

STONE AND FLAME

Gameplay Script Sample

Written by

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**Type of Game:** AAA Action-Adventure game for Consoles.

**Mechanics:** The primary mechanic involves using elemental abilities (Water, Earth, Fire, Air) in 3rd person melee combat. Each element has a unique style of gameplay which affect the player's abilities and how they use them in combat. Secondly, players will be able to use these abilities to solve platforming and environmental puzzles.

**Setting And World Brief:** A post-apocalyptic fantasy world with inspiration from cowboy westerns. Humans are now rare, and the Primordials, which control the elements, have been imprisoned. Rheora, a young woman, has been set on a journey to free the Primordials and use their powers to rescue her brother. Prior to this cutscene, she has already freed Stone, and has grown accustomed to his presence inside her head, but now she must find and free Flame and learn the abilities she will grant to Rheora.

**Cutscene Outline:** This Cutscene takes place right as Rheora finishes tracking down the fire Primordial, Flame. She must free Flame, then learn the new suite of abilities open to her to fight off Wind Sprites, an enemy type in the game.

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INT. DECREPIT BAR - DAY.

Sunlight slips through the cracks and rubble of the abandoned saloon, painting the dust covered walls and broken furniture. The desert winds blow sand beneath the boarded door.

A board is kicked in, flooding the dark room. RHEORA, 22, a thin woman with a bald head and patchwork clothing, bends low and slips inside.

RHEORA

You're sure it's here, Stone?

STONE, primordial, disembodied voice taking up residence inside Rheora's mind, responds in a gravel-filled voice akin to a southern avalanche.

STONE (V.O.)

I'd recognize her roar anywhere,  
Ms. Rheora. Trust.

Rheora walks to the splintered bar counter and taps both hands on its surface. Her hands knock against the counter as she looks both directions, then gives an exasperated sigh.

She gazes at the shattered mirror behind the bar and into her own gaunt eyes. They verge on hopelessness before she shakes the thought away.

STONE (V.O.)

We'll get him back, Ms. Rheora.

RHEORA

I know. I know.

She glances down. The reflection shows an unbroken bottle of liquor beneath the counter.

She lays across it and reaches down, and her feet lift to her tiptoes. She stretches for the bottle, just out of her grasp.

RHEORA (CONT'D)

(grunting with effort.)

It's a...weird place...for a  
primordial to be...don't you think?  
I mean...I found you...in a  
temple...

A pillar of earth juts upward from the ground beneath Rheora's feet, jolting her forward just enough to grab the bottle. It retracts. She hops back down and uncorks her prize.

RHEORA (CONT'D)

Thanks.

She raises the bottle to her lips.

STONE (V.O.)

Flame always had an...interesting attraction to things she shouldn't. Could say this saloon *is* her temple. In a way.

Rheora pulls the bottle from her lips and struggles against the bitter liquid. She swallows with a grimace.

STONE (V.O.)

Not all of us spent our incarceration with dignity, it would seem.

Rheora pulls the bottle back to her lips, then hesitates. Reconsidering, she drops it to the floor, barely noticing the sharp shatter of glass.

RHEORA

So where is she, then?

A solid object thuds to the floor from the other side of the counter. The slow rumble of a rolling stone echoes through the bar before the sphere peeks out from behind the bar.

Six inches in diameter, the crimson orb with a flickering orange and yellow center rolls steadily toward the now spreading alcohol.

At the precipice, Rheora stops the orb with her foot before it can touch the liquid.

STONE (V.O.)

Like I said. An attraction.

Rheora bends down and picks up the prison. She turns the sphere over in her hand, its inner light following just behind as it rotates.

RHEORA

Do we really need her? We were doing so well on our own.

STONE (V.O.)

There's only so much I can do, Ms. Rheora. You and I both saw what stands against us. I can't protect you from-

Chittering laughter sweeps past the entrance to the bar.

Rheora twirls around, raising her fists like a boxer. The way Stone taught her. The sphere dances in her right hand's grip. The swirling laughter echoes as the voices dart across the doorway.

STONE (V.O.)

