

SCRIPT

Dungeon Slasher by Kody Knight CSC 240 - 020 February 2023 Assignment #2

STORY (Rated PG-13)

You have just woken up in a dungeon, this isn't your first time through the dungeon, or at least you think so. The walls have a sense of familiarity to them, but you can't tell why. The walls have tally marks, you don't know why but you feel the need to add another, something about it feels so instinctual. All you have is the gear on your back and anything else you can find along the way.

INTRODUCTION

You wake up, the searing pain in your abdomen, like you had been impaled by something but you were perfectly fine. Upon calming down you muster the strength to get up and face the world around you, the pain still lingering ever so slightly. As you take a look around you can barely see, the room dimly lit with torches, and a lone barred window, you guessed it were night out with no light coming through, the pitch black echoing eerily back at you like nothing was there at all. You hear the sound of clanging in the dungeon, as if the sound of metal hitting a cold wall.

Room 2

You have yet to be greeted by anything, the sound of the metal clashing with the ground getting louder, you see a weapon on the ground, the way it feels in your hand so familiar to you, the weapon feels light enough to store in your belt.

Secret Room

A dying NPC, he's been here so long, his legs slashed to bits, someone had wanted you not to find him, or for him to not escape, the brickwall he was behind barely gave way. He was shackled to the wall, "p-please..." he said, kicking towards you his weapon, he struggled to breathe, as you got close to him you saw what was his final breath, kneeling before him, paying respects. You shut his eyes as you say "Thank you, sir."

Room 3

You enter the room, an enemy stands before you, just the sight of you makes him laugh, your small size and torn up clothes makes him think you have no chance. Without thinking

he swings his club at you, you narrowly avoid taking the hit. Jumping back into a defensive position.

Room 4

Upon entering the room you can hear the sound of snarling, the relatively dim nature of the room providing your lurker with the perfect hiding spot. Out of the corner of your eye you see it, 3 hungry wolves glaring at you, their mouths watering, their eyes looking red in the light, you try to roll out of the way but one of them grazes you.

END (Lose)

As you fall to the ground you can feel the hit of the beast, it's as if you were hit by a brick wall. You reach for your stomach, barely able to stand, the pain making you lock up on the spot, with what remaining strength you have you yell at the beast with all your might "This isn't over!" your vision goes dark as you hear the clanging of your weapon hitting the ground. You had lost yet felt it wasn't over quite yet, you knew you would see him again, how many times you had done this song and dance was a different story, he looked so familia, why?

END(Win)

With a final swing of your blade the beast falls to his knees before you, struggling to breath, gasping and wheezing for air, his eyes widened as he realized his fate, he had lost against you, he had never lost a battle before now, he tried to stand up, defying his fate but he couldn't, he own weapon falling out from under him as he used it as a crutch. His final sight was that of you, standing in front of him, you knew his fate was sealed the moment he kneeled down before you. You turn your back on him, knowing that the only mercy now was one of death, You walk out of the dungeon, flicking the blood off your weapon, and holstering it. The beast would reach out to you, now a silhouette on the rising sun, you never looked back, denying him of what little control he had left of you.