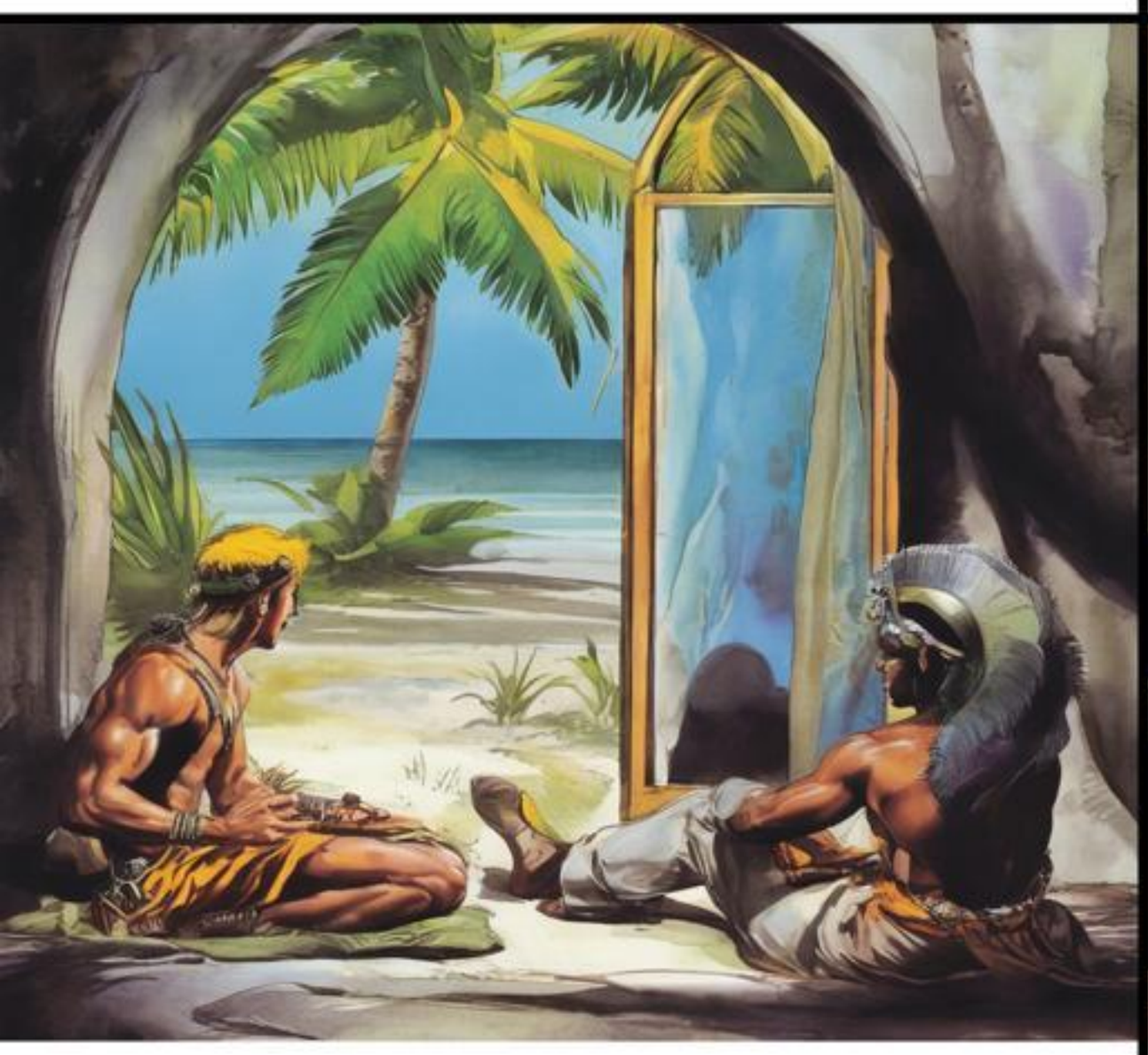
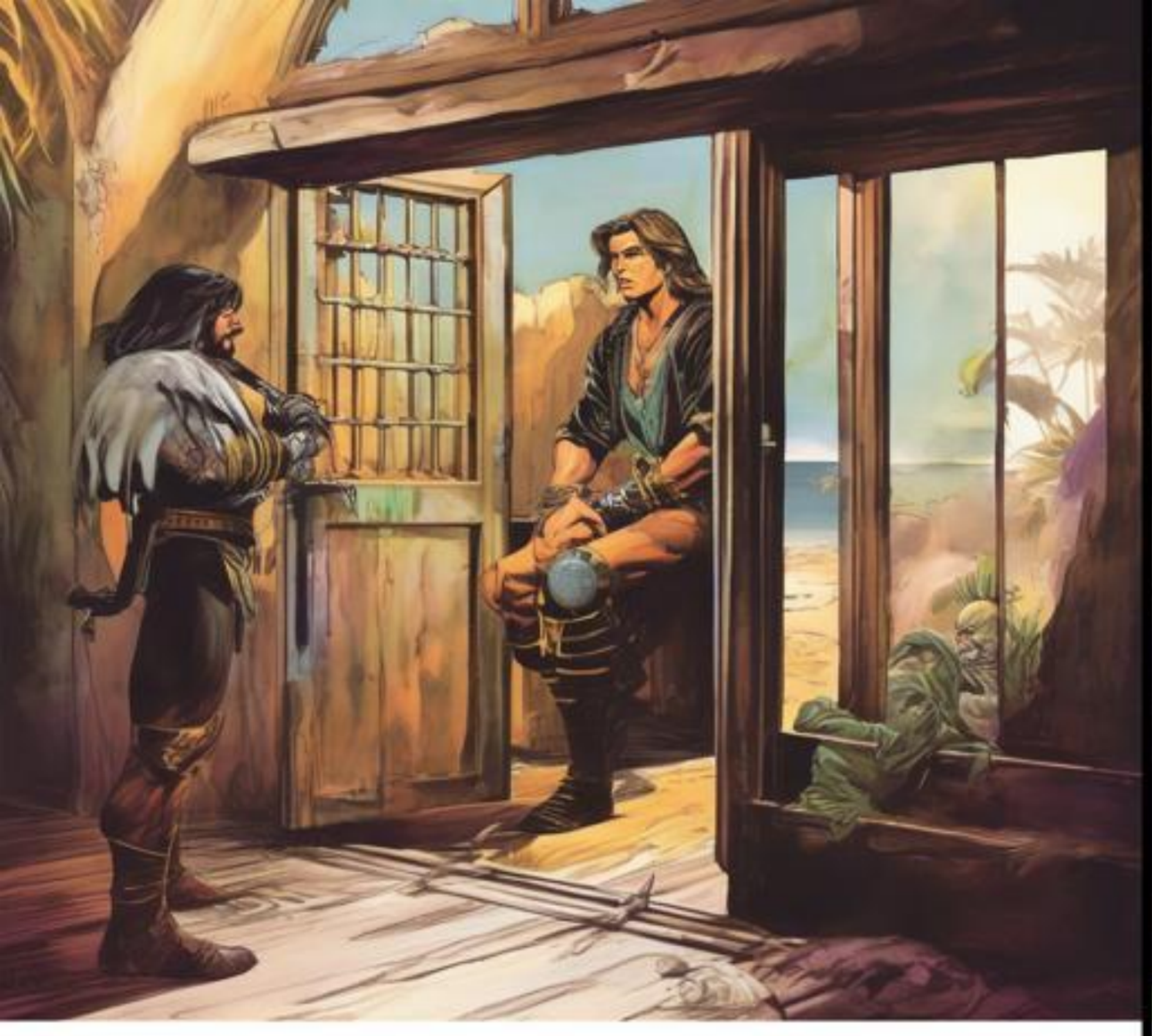
"THE CANNON FIRE... I REMEMBER IT. WHAT HAPPENED AFTER?"

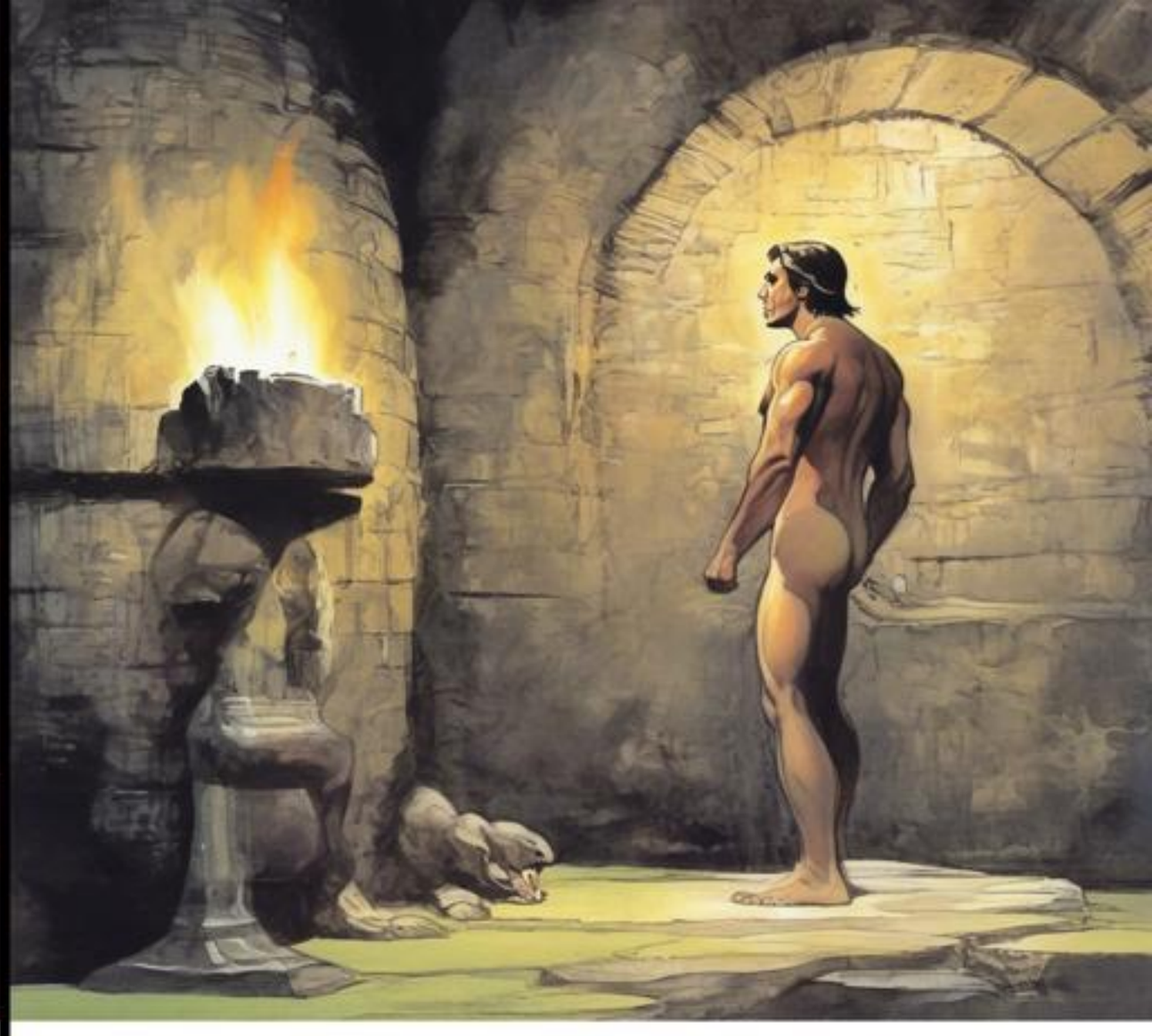


THE SOUND OF WAVES CRASHING OUTSIDE CONTRASTS WITH THE TENSE ATMOSPHERE WITHIN

THE WARLOCK'S WORDS HUNG IN THE AIR LIKE A CHALLENGE: 'WHO IS SYPHILIS?'



