINUED)

ASSISTANT

I won't say anything about your
Ex, he was loud! But what does
this bet mean?

PATHOLOGIST

It means this investigation is
now public.

ASSISTANT

So the New Client will find out,
and the Ticket Officer...

(happy realization)

...and my parents?! We'll be in
so much trouble! I should change
my hair color and get a piercing
or something. Where are we going
now?

PATHOLOGIST

Back to the Morgue. We've got to
do what we can before they find
out.

Dog YAPS.

PATHOLOGIST

(sighs at dog)

So we're not looking for
whodunnit, but whydidithappen.

ASSISTANT

I need to get a hot pink smoking
pipe for this.

PATHOLOGIST

We're doing a Philosophy Autopsy.
We're analyzing her last days for
why she no-longer exists.

ASSISTANT

(distracted)

I also need a proper fitted bra.

*As they STEP through the crowd, casino CROWD and MACHINES
FADE.*

SCENE #1.10: NARRATOR

NARRATOR

And with that lasting insight
echoing in your mind, you ponder
the investigation ahead. You
realize your ability to analyze
people will be key, and so you
decide you will investigate the

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

NARRATOR (cont'd)
 case in the next episode. You also know that in the next episode the Pathologist and her Assistant will be traveling deeper into the Underworld, meeting some even weirder people. And this makes you happy, and it makes me happy too, so I leave you to do my own thing too...and prepare for the next time we're together.

Narrator PUTS KETTLE ON, CLINKING of cups.

END OF EPISODE ONE

EPISODE TWO: THE BATTLE

SCENE #2.1A: NARRATOR TITLE PAGE

We see "EPISODE TWO: THE BODY" in the middle of the page. If the player has headphones in:

NARRATOR
 Well hello there. You're straight to it! And you even have your headphones in. Your style is liked, and so is your memory. You're so confident about your event-recalling-ability (that sounded official), that you demand I give you a test. Yes you do. And I submit to your demands! So you scroll down the page and click on "Give it to me".

If they don't have headphones in:

NARRATOR
 Well hello there. You're straight to it! Your style is liked, and so is your memory. You remember to pause me and pop your headphones on or ear-buds in.
 (beat)
 Yes, you're so confident about your event-recalling-ability (that sounded official), that you demand I give you a test. Yes you do. And I submit to your demands! So you scroll down the page and click on "Give it to me".

SCENE #2.1B: NARRATOR TEST PAGE

The page has a title "THE REALLY DIFFICULT TEST YOU ASKED FOR". The page has numbered text with buttons.

Moment 1. [Pathologist] [*Assistant] [Ticket Officer] [New Client] [Philosopher Ex]

Moment 2. [Pathologist] [Assistant] [*Ticket Officer] [New Client] [Philosopher Ex]

Moment 3. [Pathologist] [Assistant] [Ticket Officer] [*New Client] [Philosopher Ex]

Moment 4. [Pathologist] [Assistant] [Ticket Officer] [New Client] [*Philosopher Ex]

Moment 5. [*Pathologist] [Assistant] [Ticket Officer] [New Client] [Philosopher Ex]

Once a selection is made, it cannot be undone. There is a "submit" button at the bottom.

NARRATOR

So here it is! The deal is, I will play five moments from the last episode, and you select who said it. I'll play them one after another, so you'll need to respond quickly! Right, moment one:

(replay from previous episode)

"You've been outed as a Philosopher. Everyone knows you have a secret identity."

(beat)

You quickly click on the person it is, because you're very clever. Moment two:

(replay from previous episode)

"Well, as your new case worker, it is my duty to commence a program of financial bondage to help you return to the real world."

And now moment two!

(replay from previous episode)

"I miss my wife. I want you to investigate...what you do."

We're in a groove now. Moment four.

replay from previous episode

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

NARRATOR (cont'd)

"And she throws in a bet! A bet is a serious declaration of philosophical debate people, and she has grabbed it by the horns. and she's now signing the best form with the betmaster, and so am I!"

Here comes the grand finale, moment five!

(replay from previous episode)

"We're doing a Philosophy Autopsy. We're analysing her last days for why she no-longer exists."

You're very proud of yourself, and press the "submit" button so I can assess your results.

SCENE #2.1C: NARRATOR TEST RESULTS PAGE

The results of the test are shown on the screen.

NARRATOR

Your brilliance and game-playing astound me. Thank you for selecting things. And oh yes, it is all coming back to you, the bet to find the meaning of death. But this task doesn't daunt you at all! Noooo. Because your powers of deduction and intuition are on fire, and you're happy this has been recognised. I see it.

(beat)

Ohhh, I also sense you're ready, you hungry little thing. And so you type in MomentaryMorgue.com.

SCENE #2.2 MOMENTARY MORGUE - VISIT #4

The Momentary Morgue website looks like a shopfront you can enter. It has an About page; Alive People page (with brief details on the Pathologist); Dead People page (password protected); and a side-bar with a quick poll on what type of Express Autopsy people prefer that rewards the player with an image of the inside of the Morgue, and "ItWasThemInsurance.com" (where people can be insured against the decisions of others).

Fun, investigation mystery-type music plays, as well as morgue environment sounds.

(CONTINUED)

PATHOLOGIST

So the New Client should have sent through some info on his wife. Go to the "Dead People" page.

Assistant *CLICKS*.

The password is "deady", that is "dead" with a "y".

Dog *YAPS*. Assistant *TAPS KEYBOARD*.

ASSISTANT

Maybe we should feed it?

PATHOLOGIST

It's a marketing dog. Can't it pretend it's been fed?

Dog *YAPS*.

(annoyed sigh)

Pathologist *SCRUNCHES PAPER*.

(to dog)

Here's a press release.

Dog *CHEWS AND RIPS PAPER*.

On the DEAD PEOPLE PAGE is the "Corpse File". It includes a link to the "Autopsy Report", as well as a "Client Area". The Client area has a note from the New Client "Dear Pathologist - I don't have the time to look at these because of my important advertising work, and so I would appreciate hearing about anything you find.". There are also links to his wife's Twitter profile, recent web surfing history, and the titles of books on her sidetable.

ASSISTANT

The New Client has put the information in! Oooo, the Autopsy Report.

