

D.E.S.K.

Opening Cinematic by W. Kelly-Buttfield

Papago Korean Translations

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RPG DEVELOPMENT - D.E.S.K.

Developer Note: The opening of D.E.S.K. follows a similar structure, with pacing and game introduction, to Tomb Raider (2013). Here, we begin with an establishing cinematic that hints at what is to come and features the main setting of the game, alongside our main character Ha-Eun, before moving into a mixture of cinematics featuring haptic feedback. This is followed by increased gameplay moments that gradually hands control over to the player, starting with character movement and quick time events, eventually adding in interaction with the world as the opening storyline progresses.

This creative decision is largely due to personal taste, as I feel the gentle shift from viewer to player makes for a more natural introduction to the world and the character(s) you will be playing as, therefor heightening a player's overall immersion.

Director Note: Credits feature until Ha-Eun removes her headphones.

D.E.S.K. OPENING CINEMATIC

EXT. SEOUL. MORNING

A warm spring day. The morning light illuminates the dominating skyline of skyscrapers, planes, blue sky and a bright sun. The city streets and roads are full of early morning commuters and eager tourists.

EXT. HAN RIVER. SEOUL. CONTINUOUS

Alongside the Han River, city folk move up and down the footpath, avoiding the line-up of people standing before a coffee cart. At the back of the line is a woman in her late 20s, wearing a neat navy skirt and blazer pairing. She is on her phone, earbuds in and head bobbing in time to something clearly catchy. This is HA-EUN.

Just ahead of Ha-Eun in the line TWO YOUNG MEN stand shoulder to shoulder, arguing.

YOUNG MAN #1
맹세해. 막 잠들던 중이었어!

YOUNG MAN #1
*I swear it. Just as I was
falling asleep!*

YOUNG MAN #2
헛소리야. 내게는 꿈처럼 들려.

YOUNG MAN #2
*Bullshit. Sounds like a dream
to me.*

YOUNG MAN #1

꿈이 아니었어요.

YOUNG MAN #1

It was now dream.

YOUNG MAN #2

보세요, 제가 당신을 믿고 싶어도,
당신이 주의를 끌기 위해 무슨 일이든
할 테니까요. 그건 불가능해요. 그리고
당신이 주장하는 것처럼 지진이었다면
왜 뉴스에서 보지 못했을까요?

YOUNG MAN #2

*Look, even if I wanted to
believe you, which I don't
because you'll do anything
for attention, it's just not
possible. And if it was an
earthquake like you claim,
how come I haven't seen it on
the news then?*

YOUNG MAN #1

어떻게 알 수 있을까요?

YOUNG MAN #1

Well how would I know?

YOUNG MAN #2

제가 생각한 그대로입니다. 잠자리에
들기 직전에 재난 영화를 그만 봐야
해요. 머리를 엉망으로 만들고 있어요.

YOUNG MAN #2

*Just what I thought. You need
to stop watching those
disaster movies just before
you got to bed. They're
messing with your head.*

The line shifts forward. At the back, Ha-Eun looks up to the sky and grins.

EXT. FINANCIAL DISTRICT. SEOUL. CONTINUOUS

Businessmen and women in suits fill the streets, accompanied by briefcases, serious expressions and expensive looking phones.

INT. ELEVATOR. DAY

Ha-Eun is wedged tight between her fellow workers, the majority stifling yawns. She seems unphased by the cramped quarters or early hour.

INT. FINANCIAL BUILDING. CONTINUOUS

Music still buoying her spirits, Ha-Eun exits the elevator and steps out onto a floor filled with booths, offices and office workers. Coffee in hand, she navigates her way through the large number of desks, chairs and photocopiers. A woman, JANG-MI (early 30s, curly hair), standing by her desk waves to Ha-Eun as she passes.

JANG-MI
(mouthing the words)
지난 밤은 어땠어?

JANG-MI
(mouthing the words)
How was last night?

HA-EUN
(mouthing the words)
즐거웠어요.

HA-EUN
(mouthing the words)
It was fun.

JANG-MI
(mouthing the words)
말했잖아요.

JANG-MI
(mouthing the words)
I told you so.

Ha-Eun grins widely before continuing on, arriving at her desk. It is overly professional with minimal personal embellishments excepting a stiff looking family photo. Ha-Eun sits down, takes the lid off her coffee cup so it can cool and opens her computer. It is not long before she begins to efficiently type away at some figures.

