

In Betwixt

Written by

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INT. CATACOMBS OF THE CATHEDRAL OF LIGHT - EVENING

In the deepest and most forgotten section of the Cathedral of Light's Catacombs, among the debris and other things lost to time, a man sees himself lost in his own dream.

DIPS OF WATER rhythmically falling on the ground give way to the murmurs of the man.

ALDRIN CORNELL (the player), a beginner priest in his mid 20s, is passed out, dreaming about his sister and a time long past.

DREAM ENDS WITH A FADE TO WHITE

Suddenly, his dream reaches its sorrowful end and he wakes up.

ALDRIN
(screams)
ALINA!

Aldrin is sweating a lot. He puts his hand on his head, covering his face. Some tears disguising themselves as sweat.

ALDRIN
What... Was that? Where am I?

A quick look around shows Aldrin that he is in a very old cell, a rusty lock standing between him and his freedom. He places his other hand on the back of his head, only to find a huge bruise and blood.

ALDRIN
UGH!

ALDRIN
(thinking to himself)
When did this happen..? I remember
being in the old priest's room
and--

His thoughts are interrupted by a voice. A woman's voice.

RED-HAIRED WOMAN
I was starting to think you would
never wake up, sir.

Startled, Aldrin's eyes rush to the source of the voice: A red-haired woman in her early 20s sitting in a cell next to him.

CAROL
The name's CAROL, by the way. Nice
to make your acquaintance. You've
been out for quite some time.

Aldrin turns to the woman. She is incredibly beautiful, although showing signs of fatigue.

ALDRIN

What happened?

CAROL

Not sure. I was trying to craft a
escape plan when I heard footsteps,
so I pretended to be asleep. Next
thing I know, that crazy priest
comes in, throws you in that cell
and leaves laughing.

Aldrin can feel the anger building up inside of him.

ALDRIN

Ezekiel...

CAROL

Oh, good, you know him. That makes
things easier. We need--

Aldrin ignores Carol, stands up and starts to frenetically
look for a way out close to the door.

PLAYER HAS CONTROL OF ALDRIN AND CAN EXAMINE THE CELL FOR A
COUPLE OF SECONDS.

CAROL

(frustrated)

It's no use... Believe me, I've
been trying that for three days
now.

PLAYER LOSES CONTROL OF ALDRIN.

Surprised, Aldrin stops what he's doing and looks at Carol.

ALDRIN

You've been locked up here for
three days?

CAROL

It honestly felt like more.

ALDRIN

But... Why? Who are you?

Carol reaches in her clothing close to her chest and pulls
an ornate journal.

CAROL

(proud)

I am a Chronicler. I serve the
order of the Custodes Veritatis to
register every major event in the
world and preserve its memory.

She puts her hand over the journal's cover as if drawing
energy from it.

ALDRIN

So you were here for the Ritual?

CAROL

That's correct. I was supposed to record the Ritual of Light, just as my predecessors did for the last 499 years.

Carol's hand clunches into a fist.

CAROL

(angered)

Instead, I was tricked by the High Priest and left here to die... I swear, if I ever find that asshole again...

Aldrin approaches the side of the cell close to Carol's.

ALDRIN

I know the feeling.

Carol puts her journal away and stands up.

CAROL

(frustrated)

I just can't understand... Everyone knows that Chroniclers can walk and go wherever we want. It's our JOB. Whatever his reasons, it's clear that the crazy old man didn't want me to see something.

Aldrin lets out a faint laugh.

ALDRIN

Oh, you have no idea.

CAROL

(intrigued)

Whatever do you mean?

ALDRIN

Well... For starters, the ritual was a complete failure. Instead of banishing the Darkness they summoned some kind of creature called The Entity to our world that is hungry for blood.

Carol's eyes widen as she approaches the cell bars close to Aldrin.

ALDRIN

The Lux Divinus have also been using their own people as sacrifices in their rituals in

(MORE)

ALDRIN (cont'd)
order to appease the Darkness, or
whatever.

CAROL
That's...

ALDRIN
If all that wasn't enough,
supposedly there's a relic called
Nyx that has the power to contain
the Darkness inside of it once and
for all, but it is too dangerous to
be weilded.

Carol pushes to the bars so hard that her head almost
squeezes through.

Aldrin turns his back to Carol and slowly starts to walk
around the room.

ALDRIN
And on the center of all of this?
Our friend, Ezekiel. I have no
doubt now that he completely lost
his mind too...

Aldrin looks back at Carol and notices that she can barely
hide her excitement.

ALDRIN
You're enjoying this, aren't you?

That affirmation throws Carol off and she pushes back from
the cell bars.

CAROL
(apologetically)
Oh! I apologize! It's just that...
While as a human being I am
disgusted by their actions, as a
Chronicler I am fascinated by
everything you just told me.

While she is talking, Carol starts to move around the room,
gesturing and repeat everything that Aldrin just said as if
trying to memorize it.

CAROL
The Entity. The Lux. The Nyx and
Ezekiel. There's so much going
on... If I only had my tools to
write it all up...

That moment, something clicked inside Carol.

CAROL
Of course, my tools!

