

Frogs!

by

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FADE IN:

INT. THE EMPEROR'S ROOM - NIGHT

Thunder is roaring outside. The room is enlightened by lights and a lightning flash every now and then. On a bed, a huge blanket is covering the gigantic, grunting emperor, FREDDY THE FRIGHTFUL; his ADVISOR, a smaller frog, is sitting beside him. The grunting stops; slowly, the ADVISOR stands up, takes a step back and bows his head.

CUT TO:

EXT. HOME CORNER - DAY

A bunch of frogs, THE CROWD, are sitting on small stones peaking out of the water. One big pebble sits in the middle, empty. Excited croaking fills the air as the ADVISOR hops onto this pebble.

ADVISOR

(in a quiet, but firm
voice, barely carrying
over the noise)

Dear friends! With deepest frogrets
I must confirm that our most valued
leader, his great gruntiness Freddy
the Frightful, has passed on to the
Great Pond Beyond.

THE CROWD

(croaking loudly)

ADVISOR

Our new emperor will be appointed
by the Slimy Seat before the next
rainstorm.

THE CROWD's croaking quietens down. Only a few worried
croaks remain to be heard.

FABIAN

(unfazed)

The Slimy Seat? We do not need that
nasty Slimy Seat! Friends, it is
time to take matters into our own
hands!

ADVISOR

(eyes narrowing)

Oh, you go and try! No one can swim
against the tides of the Slimy
Seat! Not even you, Fabian the
oh-so fabulous!

FABIAN

You just eat your flies and see!
Friends, let us go and claim the
waters that are ours!

The crowd croaks and cheers once more. The advisor withdraws.

CUT TO:

LEVEL ONE: TUTORIAL

FABIAN

Friends! Follow me, we can hop our
own path to victory!

The crowd takes formation behind Fabian.

GO TO GAMEPLAY: