**Hill 262 Project Dialog Script**

Level Begins:

\**Level fades in. Player walks towards three other soldiers*\*

Cunningham: Hey, Morrone. 'Morning Brothers, how's the line?

Marrone: 'Morning, sir. Just waiting for the hammer to drop. You hear about McCarthy? Coffee?

Cunningham: Yes, please. And no, I didn't. THE McCarthy? Did they finally catch the rat? Thank you, Corporal.

Red Guard Soldier: Yup, found him in some podunk town in Arizona. He was probably about to run south.

Marrone: Only took ten years and eight bombings to find him. I gotta go, they need me up on Phaseline 3. Captain.

Cunningham: Corporal. Later, Al. So they finally got Mighty Joe. Maybe they'll ship him out here. Hang him as a USO show.

\**NPCs begin to walk, Player follows*\*

Red Guard Soldier: Maybe. It'd be an interesting show... Permission to speak freely, sir?

Cunningham: Granted, private. Though your tone doesn't exactly invite confidence.

Red Guard Soldier: Sir... Is it true about what happened in Marseille? What everyone's saying?

Cunningham: Yes, it is. The Eugene V. Debs has capsized in the harbor. The damage was severe but not total. She can be raised.

Red Guard Soldier: N... no, sir. I mean about what happened after the sabotage.

Cunningham: No. No, it is not true, private. It's just Fascist propaganda that's being irresponsibly spread by idle chatter.

Cunningham: We are fighting for The People, not against them. We're not some Franco butchers.

Red Guard Soldier: But sir, people who were there are talking about it. They said-

Cunningham: I don't care what they said. It's just people gossiping about something they don't fully understand.

Cunningham: I was at San Antonio and Mexico City. I've seen my share of shit and I know we don't do that.

Red Guard Soldier: But sir... Sir, you know what that sounds like.

Cunningham: I do, private, but I've been in the Red Guard for years and I also know that- ARTILLERY! FIND COVER!

\**Background sound of an artillery barrage*\*

Red Guard Soldier: CAPTAIN, WE NEED TO GET TO THE FORWARD BUNKER!

\**NPC runs towards bunker, Player must follow. Player’s movement is set from walking pace to a full run. If he/she takes too long, the artillery barrage will kill him/her*\*

Mission Start:

\**Triggers when Player enters the forward bunker after a short delay. The barrage should either be currently hitting the hill or just about to*\*

Cunningham: HEADS DOWN! HEADS DOWN!

\**Background animation of infantry and tanks begins to move out of the town*\*

Red Guard Soldier: Sir, movement! I see- I see infantry and tanks inbound! Estimate battalion strength, at least!

Red Guard Soldier: Here they come! Damn, that's a lot of Francos!

Cunningham: Hold your fire! Let them get into range.

\**Smoke particle effects set to active. Designed to cover enemy actors spawning in*\*

Red Guard Soldier: Smoke rounds! They're popping smoke! Get ready!

Cunningham: WEAPONS FREE! OPEN FIRE!

\**Player is allowed to fire weapon. Player is now in active combat with enemies shooting at him/her. Ambient combat sounds begin*\*

Cunningham: Major Douglass, we’ve just received a massive artillery barrage and we're seeing incoming armor and infantry.

Maj. Douglass: So I've noticed. We can see them up here. Looks like Bismarcks and Charlemagne IIs, plus substantial infantry support.

Cunningham: I take it that this is the “De Gaulle” division?

Maj. Douglass: It would appear so. In addition to what’s left of the border guard, for whatever that’s worth.

Cunningham: Terrific. So a single company is going up against their elite division. And just where the hell is Alton? Back in Barcelona?

Maj. Douglass: Political Officer Alton has reported that the rest of the division just linked up with the Canadians outside of Nice.

Maj. Douglass: They’ve left the town and are making a hard drive to the border, she’ll be here in time.

Cunningham: She had damn well better be.

Maj. Douglass: Henry...

Cunningham: Yes, Sir. I know. We’ll hold. They won't take this hill. Out.

Cunningham: Attention all Red Guard! The Fascist Horde is here to drive us out of Italy!

Cunningham: They’re throwing their best at us. It will not be enough! Hold your ground, pick your shots, and fall back ONLY on MY command!

Cunningham: We will fall back to each phaseline in an ORDERLY manner. Remember: we lose the church, we lose our only foothold in Italy.

Cunningham: Gird your loins, Brothers, the world is about to fall on us!

Calling the Retreat to Phaseline 2:

Cunningham: San Antonio! San Antonio! All units, fall back to Phaseline 2.

