

Short Sample Highlight

Day Two of Narrative

Day Three of Narrative

Day Five Intro

Ending One

Ending Two

== Day_Two ==

The alarm clock jolts you awake. You quickly sit up in bed and feel that you do indeed still have all your limbs, and are not a pulpy mess on the concrete. #Narration #AlarmClock

That dream felt <i>way</i> too real. But you're happy that you weren't killed by a firetruck. That's just way too on the nose. #Narration

It's 9am, which means you actually slept in from your usual wake-up time of 6am. But seeing as today is your day off, you suppose it's earned. #Narration

You get out of bed, feeling more refreshed than you have been in awhile. Your morning routine is yours to do as you see fit. #Narration

* [Get Dressed.]

-> Dressed_Day_Two

== Dressed_Day_Two ==

While getting dressed, you catch a glimpse of yourself in the mirror. #Narration

"Damn, I'm hot." #Lyla #DamnImHot #Left_1

You flex in the mirror, admiring your own physique. #Narration

You are Lyla, the local firefighter. Confident, attractive, and so depressingly single. While this fact doesn't normally bother you, sometimes you wish you had someone <i>else</i> around. #Narration

Well, it's their loss, right? #Narration

Finally dressed, your stomach starts to growl. #Narration

* [It's time for breakfast]

-> Breakfast_Day_Two

== Breakfast_Day_Two ==

You only have cereal in your home. Your coworkers at the firestation normally rag on you for your poor dietary choices, but they're not here right now. #Narration

* [Frosted Flakes. A little sugar never hurt anyone!]

-> Frosted_Day_Two

* [Special K. It has strawberries!]

-> Special_Day_Two

* [The cafe across the street...]

-> Cafe_Day_Two

== Frosted_Day_Two ==

The perfect meal for your day off. Normally, Amy or Jason cook up a PROPER FIREFIGHTER'S BREAKFAST that consists of more than just sugar for people like you. #Narration

While pouring a bowl for yourself, you feel like you've done this before. Odd considering this is your first day off in who knows how long. #Narration

You shake off the feeling and shove a spoonful of the sweet cereal into your mouth, and think about how angry Amy would be at you right now. #Narration

<i>My day off, my rules.</i> #Lyla #Left_1

A good breakfast you think, but you notice the cafe across the street. #Narration

-> Outside_Day_Two

== Special_Day_Two ==

The perfect meal for your day off. Normally, Amy or Jason cook up a PROPER FIREFIGHTER'S BREAKFAST that has more nutritional value than freeze dried strawberries for people like you. #Narration

While pouring a bowl for yourself, you feel like you've done this before. Odd considering this is your first day off in who knows how long. #Narration

You shake off the feeling and shove a spoonful of the cereal into your mouth, and think about how angry Amy would be at you right now. #Narration

<i>My day off, my rules.</i> #Lyla #Left_1

A good breakfast you think, but you notice the cafe across the street. #Narration

-> Outside_Day_Two

== Cafe_Day_Two ==

You look between the two options, and feel... strange. Like you've been only eating cereal for years. You glance out the window and see the cafe across the street. #Narration

-> Outside_Day_Two

== Outside_Day_Two ==

A fresh danish with some coffee sounds so good right now... Oh and they have the BEST blueberry muffins. And- #Narration

Before you even realize it, you're out the door. #Narration

It's a nice day out. The birds are chirping, and the feeling of fresh air and sunlight feels amazing on your skin. It's nice to enjoy the city when it's not literally on fire. #Narration #BirdSounds

You have a feeling that today is going to be a go- #Narration

Thud! #Narration #Thud

Something crashes into you. Or, rather, someone with something. You feel an ice cold liquid hitting your shirt, and you look down. #Narration

Shit, someone spilled their drink on your shirt. Thankfully, it was clear, so it shouldn't stain. You back up, ready to give this person a piece of your mind, when... #Narration

"Oh my gosh, I'm so sorry!" #Gigi #ImSorry #Right_1

A cute girl is clutching the remnants of her drink, staring at you with wide eyes. She looks mortified, and you would be rushing to say something if it weren't for the fact that your lizard brain is hooked onto the fact that she's cute. #Narration

Really cute, you think, frowning. You know you've never met this girl before, but you feel like you know her. Maybe she was also a regular at the cafe? #Narration

"I wasn't looking where I was going, oh gosh, I didn't mean to..." #Gigi #Right_1

She trails off, waiting for your answer. #Narration

* [Have we met before?]

-> Met_Before_Day_Two

* [I feel like I've seen you before....]

-> Dream_Day_Two

== Met_Before_Day_Two ==

"This is going to sound so odd, but have we met before?" #Lyla #DoIknowYou_VA #Left_1

She blushes and starts fiddling with her hands. #Narration

-> Continue_Day_Two

== Dream_Day_Two ==

"I feel like I've seen you before... Maybe in a dream?" #Lyla #Left_1

She blushes and starts stuttering. You realize what you've just said and start blushing as well. Why did you say that? #Narration

"I-I just mean you look really familiar, that's all. Maybe I've seen you around the cafe?" #Lyla #Left_1

Smooth. Real smooth. #Narration
-> Continue_Day_Two

== Continue_Day_Two ==

"I--uh... I don't think so?" #Gigi #Right_1

She looks like she wants to say more, but doesn't. You know that she's probably right, but there's something about her that makes you feel like you already know her. #Narration

"Um, anyway I'm really sorry." #Gigi #Um_VA #Right_1

The girl rummages through her bag and pulls out a small towel and a stain stick remover. She offers them to you. #Narration

"Here, use this. It's the least I can do." #Gigi #HereUseThis_VA #Right_1

"Does this happen a lot?" #Lyla #Left_1

You take the towel and stick, drying your shirt before applying the stick. The girl nods. The stain eventually fades. #Narration

"Happy that I decided not to get a coffee today!" #Gigi #Right_1

She laughs a little awkwardly, and plays with her hair. You look at her again. You can't shake the feeling that you've met her before. You realize you've been staring at her for a minute too long without saying anything, and decide to break the silence.

"Lyla." #Lyla #ImLyla_VA #Left_1

You say and put the towel on your shoulder. You hold out your hand for her to shake it. #Narration

"And you?" #Lyla #Left_1

"Gigi." #Gigi #ImGigi_VA #Right_1

She shakes your hand and giggles. Something about her laugh makes your heart flutter a little. Maybe this is your chance to leave the single life?

* [Drop a pick up line]

-> PickUp_Line_Day_Two
* [Awkwardly say goodbye]
-> Goodbye_Day_Two
* [Ask her for coffee]
-> Ask_Day_Two

== Goodbye_Day_Two ==

The two of you stand in silence for too long. Even though your shirt's not stained, you're annoyed at the mild inconvenience and hiccup in your day. #Narration

"Well it was nice to meet you--" #Lyla #Left_1

"Wait, let me buy you a coffee or something. I know it didn't stain, but I still feel terrible." #Gigi #Wait_VA #Right_1

"It's really no big deal." #Lyla #Left_1

"I insist. There's a place down the street? Really good muffins?" #Gigi #Muffins_VA #Right_1

She bites her lip and twirls her hair. Either she really wants to make it up to you or she's into you. Well- you know she's *probably* into you, assuming she swings that way. This is your chance. #Narration

* ["Sure, it's a date!"]
->Date_Day_Two
* ["Well I never could turn down a free muffin..."]
-> Free_Day_Two
* ["Sorry..."]
-> No_Day_Two

== No_Day_Two ==

"It's my only day off, and I kinda had a whole thing planned that involved a lot of *me* time. So..." #Lyla #Annoyed_VA #Left_1

You trail off, not sure how to continue. Her face falls, and you feel your heart sink. She looks like a wounded puppy. #Narration

"It should have worked this time..." #Gigi #DisappointedOh_VA #Right_1

"Excuse me?" #Lyla #ExcuseMe_VA #Left_1

What should have worked? You assume you meant at her attempt to ask you out, but that was such an odd way of phrasing it. #Narration

“Oh I just--I mean--” # Gigi #Stuttering1_VA #Right_1

She flounders over her words. You feel kinda bad. You are heading that way anyway...
#Narration

You sigh. #Narration

“I mean, I was heading that way. But I’ll just take a coffee to go.” #Lyla #Left_1

She perks up at this, but is still obviously disappointed. #Narration

“Yeah! Totally, I get it...” #Gigi #DissappointedSigh_VA #Right_1

* [Walk to the cafe]
-> Firetruck_2_Alone

== Date_Day_Two ==

“It’s a date.” #Lyla #ItsADate_VA #Left_1

“Really!” #Gigi #Right_1

She says it a bit too loud and eager. #Narration

Oh yeah, she’s <i>definitely</i> into you. #Narration

She clears her throat, blush rising in her cheeks. #Narration

“I mean, that’s great. Have you been to the place down the street?” #Gigi #Right_1

“That place? Best coffee in the area, guaranteed.” #Lyla #Left_1

“And their muffins are pretty good too, although, I’m not sure they’re the best in the area.” #Lyla
#Left_1

