

WELCOME,  
PEOPLE TRASH!

MEOW...

GO TEAM  
COWBOY!

AN UTTERLY HUMONGOUS  
PILE OF SHIT!

MY HEART IS  
FULL OF SHIT



ウルフ

# WOLFSTRIDE

ストライド

BACK INTO  
ACTION!

## ILLUSTRATED SCRIPT

THE ZZ SEAL  
OF QUALITY!

THANK YOU,  
AND COME BACK OFTEN!

WELCOME TO  
THE RIDER!

HOODOO BOY!!



# #00 - F.P. - FUCKING PROLOGUE

BLACK SCREEN

Everet Intro video.

SOUNDTRACK - FOAM GUN

The first thing the player will see after the black screen is a 21-year-old girl sitting on a leather chair. Her name is FOAM GUN. She's an ultra bored TV host, worldwide famous, and also a fourth-wall-breaking-demon that likes to mess around with both the player and the protagonist of this game.

FOAM GUN is unpredictable like a force of nature, she knows it all and although she's mostly bored, she has a maniac side that pops out once in a while.

FOAM GUN  
Welcome people trash.

Abruptly shoves her face on camera and whispers.

FOAM GUN  
Welcome player.  
I've been waiting for you...

Back to her normal stance.

FOAM GUN  
Let's get down to business.

**What you're about to witness is unlike anything you've seen before.**

It is the dawn of an era.

The beginning of something... and the death of many more.

The wheel of events is already in motion. There is no going back now.

So.

Are you ready?

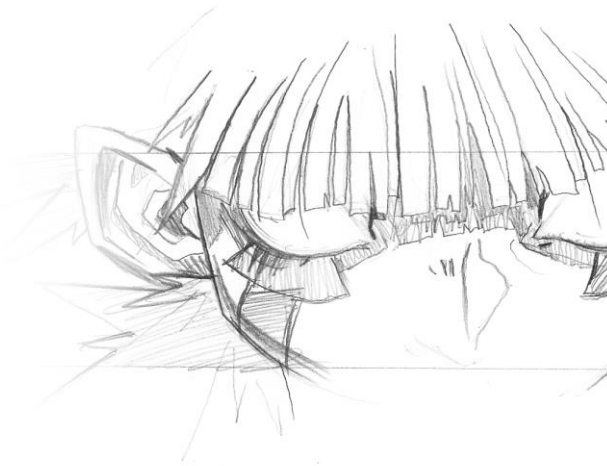
PLAYER CHOICE

1 - Yes.

2 - No.



FOAM GUN



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1- Yes.

FOAM GUN  
Hehe.

---

2- No.

FOAM GUN  
...

FOAM GUN shoves her face on the screen once again.

FOAM GUN  
You're not gonna play along, trash?  
Oh, you've got another thing comin'.

FOAM GUN gets back on her chair.

FOAM GUN  
Now. Try again, trash.

Back to PLAYER CHOICE

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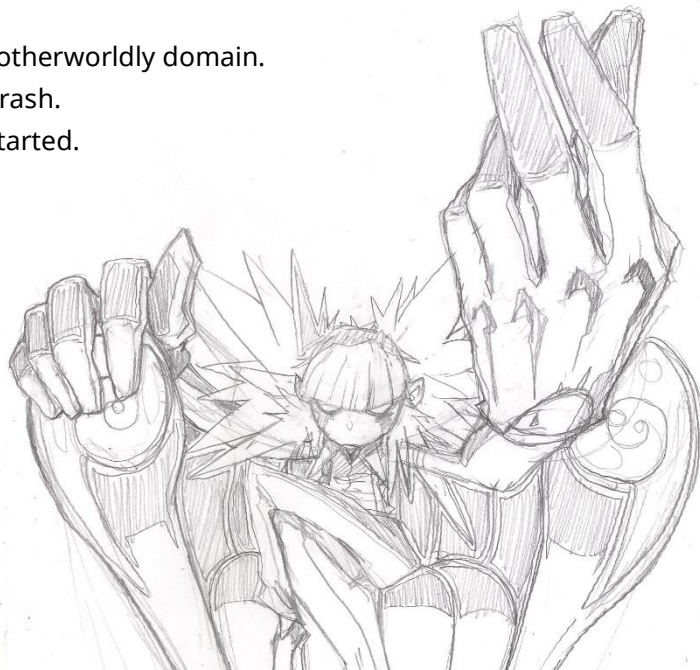
FOAM GUN  
Good. Good.  
Now we can proceed.