ARTHUR: (WHISPERING) HOW CAN I REMEMBER...WHAT DID WE DO?



DAR.YL: (WHISPERING) 'YOU DON'T REMEMBER ANYTHING?'

DAR.YL: 'VERY BUFF', HE SAYS WITH A GRIN, HIS EYES GLINTING WITH PRIDE

"SO I ADDRESS THE MIRROR ON THE OTHER SIDE" DAR.YL SAYS WITH A SMIRK, CLEARLY PROUD OF HIS PHYSIQUE.

"WHERE'S THE CHALICE?!" SYPHIL.IS DEMANDS, HIS VOICE LOW BUT URGENT

ARTHUR: 'DID WE GO... PARTY WITH THESE GUYS?'

"SO THAT'S JUST IT. HE TAKES FOUR DAMAGE..." SYPHILIS WHISPERS TO DAR.YL, EYES DARTING TOWARDS THE APPROACHING GUARD.

DAR.YL STRUGGLES TO BREAK FREE, WHISPERING 'IT'S NOT HOW IT WORKS'

UH... THAT'S TRUE. I DIDN'T ROLL TO HIT.

"IT SHOULD HAVE BEEN A GAMBLE FIRST PROBABLY" DAR.YL SAYS, EYES FIXED ON SYPHILIS, "BUT I SUPPOSE WE'VE BEEN TOO FOCUSED ON GETTING OUT ALIVE."

"WE NEED TO GET MOVING BEFORE THEY CATCH US", SYPHILIS WHISPERS

DAR.YL: 'WAIT, WAIT... I REMEMBER SOMETHING.'

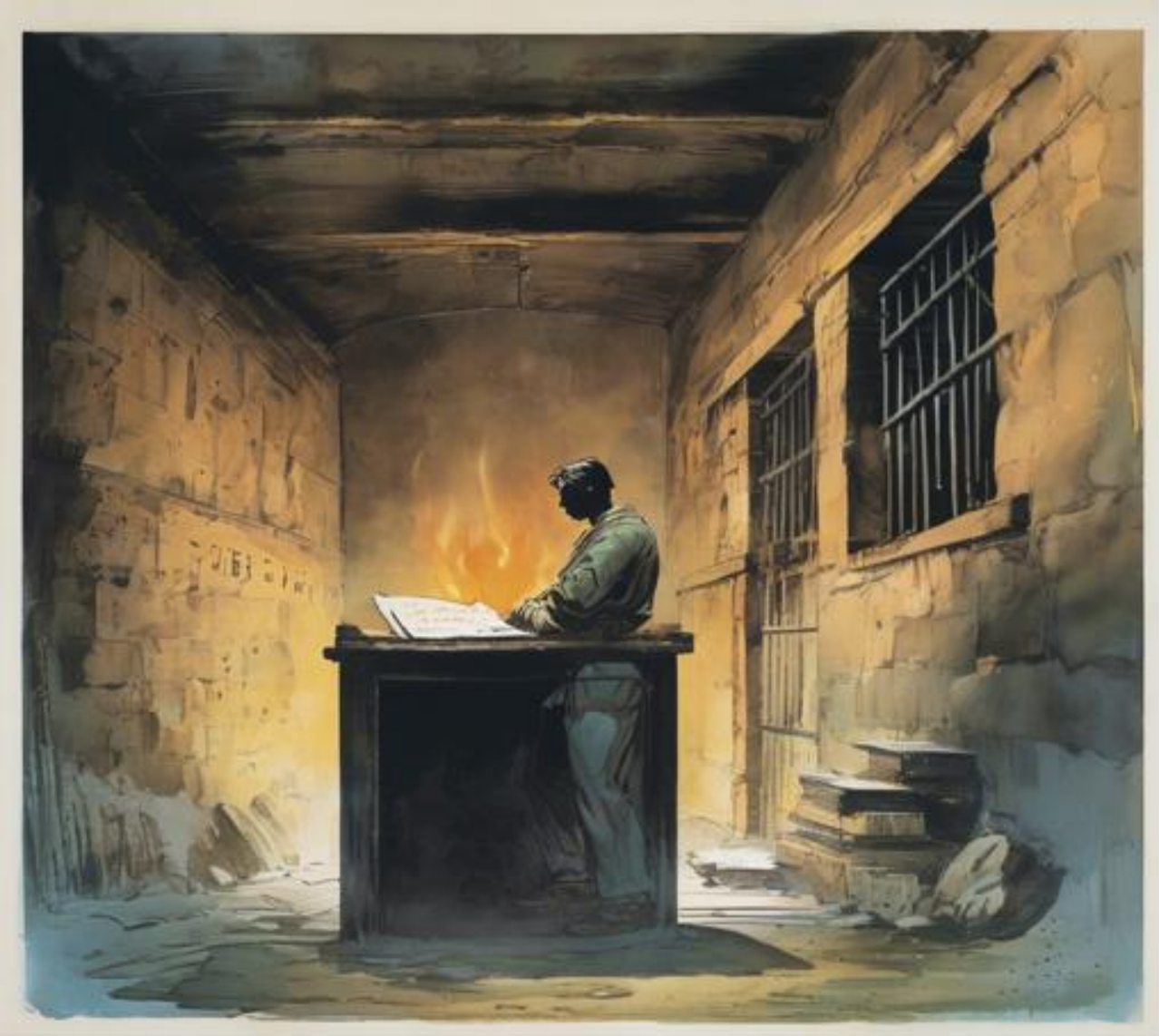
GO.SH

SYPHILIS' WHISPERED WORDS HANG IN THE AIR, A MORBIDLY HUMOROUS ATTEMPT TO DIFFUSE THE SITUATION.

"FUCK IT" SYPHILIS MUTTERS TO THEMSELVES AS THEY START USING AN ACTION SURGE TO TRY AND FORCE THE LOCK OPEN.

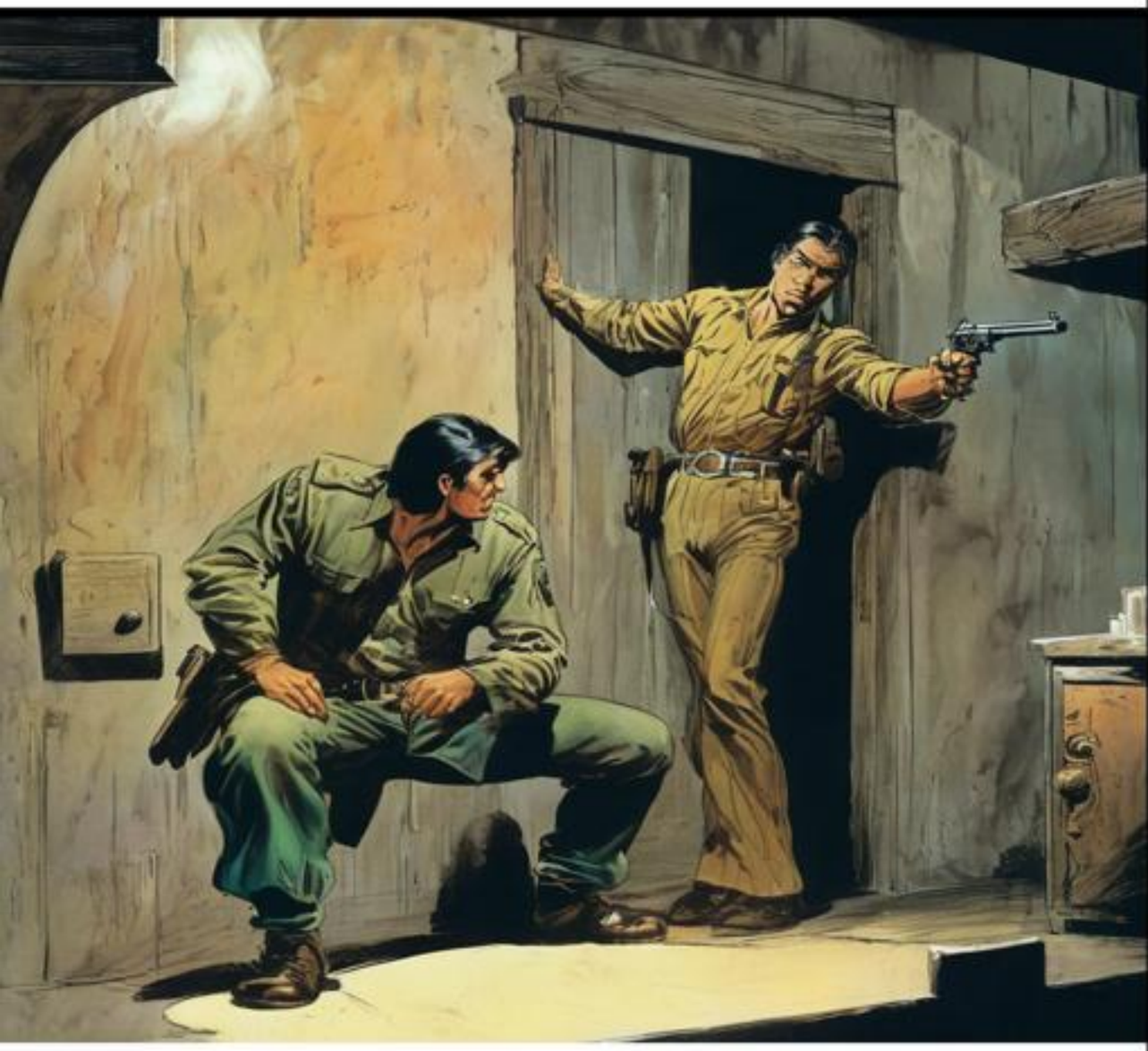
'OKAY, UM, SO THAT'S ACTUALLY SOMETHING I'M NOT USING', SYPHILIS SAYS, HOLDING UP A SMALL DEVICE

SYPHILIS MUTTERS TO HIMSELF, 'AND GRAB... IT'.