You two walk toward the cafe together, falling into an awkward silence. #Narration
->Date_Continue

== Free_Day_Two ==

“Their coffee is pretty good too. Best in the area.” #Lyla #Left_1

Gigi brightens at your acceptance. It looks like she starts bouncing a little before stopping. God, she is too cute. #Narration

“Then it’s a date!” #Gigi #Right_1

You two walk toward the cafe together, falling into an awkward silence. #Narration
->Date_Continue

== PickUp_Line_Day_Two ==

“When I get my coffee, I’ll make sure to tell them to hold the sugar. It seems you’re sweet enough.” #Lyla #Left_1

You immediately regret your words the second they come tumbling out of your mouth. Why did you say something so <i>corny?</i> #Narration

Your terrible line seems to work, as Gigi fails at hiding her laughter. Your heart beats a bit faster. Her laugh isn’t anything special, but it just--UGH WHY ARE GIRLS SO CUTE? #Narration

“Better than most times...” #Gigi #Laugh_VA #Right_1

You just barely hear her mutter something, but can’t quite catch it. Before you can ask, she reaches for the towel. #Narration

Her fingers brush past your cheek and suddenly you can’t even remember your own name. Was that on purpose? You can feel your cheeks turning red. #Narration

“So, uh... you new around here?” #Lyla #SoUhh_VA #Left_1

“Oh no! Well yes, but no... I lived on the other side of the city for a bit, but just recently moved into a smaller place over here. It’s nice.” #Gigi #Stuttering2_VA #Right_1

You fall into an awkward silence. You don’t want to just leave, but don’t know what to say. You want to say something- anything! But your brain seems to be purposely failing you. #Narration

You open your mouth hoping that something coherent will tumble out. #Narration

“I could--uh, I mean--I know you ran into me but--” #Lyla #Stuttering_VA #Left_1

“Yes!” #Gigi #Right_1

You barely were able to get the words out but it seems Gigi must have gathered what you were trying to say. You grin at her. #Narration

“I know this <i>great</i> local place close by.” #Lyla #Left_1

You motion to the cafe down the street, and smile. #Narration

"Best coffee in the area, guaranteed." #Lyla #Left_1

Gigi blinks in surprise. You assume she's not used to someone being so forward. She nods and smiles. Your heart flutters again. You two walk toward the cafe together, falling into an awkward silence. #Narration

->Date_Continue

== Ask_Day_Two ==

Well, here goes nothing... #Narration

"Well, my coffee hasn't kicked in yet, so I can't think of a charming pick up line, but would you like to get a coffee sometime? I know this <i>great</i> local place close by." #Lyla #Left_1

You motion to the cafe down the street, and smile. #Narration

"Best coffee in the area, guaranteed." #Lyla #Left_1

Gigi blinks in surprise. You assume she's not used to someone being so forward. She nods and smiles. Your heart flutters again. You two walk toward the cafe together, falling into an awkward silence. #Narration

->Date_Continue

== Date_Continue ==

"So... how do you know it's the best coffee?" #Gigi #Right_1

"Well, it says so on the sign of course. They would <i>never</i> lie like that." #Lyla #Left_1

You grin at her as she suppresses her laughter. She playfully hits your arm and rolls her eyes. #Narration

"Oh, of course. Silly me." #Gigi #Laugh_VA #Right_1

Another silence. #Narration

"So... what's it like being a firefighter?" #Gigi #Right_1

"Oh it's--" #Lyla #Left_1

Wait. When did you tell her you were a firefighter? You frown slightly and a strange look comes across Gigi's face. Confusion? No. You can't put your finger on it. #Narration

"Wait, when did I tell you-" #Lyla #Wait_VA #Left_1

“Oh you mentioned it earlier briefly.” #Gigi #Right_1

She says it quickly and tucks her hair behind her ear. She laughs slightly, but it doesn't meet her eyes. #Narration

“Right, my bad. Memory of a jellyfish I swear.” #Lyla #Left_1

* [Ask about her job.]

-> Job_Day_Two

* [Ask her about her hobbies.]

->Hobbies_Day_Two

* [Ask why she moved.]

-> Moved_Day_Two

== Moved_Day_Two ==

“To be closer to my potential job. I want to be a professor at the university.” #Gigi #Right_1

“I, um, just finished grad school for quantum physics. But I'm sure you don't want to hear about that. What--” #Gigi #Right_1

“Quantum physics?????” #Lyla #Left_1

“Yeah, It's hard work, but really interesting. Well, at least to me...” #Gigi #Right_1

She looks at you, but you're still too shocked to respond. You can barely wrap your head around <i>normal</i> physics let alone <i>quantum physics</i>. #Narration

-> Continue_Job_2

== Job_Day_Two ==

“What do you do for work?” #Lyla #Left_1

“Oh, um, nothing too exciting. Or at least, nothing <i>as</i> exciting as your job.” #Gigi #Right_1

“I just finished grad school in the research of quantum physics. I'm hoping to become a professor some day.” #Gigi #Right_1

“I just moved here to be closer to the university in hopes that they'd hire me.” #Gigi #Right_1

“And how, pray tell, is that not exciting?!” #Lyla #Left_1

->Continue_Job_2

== Continue_Job_2 ==

You, yourself, just barely got your associates before joining the academy. Cute AND smart??
Who is this girl???

Lost in your thoughts, you don't notice that you were walking straight into oncoming traffic. You don't even hear the sirens, and saw the flash of red a touch too late when--

"LYLA, you should be more careful." #Gigi #LylaName_VA #Right_1

Gigi had grabbed your arm and pulled you back to the safety at the last second. You put your hand over your heart, trying to calm yourself. You almost died via firetruck. How ironic would that be?

"Th-thanks." #Lyla #Left_1

"Just don't make it a habit." #Gigi #Right_1

She's still holding your arm, and now you aren't sure if it was the near death experience or her hand that was making your heart race.

The walk light turns on, but she still doesn't let go as you cross. You should say something. Make a joke? Pretend you know anything about quantum physics? Change the topic completely?

* [Why did the fireman cross the road?]

-> Bad_Joke_2

* ["So... Quantum Physics..."]

-> Physics_Day_Two

* [Ask her about her hobbies.]

-> Hobbies_Shop_2

== Physics_Day_Two ==

"I know nothing about it. How does it differ from normal physics? Don't be afraid to use big words." #Lyla #Left_1

She smiles and starts to use terms that you can't even begin to understand. You open the door to the cafe for her while she prattles on about... something. You're not 100% sure if she's still speaking English.

You order a coffee and muffin for yourself. It seems like she didn't realize you two had reached your destination.

"So it turns out that-- Oh! Just an iced coffee for me, thank you." #Gigi #Right_1

She finally realized and handed the barista her card. You sat at a table by the window to wait for your drinks. You pick at your muffin while she continues. #Narration

“But yeah, it’s hard work, but so interesting and rewarding! Especially when a theory proves to be true. Or at least thought to be true.” #Gigi #Right_1

She beams at you and you nod. It’s obvious that you have no idea what she had said.
#Narration

“Sorry, I rambled for way too long. What’s your day to day as a firefighter like?” #Gigi #Right_1

“It’s pretty routine. Assuming the actual city isn’t burning down, I can fit in a workout before answering real calls.” #Lyla #Left_1

You flex your arm and you see her hand twitch, like she wanted to feel it. She didn’t try to hide her staring. You suppress your laughter. #Narration

“Aside from that my day to day is...” #Lyla #Left_1
-> End_Day_Two

== Hobbies_Shop_2 ==

“Have any fun hobbies? If you couldn’t tell, I’m a bit of a gym rat.” #Lyla #Left_1

You flex your arm and you see her hand twitch, like she wanted to feel it. She didn’t try to hide her staring. #Narration

“Oh, uhm, I really like to read romance novels, as cheesy as it sounds. Not the real raunchy ones, but the ones with weird plots, I guess? Like time loops or forbidden romances...” #Gigi #Um_VA #Right_1

“It’s just fun because they’re all so weird. Romance authors don’t really care about anything making sense, but instead just trying to make something fun.” #Gigi #Right_1

You open the door to the cafe for her while she prattles on about an incredibly absurd novel she just recently finished. Something about the two love interest switching bodies whenever they got too close? #Narration

You order a coffee and muffin for yourself. It seems like she didn’t realize you two had reached your destination. #Narration

“So it turned out in the end love interest X was the one who-- Oh! Just an iced coffee for me, thank you.” #Gigi #Right_1

She finally realized and handed the barista her card. You sat at a table by the window to wait for your drinks. You pick at your muffin while she continues. #Narration

“But yeah, turns out love interest X didn’t realize how hard it was to force a meeting between worlds and had to accept that they’d never be together...” #Gigi #Right_1

Her voice trailed off. She looked so sad for a moment before perking back up. #Narration

“Sorry, I rambled for way too long. Are you much of a reader?” #Gigi #Right_1

“More of a podcast gal, not much time to sit down and read. I also am a bit of a gym rat, if you couldn’t tell.” #Lyla #Left_1

You flex your arm and you see her hand twitch, like she wanted to feel it. She didn’t try to hide her staring. You suppress your laughter. #Narration

