

LOST SOLDIERS

CUTSCENE WRITING SAMPLE

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The follow sample is a spec script for a video game cutscene. It is a Sci-Fi drama that takes place in an altered present. In a raging war both sides look for any advantage they can get, even if that means compromising themselves.

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EXT. CITY - NIGHT

A war torn city street, concrete mid-rises in different states of disrepair, bullet holes, mortar shells, evacuated long ago. In one of the buildings, on a small recessed balcony we see LT DRUMMOND (Male, Black, mid 20's, large build) with binoculars around his neck.

LT. DRUMMOND

I'm approaching the enemy blockade.
Any info on what I'm looking for
here Doc?

DR. STRAPP (V.O.)

It's classified.

LT. DRUMMOND

We're knee deep in a war zone here
everything is classified, but I'd
like to know if I'm about to catch
a baseball or a bullet.

DR. STRAPP (V.O.)

Just let me know if you see
anything out of the ordinary.

BINOCULARS POV - At one end of the street is a military blockade. Soldiers at the intersection begin to yell and point, opening fire. The binoculars move down the street and spot a group in their underwear with tubes and wiring hanging off their bodies, screaming and running toward the blockade.

LT. DRUMMOND

Uh... I think I have something out
of the ordinary here.

DR. STRAPP (V.O.)

Is it a bunch of people in their
underwear with electrodes attached?

LT. DRUMMOND

Helluva guess there Doc. Amazing
how quick these things become
declassified when you want to huh?

DR. STAPP (V.O.)

Bring them back to me.

LT. DRUMMOND

The nudies? Well, I'm about 15
stories up, 4 blocks away and they
are attacking a heavily fortified
blockade, by the time I get to them
they'll be dead.

DR. STAPP (V.O.)
Then you need to recover samples
from their bodies. Do you copy?

LT. DRUMMOND
Copy.
(to himself)
I shoulda joined the damn Air
Force. Bet they ain't flying
around, rounding up sky nudists.

Lt. Drummond ties a rope to some exposed rebar and rappels down the building. Landing and unhooking rapidly he begins to run through the streets toward the blockade.

LT. DRUMMOND (CONT'D)
What are we dealing with here? Is
it a contagion, infectious?

DR. STAPP (V.O.)
They were exposed to a nerve gas by
the enemy. They're delusional and
escaped from our mental facilities.

As he gets closer the sound of gunfire has been replaced by the sound of yelling and screaming. Rounding the corner Lt. Drummond sees bodies everywhere. One semi dressed escapee remains, and he is moving at inhuman speeds. A blur, he moves from enemy to enemy, kicking one so hard he disappears into the night, grabbing another and ripping him asunder. Until there is no one left except the escapee, who sees Lt. Drummond and in a blur is next to him.

LT. DRUMMOND
How... how did you do that?

ESCAPEE
We were upgraded to fight the
enemy. Programmed to fight the
enemy. We had to escape. Had to
fight! Our brains were screaming.
Our blood feels like fire. Don't
send us back. He experiments on us.
You can't trust him!... I can't...

The soldier picks up a gun

LT. DRUMMOND
NO D'...

Before Lt. Drummond can respond the Escapee shoots himself. Lt. Drummond stands wide eyed and in shock.

DR. STAPP (V.O.)
Lt Drummond?... Lt Drummond do you
copy? ... Did you obtain a sample?

Lt. Drummond looks down at his uniform and see's the blood
splatter of the escapee on the arm of his uniform.

DR. STAPP
I repeat. Did you obtain a blood
sample!? I NEED ANY BLOOD SAMPLE!

Lt. Drummond considers this for a moment. Then makes his
decision, he grabs a water canteen from his bag and pours it
over his arm, rubbing to get the blood stains out.

LT. DRUMMOND
Negative sir. Impossible to get a
blood sample. The bodies were
burned by the time I got here.