



Gaming Script Round 1

THE HERO/HEROINE

Our voice is a realist with a dark presence who understands the nature of the beast.

Articulate, casual tone with a tinge of festering memories plaguing your mind.

Down-played narration, less colorful, nearly background. The on-screen visuals will color most of the story. First person narration: sounding brave, calm, and confident:

“This place is called the black forest for a reason. It’s name is suiting. Everything here reeks of rot and mold. By late afternoon the sun no longer shines and the night, comes the forest’s creatures, prepared with their insatiated appetite for anything with a heartbeat. It’s terrifying.”

The hero hears yips of hyena-like animals in the distance, and low guttural rumblings much nearer, suggesting something massive is approaching. The hero takes in a sharp-drawn breath of momentary fear, followed by an exhale of battle preparation.

The Hero

sharp-drawn breath

exhale of battle preparation

A massive beast shows itself. It’s final footstep lands so heavily that it causes the ground to shake like a centralized earthquake. The Hero (loses footing on the uneven ground and falls back with an audible gasp – as the wind is knocked out of his/her lungs. The hero quickly regains footing, now standing and gazing upward at the forest ogre, who towers above.)

getting the wind knocked out of them

effort standing upright after getting wind knocked out of them

*(Channeling the anger of being met with yet another monumental challenge, speaks in a deep, full-bodied, confident tone. *Note that cursed is pronounced in one syllable, not two.)*

“I didn’t come this far to fall to the fate of this cursed forest.”

The hero swiftly begins to scale a nearby tree to gain a better vantage point over the forest ogre.

3x massive leaps from tree limbs.

3x dangerous, close-call catches when clinging for their life onto the landing branch.

Now up high, the hero can see a familiar medallion around the neck of the forest ogre.

(Said in a quick, serious, perplexed, and concerned voice)

“The cursed medallion of Duhu? (doo-hoo)”

The hero and ogre lock eyes. The hero sees something in the soul of the ogre that feels as familiar as the medallion.

(Suddenly filled with shock, then compassion, and determination)

“...Old friend... I have freed our people. And I will free you too.”