

Sci-Fi Open-world Cinematic, Third-person Camera
DEPOSITING THE POSITORS

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GAMEPLAY: SHIP APPROACHES KESTREL'S HOLLOW WITH QUEST ITEM

CUT TO:

EXT. ASTEROID FIELD - KESTREL'S HOLLOW

WE SEE a STARPORT built into an asteroid. A rugged lattice of scaffolds, berths, and sensor arrays clings to the exterior. Amid the dim stellar light, the lights dotting the structures recalls a nighttime city wharf. A SHIP zooms into view, heading towards one of the hangars.

CUT TO:

INT. KESTREL'S HOLLOW - HANGAR

WE SEE DARROW, a hardy pilot in her thirties, setting down a hefty CRATE in front of the ship we saw earlier. FENDRITT, an irritable middle-aged mechanic wearing a welding helmet and coveralls grimy with machine oil, approaches while waving an ARC WELDER angrily.

FENDRITT

(sarcastic)

Finally, she returns! What, you stop to visit family or something?

DARROW

(matter-of-factly)

Well, if by "family," you mean "A vicious clutch of Kørgal scavs gleefully cutting up the shiny new wreck they found while I still happened to be inside of it," then yes, actually.

Fendritt's demeanor instantly softens as he takes a few considerate steps forward, welder gently held in both hands.

FENDRITT

Oh, that's...oh God, Dee, I...did they...?

Darrow sighs, shaking her head.

DARROW

The concatenation positers are fine, Fen.

Darrow taps the CRATE by her feet with the toe of her boot.

FENDRITT
(breathless)
OH THANK GOD.

Fendritt exhales and staggers, clutching at his chest. He steadies himself on a nearby railing as if out of breath. He turns to Darrow, SWINGING his welder to gesture accusingly at her. Darrow recoils with faint annoyance, just enough to avoid being hit.

FENDRITT (cont'd)
You had me worried there for a bit,
Dee.

Darrow rolls her eyes and brushes the welder aside.

DARROW
(sarcastic)
If only everyone were so gracious as
you.

Fendritt nods solemnly.

FENDRITT
If only.

Darrow sighs, then stiffens her posture.

DARROW
(impatient)
So I did my part. Your turn.

FENDRITT
Yeah, yeah, don't you worry. Once I
get one of these concats installed,
your ship's gonna be makin' jumps so
complex its head's gonna lose track
of its ass.

Darrow lets out a stifled laugh despite herself and puts an affirming hand on Fendritt's shoulder as she turns to walk away.

DARROW
I'll leave you to it then.

FENDRITT
As well you should. You'll be out of
here in no time, Dee.

Darrow TURNS to walk away.

FENDRITT (cont'd)

Oh, and uh, Nemmis down on Payton West said he might have a job for you, told him I'd pass on the info when you got back.

Darrow waves in acknowledgment as she WALKS AWAY.

DARROW

Perfect, I was headed that way anyway.

RETURN TO GAMEPLAY: THIRD-PERSON ON-FOOT CONTROL OF DARROW

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