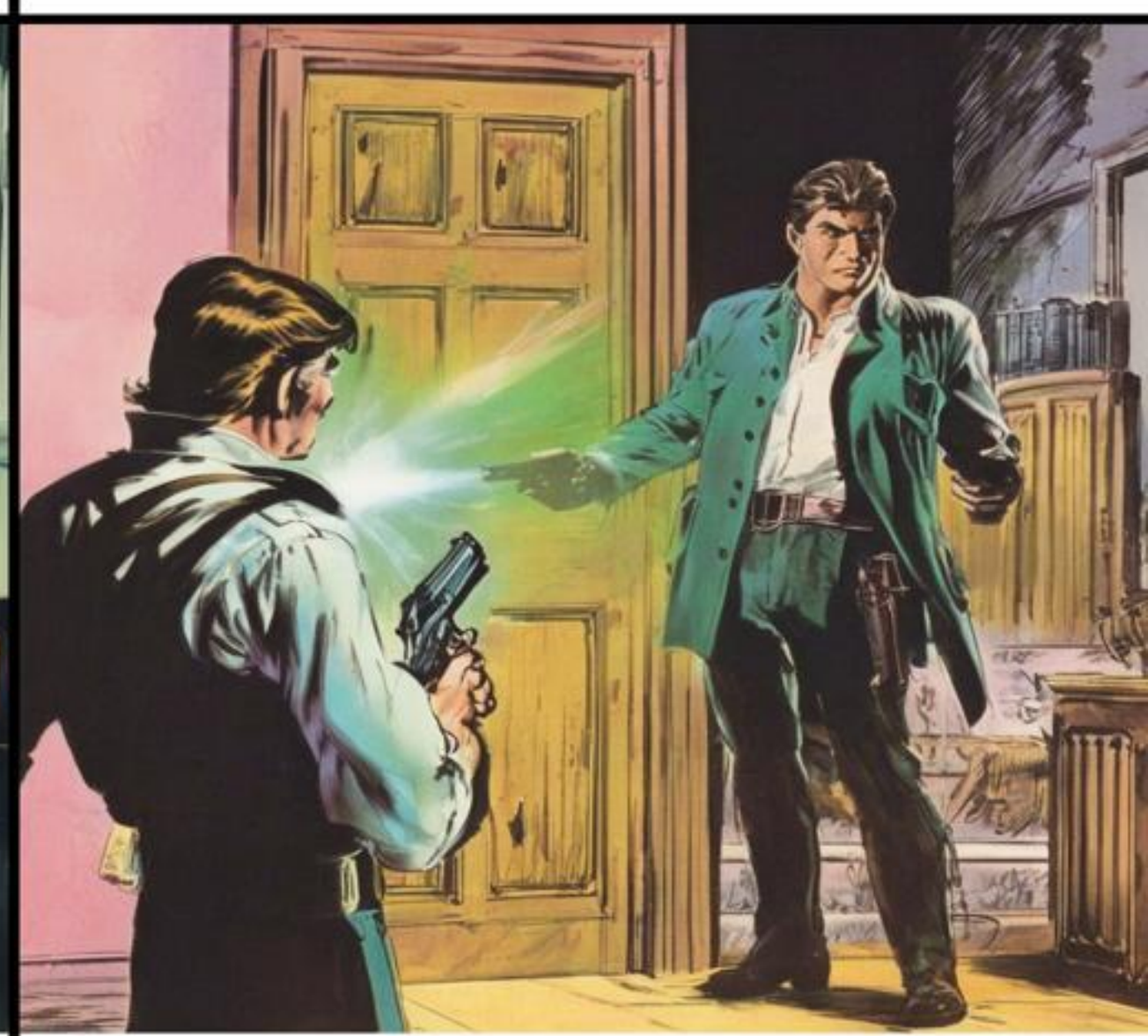
"YOU CAN TELL ME WHAT YOU WANT" SYPHILIS SAYS, HIS VOICE LACED WITH A MIX OF CURIOSITY AND URGENCY.

'YOU DON'T MANAGE TO GET MY GUN', SYPHILIS SAYS, HIS VOICE LOW AND EVEN.



THE SOUND OF THE GUN'S SAFETY BEING RELEASED ECHOES THROUGH THE CELL

SYPHILIS: 'FOR A PISTOL?'



SYPHILIS: 'OH, YOU'RE SO LUCKY.

"AND I JUST... CLENCH MY JAWS" SAYS SYPHILIS, HIS VOICE LACED WITH MENACE AS HE READIES THE GUN

SYPHILIS: 'HE WOULDN'T HAVE DONE THAT YET...'

GONORRHEA: 'YES. CHECK'.

"IT'S NOT EVEN A SLIVER OF LIGHT" GONORRHEA SAYS, ITS VOICE LACED WITH UNEASE. "MY HAND IS... DIFFERENT."

GONORRHEA'S VOICE DRIPS WITH AN UNSETTLING CALMNESS... 'I AM A DE.X.TER.ITY THING...'

"IS HE STORMTROOPER?"

"...AWARE OF GO.NOR.R.HEA'S PRESENCE"

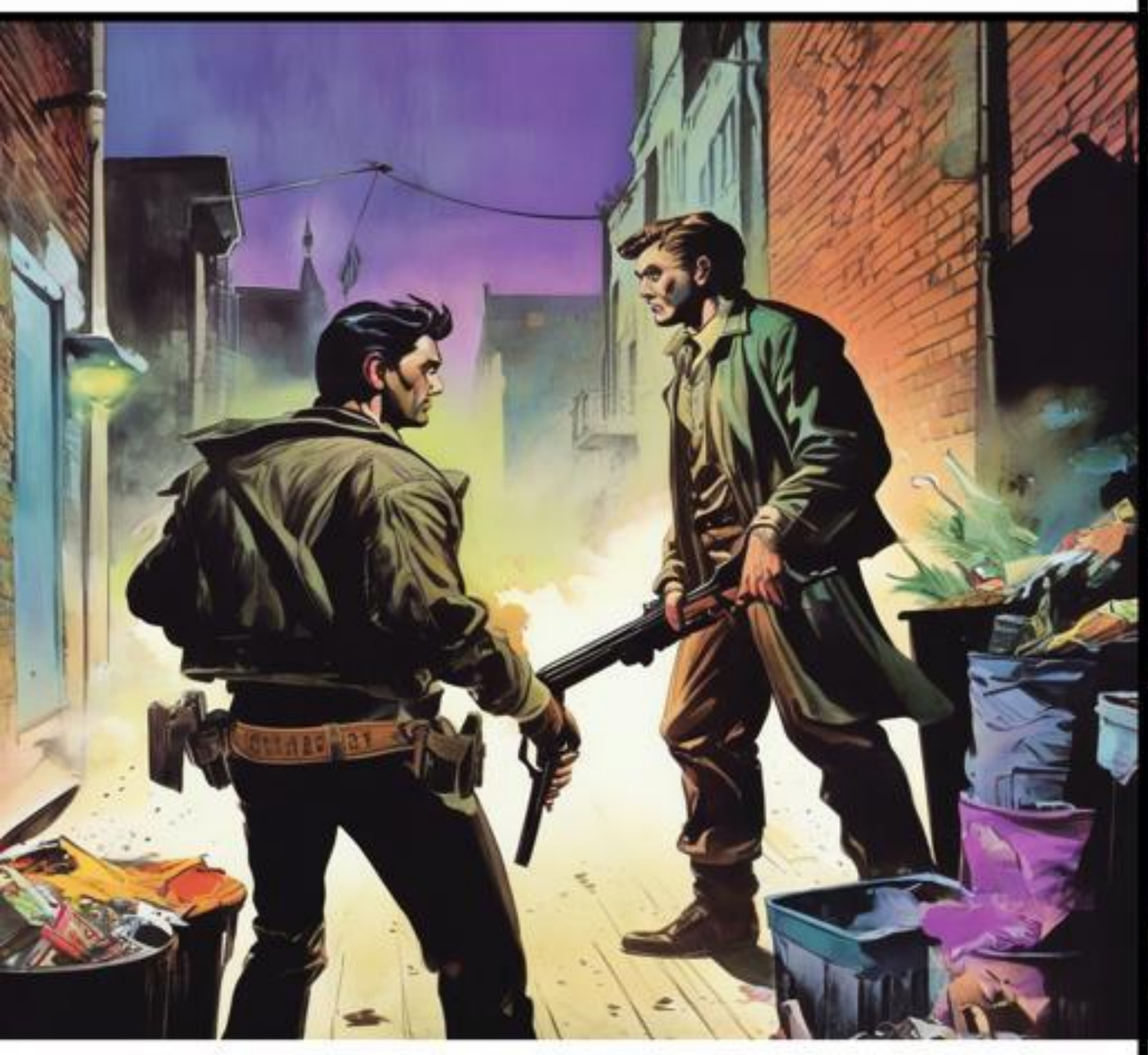
"YOU'RE IN A DM'S WORLD NOW" SYPHILIS SAYS, HIS VOICE LOW AND MENACING.

WE'RE STILL... IN THIS TOGETHER.

"GET. OUT. OF MY WAY."

"...AND MISSED. WITH HIS UH, PISTOL. CHU.CKS IT TO THE FLOOR."

GONORRHEA'S INFECTED BODY AND CURSES ADD TO THE TENSION AS THEY CLOSE IN ON EACH OTHER.



SYPHILIS: 'YOU GOT ONE SHOT. DON'T WASTE IT'.

