

Complex

By Alex



Context:

Complex is a sci-fi horror RPG videogame I am developing. The story follows a woman named Emma who finds herself trapped in a mysterious network of halls and rooms with no memory of how she got there. Dangerous monsters roam about and deadly traps line the halls. Emma meets many other people trapped inside. Some are trying to find a way out. Some have resigned to existence in the Complex. Some have gone violently insane from the stress. There is no escape from this nightmare. Dying only results in the trapped individual regenerating somewhere else within the confines of the labyrinth. The following screenplay is a prototype of a scene from the game, in which Emma meets the first friendly face in the Complex after dying for the first time. I must warn you that some concepts in this story may be disturbing.

Complex

ACT 1

Scene 2

By Alex

INT. Hallways

(EMMA, BEN)

EMMA takes a moment to catch her breath after the chase. BEN stares at her.

BEN

You okay? You're new here, right?

EMMA

You're not gonna try and kill me?

BEN

I wouldn't do that.

EMMA

Everyone else I've met here was either a gibbering wreck, or on a murderous rampage.

BEN

Yeah. This place will do that to you.

EMMA

This place? What is this. Where are we.

BEN

We're in the Complex. That's what we call it anyway. A labyrinth of halls and rooms permeated by a faint metallic smell and the incessant hum of fluorescent lights.

EMMA

How did we get here? How did everyone get here?

BEN

None of us know why we're here. This is just the way things are. This place just... is.

EMMA

I don't know what happened, but I think I... died?

BEN

Oh yeah. You'll die.

EMMA

Then how am I still here?

BEN

You think this place will let you leave just because you died?
That's not how it works.

EMMA

I don't understand.

BEN

This place doesn't follow the rules of the world we know. Life here mainly follows this pattern: wake up in the bottom of a pool somewhere, go out, find food, get vivisected by a horrible monster. Repeat.

EMMA

How long have you been here?

BEN

(exasperated sigh) Weeks, months... years?

EMMA

How long could we be here for?

BEN

To be honest, I really don't want to think about that. I've talked to some of the people that have been here longer. The ones that could still form coherent sentences. Right now, the only things that haven't been taken from us are our minds and our memories.

EMMA

But I don't remember anything!

BEN

It'll come back. It came back for me. But to be honest, that might just be a curse. And you will never stop being hunted. You'll die, and you'll die, and you'll die. Then, the hallucinations start.

EMMA

Hallucinations?

BEN

I had them for a bit, but I recovered. Mostly. Nevertheless, this place always wins in the end. You'll die. Your memories will fade. You will fade. I've talked to someone who had slipped away. They seem to retain some fragment of memory. Some piece of their past. But he said he remembered every death and injury. Every broken bone, every torn tendon. Every poisoning, every impalement. Every time he burned to death.

Emma takes a moment to breathe and process this. Ben notices the engagement and wedding rings on her fingers. He decides to change the topic.

BEN

You're married, are you?

EMMA

I... suppose so. I'm sorry, I just can't-

BEN

Come on, let's go.

EMMA

Go? Go where?

BEN

There's usually some good food in the cafeteria. Let's go, quickly. Rule number 1 of this place, is hustle. The more you stay in one spot, the more likely they are to get to you. We can talk on the way.

EMMA

Alright. I'll follow your lead.

END OF SCENE