SNAKEBITE INTRO CAMPAIGN

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Intro Blizzard

EXT. ILLAPA - NIGHT

Snatches of Oscar’s office are visible through the storm.

More power pulses through the facility, and the winds intensify further. Lightning strikes around the base.

RICO is blown through the air and grabs on to a RAILING with his left hand, gritting his teeth.

MIRA (V.O.)
Rico! What’s going on?

CUT TO:

INT. ILLAPA - OSCAR’S OFFICE - NIGHT

In sharply contrasted peace, OSCAR leans on his desk, a GLASS OF SCOTCH in hand, regarding his 180-degree view. Outside, the storm is raging violently. The structure of Illapa occasionally trembles, the windows creaking against the power of the winds howling (muffled) outside. Cannon fire occasionally streaks through the blinding white.

GABRIELA puts down her WALKIE-TALKIE.

OSCAR
It’s unlikely he’s survived this long.

GABRIELA
This is not an ordinary man, Señor Espinosa.

OSCAR
(smile)
Sí. Might as well make sure, then.

He sets down his glass and presses the button on his desk.

TECHNICIAN (V.O.)
Señor?

OSCAR
Let’s see what Project Illapa can do, shall we?

The core’s intensifying power is heard in the whine of machinery and felt in the trembling of the room.

CUT TO:

EXT. ILLAPA

Rico is barely holding the railing. He lets go of his ASSAULT RIFLE and it pinwheels away into the white nothing.

He reaches for the railing with his free right hand, but the railing snaps free, and he's carried off by the wind.

MIRA (V.O.)
RICO! RICO! RESPOND!

He deploys his wingsuit, tries to regain control, but he's thrown into some part of Illapa's structure and the wingsuit rips audibly, shreds of it flapping away. His grappling hook crunches against the wall, and Mira's pleas are abruptly silenced.

As he tumbles away from the building, he tries to pull his parachute, but it buckles quickly in the wind with a ripping sound.

With the parachute failure, Rico's face is, for perhaps the first time ever, struck with fear.

The machinery deep within Illapa whines ever louder, the wind intensifies, and Rico struggles feebly against the unstoppable force of the storm, until he is sucked away into the void.

SMASH TO:

BLACK.

Title card: JUST CAUSE 4

Mira's voice, choppy over a broken radio, cuts the blackness. Her voice is weary. She's been at this for a while.

MIRA (V.O.)
Rico. Rico, this is Mira. Please respond.

FADE TO:

EXT. RAINFOREST VILLAGE - MORNING

Rico lays face down near the bank of a babbling brook. A

waterfall pours down the hill behind him. Morning light streams through the leaves.

Rico’s arm, encased in a broken grappling hook, twitches. He opens his eyes, and slowly pushes himself up. Everything hurts.

He tries his grappling hook’s comms.

RICO
Mira?

MIRA (V.O.)
(oblivious)
Come in, Rico. Please respond.

Rico fidgets with the broken grappling hook for a moment, then tries again.

RICO
Mira.

MIRA (V.O.)
Rico! Ay dios mio, you’re alive. I lost your GPS.

RICO
Sí. My grappling hook is broken...

He inspects his body and tattered wingsuit.

RICO (CONT’D)
So’s my wingsuit, my parachute, maybe a few ribs. I’ll need to make repairs.

MIRA (V.O.)
I have tools at El Abismo. What’s your location?

Rico looks around.

RICO
A forest. There’s a waterfall. I don’t know.

MIRA (V.O.)
I’m sending you my coordinates. Hope it works.

His grappling hooks emits a sad version of the “Objective Updated” sound.

RICO
Got it. See you soon.

Rico rolls his shoulder experimentally and looks around at the beautiful forest. He’s in the middle of nowhere.

RICO (CONT’D)
(to self)
Shit.

END SCENE.