Phaseline 2 Entry:

\**Explosion sound effects are triggered, smoke and fire particle effects are set to active at the Phaseline 1 position. (Temporary) Enemy movement matinee is triggered in Phaseline 1. The ambient combat sounds get slightly louder. This happens to the previous phaseline every time the Player enters a new one*\*

Cunningham: Major, it’s Cunningham. The Francos have overrun Phaseline 1 and we’ve fallen back to Phaseline 2.

Maj. Douglass: Noted. The northern and southern sides have already called it and fallen back, too. What’s our armor like?

Cunningham: Almost non-existent, our M64s are getting shredded. The Charlemagne IIs are carving through everything we have.

Maj. Douglass: Dammit. Be advised, we can see more coming from the town from up here. Along with more infantry and some older armor.

Cunningham: We can hold. We’ll bleed them on the slopes. Every Fascist we roast now is one we don’t fight in Paris.

Maj. Douglass: President Meriwether would be proud of your optimism. Keep me updated. Out.

Phaseline 2 Optional Dialog:

\**Triggers when the Player approaches the NPC/overlaps a trigger volume. If the player moves too far away, the dialog will sound as if it is spoken over the radio (Not implemented). All Optional Dialog follows this behavior* \*

Red Guard Soldier: \*muttered\* Feel good, motherfucker?

Cunningham: You feeling alright, private? We usually Section 8 soldiers who talk to themselves.

Red Guard Soldier: Feeling good, sir. Looking forward to liberating every Italian brick from its foundation.

Red Guard Soldier: Let's see if they like their "Voluntary Emigration" as much as my family did.

Cunningham: Within proportion, private. We will not stoop to the level of the Franco horde.

Cunningham: Regardless, keep the barrel hot and your head down.

Red Guard Soldier: Ha, I’ll try and rememb- \*PING\*.

\**Bullet hits the soldier through his helmet, killing him*\*

Cunningham:… Dammit.

Calling the Retreat to Phaseline 3:

Cunningham: San Antonio! San Antonio! Get to Phaseline 3 now.

Phaseline 3 Entry:

Cunningham: Flamethrowers, up!

\**Flamethrower particle effects set to active*\*

Flamethrower Soldier: Here you go, you Franco fucks. A gift from the People.

Cunningham: First Sergeant Brooks, where’s Lieutenant Alderman?

Brooks: ‘Bout half of him is still in the trench over there. The rest went AWOL in the first barrage. Sorry, sir, I’m in command here.

Cunningham: Son of a bitch. Alright, what’s the status of the north and south slopes?

Brooks: ‘North arrived a few minutes ago. About half of them made it and no armor survived. The south is falling back in groups.

Brooks: We've cobbled together some cover out of various crap, so at least we'll have going for us that when they get over the barricades.

Cunningham: Ok, good work. Keep your head down, Steve. You’re in charge of 2nd Platoon now.

\**After a delay of (currently) 45 seconds*\*

Radio: THIS IS PRIVATE DAVIS, ON THE SOUTH SLOPE. OUR SERGEANT IS DEAD AND OUR LAST TANK JUST GOT HIT.

Radio: WE'RE PULLING BACK. THE FRANCOS ARE RIGHT ON TOP OF- NO! \*BANG\*

Radio: Ricorda Nora!? RICORDA LA MIA FIGLIA , TU FECCIA!? \*BANG BANG\*

Cunningham: fuck Fuck FUCK!

Phaseline 3 Optional Dialog 1:

Cunningham: Holy shit, Marrone, the Italians really don't want to take you back.

Marrone: Right? I almost wish Alton wasn't conveniently absent. Maybe the Political Office would stop asking about my grandparents.

Cunningham: Political Officer Alton is performing a vital task in bringing our reinforcements. She'll be here when it counts.

Marrone: Mm, I'm sure. Say that with a little more confidence and some of the recruits might actually believe you, sir.

Cunningham: Al...

Marrone: Yeah, I know. Well if there's no Italy after this, can I get off the Person of Interest List?

Cunningham: You're going to have to take it up with the Politicos. I'm sure as hell not getting involved.

Marrone: Much obliged, sir. Suddenly I'm not so worried about getting KIA.

Phaseline 3 Optional Dialog 2:

Cunningham: Specialist Kozlowski, how’s the line, Brother?

Kozlowski: Terrible, sir. I've spilled coffee everywhere. And I wish you’d stop calling me “Brother”. I’m starting to get a complex.

Cunningham: “There are brothers and there are Brothers".

