

The following is a writing sample of a branching narrative story created using Twine. It uses variables stored in certain options for selecting branches. To experience it as a Twine adventure please follow.

[http://philome.la/Nikhil\\_Kashyap9/the-forrester-loan/play](http://philome.la/Nikhil_Kashyap9/the-forrester-loan/play)

The HTML file (browser launchable) is downloadable here:

<https://drive.google.com/file/d/0Bynxe8QH1U8sRFdLU250WHlZek0/view>

For a diagrammatic representation of the narrative structure please follow :

<https://drive.google.com/file/d/0Bynxe8QH1U8sQUUxY0c0UUNlRFk/view>

#### **INT. FORRESTER CASTLE GREAT HALL - NIGHT**

RODRICK FORRESTER looked over the dying forest lands through cracked window panes. Heaving a sigh he turned his gaze to the family portrait hanging in splendor at the center of the Great Hall. The once happy faces of his family stared back at him. A lone servant is mopping the hall.

SERVANT

Do you miss them my lord?

#### **PLAYER CHOICE PATH BEGIN:**

##### **OPTION 1 :**

**(set : \$passion = 0)**

RODRICK

(turning his back on the servant) Our emotions must stay in check. We must focus on survival.

The servant looks for a moment like he has a rebuttal. Next minute he shakes his head and goes back to mopping.

##### **OPTION 2 :**

**(set : \$passion = 1)**

RODRICK

Half of them are dead ... The Forrester name has been reduced to nothing but an unforgiving curse.

SERVANT

I miss them too my lord. I pray the Old Gods and the New show no mercy to those monsters.

(CONTINUED)

RODRICK

The God's? The God's are the last thing those monsters need worry about. I will see to that.

**OPTION 3 :**

**(set : \$passion = 2)**

Rodrnick walks over to the servant and looks him in the eye. The servant seems to cower in fear bracing himself. Rodrick grasps the servant's shoulder with both hands.

RODRICK

By the forest wood rotting in the snow I swear to you; House Forrester will rise again.

SERVANT

(springs into a salute)  
Iron from Ice.

RODRICK

Iron from Ice. We will overcome.

**PLAYER CHOICE PATH END(BRANCHES CONVERGE)**

RODRICK

It's time. Ready the horses.

Before the servant could react, the doors of the Hall swung open revealing a healthy young woman at the entrance. A smile broke on Rodrick's face as he approaches the woman.

RODRICK

Welcome home. I was beginning to worry.

MIRA

(Looking around)  
It's strange being back here. It's almost like ... nothing has changed. MIRA snaps out of her reverie.

MIRA

Sorry for keeping you. But rest assured, you won't regret the delay. Mira reached into her bag and pulled out the lone item in it and handing it to Rodrick. Rodrik studied the object curiously. Turning it over he ran his fingers across the rubber crevaces forming the shape of a rose. His eyes grow wide as he deciphered the name.

(CONTINUED)

RODRICK

H - How did you?

MIRA

Wrong question. What you should be asking is what do we do with it.

RODRICK

Do you realize what you've done?

MIRA

This is it. This is the answer.

RODRICK

No. There has to be another way.

MIRA

There is no other way. You think the Iron Bank will grant coin to a broken family reviving dying trees?

Mira takes the seal from Rodrick's hand and holds it to the light.

MIRA

But ... a word from Marjory Tyrell. One signature brings it all back. The Forrester name will be restored.

RODRICK

Do you realize what will happen if the Tyrells learn of this? What will happen to you?

MIRA

I've been in King's Landing for long enough to know how to cover my tracks. Once the loan is granted, no one will find out. Mira produces a parchment with a petition to the Iron Bank for a loan. She hands it and the seal to Rodrick.

MIRA

We have to try. Otherwise Ethan would have died in vain.

**PLAYER CHOICE PATH BEGIN:**

**OPTION 1 :**

**(set : \$sealSigned = true)**

(CONTINUED)

Rodrnick paused for a long moment before placing hot rubber on the parchment and sealed it with the Tyrell family crest.

RODRICK  
May the Gods be with us.

