

Shiroshi 2142

Written by
Ian Goh Hsien Jun

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Final Draft

+65 9871 5383
ighj22@hotmail.com

Chapter 1: The Video-game Script: *Shiroshi 2142*

FADE IN:

Pulsing WHITE on silver.

UNKNOWN MAN (V.O.)
Remember. You're destined for
greatness.

1 EXT. LAKE - DAY

Pine trees are flooded by rays of light. A path leads downhill to a glimmering shoreline. Snow-capped mountains ring the other side of the lake.

UNKNOWN MAN (V.O.)
What an intriguing memory.

CAMERA (CAM): First-person perspective.

GAMEPLAY (GP): The player explores the area.

To the right, a chimney atop a log cabin spouts smoke. The door is locked, but the player sees toys and books through the window.

UNKNOWN MAN (V.O.) (cont'd)
Nova Scotia in August, I believe?

The mystery man's voice is deep, scratchy, calculative.

Laughter from a child is heard from the lake, where a woman can be seen playing with her seven year old daughter, who has blonde and curly hair.

CINEMATIC (CN): As the player nears, a man in his 40s appears from the treeline. He holds a large rubber tyre tied to one of the branches by a long swing rope.

MAN
Finally! It's done. You ready,
sweetie?

He grins, offers a hand to the player.

UNKNOWN MAN (V.O.)
Unfortunately, even a memory like
this has to go. Prep the subject
for wipe.

GP/CN: As the player nears the man holding the tyre, the weather warps suddenly: thunder rumbles overhead, the clouds darken as the wind begins to HOWL, whipping the tall trees back-and-forth.

MAN
C'mon, sweetie! Don't be scared!
Your old man's here.

The man's grin is unchanging even as the wind and rain batter his tiny frame.

GP: The player pushes through the escalating storm and finally interacts with him.

CN: The man takes the player's hand, pulls her in close. His voice, however, becomes a modulated mix of both voices from before:

MAN / UNKNOWN MAN
That's my girl. You make your own
choices; you choose your own path.

CUT TO: BLACK

2 INT. OPERATING ROOM - DAY

CAM: First-person. Unknown perspective.

In place of the man's face is another wearing goggles and a surgical mask. He has white, frizzled hair poking out of his surgical cap.

The player lies flat on a medical gurney, the rest of the room filled with machines, trays and blue-screens. The man taps a loaded syringe, injects the player's arm.

UNKNOWN MAN
Shhh. It'll be over soon.

The man places both his hands over the player's face, slowly drowning out the faded light. The camera begins to thrash violently.

UNKNOWN MAN (cont'd)
Time to wake up.

3 INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

Specks of dust sparkle in the low light. Worn jeans and half-eaten food containers litter the floor.

A woman lies in bed, wearing a plain singlet and jeans. A metal circlet glows orange, spinning over her eyes. This is KRYST FAWN, 30s, with long, brown hair and a handsome face.

The backdrop of the apartment is the city of NEO-TOKYO, pulsing with neon light from the five-hundredth floor.

SIRENS rise in the back. Another man's voice cuts through the air. This time, his voice is light and lively.

MAN'S VOICE

Wake up, Kryst. They're coming.

Kryst tosses and turns in bed.

MAN'S VOICE (cont'd)

Kryst, you're in a dream! You need to get up. NOW.

The lights in the room brighten on command. The metal circlet rotates off her eyes. Kryst sits up suddenly.

KRYST

Jesus, Cinth. I was in the middle of a-

MAN'S VOICE (CINTH'S VOICE)

They're coming for you.

KRYST

What? Who? Whatever the hell for?

There's a pause on the line.

CINTH'S VOICE

Kryst... Ayumu's dead. They think you did it.

Kryst is visibly confused.

KRYST

What are you talking about? I just saw Ayumu-

She waves a hand in the air: a holographic screen materialises on the far wall. A newscaster speaks in a serious tone as a portrait of a man, 70s, with white frizzled hair, appears on-screen.

Headline: "Police Chief Found Dead in Office."

KRYST (cont'd)

No. That can't be right. I just- How-?

CINTH'S VOICE

Doesn't matter. They're on their way right now. Get your shit together and meet me at The Dream Den. Cinth, out.

KRYST

(to herself)
Jesus fucking Christ.

Kryst scrambles out of bed. The player takes control.

GP: The camera is third-person, over-the-shoulder. Three markers appear on-screen, indicating objectives:

(1) Put on Uniform.

CN: Kryst puts on a navy bodysuit. It activates with orange lights along her spine. A badge above her pocket reads "Neo-Tokyo Memory Enforcement".

KRYST (cont'd)
And here I was about to have this
cleaned...

(2) Retrieve Firearm.

CN: Kryst picks up a futuristic-looking pistol on her couch. She keys buttons on the side-panel to arm the weapon.

KRYST (cont'd)
Standard-issue XR-12, for anything
but a standard night out.

(3) Pack Dive Gear.

CN: Kryst hurriedly shoves a metal circlet and wires into her pocket.

KRYST (cont'd)
Dive Gear. Can't leave reality
without it.

After the three objectives have been met:

KRYST (cont'd)
Cinth, I'm moving to your
location.

But the lights in her apartment begin to flicker.

CINTH
(muffled static)
Too late-zzz.

KRYST
Cinth?! Come in!

She hits at her ear, but Cinth's voice breaks up entirely. Suddenly, her apartment is flooded with white light as a gunship roars past her window.

A sliver of light shines in from under her door as shadows move past in sync, with the heavy *thuds* of armoured boots. A voice from the gunship screams:

MAN'S VOICE

This is the Neo-Tokyo Metropolitan Police. We have your apartment surrounded! Drop all weapons and illegal dream-tech, and prepare for breach. DO YOU COMPLY?

