

Trinity

Game Writing Sample

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Synopsis: A string of terrorist attacks in Western Europe leads a listless Irish man, anxious French agent, and enthusiastic Spanish diplomat on a chase for the perpetrator, allying their skills to avenge their countries and each other.

Inspired by:  
Third-Person Action Adventure  
Dialogue + QTE Checks

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INT. MANSION BARROOM, DAY

Double doors open as we slowly pan up: black heels, a side slit emerald gown, a troubled face. AVA ROCHE, 30, enters with a steady gait that belies her anxious eyes. Pink rouge sits high on her cheeks. Taupe lipstick cracks at the edges of her mouth; she's been biting her lip.

The doors CREAK closed with the weight of her body. Ava SIGHS as she eases her shoulders, before the CLINK of a glass sets her rigid, hands reflexing toward the square, metal handle of her purse.

UNKNOWN

Don't mind me. Just helping myself.

The room is empty save for a single man, shoulders hung over with poor posture. His tie hangs undone against the marble counter, a tired accessory for a tired wearer. The man's gruff, thick Irish accent is tinged with lethargy as he sits on a gold barstool, propping himself forward with his elbows.

Around him the room glimmers, its decor Versailles gold, made even more gaudy with the brutalist architecture of Prague standing tall outside its windows.

[CHOICES BEGIN]

AVA (CHOICE ONE)

**Apologetic:** I'm sorry. I thought I was alone.

UNKNOWN

How about a drink? Open bar. Well, it is when I'm playing bartender, at least.

AVA

I don't mean to intrude.

UNKNOWN

You can let your guard up, Ava. Now, anyways.

AVA (CHOICE TWO)

**Evasive:** I must have the wrong room.

UNKNOWN

Is there a righter room than this? Open bar, your pick of the litter. At least, figured I'd help myself. Not

like any of the stuffy bastards  
downstairs will notice.

AVA  
I really must be going.

UNKNOWN  
Relax, Ava.

AVA (CHOICE THREE)  
**Confrontational:** Who are you?

UNKNOWN  
A friend.

AVA  
That's not an answer.

UNKNOWN  
Brr. Someone's cold. Have a drink,  
it'll warm you up.

AVA  
I'm serious. Who are you?

UNKNOWN  
Have a seat, Ava. Let's talk.

**[CHOICES CONVERGE]**

The man takes a swig of his drink as Ava moves toward him, sizing him up. He's older, close to fifty, though he looks like he can hold his own just fine. Ava tries to steady her voice.

AVA  
How do you know my name?

The nerves filter through.

UNKNOWN  
How about I tell you mine first? Will  
that make you feel better?

The man slowly stands from the barstool, hands held out so that Ava can see them. He moves behind the counter to tinker with some bottles, popping ice into a glass.

As he fills it with cognac, he glances toward Ava's hand, still gripped tightly around her purse handle.

CILLIAN  
It's Cillian. Sharp, is it?

AVA  
Excuse me?

CILLIAN  
The handle. How does it work? Press a  
lever?

AVA  
I don't know what you're talking  
about.

CILLIAN  
When you get old enough, they stop  
giving you the fancy shite.

Ava eyes him coolly.

AVA  
Who do you work for for?

CILLIAN  
J2, *mademoiselle*. Like I said, here to  
help.

AVA  
Help how?

CILLIAN (SIGHING)  
With intelligence, for starters.  
You're not exactly fooling the men  
downstairs.

AVA  
What?

CILLIAN  
I mean you've been compromised, little  
lady.

AVA  
How do you know that?

CILLIAN  
You think the French are the only ones  
looking into him?

Cillian taps the cognac glass with a tempered finger, causing  
two pieces of ice in the drink to dislodge.

CILLIAN  
You drinking this? Or will I?

AVA  
*Merde. Shit.*

CILLIAN  
I'll take that as a no.

AVA (FRAZZLED)  
Why are you here? What's your plan?

CILLIAN  
Haven't thought it through yet.

AVA  
Haven't thought it *through*?

CILLIAN  
We'll get you through the gala, for starters. Grab a bite to eat after, maybe.

AVA  
My god. We need to leave, now.

Cillian takes a swig.

CILLIAN  
There's no rush. I imagine they'll be here soon, anyway.

AVA  
*What?*

Suddenly, the double doors of the barroom swing open with force; the sharp noise of guests mingling downstairs briefly fills the room, interrupted by the STOMPING of footsteps. Three men enter, hands drawn at their holsters. The doors close; tension hanging in the air.

CILLIAN  
Drink must have been prophetic. You ready?

A wide-eyed Ava dives behind the counter toward Cillian. She dislodges the metal handle of her purse to reveal its razor sharp ends, points protruding green. Some type of toxin, perhaps?

CILLIAN

Fat lot of good that'll do from here.

Cillian grips the neck of the cognac bottle, taking one last swig before CHUCKING it out from cover. It lands swiftly against the first man's head, blinding him with shattered glass. Cillian jumps the counter, removing the loose tie from his neck, grasping it at each end.

He takes the reeling man as a body shield, tie fixed around his neck for leverage.

CILLIAN

A little help, beour?

Shots begin to fire as alcohol and glass BURSTS from the bar's shelves. Ava stays low, shielding herself from the falling debris, lunging toward the legs of the second man, distracted by Cillian.

**[QTE BEGINS]**

AVA (QTE SUCCESS)

(grunts with exertion)

Ava strikes upward, lodging the pointed ends of her weapon into the man's stomach. She pulls the square handle back, pushing the man to the floor as she gains her standing.

AVA (QTE FAIL)

Damn it!

Ava attempts to strike upwards, but the man dodges backward just in time for her to puncture the air. He moves to retaliate, before the THUD of a body and a flying fist come into focus. Cillian lands a blow against the man, sending him reeling backward.

CILLIAN

Quicker, Ava!

**[QTES CONVERGE]**

One man remains as Cillian and Ava move to strike. He goes low while Ava goes high, curling her fingers and striking his neck with the heel of her wrist. The last man falls, while Ava and Cillian stand back-to-back, surveying the mess around them.

END SCENE.