“My most recent podcast is a narrative one about...” #Lyla #Left_1

-> End_Day_Two

== Hobbies_Day_Two ==

“Have any fun hobbies? If you couldn’t tell, I’m a bit of a gym rat.” #Lyla #Left_1

You flex your arm and you see her hand twitch, like she wanted to feel it. She didn’t try to hide her staring. #Narration

“Oh, uhm, I really like to read romance novels, as cheesy as it sounds. Not the real raunchy ones, but the ones with weird plots, I guess? Like time loops or forbidden romances...” #Gigi #Um_VA #Right_1

“It’s just fun because they’re all so weird. Romance authors don’t really care about anything making sense, but instead just trying to make something fun.” #Gigi #Right_1

“I’m not much of a reader myself, more of a podcast gal. What’s the most absurd one you’ve read?” #Lyla #Left_1

“Oh well there was this one about...” #Gigi #Right_1

She described a novel where the two main love interests kept switching bodies. You were only half listening, not out of disinterest, but because you loved how unapologetically she talked about her hobby. #Narration

You know that you would never read it, but it seemed to be something she cared about. And it's not hurting you to listen. #Narration

"So once they get within a few feet of each other, they swap bodies with someone else?" #Lyla #Left_1

"Yes, but no. The REAL kicker is..." #Gigi #Right_1

You nod along with her, not really understanding the convoluted plot. Trying to understand how any of the plot connects, you didn't notice that you were walking straight into oncoming traffic. You didn't even hear the sirens, and saw the flash of red a touch too late when-- #Narration

"LYLA, you should be more careful." #Gigi #LylaName_VA #Right_1

Gigi had grabbed your arm and pulled you back to the safety at the last second. You put your hand over your heart, trying to calm yourself. You almost died via firetruck. How ironic would that be? #Narration

"Th-thanks." #Lyla #Left_1

"Just don't make it a habit." #Gigi #Right_1

She was still holding your arm, and now you weren't sure if it were the near death experience or her that was making your heart race. #Narration

The walk light turned on, but she still didn't let go as you crossed. You should say something. Make a joke? Change the topic completely? You don't know, just say something! #Narration

* ["Why did the firefighter cross the road?"]

-> Bad_Joke_2

* ["You know if this were your novel..."]

-> Novel_Day_Two

* [Ask about her job]

-> Physics_Day_Two

== Novel_Day_Two ==

"If this was one of your novels, I would have swapped bodies by now." #Lyla #Left_1

She snorted and together you two crossed the street. Safely this time. #Narration #Laugh

"Anyway you were saying?" #Lyla #Left_1

"Right, where was I? Oh, so..." #Gigi #Right_1

You open the door to the cafe for her while she prattles on about an incredibly convoluted plot.
#Narration

You order a coffee and muffin for yourself. It seems like she didn't realize you two had reached your destination. #Narration

"So it turned out in the end love interest X was the one who-- Oh! Just an iced coffee for me, thank you." #Gigi #Right_1

She finally realized and handed the barista her card. You sat at a table by the window to wait for your drinks. You pick at your muffin while she continues. #Narration

"But yeah, turns out love interest X didn't realize how hard it was to force a meeting between worlds and had to accept that they'd never be together..." #Gigi #Right_1

Her voice trailed off. She looked so sad for a moment before perking back up. #Narration

"Sorry, I rambled for way too long. Are you much of a reader?" #Gigi #Right_1

"More of a podcast gal, not much time to sit down and read. I also am a bit of a gym rat, if you couldn't tell." #Lyla #Left_1

You flex your arm and you see her hand twitch, like she wanted to feel it. She didn't try to hide her staring. You suppress your laughter. #Narration

"My most recent podcast is a narrative one about..." #Lyla #Left_1
-> End_Day_Two

== Bad_Joke_2 ==

"Why?" #Gigi #Right_1

She raises an eyebrow interested to see where this was going. #Narration

"To take the cute girl to the coffee shop." #Lyla #Left_1

You wink and she rolls her eyes. Her mouth twists as she suppresses her laughter. #Narration

"Come on, laugh. I know I'm hilarious." #Lyla #Left_1

She shakes her head as you two cross the street. #Narration

"I refuse to give you that one. Nope. Not funny. Not one bit." #Gigi #Right_1

You hold the door open to the cafe for her. #Narration

“Aw, come on!” #Lyla #Left_1

She ignores you and orders an iced coffee. You order a coffee and muffin. You two sit by the window while you wait for your drinks. #Narration

“Is making bad jokes a past time of yours?” #Gigi #Right_1

“Bad jokes? Nah. I only make high quality ones. Here, what do you do when...” #Lyla #Left_1
-> End_Day_Two

== End_Day_Two ==

Your drinks come soon after and the two of you talk a little while longer as you finish your coffee. You couldn't remember specifics, but it was pleasant. #Narration

All too soon your coffee is empty and you realize you should try to make it to the part for a run before it gets too late. #Narration

“I should probably get going. Want to get in a run this morning.” #Lyla

Gigi nods, but doesn't try to hide her disappointment. As you're leaving the cafe, she pulls out a pen from her bag. #Narration

“Can I have your number?” #Gigi #Stuttering2_VA #Right_1

Her face is beet-red, and her voice was a bit still as she asked. #Narration

“I don't have paper but--” #Gigi #Right_1

Wordlessly you took the pen from her and scribbled your number on her arm. You're happy she asked before you could forget. #Narration

“Hope that'll do. Call me.” #Lyla #Left_1

She stares at her arm and then back at you. You wink at her and give a small wave goodbye. She waves back, a huge smile plastered onto her face. #Narration

You turn quickly and start toward the park across the way. You can hear her yelling your name, and look back over your shoulder, assuming she had a problem reading one of the numbers. It's not until you step into the road that you hear the sirens mixing in with her voice. #Narration
#Siren_Sound

“LYLA!” #Gigi #LookOutLyla_VA #Right_1

You look and see a firetruck hurtling towards you. You don't have enough time to dodge the firetruck hurtling towards you. You only have enough time to process, *<i>Huh, that's ironic,</i>* before the firetruck hurtling towards you crunches your bones. #Narration #BusCrash_Sound

* [...]

-> Day_Three

== Firetruck_2_Alone ==

The walk over is quiet and awkward. Gigi is sulking slightly. You feel like a jerk for rejecting her, but this is one of your few days off. #Narration

And she does live in the neighborhood. Maybe you could give her your number before you leave? You glance at her. She is still pretty cute. #Narration

Yeah. That's what you'll do. Try to smooth things out, give her your number, if she'll take it, and try to see her another day. Just because today didn't work, doesn't mean that there's still not a future. #Narration

"So, um, you don't get many days off as a firefighter?" #Gigi #Right_1

"Yeah, it's hard work. I have "days off", but I'm usually still on call. Today's one of the few days I have no responsibilities." #Lyla #Left_1

Wait. #Narration

Gigi nods and says something, but you're not listening. When did you tell her your profession? #Narration

Alarm bells start ringing, and you stop in your tracks. You go over your conversation again. #Narration

"Lyla? Something wrong?" #Gigi #Right_1

"When did I...?" #Lyla #Left_1

The bells are getting louder. You're almost positive you never told her. #Narration

You hear Gigi say your name again, but her voice was far away and the alarm was so loud. You looked at her. #Narration

"I never told you I was a firefighter." #Lyla #Left_1

She flinches, and doesn't seem to have a response. Was she some kind of stalker? Did she plan all this? You should probably improve your home security. #Narration

"Lyla, listen..." #Gigi #LylaName_VA #Right_1

She takes a few steps toward you and you take a few back. #Narration

"I'll take a rain check." #Lyla #Left_1

"Lyla..." #Gigi #LylaName_VA #Right_1

"I'll see you around." #Lyla #Left_1

You turn on your heel and quickly start to walk back to your apartment. You can hear her yelling your name, but ignore it. It's not until you step into the road that you hear the sirens mixing in with her voice. #Narration #Siren_Sound

"LYLA!" #Gigi #Right_1 #LookOutLyla_VA

You look and see a firetruck hurtling towards you. You don't have enough time to dodge the firetruck hurtling towards you. You only have enough time to process, *<i>This is a weird deja vu,</i>* before the firetruck hurtling towards you crunches your bones. #Narration #EndDayTwo #BusCrash_Sound

* [...]

-> Day_Three

== Day_Three ==

The alarm clock jolts you awake. #Narration #AlarmClock_Sound

Your breathing is labored as you sit up in bed. What the hell was that? A dream inside a dream?
#Narration

Not the first time you've had a dream like that, but certainly the first time it felt that real.
#Narration

It's 9am, which means you actually slept in from your usual wake-up time of 6am. But seeing as today is your day off, you suppose it's earned. #Narration

You get out of bed, but instead of feeling refreshed like you thought you would, there's a dull ache in your bones. Weird, maybe you slept wrong? #Narration

While debating what the best way to alleviate this is, your phone buzzes on the table beside your bed. You reach over, seeing a text from a number you don't recognize. #Narration

The text reads: "Morning Lyla!!! I'm so excited for you to meet my parents!!! They're meeting us for brunch at the cafe near your apartment!" #Narration

"What...?" #Lyla #Left_1

Parents? Lunch? This has to be a wrong number right? But that doesn't explain why it's addressed to you. #Narration

* ["Who is this?"]

