

OPENING: A collection of lit candles slowly fade into existence as they illuminate a closed, antique looking storybook propped up and displayed on a wooden desk. The title is nearly faded past legibility and the binding is worn and tattered.

FADE TO BLACK.

TITLE: THE FORGOTTEN

SFX:

<SCRATCHING of a quill on parchment, clock TICKING softly, and CRACKLING of fire.>

FADE IN:

VIEWER POV: The Camera with eye line of 66" from the ground.

INT. THE BOOK KEEPER'S COTTAGE- NIGHT

You find yourself standing in the center of a small stone cottage where a healthy fire is burning in a deep fireplace, spilling warm light into the space. Books are stacked haphazardly on the fireplace's mantle along with on the ground and hearth surrounding it, each in different degrees of wear and various binding styles. An antique clock sits in the middle of the mantle, and the glass gleams slightly in the dim light of the fire.

ABOVE: RAFTERS

Large, wooden beams create the rafters that hold up the ceiling of the single-story cottage. A pigeon can be spotted perched on one of beams as it glances down at you curiously from its resting place. Its wings flutter as it shifts every so often, and its head tilts occasionally, taking the sight of you in with intrigue.

<COOING of pigeon>

A organic texture just beyond the beams is slightly illuminated by the fire, revealing the cottage's sturdy thatched roof.

BELOW: WOODEN FLOOR AND RUG

Below your feet is a worn and crack-strewn wooden floor that is scratched and dull with age. It is partially covered by a thick wool rug that contains stitched images of princes, fighting, and fairytale creatures, almost like a tapestry displaying a fierce battle of some long ago time.

It is frayed around the edges but otherwise seems to be in a well-kept condition. Loose papers are littered across the floor here and there, but their addition to the ground does not make the cottage seem disorderly, rather, well lived in.

AT 3 O'CLOCK: SITS THE BOOK KEEPER

An elderly man dressed in an odd collection of clothes sits hunched over a ink stained desk as he writes onto a page using a feathered quill and near empty ink pot. He is nearly swallowed by the multitude of books and loose papers stacked around him. A candle brightly illuminates his work area. A collection of wood carvings sits on various shelves on the wall to his right, some finished and some in progress.

//INTERACTIVITY: As you walk closer to the elderly man across the small room, an icon with an open book symbol appears above his head. Click the "action" button to interact with his character and hear him speak.//

<FOOTSTEPS in tandem with your movements across the room either muffled by the carpet or clear on the hardwood, CREAKING of floorboards.>

THE BOOK KEEPER glances up from his writing to look at you in slight surprise. He apparently did not realize that you were there. A smile slowly spreads across his wrinkly face.

THE BOOK KEEPER

Ah, hello my friend! It has been far too long hasn't it?

He pauses and looks at you intently, waiting for your reply.

IF YOU CHOOSE DIALOGUE PROMPT 1:

USER (TEXT)

Who are you?

THE BOOK KEEPER

But of course... you wouldn't remember me would you? I nearly forgot who I am myself, it's been so long since I've needed to tell anyone. (chuckles) No matter, you're here now. I am known as THE BOOK KEEPER. I spend my days, right here, recording stories - some that have yet to be written, some that already have been in their own way, and others...that have simply escaped time.

IF YOU CHOOSE DIALOGUE PROMPT 2:

USER (TEXT)
Why am I here?

THE BOOK KEEPER
Oh, but that *is* a long story. Even longer than one of my books I predict! (chuckles) I am afraid we both simply have too much to do and not enough time for me to give you the explanation you desire. But, I assure you, it is for a good reason. Please, take a look around. This is only a humble abode, but perhaps, you'll find what you're searching for.

He leans back over the desk and continues his work.

<quill SCRATCHING resumes.>

//As you explore this side of the room further, objects glow with a light blue hue, signally their interactivity. In particular, one of the wooden figurines sitting on the shelf glows. Upon closer inspection, it is a figurine of some sort of creature that has no distinguishable features beyond that of being some sort of animal. Reach out and hold down the "action" button to pick it up off the shelf.//

A strange ripple of warm light and energy seems to expand out from the object as you take it off the shelf.

<a light GONGING signals a memory notification.>

//Open your memory tree to see a clearer image of the creature in its actual form along with its name.//

THE BOOK KEEPER (CONT'D)
Ah! A peculiar creature that one is...strangely familiar too, perhaps?

DIALOGUE PROMPT:

USER (TEXT)
What just happened?

THE BOOK KEEPER
I believe you had, what some refer to as, a moment of remembrance. Don't be startled. Memories are meant to come back to you, after all.

DIALOGUE PROMPT:

USER (TEXT)

What did I remember?

THE BOOK KEEPER

I cannot say. That is something that you have to uncover for yourself, but that trinket is in part connected to the reason of why you are here. Do keep looking around. See if anything else speaks to you.

AT 6 O'CLOCK: THE CABINET

You see a large, free standing cabinet that sits in the middle of the wall behind you. It is rounded at the top with iron handles and is carved with painstaking detail around the edges. A closer look reveals that the carvings are a collection of animals patterned along the edge. Two small windows sit to either side of the cabinet. Moonlight slips through the cracks of the curtains that cover them, but you are not able to clearly see outside beyond the inky blackness of the night. There is no door on the wall, and no clear way to exit the cottage at all.