Minutes visibly pass by on the tiny digital clock on Ha-Eun's desk. Ha-Eun is immersed in her work, still occasionally bopping her head and tapping her foot to her music as she types. But she is the only one working.

Unbeknownst to Ha-Eun, all around her people are looking to one another in confusion, standing up and moving over to the large windows running along one side of the office space. Something heavy and muffled is making a repetitive sound in the background. But maybe it's just the bass of Ha-Eun's music...?

It is only when Ha-Eun reaches for her coffee that she finally stops. Leaning down to get a better look, she notices deep ripples are forming across the drink's surface. Ha-Eun pulls off her headphones, the sounds of concerned murmuring mingling with a dull pounding. But that's just the construction across the road, right? Ha-Eun stands up and notices all the other workers by the window looking down into the street below. She is one of the only people still at their desk.

HA-EUN
장미이?

HA-EUN
Jang-Mi?

Jang-Mi, among those by the window, turns around to face Ha-Eun.

JANG-MI
잘 모르겠어--

JANG-MI
I'm not su--

Janh-Mi is cut off as the world suddenly tilts dramatically, forcing Ha-Eun to lunge at her desk to stay upright. She screws her eyes shut as the building shakes like thunder and then abruptly stills*.

**haptic feedback*

Slowly, Ha-Eun opens her eyes.

Strewn across the office, Ha-Eun's colleagues have found themselves forcibly deposited onto the floor, some clinging to one another and the walls for support. A door flies open on the far side of the office floor and all heads snap towards the sudden noise. THE BOSS, suit tie astray and looking shaken, stands in the doorway.

THE BOSS

모두 괜찮나요? 다친 사람 있나요?

THE BOSS

Is everyone alright? Is anyone hurt?

Mimicking the motions of those around her, Ha-Eun checks herself, finding no damage. Although, her coffee has fallen off her desk and spilt. Ha-Eun bends down to pick up the now empty cup, and that's when she sees it. Running along the floor, what appears to be a small seam is spreading from one end of the room towards the other, and towards the large glass windows.

JANG-MI

하은이?

JANG-MI

Ha-Eun?

Ha-Eun looks up and the world breaks*. She throws her hands up to protect her face, but it doesn't stop her from being thrown back and then nothing...

**haptic feedback*

OVER BLACK

A terrific tearing noise fills the air, almost like a beastly roar, accompanied by the sound of breaking glass and crumbling concrete. Muffled screams and cries and something else, strange and animalistic, echoes across the dark.

INT. FINANCIAL BUILDING. CONTINUOUS

Ha-Eun opens her eyes. Bruised, clothes torn, and bleeding from somewhere, Ha-Eun discovers she is buried under a mess of debris. She can't see anything and there is dust everywhere.

HA-EUN
도와주세요! 누구든지, 제발!

HA-EUN
*Help! Someone, anyone,
please!*

There is no reply.

Gameplay begins (with intermittent cinematics): A coughing Ha-Eun is encouraged to move by the player, guided as she crawls through the tunnel of broken chair legs, sparking electricals and crushed desks before her. The particularly narrow exit forces her to brush up against a sharp piece of metal that cuts into her shoulder*, eliciting a cry of pain.

****haptic feedback***

Free, Ha-Eun curls up on the ground, breathing heavily and clutching her wounded shoulder. After a minute, she calms herself down and stands up to take in her surroundings. The player can now direct Ha-Eun around the limited space.

HA-EUN (CONT'D)
어서. 한 발만 앞으로. 쉬워. 쉬워...
쉬워...

HA-EUN (CONT'D)
*Come on. Just one foot in
front of the other. Easy.
It's...easy...*

Despite her attempted words of comfort, Ha-Eun is terrified by what she finds. The whole building has been split in two, a giant crevice running through the middle.

HA-EUN (CONT'D)
장미이?

HA-EUN (CONT'D)
Jang-Mi?

Ha-Eun avoids looking at the broken bodies of her colleagues as much as she can, swallowing her sobs as she averts her eyes. She doesn't notice the strange claw-like gashes that are visible on some of them.

HA-EUN (CONT'D)
오, 세상에. 난 못해, 난--

HA-EUN (CONT'D)
Oh god. I can't, I--

Keeping a safe distance from the crevice, Ha-Eun and the player are directed by the path of broken desks towards where the windows once were.

Cinematic returns: Reaching the edge, there is nothing but chaos left. The gaping chasm continues across the street and through the next building. There are flames and smoke visible in the distance while the street below is a mess of debris and bodies. The air is filled with screams, sirens, car alarms...and an unnatural and deeply hungry sound.