Assistant *CLICKS*.

PATHOLOGIST

(reading)

So we have her social media - excellent; recent web history, and books. Books! "The Great Gatsby," "Fifty Shades of Grey," "Vogue," "Women Who Run With Wolves". What does that tell you?

ASSISTANT

(thinking)

It tells me...she's old and misses the days when she had sex.

PATHOLOGIST

Old does not mean dead! Or she misses something. I tell you what, open a new tab, type in YouSuckAtDeath dot tumblr dot com.

Assistant CLICKS and TAPS KEYBOARD.

Scroll down. There it is, the "Meaning of Death" post.

On the TUMBLR is a "Meaning of Death" POST that has notes on possible meanings for death: "Accomplishment: Finished the task at hand (life), nothing left to learn here and now; Teacher: To teach others, as a catalyst for change; The Fall: Lost way, no reason to live; Zen: Reached personal pinnacle of happiness; Zero: There is no rhyme or reason, just living and dying."

See?

(reading)

Accomplishment, Teacher, The Fall, Zen, and Zero. Possible meanings of death. So we're looking for her state of mind. Was she feeling accomplished, or down-trodden, or lost?

ASSISTANT

(excited guesses)

Lost! Down-trodden! Accomplished!

PATHOLOGIST

The second thing we're looking for is a kind of list of suspects -- who she conversed with. So we can interview them about her last days. Let's start with her Twitter. Click on that link, the Twitter link.

Assistant CLICKS. Twitter page opens in a new tab.

She identifies herself as his wife. No identity of her own.

ASSISTANT

And standard wallpaper.

PATHOLOGIST

She's obviously into fashion, and celebrities.

ASSISTANT

Celebrity couples!

PATHOLOGIST

So she probably has a perpetual anxiety about her appearance.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

PATHOLOGIST (cont'd)
That fits with her surgery from
the autopsy. Click on one of her
Pinterest links in her tweets.

Assistant CLICKS. *Pinterest opens in a new tab.*
Yes, now click on "His Wife" at
the top.

Assistant CLICKS.

ASSISTANT
(reading)
Want, Love, Confusing.

PATHOLOGIST
Go to "Confusing".

Assistant CLICKS.
Now this is interesting.

ASSISTANT
Yes. She is definitely scared of
lions.

PATHOLOGIST
No, no. Scared. So she didn't die
at peace. Let's go to the link
in her profile. Click the "His
Wife" link near the top on the
left.

Assistant CLICKS.

ASSISTANT
Oh there is a Lastfm link! It
look like she's hooked it up to
computer, so when she plays stuff
it shows up on her page.

PATHOLOGIST
And music is emotion. So we can
see what she was feeling before
she died. Click on the Lastfm
link then.

Assistant CLICKS.

ASSISTANT
Who is U2? "With or Without You".
There's Burial...

Assistant CLICKS.
...Aqualung.

PATHOLOGIST

Cat Power. Interesting.

(beat)

Let's go back to our "Dead People" page on our morgue site and have a look at her web history.

Assistant CLICKS.

ASSISTANT

So she visited her Twitter, Lastfm, and Pinterest accounts. She has been searching for books.

PATHOLOGIST

And there is a profile she has looked at too. I know this place. Bad news.

ASSISTANT

What is it?

PATHOLOGIST

The Artist Assassin Collective.

ASSISTANT

(gasp of excitement)

Let's go!

PATHOLOGIST

(considering)

It may provide important information about her last days. But do everything I say. Promise?

ASSISTANT

I promise!

PATHOLOGIST

Okay. Let's close all these other tabs first.

Assistant CLICKS.

Now open a new tab, and type in ArtistAssassinCollective.net. Two ss's in Assassin, twice. That's it.

If the player doesn't go to the next page, scene continues.

ASSISTANT

So what is this Collective?

PATHOLOGIST

They're all the cutting-edge
Artist Assassins in the
Underworld.

Dog YAPS.

SCENE #2.3A ARTIST ASSASSIN COLLECTIVE

The Artist Assassin Collective profiles cutting-edge artists in the Underworld. There is an "Artist Profiles" page, where we see their avatars, their artform, method of attack, method of defence, dress style and so on. There is also a validator page, where Artists can pit themselves against the Press and Funding Bodies for Validation. Everyone always loses, but with a witty retort.

Artists are CHATTING and LAUGHING with DANCE MUSIC playing. Every now and then CAP GUNS, SWORDS, CLUBS SMASHING. Dog is YAPPING outside.

PATHOLOGIST

Keep close to me, and don't tell
them you work in the Overworld.

ASSISTANT

Don't tell them I work!

PATHOLOGIST

That's it, and act like you don't
care, or praise them.

ASSISTANT

Oh look at the "Artist Profiles"
page!

Assistant CLICKS through "Artist Profiles" page.

PATHOLOGIST

See if the profile Wife of Adman
was looking at, is there.

ASSISTANT

They've got exotic names,
"Wordherder," "Dracogen,"
"Griffin," and "Morgan". Their
methods of attack are weird. Can
you really kill by finger
painting?

ARTIST ASSASSIN

Let me guess, you kill with retro
stuff like Walkmans and records?
No, no, you kill with cooking,
really bad cooking?

(CONTINUED)

PATHOLOGIST

I'm a Philosopher. I have a question.

ARTIST ASSASSIN

"I have a question." Best title of an artwork ever. I completely get it.

PATHOLOGIST

No, I have a question.

ARTIST ASSASSIN

Is that the sequel?

PATHOLOGIST

I'm not talking about art.

ARTIST ASSASSIN

That works too. Nice.

PATHOLOGIST

I want to ask about a lady.

ARTIST ASSASSIN

"I want to ask about a lady."
You're very good at this.

PATHOLOGIST

Right, I don't think we're connecting.

ASSISTANT

What artform do you work in?!

ARTIST ASSASSIN

I kill with online performance. I construct false identities and develop relationships with strangers.

ASSISTANT

Oooo.

ARTIST ASSASSIN

I feed their weakness and self-delusions until they have no life in them.

ASSISTANT

That is mean. But I don't understand. So they don't know you're performing?

ARTIST ASSASSIN

I'm good at what I do. They never know.

