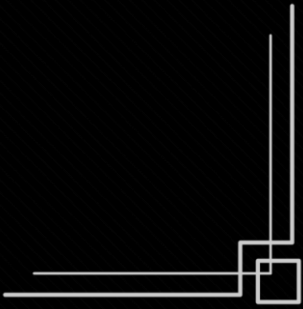
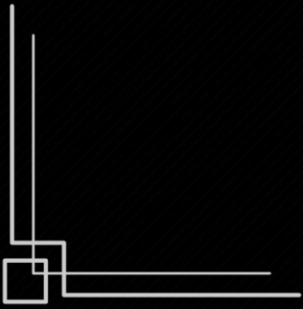




Kathryn Healy

Narrative Design + Interactive Fiction





Hi there! Thank you for your interest in my portfolio. I've worked hard to curate a collection of project samples that best highlight my skillset and unique narrative style. From cutscene scripts to bark sheets, branching story outlines to character profiles, I've got what it takes to bring your game's story to the next level. I hope you like what you see!

- Kathryn

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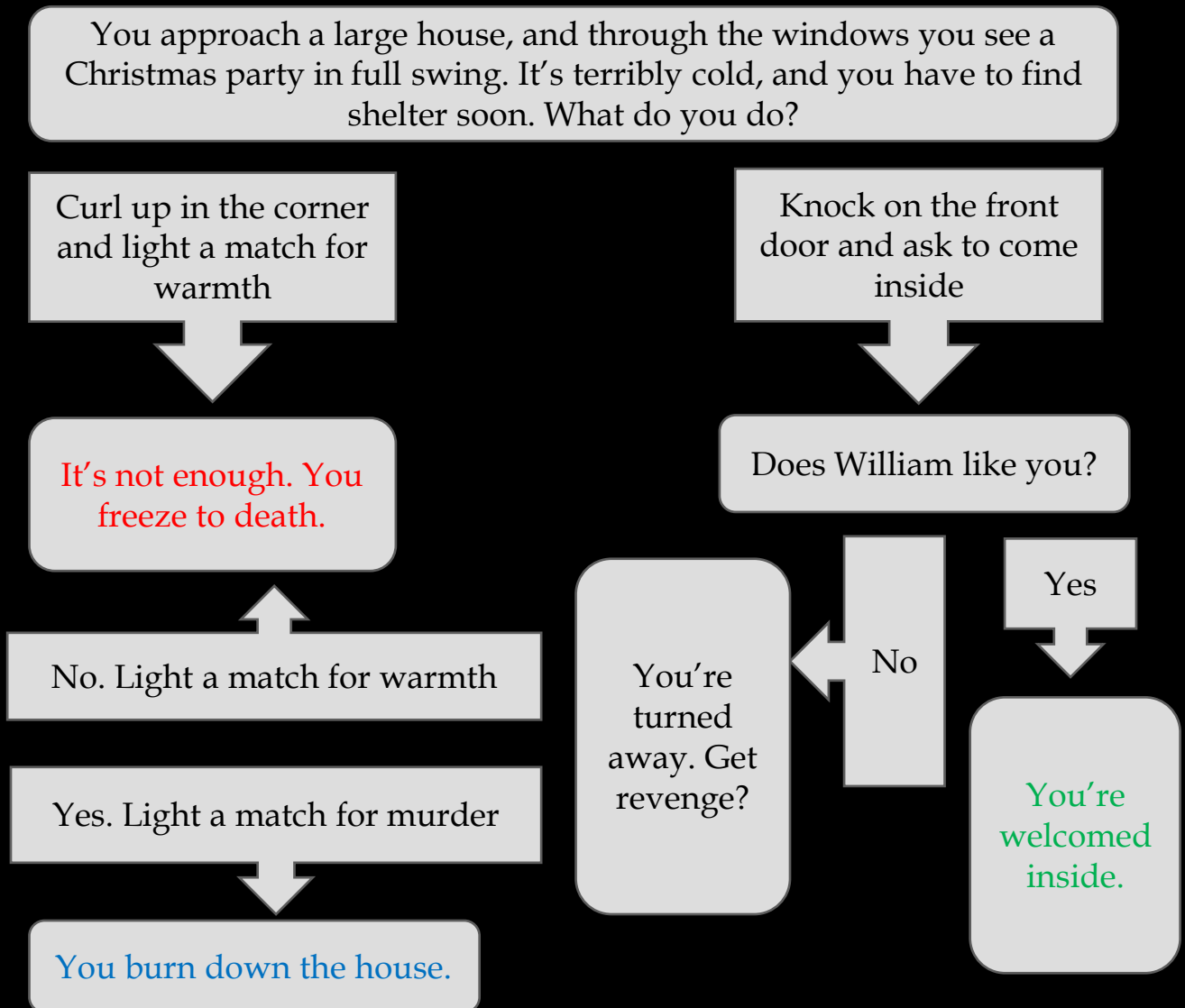
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Branching Storyline Flow Chart

No More Little Match Girl

Inspired by the Hans Christian Andersen story, this short visual novel puts you in the tattered shoes of a little girl selling matches on Christmas Eve. The classic tale ends with the little girl freezing to death, but with you in control, it might not have to be that way. This flow chart is a simplified version of the game's final choice, determining her fate.