**OPTION 2 :**

**(set : \$sealsigned = false)**

Rodrnick paused for a long moment and then flings the seal into the fire.

RODRICK  
I lost Ethan. I won't lose you.

FADE TO BLACK

**PLAYER CHOICE PATH END(BRANCHES CONVERGE)**

**EXT. BRAVOS SEA - DAY**

Rodrnick looked up at the statue of Bravos as the Forrester fleet sailed underneath it.

CUT TO

**INT. THE IRON BANK - DAY**

Rodrnick and Mira passed underneath an hour glass segil. People in the vast golden hall sneered and chuckled as Rodrnick and Mira pass through ignoring them resolutely.

CUT TO  
Rodrnick and Mira passing through a gate entering a chaotic chamber with people bustling through waving parchments and screaming at officials. Rodrnick and Mira cut through the frenzied crowd, reaching the largest door with the sign 'Grand Jurors'. The door is guarded by armored guards who sizes up Rodrnick.

GUARDSMAN  
Who are you? Only lords are granted an audience with the jurors.

**PLAYER CHOICE PATH BEGIN:**

**OPTION 1 :**

**(set : \$passion = \$passion + 0)**

(CONTINUED)

RODRICK

We have a meeting with the Grand Jurors.

GUARDSMAN

Name?

RODRICK

Rodrick Forrester. The guard consulted his list and nodded letting Mira and Rodrick pass through.

**OPTION 2 :**

**(set : \$passion = \$passion + 1)**

RODRICK

You know exactly who I am. Out of my way.

GUARDSMAN

Yes of course my Lord. My apologies. Please step right through.

**OPTION 3 :**

**(set : \$passion = \$passion + 2)**

RODRICK

House Forrester has done business with the Iron Bank for decades.

GUARDSMAN

Yes of course my Lord. My apologies. Please step right through.

**PLAYER CHOICE PATH END(BRANCHES CONVERGE)**

Just before Rodrick and Mira stepped through the gates, Rodrick saw a man step through the entrance to the Golden Hall. His face turned white. Grabbing Mira, he pulled her into the chamber. The man was Ramsey Bolton.

RODRICK

Did you see?

Mira nodded slowly.

RODRICK

We have to leave.

MIRA

We can't turn back now.

(CONTINUED)

RODRICK  
Have you lost your mind.

MIRA  
Let me handle him. We have to finish this before he finds out we're here. Go.

RODRICK  
Mira you don't know Ramsey like I do. You - You didn't watch Ethan die.

MIRA  
That's why he mustn't see you. He'll know something is wrong. I am a resident of King's Landing, a handmaiden to the royal family. I have every right to be here.

RODRICK  
But ... No. Let's just slip through. We'll be in and out before he finds out.

MIRA  
We need more time Rodrick ... You are not in this alone. Let me help you.

**PLAYER CHOICE PATH BEGIN:**

**OPTION 1 :**

**(set : \$sisterWithRamsey = true)**

RODRICK  
Go, but please be careful. Don't let him lay a finger on you.

Rodrick watched Mira flit through the crowd and engage Ramsey. He watched as Ramsey eyed Mira up and down and licked his lips. Rodrick walked into the juror's room.

**OPTION 2 :**

**(set : \$sisterWithRamsey = false)**

RODRICK  
I lost Ethan. Never again will I put my family in that monster's path. Mira looked at Robert in disgust. Without another word she walked into the juror's room. Rodrick followed her looking behind his shoulder checking whether Ramsey had noticed them.

(CONTINUED)

**PLAYER CHOICE PATH END(BRANCHES CONVERGE)**

RODRICK  
 (addressing the grand  
 jurors)  
 My lord, I Rodrick on behalf of  
 the noble Forester family would  
 like to petition for a loan from  
 the Iron Bank for the  
 redevelopment of Wolfswood.

JUROR  
 Are there any additional  
 documents you wish to present?

**PLAYER CHOICE PATH BEGIN:****OPTION 1 :**

RODRICK  
 No my lord I have nothing else to  
 offer. But if you'll give me  
 chance I can explain why this  
 would a mutually beneficial  
 enterprise.

