

THE WATCHMAKER

Written by

David Hays Denney

Email: [haysdenney@gmail.com](mailto:haysdenney@gmail.com)  
Phone Number: (479) 217-0741

***Game Synopsis:** The Watchmaker is an artisan who makes organs which can cure diseases and extend the life of his clients. Thanks to this craft, he has extended his own life far past the natural. Soon, though, he will die. The organs he makes can only take him so far. Right now, he is coming to grips with both his death and the death of his craft. Before he dies, he needs to train someone new so he can extend the life of his craft as he did to himself. The player is to fulfill this role, get to know the Watchmaker and his struggles, come to appreciate him, and face the responsibility to continue a dying trade. This story will be representative of the death of craft in a modernizing world.*

OVER BLACK

Gravelly birdsong fills the silence.

THE PLAYER'S eyes open.

INT. WATCHMAKER'S OFFICE - DAY

The player sits directly in front of a rich wooden desk, overwhelmed with tinkering tools, papers, and a massive collection of lenses, springs, and gears. Past the chair behind the desk is a window, a vignette of the city beyond. Smokestacks loom in the distance, framing a bloated city dense with smog. On the right is a tall, lanky old man fiddling with something inside of a bird cage. This is the WATCHMAKER.

WATCHMAKER

Finally got her singing again. The stacks had gotten to her. How's she sound?

The Watchmaker looks to the player. He has a bony, wrinkled face and wears a headpiece with various magnifying glasses splayed across his eyes.

WATCHMAKER (CONT'D)

Have you been asleep?

After a moment, he laughs glumly.

WATCHMAKER (CONT'D)

Now that the finch is ticking, I reckon we ought to get started anyways.

The Watchmaker closes the bird cage, which houses a finch with some stitches across its belly. He shuffles towards the desk.

WATCHMAKER (CONT'D)  
Let's start from the top. I'm Anthrax, the city's Watchmaker, and you've been selected for this position to provide an important service.

The Watchmaker reaches somewhere under the desk and procures a shiny brass mechanism, incredibly complex and beating rhythmically.

WATCHMAKER (CONT'D)  
When you need a new organ, implanting is a lot easier than transplanting. May not be cheaper, but it's reliable. Lets you and your loved ones live another day. That's what we provide. Reliability, and time.

The Watchmaker places the device on the desk where the player can interact with it, turn it, and examine the complexity of the instrument.

WATCHMAKER (CONT'D)  
The factories pump them out by the dozen. Don't last as long as ours, though. Think of these as artisanal.

Once the player puts the organ down, the Watchmaker picks it up and puts it back in his desk. He assembles the tools and pieces on his desk.

WATCHMAKER (CONT'D)  
Let's get hands on. When I was your age, I practiced on roadkill. You won't be granted that luxury. I had a hound sent in for a new kidney. I'll guide you through it.

GAMEPLAY BEGINS