'YOU'RE FUCKING USELESS, NOW GET IT OVER WITH'

SYPHILIS: 'EASIER FOR ME TO JUST KEEP PUNCHING YOU'.

"I'M JUST GONNA PUNCH THE MOTHERFUCKER", SYPHILIS GROWLS, HIS EYES LOCKED ON GONORRHEA'S INFECTED BODY

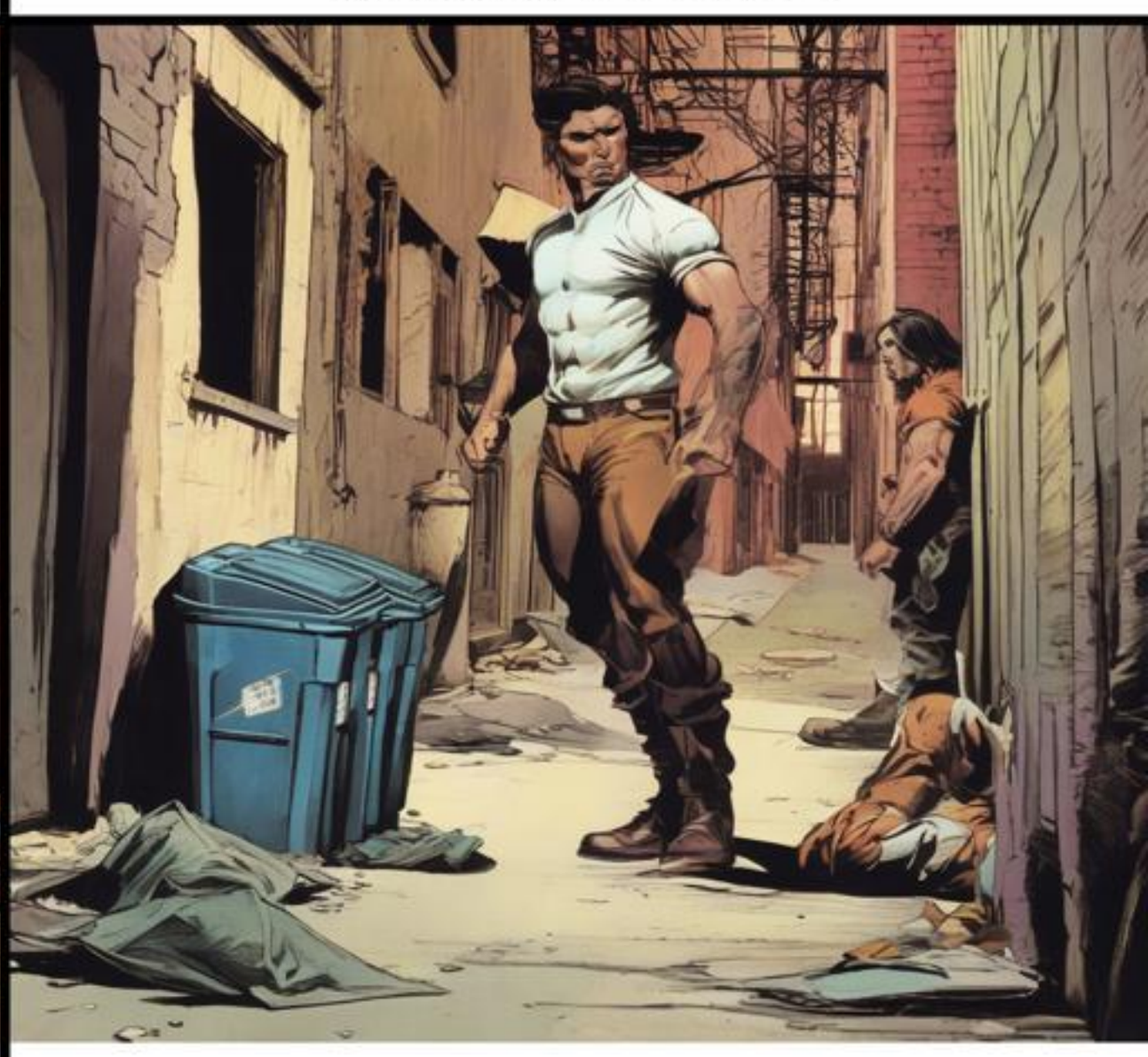
"APPARENTLY WE'RE NOT IN A HOTEL ANYMORE" SYPHILIS SNEERS AT GONORRHEA'S DEFEATED FORM

"OKAY, YOU'RE GONNA HIT HIM," D.M. SAYS IN A LOW TONE

"YOU'RE STARTING TO GET TEDIOUS, GONORRHEA. CAN'T YOU JUST DIE ALREADY?"

SYPHILIS SPITS ON GONORRHEA'S FACE, A TWISTED GRIN SPREADING ACROSS HIS FACE

'WHAT DO YOU...DO NOW?' SYPHILIS MUTTERS, HIS EYES DARTING TOWARDS THE SOUND OF GRIFF'S VOICE



"YOU WON'T BE FUCKING ANYTHING BUT PAIN FOR A WHILE!"

'PROPERLY GETS SMASHED WITH A BAR', SYPHILIS SNARLS, HIS EYES BLAZING WITH SADISTIC INTENT

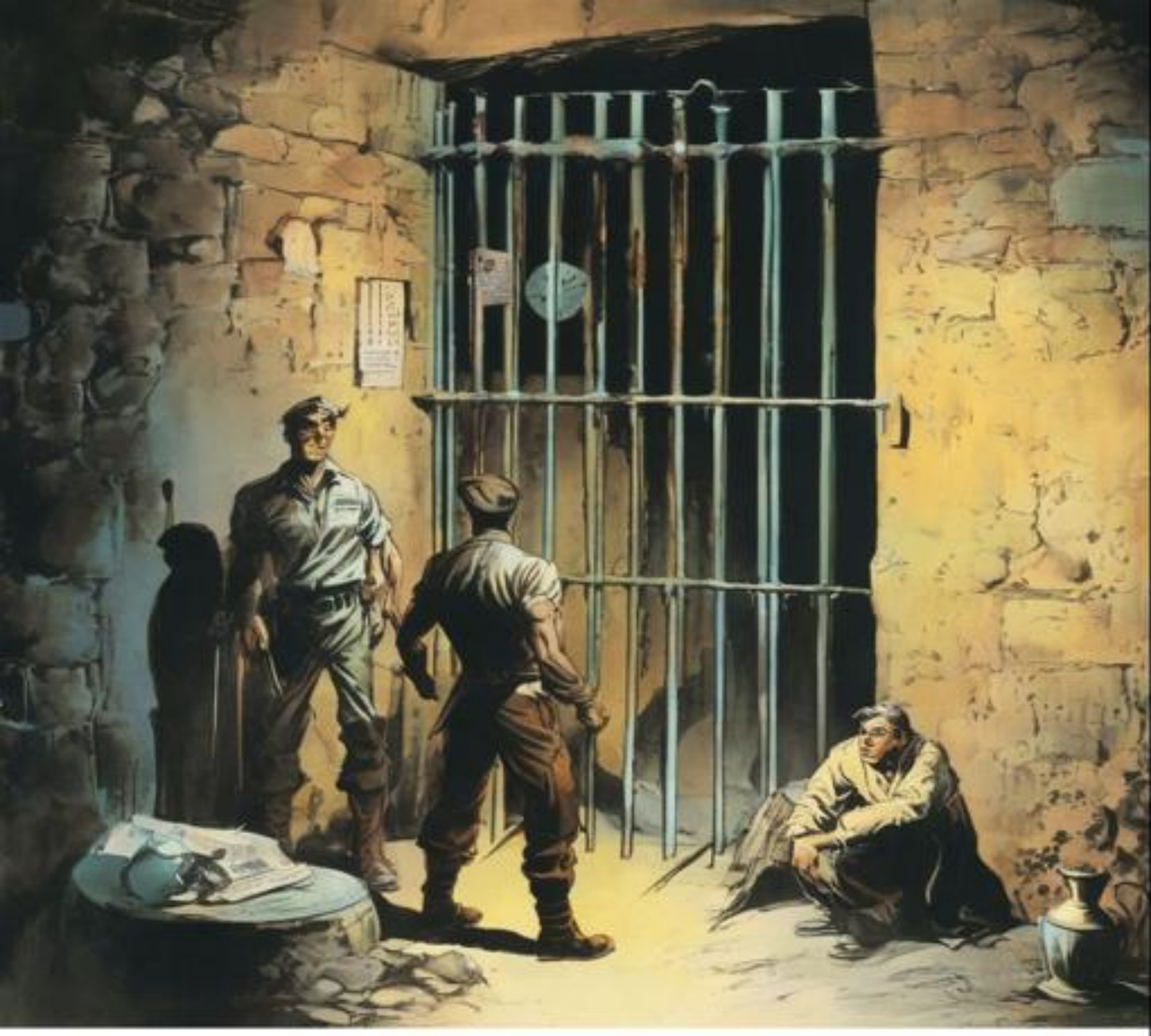
GONORRHEA SCREAMS IN AGONY AS SYPHILIS TORTURES HIM FURTHER.

GONORRHEA'S EYES WIDEN IN PAIN AS HE CRIES OUT

SYPHILIS: (WHISPERING) I'M SORRY.

