

Narrative Exercise (August 2026)

The following script is an excerpt from a conceptualized narrative romance-fantasy game. Choices are clearly distinguished from dialogue and action, and the convergences of choices are labeled as such.

Scene Title: 051 Practice Makes Perfect

Genre: Fantasy Romance

Characters:

- **Rhea Thorne (PC):** An assassin trainee who is determined to be the best no matter what. She's headstrong, focused, and careful.
- **Magnus Delacroix (LI):** A nobleman's third son who entered the kingdom's assassin academy to rid himself of his family ties and forge a new path for himself. He's protective, flirty, and gentle, with hidden danger in his movements.

Relationship Status: Rhea and Magnus both entered the assassin's academy the same year, training side by side in a heated rivalry for the top spot in the roster. They are nearing the end of their training now. Rhea does not know Magnus' family history or his noble position. They have a tense relationship that has softened over time with Magnus' flirtatious advances, but Rhea remains guarded.

[INT. ACADEMY BEDROOM – DUSK]

Rhea is getting dressed for the mission. A knock comes to the door of Rhea's bedroom.

RHEA

Who is it?

MAGNUS

(muffled)

Room service.

RHEA

(annoyed)

Get in here, Magnus.

MAGNUS

(opens the door and peeks his head in)

I thought I'd come to find the runaway princess. I figured we should practice since we're supposed to be married and all, and you stare daggers at me on a good day.

RHEA

(crosses her arms)

I could do more to you than just stare daggers; I could bury one in your chest.

MAGNUS

(puts his hands up, smirking)

I'm almost impressed by the way you think you could get the drop on me... ever.

Player Choice:

1. Taunt him.
2. Demonstrate your lethality.

Choice #1: Taunt him.

RHEA

(scoffs)

Says the man who is eternally second place to me... And who is also hated by our trainers. What was it that Instructor Sorin said?

(deep voice)

“I will make damn sure that no matter what, you never graduate, Magnus.”

(normal voice)

It seems to me that regardless of skill, you certainly won't be receiving the Death Emblem at graduation. Don't worry, I'll make sure they give you a replica so you don't feel left out.

MAGNUS

(chuckles)

You'd do that for little old me? Careful, I think your adoration of me may get in the way of your responsibilities.

RHEA

My feelings towards you do a lot of things, but they certainly don't get in the way of my work.

MAGNUS

I'm not so sure about that, darling.

RHEA

(curls her lip)

Listen, Magnus, you may be bigger and stronger, but don't you dare underestimate me—

MAGNUS

(snort)

Underestimate? Never. However—

Magnus grabs Rhea's wrists, pinning her to the wall next to the door.

Choice #2: Demonstrate your lethality.

RHEA

(walks forward slowly and loosely)

Oh, Mag, it's adorable that you think you can still compete. When I am awarded the Death Emblem at graduation, I'll make sure they give you a replica so that you don't feel left out.

MAGNUS

(chuckles)

You'd do that for little old me? Careful, I think your adoration of me may get in the way of your responsibilities.

RHEA

My feelings towards you do a lot of things, but they certainly don't get in the way of my work.

MAGNUS

(chuckles)

I'm not so sure about that, darling.

Rhea draws her blade, kicks Magnus' leg to drop him lower to the ground, grabs Magnus, and spins him around to grapple him. She holds her blade to Magnus' neck from behind, biting the metal into his flesh just enough not to break the skin. Their faces are close. Magnus looks backwards and glances up at her, then at her lips, then back to her eyes.

MAGNUS

Is this you being scary? It's quite adorable.

RHEA

I don't need to be scary to kill you.

MAGNUS

True, but would you rather me yell "Ah, help, a terrifying assassin has gotten me!",

or “Ah, help! A little girl has accidentally stabbed me!”

RHEA

(curls her lip)

Listen, Magnus, you may be bigger and stronger, but don’t you dare underestimate me—

MAGNUS

(snort)

Underestimate? Never. However—

Magnus twists around, standing fast. He grabs Rhea’s wrists, pinning her to the wall next to the door.

Player Choice #1 and #2 Converge

MAGNUS

You really shouldn’t let your guard down.

RHEA

(blushes)

Let go of me, you insignificant, overconfident, snarky bastard!

MAGNUS

(smirks, leans his face closer)

Make me, darling.

(looks down)

Your shoes are untied...

RHEA

For your information, I was getting ready for the mission before you showed up.

MAGNUS

(softly)

Here. Peace offering.

Magnus lets go of Rhea, stepping back slightly before kneeling before her, grabbing the laces of her boots and starting to tie them up.

RHEA

(blushes deeply)

What the hell are you—? Magnus, this is...

MAGNUS

(grins)

Intimate?

(grabs her calf, looking up at her)

We will be pretending to be married in two hours. According to the file, we're meant to be quite the devoted couple. As I said, we should practice being a little softer towards each other before we go.

Player Choice:

1. Be honest.
2. Joke around.

Choice #1: Be honest.

(Skips right to the choice convergence.)

Choice #2: Joke around.

RHEA

(snorts)

You want me to act like a housewife?
Don't you know that most independent women loathe the housewife status?

MAGNUS

(smiles)

Not a housewife, just... Not you, maybe.
Shit, maybe that's a bad way of saying it,
okay—wait.

RHEA

(scoffs)

Wow.

MAGNUS

(panics)

That is not what I meant!

RHEA

(chuckles)

I know, Magnus. I'm the Ice Queen for a reason—or "Blizzard Bitch", according to some.

Player Choice #1 and #2 Converge

RHEA

(looks away)

I'm not like a wife. I'm not... Soft. I don't know how to be.

MAGNUS

Sure, you do. None of us are born as cold as ice.

RHEA

Maybe I was. Maybe I've given up on people.

MAGNUS

I don't believe that.

Magnus finishes tying Rhea's shoes, standing. He looks down at her, smirking sideways.

MAGNUS

I don't think it's about being soft enough. I think you're just afraid of flirting with me. Scared you'll like it, darling?

RHEA

(grimaces)

Fine, let's try it. What do you have in mind?

MAGNUS

(grabs her waist, pulling her closer)

Mm, something like this.

Magnus brushes Rhea's hair behind her ear. Rhea clears her throat, looking away.

RHEA

(stutters)

You're too good at this. I don't like it.

MAGNUS

(chuckles)

Worried I do this with other women?

RHEA

(rolls her eyes)

I know you do this with other women. I'm more concerned about *their* intentions than yours, womanizer.

MAGNUS

Think you can flirt back?

RHEA

Why wouldn't I be able to? I'm not letting anything threaten my perfect score, anyway.

Magnus reaches out, tangling his finger around the necklace Rhea is wearing.

MAGNUS

(sighs)

Do you ever think about anything other than your score?

RHEA

Yes, I do.

MAGNUS

(lowers his voice, leaning closer)

Like what?

RHEA

Isn't it obvious?

Rhea reaches up, wrapping her arms around Magnus' neck. Magnus' face turns a deep red color.

RHEA

(smirks)

Defeating you, of course.