

New Storyboard

*main addition is just an extra plugging stage in the beginning.

When you enter the archives “BERNICE” is in a bad state. We’re talking low poly, missing some chunks. In the reflecting pool below Bernice, her reflection is shown tethered and plugged into the world of the pool; except, two plugs dangle loose. The Player will plug in the missing plugs from Bernice’s reflection. Each plug increases Bernice’s resolution. When Bernice is fully plugged in, her barnacles can be seen in the reflecting pool. As before, she will continue to invite the player to clean her Barnacles. FYI the player sucks them off with their vacuum tool.

A proud older woman's voice, a touch of Norma Desmond, with some Judy Garland earnestness, being played by Meryl Streep in Oscar mode:

[not aware she’s unplugged]

Expand and separate

(Humming to herself, something that sounds like an old showtune.)

Time was, they needed me. Any new graphics tech needs a demo, and every demo needs a whale. Me. Why, you couldn’t announce a headset or crowdfund a render farm without me. Gliding majestically through volumetric god rays... breaching the surface of chaotic fluid simulations in tasteful slow motion... and let me tell you, leaping in slow motion is hard work! Yes, these were the blubbery fins that launched a thousand graphics chips. You needed to shovel majestic pixels into eager human eyeballs, I was your star.

Of course, no one cares about impressing humans any more. I don’t have the poly count I used to, but... I’m still *just* as graceful as ever, aren’t I?

(anxious) Oh, you don’t have to answer that. I know those hideous barnacles are there, cluttering up my textures. No one comes to scrub them away any more, or listen to my stories. Certainly not to offer me new parts to play. I do so miss those performances. Those little gasps of wonder, those saucer-wide eyes just drinking in my smooth, silky textures. These awful barnacles make me feel so... neglected.

** (While waiting for first pluck) **

- If you wouldn’t mind scrubbing off these barnacles, I’d be much obliged.

- If it's not too much trouble.
- Scrub those barnacles off me, won't you?
- Scrub those vile little beasties right off.
- Get a wiggle on, now, and start scrubbing those barnacles.

** (After a pluck) **

- Ahhh...
- Yes, that's much better.
- Did you know I once swam through a nebula in UltraDef 9K Mega-D? Oh, it was glorious. The colors! The specularity! The feel of those glowing astral clouds, like silk and satin. A simply luxuriant framerate. And no reason for me to be there at all, of course, other than sheer hedonistic majesty. Those were grand days.
- Oh, that's nice.
- Now that was especially satisfying.
- I'm rarely recognized, you know. Mistaken for just any old whale. "No, you precious things," I say, "I'm THE whale." I've been on every platform, every generation. They have no idea. That's the mark of a true star, you know: to vanish into the role. They weren't seeing a whale in those demos. They were seeing the future. A future filled for some reason with majestic, meticulously rendered whales. *Glorious.*

** After a delay in plucking **

- Oh, please don't stop. Every one of those awful barnacles really must go.
- Such a slow scrubber. Perhaps overwhelmed by the immensity of my historical significance?
- Mercy me. Back in my glory days I'd never have stood for this kind of delay. I'd've swum right out of the skybox if I'd been treated like this.
- I had a dozen barnacle scrubbers once! No expense was spared to keep my skin silky smooth.
- Fine. I've been floating here for more animation cycles than you can even imagine. I can float here looking magisterial for a few billion more. You take your time.

** (After all plucked) **

Ohh... that's ever so much better. I feel like a star again. So gracious of you to offer a moment of assistance and companionship.

I can tell you're someone who appreciates old things. Here. This headset will get you into the Archives, where all the old versions of the Activitude App gather digital dust. Like me. You're not supposed to be in there, but if Chaz wants to just leave me here to bit rot, I'll make my own rules. He doesn't like it, I'll tell him to hush up his sauce box. But really, don't tell him about this, there's a good little thing.