

INT - Train Shuttle

The train rumbles as it travels through the tunnel. The battle theme of the previous level plays in the background at a lower pitch interspersed with sounds of locomotion.

Outside of the windows is a patchwork of grey concrete and fluorescent lights.

Nicolo is standing up and holding onto a strap. He scratches his neck, the puncture wound from previous, still visible on his neck, it looks purple-ish. He stares at Rossoni, sitting in front of him. Rossoni is staring down at the floor like a man resigned to his fate onto the gallows.

Indro sits on the benches alongside Rossoni, his gaze fixed on the outside. Finger hovering over the trigger guard of his gun as if expecting something to burst out of the concrete grey.

Rossoni speaks with a morose tone.

ROSSONI

"De Gaspari said the PCI is a lion in strength and a fox in tactical sophistication; a force able to inspire devotion among its followers and daunt its adversaries."

Rossoni raises his head to meet Nicolo's gaze and he shows off a grin.

NICOLO

"He isn't wrong in that regard. Wrong as he may be in others."

ROSSONI

"I doubt his convictions on the matter."

INDRO

"If your doubts were stronger, you wouldn't be in handcuffs, bleeding from the nose ."

ROSSONI

"We humans often don't understand the true extent of our faults until it hits us in the face."

INDRO

"I think Togliatti said something like that too."

ROSSONI

"You shouldn't trust the PCI. They are parasites."

NICOLO

"And we shall grow fat from the teats as they had once sucked the blood of the masses."

ROSSONI

"Yes. Callegra. He was a visionary poet. Are you a big fan of his?"

NICOLO

"A man's gotta have some hobbies in his pursuit of freedom."

INDRO

"Passions enrich a fighter's resolve for the struggle."

ROSSONI

(Lightly laughing)

"Yes, that I agree with. Dolomites, When shall she ring for me, Gravel and Wheat, Paper muntinies, Donovious, Bluebeard."

Nicolo hears a pang in his ears when he hears the last two words like tinnitus setting in. He is the only one affected. The window view changes to wobbly textures of green and pink instead of grey.

FPS POV: Nicolo gazes at Rossoni as his face from the nose up starts to peel like a banana. Revealing skin and flesh. Instead of a skull, a lotus flower blooming open to show a deformed frog-rat hybrid.

His mouth moves and he speaks.

ROSSONI

"All favorites of mine. They show that even Callegra knew from history that revolutionaries rarely stop using violence once they have won the revolution. Violence is the cudgel upon which revolutionaries and poets must rely on to get the point across at all times."

INDRO

"That's enough college talk."

The view sways from Rossoni to Indro, who has stood up. Everything is back to normal. Rossoni's face is still all there.

The train stops at an empty station platform.

INDRO

"Homestretch."

[Player is given back control as train doors open to the platform]