

THE GORGEOUS GUNSLINGING OF WARREN STYX

Written by

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OPENING CUTSCENE

EXT. VALLE DE LA MUERTE - BARNROCKBURN - DAY

A motorcycle dashes through the sandy street, the speed of the motorcycle causes the sand to kick up. The motorcycle stops in front of a building.

The hotel is several stories tall. It looks like extra rooms had been added in, like patchwork.

Many of the windows are broken or boarded up.

A sign on the entrance says: "Beat-Em-Up Bradley's Brawling Hotel: *Where any villain or crook can come and stay.*"

WARREN STYX, 20's, golden yellow eyes and messy brown hair. He wears a long brown trench coat. He has a cowboy hat with an ace card on top. Belts of ammunition crisscross his chest.

Two pistols by his side and his gloves have a metal plate in each knuckle, they emanate a green glow. In the left plate is inscribed the word; "WEST" in the other one, "WIND".

He gets off the motorcycle and heaves a sigh. He pulls out an earpiece and puts into his ear.

STATIC flares for an instant and a small hologram appears in front of him.

THE IRON TARANTULA, Warren's father, a tall man in late 40's, icy blue eyes, widows peak and beard, wears a suit and red tie, a golden S in the center of it.

THE IRON TARANTULA
Anything worthwhile to report, son?

Warren straightens up and takes off his hat.

WARREN STYX
Yes, pa'. Finally got to the hotel,
Beat-Em-Up-Bradley's, right?

His father does not respond, his face is stoic.

Warren sighs, as he does so his whole body shakes.

WARREN STYX (CONT'D)
Get to the top, kill the boss, and
get out. Simple as that. I won't
let you down pa'.

THE IRON TARANTULA

You want to make me proud? Finally
earn your spot at the round table?
Enter the family business? Be worth
my time? Then don't call until you
are done, understood?

Warren shakes himself and puts on a determined face.

WARREN STYX

Yes, pa'. I promise, I won't let
you down, not this time.

The hologram flickers.

THE IRON TARANTULA

See to it that you follow that
promise, son. A man without a
word's no better than a cockroach.

Warren walks towards the hotel entrance. There are skulls and
warnings graffiti into the walls;

"Abandon hope, all who enter," "Got a lot of headshots here,
10/10 would rent again," "All the enemies in here look the
same. No! I'm not racist!"

Warren stops in front of the doors of the hotel.

WARREN STYX (V.O.)

Man's only as great as their
triumphs, that's what my father
says. That true greatness doesn't
demand respect. It commands it!

Warren kicks the doors open and puts his hat back on.

WARREN STYX (V.O.)

Manning my old flower shop was
nice, but, as the world has shown,
it pays more to be trigger-happy.

Warren adjusts his gloves.

WARREN STYX (V.O.)

Name's Warren Styx, which sounds
nice on a gravestone if my shootin'
hand lets me down. And by God I
hope it doesn't, papa would lose
it. Papa, The Iron Tarantula, sent
me here to make him proud, 'go
son!' All that jazz. Worst part?
I'm supposed to be the hero here.

He strolls in.

INT. BEAT-EM-UP-BRADLEY'S BRAWLING HOTEL - LOBBY - LATER

The lobby looks straight out of the 1950's, very vintage. The carpet is red, with brown blots all over it. The paint on the walls is peeling off. Wanted posters litter about.

A chandelier hangs limply, a single chain holds it.

A group of several thugs, wearing things from leather to rags, turn around to see Warren strolling in.

THUG ONE, runs up to Warren. Smacks Warren in the face with an iron bat. Warren's hat drops to the floor.

THUG ONE
Fresh meat boys! Come get ya--

Warren punches Thug One straight in the face, the punch launches him into the wall, which cracks upon impact. Red steam emanates from his metal plate.

He pulls out his left pistol and shoots the chain of the chandelier, it falls on two thugs, who didn't dodge in time.

The other thugs take out their weapons, bats, clubs, guns...

Warren picks up his hat and places it on his head, half of his face has blood on it.

WARREN STYX (V.O.)
Time to show 'em my fast hands.

Warren draws out his other pistol with a wide grin on his face and his eyes fully open.

WARREN STYX
Come one now, Saloon boys! Let's
set sail! I'll be your ferryman!

Warren lets out a mad cackle.

CHAPTER TITLE
EMERGES:

CHAPTER ONE - A FISTFUL OF THUGS

CUTSCENE OVER

GAMEPLAY