

# Villainess

## Home Assignment: Creative Writing & Design Task

After playing chapters 1-5, I see why people may have been put off by the fifth chapter. There was only one choice, and it wasn't in a place that gave the player much to choose. It seems that no matter how they reacted to the accusation, Elara still would have been locked up. This does not give the player a feeling of control over the story.

I would suggest adding another choice, either when the other council members are speaking about war, and/or one when Orion is being accused. It would give the council more reason to blame her. If choices are made properly, she could avoid her fate in the dungeon and the council could say Orion tried attacking the king.

I also find it strange that the game is marketed as being a story about a villainess being reborn without knowing who wants her dead, but there are no mentions of it in the story. So I added some parts in the chapter where she knows more than she should.

I kept in mind your want to make the chapter/story less dark and more focused on the romantic interests (Orion and the King).

I made all text I added purple.

The following script took 42 minutes to write, excluding the time it took me to go through the video and write the scripted lines what were present (and extra 30 minutes)

# Scene\_war\_talk\_garden

Narrator: Following the directions given earlier, Elara goes to a secluded part of the gardens.

Narrator: They are far enough from the gardens that no one should be able to hear them.

Narrator: Elara rushes over to see King Julian pacing angrily.

Narrator: Four top council members and a guard watch him anxiously.

Narrator: While King Julian is pacing, Elara looks them over.

Narrator: Lord Chauncy is a chubby man with cunning eyes. His grey hair is neatly styled.

Narrator: Lady Henley is a short, old woman with pale skin and strict eyes. Even though she is old, she commands respect.

Narrator: Chancellor Hornsby is tall and thin, with balding white hair. His skin is almost see-through, and his eyes are ghostly.

Narrator: Count Forsythe, the youngest of the four councillors, is charming and handsome with tan skin and dark hazel eyes.

Narrator: Elara looks back at King Julian, wondering why he's so mad.

Narrator: King Julian's handsome face twists into an angry scowl as he mutters.

King Julian: I can't believe the Luminae Queen would ignore me like that!

King Julian: Me!

King Julina: She has laughed in my face!

King Julian: She wouldn't even hear my proposal!

King Julian: ...

King Julian: I won't be made a fool.

King Julian: She'll see.

Elara: (what has happened? Am I too late?)

Eliara: (I knew I shouldn't have stopped to talk to so many people.)

Elara: (Why is King Julian so furious?)

Elara: (He had mentioned the Luminae Queen...)

Elara: (Have today's negotiations gone wrong?)

Narrator: As King Julian finishes, his counselors rush him like flies.

Chancellor Hornsby: Your majesty, your father would never have stood for it!

Count Forsythe: And to receive that treatment from a woman, to boot!

Count Forsythe: How dare she!

Narrator: King Julian is young, and became king three months ago after his father suddenly passed away.

Narrator: He was raised almost in isolation.

Narrator: He was trained from a young age his whole life.

Narrator: Even his own siblings rarely saw him.

Narrator: His only playmate was his cousin, Caius Marlowe.

Narrator: Julina spent his childhood surrounded by tutor and his father's advisors.

Narrator: The same advisors now flock to him like vultures into the garden.

Lady Henlay: And you went to such pains to make the terms agreeable!

Lady Henlay: It's clear she had no respect for your station at all!

King Julian: ...

Lord Chauncey: You'll go down in the history books as a weak-willed laughingstock, if she isn't put in her place.

Lord Chauncey: Truly, it's your only recourse, your majesty.

Lord Chauncey: You must put her in her place!

Elara: (We really can't afford to go to war with Luminae. It's a death sentence.)

Here is where I would make the first change. Instead of having her stand quietly off to the side, I would give the player the opportunity to say something. This opportunity would also result in an if-statement.

#choice\_1\_kings\_meeting

@hidePrinter

@chioce "Try to De-escalate" goto:.scene\_deescalate

@choice "Say Nothing" goto:.scene\_say\_nothing

@stop

#scene\_deescalate

Elara: Why don't we all take a deep breath?

Lady Henlay: Hush child, you dare come late and then talk as if you know better than us?

Elara: I just think that perhaps the Luminae Queen has a lot to think about.

Elara: We should try and organize another meeting with her to keep a communication open.

King Julian: A communication...

Narrator: King Julian strokes his chin as he ponders over your words.

@goto.scene\_gotowar

#scene\_say\_nothing

Narrator: Elara stands in silence.

Elara: (I don't want to be associates with these vultures...)

Elara: (These four councillors are clearly manipulating him.)

King Julian stops in his tracks and looks at his four advisors and Elara.

King Julian: You're absolutely right.

#scene\_gotowar

Count Forsythe: Your majesty, if you let her walk all over you, then others will do the same

King Julain: You're right. I have no choice.

@if\_deescalate==true

@goto . scene\_calm\_king

@else

@goto .scene\_war

@endif

#scene\_calm\_king

King Julian: I will form another meeting with the Luminae queen and see what we can do.

Chancellor Hornsby: Your highness, I don't think this is a wise decision.

Narrator: The council members all glare at Elara.

@goto .scene\_intruder

#scene\_war

King Julian: Its war or I slowly lose the faith of the public.

King Julian: We are going to war with Luminae!

King Julian: They can't be negotiated with, and this is the only choice!

King Julian: War it is!

Elara: (Oh no...)

Elara: (King Julian wants to go to war?)

Elara: (We had peace for 10 years!)

Elara: (This... Can't be happening! I have to do something!)

Narrator: Chancellor Hornsby chuckles weakly.

