

*The following is a scripted opening cutscene for a World War II FPS game in the tradition of Call of Duty, intended to establish tone, perspective, and player embodiment before gameplay begins.*

**INT. THE CATACOMBS OF PARIS-1942- NIGHT.**

Everything is dark.

Save for a spark of LIGHT in the distance. The camera moves towards it at a man's pace. Accompanied by the sound of boots SCUFFLING forward, towards the light source.

A single tin oil LANTERN, 1930's german design, resting on column of SKULLS and illuminating Wall-to-wall HUMAN BONES.

We are in the CATACOMBS of FRANCE.

The footsteps and camera stop, at the edge of the light.

MAN (O.S.)  
(whispered)  
What is it, Aurore?

WOMAN/AURORE (O.S.)  
(whispered)  
I don't...  
(a beat)  
We should turn back.

A RIFLE COCKS, further down the shaft.

AURORE  
*There!*

A MAN, a 1940's french resistance fighter rushes past camera, into the light, pistol in hand, taking aim for the lantern-

AURORE (CONT'D)  
RENE, NO!

The lantern EXPLODES as Rene's bullet hits it.

Beyond, a split second FLASH reveals-

-A platoon of NAZI TROOPS taking aim.

The shaft of bones comes alive in GUNFIRE!

MUZZLE FLAIR turning the room into cacophony of flashing lights as Rene, the resistance fighter, is MULCHED.

The Nazi's advance, the camera pulling back with THE RESISTANCE, now in full retreat as the acoustics of the bullets reverberate down the shaft like a drum.

Tripping, falling, trying to flee backwards into the dark, as one by one their number is reduced in the hail-fire of lead.

*A WOMAN stumbles low. Covering her chest.*

She doesn't rise. Her hands work frantically beneath her.

*The platoon is nearly on top of her!*

But her focus is on the MATCH.

SPARKING to life, in her fingers.

Igniting the GAS SOAKED CLOTH leading into-

THE MOLOTOV COCKTAIL.

She then twists, hurling it into the densely packed NAZIS!

*ENGULFING THEM ALL!*

The fire reveals the woman as AURORE. We see her face clearly, as she rises to her feet.

On one side, it is the face of an angelic beauty, but on the other, the features are more scar tissue than flesh. Her cheeks and mouth mutilating by a shrapnel blast. But the eye still works. Reflecting the burning fires back at the dying men, magnified by the HATE radiating out of her.

AURORE (CONT'D)

That's how *that* feels.

She kneels, picking up a dropped RIFLE.

*COCKS it.*

And fires.

The camera rushes forward through the MUZZLE FLASH-

**TRANSITION INTO  
FPS GAMEPLAY.**