

## **Act II - Part 1**

Triggered by: Finding all the fragments on the second floor

*\*Internal dialogue heard by the player, "(V.O.)" (Voice Over)*

### **INT. WINDSIDE HIGH SCHOOL HALLWAY - DAY**

MEGAN kisses her boyfriend, TRISTAN, on the cheek as he approaches her. ASHLEE, MEGAN's best friend, watches them with a fake smile. She bites her thumb, envy burning in her eyes. ASHLEE has liked Tristan for years, but Megan started dating him even though she knew ASHLEE's feelings for him.

MEGAN laughs at something TRISTAN says. ASHLEE's attention, however, is drawn to WISTY in the distance. WISTY closes her locker and nearly bumps into someone while walking away. A dark look passes over ASHLEE's face, and an idea appears in her mind.

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### **INT. HALLWAY - LATER**

ASHLEE sneaks near WISTY's locker, clutching a folded piece of paper. On the note is a confession of love addressed to WISTY from "Tristan". She slips the note inside of WISTY's locker and leaves, her face twisting into a smug smile.

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### **INT. HALLWAY - SHORTLY AFTER**

WISTY opens her locker, grabbing her books for the next class. She notices a folded note tucked inside. Feeling curious, she opens the note. After reading its contents, WISTY glances over at TRISTAN, who's laughing with a group of boys on the basketball team.

Confused, she decides to speak to him and turn him down. WISTY approaches TRISTAN, holding the note. MEGAN rounds a corner just in time to see them talking. She clenches her fist and storms off, angrily muttering under her breath.

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**INT. LOCKER ROOM - DAY**

WISTY enters the locker room after gym class, ponytail bouncing as she walks toward her locker.

Just as she reaches for her locker, a sharp tug yanks her backward by her ponytail. She yelps, stumbling to the floor.

**MEGAN**

You little bitch! I let you off easy,  
and now you're trying to steal my man?!

MEGAN glares at WISTY, her face twisted in anger. Her teeth are clenched and her shoulders tense.

**WISTY**

What are you talking about?  
I didn't-

WISTY looks panicked as she puts her hands up defensively.

**MEGAN**

Don't play innocent! I saw you  
talking to him!

MEGAN raises her finger and points it into WISTY's face. Her arm is trembling in anger.

**WISTY**

I didn't do anything! I don't  
even like him!

WISTY shakes her head frantically, trying to get MEGAN to understand, but she isn't listening to WISTY.

**MEGAN**

You're going to regret this.

MEGAN towers over her, fury in her eyes. Before WISTY can respond, MEGAN pulls out a pair of scissors from her bag.

**WISTY**

No! Stop! Somebody, help!

WISTY screams, trying to get away from MEGAN by crawling backwards on the locker room floor. She looks around frantically, hoping someone will come help her.

But the locker room is empty. MEGAN grabs a fistful of Wisty's hair, scissors gleaming.

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## **Act II - Part 2**

Triggered by: Defeating the Boss of Act II

### **EXT. OUTSIDE OF SCHOOL ENTRANCE - DAY**

NYLA, skipping class, as usual, walks back toward the school. She stops short when WISTY, hair disheveled and tears streaming down her face, barrels past, bumping her shoulder.

**NYLA**

Hey! Watch where you're going!

WISTY doesn't even notice NYLA. NYLA turns her head before stopping entirely in her tracks. NYLA watches her retreating figure, then she recognizes her.

**NYLA**

(V.O.)

Isn't that...Wisty? What happened to her?

NYLA hesitates for a moment, concern etched into her face as she furrowed her eyebrows.

**NYLA**

(V.O.)

She's crying...I should follow her.

NYLA watches as WISTY's figure gets smaller and smaller as she runs further away, and NYLA presses her lips together into a thin line.

**NYLA**

(V.O.)

Not like I care. I'm just curious.

NYLA, who convinces herself she isn't concerned, just curious, decides to follow after her.

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**EXT. SCHOOLYARD - UNDER A TREE - DAY**

NYLA walks around to the far side of her school and finds WISTY curled up sobbing into her knees. NYLA has no idea how to deal with the situation.

**NYLA**

Uh... hey. What happened?

WISTY doesn't respond. She only continues to cry.

NYLA kneels, her eyes catching the uneven ends of WISTY's hair.

**NYLA**

Shit, your hair...did someone cut it?

WISTY keeps crying. NYLA fidgets, unsure how to comfort her.

**NYLA**

(V.O.)

What do I even say to make this better?

NYLA looks lost for a moment, before she suddenly feels the MP3 sitting in her pocket. She takes it out and holds it in her palm, taking a deep breath in.

**NYLA**

(V.O.)

...Maybe this might work?

After a beat, NYLA taps WISTY on the shoulder and she looks up, her eyes red and puffy. NYLA offers her an earbud from her headphones and the two sit quietly side by side under the tree.

**NYLA**

(V.O.)

I'm not good at being nice.

Time passes. NYLA glances at WISTY who has now stopped crying and is staring off into the distance. She notices NYLA staring at her and offers her a watery smile.

**NYLA**

(V.O.)

My chest feels oddly warm.

NYLA looks away from WISTY, her gaze too intense for her to handle, but she shifts to sit a bit closer to WISTY.