-> Who_Day_Three

* ["Sorry, I think you have the wrong number."]

-> Wrong_Day_Three

* ["Are you meeting me here or at the cafe?"]

-> Meeting_Day_Three

== Wrong_Day_Three ==

They respond: "Have you still not saved my number?" and added a few emojis. #Narration

You scroll up a bit and find that this is not your first conversation with this person. Your heart starts beating a bit. Texts go back quite a bit. How have you just forgotten this much time?
#Narration

You text them back: "I don't know who you are." #Narration

-> Who_Day_Three

== Who_Day_Three ==

They respond: “It’s me silly! Gigi? Your girlfriend? Did you hit your head this morning?”
#Narration

Right. #Narration

Gigi. #Narration

Who the hell is Gigi? #Narration

You stare blankly at the screen. Are you losing it? Should you go anyway? Is this another dream? #Narration

While you contemplate your own existence and lapse in memory, Gigi calls you. #Narration

“Hey, everything okay? Should I tell them we need to reschedule?” #Gigi #Right_1

The voice is sweet and familiar. You’ve heard it before. Where have you heard it before?
Where- #Narration

“He-lloooo? Earth to Lyla? You there?” #Gigi #Right_1

Suddenly it hits you. #Narration

“My dream. That’s how I know you!” #Lyla #Left_1

You blurt it out before you know what you’re saying. You hear her laugh on the other end.
#Narration

“You used that same line on me for our first date. Running out of bad material?” #Gigi
#Laugh_VA #Right_1

First date? Hazy memories from what you thought was a dream start coming back to you. You pinch yourself to see if you’re actually awake. #Narration

“Aaannnyyway. I’ll be outside your apartment soon, and then we can walk over together?” #Gigi
#Right_1

“Y-yeah. See you soon...” #Lyla #Left_1

She makes a kiss sound and then hangs up. Have you completely lost it? Why did you agree?
What is even going on? #Narration

Well, you’ve already agreed, so you can’t go back now. Might as well get ready. #Narration

* [Get Ready.]
-> Meet_Gigi_3

== Meeting_Day_Three ==

They respond: "I can be outside your apartment soon, and then we can walk over together?"
#Narration

You respond with a thumbs up. Why did you agree? Who is this person? How are you getting through this? All very good questions that you don't have the answers for. #Narration

You scroll through past texts to try to gain some more information about who the mystery texter is and how they know you. #Narration

Apparently, the two of you have been dating for a little while now, her name is Gigi, and.... That's all you can gather. All the texts feel... so scripted? Some of them don't even sound like you. #Narration

It gives you a weird feeling, but you try to ignore it. Nothing is weirder than the fact you're about to go on a date with some girl that, to your knowledge, just appeared in your life today.
#Narration

* [Get Ready.]
-> Meet_Gigi_3

== Meet_Gigi_3 ==

While getting dressed, you catch a glimpse of yourself in the mirror. #Narration

"I'm too damn hot." #Lyla #TooDamnHot

You wink at yourself before continuing to get ready. You think you're about ready when you realize maybe you should have dressed up a bit more. You are meeting the parents after all.
#Narration

Before you have time to change you get a text from Gigi, saying she's here. #Narration

Well, it's too late to change now. You pull on your shoes and meet her outside. #Narration

"Ah Lyla!" #Gigi #LylaName_VA #Right_1

You're happy she said something so you knew who she was, but somehow you still know her. Her face is familiar. You <i>know</i> you've never met, but memories with her tickle the back of your head. #Narration

"Hey, uh.... Gigi!" #Lyla #Left_1

She's way better dressed than you are. You feel a bit embarrassed, but then realize you shouldn't. It's not like you really know this person- Let alone her parents. #Narration

She takes your hand as the two of you walk to the cafe. Despite not knowing her, you still feel... comfortable? Like you've known her for longer than the few minutes it takes to walk to the cafe.# Narration

"So, Dad's name is Jerlod and Mom's is Kristle, but that's spelled K-R-I-S-T-L-E. She's very particular about it." #Gigi #Right_1

"Don't bring up Dad's fishing trip last year or his new DIY kick." #Gigi #Right_1

She shutters. #Narration

"He thinks he can re-do the entire bathroom, INCLUDING THE PLUMBING. He's an accountant at H&R Block and yet he insists that he can do everything!" #Gigi #Annoyed_VA #Right_1

Sounds like a typical dad to you, but she's obviously very annoyed by it. It reminds you of when your dad thought he could refurbish the deck. Although, he was a carpenter.... #Narration

"Oh, and for mom... Don't bring up her cooking... or sewing... or well... She doesn't like the reminder that she's not the perfect 1950s housewife. Even though she INSISTS that women are more than their ability to cook. I don't know!" #Gigi #Annoyed_VA #Right_1

She throws her hand in the air in frustration. You have a feeling this might not be as easy going of a brunch as you thought. #Narration

* ["Is there anything that I'm allowed to talk about?"]

->Talk_About_3

* ["I'm sure you're just exaggerating."]

-> Exaggerating_3

== Exaggerating_3 ==

She gives you a look. #Narration

Yeah, this will be fun. #Narration

-> Enter_Cafe_3

== Talk_About_3 ==

"Uhm... My mom used to be an actress, or at least that's what she says." #Gigi #Um_VA #Right_1

She says this, but doesn't seem to believe it herself. #Narration

“My dad... Well, it’s a bit of a mixed bag. Maybe sports? He also might be interested in your job?” #Gigi #Right_1

She furrows her brow in thought, and continues to mutter about vague things that her dad might like. #Narration

Yeah, this will be fun. #Narration

-> Enter_Cafe_3

== Enter_Cafe_3 ==

You hold the door open to the cafe for her, and the two of you sit by the window while you wait for her parents. You bounce your knee and look out the window. #Narration

It’s all coming down on you now. What are you doing here? Why did you agree to come? How are you going to get through a brunch when the only thing you know about your so called girlfriend is her name? #Narration

* [Fake a stomach ache]

-> Faking_3

* [You’ve made your bed]

-> Your_Choice

== Faking_3 ==

You decide you should try to fake a stomach ache. Then you can decide what to do about Gigi. That will be a hard conversion, but at least it wouldn’t be brunch-with-the-parents awkward. #Narration

“Are you okay? You’ve been quiet...” #Gigi #Right_1

Here’s your chance. #Narration

“Actually--” #Lyla #Left_1

“Oh, here they are! Hold that thought.” #Gigi #Right_1

She waves down an older couple. They sit across from the two of you. #Narration

Well there goes that plan. #Narration

“Sorry, what were you saying?” #Gigi #Right_1

“Oh, nothing. I’ll tell you later.” #Lyla #Left_1

Well. Here goes nothing. #Narration
-> Parent_3

== Your_Choice ==

You may as well go through with this, no matter how badly it goes. If it becomes too painfully awkward, you can always just leave. #Narration

“Are you okay? You’ve been quiet...” #Gigi #Right_1

“No, no. Just nervous is all.” #Lyla #Left_1

She nods and squeezes your hand. You give her a tight lipped smile in response. She looks like she wants to say something when an older couple walks through the door. #Narration

“Oh, here they are!” #Gigi #Right_1

She waves them down. They sit across from the two of you. #Narration

Well. Here goes nothing. #Narration
-> Parent_3

== Parent_3 ==

An older woman who looks like the embodiment of red wine, and a bald maw who seems WAY too confident walk in. #Narration

“Oh our dear Gigi has told us *so* much about you, Lyla.” #Kristle

“Oh yes, she really has!” #Jerold #Right_2

You glance at Gigi next to you and her cheeks are tinged pink. Her hands are balled up on her lap. That can’t be good. #Narration

Kristle glances at your hands. #Narration

“No ring yet I see...” #Kristle #NoRing_VA #Right_1

She mumbles it, but you can still clearly hear her. Jerold pats her hand. Gigi’s cheeks puff up, now bright red. #Narration

Based on the texts, the two of you haven’t been dating for that long. Certainly not long enough to even consider marriage. #Narration

* [Say something.]
->No_Ring_3

* [Point out good things on the menu.]

-> Menu_3

* [Ask about Kristle's acting career.]

