

HELIOS EMPIRE

CUTSCENE WRITING SAMPLE

written by Andrew Ivimey

The follow sample is a spec script for a video game cutscene. It is set in a Sci-Fi Fantasy universe. On a distant planet, a group of galactic settlers who were left behind to die have created a thriving society. Now they are at war with the Empire that abandoned them and the situation is dire.

204-265 Balliol St
Toronto, ON
M4S 1C9
416.389.7673
andrewbookings@gmail.com
www.andrewivimey.com

INT. PLANET NEOS KOSMOS - WAR ROOM - DAY

A large assembly room, until recently it was a modest assembly place used for democratic discussions. But in the previous months it has been hastily transformed. The walls, once lined with holographic projections of previous leaders, have been reprogrammed to display maps of the solar system and projections of star charts with ship movement. Dishevelled troops flow in and out in a hurried flow of objects and intelligence. Enter COMMANDER CIRCE (40s, female, lean muscularity, in a metallic flight suit), she is giving orders to several troops as she moves toward a group of high ranking military officials arguing at the map.

COMMANDER CIRCE

(to a soldier at a
communication station)

Get a message to the 3rd fleet,
prepare fire at 20 degrees right
ascension, that's where the enemy
will enter the galactic plane to
avoid the meteor belt.

(grabbing another soldier)

Tell the base commander I need a
fast ship fuelled up, prepped to
take me to the fight.

GENERAL ODEON

Commander Circe, glad you're here.

ADVISOR JARL

How nice of you to join us in our
final hours. Perhaps your wisdom
can help us draft our surrender.

COMMANDER CIRCE

What's our situation?

GENERAL ODEON

The enemy is pushing back our ships
at the outer planets. They've
landed at Argos and are attacking
the ground facilities. If we lose
those, we'll only have our moon
facilities for supplies.

COMMANDER CIRCE

We must hold Argos!

ADVISOR JARL

Argos is lost. Sir, I must again
advise surrender. We're out matched
and outnumbered. We have to think
of our people and of our survival.

Commander Circe shoots Advisor Jarl a dangerous and scornful look. Jarl cowardly looks down, avoiding her gaze.

GENERAL ODEON

Circe, take the 4th regiment and head to Argos. But be prepared to fall back to our moon facilities. We can't take much more loss.

COMMANDER CIRCE

(to the troops)

FOURTH REGIMENT! PREP FOR DEPARTURE! WE'RE HEADING TO ARGOS!

Circe looks out at the troops moving and can see their scared faces, tired and broken. Morale hanging on by a thread.

COMMANDER CIRCE (CONT'D)

LISTEN UP! The Helios Empire already tried to kill us once. In their attempt to colonize the galaxy they sent us to this system to settle it. But after they deemed it too dangerous to be financially viable they left us here to die. Cut off, no resupplies, no help, an acceptable loss on their expense reports... But we didn't die did we! We scraped and clawed our way to survival. Then we did better, we excelled, we built a space program with scraps and broken data pads and now we thrive as one of the most powerful damn systems in the galaxy! We mined the deadliest planets. And now that our mines have value, the Helios Empire is back to take from us what is ours. What we toiled for, bled for. They tried to kill us once but they couldn't. Not then. Not today. Fourth Regiment, are you with me!?

The gathered troops cheer, faces filled with hope.

SOLDIER

Commander Circe! The ship you wanted is fuelled and ready. Battalion on standby.

COMMANDER CIRCE

(to the leaders)

Odeon, we're counting on you. And Jarl... fuck you.