(CONTINUED)

ASSISTANT

But a performer usually has an audience.

ARTIST ASSASSIN

I am both the performer and the audience.

ASSISTANT

Ohhhh.

ARTIST ASSASSIN

And I share the chat logs on Facebook.

PATHOLOGIST

Have you ever seen Wife of AdMan here?

ARTIST ASSASSIN

Not here, no. But I was fucking her, and I killed her.

ASSISTANT

Oh.My.G-

PATHOLOGIST

Did you get funding for the killing?

ARTIST ASSASSIN

I didn't get funding, I got some good reviews. But the art assassination was a commission, so that is good for the portfolio.

PATHOLOGIST

Your usual patron?

ARTIST ASSASSIN

The Boss!

PATHOLOGIST

Oh congratulations.

ARTIST ASSASSIN

I deserve it.

ASSISTANT

Do you perform with girls online?

ARTIST ASSASSIN

Only girls with self-esteem issues.

Assistant WHIMPERS.

(CONTINUED)

ASSISTANT

Do you remember "EagerGirl"?

ARTIST ASSASSIN

Oh yes!

(laughs)

She was deliciously desperate-

PATHOLOGIST

We have to run.

ARTIST ASSASSIN

I'm too fucking popular to care.

SCENE #2.3B ARTIST ASSASSIN COLLECTIVE - OUTSIDE

Pathologist and Assistant GO OUTSIDE. MUSIC recedes, STREET sounds, dog YAPPING.

ASSISTANT

(upset)

He killed her! And he is the guy
I was seeing online.

Dog YAPPING.

PATHOLOGIST

Yes, I know.

ASSISTANT

(crying)

He played games with me. He never
liked me. And he doesn't really
have an audience. I don't
understand that.

Dog YAPPING.

PATHOLOGIST

(to dog)

Shut-up! Can you just stop?!

(to Assistant)

I know. Do you want to go home?

ASSISTANT

What are you doing?

PATHOLOGIST

I'm going to get to the heart of
this matter and see the Quantum
Boss.

ASSISTANT

I don't want to miss out on
seeing The Boss!

(CONTINUED)

PATHOLOGIST

Good girl. There must be a 404 gateway to his hangout. Click on the "Contact Us" page.

Assistant CLICKS on the "Contact Us" page.

ASSISTANT

It's an error page! Yay!

PATHOLOGIST

Oh, thank Gödel! So scroll down and there should be a link.

At the bottom of the page is a link with the text "LINK".

SCENE #2.4A QUANTUM THEORIST PIZZERIA FRONT - VISIT #1

At the front of a local pizzeria website, we see tables and chairs out the front, and big glass windows just hinting at what is inside. There is a chalk board with the daily specials. We hear patrons eating, drinking, and chatting on tables on the sidewalk.

PATHOLOGIST

So here we are! You good?

ASSISTANT

This is cool!

Dog LAPS UP WATER.

PATHOLOGIST

Here comes a waitress.

WAITRESS

A table for two outside?

PATHOLOGIST

Ummm.

WAITRESS

I'm so sorry! I shouldn't have said that. You probably just want a table for yourself, but now that I've "observed" that you want a table for two, you do.

ASSISTANT

It's okay! We can take a table for two.

WAITRESS

I don't want to talk about it! Please, you tell me what you want. Don't leave it up to me to

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

WAITRESS (cont'd)
guess what you're doing. I hate
this. I hate influencing people!

ASSISTANT
We want to speak to The Boss,
please.

WAITRESS
You don't want to know the
specials?

ASSISTANT
(comforting)
We can look at the specials.

WAITRESS
(breaking down)
I do this to everyone who comes
in! I get them to sit at tables,
I get them to order food, eat and
drink, then pay and leave. What
if they wanted to do something
else?!

PATHOLOGIST
Like what?

WAITRESS
Oh I don't know! Anything! They
could want to play ball inside.
Although that would break things.
They could want to marry a fairy
from another realm to heal a war.
They could want to conduct
life-saving heart surgery on a
butterfly with little tiny
surgery tools and magnifying
glasses and tiny sponges. But
because I observe people as a
"waitress", everyone just comes
in and eats.

PATHOLOGIST
What if they wanted to speak to
the Quantum Boss?

WAITRESS
(serious)
The Boss only speaks to people
who order from the daily
specials.

PATHOLOGIST
We'll do that then.

WAITRESS
(exacerbated)
Of course you will!

PIZZERIA PATRON
(from afar)
Waitress, could I have some more
water please?

WAITRESS
(snaps at Patron)
Why couldn't you ask for a tree
bikini?!
(while walking away)
A bikini for trees.

PATHOLOGIST
So let's look at the daily
specials. Click on the daily
specials.

CLICKING the daily special board OPENS A NEW PAGE.

SCENE #2.4B QUANTUM THEORIST PIZZERIA DAILY SPECIALS PAGE

The "Daily Specials" page has clickable options:

- 1. Pizza with the lot - what everyone agrees is Pizza*
- 2. Pizza with anchovies - what is proven to be Pizza*
- 3. Pizza without anchovies - what is observable to be Pizza*
- 4. Meatlovers Pizza - what I think Pizza is.*
- 5. Hawaiian Pizza - what I believe Pizza is.*
- 6. Gourmet Pizza - what I want Pizza to be.*
- 7. Vegetarian Pizza - what I think Pizza should be."*

ASSISTANT
(reads)
Daily specials. Pizza with the
lot, anchovies, yuck, meatlovers,
sounds rude, Hawaiian, gourmet,
vegetarian. Argh, what is pizza?

PATHOLOGIST
I think they want to know what we
think is the right Pizza.

Upon CLICKING a selection, the NEXT PAGE OPENS.

SCENE #2.4C QUANTUM THEORIST PIZZERIA - BACKROOM

The room is a drawn backroom, with a booth, a couple of chairs and shadowed areas. There is a box on the floor.

CURTAINS OPEN and CLOSE.

QUANTUM BOSS

And so you enter the room.
People, and a dog. Choices,
choices.

Dog WHIMPERS.

ASSISTANT

(bending over, to dog)
Come here.

Assistant PICKS UP DOG. MUFFLED MEOW from a box.