FOAM GUN raises her right arm in the air.

FOAM GUN  
May this be your first step into our otherworldly domain.  
CHEKHOV'S GUN, trash.  
Let's get this party started.

FOAM GUN snaps her fingers.

BLACK SCREEN.



SOUNDTRACK - SHADE

FADE IN

EXT - WHITE LIMBO CUBE DESERT

A giant metal cube floats in a rocky desert, connected to the ground by a long wooden ladder.

We hear Dominic SHADE's voice. SHADE is a 27-year-old badass ex-yakuza. Looking back at his life, running away from his past, he's unamused by the world surrounding him and he's looking for a reason to keep on living

SHADE

SHADE

A turning point.

A set point in time when you look back in wonder: How the hell did I become this?  
Sleepwalking at lightspeed... I finally caught up with myself.

SHADE

Have I reached the peak of all I could ever be?

Am I stuck on a looping mistake?

Well, I guess you found your answers. It's about time I looked for mine.

FADE TO BLACK

SOUNDTRACK FADE OUT

SHADE's former boss and father-figure, SEKISHUSAI is a 56-year-old dignified hard-ass yakuza who only speaks Japanese. He's also a gay man who suffered through hell before he died a miserable death in a Japanese prison.

SEKISHUSAI

Rumble and struggle all you want. Like you could shake it out of you.

This is who you are.

Dominic Shade.

INT - BACK BITER'S HANGAR - MECH ALLEY

The camera moves upwards showing the COWBOY in all his glory.

TEXT

COWBOY

P-Wan Gallow 07

FADES TO

INT - COWBOY'S CHEST COCKPIT

KNIFE LEOPARD is sitting in his pilot chair with a cup filled with chamomile tea to soothe his nerves. A radio sound breaks through, DUQUE shows up on a digital balloon.

KNIFE LEOPARD is a 24-year-old who sports six-pack abs and blonde wild hair. He tries hard to sell his image of a laid-back surfer, when in fact he's too much of mama's boy struggling to accept his adulthood.

DUQUE is a 32-year-old dog man who sounds like a 52-year-old dog man. He's almost always stressed, worried to hell, floating down a river of anxiety. He got debts to his neck, owning a worldwide famous mafia a lot of gambling cash. Can't say the guy sleeps, but he sure as hell tries.



DUQUE

TEXT

COWBOY'S COCKPIT

7 minutes before the fight

DUQUE

Hey, kiddo. How you holding up?

KNIFE LEOPARD

Great, dude.

DUQUE

Good to hear, cuz I'm about to crap my pants.

How the hell do you manage that?

KNIFE LEOPARD

Years of hardship. Training mind and body... and a jar of chamomile.

DUQUE

Well, just keep your crap together. Remember to bail out if things get too damned ugly.

You really sure about this?

We could still get a fair amount of pennies for this pile of junk... Ain't too late!

KNIFE LEOPARD

C'mon, dude. It's for GW. He wouldn't leave us the big guy for no reason...

DUQUE

I know. I know. It's just that... \*sighs\*

Scrap that. Where the hell is Shade?



KNIFE

KNIFE LEOPARD

Dunno. He said he was gonna take a leak or something.

DUQUE

How long ago?!

KNIFE LEOPARD

Thirty minutes, give or take.

DUQUE

Damned CATMAN! I swear to God I'm gonna choke that bastard dead!

An Alarm sounds in the distance.

DUQUE

CRAP! KIDDO! IT'S TIME!

Buckle the hell up and good luck out there!

FADE TO BLACK

SOUNDTRACK - WOLSFTRIDE

TEXT

OTA IMON

presents

KNIFE LEOPARD inside COWBOY's Cockpit.

TEXT

Game Design and Producing by

Marcelo de Barros

Duque stares at the COWBOY from a distance, as he lifts up to the arena.

TEXT

Engineering by

Gabriel Cunegato

Rômulo Gomes de Souza Marques dos Santos

Tiago Duarte

The crowd goes wild.

TEXT  
Tech Art by  
Paulo Imon  
Lidiane Castagna

TRINKET & KILLER standing before a bathroom stall.

TEXT  
Original Score by  
Isa Penna

We dive into the bathroom's door to find Shade taking a dump.  
Close into Shade's psycho smile.

CUT TO

Game Logo "WOLFSTRIDE".

