

# **Sci Fi, First Person Shooter Sample Script**

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October 2021  
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*Summary: This occurs in the first half of the game. Its a human colony world co-habited by friendly aliens, with a few enemy groups vying for control of remaining contested areas. A specialised character is sent on a mission to aid a squad taking control of one area - the edge of an industrial complex in a city.*

Movie-like cinematic. Player-character is Andreas Muarhana, who is the main character.

Confident, corny, and top tier, ANDREAS MUARHANA has walked the past day between a major metropolis on the planet and this industrial area. His legs are tired, but he's more than used to it. LIEUTENANT MARIA STANDON speaks coldly, is rigid, but takes suggestions and accepts help.

He carries a semi-automatic rifle with a holographic sight. Andreas acquired it after weeding out a particularly sneaky human enemy weeks back. It's magnetically attached to his back. He is above average in height; it pokes out past his shoulder.

EXT. STORAGE FACILITY. EARLY EVENING.

Gameplay before the cinematic.

*Summary: Player-character has an walkable area to see the industrial complex, gather ammo, health packs, upgrades, or exchange his secondary weapon; he usually keeps his handy rifle.*

Andreas approaches a squad's Lieutenant, who has her back to him next to two armored soldiers. The Lieutenant - a well-built woman - turns at his footsteps. He flicks a rapid salute at her.

ANDREAS

Good day, ma'am. Have a thorn in your side from alien soldiers it seems.

The Lieutenant returns the salute. She matches him in height with a wide face and beady green eyes.

LT. MARIA STANDON

Welcome, Staff Sergeant. Yes - an annoying remnant of the last four days from the surrounding area. Glad to have a set of expert hands. I'm Standon, Maria Standon.

She gestures to the facility, walking him toward an armored vehicle's side for cover. Little trails of smoke spiral out of the front of it. Andreas glances first at the truck, then at the building in front of them.

ANDREAS

Still standing. After a shootout? Impressive.

She looks at him with raised eyebrows.

LT. MARIA STANDON  
Actually impressed an off-earth  
colony can fight?

Andreas is taken aback.

ANDREAS  
Uh, no ma'am. Just surprised the  
warehouse isn't a pile of steel. My  
guess is that it's meant to be used  
again.

LT. MARIA STANDON  
That is the idea for the short  
term, after this alien... or  
aliens'... time has expired.

She gestures at four soldiers crouching behind a concrete barrier to his left. One is a friendly alien with its own other-worldly equipment. The human soldiers aim long barreled assault rifles into the open facility's front entrance.

LT. MARIA STANDON  
Stevenson, Elh 'O' Brionn. Give the  
Staff here covering fire. And yes,  
I'll throw in a round of bourbon  
for later.

They grin, knocking fists. Andreas shakes his head before grabbing his rifle from his back.

ANDREAS  
Thank you, ma'am, but keep everyone  
out here to enjoy their drinks.

LT. MARIA STANDON  
You sure?

He is sure enough to flick his rifle's safety off with enthusiasm. Andreas smiles.

ANDREAS  
Sure enough to give you a better  
drink recommendation. Can the alien  
even drink your stuff?

Lieutenant Standon grudgingly lets him go, ignoring his question.

LT. MARIA STANDON  
Do your thing.

Andreas moves from concrete barricade to barricade, then to cover next to the entrance. His rifle is tucked into his shoulder. Hardly any dust is on the sliding titanium doors.

INT. ASSEMBLY FACILITY. TALL FRONT ENTRANCE.

He enters. Rifle raised, Andreas scans in front of him. Several steel supports still hold up the place, wide enough to conceal most of his frame. No bomb holes, but divots and black streaks.

He steps to a row of machines with conveyor belts between them, all along the length of the building. Then-

Ping!

Multiple bullets fire from above him. Sparks fly so close that they bounce off his helmet. He pulls his head down and moves up. Then fires four shots. His target keeps firing as it moves.

He fires twice more. After a few seconds, nothing. He moves to the opposite side of the first floor, in front of rows of storage compartments. Bullet holes poke them as well as the permacrete floor. Andreas sprints for the farthest compartments, then moves just out of cover.

There! He fires several times. A figure sprints away, jumping between walkways and supports.

ANDREAS

[shouts]

Jumping more than a tick!

He fires a few more times, then plugs in a fresh magazine. More shots rain down. He pops a smoke grenade and tosses it, hoping it lands high enough.

A thick exhale from his nose comes before he crunches out a frown.

ANDREAS

Well, time for hide and seek.

Out of the corner of his eye he spots a small machine with barrels mounted on its top. He squints curiously but he lets loose on it. It opens fire at the same time. Smoke reaches its line of sight. Poking out of cover, he sees the alien soldier behind a machine up there. Three shots from it ping off a tall metal structure. He waits, takes breath to steady his aim...

... and fires.

A blood spray comes from its neck. He lowers his rifle smiling.

Easy peasy. Satisfied, Andreas walks into the middle of the floor toward the open front. A sideways flick of his head signals the squad outside.

The Lieutenant raises one brow and nods, grinning.

LT. MARIA STANDON  
Alright, all clear! It's time for  
those drinks! You too, Elh 'O'  
Brionn.

Game returns to Andreas's first person POV.

END OF SCENE.