PATHOLOGIST

And you have a cat.

QUANTUM BOSS

I don't have a cat.

PATHOLOGIST

The cat in the box.

MUFFLED MEOW from a box.

QUANTUM BOSS

We don't know for sure if there
is a cat in there.

PATHOLOGIST

I can hear it.

QUANTUM BOSS

But is there a cat in there?

MUFFLED MEOW from a box.

PATHOLOGIST

Right.

MUFFLED MEOW from a box.

No cat-

MUFFLED MEOW from a box.

-in the box.

QUANTUM BOSS

There may be. We just don't know.

Gangmembers GRUNT in agreement.

(CONTINUED)

PATHOLOGIST

You had the Wife of Adman killed.

QUANTUM BOSS

I can have anyone killed.

GUNS COCKED, and SWORDS SWATHED.

But relax philosopher, she's not dead.

PATHOLOGIST

No, she is dead. I saw her body.

QUANTUM BOSS

You confuse yourself. We do at times take an action that appears to end someone's life. But understand this, Philosopher, she is only what is called dead in this reality. She continues to exist in another reality. So we're not murderers.

MUFFLED MEOW from a box.

PATHOLOGIST

You're not murderers because she is in some afterlife?!

QUANTUM BOSS

I have no proof of that. I do know the world isn't what you think it is. This table...

KNOCKS on table. MUFFLED MEOW from a box.

...isn't this solid stupid mass. It is actually made up of electrons, and before you observe it, those electrons can be waves or particles. Indeed, this table could be a chair, or it could be another kind of table.

MUFFLED MEOW from a box.

And each time we look at this table, in another reality it is a chair. You saw a dead body in this reality. But in some other reality, she still exists.

(beat)

But I don't expect you to understand this. If you did understand it, then you don't get it.

(moronic agreeing laugh from gangmembers)

PATHOLOGIST

She had braces on her teeth!
You're playing dice with people's
lives.

MUFFLED MEOW from a box. Dog WHIMPERS.

QUANTUM BOSS

Don't tell me what to do. Your
mind is full of cottony things,
overcast, your mind is clouded,
Philosopher. You have too much
Overworld in you.

(to gangmembers)

Kill her.

ASSISTANT

Noo!

*Dog JUMPS from Assistant and ATTACKS gangmembers.
Pathologist LIFTS BOX.*

PATHOLOGIST

This is a fucking cat!

*Cat SCREAMS around room, with DOG YAPPING after it. CHAIRS
FALLING, gangmembers TRIPPING over dog and cat.*

Run!

*CURTAINS DRAWN BACK and Pathologist and Assistant RUN OUT
of the room.*

QUANTUM BOSS

Get her!

(beat)

NARRATOR

You had better run! Yes, you
decide to run. You decide to
close this tab and go back to the
Quantum Theorist Pizzeria page to
catch up to your friends.

*If the player does not close this tab, the narration
continues:*

(beat)

There is a part of you that stays
here though. And you wonder if
you're missing anything.

GANGMEMBER

(in distance)

Get out of my way!

TABLES FLIP, GLASSES BREAK.

NARRATOR

You ponder the nature of choice,
and what your choices say about
you. Do they say "you need a
hat"? Or do they say "this choice
is coming to an end"? You
remember what you need to do. You
decide to close this tab and go
back to the Quantum Pizzeria
front page to catch up to your
friends.

QUANTUM BOSS

There is no cat in the box.

NARRATOR

RUN!

SCENE #2.4D QUANTUM THEORIST PIZZERIA FRONT - VISIT #2

*PLATES SMASH on the ground. FRANTIC KEYBOARD TYPING and
HUFFING and RUNNING.*

WAITRESS

(yells to runners)

I'm not observing you running!

ASSISTANT

Quick, open a new tab and type in
Google.com!

FRANTIC KEYBOARD TYPING and HUFFING and RUNNING.

PATHOLOGIST

What now?

ASSISTANT

Type in "panic"!

FRANTIC KEYBOARD TYPING and HUFFING and RUNNING.

Now click on the Wikipedia link
for "Panic"! It should be near
the top!

FRANTIC KEYBOARD TYPING and HUFFING and RUNNING.

Click on the "fight-or-flight"
link in the first paragraph!

GANGMEMBER

There they are!

ASSISTANT

Now click on the "threats" link!
The word that says "threats!"

*FRANTIC KEYBOARD TYPING and HUFFING and RUNNING.
Gangmembers are CLOSING IN.*

(CONTINUED)

PATHOLOGIST

We need to hide!

ASSISTANT

Look down the page, and click on
the link to "camouflaged"!

*FRANTIC KEYBOARD TYPING and HUFFING and RUNNING. PEW PEW
SHOTS RICOCHET past.*

PATHOLOGIST

What was that?! This isn't
working.

ASSISTANT

Argh! Click on any link!

*FRANTIC KEYBOARD TYPING and HUFFING and RUNNING. PEW PEW
SHOTS RICOCHET past.*

ASSISTANT

Click on any link again!
(beat)
And another link!

*FRANTIC KEYBOARD TYPING and HUFFING and RUNNING. PEW PEW
SHOTS RICOCHET past. Dog YAPPING in distance.
The dog!*

Dog BITES and GROWLS at leg of gangmember.

GANGMEMBER

Get this dog off me!

Dog YELPS.

*FRANTIC KEYBOARD TYPING and HUFFING and RUNNING. GUN SHOTS
RICOCHET past.*

PATHOLOGIST

We need to hide some place where
no-one will find us!

ASSISTANT

I know where no-one will find us!
MySpace. Open a new tab, quickly,
and type in MySpace.com

*FRANTIC KEYBOARD TYPING and HUFFING and RUNNING. GUN SHOTS
RICOCHET past.*

PATHOLOGIST

Okay. Argh! Classic or New
Myspace?

(CONTINUED)

ASSISTANT

I don't think it matters. Try Classic!

Gangmembers RUN PAST. Pathologist TAPS KEYBOARD and Pathologist and Assistant HUFFING QUIETLY. Muffled POP MUSIC in background.

PATHOLOGIST

Okay, phew. I think we're safe here.

ASSISTANT

What now? They'll keep looking for us. We can't go back to the morgue.