**CONDITIONAL BRANCH :****(IF \$sisterWithRamsey = FALSE)**

GRAND JUROR  
 In normal circumstances I might  
 have considered it, but we have  
 an important guest waiting. Ah  
 Lord Bolton you're here. Welcome.

**JUMP TO SECTION B****CONDITIONAL BRANCH END****CONDITIONAL BRANCH :****(IF \$sisterWithRamsey = TRUE)**

The Grand Juror looked at the clock hanging on the  
 ceiling.

GRAND JUROR  
 You're in luck Lord Forrester,  
 our next appointment seems to  
 have been delayed. Go ahead,  
 we're listening.

RODRICK  
 My Lord, we seek coin to revive  
 Wolfswood. As you are aware our  
 forest is the largest production  
 (MORE)

(CONTINUED)

RODRICK (cont'd)  
source of Ironwood in all of Westeros. In the wars to come, the crown will need Ironwood to fight it's enemies on land and sea. The Iron Throne will benefit tremendously if Ironwood was plenty.

GRAND JUROR  
That all sounds well and good Rodrick but if I may speak frankly. Your house is finished. What assurance does the Iron Bank have? How can you guarantee the return of our gold.

**CONDITIONAL BRANCH :**

**(IF \$passion < 2)**

RODRICK  
My Lord the growth of Ironwood is one of great skill. That knowledge resides with House Forrester alone. With this knowledge we will return to wealth and power.

GRAND JUROR  
If I may put this delicately Rodrick. That's bullshit and you know it.

RODRICK  
My Lord - I ...

GRAND JUROR  
Your petition is rejected. This is my final decision. The door behind Rodrick swing open ominously.

**JUMP TO SECTION B**

**CONDITIONAL BRANCH END**

**CONDITIONAL BRANCH :**

**(IF \$passion > 2)**

RODRICK  
My Lord if you know anything of House Forrester, you will know that we will never be finished. We are as resilient as the bark we tend to. We will never fade.

(CONTINUED)

GRAND JUROR  
Spare us the theatrics please.

RODRICK  
When King's Landing's fleets are  
in disrepair. When they're  
chariots are falling. They will  
know who was to blame. The juror  
considered Rodrick for a moment.  
Next moment he heaved a sigh  
picked up his quill.

GRAND JUROR  
Very well Lord Forrester. I'm far  
from convinced. But we will give  
take this chance.

He signed a parchment with the seal of the Iron Bank and  
handed it back to Rodrick.

**JUMP TO SECTION A**

**CONDITIONAL BRANCH END**

**OPTION 2 :**

**CONDITIONAL BRANCH**

**(IF \$sealSigned = true)**

Rodrick presented the Grand Juror with the document signed  
with the Tyrell family crest. The juror's face changed  
instantly as his eyes move towards the seal.

GRAND JUROR  
Yes ofcourse, the loan is  
granted. I'll have a letter sent  
to King's Landing at once. We'll  
make arrangements to deliver the  
first chest within the month. The  
Grand Juror signed a parchment  
with the seal of the Iron Bank  
and handed it back to Rodrick.

**JUMP TO SECTION A**

**PLAYER CHOICE PATH END**

**SECTION A BEGIN - LOAN GRANTED**

**set \$loanGranted = true**

Rodrick headed out of the juror's chamber, drawing his  
hood over his head passed through the door into the  
entrance hall once again. From the corner of his eye he  
could see Mira fluttering around Ramsey. Rodrick smiled as  
Mira's fake laughter tinkled in the air at something

(CONTINUED)

Ramsey said. Rodrick marched through the hall making sure the hood still covered his face. Ramsey stood leaning against a wall, his back to the exit. Whenever she could Mira's eyes would dart around the room. He was within meters of Mira and Ramsey, but Ramsey's gaze was transfixed at Mira. He watched horrified as Ramsey caressed her cheek with his hand.

RAMSEY

I want you to come to Winterfell  
with me.