CUT TO BLACK

TEXT  
Written and Directed by OTA IMON

CUT TO

VERSUS SCREEN - WORMAGEDDON VS COWBOY

SOUNDTRACK - WORMAGEDDON

GODWORM is a 27-year-old low class criminal who's on probation. Right now he's working as a snitch for the IPP (International Peace Police) under the custody of TRINKET & KILLER. He's got something of ONE PIECE's BUGGY the clown going on, like he's a real walking scandal and spits nonsense like a shittergun. He's also gonna die in the next chapter.

As the Battle starts, DUQUE interrupts for some dialogue.

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BEFORE FIRST TURN

DUQUE  
C'mon, kiddo, you gotta get in there!  
MOVE THIS PILE OF JUNK, FOR CRAP'S SAKE! GET IN RANGE!



GODWORM  
COME TO PAPA, BOYO!

---

BEFORE WORMAGEDDON - GOD PUNCH

GODWORM  
Now's the time your mother has eagerly been waiting for, you bloody ass punk!  
CHEW ON THIS, YOU SHIRTLESS MORON!

---

AFTER COWBOY - Blindfold Shooting

KNIFE LEOPARD  
GODAMMIT, DUDE! THAT WAS CRAZY AWESOME!!!

DUQUE  
THAT'S RIGHT, KIDDO!  
Don't lose track of your ammunition! You gotta load that spit gun for seconds!

GODWORM  
BRINGIN' A DAMNED GUN TO FIST FIGHT?! YOU NUTS? PUNK ASS SHAMELESS CHEATER!!  
I ain't got time to swat your damned flies! You're mine, blonde Cinderella!

---

AFTER COWBOY - HALF ASS PUNCH

KNIFE LEOPARD  
HOLLY HELL, DUDE! THIS IS LIKE PUNCHING WITH MY ENTIRE BODY!  
I CAN FEEL THE IMPACT ALL AROUND!

DUQUE  
Take it easy, kiddo!  
Don't push this pile o' junk too much! Watch out for the AP gauge!  
A real player's gotta know when to end their turn! Unless that player is a crappy dumbass!

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AFTER COWBOY - RELOAD

KNIFE LEOPARD  
BACK INTO ACTION!

---

COWBOY

WORMAGEDDON



AFTER WORMAGEDDON - KNOCKBACK PUNCH

GODWORM

HOW YOU LIKE THAT, PUNK?! DOES IT TASTE GOOD LIKE YOUR MOMA'S PUDDINGS?!

DUQUE

CRAP, KIDDO! DON'T LET THIS BASTARD CORNER YOU!

GO OVER HIM IF YOU NEED TO! PUSH IT AWAY!

(Sure hope that knucklehead is keeping an eye on his MP gauge, else this dung-bot ain't gonna budge an inch...)

---

AFTER WORMAGEDDON - CHARGE

GODWORM

IT SMEEEEEEEEELLLS LIKE THE GOOOD... IS COOKING!

And i's all gourmet a la parmegiana, ya tartare humper!

DUQUE

(I got a bad feeling about this. No way in hell this cardboard robot will withstand whatever is coming his way...)

(We should've sold this piece of dirty crap before it got wrecked to hell...)

(What a waste, kiddo...)

---

COWBOY CHEST UNDER 50%

DUQUE

(The dream is over! This huge mountain of poo has been my worst gamble yet... The kiddo is done for!)

(Another week chugging down toilet water and stale dog food...)

PART DESTROYED

---

GODWORM'S HEAD

GODWORM

WHAAAAA?!!! MY BLOODY THINKBOX?!!  
Just kidding, I'm better off without it anyway!

---



GODWORM'S RIGHT ARM

GODWORM  
NOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!! NOOO!NONNONONONONO!!  
YOU PIECE OF SLAVERY JOB AND PARLIAMENTARY ROBBERY!  
MY PARTY ARM!  
MY FREAKING PARTY ARM!!!!  
YOU GONNA PAY WITH YOUR PALE WHITE LITTLE SUNLESS BLOODLESS BOOTY!

---

COWBOY'S HEAD

KNIFE LEOPARD  
GAHHHHH! MY LITTLE HEAD, DUDE!  
(My targeting system is down...Whatever... As long as I can still hit something I should be ok!)

DUQUE  
(Damn crap, look at that, it's like this crappy robot head is made out of taco dough...)  
(Can't believe I got into this trap... This is absolute junk!)

---

COWBOY'S CHEST OR WORMAGEDDON'S CHEST

We hear KNIFE's ringtone.