//INTERACTIVITY: As you walk towards the cabinet, the door handles begins to glow with the blue light. Reach forward and hold down the "action" button to try and open the door.//

<the door handles RATTLE.>

The doors are locked, and will not open. Another mystery.

THE BOOK KEEPER (CONT'D)

I do not think that you are quite ready for that yet, my friend, but don't fret. I believe the time will come sooner than you think.

AT 9 O'CLOCK: BOOKSHELF

A large wooden bookshelf sits floor to ceiling and wall to wall. The shelves are crammed to the brim with volumes, and those that can't fit sit in stacks on the floor. A comfortable yet old looking lounge chair sits in the left corner with open books sitting on the chair's side table and around its base.

//INTERACTIVITY: As you walk forward to approach a bookshelf, a select few of the books begin to glow. Reach forward and hold the "action" button to grab the books off the shelves.//

Most of the titles are classic fairytales and stories. Some titles include: *The Prince and the Pauper*, *The Jungle Book*, *Grimm's Fairytales*, *Frankenstein*. One particular selection stands out from the rest. The book is worn and the title is mostly faded and unreadable.

<A CHORAL SOUND plays before fading out with the glow.>

As you pick it up, the text seems to glow with a golden light before fading completely.

THE BOOK KEEPER (CONT'D)
What have you got there?

<a pigeon COOS and wings FLUTTER in a task notification sound.>

A task prompt appears in the upper corner telling you to bring the book to The Book Keeper.

//INTERACTIVITY: Make your way towards THE BOOK KEEPER on the other side of the cottage. He now has an open book icon over his head which will alert you to talk to him. Click the "action" button once you're in range.//

IF NOT YET TALKED TO:

THE BOOK KEEPER glances up from his writing to look at you. A smile spreads across his face.

THE BOOK KEEPER (CONT'D)
Ah, hello my friend. It has been so long hasn't it?

He pauses and looks at you intently.

IF YOU CHOOSE DIALOGUE PROMPT 1:

USER (TEXT)
Who are you?

THE BOOK KEEPER
But of course... you wouldn't remember me would you? I nearly forgot who I am myself, it's been so long since I've needed to tell anyone. (chuckles) No matter, you're here now. I am known as THE BOOK KEEPER. I spend my days, right here, recording stories - some that have yet to be written, some that already have been in their own way, and others...that have simply escaped time.

IF YOU CHOOSE DIALOGUE PROMPT 2:

USER (TEXT)

Why am I here?

Oh, but that *is* a long story. Even longer than one of my books I predict! (chuckles) I am afraid we both simply have too much to do and not enough time for me to give you the explanation you desire. I assure you, it is for a good reason. But alas-

IF ALREADY TALKED TO OR IN ADDITION TO PREVIOUS DIALOGUE:

THE BOOK KEEPER

I see you have found what you are looking for! Though, you may not know it yourself yet. That story is an old tale, one that was unwritten long ago. Lost to the ages and wills of time. I think you in particular would enjoy it if you give it a chance. It may even bring you some comfort and a sense of...nostalgia.

But don't let me be the judge, perhaps you would like to try it for yourself, yes?

THE BOOK KEEPER gestures with his quill to the comfy looking chair in the far corner of the room behind you, before lowering his head and going back to his writing.

<SCRATCHING of quill resumes>

IF YOU CHOOSE DIALOGUE PROMPT 1:

USER (TEXT)

What is the title of the story?

THE BOOK KEEPER glances up to look at you once again.

THE BOOK KEEPER

(laughs cheerfully)

Oh that is not for me to say! Of course I have many names for what it *used* to be, but that time has passed. The more interesting question would be what will it be now, hmm? Go ahead. Give it a read.

THE BOOK KEEPER once again gestures to the chair in the corner.

IF YOU CHOOSE DIALOGUE PROMPT 2:

USER (TEXT)
Why should I?

THE BOOK KEEPER glances up to look at you once again.

THE BOOK KEEPER
A fair question. I shall give an
even fairer answer: why should you
not?

<pigeon TASK NOTIFICATION sounds.>

The prompt to sit in the chair appears in the upper right corner.

EXPLORE THE REST OF THE ROOM IF YOU HAVE NOT DONE SO YET**FOLLOW PROMPT:**

//As you make your way back over to the chair, a candle slowly comes to life on the table besides it. The chair glows a light blue as you near it, hinting at its interactivity. Turn around and hit the "action" button to sit down in it.//

You sit in the chair.

<pigeon TASK NOTIFICATION sounds.>

A prompt appears to open up the book.

//Position the book in both hands and hit the "action" button.//

The book cracks open in your hands. Before you can take the opportunity to begin scanning the text, a golden glow begins to emanate from the books center, growing stronger until it overtakes your vision completely. The book disappears from your hands as the bright world around you begins to whirl and vortex.

<dramatic musical SCORE plays.>

A myriad of shapes and colors begin to take form, but will not come into focus enough to clearly see the images that they are painting. It is like looking at the physical embodiment of an untuned radio.

<indecipherable NOISES and VOICES are heard lowly at first and then they grow in volume.>

Title shows in center of the screen, "The Forgotten".

FADE TO WHITE.

THE END