-> Acting_3

== No_Ring_3 ==

"What do you mean?" #Lyla #Left_1

It comes out a bit more aggressive than you mean to, but you don't really care. It's your first meeting and they're already asking about marriage? #Narration

Kristle frowns at you, but doesn't say anything more. #Narration

"Time is a man-made concept." #Jerold #Time_VA #Right_2

He waves his hand at you dismissively. #Narration

"All that matters is that you two love each other, right? What else really matters?" #Jerold #Right_VA #Right_2

A lot of things. You can feel your blood start to boil. You don't want to make a scene, but still can't just let this slide. #Narration

"Well--" #Lyla #Left_1

"Anyway! We should order something." #Gigi #Left_2

Gigi said, changing the subject. She squeezed your hand again. You take a breath. No need to cause a scene right now. Just get through the brunch. #Narration

"Yes, the whole reason we came here!" #Jerold #Right_2

Not to meet your daughter's partner? #Narration

"Dad..." #Gigi #Left_2

"Lyla, what would you recommend?" #Jerold #Recommend_Va #Right_2

->Menu_3

== Acting_3 ==

"So, Gigi told me you were an actress?" #Lyla #Left_1

Changing the subject seemed like a good call. Jerlod rolled his eyes, but Kristle smiled widely. Gigi let out a sigh of relief and gently squeezed your knee under the table. #Narration

“Oh, honey, I’m *still* an actress. Just in between gigs at the moment.” #Kristle #Honey_VA #Right_1

“Have you been in anything I’ve seen?” #Lyla #Left_1

“Hmm...” #Kristle #Right_1

“A few commercials here and there. I volunteer at the local theater when they are in need of my talent.” #Kristle #Right_1

“Kristle is *very* talented. It’s only a matter of time before she makes it big.” #Jerold #Right_2

You nod. She talks a bit more about her most recent commercial for a prescription drug meant to help with skin irritation. You don’t watch much TV, but it sounds similar to one of the four ads that plays on the TV at the station. #Narration

“Do you mean the Junif ad?” #Lyla #Left_1

Kristle is visibly taken back, before composing herself. #Narration

“So you recognized me?” #Kristle #Recognize_VA #Right_1

It was posed as a question, but for some reason it felt like more of a statement. The look she gave you was almost daring you say no. Daring you to say she wasn’t in the commercial. #Narration

* [“Mhm.”]

-> Saw_3

* [“Actually...”]

-> Nope_3

* [Point out good things on the menu.]

== Nope_3 ==

“I’ve only seen it a few times, but I don’t recognize your face.” #Lyla #Left_1

Kristle smiled again, but it didn’t meet her eyes. You very quickly realize the mistake you’ve made. Why didn’t you just agree? #Narration

“Well, I could also be thinking of the wrong one.” #Lyla #Left_1

Another smile. A nod. #Narration

“Yes, you must be mistaken.” #Kristle #Mistaken_VA #Right_1

Why did that feel like such a threat? You shift in your seat under Kristle's gaze. #Narration

"Anyway! We should order something." #Gigi #Left_2

"Yes, the whole reason we came here!" #Jerold #Right_2

Not to meet your daughter's partner? #Narration

"Dad..." #Gigi #Left_2

"Lyla, what would you recommend?" #Jerold #Recommend_VA #Right_2
->Menu_3

== Saw_3 ==

"Fabulous! Always happy to be recognized." #Kristle #Recognize_VA #Right_1

She smiled again, but it didn't meet her eyes. Even if she wasn't a real actress, she was good at putting on a face. #Narration

"Anyway! We should order something." #Gigi #Left_2

"Yes, the whole reason we came here!" #Jerold #Right_2

Not to meet your daughter's partner? #Narration

"Dad..." #Gigi #Left_2

"Lyla, what would you recommend?" #Jerold #Recommend_VA #Right_2
->Menu_3

== Menu_3 ==

"Well, I'm usually here for breakfast. Any of the pastries are good, but--" #Lyla #Left_1

"How often do you come here? They don't keep you on a tighter leash?" #Jerold #AnnoyedJ_VA #Right_2

You can't even begin to understand what that could possibly mean. Who is "they"? #Narration

"Well, they have good coffee. Best in the area!" #Lyla #Left_1

You try to make a joke, but no one laughs. You shrink in your seat a little. #Narration

“Hmm, caffeine is an addictive drug you know. Saw that in the news.” #Kristle #AnnoyedK
#Right_1

“Yeah, as a firefighter, you should probably kick that habit. Can’t be good for you.” #Jerold
#Right_2

You blink at them. Should you even say anything? Is it worth it? #Narration

“I had their caprese panini the other day, Mom, you should get that. Dad...” #Gigi #Left_2

“I’ll find you something. Any drinks?” #Gigi #Left_2

She’s talking fast, trying to change the subject. Kristle asks for some sugar free soy latte, while Jerold gets an Americano. Fitting, somehow, that they both get coffees after telling you to stop drinking it. #Narration

“I’ll get you the usual?” #Gigi #Left_2

You nod. Gigi goes to stand up, but Kristle stops her. #Narration

“Oh no dear, just flag down the waitress. It’s their job to serve us after all.” #Kristle #Right_1

She starts waving at the barista, who looks confused. #Narration

“Mom, please, it’s not that kind of--” #Gigi #Left_2

“Nonsense. I’ll get her.” #Kristle #Nonsense_VA #Right_1

Gigi collapses back into her seat while Kristle tries to get the barista to come down. Jerold pulls a few dollar bills from his wallet and put them on the table’s edge. #Narration

“I read about this in the paper. You keep the bills on the edge so the staff can see it. Then remove them one at a time if they do poorly.” #Jerold #Right_2

You cannot believe what he just said. Don’t servers already get paid pennies? And now they have to meet your personal standards for five bucks? #Narration

* [Say something.]

-> Say_3

* [Go order at the register.]

-> Order_3

== Order_3 ==

You stiffly stand up. #Narration

"I can go order. It's fine." #Lyla #Annoyed_VA #Left_1

You go to the counter. You hear Kristle loudly re-explaining her drink to you and Gigi trying to shush her. You ignore them. #Narration #NoKristle #NoJerold #NoGigi

At the counter you ask for everyone's order and just a danish for yourself. #Narration

"Meeting the parents?" #Barista #Right_1

You nod and rub your temples. #Narration

"I apologize in advance if they're awful to you." #Lyla #Left_1

"I'm used to it. I'll get those out for you in a few." #Barista #Right_1

You thank them, take a deep breath and walk back to the table. You only have to get through a little longer. Just a little longer. #Narration

You sit back at the table and pretend that everything's fine. Gigi takes your hand, and whispers an apology. You squeeze her hand in response. #Narration #Nothing
-> Mainsplain_3

== Say_3 ==

"Is that not cruel? The servers already don't get paid enough." #Lyla #Left_1

"Not my fault they can't do their job well, or can't work hard enough to get a better job." #Jerold #AnnoyedJ_VA #Right_2

You take a deep breath, and look steadily at Jeold. You refuse to believe this is a real person sitting in front of you. You look at Gigi. #Narration

"I think I should go." #Lyla #Left_1

Gigi winces, but neither Jerold nor Kristle seemed to hear you. #Narration

"Please, stay." #Gigi #ImSorry_VA #Left_2

"I know--" #Gigi #Left_2

You shake your head. You're too mad. How can you- #Narration

"FINALLY." #Kristle #Right_1

The barista finally makes their way to the table. They're visibly confused. #Narration

"Do you need something, miss?" #Barista #Left_2

"We were just ready to order." #Kristle #Right_1

"Oh, well actually, you have to order at the register." #Barista #Left_2

"Nonsense. Gigi, tell them what we want." #Kristle #Nonsense_VA #Right_1

"Mom..." #Gigi #Left_2

Gigi's face is bright red. The barista smiles with the customer service smile they have. Jerlod removes a dollar from the edge of the table. #Narration

"Or I can! We'll have..." #Kristle #Right_1

Kristle rattles off an order that was 90% her latte and then waved the server away. The look in their eyes could kill. #Narration

"Of course." #Barista #Left_1

They stiffly walk back to the counter. #Narration #Nothing
-> Mainsplain_3

== Mainsplain_3 ==

"So, Lyla, you're a firefighter, right?" #Jerold #Firefighter_VA #Right_2

"Yes, have been for a few years now." #Lyla #Left_1

"I was almost a firefighter you know. Do they still make you take all those tests?" #Jerold #Right_2

"Well--" #Lyla #Left_1

"Did you decide to be one because you couldn't be a doctor? Or EMT?" #Jerold #Doctor_VA #Right_2

You're speechless. Does he know literally anything about the qualifications of a firefighter?
#Narration

"I decided to not be one because everyone at the station was just bitter that they weren't smart enough for med school." #Jerold #Right_2

“That’s not--” #Lyla #Left_1

“Ah! I’m sure you were just a pyromaniac as a kid right? You know, 67% of firefights either were or are pyromaniacs, and 35% of them actually purposely start 14% of the fires.” #Jerold #Right_2

“What--” #Lyla #Gasp1_VA #Left_1

“Oh, our drinks are here!” #Gigi #Left_2

The barista arrives at the table, handing out drinks and giving you a pastry. You thank them before they leave. #Narration

Kristle stares at you and the cheese danish in front of you. #Narration

“They let you eat like that?” #Kristle #AnnoyedK_VA #Right_1

“You would think they would have you on a strict diet at the station.” Jerold #AnnoyedJ_VA #Right_2

Kristle smiles at you. Every word of her next sentence, dripping in passive-aggressive sweetness. #Narration

“I guess it’s your cheat day?” #Kristle #Right_1

That’s it. You’ve had enough. It’s time to go. #Narration

* [Leave]
->Leave_3

== Leave_3 ==

“Well, it was nice to meet the both of you, but I think I have to go.” #Lyla #Left_1

