



Title: The Club
Developer: Bizarre Creations
Format: XB360, PS3, PC
Genre: Action Shooter
Release date: TBC

[The Club mixes the best elements from action shooters with instant accessibility and is the most innovative shooter seen on the next generation of consoles and PCs. Featuring the relentless pace and attention to detail of racing games, with a story structure based on fighting games, players will choose from eight gladiatorial misfit characters to fight in a shadowy underground blood-sport known simply as The Club. Controlled by faceless, obscenely wealthy and an influential elite, each character has their own reason for risking their life to "beat" The Club. Some are driven by greed, some are adrenaline junkies, and some are driven by pure insane bloodlust.](#)

ENVIRONMENT BACKGROUND

ENGLISH MANOR HOUSE: *The Club* often seems to favour arena locations with dark and violent histories. Hutton Manor, located somewhere in the wilds of rural England, is no exception. Long time property of a particularly dissolute and madness-prone branch of the English aristocracy, various tragedies and violent dramas have been played out over the centuries behind its elegant marble walls and sturdy oak-panelled doors. The last direct heir of the family died in the Somme in 1916, whereupon the house passed through a variety of short-lived owners and tenants, most of whom allowed the place to slip further into physical decline.

Notorious English occultists rented the place for a few years in the 1920s, adding Black Masses and sex magic orgies to the list of activities the house has witnessed over the centuries. It was almost certainly the occultist connection, on top of the house's generally dark reputation, that encouraged the millionaire guitarist of an infamous British heavy rock band with satanic leanings to acquire the house in the 1970s. The house became the scene of days-long riotous parties that even the occultists couldn't have imagined, and no-one was

much surprised when the rock star and his girlfriend were one day found dead together, the victims of simultaneous drug overdoses.

After that, the house lay derelict for years, eventually becoming home to a large hippie commune, much to the horror of the local rural community. The hippies' tenancy abruptly ended when they were firebombed out of the place one night by persons unknown. Twelve people died in the fire, and the house lay empty for several more years, before belatedly being taken over by the National Trust, one wing of it being converted into a sanatorium for the criminally insane. The seeming curse on the place struck again when several of the most dangerous inmates broke out, butchering five members of staff and the six members of a family living in the nearest farmhouse. The sanatorium was closed down, and the building allowed to slip further into disuse and decay.

In recent years, a charitable trust of wealthy philanthropists have stepped forward to relieve a grateful nation of the financial burden and legal responsibility of the building's ownership, the philanthropists deeming the place perfect for their needs and promising to restore it to a purpose fully in keeping with the building's illustrious history.

And, as always, ***The Club*** intend to make good on their promises.

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