Cunningham: “Only one of them determines your worth to The People”.

Kozlowski: So do you pay Meriwether royalties or do you just steal everything he says, sir?

Cunningham: I can’t steal it if private enterprise is dead, Kozlowski. One of the perks of the perfect society.

Kozlowski: Good to know what we’re fighting for. Try not to die, Captain, sincerity is a rare trait these days.

Cunningham: Yeah, don’t remind me. Keep your head down, Specialist.

Calling the Retreat to Phaseline 4:

Cunningham: San Antonio! Everyone to Phaseline 4! San Antonio!

Phaseline 4 Entry:

Cunningham: Major, we've just crossed the barricades at Phaseline 4. This is starting to get problematic.

Maj. Douglass: I'm aware. We're taking fire up here, too. Hold the line, Captain, we'll get rein-.

Alton: Douglass, Cunningham, come in. I’ve got great news.

Cunningham: How far out are you, Political Officer?

Alton: We’re still on route. However, I just received word from China. Our Eastern brothers have finally taken Hong Kong.

Alton: Giap's People's Army will soon turn towards Beijing and rid China of its last Fascist stronghold.

Alton: The Far East will be free of the Japanese scourge soon enough. Soon even the people of Tokyo will be free.

Alton: Pass it down to the men. I'm sure they could use the morale boost.

Cunningham: Wha… IDIOT! HAVE YOU LOST YOUR FUCKING MIND!?

Alton: Excuse me?

Cunningham: MORON! WE. ARE. BEING. OVERRUN! HOW FUCKING OBLIVIOUS ARE YOU!?

Alton: CAPTAIN CUNNUNGHAM, YOU ARE SPEAKING TO A SUP-

Cunningham: TO A FUCKING HALF-WIT. GET US OUR REINFORCEMENTS NOW, GODDAMN IT!

Maj. Douglass: Brilliant, Henry. Very smart. I’m sure we won’t be hearing from the Political Office anytime soon.

Cunningham: IF SHE SPENT AS MUCH TIME HELPING AS SHE DID TELLING US WE WERE WINNING, THE WAR WOULD BE OVER BY NOW!

Maj. Douglass: CAPTAIN! Shut. The hell. Up.

Cunningham: I… Y... Yes, sir. I’m… I apologize.

Maj. Douglass: We’ll discuss this later. Focus your energy on the enemy. The FASCIST enemy. Out.

Cunningham: Yes, sir... Goddamn it. God... fucking damn it.

Brooks: Don't worry, sir. I don' think the other side of the hill heard you.

Cunningham: Just concentrate on killing people, please. Thank you, First Sergeant.

\**After a delay of (currently) 35 seconds*\*

Brooks: ARTILLERY BARRAGE! FIND COVER! GET TO THE BUNKERS!

\**The barrage follows the same behavior as the previous one*\*

Phaseline 4 Optional Dialog 1:

\**Player approaches burning tank model. The tank crewman’s voice is coming from inside the tank. Soldiers are standing on the turret trying to wrench the locked crew hatch open*\*

Tank Crewman: GET ME OUT! PLEASE, GET ME OUT! I CAN'T BREATHE! EVERYTHING'S BURNING!

Red Guard Soldier: THE HATCH IS STUCK! WE CAN'T OPEN IT! IT WON'T MOVE!

Marrone: You have to release the lock, ok! We're gonna get you out, but you have to open the hatch from the inside!

Tank Crewman: PLEASE, GET ME OUT! PLEASE! I HAVE TO GET OUT! I H... OH GOD, THE AMMO RACK! LET ME OUT LET ME OUT!

\**A geyser of pressurized fire blows through the turret hatch. The soldiers on the tank quickly jump off*\*

Cunningham: Back up! Everyone, back the fuck up! It's cooking off!

Tank Crewman: AAAAAHHHHHHHH-

\**The tank explodes, blowing its turret off and over the side of the hill*\*

Phaseline 4 Optional Dialog 2:

\**A soldier is lying up against a trench wall, bleeding from the stomach. The medic is crouched over him. A medic’s assistant is crouched next to them*\*

Wounded Red Guard: Shitshitshitshit. I'm sorry, Doctor, I didn't mean to stand up. I'm so sorry.

Schumacher: I know, David, you're sorry. It's ok, you're gonna be fine, alright? Just keep talking.

Cunningham: Don't worry, private, you'll be fine. It's just a... it'll be... fine.

Wounded Red Guard: Captain. I'm sorry, sir, I didn't mean to. I'm really sorry. I didn't think they could see me. I'm really sorry.