**PLAYER CHOICE PATH BEGIN:**

**OPTION 1 : RODRICK EXITS BUILDING**

Fighting the urge to pull Mira away from the conversation, Rodrick proceeded to the exit. Standing right next to the door, he kept his gaze trained on Mira willing her to glance at him. Eventually there was a pause in the conversation and Mira's eyes flitted across the hall. As she pointed her gaze towards the exit, Rodrick's eyes met her's briefly. He could barely discern half a nod and a smile on her face before transferring her gaze back to Ramsey. Not staying a minute longer, Rodrick slipped out of the door and towards shelter. The seconds ticked by uncomfortably and Rodrick's trepidation grew by the minute. He paced back and forth uncomfortably. At long last Mira emerged from the exit. A big smile broke over her face when she saw the parchment in Rodrick's hand.

MIRA

Let's talk later. Rodrick and  
Mira disappeared into the crowd.

FADE TO BLACK. END OF EXPERIENCE

**OPTION 2 : RODRICK INTERJECTS RAMSEY**

**JUMP TO SECTION B**

**PLAYER CHOICE PATH END**

**SECTION A END**

**SECTION B BEGIN - CAUGHT BY RAMSEY**

RAMSEY

Well well well, what have we  
here. What might a little  
Forrester prince be doing in the  
Iron Bank. Ramsey's eyes darted  
towards the loan petition  
document in Rodrick's hand.

(CONTINUED)

RODRICK

What's that? Give it to me.  
Rodrick handed Ramsey the scroll.  
Ramsey's brow furrowed as he  
glanced through the parchment.

RAMSEY

Five thousand gold. Why would you  
Forester scum need that kind of  
coin?

**PLAYER CHOICE PATH BEGIN**

**OPTION 1 :**

RODRICK

We're going to rebuild Wolfswood.

RAMSEY

You're going to do what?

RODRICK

We're going to rebuild Wolfswood.  
Ramsey tore the parchment into  
two halves, then four quarters.  
He blew the pieces into Rodrick's  
face.

RAMSEY

How about this? You run along  
back to your broken city and  
we'll forget about this little  
show. Or else ...

**PLAYER CHOICE PATH BEGIN**

**OPTION 1 A : LEAVE IRON BANK WITHOUT LOAN**

**JUMP TO SECTION D**

**OPTION 1 B: CONDITIONAL BRANCH**

**(IF \$loanApproved = TRUE)**

**TELL RAMSEY MARJORY APPROVED THE LOAN**

**JUMP TO SECTION C**

**PLAYER CHOICE PATH END**

**OPTION 2 :**

**CONDITIONAL BRANCH**

**(IF \$loanApproved = TRUE)**

**TELL RAMSEY MARJORY APPROVED THE LOAN**

(CONTINUED)

**JUMP TO SECTION C**

**PLAYER CHOICE PATH END**

**SECTION B END**

**SECTION C BEGIN - RAMSEY KNOWS MARJORY APPROVED LOAN**

RODRICK  
Queen Margeary approve this loan.

RAMSEY  
Queen Margaery?

MIRA  
(whispering to Rodrick)  
What are you doing? She'll have  
me killed.

**PLAYER CHOICE PATH BEGIN**

**OPTION 1 : STAND YOUR GROUND AND HAND RAMSEY THE SCROLL**

Ramsey's eyes grew incredulously as he read the scroll,  
his gaze lingering on the Tyrell rose.

RAMSEY  
(To his servant)  
Send a raven to King's Landing  
immediately. I want to speak with  
Margaery myself.

Ramsey turns his gaze back to Mira and Rodrick.

RAMSEY  
This is a dangerous game you're  
playing little Forrester prince.  
Ramsey reached for Mira's hand  
and kissed her wrist, before  
leaving them in silence.

FADE TO BLACK. END OF EXPERIENCE

**OPTION 2 : RECANT YOUR STATEMENT AND LEAVE**

**JUMP TO SECTION D**

**PLAYER CHOICE PATH END**

**SECTION C END**

**SECTION D BEGIN - LEAVE WITHOUT LOAN**

Rodrirk turned his back and walked away half expecting Ramsey to follow him. He refused to look at Mira's dejected face as they made their way back to the fleet.

MIRA

It's ok. We fight another day.  
Iron from Ice.

RODRICK

Iron from Ice.

FADE TO BLACK. END OF EXPERIENCE

**SECTION D END**