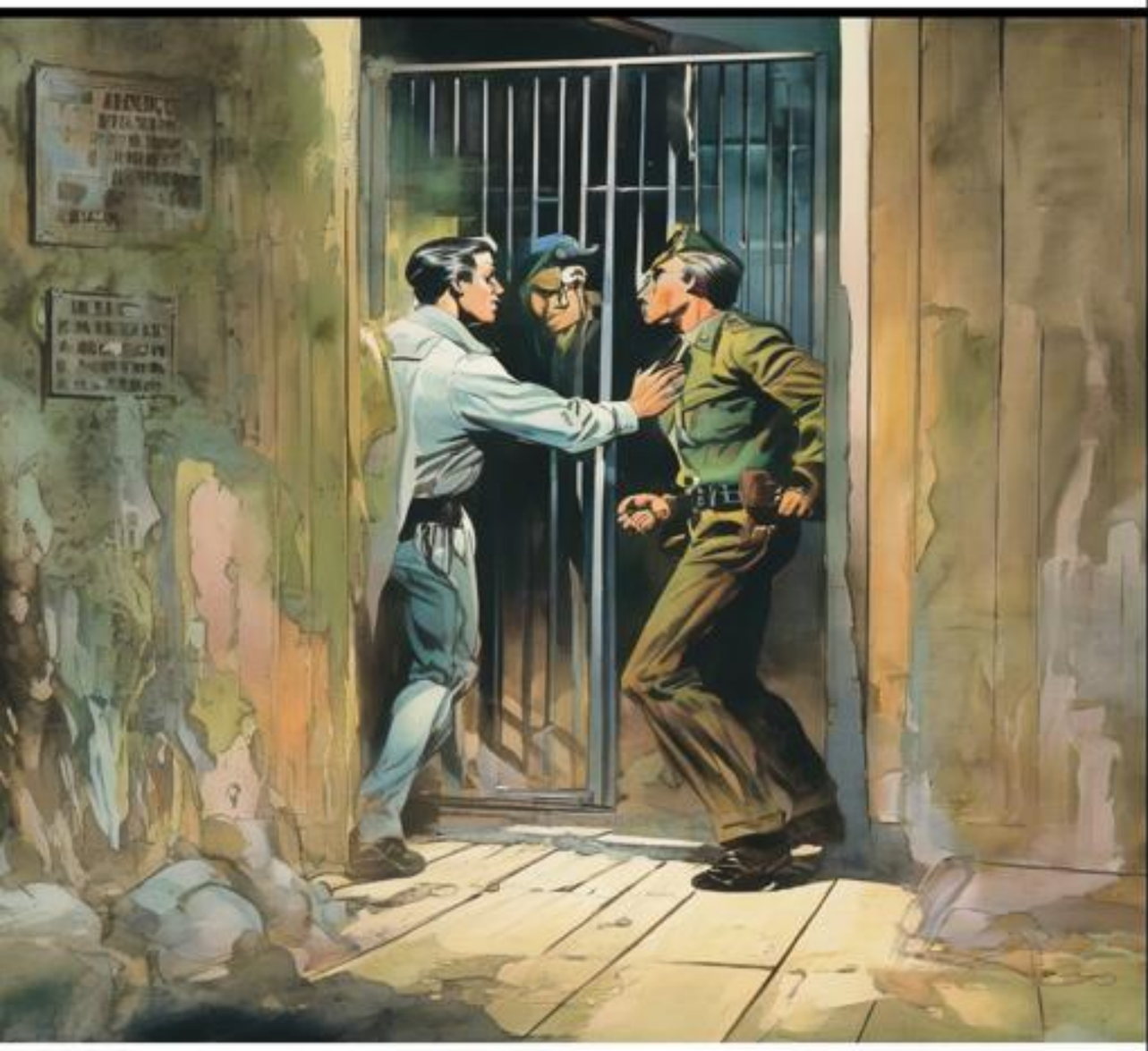
GONORRHEA WEAKLY LOOKS UP AT SYPHILIS AS HE HOLDS HIM CAPTIVE

SYPHILIS: 'WHAT'S ALL THIS? CAN'T A MAN EVEN FINISH HIS BUSINESS IN PEACE?'



"KEEP IT DOWN, I'LL KEEP IT DOWN" SYPHILIS REPEATS, TRYING TO REASON WITH THE UNRULY PRISONERS.

SYPHILIS: 'YOU'RE OUTSIDE... YOUR SELVES..!



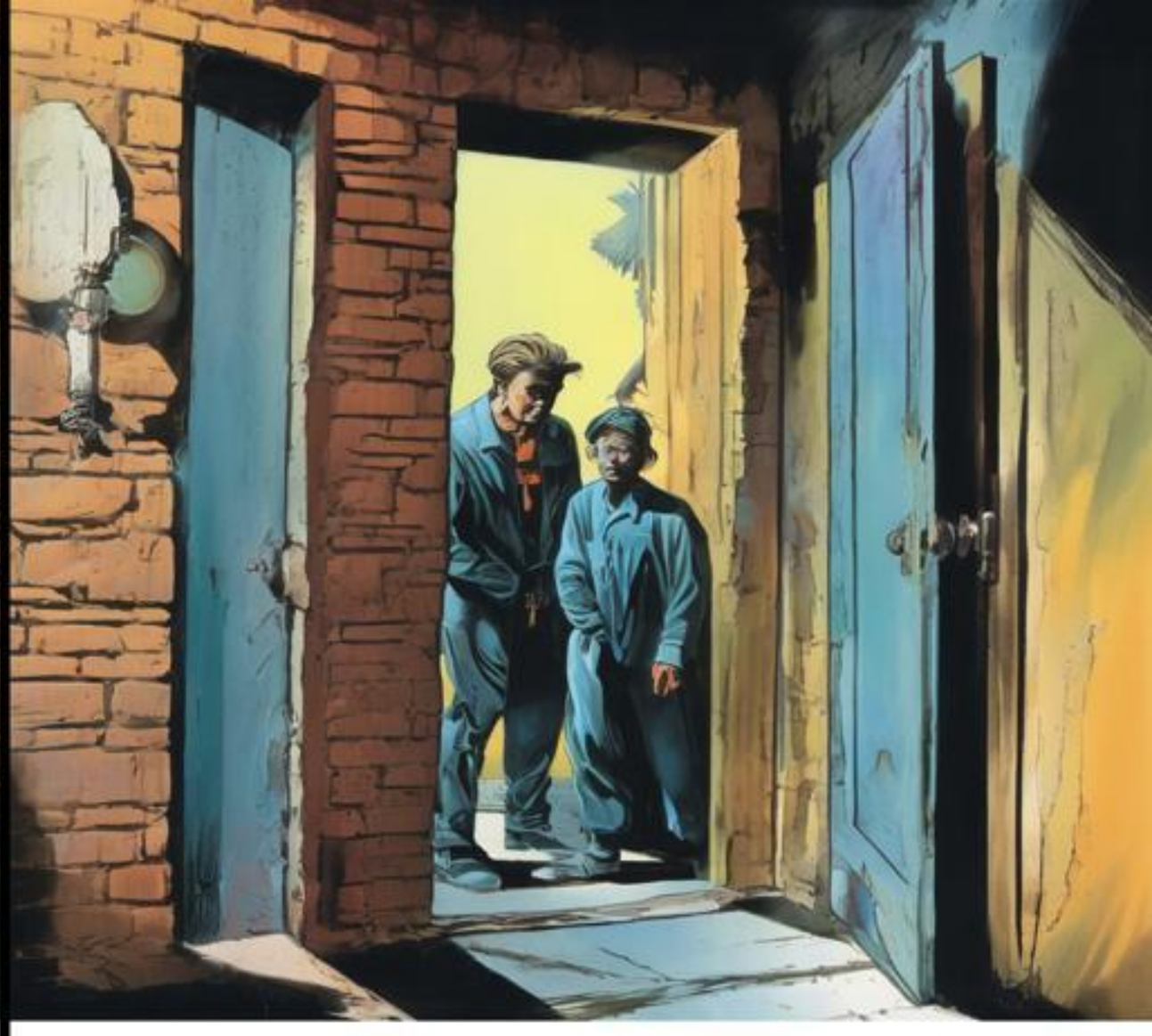
"WE STILL LET'S SET STEALTH TOWARDS OUR STUFF.."

SYPHILIS MUTTERS TO HIMSELF 'WE NEED TO KEEP MOVING, CAN'T LET THEM CATCH US'

"WHAT DID YOU SAY?" SYPHILIS ASKS, HIS VOICE LOW AND URGENT, AS HE TRIES TO KEEP GONORRHEA FROM ESCAPING.

"YOU SEE A SMALL, THREE OR FOUR STEPS AND A DOOR CLOSED, SYPHILIS SAYS SOFTLY TO GONORRHEA

"LET'S OPEN IT," SYPHILIS SAYS QUIETLY TO GONORRHEA.

