

BUSTED

written by

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INT. ENOCH INDUSTRIES HEADQUARTERS

CYBERPUNK GENRE. YEAR 2067. NEO LONDON.

CONTEXT:

Luce (PLAYER - cyberhacker) has infiltrated Enoch Industries to steal data on human experimentation and cyberpsychosis.

Luce leans over a desk in the lavish head office, fixated on the screen. A hard drive blinks next to the PC. It is plugged in and downloading.

LUCE

I'm in.

SPARK [COMMS]

Good job, never doubted ye. Now get what we need, n' get th'fuck outta there.

On the screen, the download is at 30%.

SPARK [COMMS] (CONT'D)

Kid! You've got company. Get out of there- NOW.

LUCE

Fuck- It's not finished-

Luce jumps to his feet, grabs his gun and ducks under the desk out of sight.

Footsteps can be heard as someone enters and crosses the room.

Luce visibly draws a breath in and holds it, closing his eyes.

The footsteps move away from the desk - then pause.

VERIN

Do you think me a fool? That I might not notice a rat?

Luce's eyes open, grasp tightens on the gun. He mouths a curse but otherwise doesn't move.

VERIN (CONT'D)

Well? Do come on out.

With no other choice, Luce steps out from under the desk. The drive flashes 65%. Verin, CEO of Enoch, stands a short distance away with a tablet in hand.

VERIN (CONT'D)

Better. Now, what do you think you're doing in here, hm? I needn't tell you this floor is off limits.

LUCE (CHOICE)

1.1 [HEROIC] Snooping, obviously. You've destroyed lives. The people deserve to know what's in those meds.

1.2 [SARCASM] Great view you've got up here. Figured I'd enjoy it, while folks down there learn what you've done.

1.3 [AGGRESS] What's it look like? Exposing your shit to the world.

Verin laughs.

VERIN (RESPONSE)

1.1 They do, do they? Do you honestly think they care? What relief we give them may be temporary: but it is real.

1.2 Enjoy it while you can. Those people you do this for won't thank you.

1.3 Are you now? You're doing a rather poor job. (+1 Antagonised)

VERIN (CONT'D)

You've come here to what -- expose me? A fool's dream. Asinine as they come. You must know you won't be walking out of here alive?

LUCE (CHOICE)

2.1 [HEROIC] As long as they find out what you've done, it doesn't matter what you do to me.

2.2 [SARCASM] Yeah, you're right. I ain't. Shame. Last wishes, then? You won't mind giving me another minute to appreciate the view.

2.3 [AGGRESS] Not really. But you won't be either.

VERIN (RESPONSE)

2.1 And you be the martyr that provides, will you? Bring the vermin the truth they so desire?

2.2 A dead man's wishes are not of my concern. Take it in. It's the last view you'll see.

2.3 Ooh. Scary. I'm shaking, truly. (+1 Antagonised)

VERIN (CONT'D)

As much as I might enjoy indulging your stupidity, I've more pressing matters to attend to.

Verin moves to activate the tablet, pressing one of the options on it.

Two turrets descend from the ceiling. His finger then hovers over the 'ENGAGE' option.

LUCE (CHOICE)

3.1 [HEROIC] Wait- Before you do that- Just tell me one thing. Why? Why destroy lives when you could be saving them? You could cure cyberpsychosis and instead you waste your skills on-

3.2 [SARCASM] Great. Before you swiss-cheese me- One question. Why bother with all this? Gotta be cheaper ways to make coin. Unless evil-overlord roleplay gets you off?

3.3 [AGGRESS] Fucking big-boy artillery, huh. You're clearly rolling in cash. Why waste time on cyberpsychosis? Just cure the damn thing and be done with it.

VERIN (RESPONSE)

3.1 Cure it? Why would I do that? I want to watch it bloom. Watch it devour. Man wants to become beast, I say let him -- Let him give into that self destructive desire, and let the world burn with him.

3.2 What will 'get me off,' as you so delicately put it, is silencing that sharp mouth of yours.

3.3 The money means naught. Cyberpsychosis is a gift. Let man turn beast and wreak havoc on all that he stands for -- That is why. (+1 Antagonised)

3.3.1 (*Antagonised* = 3)

Player is forced into combat

The download reaches 100%.

VERIN (CONT'D)

Enough of this. Your cussing only
gets you so far.

Verin presses ENGAGE and the turrets are armed.

Luce grabs the drive from the PC, vaults the desk and fires
the gun, hitting Verin in the shoulder.

The tablet drops to the floor, but the gunfire draws guards.

[Gameplay transition To Combat. Success = Mission Complete]

3.1.1 / 3.2.1 / 3.3.1 (*Antagonised* < 3)

Player is forced to flee

VERIN (CONT'D)

So -- as pleasant has this exchange
has been, I've more pressing
matters than you.

Verin presses ENGAGE and the turrets are armed.

Forced to retreat, Luce throws himself through the window.

Landing in a dumpster in the alleyway, he's unharmed and
alive.

SPARK [COMMS]

Y'alive kid?

Luce groans and sits up, covered in trash, but drive in hand.
The download shows 100%.

LUCE

Yeah. Somehow.

[Gameplay transition To Open World. Mission Complete]