



**A**n hour has passed. It's almost midnight. Still no sign of Josh and Leisl.  
With each minute, your hope withers like a forgotten plant.  
“They're not coming back to this world, are they.”  
The house feels abandoned.

Too empty.

Too silent.

And then you hear footsteps.

“Josh?” Ori calls. “Leisl?”

You both rise from the couch. You can't see anyone.

“...hello?”

A whoosh. The flash of a blade. Oriana screams and grasps at her arm.

Jill, ragged and panting, had lunged from around the kitchen doorway. Pale and dishevelled, she seems to be using the last of draining energy to attack.

Oriana rolls off the sofa, bleeding from her right forearm.

You snatch at Jill's hand, trying to gain control of the kitchen knife.

“Unghhhhhhhhh!” She moans, twisting her wrist until you let go, and making another move to stab. You need to get her away from Ori.

You push Jill over the back of the sofa, and she yells as she tumbles to the carpet.

Still wary of the knife, you keep a slight distance as you try to lure her away from the lounge room, back into the kitchen.

She crawls after you, and suddenly, with a shocking burst of energy, leaps back onto her feet and tackles you to the ground.

Your head hits the fridge with an unbearable crack and a strike of pain courses through your skull. Everything spins.

You can see her approaching, but your body seems to be revolting against your attempts to rise to your feet. You can't help but panic at the realisation that this is real life. There's no way out. There's no deus ex machina.

The room is shrinking to nothing but the walls behind you and the woman, coming ever closer...



Act V  
Scene 2

# Time Travel

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