Chancellor Hornsby: Your Majesty, that Luminae queen will regret her words.

Chancellor Hornsby: Especially, if your elite warrior troops destroy her land.

Narrator: The king balks at such a gruesome mental image.

Narrator: Before King Julian can answer, they hear a rustling nearby.

@goto .scene\_intruder

#scene\_Intruder

Narrator: before King Julian can answer, they hear a rustling nearby.

Narrator: A member of the king's guard darts to the source.

Narrator: The guard drags a young man out of the hedges.

Orion: I was just taking a walk in the garden!

Orion: Since when is that a crime?

Narrator: Guard pushes young man to his knees.

Elara: (Orion!)

Elara: (What is he doing here?)

Narrator: Orion looks frightened.

Narrator: He looks at King Julian with complicated expression, as if he wants to say something.

Guard: that's not for you to decide. You're in restricted areas!

Orion: Why have I been detained?

Orion: I'm Alvin Coral's Aide, Orion Thorne! I am on official business!

Lady Henlay: He heard your plan, your majesty.

Lady Henlay: and if he is Alvin Coral's aide, he is connected to Luminael!

Lady Henlay: He is a spy!

Guard: We've had too many spies lurking around lately.

Guard: You picked a bad night to "take a walk," boy.

Orion: I wear, I'm not a spy! Check my credentials!

Lady Henlay: Credentials can be forged.

Lady Henlay: We must be cautious.

Orion: This is a misunderstanding!

Orion: I have nothing to hide!

Lady Henlay: We can't let him live!

Lady Henlay: ...

Lady Henlay: Silence him!

Elara: (Oh no, this is the point when they kill him. I have to do something.)

[#choice\\_2\\_save\\_Orion](#)

[@hidePrinter](#)

[@chioce "Yell stop" goto: .scene\\_yell](#)

[@choice "Jump in front of Orion" goto: .scene\\_move](#)

[@choice "Protect the bird" goto: .scene\\_bird](#)

[@stop](#)

#scene\_yell

Elara: Stop! He's telling the truth!

Lord Chancey: And how would you know such things?

Narrator: Elara looks at King Julian, who is looking back at her with a perplexed expression.

Elara: I met him on my way here. He was helping a bird. He hasn't done anything wrong.

Narrator: Elara places a hand over her heart.

Elara: Please, your majesty, I will take responsibility for him and escort him out of the garden.

Narrator: King Julian looks you over before nodding slowly.

King Julian: Very well...

Lady Chauncey: Your majesty! He's clearly a spy!

Lady Chauncey: We can't just let him go!

King Julian: If Lady Elara is willing to put her life on the line for this young man, then I will let her.

King Julian. She best hope he isn't a spy, or it'll be her head on the chopping block.

@goto .scene\_leave\_the\_garden

#scene\_jump

Narrator: Without thinking, Elara jumps in between the guard and Orion, her arms stretched out.

King Julina: Stop!

Narrator: The guard stops mid-swing, his weapon hovering over Elara's head.

Narrator: King Julian storms over to Elara.

King Julian: what is the meaning of this!?

Elara: I can't let you hurt an innocent man.

King Julian: And what makes you so sure he's innocent?

Narrator: Elara stands straight.

Elara: Check his left pocket.

Narrator: the king motions for the guard to do so.

Narrator: the guard takes a bird out of Orion's pocket.

Orion: I—I was looking for a safe place to tend to it's wing until I leave.

Orion: I didn't want it getting crushed in my pocket.

Narrator: King Julian stares at the small bird with wide eyes for a moment.

Narrator: He then looks at Elara.

King Julian: How did you know?

Elara: I came across them on my way here.

Elara: with your blessing, your majesty, I'd like to escort him to join the other guests.

Narrator: King Julian nods.

King Julian: Have one of my servants find him something more sturdy to keep the bird safe.

Elara: Of course, your majesty.

@goto .scene\_leave\_the\_garden

#scene\_bird

Elara: Wait! There's a bird in his pocket.

Narrator: Everyone freezes. King Julian looks at Elara as if she's crazy.

King Julian: a bird?

Narrator: Elara nods and walks over to Orion.

Narrator: She carefully removes the bird from Orion's pocket.

Narrator: King Julian's eyes grow wide.

King Julian: Why does he have a bird in his pocket?

Orion: It was injured. Lady Elara helped it. I was looking for a place to hide it until it was time for me to leave.

Narrator: King Julian nods slowly, sceptical.

Lord Chauncy: You don't honestly believe this, do you, your majesty?

Lord Chauncy: They could be in co-hoots. Both spies.

Narrator: Elara places her hands on her hips.

Elara: I was hired by the king, just as you were hired by his father.

Elara: Questioning my intentions questions his judgment.

Narrator: King Julian stares at the bird, hesitant.

Narrator: Elara notices the look and swallows.

Elara: Why don't I take him back to the castle?

Narrator: King Julian sighs, running his fingers through his hair.

King Julian: Very well.

@goto .scene\_leave\_the\_garden

#scene\_leave\_the\_garden

Narrator: Elara walks with Orion.

Orion: thank you for saving me.

Elara: No problem.

Elara (Hopefully this change will save me in the future.)

Orion: Listen, if there's anything you ever need, let me know.

Narrator: Elara smiles at him.

Elara: (I hope he really isn't a spy.)

Elara: Thanks, I'll hold you to that.

Narrator: the two walk through the gardens and return to the entrance to the ball room.

Elara: I'll have someone find a box or something for the bird.

Orion: Thanks, my lady.