

"Enjoy"

Game Script

Godot Wild Jam 69 Submission

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Written by Ricky Leone

STORY 1

Once was a time you could bend over and tie shoelaces without negotiating with yourself. The time you could break a sweat cycling all the way up to the peak of the bridge, then bike down the steepest road in town, wind squeezing your ears, and when you'd come down, you'd let your legs free while the cycle drove itself and fly. Lost in the moment, letting your wheels be as wild as nature allowed, thinking it would never slow. The fun would last forever. I wish I would've learned to say "grateful for this one" after each ride. After each trip to the mall. After every day in school. To everyone who ever took their time to talk or listen to me. Every experience was worth a million dollars each. I didn't realize it. Didn't realize where it... just shut up now.

STORY 2

Her name tag said "Nisha," but it would often be left slanting when she'd rest the upper-half of the folded hospital gowns on her breast. I was watching her for days anyway, wondering how she'd ended up in these neck of the woods. Her eyelashes were unusually long, and when she blinked, you'd notice. I finally asked, and she said the Chattanooga Rheumatoid Arthritis Center paid \$1200 better per year than the clinic in Baltimore, where her family lived. They insisted she take the job. It would be temporary. But nothing ever is. Every rejection is a leech that refuses to let go.

STORY 3

Two felt so overbearing and unnecessary, but each set of parents needed to be satisfied. The American wedding was low-key enough that I was happy to leave it there. The Indian wedding the next day was loud and eventful, colourful and extravagant, and I was red-faced throughout all of it. Was pressured into doing a Bollywood-style of

dance, and going a mile an hour, made a total idiot of myself. All these years later, I don't remember the first ceremony at all. Just the post-op pain of the bone marrow transplant the week before, and how much life I was allowed to live as an honorary member of another culture. If even for a moment.

STORY: LOSS CONDITION

The void she left made me wonder if it is in fact better to have loved and lost. If I'd never met her, would this hole inside me right now still exist? Am I any more enriched for having something precious once? Is there anyway to—

Stop thinking. Nobody's listening. Including you.

STORY: WIN CONDITION

Nisha's gone, and I can accept that now. Books open and close, and the story would suck if all chapters were blissful. The arc is what makes a life interesting. I was on an overpass once, and was excited by the descent. High and low, fast and slow, love and loss, happy and cross. Vanilla ice cream with hot fudge sauce. Now, it's not the things that give me joy. But moments. "Grateful for this one."

EXCERPT 1

Things, things, and more things.

EXCERPT 2

What to do about this one?

EXCERPT 3 (donating an item)

Namaste. (Pronunciation:
<https://vid.puffyan.us/watch?v=wOfqx6N9d7o>)

EXCERPT 4 (low joy)

If I don't do it, somebody else will anyway. When I'm gone.

EXCERPT 5 (high joy)

Good work being done today.

EXCERPT 6 (low energy)

Just tired as all hell.

EXCERPT 7 (high energy)

Feelin' like a kid again.

EXCERPT 8 (low cash)

Not enough to pay next month's heat and electricity.

EXCERPT 9 (high cash)

Have made enough to last me a while.

EFFECT 1: Light snore

EFFECT 2: Yawn

EFFECT 3: Pain grumble ("Mmm...")