

CRESTFALLEN

Longdue Games Application Writing Sample

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Inspired by:
Psychogeography Themes
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INT. BEDROOM, DAY

Dulled light escapes from the slits of closed blinds. A woman lies forlorn, knees pulled to her chest, a pallid figure whiter than the sheets of her bed. Black veils around her; chiaroscuro rays shine down on her.

She is beautiful. And oh, so sad.

A voice, THE NARRATOR, echoes through the soundscape like an omniscient spectre, unseen yet all-seeing.

THE NARRATOR
Can't you hear it?

In the distance, the TOLL of church bells is faintly heard. It thrums: once, twice, three times. Rhythmic, beautiful. The woman wants nothing more than for it to go away.

THE NARRATOR
The angels sing for you. He requested it.

There is only one response.

PLAYER
"Let me sleep. Let me... drown it out."

The church bells move further and further away before fading into obscurity. The filtered light goes cold. The woman lies in complete darkness now, save for the white of her slip dress, its sheen dazzling against the black.

The woman extends an arm to the right side of the bed. Empty. There was someone here, once. DEAD AND UNBURIED, a harbinger of the past, speaks in the woman's mind.

DEAD AND UNBURIED
You still trace the indents of his body along the sheets.

Suddenly, the room shifts. A crest of black waves surrounds the woman in bed, who floats now in a manic, dark sea.

The woman rocks back and forth, jostled by the movement. She attempts to ignore it, before finally sitting up.

PLAYER
"For fuck's sake."

She dangles her legs over the bed, dipping her feet into the water, recoiling at the cold, before sloshing through to the other side of the obscured room. The THWIP of blinds being pulled floods the space with light, colour.

The room is no ocean. It certainly looks like a storm has hit it, though. What little there is is disheveled; sheets untucked, rug slanted against hardwood floor. There are items to be interacted with here: a closet with no doors, an outfit to start the day.

CHOICE ONE: WHITE BLOUSE, BLACK SKIRT (POKER FACE +1)

DESCRIPTION: A crisp satin blouse and pencil skirt. The fabric feels cool against your skin.

POKER FACE

Unaffected. Put together. No one will be able to peek into your soul with this corporate veneer.

CHOICE TWO: CHERRY RED TANK, BLACK TROUSERS (DEAD AND UNBURIED +1)

DESCRIPTION: A silk v-neck tank drapes over black, billowy trousers. It reminds you of the poppy fields.

DEAD AND UNBURIED

He and the flowers have long withered. And yet, the top is still as red as ever.

The woman moves languidly across the room, inspecting her nightstand to find a set of keys and ID. A much-too-happy face lies crested on it, taken just two years ago: the image of youth, of a woman in love. Her name is AMELIE RICHARDS, and as she stares forlorn at the face of her past, droplets of RAIN can be heard against the room's window panes.

THE NARRATOR

A storm outside, in. Inside, out.

[END SCENE.]