PATHOLOGIST

(beat)

We have to though. The New Client might be looking for us, and they'll probably kill him.

ASSISTANT

I can take us back in time and make the outcome different.

PATHOLOGIST

The Quantum Boss won't be any different no matter what we do.

ASSISTANT

So we just don't go see The Boss then.

PATHOLOGIST

But I want them to remember that.

ASSISTANT

They REALLY like music here.

PATHOLOGIST

We need to get going.

ASSISTANT

Okay, let's do this really quickly. We'll check if the New Client is there and then go.

PATHOLOGIST

Right. So type in MomentaryMorgue.com.

SCENE #2.5A MOMENTARY MORGUE - VISIT #2

STREET SOUNDS, DOOR OPENING, CAR HORN.

TICKET OFFICER

There you are! Infringement #655:
"Keeping Reckless Business
Hours".

NEW CLIENT

They told me you've made a public
bet about my wife's death? No
marketing clearance or anything?

PATHOLOGIST

Listen, we all have to get out of
here.

TICKET OFFICER

Infringement #489:
"Out-of-Fashion Mouse Pads". I
never noticed these before.

PATHOLOGIST

Can't we do this somewhere else,
we have to go?

NEW CLIENT

Why won't you tell me what is
going on? All of my friends and
LinkedIn connections know about
the Philosophy Autopsy. I'm not
getting any "Likes".

PATHOLOGIST

I'm sorry. This seemed important.

NEW CLIENT

And what have you found?

ASSISTANT

We should goooo!

PATHOLOGIST

I found out your wife was
murdered.

NEW CLIENT

Who killed her? Why?

PATHOLOGIST

She was killed by the Quantum
Boss. I can't answer why.

NEW CLIENT

(sobs)

(CONTINUED)

TICKET OFFICER

Now the Philosophy Autopsy conversation is on the table, thank you New Client, I need to inform you that according to Infringement #777 you have committed the ultimate crime: "Making People Feel Things They Wouldn't Have To Feel If You Let Them Work".

PATHOLOGIST

Fine! Can we leave please? There are gangmembers after us.

NEW CLIENT

Did they kill my wife?

ASSISTANT

No! No.

TICKET OFFICER

Well I have a few outstanding infringements for those Gang Members.

THUMPING at the door.

SCENE #2.5B NARRATOR (MOMENTARY MORGUE)

NARRATOR

You're annoyed that I've interrupted you. You're thinking about the next episode, and who is at the door. But you're also happy to have a break. You remember that we're kind of timeless when we're together, and so you decide it is okay to rest. You decide you're happy that we're parting ways for a little bit, and think about a food snack, or checking your social media. It has been a while.

END EPISODE TWO

EPISODE THREE: THE BODY

SCENE #3.1A NARRATOR (TITLE SCREEN)

A title in the middle of the screen:

"EPISODE THREE: THE BATTLE"

If the player has headphones in:

(CONTINUED)

NARRATOR

You're back all refreshed and ready. I'm impressed by your ability to select a new episode, and have your headphones jacked in. But now you're keen to jump in and get back to the drama at hand. You remember the Pathologist and Assistant have been investigating the meaning of death. You know - how they're currently trying to get the Ticket Officer and New Client to leave, because those gangmembers are doing what gangmembers do. You think about what you would do if death came knocking to your lover, mother, father, brother, sister, friend. You get all fired up and type in knockknockknock.com. That is three knocks. knockknockknock.com. Oh man, "knock" is a bloody weird word when you look at it a lot. K.N.O.C.K. What is that?!

If the player doesn't had headphones in:

NARRATOR

You're back all refreshed and ready. I'm impressed by your ability to select a new episode, and that you are scrambling to get your headphones on. And you're keen to jump in and get back to the drama at hand...[continue from above]

SCENE #3.1B NARRATOR (KNOCKKNOCKKNOCK.COM)

There is the text "KNOCK KNOCK KNOCK" in the middle of the screen, with lots of buttons with text on them.

NARRATOR

And now you want to let out what you would say to the mortal knock. "Get away from my little brother!" "Take your boney hands off my mother!" "Go away from my sister" Um, I don't know. You're better at this than me. You click on the one that rings so true for now, and I'm impressed. Yes I am.

SCENE #3.1C NARRATOR (KNOCKKNOCKKNOCK.COM)

A title in the middle of the screen:

"EPISODE THREE: THE BATTLE"

NARRATOR

Oh, so that is what you think!
Right! I hear you. And now your
inner sound box is taking you
back in time, to the present.
Yes, it is very clever like that.
Your inner sound box replays the
last sound you heard.

THUMPING at the door.

That's the one. You click on the
episode title to get back to
where you were.

"Episode Three" title opens Momentary Morgue website.

SCENE #3.2 MOMENTARY MORGUE

*The Momentary Morgue website looks like a shopfront you
can enter. It has an About page; Alive People page (with
brief details on the Pathologist); Dead People page
(password protected); A hidden link to the interior of the
Morgue; and a link to "ItWasThemInsurance.com" (where
people can be insured against the decisions of others).*

THUMPING at the door.

TICKET OFFICER

It's open!

ASSISTANT

Shit!

(scrambles away from door)

DOOR CREAKS OPEN.

PHILOSOPHER EX

(yells sports commentator
style)

I am walking in the room and find
everyone is suitably transfixed
by my presence.

PATHOLOGIST

(annoyed)

What are you doing here?

PHILOSOPHER EX

It is a great time to be here,
bets have been laid and now we'll

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

PHILOSOPHER EX (cont'd)
see if the outsider philosopher
has solved the meaning of death.

NEW CLIENT
The only thing she's given me is
the news my wife was murdered,
and public humiliation.

TICKET OFFICER
And she has attracted a mountain
of new fines. I have Reality
Infringement fines for you too,
Philosopher. Financial bondage
for both of you!

ASSISTANT
She does know more!

PHILOSOPHER EX
Oh dear, it looks like she is
limping to the finish line. I
laugh scornfully.
(laughs scornfully)

PATHOLOGIST
You can all mock me somewhere
else. It isn't safe for you here.

PHILOSOPHER EX
What is the nature of safety
anyway?

