

## Scene 1 - Opening

### ***Vedergan – Interior, night***

*Nikolaj runs down a hallway. Zombies are seen pursuing. He enters a study and slams the door behind him.*

Nikolaj: That won't hold for long.

*He begins examining the room as the zombies pound on the door. Crossing to a desk with a notebook, he tears out a page.*

Narration: \*Rrrrrrrrip\*

Nikolaj: I can look over this later when I'm safe.

*The door breaks and zombies pile in. Nikolaj produces a vial.*

Nikolaj: Stay back! Or I'll blow us all to hell and back again.

*The zombies advance. Nikolaj throws the vial on the ground between them. It produces a massive explosion.*

### ***Vedergan – Exterior, night***

*Nikolaj is launched out a window and falls out of sight. Fade to black.*

### ***Pallor – Interior, Ilian's home, morning***

*Nikolaj wakes up in bed. Ilian runs up next to him.*

Ilian: Morning, sleepyhead.

Nikolaj: Urgh... I have the worst headache of my life.

Ilian: By the way, you snore. If you're going to keep sleeping in my bed, you should work on fixing that.

Nikolaj: Your bed? Who are you?

Ilian: My name's Ilian.

I was walking to the recharge station when I found you by the roadside.

Nikolaj: Thank you. My name is... Nikolaj.

...I think.

Ilian: Let me guess, amnesia or some sort of memory loss?

Nikolaj: Why do you think that?

Ilian: That's how the stories go, right? Someone abandoned on the roadside, no memory, mysterious past. All that.

Nikolaj: I'm not sure. I don't remember getting on the roadside.

Ilian: I had a quick look through your pockets. For identification. All you had was a lot of broken glass vials and this piece of paper.

Nikolaj: Let me see the paper.

*Ilian crosses the room and returns.*

Ilian: Here you are. I couldn't figure out what language it was.

Nikolaj: I think it's an ingredient list. Most are crossed off, except "Realgar." That's a kind of gem used in... I'm not sure.

Ilian: Hmm. Maybe your memory really is totally shot.

Nikolaj: Did I have anything else on me?

Ilian: ...yeah. This.

*Ilian leaves and returns.*

Nikolaj: My alembic! Excellent. Thank you.

Ilian: Are you an alchemist?

Nikolaj: ...I think I might be. I hadn't realized it before, but when I saw the alembic, something clicked in my head.

Ilian: Really? That's so cool. I always loved hearing about alchemy. In plays and stuff. I never got a hang of it at school.

Nikolaj: What school would teach alchemy?

*Ilian turns and across the room the fireplace lights.*

Ilian: I'm trained in magic.

Nikolaj: Incredible! I've never met a mage before!

Ilian: And I've never met an alchemist before either. So we're even.

Though I can't really put my magic to any use right now. People are superstitious enough, but now, with Eleksa looming over the valley...

Nikolaj: Eleksa... he's the mage that lives in Vedergan right?

Ilian: Is that its name? The old dwarf stronghold out past the eastern mountains.

Nikolaj: That's the one.

Ilian: Yeah, shit happens. Occasionally some necromancer or someone like Eleksa pops up, and I'm out of work for a month or two. But, it passes, and I can go back to fixing lamps and curing plagues.

*Nikolaj talks a few steps around the room.*

Nikolaj: Well, I am very grateful for you helping me.

Ilian: That's alright. Just doing what I can. Do you know where you're going? What you'll do now that you're out of bed?

Nikolaj: I... suppose not. I just felt like I should be getting a move-on.  
Maybe I can ask around for Realgar and see if any more memories come back.

Ilian: How about you come with me? I was going to meet some friends at the pub for lunch.  
Once you have some food in you, we can go to Count Kwerri.

Nikolaj: Who's that?

Ilian: He's an old sage. The fates speak through him.  
Apparently.

Nikolaj: I'm not superstitious.

Ilian: He does actually seem to know a lot. It might just be the wisdom of being old, but whenever I've gone to him with a question, he's got the right answer.

Nikolaj: Alright. I could try this Kwerri. And lunch sounds fabulous right now.

*Nikolaj sets the alembic on a side table, and both leave the room.*

***Pallor – Exterior, morning***

Ilian: Keep up. My house isn't in the nicest neighbourhood.  
*They hurry through alleys and past scruffy beggars.*

Beggar: Spare a coin for me dinner?

