

## ROMANCE: CONFRONTATION PG 1/3

SUMMARY: Excerpt from the farming simulation game Flower Isle. This was developed at the game company Mattel163. I pitched dating ideas and wrote them. There are no premium choices in this game. Download the game [here](#).

RECAP: The user is a single mother on a first date with a brilliant scientist named Will. Later, the user will find he has a dark side. They are dancing at a bonfire party when they are interrupted by a drunk stranger.

NARRATOR

A smell that can only be described as “drunk a-hole” assaults your nose.

DRUNK PARTYGOER

My turn. Let’s dance.

[USER\_NAME]

No, thanks.

NARRATOR

He lunges for you when Will slides gracefully between the two of you.

DRUNK PARTYGOER

What? She your woman or something?

WILL

Would you like to explain, or should I?

**[START SELECTION]**

A. I can take it from here.

B. I think you’re doing great.

[Selection A]

[USER\_NAME]

If you recall, I said “No” to your invitation.

[Selection B]

WILL

It’s not relevant whether I am her partner or not. She said no.

**[END SELECTION]**

WILL

There is nothing that comes after no except the sound of you walking away.

DRUNK PARTYGOER

Careful. My friends don't like how you're talking to me.

NARRATOR

Three men step closer, their shadows looming dangerously near.

NARRATOR

Will takes your hands, his cool skin steadying you under the heat of everyone's eyes.

WILL

When I'm around, you'll be free to do what you want, when you want. I will always respect your no.

**[START SELECTION]**

A. Thank you.

B. I expect no less.

[Selection A]

NARRATOR

A peace you didn't know existed settles into your heart, and you nod.

[Selection B]

[USER\_NAME]

This guy is clearly from the 1950s.

**[END SELECTION]**

DRUNK PARTYGOER

So we gonna do this or what?

WILL

I know the alcohol has dulled your brain, but you should know you will lose this fight.

WILL

Your center of gravity is off-balance. Your eyes are bloodshot...

WILL

...And judging by the way you favor your right leg, you've got a bum knee.

DRUNK PARTYGOER

You forgot I've got friends.

WILL

Oh, yes. Your "friends." All 2.5 of them.

WILL

I say 2.5 because I'm guessing the third guy is your cousin, who has never really liked you.

NARRATOR

Donald sneers, his jaw flexing at the insult.

**[START SELECTION]**

A. You hold your breath.

B. You take Will's hand.

[Selection A]

[USER\_NAME]

(Is Will really going to fight this neanderthal?)

[Selection B]

Will gives your hand a reassuring squeeze.

**[END SELECTION]**

WILL

You do not want this fight.

NARRATOR

It's a command, and the crowd shifts uncomfortably. You look at Will.

NARRATOR

With the light of the fire dancing in his eyes, it's like he controls the flames.

DRUNK PARTYGOER

Whatever, nerd!

NARRATOR

The man vanishes into the crowd, and Will pushes his glasses onto the bridge of his nose.

WILL

Now, I believe we were celebrating our new partnership.

NARRATOR

And before you know it, you're whirling through the night in his arms once again.

END SAMPLE