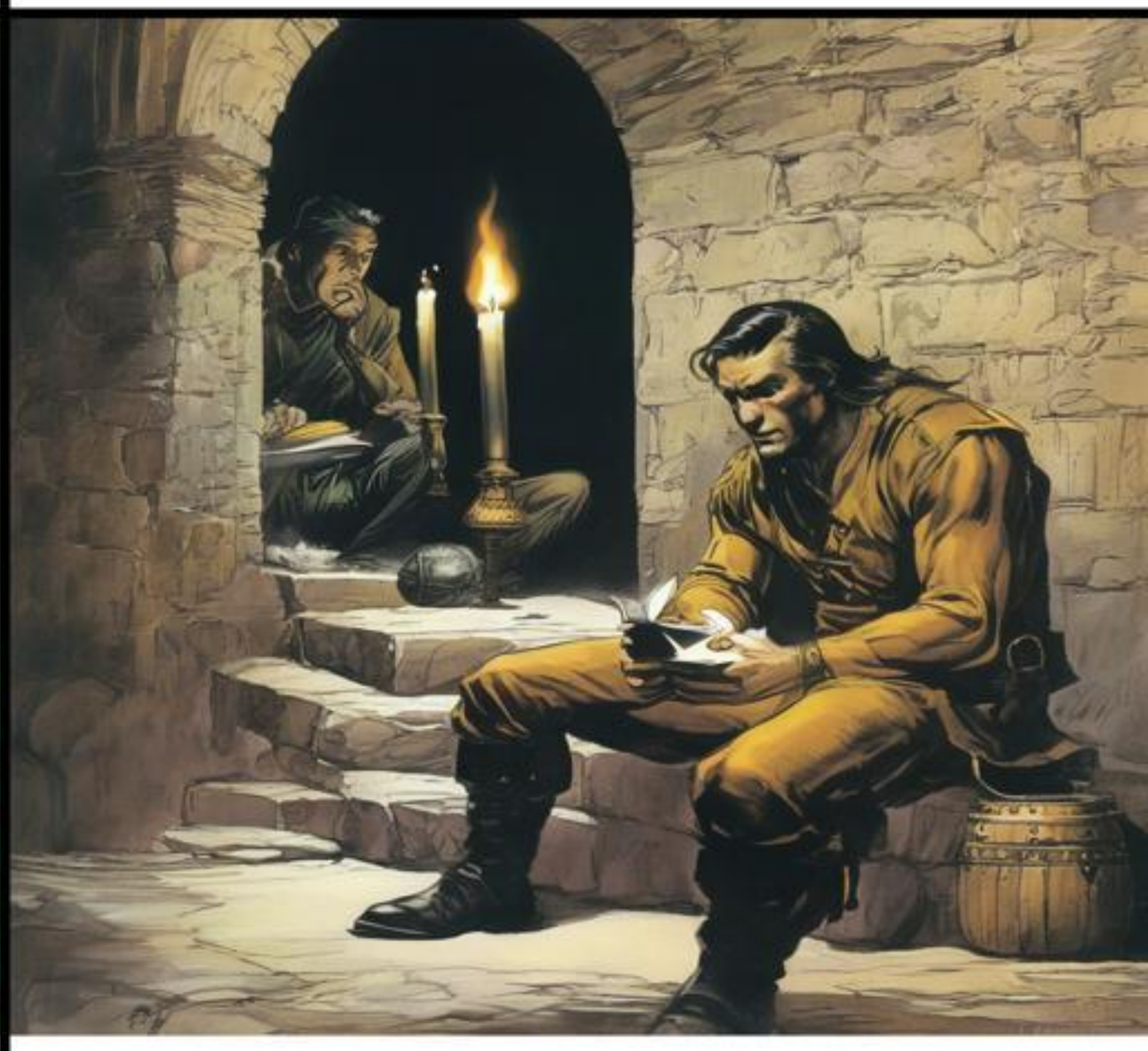


"WHAT DO YOU SEE?" SYPHILIS WHISPERS TO GONORRHEA

A MURMUR OF VOICES FROM OUTSIDE THE CELL ECHOES IN THE BACKGROUND

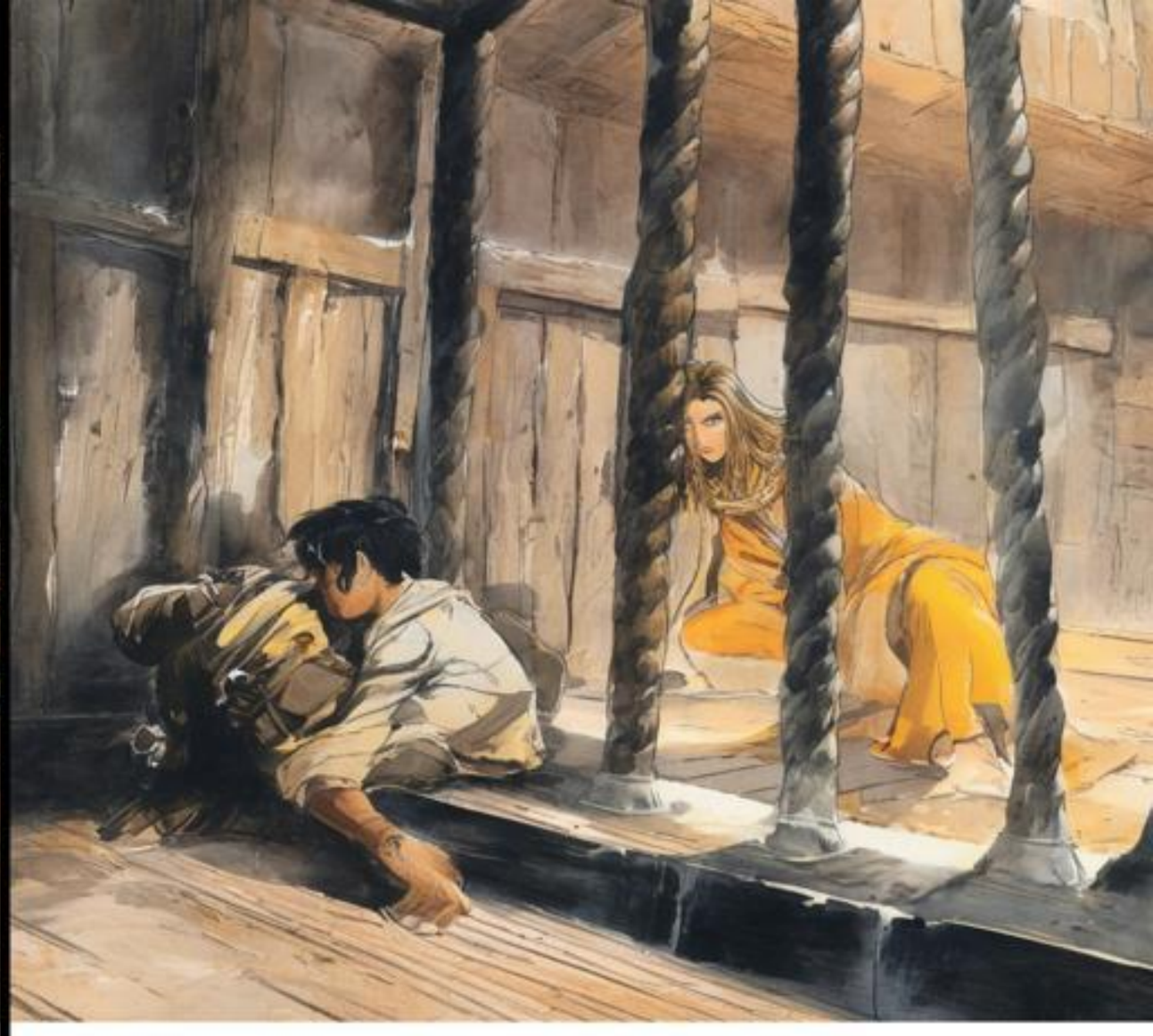
WHAT IN BLAZES IS THAT?

SYPHILIS: 'GUARDS LIKE THAT. THEY MUST BE EXPECTING US'.



"UH...GO.NOR.R.HEA IS A SMALL DRAGON," GONORRHEA READS ALOUD.

ARTHUR: 'IS THIS WHERE WE'RE BEING KEPT? WHAT HAPPENED TO US?'



SYPHILIS: THEN YOU HAVE A SHITTY HOME. ARTHUR: WHAT DO YOU MEAN?

"YOU WANT TO... DO A SNEAK ATTACK?"

'WHAT'S YOUR NAME, MAN?' SYPHILIS ASKS, EYES LOCKED ON DAR.YL WITH A MIXTURE OF DETERMINATION AND WARINESS

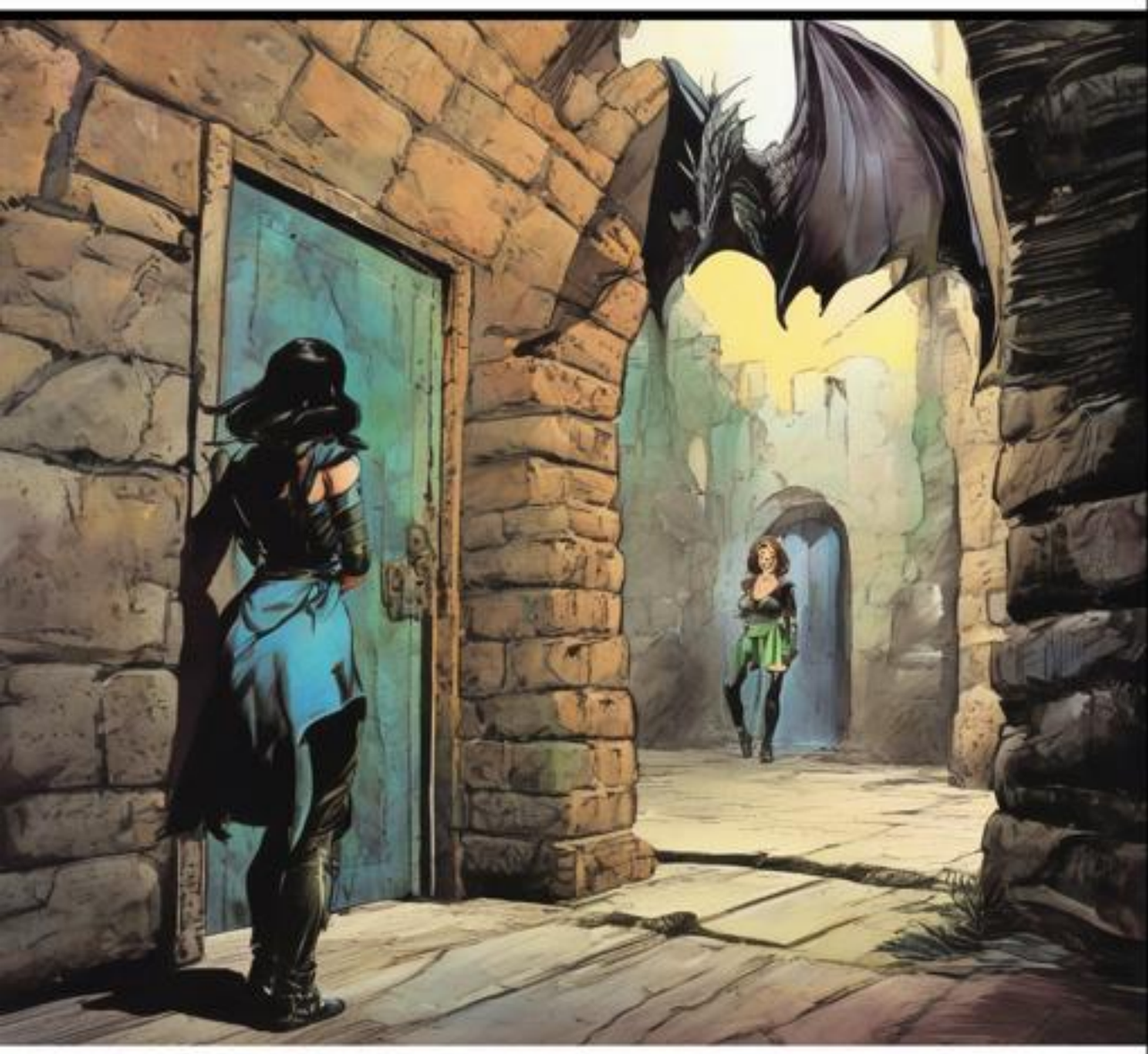
ARTHUR: 'THEN WHY DID YOU TELL ME MY NAME WAS?'

GONORRHEA: 'THAT APPEARED EARLIER... TRYING TO GET THE KEYS?'