Ilian: If I could, I wouldn't live here.

Beggar: How about your whole purse then?

**Scene 2 – Opening con't**

***Pallor – Exterior, morning***

*They head out onto the main street. Glowing magic lamps light the way and mechanized carts trundle past. Ilian leads them to The Silverfox.*

***Pallor – Interior, The Silverfox, morning***

Ilian: Hello! You got room for a fourth?  
*Ilian runs ahead. Nikolaj follows to a table with Wilhelm and Mikael sitting at it.*

Wilhelm: This is the one you've been telling us about then?

Ilian: Yes. He just woke up this morning. Boys, this is Nikolaj.

Mikael: Glad you're feeling better, Nicky. My name's Mikael.

Wilhelm: And I'm Wilhelm. Pleasure's all ours.

Nikolaj: Hello.

Ilian: I get them to wear consistent colours all the time. Otherwise we couldn't tell them apart at a distance. Twins, eh?

Mikael: I'm not sure how I feel about being colour-coded.

Wilhelm: I know how I feel. Hungry. We've been waiting forever, let's get some snacks.

Mikael: And drinks.

Wilhelm: That's "drink" for you mate. Singular.

Mikael: Yeah, we'll see how the night goes.

Nikolaj: It's not even midday yet.

Ilian: Enjoy their banter now while you can. Trust me, the novelty wears off.

*Fade to black.*

Wilhelm: So, Nikolaj, where are you headed now?

Nikolaj: Erm... Ilian offered to take me to Count Query.

Ilian: "Kwerri."

Mikael: Aw great! I love going to him. If nothing else, it's entertaining.

Ilian: You boys want to come? Unless you have other plans.

Wilhelm: Nah, of course not. Mikael might have a date later...

Mikael: No, she ditched me. I got a letter this morning.

Wilhelm: Well! We'll follow you all day then, if you don't get bored of us before that.

Nikolaj: If we're going together, you should know my memory's a bit of a blank right now. That's why I want to talk to Kwerri.

Mikael: Same bump that left you in Ilian's bed, Nicky?

Nikolaj: Couldn't say. I've got memory loss.

Mikael: Ha ha! Fair enough.

Ilian: He did remember that he's an alchemist.

Wilhelm: Really? Shit, you don't see that every day.

Mikael: Can you brew potions?

Nikolaj: Erm, theoretically. I should be able too if I had the ingredients.

Ilian: Actually, we should do that. There's a store on the way to Kwerri's. That way if we get jumped again you can do something useful.

Wilhelm: Well if you've got us you won't need to worry about getting jumped.

Mikael: Yeah, two hulking beefy strongmen like us. They'll run at the sight.

Wilhelm: That felt disingenuous.

Mikael: I just saw you eat five sausages Wilhelm. You're not exactly... ripped.

Wilhelm: Love handles! The ladies dig 'em. Besides I've gotten stabbed more than you, I know how to handle myself in a fight.

Mikael: Sure, if they've got a knife. Someone surprises you with a power bat, then they've got the element of surprise...

Nikolaj: I think the novelty's worn off.

Ilian: I told you. Let's head out, they'll follow behind.

Nikolaj: Are they going to stop bickering?

Ilian: They haven't since birth. Just paused to catch their breath once in a while.

### Scene 3 – Kwerri

#### *Interior - Kwerri's House, Pallor, day*

Kwerri: Hello? Who goes there?

Ilian: It's me Kwerri, Ilian. I've got Wilhelm and Mikael here too.

Kwerri: Who?

Ilian: Mikael and... oh damn it all. We have a question for you.

Kwerri: What?

Ilian: \*sigh\*

We! Have! A! Question!

Old bastard.

Kwerri: Now, now, didn't your mother tell you name-calling was impolite?

Mikael: Aren't you supposed to be deaf?

Kwerri: Hmm? Who said that?

Nikolaj: This is your... oracle?

Wilhelm: Never been wrong yet.

Ilian: Right, start thinking how you'll phrase your question Nikolaj. That's important.  
I'll coax him into actually listening.

*Ilian walks off to Kwerri.*

Nikolaj: What happens if my phrasing isn't right?