TICKET OFFICER
Fine! Infringement number #327:
"Questioning Things That Don't
Need to be Questioned"!

Artist Assassin and Quantum Boss ENTER.

ARTIST ASSASSIN
(entering)
So this is where the party is!

QUANTUM BOSS
And we find ourselves together
again, like two atoms traveling
through a wavey-type thing.

PATHOLOGIST
You have no problem with these
people, leave them alone.

NEW CLIENT
Not more humiliation. Who are you
people?

(CONTINUED)

PATHOLOGIST

No, don't-

ARTIST ASSASSIN

I'm the Artist Assassin that
fucked and killed your wife.

QUANTUM BOSS

Let's not forget I'm the Quantum
Boss that ordered it.

NEW CLIENT

You what?! It's as if a stealth
campaign has been launched and
I'm the last to find out.

*Ticket Officer, Philosopher Ex, Artist Assassin, Quantum
Boss, Assistant begin to talk on top of each other.*

TICKET OFFICER

Infringement number #455,
#651, #708, #124, #399...

PHILOSOPHER EX

And she is still limping
to the finish line! I
have little hope for this
outsider philosopher...

QUANTUM BOSS

She does not understand the
mysteries of the universe
at all. There are atoms and
things...

NEW CLIENT

I'm in advertising, so
we are always the first
at everything. Now this
Pathologist has relegated
me to the mainstream...

PATHOLOGIST

Stop! Enough!

Everyone goes QUIET.

You're probably wondering why I
gathered you all-

TICKET OFFICER

(cuts in)

Infringement #488: Claiming
credit for something you did not
do!

PATHOLOGIST

Just fuck off! Have you got an
infringement for being a boring
[cock]? Give it to yourself!
Right! As I was saying, I'm glad
you're all here, because you need
to hear this. I have been
watching all of you, and you all
have motives for stopping me
finding the meaning of death.
You, Ticket Officer!

(CONTINUED)

TICKET OFFICER

Oh?!

PATHOLOGIST

You have a narrow view of the way the world works, and despite evidence to the contrary, you persist in enforcing your view through inhumane methods. It is in your interest to have no meaning of death, because then people don't question the life you impose on them. And you, my Philosopher Ex.

PHILOSOPHER EX

Yes?

PATHOLOGIST

Me finding the meaning of death through non-philosophical methods confronts the strict identity you're attached to. You need a community of like-minded people with strict rules to keep others out. You feel better about yourself by creating this elitism. What you're doing has nothing to do with Philosophy. If I find the meaning of death through non-philosophical means, then the superiority of your constructed position is out the window. And you Quantum Boss.

QUANTUM BOSS

What did I do?

PATHOLOGIST

If I find the meaning of death, then you have to face the truth that you murder. There is no other place where they exist. They're gone forever, and you can't face that maybe we only have one chance at life. And you New Client.

NEW CLIENT

Me?!

PATHOLOGIST

You can't handle me finding the meaning of death because then you'll realise you've been wasting every second of your life. That paycheck, those

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

PATHOLOGIST (cont'd)
 clothes, that business card. They all pale in comparison to the time you didn't spend your wife, and you don't want to bear the guilt. Death is meaningful. Your wife's death is meaningful, if you let it be.

(beat)

I don't think she died because she had "accomplished" everything she needed to know. Given her tragic interlude with the Artist Assassin, was death was probably representative of a "Fall" because she had lost her way. She didn't die because she had reached some personal pinnacle of happiness. Quite the opposite unfortunately. Whether there was "Zero" meaning to her death, or whether she was a "Teacher" is up to you New Client, and everyone. Her death could be a catalyst for change.

Everyone LAUGHS.

I thought this would have gone so much better.

NEW CLIENT

I asked you to investigate the meaning of my wife's death, and you give me painful revelations about her infidelity and wordy theories? The Ticket Officer is right, I have more important things to attend to: connection requests, a QR code campaign that is sure to score us awards, and the memoirs of my Second Life avatar to write. Goodbye Underworld and all your low-budget promotions!

New Client STEPS OUT, OPENS and SLAMS DOOR.

PHILOSOPHER EX

And so her attempt to win the bet has failed miserably! The odds were against this one and we were right. Her thoughts do not shed any truth in the world. I am right. You cannot live in the Overworld and the Underworld. The Pathologist is no Philosopher.

Philosopher Ex OPENS DOOR.

(CONTINUED)

TICKET OFFICER
 (to Philosopher Ex)
 Wait!
 (to Pathologist)
 Before I leave. Pathologist, your
 deviances have reached the next
 level of discipline. You are now
 barred from working as a
 Pathologist.

Ticket Officer CATCHES UP to Philosopher Ex at door.
 Now you Philosopher Gambler, we
 should begin your program of
 financial bondage!

PHILOSOPHER EX
 (in distance)
 What is the true nature of money,
 Ticket Officer?

TICKET OFFICER
 (in distance)
 Questions are very bad,
 Philosopher!

DOOR CLOSES.

QUANTUM BOSS
 Well, well, well. So I'm not the
 only one that finds your little
 "death is meaningful" theory
 fanciful. There are realities,
 and your reality is fake. A false
 realism, a fealism.

PATHOLOGIST
 I don't want to hear anything you
 have to say.

QUANTUM BOSS
 Oh no, you do. You see, I have
 something of yours.
 (beat)
 You see, I have something of
 yours.

ARTIST ASSASSIN
 Oh sorry Boss!

ASSISTANT
 Hey, get off me!

Artist Assassin PUTS HAND-CUFFS on Assistant.

ARTIST ASSASSIN
 These hand-cuffs will keep us
 together.

ASSISTANT

No! I hate you "HotandDistant"!

ARTIST ASSASSIN

Oh you're "EagerGirl"?! This gets even better. I can continue my online dating mindfuck.

PATHOLOGIST

Leave her alone!

QUANTUM BOSS

Hold on. I will release her, I will. It is up to you to make a choice. Come do one job for me and we'll let your Assistant go.

ASSISTANT

It's a big evil trap!

Artist Assassin PULLS ON HAND-CUFFS.

Ow!

PATHOLOGIST

I'll come with you.

ASSISTANT

Don't leave me!

QUANTUM BOSS

No harm will come to her if you do your job.