You stand up. You don’t look at Gigi. She grabs your hand, but you shake it off. #Narration

“Oh, what’s wrong darling?” #Kristle #Right_1

She takes a sip of her drink before spitting it out. #Narration

“Ugh, there’s no way this is coconut milk.” #Kristle #Right_1

“Mom, you ordered--” #Gigi #Left_2

“Well, they can just remake it.” #Kristle #Right_1

Kristle gets up and goes to the counter, while Jerold takes away another dollar. #Narration
#NoKristle

It’s time to go, you know that much, but do you leave loudly or quietly? #Narration

* [Loudly]
-> Loudly_3
* [Quietly]
->Quietly_3

== Quietly_3 ==

It’s not worth making a scene over. You just quietly leave, leaving a heavy \$20 in the tip jar.
#Narration
->Death_3

== Loudly_3 ==

“How are you both just so--UGH!” #Lyla #Groan_VA #Left_1

You loudly vent your frustrations. You’re making a scene, but you don’t really care. #Narration

“I’m not a pyromaniac nor did I want to be a doctor. I just <i>like</i> helping people, but firefighting paid better than EMT. Jerold, don’t act like you know what you’re talking about. You don’t. It’s so obvious you don’t!” #Lyla #Left_1

Jerold looks taken back, but you don’t wait around long enough to see if he has anything to say. Walking past the counter, you leave a heavy \$20 tip in the tip jar and apologize to the barista.
#Narration #NoJerold #NoGigi

“And YOU. Just because you appeared in one commercial for three seconds doesn’t mean you’re hot shit. Both of you need to get a reality check!” #Lyla #Gasp2_VA #Left_1

You stomp out the door. #Narration
->Death_3

== Death_3 ==

“Lyla, wait!” #Gigi #Wait_VA #Right_1

Gigi follows you out the door. She’s upset. #Narration

“I’m sorry. I didn’t think--I’m sorry. Please--” #Gigi #Right_1

You stop her. You don't want to hear it. #Narration

"Listen, they're your parents. I get that. But I can't right now. I'll--I'll text you later okay?" #Lyla

You're suddenly exhausted. You just want to go home and collapse onto your bed. You want to forget about Gigi and her parents. #Narration

"Lyla, please. I'm sorry--" #Gigi #Right_1

She takes your hand, but you pull away. #Narration

"I don't even know you!" #Lyla #Left_1

You just blurt that out in frustration. So much for your plan of letting her down easy. #Narration

"What...? Are you breaking up with me?" #Gigi #Right_1

"Please, just--I have to go." #Lyla #Left_1

You don't wait for her response and start walking home with your head down. You can hear her yelling your name, but you don't turn around. Just ignore her. Just keep going. #Narration

You hear sirens in the distance, trying to focus on that sound, anything to block out her voice. #Narration

"Lyla! Please!" #Gigi #LylaName_VA #Right_1

You stop. The sirens are getting louder. You debate going back, apologizing. Working it out. You don't know what you'd be working out but maybe- #Narration #Siren_Sound

"LYLA! LOOK OUT!" #Gigi #LookOutLyla_VA #Right_1

You look back and see a firetruck hurtling towards you. You don't have enough time to dodge the firetruck. You only have enough time to process, *This feels familiar,* before the firetruck hurtling towards you crunches your bones. #Narration #BusCrash_Sound

->Day_Four

== Day_Four ==

The alarm clock jolts you awake. #Narration #AlarmClock_Sound

You're beginning to suspect that something's off. You can feel the impact of the firetruck that smashed into you, *<i>multiple times</i>*, but your bones are in one piece. Or, uh, multiple pieces. As bones should be. #Narration

"What--" #Lyla #Gasp2_VA #Left_1

You hear a RUSTLING next to you. Your entire body goes on alert. #Narration

* [PUNCH IT PUNCH IT PUNCH IT]

-> Punch_Day_Four

* [Maybe wait and see what it is first???)

-> Wait_Day_Four

== Punch_Day_Four ==

You don't even hesitate as you draw your arm back and move to punch the rustling. But just as you do-- #Narration

"Ah!" #Gigi #Right_1

You see Gigi - the girl, from before???) Right???) What???) - dart up and out from the covers. She glares at you, uncharacteristically. Maybe. Your mind is still fuzzy, but you know she hasn't done that before. #Narration

Of course, you didn't try and punch her from before... right? #Narration

"Hey! What the hell?!" #Gigi #Angry_VA #Right_1

"I, uh... I am... so sorry," you mumble. #Lyla #Left_1

But, just like that, Gigi's angry expression smoothes back into a smile. #Narration

"It's okay, babe, nightmares happen," she says sweetly. #Gigi #Laugh_VA #Right_1

And. #Narration

What? #Narration

* [Hello???)

-> What_Day_Four

== Wait_Day_Four ==

You stay completely still, waiting for the thing in your bed to move. Maybe it's a really big bug? Oh, you hope not. That'd be gross. #Narration

But the thing gets up from the covers, yawning, and-- #Narration

It's. Gigi? The girl from the other days? You... you went on a date with her, maybe? Your mind is still a little fuzzy, but you can't comprehend just exactly why she's here. #Narration

"Oh... good morning, Lyla," she yawns, smiling up at you. #Gigi #LylaName_VA #Right_1

A girl? In YOUR bed? #Narration

What? #Narration

* [Hello???)

-> What_Day_Four

== What_Day_Four ==

"Hello?" #Lyla #Left_1

At your shocked expression, Gigi's smile fades. She looks confused. #Narration

"Is... everything okay?" She asks. #Gigi #Um_VA #Right_1

"I just... I don't know," you answer. #Lyla #Left_1

Your mind races a little too fast for your liking. If you didn't know any better, you would assume that you've been living the same day, over and over. But you're not THAT stupid. #Narration

But honestly, you're questioning a lot of things. #Narration

"I need to take a shower," you say, and run into the bathroom. #Lyla

* [Figure out what's going on.]

-> Shower_Day_Four

== Shower_Day_Four ==

You stare at yourself hollow-eyed in the mirror. #Narration

"Goddammit." #Lyla #Goddammit_VA #Left_1

You can't even decide how you feel right now. #Narration

You have no idea what's going on. It's kind of hard to think when you feel like you've been running a marathon, but it's not you who's running, it's the firetruck, and it ran into you, and you? You got hit by a firetruck. #Narration

That metaphor didn't make sense, but like. It's hard to think. #Narration

You hop into the shower, hoping the cold water will shock your brain back into reality. Your mind continues to race, looking for a reason to explain everything happening today. Or... multiple days, maybe. #Narration

Eventually, you decide this... #Narration

* [Is obviously a dream.]

-> Dream_Day_Four

* [Is obviously a one-night stand.]

-> ONS_Day_Four

== Dream_Day_Four ==

Yes. Obviously. You force your racing heart to calm down. It's one of those freaky, realistic dreams, that mean you're stressed out and won't get a lot of sleep. #Narration

It's weird that the dream keeps happening over and over, but maybe... you don't know. #Narration

It's fine. You just have to ride this out. #Narration

You exit the shower, and dress yourself. #Narration

* [Head into the kitchen.]

-> Kitchen_Day_Four

== ONS_Day_Four ==

Yes. Obviously. Your heart keeps racing, for a different reason. #Narration

You actually managed to pick up a girl? Damn, you're GOOD. You didn't think you were that type of person, but things have been weird. Maybe you just were super cool one day. #Narration

It's also weird that you don't remember picking up a girl, but maybe you... you don't know. #Narration

It's fine. You got a babe. It's all good. #Narration

You exit the shower, and dress yourself. #Narration

* [Head into the kitchen.]

-> Kitchen_Day_Four

== Kitchen_Day_Four ==

It seems as though you've finally convinced yourself that this is totally normal. Great, time to embrace the day and pretend this is totally NORMAL. #Narration

"Hi, babe! I'm making pancakes. Want some?" #Gigi #Right_1

Gigi waves to you, and that's when you notice the fat engagement ring on her hand. #Narration

You pause. #Narration

* ["What's that on your finger?"]

-> Finger_4

* ["Did I sleep with a <i>married woman?</i>"]

-> Married_Woman_4

* [YES, THIS IS TOTALLY NORMAL.]

-> Normal_4

== Finger_4 ==

She... laughs? #Narration

"Silly, you <i>know</i> we're getting married, right? You picked this ring out and everything."

#Gigi #Laugh_VA #Right_1

And. Wait. Married? #Narration

"We're getting married? But I don't know you." #Lyla #Left_1

Gigi's smile fades into something nervous. #Narration

"We've been engaged for months. I moved in a week ago. I know you're apprehensive about living together, but... it's the necessary step--" #Gigi #Right_1

"No. I don't <i>know</i> you. I mean I do, but... I don't," you insist. #Lyla #DoIKnowYou_VA #Left_1

"Is... everything okay?" #Gigi #Right_1

You don't respond. #Narration

"Babe...?" #Gigi #Confused_VA #Right_1

Gigi starts to frown, hurt clear on her face, and you would feel bad, but something's very wrong here. #Narration

* [Go outside for some air.]