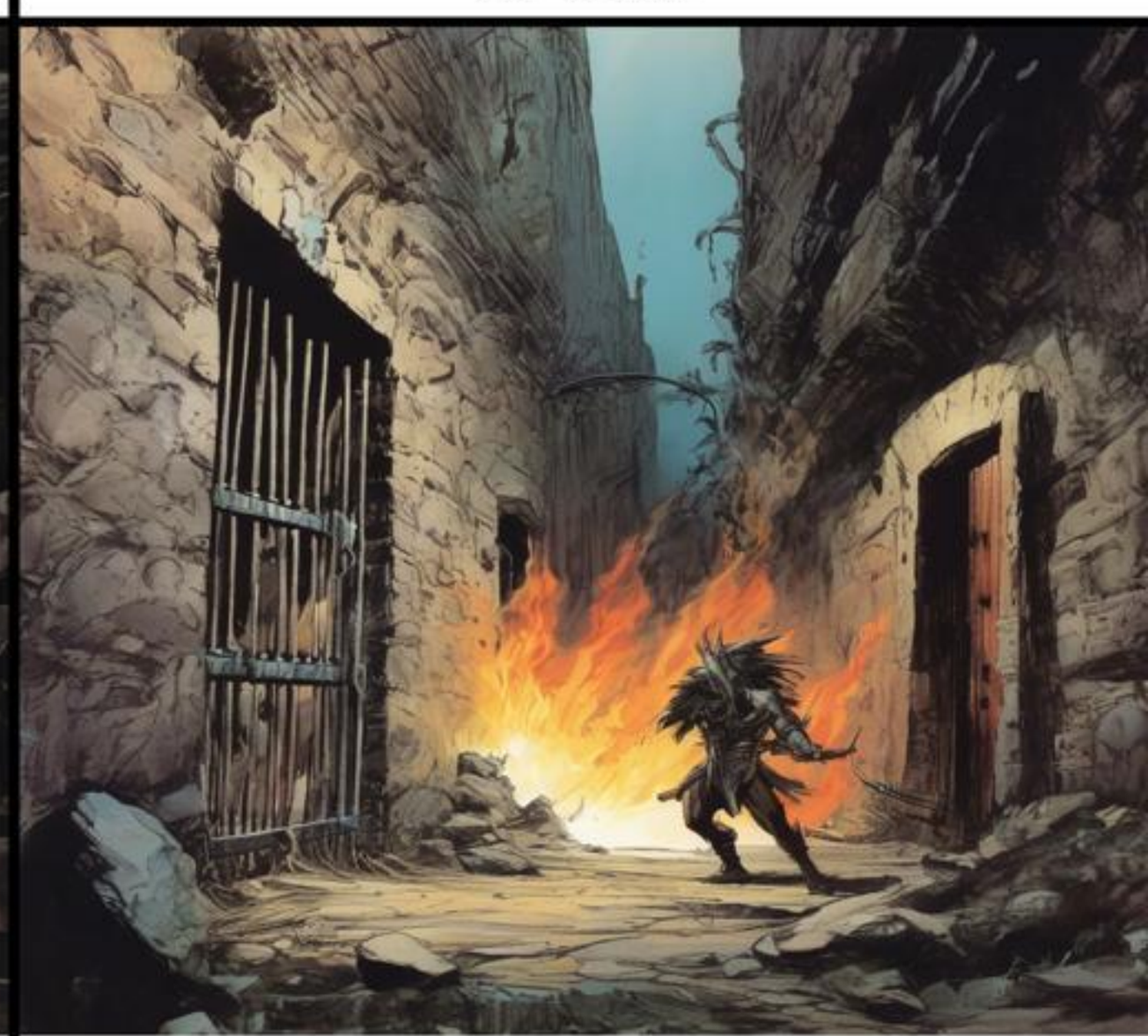
UH... WHAT HAVE YOU DONE?

"BUT WHAT ARE YOU LOOKING FOR?" SYPHILIS ASKS, HIS VOICE LACED WITH CONCERN

GONORRHEA: GONNA DO SOME... UNCONVENTIONAL DAMAGE TO THIS METAL?



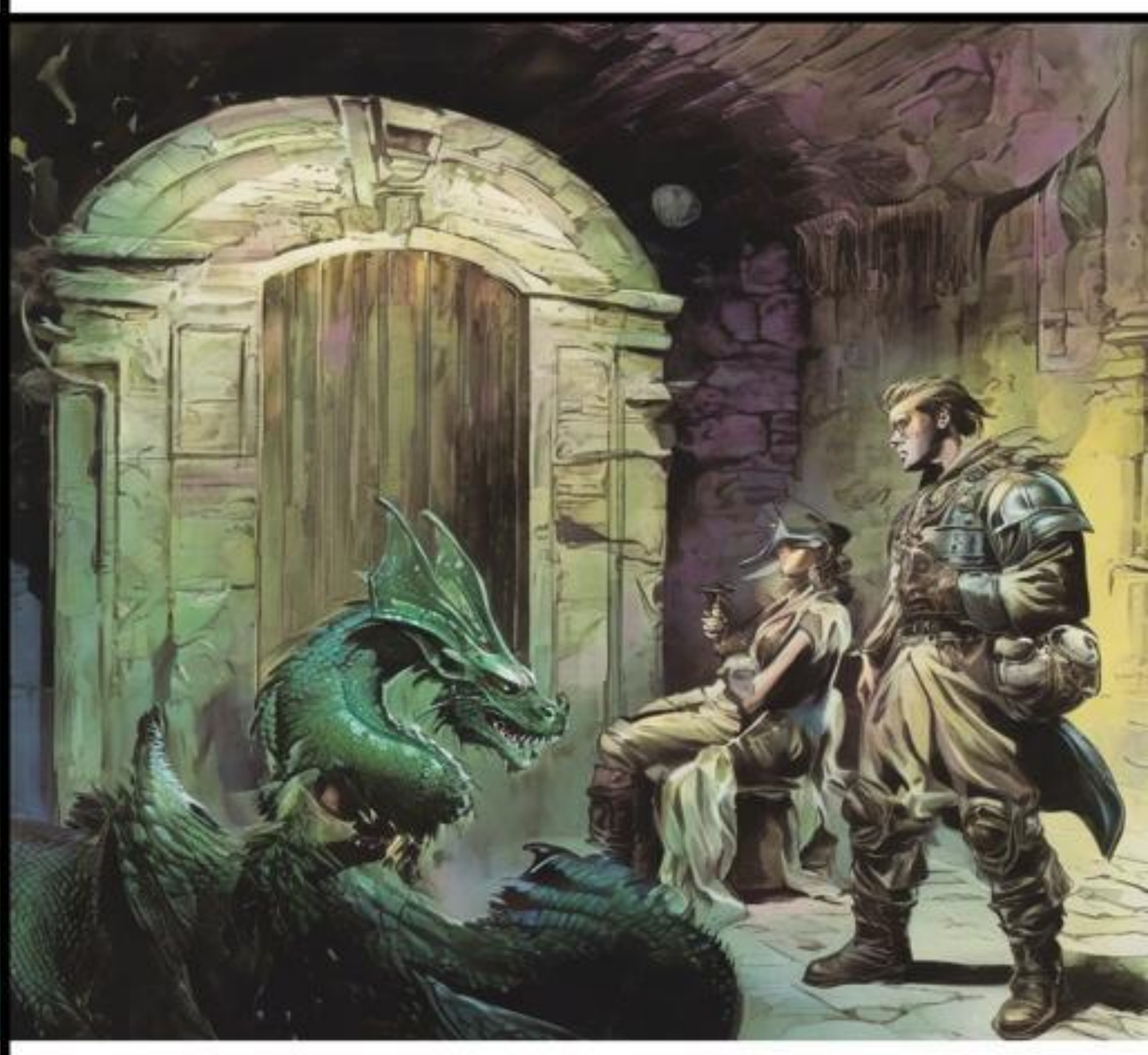
"FLY IN THERE!" SYPHILIS EXCLAIMS AS GONORRHEA SOARS THROUGH THE DOORWAY



GONORRHEA: SQUEEEEE! WHEEEEEE! THIS IS AMAZING!

"HMM, WHAT HAVE WE HERE?"

WHAT'S THAT?



THE GUARDS ARE DIVIDED ON WHAT TO DO NEXT...

SYPHILIS: 'ALRIGHT, LET'S GEAR UP WE DON'T KNOW WHAT WE'RE UP AGAINST.'

YOU'VE GOT STANDARD GEAR, BUT IF YOU WERE TO... IMPROVISE...

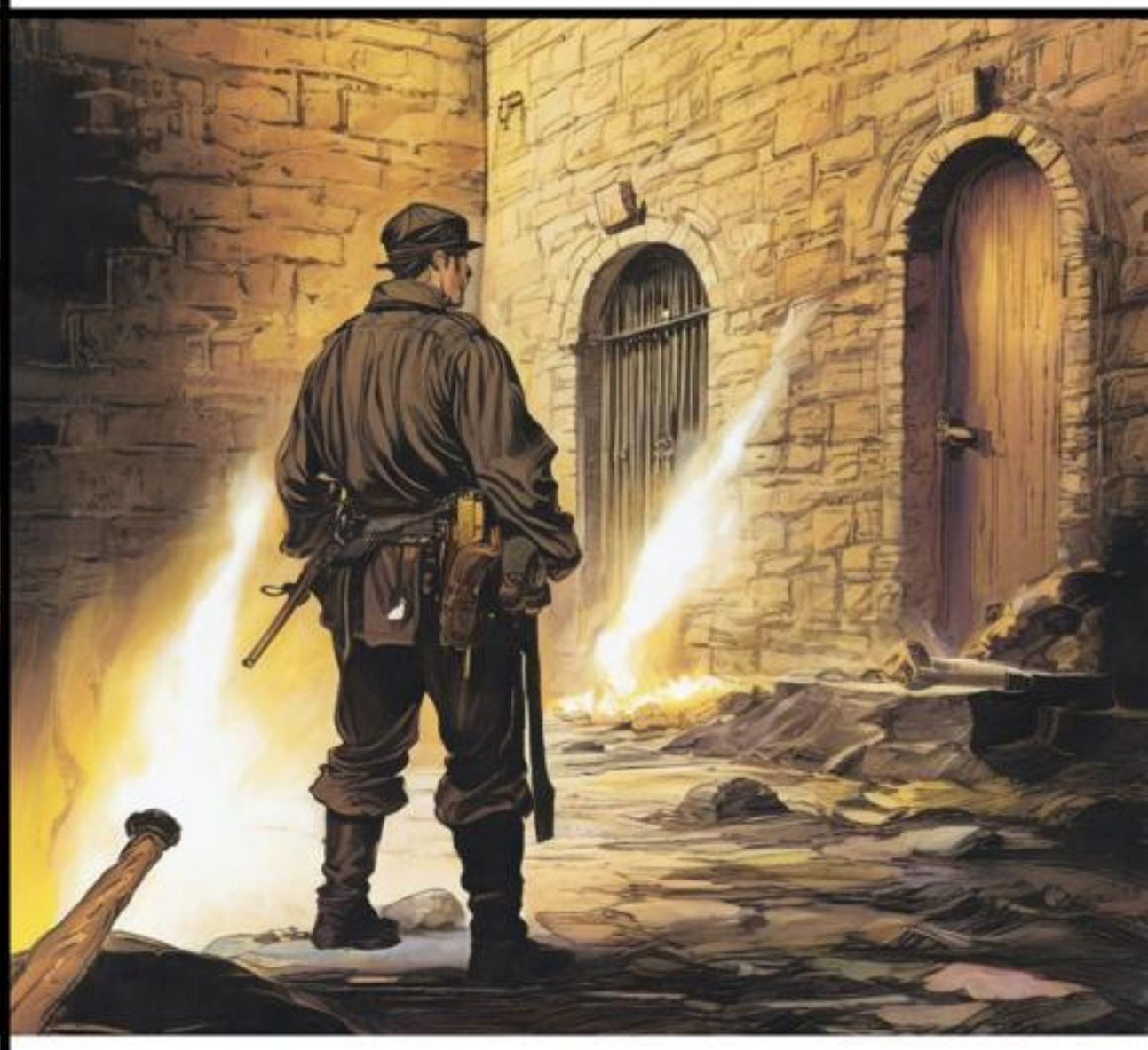
SYPHILIS: 'YOU DON'T HAVE ANY POTIONS OR STANDARD GEAR? WHAT ARE WE SUPPOSED TO DEFEND OURSELVES WITH?'