PATHOLOGIST

Assistant, do what I do - they can't get you if you stick to yourself.

(to Boss)

Where are we going?

QUANTUM BOSS

My place, and bring your philosophy books. We have theories to discuss. Type in QuantumPizzeria.net. That is q-u-a-n-t-u-a-m-p-i-z-z-e-r-i-a-dot-net.

SCENE #3.3 QUANTUM THEORIST PIZZERIA FRONT - VISIT #3

At the front of a local pizzeria website, we see tables and chairs out the front, and big glass windows just hinting at what is inside. There is a chalk board with the daily specials. We hear patrons eating, drinking, and chatting on tables on the sidewalk.

(CONTINUED)

WAITRESS

Tell me what you want please! My eyes are closed, I'm not observing you!

Waitress bangs TABLE.

Oh shit.

QUANTUM BOSS

We'll sit here.

Pathologist PUTS BOOKS ON TABLE.

WAITRESS

Oh sorry Boss. Here is a menu. Dammit! Now you're thinking about food!

QUANTUM BOSS

We'll have two short blacks.

WAITRESS

Two short blacks. They chose that.

(walking off)

They chose two short blacks. Two short blacks.

PATHOLOGIST

He won't harm her?

QUANTUM BOSS

Remember your ranting and raving about killing?

PATHOLOGIST

I remember your rationalisation about killing.

QUANTUM BOSS

You and your philosophies about death. They caused harm did they not?

(beat)

So I have one job for you, Philosopher. One, and all your troubles go away.

(beat)

I am giving you a chance to make good on your mistakes.

(beat)

One job. Kill me.

Pathologist LAUGHS.

QUANTUM BOSS

See? You still can't do it. You cannot admit you are wrong. Death doesn't matter. There is no matter in death.

PATHOLOGIST

Then why not just kill me?

QUANTUM BOSS

I'm sure I've done that in a parallel universe. No need to here. The Universe is much more than what you see with your seeing item, your eye. With all the atoms, and particles, and waves, and electrons, there are probabilities happening all the time. People with small minds ascribe meaning to the chaos of life. It doesn't mean it is...meaningful.

PATHOLOGIST

Is she safe?

QUANTUM BOSS

What is safe, Philosopher? Oh I shouldn't say that - you're not a Philosopher or Pathologist. Are you?

WAITRESS

And here we go. Two cappuccinos.

Pathologist GETS UP, KNOCKS tray of CAPPUCINOS, and GRABS the pile of books.

QUANTUM BOSS

(shocked)

What are you doing with the books?

PATHOLOGIST

They're out of date.

Pathologist SMACKS Quantum Boss across the head. He THUMPS to the ground.

WAITRESS

You hit him!

PATHOLOGIST

Now that was meaningful.

(CONTINUED)

WAITRESS

Oh no! It's because of me isn't it?!

PATHOLOGIST

You haven't done anything wrong. I'm asking you something of my own volition. Is there a shortcut to the Artist Assassin Collective?

WAITRESS

Oh! Yes, there is. Just go to the web address of this site.

PATHOLOGIST

Yes.

WAITRESS

Now put one forward slash at the end of the address.

Pathologist TAPS KEYBOARD

After that forward slash, type in "blackhole" one word.

Pathologist TAPS KEYBOARD

PATHOLOGIST

Oh I see, the 404 black hole.

WAITRESS

Yes, I'm stepping away from you now as you click the blackness.

SCENE #3.4A ARTIST ASSASSIN COLLECTIVE - INT - VISIT #2

The Artist Assassin Collective profiles cutting-edge artists in the Underworld. Each artist has a Profile page, where we see their avatars, their artform, method of attack, method of defence, dress style and so on. There is also a validator page, where Artists can pit themselves against the Press and Funding Bodies for Validation. Everyone always loses, but with a witty retort.

Warehouse DOOR OPENS, party happening again.

PATHOLOGIST

(running through crowd)
Where is she?! Where is she?
Assistant!

ASSISTANT

(in distance)
I'm here!

Pathologist RUNS to Assistant. MUSIC muffles.

(CONTINUED)

PATHOLOGIST

Let her go now!

ARTIST ASSASSIN

Now why would I do that? I'll get great reviews for taking my art beyond the Net to an installation.

ASSISTANT

(to Artist Assassin)

I told you I don't want you as a boyfriend anymore, now I know you were faking it all.

ARTIST ASSASSIN

It isn't about you. This work is very important to my artistic growth, it is calling me all the way from my soul and reaching out to the world.

PATHOLOGIST

The Boss isn't funding this art work anymore.

ARTIST ASSASSIN

Oh, fuck that.

*Artist Assassin UNLOCKS HAND-CUFFS.
Piss-off.*

Pathologist and Assistant WALK AWAY.

PATHOLOGIST

Are you okay?

ASSISTANT

Yes, I'll be fine. I just want to get away.

WAREHOUSE DOOR OPENS and MUSIC RECEDES.

SCENE 3.4B ARTIST ASSASSIN COLLECTIVE - EXTERIOR

PATHOLOGIST

Everything is fine with The Quantum Boss. Don't worry about that. I just think we need to get you somewhere safe.

ASSISTANT

I think I know where to go. But I'm going alone.

(CONTINUED)

PATHOLOGIST

(beat)

I'm so sorry.

(beat)

What is right for me is not what is right for you.

ASSISTANT

Yes, kinda. But thank you for everything.

PATHOLOGIST

Oh thank you, Assistant, no, part-time Time Traveler!

ASSISTANT

(laughs)

Yes.

PATHOLOGIST

(as she walks away)

Take care!

Pathologist WALKS AWAY.

ASSISTANT

Right. Open Facebook on all my devices, and type in MomentaryMorgue.com.

SCENE #3.5 MOMENTARY MORGUE - VISIT #

DOOR OPENS, STREET SOUNDS, DOOR CLOSES.

ASSISTANT

(yells to be heard out back)

Hello!

A mutilated leg is dropped on the floor of the back autopsy room.

PATHOLOGIST

(from back room)

Oh crap! It's okay! It's just Mr Davidson's mutilated leg.

(beat)

It's okay because he's dead.

(beat)

Not by me of course.