-> Outside_Day_Four

== Married_Woman_4 ==

You start to have a mild panic attack over the fact that you might've just <i>had an affair.</i> Fuck. You're a better person than that. #Narration

Gigi doesn't laugh. #Narration

"That's not a funny joke," she says. "We're getting married soon... I don't like you thinking we're not. We've talked about this before." #Gigi #Annoyed_VA #Right_1

And. Wait. Married? #Narration

"We're getting married? But I don't know you." #Lyla #Left_1

Gigi's expression grows more nervous. #Gigi #Right_1

"We've been engaged for months. I moved in a week ago. I know you're apprehensive about living together, but... it's the necessary step--" #Narration

"No. I don't <i>know</i> you. I mean I do, but... I don't," you insist. #Lyla #DoIKnowYou_VA #Left_1

"Is... everything okay?" #Gigi #Right_1

You don't respond. #Narration

"Babe...?" #Gigi #Confused_VA #Right_1

Gigi starts to frown, hurt clear on her face, and you would feel bad, but something's very wrong here. #Gigi #Right_1

* [Go outside for some air.]

-> Outside_Day_Four

== Normal_4 ==

You nod, trying your best to hide your recoil. Gigi smiles, almost - relieved? - and turns back to the pancakes. #Narration

“Good. I’m not so sure how these’ll turn out, but I need to practice cooking, y’know? I can’t make pancakes as good as Jason or Amy, but if we’re getting married soon, I need to...” #Gigi #Right_1

It’s not a proper FIREFIGHTER’S BREAKFAST, but-- #Narration

Wait. Married? #Narration

Okay, yeah, no. #Narration

* [Go outside for some air.]

-> Outside_Day_Four

== Outside_Day_Four ==

“I need some air,” you hear yourself saying. #Lyla #Left_1

You start for the door-- #Narration

“NO!” #Gigi #No_VA #Right_1

Gigi grabs your arm, stopping you. Panicking, you wrench yourself away from her. #Narration

“Don’t go outside,” she says, and she looks terrified. #Gigi #Right_1

“Why not?” You demand. #Lyla #Left_1

“J-just don’t,” #Gigi #Right_1

For once, her composure is starting to crack. But how would you know this is the first time? #Narration

Okay, you can’t pretend this is normal anymore. You cross your arms. #Narration

“What’s going on?” #Lyla

“Just come back, let me make pancakes, and... we’ll be fine... we can do whatever you want, yeah?” She’s rambling. “Just don’t go outside, just for one day.” #Gigi #Right_1

* [“Do you know what’s going on?”]

-> Going_On_4

* [Go outside.]

-> Outside_Four_2

== Going_On_4 ==

"Baby, there's nothing going on," she tries to reassure you, but her voice is trembling. "Let's go back to bed, okay?" She takes your arm, trying to lead you out of the doorway. #Gigi #Right_1

As she says that, however, you get a flash of memory. Of the previous... day. Did you meet her parents? #Narration

"Did I meet your parents?" #Lyla #Left_1

"What? No. Not yet." #Gigi #Right_1

No, you did. And they were assholes. #Narration

"No, I did, and they were assholes." #Lyla #Left_1

At that, a flash of annoyance crosses Gigi's face. #Narration

"I know they were assholes, but that doesn't mean--" #Gigi #Right_1

She stops, realizing her mistake. #Narration

"You do know." #Lyla #Left_1

* [She finally breaks.]

-> End_Day_Four

== Outside_Four_2 ==

You move to go outside once again, but this time, Gigi traps you with her iron grip. You try to pull yourself free, but can't. #Narration

"Let me go!" You yell, but she's not letting up. #Lyla #LetMeGoButMoreFirm_VA

"Why aren't you listening to me?!" #Gigi #Right_1

"Okay, then, explain to me what the <i>hell</i> is going on!" #Lyla #Left_1

You should be stronger than her. You are stronger than her. And yet, you can't move from her hold. She's staring at you with a fierce expression. You can't tell if it's out of anger or desperation. #Narration

"Just listen to me! If you go outside, you'll get hit, and we'll have to do--" #Gigi #Right_1

She realizes her mistake a second too late. #Narration

“Gigi, tell me the truth.” #Lyla #Left_1

* [She finally breaks.]

-> End_Day_Four

== End_Day_Four ==

“I’m trying to save *us*!” #Gigi #ImTryingToSaveUs_VA #Right_1

You don’t know what that means. You don’t know what any of this means. You try and pull away, again, but now it feels as though you can’t even move. #Narration

“Gigi, please, just tell me what’s going on.” #Lyla #WTF_VA #Left_1

Your voice is trembling, too. But she doesn’t seem to hear you. Her gaze is off in the distance. #Narration

All of a sudden, you think you hear sirens. They’re coming from... inside the house? You can’t tell. It’s everywhere. #Narration

You look towards where Gigi is looking. You see a firetruck, hurtling towards your house. Towards you. #Narration

Gigi lets go of you to dodge out of the way. You try to move, but you’re still frozen. #Narration

“No, no, no, this shouldn’t be happening.” she mutters despairingly. #Gigi #Right_1

You only have enough time to think, *Help me,* before the firetruck hurtling towards you crunches your bones. #Narration #BusCrash_Sound

* [...]

-> Day_Five

== Day_Five ==

The alarm clock jolts you awake. #Narration #AlarmClock_Sound

This time, you <i>know</i> something's wrong. You can still feel the lingering feeling of your bones being smashed, but you wish you could more clearly remember ANYTHING else.

Yesterday's--No. Today's? Whatever DAY's memories are slipping away. #Narration

"GOD, just REMEMBER!" #Lyla #Left_1

You were married. Engaged? There was a girl. You can't go outside. What happens when you go outside? You're so close to remembering-- #Narration

Amy bursts into your room. #Narration

"Gooooood morning!" #Amy #Right_1

She opens your blinds to let the sunlight in. Why the hell is Amy here? #Narration

"What is--" #Lyla #Left_1

"Oh good! You're awake! Lots to do today. Go shower." #Amy #Right_1

She pulls you out of bed and pushes you into the bathroom. Dumbfounded, you stand in the bathroom. #Narration

"Be quick Lyla!! Lots to do lots to do!" #Amy #Right_1

You don't bother questioning it anymore, and decide to just go with it. You turn on the water, but something in the mirror catches your eye. #Narration #Nothing

* [Look at the mirror]

->Mirror_5

== Mirror_5 ==

On the mirror, in what you assume is lipstick, is written "Congratulations Lyla and Gigi on the happy marriage". #Narration

Gigi... Gigi... GIGI? #Narration

Some memories start coming back. Memories of other days. Memories of <i>this</i> day came back. Gigi, the girl you ran into on the street and went on a date with and met the parents of. Now you're married? #Narration

You need answers and you need them <i>now.</i>

You burst out of the bathroom, preparing to demand explanations from Amy. She had a white jumpsuit laid out on your bed. #Narration

“Amy what is--” #Lyla #Left_1

“Oh good! Here get dressed!” #Amy #Right_1

She pushes the jumpsuit into your arms, and then turns to pick something off your dresser. You throw the suit back on your bed. You need *<i>answers</i>* and you need them *<i>now.</i>*
#Narration

“Amy!” #Lyla #Left_1

“Oh you look wonderful!” #Amy #Right_1

She smiles at you, and places a crown of aloe, carnations and honeysuckle. You frown at her, but she doesn't seem to notice. You look down and find yourself dressed in the suit that you had just thrown away. Are you losing it? #Narration

“Come on, everyone's waiting!” #Amy #Right_1

“What--Amy, who--?” #Lyla #Left_1

She takes your hand and pulls you out of your bedroom and to your living room. People are milling about, and congratulating you. No one is listening to you, it's like everyone is running on autopilot. #Narration

Amy leads you to the front of your house. Someone pushes flowers into your hands. Friends and family are all standing in front of you. Amy stands next to you and squeezes your shoulder.
#Narration

“I'm so happy for you!” #Amy #Right_1

“Amy, what is--” #Lyla #Left_1

She's not listening, but is instead looking behind you. You follow her gaze and see a girl in a white dress walking up a make-shift aisle. There's a veil over her face, but you know it's Gigi.
#Narration

It doesn't take long for her to get there. Without thinking you pull back the veil. It's Gigi. You want to say something, but you can't form the words. #Narration

Amy starts talking, but you can't make out the words. It's all a blur until-- #Narration

"I do." #Gigi #Right_2

"Do you, Lyla, take Gigi, to be your lawfully wedded wife?" #Amy #Right_1

"No!" #Lyla #Left_1

You finally find your voice. Finally, you're able to demand what's going on. #Narration #Nothing

"I don't! What is happening?! Why do I keep repeating this day?!" #Lyla #Left_1

"Why is everyday just a nothing day with *you?* Gigi, *what is going on?*" #Lyla
#Left_1

-> Gigi_Explains_Five

== Ending_One ==

You look at Gigi, and then to the crowd and back. You know this is wrong, and based on what she said, she *<i>knew</i>* it was wrong too. Though your memories are still a bit hazy, at least the first few times, you remember hitting it off. #Narration