Cunningham: Don't worry, private. It is a party foul, but I have decided to forgive you. Just this once, though.

Schumacher: He needs the aid station. We're moving him to the summit. Allen, on my go. 3... 2... 1... Lift!

\**The medic and her assistant lift the soldier on to a stretcher and start carrying him up the hill*\*

Calling the Retreat to Phaseline Summit:

Cunningham: San Abt... San Antonio! Final Phaseline! Get to the Summit now!

Phaseline Summit Entry:

\**While running towards the next phaseline, the Player hears a jet approaching. It passes overhead, in view of the Player*\*

Cunningham: Douglass, be advised, we're falling back to the summit. The Francos- Shit! Fastmover! Incoming airstrike!

\**Player crosses the Summit Phaseline just as an explosion occurs at the church, collapsing the bell tower*\*

Cunningham: Shit! MAJOR, COME IN! SOMEONE GET THEM OUT OF THERE!

Cunningham: Major! Come in! C'mon, Vince! Talk to me!

Maj. Douglass: \*Coughing\* Yeah, I’m here. Camden’s dead, though. I’m… \*Coughing\* Oh damn, that’s a lot of blood.

Cunningham: Vince? Vince, you gotta hang on. Help’s on its way, ok. Just hang on.

Maj. Douglass: I can’t tell if this is Camden’s blood or mine. Camden’s dead. I… Who's blo…

Red Guard Soldier: Captain, we got him. He’s fucked up, but alive. Some of the others made it too.

Red Guard Soldier: The radio's busted, though. I don't think we can talk to the relief until they get here.

Cunningham: Ok. Alright... OK. Look after them. Attention all Red Guard! Major Douglass has been wounded!

Cunningham: I have assumed command! Help is almost here!

Cunningham: We can and will drive these bastards back to Rome, or Paris,

Cunningham: or wherever the hell else these vermin come from! HOLD THE LINE!

Phaseline Summit Optional Dialog:

Red Guard Soldier: Captain! Sir, we need to pull back! We can't hold on any longer.

Cunningham: We're not retreating. We will hold, private.

Red Guard Soldier: But sir, they're slaughtering us! They'll kill us all unless we retreat!

Cunningham: We will NOT retreat! Not from the Fascists. The Red Guard do not run!

Red Guard Soldier: THIS IS INSANE! WE HAVE TO PULL BACK OR WE-

Cunningham: If you run, I will shoot you myself! I will not allow your cowardice to disgrace this company!

Cunningham: You will die before you spit on our name! Now fight with some shred of honor!

Calling the Retreat to Last Stand/Church Base:

Cunningham: THIS IS IT! NO MORE PHASELINES, NO MORE RETREATING! THIS IS OUR LAST POSITION! THE FASCISTS WILL BREAK HERE!

Cunningham: THEY WILL NOT ACCEPT SURRENDER AND NEITHER WILL I! I WILL SHOOT ANYONE WHO TRIES! WE ARE RED GUARD!

Cunningham: WE WILL HOLD OR WE WILL DIE! THE FASCISTS WILL NOT TAKE THIS HILL! HOLD! THE! LINE!

Last Stand/Church Base Optional Dialog:

\**Medic is crouched over another wounded soldier, in the middle of field treatment with her assistant*\*

Schumacher: Allen, you're doing great, but I need you to keep that bag up high, ok? Keep the fluid moving.

Schumacher: Captain, I'm really sorry, but unless you also have a sucking chest wound, I'm gonna need you to take a number.

Cunningham: Schumacher. How's Douglass? Is he alright?

Schumacher: He's stable, but I've had to sedate him. He has a fractured skull, severe concussion, deep cuts, and a shattered arm.

\**Glancing at the assistant, then looking back to the wounded soldier*\*

Schumacher: Hand me the forceps, please, Allen. Captain, he needs surgery; which I can't do without a surgery unit or in a firefight.

Cunningham: We'll get him out, Karen. The relief will be here soon. I promise.

Schumacher: Captain.... He's... We will, sir.

\**If the Player has triggered the optional dialog with the medic at Phaseline 4, the conversation will continue*\*

Cunningham: How's the other guy? The apologist.

Schumacher: He didn't even make it up the slope. I'm sorry, Henry.

Cunningham: Yeah. Me too. Look after Douglass, Doctor.

\**Heard in the background*\*

Schumacher: Allen, what's his- Allen! The fuc- the bag! Hold it up!