Play the full game [here!](#)



Cinematic Cutscene Script

Southern Baptism

An excerpt from the script for “Southern Baptism,” a short cinematic about a man meeting God at a gas station in Alabama. This script demonstrates my ability to convey tension through setting and character through dialogue. The prose version of this story was published in issue #14 of Ellipsis Magazine.

Read the full script [here!](#)

GOD: Can I get you anything from the store?

CARLOS (V.O): He was generous. Must have been the New Testament God.

CARLOS: I’m alright brother, but thanks. Think they’re closed up now, anyhow.

GOD glances towards the shuttered store and smiles.

GOD: They ain’t closed to me. What brings you out here, anyway?

CARLOS: Lost my job, but I had a car. I figured I’d drive as far as I could and see where I ended up, then go from there. Trying to cross the next state line by sunup.

GOD: So, you’re just passing through?

CARLOS: Yup. Couldn’t live here long, anyhow. Pepsi town.

CARLOS gestures towards the neon sign in the store’s window, and GOD laughs. CARLOS laughs too, after a moment.

GOD: Weird to encounter God in hell, huh?

Character and Location Profiles

The Ziegfeld Brawlers

Character and Location Profiles for “The Ziegfeld Brawlers,” a turn-based action RPG about a group of 1920s showgirls who double as a guild of mercenaries. These brief profiles will appear in the game’s Party and Map screens.

Colleen MacBride

The group’s Fighter, Colleen is loud, vivacious, and eager to get herself into trouble. Despite her penchant for chaos, Colleen is a loyal friend, a ruthless mercenary, and one hell of a dancer.

Victoria Schwartz

Victoria serves as the group’s Healer, and is shy, passive, and honestly a little bit creepy. Whenever the girls are in a pinch, Victoria’s there with a well-timed healing spell... or the occasional critical hit.

The Pseudonym Club

This underground speakeasy serves as the Ziegfeld Brawlers’ guild hall, where the girls can swap party members, rest up, sell or store items, take on or deliver quests, and more.

The Credenza Building

This art deco skyscraper was finally completed in 1927... just in time for the Ziegfeld girls to destroy it. Hey, if you don’t want your building burned down, maybe don’t summon demons inside it?

Combat Bark Sheet

The Ziegfeld Brawlers

Unit	Type	Line
Colleen (Fighter)	Greeting	Hiya, toots!
	Salutation	See ya later, alligator!
	Taunt	Say Hi to Valentino for me!
	Injury	You'll be hearing from my lawyer!
	Victory	And don't you forget it!
	Death	Tell my hairdresser I love her...
	Idle	Gee whiz, this party's dead.
	Affirmative	Don't mind if I do!
Lillian (Ranger)	Greeting	How do you do?
	Salutation	Until next time...
	Taunt	(quiet chuckle)
	Injury	(pained hiss)
	Victory	That's what I thought...
	Death	This is only the beginning...
	Idle	Are we waiting for something?
	Affirmative	Of course.
Olive (Magician)	Greeting	What can I do for you, big shot?
	Salutation	You'll come back. They always do.
	Taunt	God, you're ugly.
	Injury	Back off, buster!
	Victory	Maybe I'll bring you back as a zombie slave.
	Death	I'm soooo haunting you guys.
	Idle	Ugh, I think I got mascara in my eye.
	Affirmative	One sec, I'm still breaking these heels in.
Victoria (Healer)	Greeting	Who, me?
	Salutation	Okay, I'll just go...
	Taunt	I feel sorry for you...
	Injury	Ouch!
	Victory	I'm choosing to ignore how good that felt.
	Death	Wait, no! Please!
	Idle	(humming)
	Affirmative	Oh, sure!
Greta (Rogue)	Greeting	What do you want?
	Salutation	Sure, whatever.
	Taunt	Let me put you out of your misery.
	Injury	God damn it!
	Victory	Didn't even see me coming.
	Death	And just when things were getting good.
	Idle	Anybody got a light?
	Affirmative	Alright, alright...

Lore Readables + Audio Logs

Flying Colors

Found Storytelling elements sprinkled throughout the world of Flying Colors, a sci-fi puzzle game that takes place in an abandoned moon temple. These little bits of lore help the player piece together what happened to drive everyone away and illuminates the dangers they've trapped themselves with.

New Transmission

Service Request Denied.
Technician's queue is full.
Please see troubleshooting
guide supplied with your
unit. If problem persists,
send a service request to
be added to your
technician's queue.
Thank You.

SUBJECT: EUREKA!

After years of what felt like
fruitless research, we've finally
had the breakthrough we've
been waiting for. We uploaded
Baxter's neurochip into Unit
480's central terminal using the
program you developed and... it
worked. Baxter woke up. This
could be the key to immortality!