Kryst freezes in the floodlights, contemplating her next move. Just before she can make a decision...

CINTH'S VOICE

(radio static)

Kryzzz- movement- end of hallway-
zzz.

KRYST

(hisses)

It's a little too late for that.

Suddenly - GUNFIRE and SCREAMS come from outside the corridor. The sliver of light is a chaotic frenzy of muzzle-flashes followed by the heavy THUDS of bodies hitting the ground.

Then, an eerie silence. Kryst backs away from her door. The lights in her apartment cut out as the gunship veers off. Cinth's voice is distorted over the radio. She pulls her pistol.

There's a sound of CRUNCHING metal before the door flies off its hinges. A man wearing an ornate *kabuki*-mask steps through, gleaming *katana* in hand. The mysterious figure is flanked by others, dressed similarly.

KRYST (cont'd)

Who the fuck-??

GP: The player engages the unknown assailants using a mixture of gun-play and special abilities.

CN: The last enemy is quickly dispatched, leaving Kryst winded. She surveys the dozen or so bodies in her apartment before moving quickly to the exit.

KRYST

Cinth...

CINTH'S VOICE

(static)

Get-zzz outta there. ZZZzzzz-
AMBUSH!

KRYST

Yeah, no shit. I just got-

4 INT. CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

Police officers lie bloodied and sprawled along the hallway, their limbs and helmets detached from torsos.

CINTH'S VOICE

Kry-zzzt- What's going on?

KRYST

I just got myself into a shitload of trouble, that's what.

She turns and runs down the hallway, the sounds of sirens rising in the background.

5 EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Neon light pulses through a light drizzle. Rows of shop-houses line both sides of the street. Kryst enters from an alley, her head hidden by a hoodie and long-coat.

In the distance, the Dream Den is lit up, humming with energy. People loiter outside the entrance.

KRYST

Cinth, I'm almost at the Dream Den. See you at Chamber Twelve.

CINTH'S VOICE

Got it. Good luck getting past Red.

GP: The player makes his/her way towards the Dream Den.

On the sidewalk, homeless people rummage through piles of electronic gadgets and metal canisters.

AMBIENT (AMB): They call out to Kryst as she passes:

"Hey, watch it, sonny! You got a death wish?"

"Get outta my face, jackass! I don't have your money!"

"Spare a few credits, dear? Just one more Dive!"

Down the road, a pair of police enforcers walk in the player's direction. They're dressed head-to-toe in armour.

CN: Just as they get close, a YOUNG MAN in his 20s dashes out from one of the shop-houses, screaming:

YOUNG MAN

You'll never take me alive, tin-cans!

He draws a pistol and fires at the enforcers. They respond immediately with automatic assault rifle fire.

He drops to the ground, dead. SCREAMS as people scatter, but they mostly cower or stare, used to seeing such scenes on the Memory Boulevard.

GP: The player makes his/her way past.

POLICE ENFORCER #1

(over radio)

Dispatch? Yeah, we've got another one. Fucking Dive-head shot at us.

POLICE ENFORCER #2

(to Kryst)

Move along, citizen.

POLICE ENFORCER #1

(to Enforcer #2)

I swear we don't get paid enough for this shit. What's next? We gotta dodge grenades?

The police enforcers stay beside the young man's body.

CN: Kryst approaches the Dream Den, its neon sign glowing in amber and pink. There's a long queue of customers waiting outside.

A woman emerges from black double doors. She's wearing a red tube dress, bomber jacket, and has long blonde hair curled over her shoulders. She breaks into a wide smile as she sees Kryst. This is RED, early 40s.

RED

If it isn't Kryst, my favourite customer. What'll be this time, Dreamcatcher? A little romance on a deserted island? World domination as an evil dictator? Or your usual, boring family trip to the lake?

KRYST

Hey, Red. Not interested in buying this time.

Red raises an eyebrow. She takes Kryst by the waist, leads her towards the entrance.

RED

Always so secretive, Detective. If you ain't buying, then at least give me a whiff of whatever juicy case you're working on. I'd bet it involves danger, destruction – perhaps a little sprinkle of both?

KRYST

Not this time, Red. Top secret stuff. You know how my line-of-work is.

RED

That stop you from sellin' those memories to dear old Red over the years? What? My favourite dealer develop a conscience?

KRYST

Haven't you bought enough of that shit to fill an entire library?

RED

And my customers want more, dearie! Business is booming these days. Look at those sad faces looking to add some spice to their lives.

Red gestures to the line of customers at her doorstep.

RED (cont'd)

That's why the latest news on the street has me so intrigued...

KRYST

What are you talking about?

RED

Don't tell me you haven't heard about that grisly murder just a couple blocks from here? Bodies piled up everywhere, a mystery antagonist... Plus, a little birdie told me a Dreamcatcher was involved.

KRYST

Not a clue, Red. Now you gonna let me in or not?

Red flashes her a devilish smile, eyes darting to Kryst's forehead like a snake.

RED

Shame. A memory like that would
have fetched a handsome fee.

KRYST

Is there anything you wouldn't buy
or sell?

RED

Why, every memory has its price,
my dear, even a highly specific
one of a father and daughter
diving into a lake near Nova
Scotia.

Kryst purses her lips, embarrassed. Red lets out a big
laugh.

RED (cont'd)

Don't you worry your pretty little
head off. Your secrets are safe
with me.

Red steps aside with a flourish.

RED (cont'd)

And my Den is always yours,
Dreamcatcher.

GP: The player steps through the double doors.