KNIFE LEOPARD  
What's that... Oh, yeah! My cell phone!  
Shade?!  
Sorry, dude, I'm kinda in the middle of something here!

The phone keeps on ringing.

SOUNDTRACK FADES OUT

FADE TO

INT - PUBLIC BATHROOM STALL

We see an upshot of SHADE's hand holding his cellphone with an awkward photo of KNIFE LEOPARD subtitled "PINEAPPLES". In the background, we can see SHADE's hairy bare legs and the bathroom floor.



SHADE  
He ain't picking up.  
Pineapple's gotta problem with phones. Childhood trauma.  
Now, if you'll excuse me...

TRINKET is a 30-year-old cat man. He works for the International Peace Police and loves the sound of his voice. He's shady as it gets and also a far worse criminal than GODWORM will ever be. From blackmail to shameless murder, and terrorist acts he's done it all to get his job done.

TRINKET  
Please, mister. Call him again.

SOUNDTRACK - TRINKET & KILLER

FADE IN

INT - PUBLIC BATHROOM STALL

SHADE is taking a dump, TRINKET & KILLER are standing by his sides, inside this conveniently large bathroom stall.

TRINKET  
Please, call him again.

SHADE  
You sure you want to do that right now?

TRINKET  
It is the only time.

SHADE  
No can do, pal.

TRINKET  
This is a breach of contract.

SHADE  
Sue me.

TRINKET  
I assure you this is in your best interest.  
We're here to make things easier for you, like a part of our regular foreplay.  
I want to make sure we exhaust your every opportunity to make things right...  
So when it all goes to shit, you'll know there's no one else to blame but you.

KILLER

...



TRINKET

Last chance. Call the hillbilly and have him throw this fight. What do you say?

SHADE

...

I can't give a shit.

TRINKET

Fine.

If those are the cards you're dealing, we'll go all in.

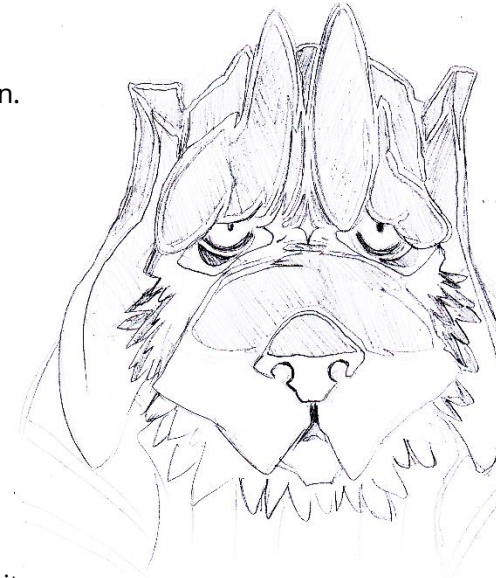
Killer!

KILLER

...

TRINKET

Let's beat this hippie up.



FADE TO BLACK

We hear sounds of punches and bones breaking, spaghetti and weird shit.

FADE IN

INT - PUBLIC BATHROOM STALL

SHADE is laying on the floor, TRINKET & KILLER stepping on his head, he's got a bloody nose.

SHADE

...

TRINKET

Why do you people always gotta be such assholes? You know what, you idiot?

Since life on Earth was a thing to the rise and fall of great civilizations, to the edge of the 21st century...

Your lifestyles have evolved in so many ways, but you people... You were assholes back then and you're still assholes right now.

Do you know what is the pinnacle of human evolution?

C4. Plastic reliable explosive.

It can fit anywhere and in any shape. Almost undetectable.

In my line of work, I usually expect people to cooperate, but, as I've stated: people are assholes.

And that's why C4 exists. For me to accomplish...



My. Fucking. Job.

SHADE

...

TRINKET

Now. Where's the detonation device?

KILLER holds the device in his mouth, it looks like a rubber bone toy.

KILLER

...

TRINKET

\*Sigh\*

Dog humor. Remind me why the hell do I even put up with you?

KILLER

...

TRINKET

Killer!

KILLER

...

TRINKET

Blow the hillbilly up.

SHADE

Wait, what?!

FADE TO

GODWORM launches WORMAGEDDON for its final punch. When his metal hand finally reaches COWBOY's chest. Killer bites on his detonation device, making a comic rubber toy noise. The explosion tears WORMAGEDDON's arm to pieces.

END OF PROLOGUE

