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)
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 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)
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)
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.

(CONTINUED)
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
Ohhh! 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)
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.

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)
Pathologist TAPS keyboard.

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

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

DRILLING, FLIPPING, SIPPING and STAMPING.

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.

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

Yes.

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

That’s it?

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.

Okay! Will you be paying by credit card?

I...I want to understand why I can’t wake up to my wife’s beautiful face anymore.
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 9.30 am. 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.
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)
Yeessssss

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.

(CONTINUED)
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)
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!

AssistantCLICKS 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.

(CONTINUED)
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.
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)
"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.

(CONTINUED)
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.
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
5. Hawaiian Pizza - what I believe Pizza is.
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.
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.

MUDDLED 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.

(CONTINUED)
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 YAPPI NG in distance.

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?
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:
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.

(PHILosopher EX (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?
PATHEOLOGIST
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.
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.

(CONTINUED)
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.

(CONTINUED)
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.
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.
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.

(Continued)
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 themself 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