(puts head through back door)

Would you like a hot chocolate?

ASSISTANT

I will have one, thank you.

Pathologist BOILS KETTLE.

(CONTINUED)

PATHOLOGIST
(from back room)
Take a seat.

Assistant PULLS OUT CHAIR and SITS.

ASSISTANT
I'm sitting at the good chair by
the computer.

PATHOLOGIST
(from back room)
Oh?! Are you a returning
customer?

ASSISTANT
I've come from the future to talk
with you.

PATHOLOGIST
(enters room)
Well knock me down with a
Foucault!

ASSISTANT
Yes, come take a seat with me.

Pathologist TAKES A SEAT.

We've met before. We've been
through a lot together. The
Overworld finds out you are a
Philosopher.

PATHOLOGIST
(laughs)
Those dangerous thoughts!

ASSISTANT
It isn't cool though. We go
through terrible stuff.

PATHOLOGIST
I'm sure we learned things from
it.

ASSISTANT
We did. But I don't want that
path anymore. I know any path can
be difficult.

PATHOLOGIST
Always.

ASSISTANT
But I want a path that we want,
rather than trying to change
everyone else around us.

PATHOLOGIST

Wise words for a little one. But just what is this thing we want?

ASSISTANT

I want to try and go to a possible future for us. It may not be what we want in the end, and it may take us in other directions.

PATHOLOGIST

I don't really know you though.

ASSISTANT

Just think about what you really want. Not the details, just the feeling. If it is right for me, then I'll be there too.

(beat)

Thinking about it?

PATHOLOGIST

Yes, I'm thinking of it.

ASSISTANT

Okay, type in
ThisIsTrueForMeNow.net.

Pathologist TYPES KEYBOARD.

SCENE #3.6A AUTOPSIA

A place that is a mix of Overworld or Underworld in style. The sign over the door says "Autopsia". The site subtitle says "Seeing with one's own eyes". There is an "About" page, "We're Alive" page, and a "You Haven't Died Yet" page, which is password protected.

Guggenheim Grotto's song "Philosophia" begins to play.

DOOR OPENS, music is louder.

ASSISTANT

Welcome to Autopsia! We've been expecting you.

Dog YAPS excitedly.

Don't mind him. He's just excited to finally see you.

PATHOLOGIST

We've started your pre-mortem. You haven't been that forthcoming so far. So there is still lots we don't know about you. The

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

PATHOLOGIST (cont'd)
beginning of the report is on our
website in the "You Haven't Died
Yet" page. See it there?

CLICKS.

The password is "Being and
Nothingness". It is one of my
favourite books, though it is a
bit out of date.

(beat)

Take your time with it. We look
forward to seeing more of you.

ASSISTANT

Yeah, show us your real bits!

*On the "You're Not Dead Yet" page is a formal looking
document. The fields are autofilled with data collected
from the player inputs over the three episodes.*

"Pre-Mortem" Client: [INSERT NAME ENTERED IN EPISODE 1
TUTORIAL]

Conducted on: [INSERT DATE OF ACCESS]

*"This is your Pre-Mortem, an end-of-life reflection,
during your life."*

**Section 1: Current sense of self in relation to
others?**[INSERT NAME ENTERED IN EPISODE 1 TUTORIAL]
*perceives themselves as [INSERT "OUTSIDE" OR "INSIDE" FROM
CASINO THRESHOLD TEST].*

*You experience this when you feel accepted, welcomed, or
recognised by others: [INSERT "INSIDE" FROM CASINO
THRESHOLD TEST]*

*You experience this when you don't feel accepted,
welcomed, or recognised by others: [INSERT "OUTSIDE" FROM
CASINO THRESHOLD TEST]*

**Section 2: Signs you are still hiding parts of yourself
from others?** [INSERT NAME ENTERED IN EPISODE 1
TUTORIAL] *hides from people: "[INSERT CONFESSION ENTERED
IN EPISODE 1 TUTORIAL]"*

Section 3: Your relationship with "Reality"?

"[INSERT PIZZA CHOICE ENTERED IN EPISODE 1 TUTORIAL]"

**Section 4: Some of your accomplishments you feel good
about?**

[TEXT FIELD]

Section 5: Some of your fondest memories so far?

[TEXT FIELD]

(CONTINUED)

Section 6: Some of my favourite music/songs?

[TEXT FIELD]

Section 7: Some of the hobbies of I have enjoyed?

[TEXT FIELD]

Section 8: If I could live my life over again, I would...?

[TEXT FIELD]

Section 9: If I could do anything before I die it would be?

[TEXT FIELD]

Section 10: Things I have wanted to do, but haven't?

[TEXT FIELD]

Section 11: The behaviours and attitudes that trip me up?

[TEXT FIELD]

Section 11: The behaviours and attitudes that I'd like to be remembered for?

[TEXT FIELD]

Section 12: What gives me enjoyment?

[TEXT FIELD]

Section 13: The most fun I've had is?

[TEXT FIELD]

Section 14: I'm most proud of?

[TEXT FIELD]

Section 15: I would describe myself as?

[TEXT FIELD]

Section 16:

Players can enter the fields and SAVE and PRINT the report.

"Philosophia" lyrics:

"When we're young we set our hearts upon some beautiful idea

Maybe something from a holy book or French philosophia

*Upon the thoughts of better men than us we swear by and
decree a*

Perfect way to end the war of ways the only way to be a

Work of art, oh to be a work of art

*But in time a thought comes tugging on the sleeve edge of
our minds*

*Perhaps no perfect way exists at all, just many different
kinds*

*Oh but if it's just a thing of taste then everything
unwinds*

For without an absolute how can the absolute define

A work of art, oh to be a work of art...

*When we're young we set our hearts upon some beautiful
idea*

Maybe something from a holy book or French philosophia."

SCENE #3.6B NARRATOR

NARRATOR

Oh, look at you! I mean, you keep looking at you. You decide to show me how you feel by not closing this down. That's right! You don't close this down. We keep sharing our fun times together. But you have a choice of course. You just choose to stay here, with me. Not closing this down!!! Yes, still here. Phew! It's okay. You decide you want to communicate to me that we're good mates, and you do this by closing this down. And I'm impressed by your ability to cope with endings.

THE END