

# Nelson English Usage

*Digital resources for the Australian Curriculum*

## *Cutscene script example*

This example will help you to structure, write and complete the **Writing a cutscene** worksheet. In video games, cutscenes are special sequences where the player has limited or no control over gameplay. Usually, cutscenes are triggered by particular actions such as completing a key task or a level, or entering a particular location in the game's universe. Cutscenes are often rendered in higher quality graphics than the rest of the game because they do not require smooth gameplay, and because of this, they can be much more creative and aesthetically detailed than the rest of the game.

### **Example**

#### **INT. A QUIET, DARKENED LIBRARY IN AN OLD MANSION – NIGHT.**

It is after 3 a.m. and THE WOMAN is curled up, sleeping, on an old leather sofa. She has a book open on her chest, having plainly fallen asleep while reading. The fireplace has long been burning, but continues to crackle and spit rather die out.

The room is large - thin and long with floor-to-ceiling bookcases along the two long walls. The walls at either end of the room have a narrow sash window with a window seat, and a set of mahogany double doors, respectively. The scene would seem gothic (think Edgar Allan Poe's *The Raven*), except for the woman's tattoos, the lack of rain and the laptop spread open on the floor.

The sofa she lies upon is back-to-back with another sofa. On that sofa, a large Boxer puppy has his head perched on the sofa back, looking down at his owner. The only other furniture in the room is a tall pedestal lamp that overlooks both sofas.

The scene zooms in. The book she was reading is called *Hacking for Dummies*. The Woman's mobile phone rings.

THE WOMAN

(Lazily) Hello? What is it? (Pause.)

The Woman inhales. The caller's voice can be heard, unintelligibly.

THE WOMAN (CONT'D)

Are you joking?

She frowns and sits up. Her feet miss the target and instead, she slams her toes onto the open laptop keyboard. The keys crunch. She murmurs a curse under her breath.

THE WOMAN (CONT'D)

I'm up, I'm up!

She looks toward the double doors and then the window. The search light of a helicopter appears in the window. The light pans in and out as it scans the grounds outside.

THE WOMAN (CONT'D)

Well, what do you expect me to do, then? (Pause.) Again: are you joking? (Pause.) Well, obviously you're not joking, because the cops are at the house.

The Woman takes the phone from her ear to put her shoes on and then her coat. This time, the caller's voice is much louder and can be heard clearly.

THE CALLER

I'm sorry, lady, but this kind of thing has its downsides. You were expecting all the excitement of a retirement home, or a carousel ride. (Pause.) This is more like a roller coaster. Sometimes it's even like the Tower of Terror.

The Woman leans over to pet the dog, and pulls its leash from her coat pocket. The dog's face perks up immediately.

THE WOMAN

I can't believe I'm going to take a dog down there.

THE CALLER

Well, you could leave it ...

THE WOMAN

No, I really, really couldn't.

The Woman walks toward the window, half-dragged by the dog on its leash. She opens the window seat cover and takes one last look out the window. She feels the searchlight honing in on her. She waves as she climbs into the window seat, the dog behind her.

The window seat cover slams shut as they start to descend a staircase. At the foot of the stairs: a smoky red blur. The Woman and the dog walk on. The dog's tail is the last thing to disappear into the red smoke. A flash of light. A rumbling sound. The window seat door is suddenly opened from inside the library, and several sets of feet tramp, militarily efficient, down the stairs. THE SOLDIER hits the foot of the stairs with a thud as his forehead smacks into concrete.

THE SOLDIER

A dead-end staircase?

He shakes his head, rubbing at his forehead.

THE SOLDIER (CONT'D)

I saw her go in there! I know I did!

The Soldier looks up at the men behind him, and they avoid his eyes.

THE SOLDIER (CONT'D)

She came in here, with the dog, and now it's a dead-end staircase. I don't get it.

The men on the staircase glance at one another, clearly ill-at-ease. Finally, one speaks.

MAN 1

Sir, you know about this house, don't you? You understand why it's ... (trails off)

The man points at the dead-end staircase, and then shrugs.

MAN 1 (CONT'D)

... Why it's (emphasis) weird, right?

**SCREEN FADES TO BLACK.**