CAS/Reinforcements Flyover Dialog:

\**Begins after a few minutes at the Last Stand/Church Base*\*

CAS Pilot: This is Captain Weaver, Canadian 5th Air Squadron. Is anyone on this net? I repeat: is there anyone alive on Hill 262?

Cunningham: This is Captain Henry Cunningham, 1st Battalion, Able Company, Red Guard. We are still here!

Cunningham: Our forces have fallen back to the church and are heavily engaged. We need immediate close air support.

CAS Pilot: Affirmative, point them out and we'll give them the good news.

Cunningham: Our forces are holding around the church. We have marked our position with red flairs.

Cunningham: Everything else of the hill is a target. Repeat: EVERYTHING ELSE is a fair game! Drop for full effect!

CAS Pilot: Alright, then it's open season. Swinging in south-to-north. Hang in there for a just a little longer, air cav and armor is just in tow.

Cunningham: Best news I've heard all day. Make it hurt, Captain. Cunningham, out!

Cunningham: ATTENTION ALL RED GUARD! THE RELIEF IS ALMOST HERE! JUST A FEW MORE MINUTES! HOLD!

\**Four jets fly in, right-to-left, swinging low and framed against the Summit where the player can see them. Explosions indicate that the bombs have detonated*\*

Background: \*Cheering\*. Red Guard Soldier: HELL YEAH! WASTE THE FUCKERS!

Kozlowski: Thank Meriwether, God, or whoever for the fucking Canadians!

Cunningham: THEY'RE STARTING TO BREAK! KEEP THE FIRE UP!

CAS Pilot: Good effect on target. I see lots of new statistics down there. Hunker down, Captain, a second flight is on approach.

\**After a (currently) 30 second delay, another flight of four jets fly past in the same manner as before. One gets hit by a SAM and crashes into the mountain*s\*

Background: \*Cheering\*. Red Guard Soldier: From Quebec with love! Enjoy it, assholes!

\**The ambient combat sounds begin to get quieter*\*

Red Guard Soldier: They're falling back! We're breaking them!

Cunningham: PUSH! PUSH THEM OFF THE SUMMIT! CLEAR THE LZ FOR THE HELOS! FORWARD!

\**The player is given the objective to reach the Summit Phaseline again, clearing any enemies on the Summit along the way*\*

Red Guard Soldier: Helicopters! I hear helicopters! It's the air cav!

\**A helicopter passes overhead, frame against the objective, raking the slopes of the hill with fire from a minigun. More helicopters pass overhead, landing on either side of the hill, delivering reinforcements. The ambient combat sounds continue to lessen*\*

Ending Mission Dialog:

\**Triggers when the Player reaches the Summit Phaseline barricades, indicating that the Summit is cleared of enemies*\*

Cunningham: ATTENTION ALL RED GUARD! CEASE FIRE! CEASE FIRE! Everyone, stand down, Baker can take it from here.

\**Player is no longer able to fire and has his/her movement speed set back to walking pace*\*

Cunningham: 1st Platoon, clear the LZ for the air cav and medevacs. 2nd and 3rd, on the perimeter. Everyone, smoking lamp is lit.

\**More helicopters fly over, this time landing on the Summit. The Brooks NPC approaches the Player*\*

Brooks: Heads up, sir, I think that's Alton hanging out of that helo.

Cunningham: Shit. Is it too late to surrender? Alright, dammit, go find Schumacher and get Douglass on the first medevac.

Brooks: Yes, sir. I have a fresh magazine, if you want it for your debrief.

Cunningham: Yes, but no. Go see to Douglass, then check on the men. Dismissed, First Sergeant. Though that title might change soon.

\**Brooks runs off; the Player walks towards the Alton NPC who is speaking to the crowed of reinforcements*\*

Alton: Lieutenant, a quarter of your men stay here on the perimeter. The rest clear the slopes. If there are any surviving Francos, see to it.

Alton: \*Loudly\* Captain Cunningham, damn fine job today. This company just did something to make every Red Guard proud of.

\**Alton gets close to the Player so only he/she can hear*\*

Alton: \*Quietly\* Smile, asshole, pretend you didn't just ruin your entire life with a temper tantrum.

Cunningham: \*Loudly\* We're just happy to do our part, Political Officer. Give us some ammo and cigarettes and we'll be in Paris tomorrow.

Cunningham: \*Quietly\* The de Gaulle division couldn't bury me; you think you can? Good luck. Until then, get out of my face.

\**Alton walks away. The screen begins to fade to black*\*

Cunningham: Alright, everyone, we've done something to be proud of today. Now someone get me a goddamn cigarette.

\**The screen is completely black. The level ends*\*