She rushes to the bars close to Aldrin's cell and points at a table in front of the door.

CAROL

Do you see that bag close to your cell? If you can get that to me, I'm sure that I can lockpick these doors and get us out of here!

The table where Carol's bag of tools is sitting is close to a brick wall near Aldrin's cell door.

ALDRIN

(Skeptical)

Well, it's worth a shot.

Aldrin tries to stretch his arm as much as possible, but fails to reach the bag.

ALDRIN

Damn it, it's too far... I need a way of extending my reach...

PLAYER CONTROLS ALDRIN AND EXPLORES THE CELL TO FIND A WAY OF GRABBING THE BAG. EVENTUALLY, THEY FIND A SET OF CHAINS LOOSE ON THE WALLS.

ALDRIN

This will do.

Aldrin pulls the chains out of the wall along with some bricks. He moves to the cell door and, holding the chains tight, throws them at the wooden table's leg and slowly starts to push it close to him, the nervous sweat running down his face almost syncing with the water droplets that fall from the rusted pipes when they hit the ground.

After much effort, he succeeds.

ALDRIN

Got it!

He grabs the bag through the cell bars and hands it over to Carol.

ALDRIN

This is heavier than I thought...

Carol looks at him with a smirk on her face.

CAROL

You would be surprised to know how many tools a Chronicler needs to carry around...

The moment Carol's hands touch the bag it's as if she was welcoming an old friend home. She quickly opens it and pulls out a shap feather pen.

CAROL

Alright... Let's see what I can do.

Surprisingly for Aldrin, Carol seems pretty good at whatever she was doing there.

CAROL

Hey, I just realized I never asked your name...

ALDRIN

It's Aldrin. Aldrin Cornell.

At that time, Carol suddenly stopped.

CAROL

Cornell, you said? Now... Where did I hear that name..?

She leaves the lock unattended and opens her journal. After what seemed like an eternity for Aldrin, her face darkens, indicating that she found what she was looking for.

CAROL

You... You are the brother of Alina Cornell, right?

Aldrin is taken aback by the fact that Carol knew his sister.

ALDRIN

How do you know Alina?

As much as Carol wanted to tell him, she couldn't bring herself to say anything. Her silence was reaching Aldrin as if it was the biggest of screams.

ALDRIN

Carol! Hello? How do you know my sister?

CAROL

Aldrin... How much do you know about your sister's death?

ALDRIN

What? She had an accidental fire while--

CAROL

The last Chronicler to record the Ritual of Light... He... Wrote about the events that transpired that night and... Alina was involved.

Incredulous, Aldrin raises his voice filled with anger.

ALDRIN

What?!

CAROL

Here... It's best if you read it.

Carol hands Aldrin her journal opened on the date of the last ritual. When Aldrin reaches to grab it, she holds it, as if trying to protect him from what he was about to read. Eventually, she lets it go.

Nothing. Absolutely nothing could have prepared Aldrin for the words contained in those pages.

ALDRIN

(low voice)

What... This is...

In excruciating detail, the journal detailed the many deaths that happened for the ritual by the order of the High Priest Ezekiel. Between the names of all the sacrifices, Aldrin spotted the last one he wanted to see: Alina.

ALDRIN

No...

Although all the sacrifices were tortured to unbearable points in their last moments, Ezekiel seemed to focus his efforts on Alina more than the others.

CLICK. Carol unlocked her door and made her way to Aldrin's.

Each word Aldrin read brought pain to his heart as no weapon ever could. The procedure was stripping Alina of her dignity, her skin, her soul. In the end all that was left of her was a bare shell that sustained hatred for the High priest. And then, nothing.

ALDRIN

(losing strength)

I can't... This... Oh my God,
Alina...

The room started spiralling for Aldrin. He starts to lose balance and stumbles back until he touches the opposite wall. He drops Carol's journal and falls to the ground.

CLICK. Carol finally unlocked Aldrin's door. She walks slowly to Aldrin and kneel close to him.

CAROL

I am so sorry...

Aldrin doesn't even have the strength to raise his head. He just stared blankly to the ground.

ALDRIN

They used her, Carol... The very
place she devoted her life to...
And I let that happen.

CAROL

It wasn't your fault! Ezekiel is
the real culprit here.

Carol gathers her journal from the ground and stores it back
into her bag. She puts her hand on Aldrin's shoulder.

CAROL

We need to make sure Ezekiel pays
for what he did not only to your
sister, but to all those people
that died for his mad desires.

Aldrin wanted a lot of things that moment. He wanted to
scream in pain for he now knows what became of his sister.
He wanted to hate Ezekiel and make him pay for Alina's fate.
He also wanted to die, for the guilt of feeling responsible
for his sister's death was a burden too heavy to bear.
Instead, he did nothing.

ALDRIN

(mumbling)

... Yeah.

CAROL

So, what do you say we go find this
Nyx Relic of yours and stop that
lunatic before the other animal,
the Entity, catches up to us?

ALDRIN

... Yeah.

Carol never saw someone in such a deplorable state. It
angered her to unsormountable amounts to know that the
culprit to all that pain is still at large.

CAROL

Aldrin...

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