Leon Santana

Transcript: Hey man.... Um, you know, as much as I hate to admit
you were right... I think you might be right this time. Look, I saw
something out in the service bay, and I... I don't really know how to
explain it. It's just... things might be going south with the whole
Fate's Eye thing, and it might be time to split them up. Just so
nobody else gets any funny ideas. I'm sorry I didn't believe you.

Short Prose Samples

Aside from writing and narrative development for video games, I'm also an experienced author of speculative fiction. My work has been nominated for awards, (in fact, *Southern Baptism* was longlisted for the 2023 Not Quite Write Award), published in multiple print and online magazines, and has even been adapted into audio for podcast distribution.

Ahead, I've included samples from two very different pieces so that you can get a feel for how I can adapt my style to fit any genre and tone while still delivering on the same level of quality. If you'd like to read the rest of my short fiction, my body of work can be found [here](#).

Below is a list of my most recent writing credits:

- "The Lights Under Rachel" *Beyond and Within: Folk Horror* (Flame Tree Press), 2024
 - "Southern Baptism" *Swansong* (Ellipsis Magazine), 2024
 - "Atomograd" *Creepy Podcast* (Rise Up Lights Productions), 2023
 - "The Golden Gloves" *December Tales II* (Curious Blue Press), 2023
- "Last Night in Marrakesh" *Shadows and Knives* (Elegant Literature Magazine), 2023

Short Prose Samples - Horror

Atomograd

“Atomograd” tells of a day in the life of the last inhabitant of a nuclear exclusion zone... or what’s left of him, at least.

Read the full story [here](#).

I grab my shotgun as I leave for work, planning to hunt for more dog food on the way home. I have always worked at the elementary school. Constant Kostyantyn has always been and forever will be an art teacher, whether there are students to teach or not. The elementary school is only a ten minute walk away if you pass through the park. I don't like to go through the park anymore, since it always seems to be overrun by Stalkers. Something about it attracts them, drawing them to it while they flash their lights and call to each other through their trunks like those big gray animals whatweretheycalledagain.

I don't run into any Stalkers on my walk to the school, though at one point I do hear a loud cry from the direction of the park. It sounds far away, but I turn to follow the sound and see the top of the big wheel over the treeline. The Stalkers love the big wheel, always climbing on it and sitting in its huge yellow bulbs and flashing their lights at it. I don't remember what the wheel was originally for — it was built shortly before the Exodus and never had a chance to be used. I suppose it could have had something to do with the buzzing building way off in the distance. I never go to the buzzing building. It's not a pleasant buzz, like the dogs and the carrots. It makes my body fall apart.

I head straight for the gymnasium. It's the most comfortable spot in the building now, since I don't like the smaller rooms and I have a hard time going upstairs these days. The small rooms make me feel trapped, and they tend to have more furniture. I've found that more furniture means more dust, which irritates me and sticks to my body and gets in my eyes and my mouth and my nose and my chest and between my fingers and in my ears and into my teeth and into my blood and I would prefer to avoid it altogether. So now I sit in the gymnasium and use the sparkly green goop from the old swimming pool to paint my pictures.

Short Prose Samples - Romance

Baristas and Betrayal

Now for something a bit less grim. “Baristas and Betrayal” is a fun and lighthearted story about a girl reconnecting with her ex over a cup of coffee... sort of. It’s perfect for choice-based romance mobile games and visual novel dating sims.

Read the full story [here](#).

Anya stepped up to the counter, still staring at her phone as the barista turned around.

“Oh, I was about to ask for your name, but I guess I don’t have to.”

“What?” Anya asked, looking up. She froze. The brown eyes she had seen on the banner a few moments before were locked on hers. “Oh. Nick,” she said, trying to keep her voice level.

He smiled at her, but it was a lopsided, goofy sort of smile she had never seen from him before. “I had glimpsed you in the line a couple times, but I couldn’t tell for sure if it was you or not until just now,” he said, his voice wavering a bit.

Is he scared? Do I make him nervous? Anya thought. *Good.*

“Yeah, I didn’t recognize you either with the whole...” Anya trailed off, gesturing at his pink hair. “Anyway, can I get a —”

“Iced Caramel Macchiato? Come on Anya, I remember.”

“That’s not what I was going to say,” Anya lied. “I want a...” she flicked her gaze to the menu above Nick’s head. “Matcha latte.”

“You don’t like matcha.”

“I do now.”

Nick huffed a laugh and grabbed a cup off the stack, scrawling her name on it with a marker. “Alright, well, if you don’t like your latte just know that it’s my first day, so it might not be perfect.”

Anya could feel her face growing hot, and she told herself it was anger at seeing him here, working this stupid barista job after stealing her chance at breaking into her dream career.

Suddenly feeling mean, she said, “I see that fancy bio internship didn’t do much for you career-wise.”



Thank You!

I appreciate you taking the time to look through my portfolio. If you'd like a more in-depth view of my work, there's more where that came from at kathrynhealy.com.

If you're interested in working with me, please don't hesitate to drop me a line at khealycreative@gmail.com

I'm looking forward to hearing from you!