Any hope you have of making it out of here is in your hand.

RHEORA

But-

STONE (V.O.)

I. Can't. Help you, Rheora. Flame can.

The boards Rheora had snuck through just moments before rattle violently with each teasing pass.

STONE (V.O.)

Break her out. Take her power. Now!

Rheora grits her teeth and looks at the sphere.

**//GAMEPLAY: Press Right Trigger to break Flame out.**

She shuts her eyes and squeezes. The prison holding the primordial shatters.

Fire roars across Rheora's arm and spreads up her body and into her mind. FLAME, primordial, takes up residence, her voice like a roaring flicker speaking faster than thought.

FLAME (V.O.)

WOAH. Took your damn time. You know how long I've been in there? Who are you? How come I-

The boards burst into the bar. Flittering wisps of wind that barely hold an infant-like form dart into the room and swirl around Rheora. They bump and slam into everything, sending the bar into chaos.

Flame's voice grows hungry.

FLAME (V.O.)

Wind sprites.

RHEORA

Can you take care of them?

FLAME (V.O.)

Well of course *I* could, girl, but where's the fun in that? After all, is fire really *alive* if it can't be *snuffed out*?

RHEORA

What? What kind of-

FLAME (V.O.)

Oh is talking all you can do, girl?

Rheora enters her fighting stance once again.

**//GAMEPLAY: Press Right Trigger to attack**

Rheora punches through the air, fist hitting one of the wind sprites as it darts in front of her. It reforms a second later, unharmed.

**//GAMEPLAY: Press Right Trigger to attack**

She punches again, the sprite reforming right in front of her. It wags its makeshift hands and laughs, then darts forward, slamming Rheora across the face. She staggers backward.

FLAME (V.O.)

What are you doing, girl?

RHEORA

Fighting!

FLAME (V.O.)

Chaos. This is how you fight? Where's your *energy*? Your *fire*?

**//GAMEPLAY: Hold Left Trigger to charge up *Energy*. (1/4 charge)**

**//GAMEPLAY: Press Right Trigger to attack (expend 1/4 *Energy*)**

Rheora strikes forward, a flame trailing behind her fist. She hits the wind sprite with a burst of fire, igniting the very air it uses as a body.

RHEORA

Yes!

FLAME (V.O.)

Great. You got one. You're not done yet.

**//GAMEPLAY: Hold Left Trigger to charge up *Energy*. (1/4 charge)**

Rheora is struck across the face by a wind sprite. Her built up energy dissipates.

**//GAMEPLAY: Hold Left Trigger to charge up *Energy*. (1/4 charge)**

Rheora is uppercut by a sprite and sent stumbling backward, her building energy once again interrupted. She leans against the bar, struggling to stay upright.

FLAME (V.O.)

Chaos. You've been fighting with *Stone* haven't you? Bastard always did train his fools to *stand and deliver*.

Rheora raises her arms in front of her face, blocking a sprite from slamming into her.

FLAME (V.O.)

Oh for fire's sake. *Move, girl!*

Another sprite rushes toward Rheora.

**//GAMEPLAY: Press B to dodge incoming attacks. (passive ability/no energy needed)**

A jet of flame shoots from Rheora's body as she darts to the left, propelling her at supernatural speed.

The wind sprite shoots past her and hovers where she once stood.

**//GAMEPLAY: Hold Left Trigger to charge up *Energy*. (1/4 charge)**

The wind sprite flips around and faces Rheora. It smiles, then dashes at her once again.

FLAME

Now!

**//GAMEPLAY: Press Right Trigger to attack. (expend 1/4 *Energy*)**

Rheora's flaming fist slams against the sprite, its body combusting like paper beneath Rheora's fire.

RHEORA

(slightly winded.)

Okay. I think I'm getting the hang of this.

FLAME (V.O.)

You call *this* getting the hang of it? Fire's wrath, I've been freed by an *idiot*.

More wind sprites laugh as they rush into the saloon from outside and swirl around Rheora.

FLAME (V.O.)

Best learn up quick, girl. You ain't done yet.

Transition to Gameplay.