

SPECTRUM (CHAPTER 1 CUTSCENE)

Written by

DAULTON SCOTT

FADE IN:

INT. DERELICT ARCADE, THE SHATTERED DOMAIN (EARTH) - DAY

The interior of the abandoned arcade building is completely ruined; parts of the ceiling have caved in and left piles of rubble on the ground, the arcade cabinets and furniture are covered in dust, and exposed wiring protrudes from the walls. CYRIL (male, 24) and FORSYTHIA (female, 25) slowly walk into the arcade. They are wearing worn-out clothes and look dirty and unkempt. Their weapons are drawn as they carefully examine the premises for Devourers. After a few moments, CYRIL begins to lower his guard. He looks wistfully at his surroundings.

FORSYTHIA (O.C)

This area is clear.

After a brief pause, FORSYTHIA looks in CYRIL'S direction. She lowers her weapon and approaches him.

FORSYTHIA

Is everything alright?

CYRIL

I've been to this place before..
Last year. Before the Devourers
came. I went with my friends after
we finished our midterms.

CYRIL stops and focuses his gaze on an object in the room opposite where he is standing. He points his finger at it.

CYRIL

Over there!

CYRIL walks towards a dusty, beat-up arcade cabinet with the logo "Corona Stream V: Ultimate Fighting Champions." Despite its worn-down condition, it looks fancier than the other machines in the room. He begins thoroughly examining it with great enthusiasm. FORSYTHIA remains standing where she is as she crosses her arms while looking towards CYRIL.

CYRIL

This is Corona Stream V! I
remember this was the first game I
played when I got here. It was
with my friend Steven.

(MORE)

CYRIL (CONT'D)

He's way better at games than I am; he crushed me almost every round. I didn't care, though. It was just fun to be with my classmates and not worry about school, at least for a little while.

CYRIL steps back from the machine. He looks around at the ceiling, eyeing the broken speakers that remain intact.

CYRIL

The music they played here was really good. Lots of alt-rock, my favourite. This song by "New-Moon Bind" came on, and my friends and I started singing along... I miss them so much. I wish I could hear that song again.

FORSYTHIA uncrosses her arms and slowly walks towards CYRIL.

FORSYTHIA

(interrogating)

Why did you come here with me?

CYRIL breaks out of his nostalgic trance and looks at FORSYTHIA.

CYRIL

(confused)

Excuse me?

FORSYTHIA

The others at our camp clearly don't like my father and me that much. I don't mind. It's been like that all my life; I'm used to it. You, on the other hand... Why are you trying to be my friend?

CYRIL

(sarcastically)

Would you prefer it if I wasn't?

FORSYTHIA

It's not about what I want. It's about reality.

CYRIL

(confused)

Wait... What?!

FORSYTHIA slowly paces back and forth as she talks to CYRIL.

FORSYTHIA

(smugly)

We can't be friends. You and I, we're too different. I believe in the wrath of God, and I know that how you choose to live your life is wrong. We have nothing in common, and we'd never agree on anything. Eventually, you'll just get fed up and walk away. And I'll be okay because I know God is good, and those who are meant to stay in my life believe that too.

CYRIL

Why do you do that?

FORSYTHIA stops pacing and looks at CYRIL.

FORSYTHIA

Do what?

CYRIL

(frustrated)

This! You're always preaching about God and how everyone but you and your father "lives in sin." I'm just trying to tell you a story about my friends, who are probably dead or missing or... I don't know! And you think now is the best time to tell me we can't be friends? Why do you have to ruin this moment?

FORSYTHIA chuckles and walks towards a stairwell on the North side of the room. The first few steps are covered in large chunks of rubble.

FORSYTHIA

(amused)

I'm not trying to ruin anything;
I'm just trying to speak the
truth. Like I said, you're getting
fed up and ready to walk away
because hearing that you're going
to Hell is just too painful for
you to face.

CYRIL

We're already in Hell, Forsythia.

FORSYTHIA reaches the stairwell and begins moving the pieces of rubble out of the way. She struggles as the concrete is heavy.

FORSYTHIA

No, this is merely the result of
Man letting Satan into our world
and turning it into his kingdom.

CYRIL

If Hell is Satan's kingdom, and we
let him in to conquer our world
and make it his, then doesn't that
technically mean we're in Hell?

FORSYTHIA

(pondering)

Well... that doesn't change the fact
that God is coming to bring forth
the rapture and take his children
into his arms.

CYRIL

You didn't answer my question.

FORSYTHIA

It was a stupid question!

FORSYTHIA moves the last piece of rubble away from the front of the stairs. FORYSTHIA begins to climb the stairs as CYRIL quickly walks towards her.

CYRIL

Are you afraid that God has
forgotten about us?

FORSYTHIA stops midway up the stairs as she hears these words. CYRIL begins climbing the stairs. She does not turn to face CYRIL; instead, she pauses for a moment before lowering her head slightly and speaking.

FORSYTHIA

(timidly)

I'm not afraid... I believe that- I
know that God is coming soon. I
know it!

CYRIL finishes walking and stops just behind FORSYTHIA.

CYRIL

(somberly)

Forsythia, it's been six months.
Where is he?

FORSYTHIA begins turning towards CYRIL before a loud explosion is heard from the south end of the second floor. CYRIL and FORSYTHIA turn towards the direction of the noise in shock. Sounds of electric sparks and the distorted growl of Devourers filling the air follow. FORSYTHIA looks at CYRIL.

FORSYTHIA

(seriously)

Not here.

The two draw their weapons and quickly ascend the stairs. The scene transitions from a cutscene to gameplay as the player regains control of CYRIL.

THE END