“I...” #Lyla #Left_1

You don't know what to say. You can't marry someone you don't know, but some part of you *<i>does</i>* know her. #Narration

You know what? You have been depressingly single for a while now. Gigi may have some weird control over time, which introduces a really weird power dynamic your now realize. But... #Narration

“You know what? Fuck it.” #Lyla #Left_1

Gigi's eyes well up with tears. She moves to put the ring on your finger, but you stop her. #Narration

“But, we're not starting with marriage. No way. You said we met once for real right?” #Lyla #Left_1

Gigi nods quickly. #Narration

“Yes, I spilled coffee on you, b-but I didn't have the stain stick the first time, so you were a bit mad. And--” #Gigi #Right_1

“So bring us back there. You say you love me, but all I know about you are vague memories and only the things you've told me today.” #Lyla #Left_1

Understanding flashes across Gigi's face. She drops the ring in her hand. It clatters to the floor and rolls into the sea of people. #Narration

“You want to start over?” #Gigi #Right_1

Her voice is small and tight. She seems terrified of the idea of having to start over again. #Narration

“No looping. No weird time magic making me forget. I want to *<i>remember</i>* all of this. But if you want me, you have to do it right.” #Lyla #Left_1

You reach out and hold her face in your hand. She leans into it and closes her eyes. #Narration

“We can be happy like this.” #Gigi #Right_1

“No, Gigi, *<i>you</i>* can be happy like this. I’m giving you a chance to make this right. Let me keep my memories, and I’ll see you in the morning.” #Lyla #Left_1

She sniffs and nods. The people in the room start moving in reverse around you. The lights start to dim, replaced by the flashing red lights of a firetruck. You don’t hear the sirens this time, only wind whipping around you. #Narration

“And if I EVER find out you did this again to me? Wiping my memories? Looping like this?” #Lyla #Left_1

You look her directly in the eyes, making sure she knows you’re serious. #Narration

“No matter how bad a fight. No matter how awkward an encounter. If this happens again, I’m done.” #Lyla #Left_1

“Promise me.” #Lyla #Left_1

You hold out your pinky finger. Childish, you know, but does that really matter at this point? #Narration

Gigi takes a deep breath, and hooks your finger with hers. #Narration

“No more loops. No more memory erasing.” #Gigi #Right_1

“I promise.” #Gigi #Right_1

A blinding light overtakes you both, as reality seems to collapse in on itself. #Narration

* [...]

-> Again

== Again ==

The alarm clock jolts you awake. #Narration #AlarmClock_Sound

It’s 9am. It’s still your day off, but this time, you know what happens next. Gigi kept her word, you remember everything. The wedding, her parents. Everything. #Narration

*[Get Dressed.]

-> Next

== Next ==

While getting dressed, you hope Gigi doesn’t feel the need to spill her coffee on you again. You think you’ve been through enough of that. Still, you wear an older top, just in case. #Narration

While pulling on your shoes, there's a knock on the door. That's new. #Narration
You open it, and it's Gigi. She's holding two togo cups from the cafe around the corner.
#Narration

"Hi, uh, I know this isn't the same but- uhm. Technically you're supposed to get hit on the way to the cafe- You live! Don't worry... Not trying to cheat death today. My friends in that department would be pissed..." #Gigi #Right_1

You raise an eyebrow. Didn't think you'd learn that death was a person, or people rather, but you guess you also didn't think that your potential partner would be some kind of time controlling, demon(?). #Narration

"I--I mean--Uhm... This would be so much easier if I could--UGH!" #Gigi #Right_1

She's stuttering and stumbling all over her words. She takes a breath and holds out one of the cups for you to take. #Narration

"What I'm trying to say is, can we skip all that? Walk in the park instead of a hospital visit on the way to the cafe?" #Gigi #Right_1

You take the cup from her and take a sip, and nod. #Narration

"Yeah, let's skip the hospital visit, if that's alright with you." #Lyla #Left_1

The sky is blue, the birds are chirping, you can feel the sunlight on your face even though you're inside... #Narration

You have a feeling today is going to be a great day. #Narration

== Ending_Two ==

You don't even know what to do with all this information. It's too much. She can control time? You've been looping *longer* than these past few days? It's all just... #Narration

Too much. #Narration

You pull off your ring and place it in her hand. You're going to break this loop. Get away from Gigi. Whatever it is you need to do, you're doing it. #Narration

* [Say goodbye]

-> Goodbye

* [Leave without a word]

-> No_Words

== Goodbye ==

"Lyla?" #Gigi #Right_1

"Goodbye, Gigi." #Lyla #Left_1

You start to leave, but Gigi grabs your hand. #Narration

"Lyla! Wait--" #Gigi #Right_1

"Don't follow me." #Lyla #Left_1

You pull your hand away, and make your way to the front door, pushing past the wall of frozen people. #Narration

->Continue_Bad

== No_Words ==

"Lyla?" #Gigi #Right_1

You can hear her, but you don't care. You leave, pushing past the wall of frozen people.

#Narration

-> Continue_Bad

== Continue_Bad ==

"Lyla! Stop--Wait--*Please, wait!*" #Gigi #Right_1

You feel a slight pull behind you. A strong urge to leave, but you're able to shake it off. You put your hand on the door, and debate looking back but don't. If you did, you have a feeling you would have just restarted the day all over again. #Narration

You hear Gigi's one last, sorrowful plea as you walk out the door. #Narration

“What the fuck?” #Lyla #Left_1

It's all pouring down on you. It all feels so fake, but you know it has to be real. The hazy memories are a bit clearer now. The cafe, her parents, the firetruck. You need to break out of this loop. #Narration

But how? #Narration

* [Go to a hotel]

-> Hotel

* [Start walking]

-> Walking

== Walking ==

You start walking, your feet moving before you think, toward the cafe. *No.* Flashbacks of getting smashed into the pavement flash through your mind. #Narration

You can't go that way. You need to go somewhere *new.* A hotel maybe? Yes, a hotel. That's where you'll go #Narration

It takes a lot of will, but you turn around, and start walking in the opposite direction. #Narration
->Conintue_End_2

== Hotel ==

A hotel. Yes. Somewhere *new.* #Narration

You start walking, your feet moving before you think, toward the cafe. *No.* Flashbacks of getting smashed into the pavement flash through your mind. #Narration

You can't go that way. #Narration

It takes a lot of will, but you turn around, and start walking in the opposite direction. #Narration
->Conintue_End_2

== Conintue_End_2 ==

You don't know how long you were walking or where you were going, but eventually you find yourself at some crummy motel. You check in and flop onto the bed. Some way to spend your day off, huh? #Narration

It's way too early to go to bed, but you're just so exhausted from everything. It doesn't take you long to fall asleep. #Narration

* [...]

-> End_2_End

== End_2_End ==

The alarm clock- No. Your phone ringing jolts you awake. It's Amy. #Narration

You don't catch it time to pick up, but see a few texts from her and Jason. All asking if you're okay and where you are. #Narration

It's 9am. It's no longer your day off. #Narration

You could cry in relief. No more Gigi. No more looping. No more. #Narration

You text Amy back that you must have forgotten to set your alarm back, and will be there ASAP. You check out of the motel and start jogging back home. #Narration

While trying to think of the quickest way to get ready, eat and get to the station, you realize that you should probably be paying more attention. Just because you broke out of the loop doesn't mean- #Narration

Thud! #Narration

You bump into a girl, spilling her coffee all over her. The deja vu hits you hard as you think about Gigi, but you shake it away. You broke out of that. #Narration

"Ugh, watch where you're--" #??? #Right_1

She looks up, sees you, and any anger seems to wash away. You help her up. #Narration

"I'm so sorry, I'm usually not so spacey--" #Lyla #Left_1

"It's no problem. I should have been looking where I was going." #??? #Right_1

"No really, I'm sorry. Can I pay for it? How much was the coffee?" #Lyla #Left_1

She looks at you and smiles. She pulls a pen out of her bag. #Narration

"Tell ya what, I'll give you my number, and you can make it up to me... Let's say tomorrow night at 6? I know this great little restaurant." #??? #Right_1

You get hit with deja vu again to when you gave Gigi your number. You push those thoughts away again. <i>This girl isn't Gigi.</i> #Narration

"Sounds good to me." #Lyla #Left_1

You turn on your charm, and smile at her. She scribbles down her number on your arm, winks at you and walks off. #Narration #Nothing

Damn, she's almost as good as you. #Narration

You put the number in your phone and continue your jog home. After showering and getting dressed, you go to text mystery girl before booking it to the station. #Narration

Turns out, she had already texted you first. #Narration

"See you tomorrow, Lyla", it read, with a winking emoji after. #Narration

You feel your heart drop. You never told her your name. You never gave her your number. You never-- #Narration

"Not again. Not *again.*" #Lyla #Left_1

The sky is blue, the birds are chirping, you can feel the sunlight on your face even though you're inside... #Narration

Even though today started out great, you have a feeling today is going to be a very, very long day. #Narration