

# **The Devil of Doullens**

**Narrative Design Sample / Cinematic Script**

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**Scene Context:** After adventuring into the secret passageway beneath the apothecary cellar, the Player meets a woman who has blindfolded and chained herself to the wall of a dungeon. When asked why, she simply introduces herself as Melinda, insisting that reason matters little in this town.

Together, the two leave the dungeon and make their way back to Melinda's home, where she warms a pot of tea. Melinda hums a faint tune—eerie but comforting. They talk about the history of the town, and what brought it to its knees. There are opportunities in combat as the Player protects Melinda by standing guard outside her home for three nights. On the next night after, she disappears, and the Player is left to investigate. They search all night and all day, but come up empty handed, until the fifth night, when the shaman returns to give the Player an omen.

At the end of Act I of the main questline, the Player confronts Melinda in the Grand Cathedral. This scene introduces the Player to the Devil of Doullens face-to-face for the first time and sets up the first boss fight. It gives players a chance to empathize with a formerly hopeful NPC consumed by grief.

## INT. THE GRAND CATHEDRAL – NIGHT

THE PLAYER steps quietly over shattered glass and broken pews. The moon's soft glow seeps in through the dilapidated stained-glass panes, illuminating a crumbling statue, its head fractured and strewn across the floor of the cathedral. At the far altar, a young woman kneels, sobbing into her hands.

### PLAYER

Melinda? What are you doing here? I've been looking everywhere for y-

The woman's sobbing ceases. She slowly rises to her feet. Silence coils around the Player's soul. Their heartbeat grows loud—like a rising symphony.

### MELINDA

Hello, wanderer. Have you come to offer me mercy?  
Or bury it beside me?

The player shifts uncomfortably, stepping closer amidst the mess.

### PLAYER

This isn't right. You deserve more than this. Whatever hold he has  
on you—you can fight it.

Melinda turns to face the player, tears streaming down her face, eyes puffy and raw.

### MELINDA

This pain is not yours to carry. You know not what you speak. The devil's  
grace... it *burns* the sorrow away. It *cleanses* you. His is the voice  
of redemption—the flame that devours grief itself. If you dare to  
strike him down, then this accursed land will forever torment me.

Melinda begins walking towards the Player.

**PLAYER**

The Devil of Doullens. I know his game. He will feed upon your mourning until you're nothing but a husk of the person you once were. A body with no soul to bear. He is no healer. He won't stop until there's nothing left of you.

Melinda stops just as she passes the Player and grits her teeth.

**MELINDA**

This is what remains of me. If you won't summon the devil to end my suffering... then you'd best keep wandering.

Melinda continues walking towards the front doors. The Player's chest tightens as the situation spirals out of their control.

**MELINDA**

He's waiting, you know. Beyond these doors.

The Player has one last resort, though they had hoped they would not need to use it.

**[BRANCH: Player Hesitates]**

*Melinda opens the door and vanishes into the night. The winds howl louder once she's gone. A single feather, white and blood-tipped, drifts to the floor in her place. She will return as a Weeping Angel—her sorrow crystallized—and the Devil of Doullens will have jumped to another host.*

**[BRANCH: Player Makes Their Stand]**

*Combat encounter occurs, the devil's grasp on Melinda is weakened, and she is spared for another night.*

**PLAYER**

Melinda, please.

She approaches the cathedral doors. The Player pulls a silver cross from their inventory and begins speaking a latin incantation into it. Melinda reaches her hands out to open the heavy doors, but when they touch the sacred wood, her skin bubbles and burns. Melinda belts out a blood-curdling shriek, her voice shifting into a deeper tone.

**PLAYER**

Leave her, devil. Take me instead. Bear witness to the world's  
greatest sorrows through my eyes.

Melinda turns to face the Player once more, only now her eyes glow with an unfamiliar rage. A shadow manifests behind her in the dark. It takes the shape of a short, staunch man with sharp, curling horns. The man steps out from behind her.

**DEVIL OF DOULLENS**

How amusing. Humans, always so noble, yet so ignorant. Grief is not  
learned, child. It is seeded in the deepest depths of the soul. It festers in  
silence, blooms in shadow. It is the fruiting body of death and mourning,  
and it is not yours to offer.

The Player is taken back by this, but they stand their ground.

**PLAYER**

I won't let you take her.

**DEVIL OF DOULLENS**

If you won't play your part, then the least you could do is get off the stage.

The Devil grabs Melinda and throws her across the room. She crashes through a rotted pew. The Player cries out—but she doesn't move.

**[BOSS FIGHT: THE DEVIL OF DOULLENS]**

The Devil snarls at the Player, his breath reeking of rot and despair. **[Initiate combat]**.