Wilhelm: Nothing bad. You'll just waste your opportunity is all.

Mikael: As you can tell, Kwerri is finicky. If Ilian can get him going, it would be a minor miracle.

Nikolaj: I didn't realize this was such a process.

Mikael: Universal truth doesn't come easy.

*Ilian comes back.*

Ilian: Okay, let's give this a shot.

*Kwerri begins spinning around, blue fires light around the room's edges.*

Kwerri: ASK.

Wilhelm: Go on.

Nikolaj: Alright then...

Where was I going before I wound up in Pallor?

Kwerri: ...

HOME AND AWAY. JOURNEYING IN CIRCLES. A NEVER ENDING PATH.

YOU SEEK REALGAR. WITH IT A POTION MIGHT BE BREWED.

THE POTION WILL END ELEKSA'S WORK.

THE CURVE OF YOUR PATH TAKES YOU TO SERAFIN, THROUGH ARTURIA,  
AND ON TO VEDERGAN.

Nikolaj: Realgar and Eleksa again.

Ilian: Nikolaj this is incredible! I wouldn't call it prophecy, or chosen by fate or something, but it seems like you're bound to stop Eleksa!

Mikael: That's a lot to think about.

Nikolaj: Maybe me ending up in Pallor was bound to happen.

Wilhelm: Kwerri's still going.

Kwerri: YOU ARE UNACCUSTOMED TO THIS WORLD. ALLOW ME TO ELABORATE.  
ASK.

[Explain Mana]

Kwerri: MAGES ARE TRAINED TO CAST SPELLS FOR COMBAT.

SIMPLE OR COMPLEX, MAGICAL SPELLS ARE POWERED BY MANA.

MAGES HAVE A POOL OF MANA THEY DRAW FROM. THE POOL IS RETAINED BETWEEN BATTLES.

CASTING A SPELL WILL DEplete MANA.

IT MAY BE RESTORED WITH POTIONS, OR BY TAKING A REST IN AN INN.

[Explain Vigour]

Kwerri: SOME WITH MARTIAL TRAINING CAN USE SPECIAL SKILLS.

VIGOUR IS USED FOR SPECIAL NON-MAGICAL ATTACKS.

USING A SKILL DEPLETES VIGOUR.

A COMBATANT BEGINS BATTLE WITH A SMALL AMOUNT OF VIGOUR, AND VIGOUR RESETS EACH BATTLE.

USING A SIMPLE ATTACK, GUARDING, OR TAKING DAMAGE WILL INCREASE VIGOUR.

[Explain Potions]

Kwerri: AN ALCHEMIST KNOWS THE SECRETS OF POTION MAKING.

IF A POTION'S RECIPE IS KNOWN, AND THE NECESSARY INGREDIENTS ARE PRESENT, A POTION MAY BE BREWED.

BREWING A POTION MUST BE DONE WITH AN ALEMBIC. INGREDIENTS CAN BE BOUGHT, OR FOES MAY DROP THEM UPON DEATH.

POTIONS MAY BE USED TO ATTACK THE FOE IN COMBAT, OR ASSIST ALLIES.

USING A POTION CONSUMES IT, AND WHEN YOUR SUPPLY RUNS OUT, YOU MUST BREW MORE.

Nikolaj: I think I'm done here. That's enough answers for one day. We can come back if I think up another question.

*The fires go out.*

Ilian: So we have a plan?

Mikael: We do?

Ilian: Find this Realgar for Nikolaj. Then we can stop Eleksa.

Kwerri mentioned Serafin, Arturia, and Vedegar.

Wilhelm: I guess he meant Serafin Forest?

Nikolaj: Where is that?

Wilhelm: East of Pallor. It's supposed to be haunted by the ghosts of faeries that once lived there.

Nikolaj: That story's enough to scare you off?

Wilhelm: Nah, just saying. People are superstitious about this stuff. But I don't believe it.

Mikael: And Arturia. That's the ruined empire to the south. It blocks the mountain pass east to Vedegar, so I'd say we're meant to find a way through...

Ilian: But nobody's been in there for years. The walls close it off nice and tight.

Mikael: Well, we will get to that part when we get to it. For now, to Serafin!

Nikolaj: I agree. Let's head there first and see what happens.