THE CAT'S PIERCING GAZE MAKES THEM WONDER WHAT SECRETS IT MIGHT HOLD.

SYPHILIS: MEOW DU.DE (WHISPERING TO THE CAT)

PRISONERS AREN'T SUPPOSED TO BE OUT HERE...

"I'M THE BOSS. OF THIS PLACE" A DEEP, GRAVELLY VOICE CLAIMS AUTHORITY

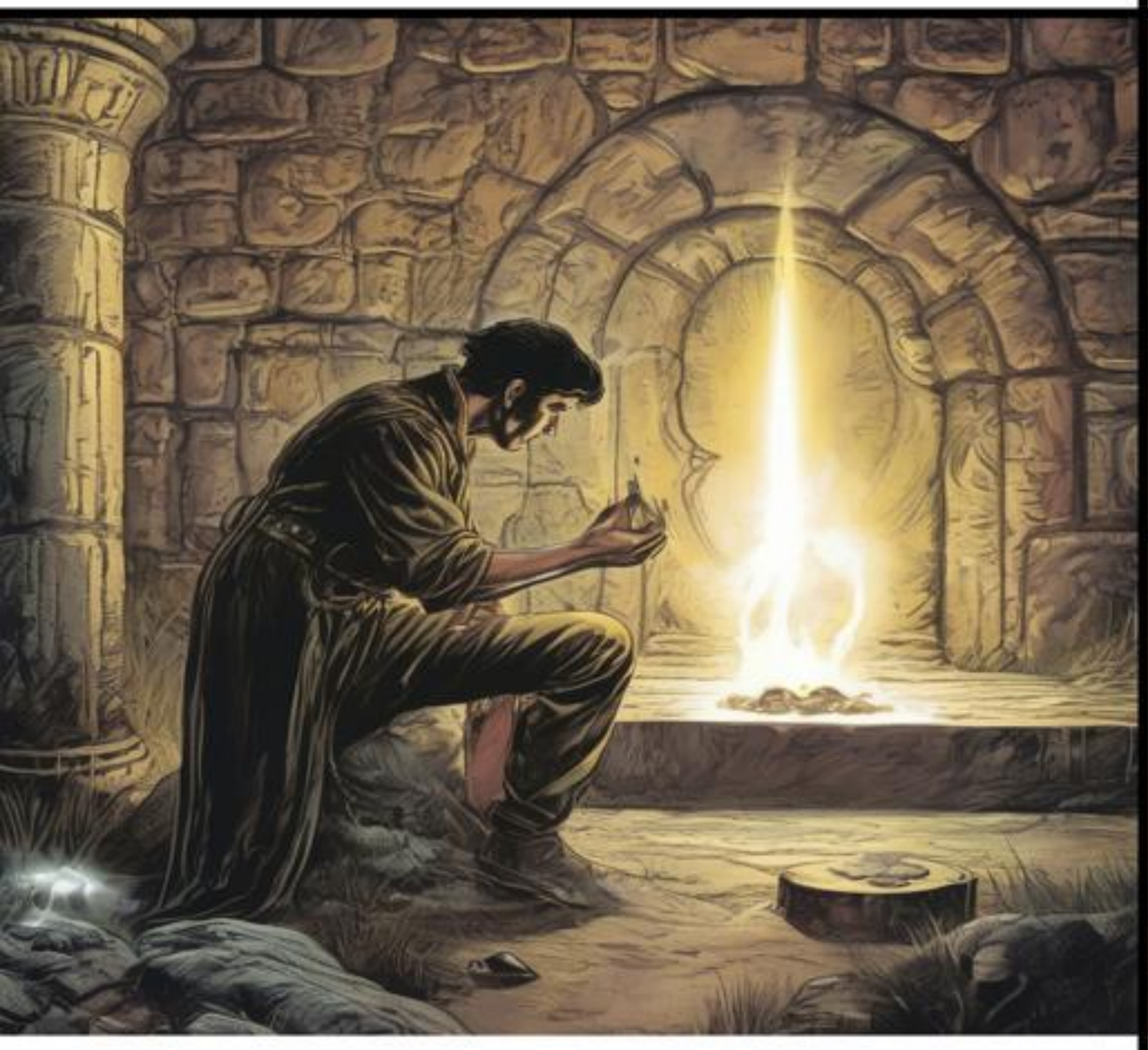


'NOT USED TO BEING WRONG' SPEAKER_05 SAYS WITH A HINT OF EMBARRASSMENT

SYPHILIS: 'WE NEED TO GET OUT OF HERE, NOW. I'LL SEE IF I CAN OPEN A DIMENSIONAL DOOR.'

"BAN.ISH.MENT", THE CAT HISSES, AS IF PRONOUNCING A SENTENCE OF DOOM.

YOU CAN'T SAVE THEM. YOU HAVE TO LET THEM GO.



I'M JUST TRYING TO FOCUS, BUT IT'S NOT WORKING...

SYPHILIS: 'LIKE, JUST SUCKS HIM AWAY... OR DOES IT?'

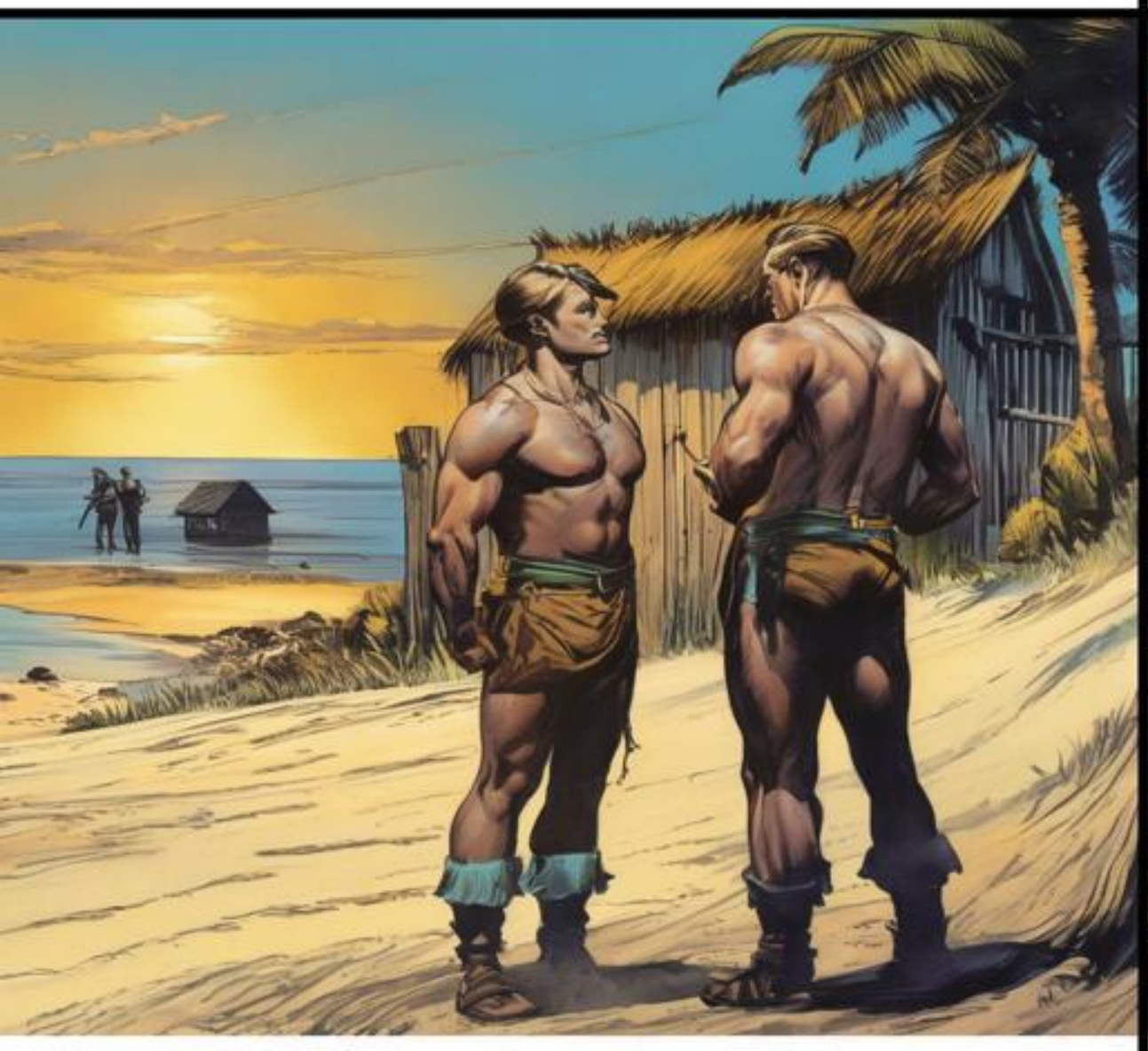
"BECAUSE HE'S A CAT" SYPHILIS SAYS WITH A HEAVY SIGH, AS IF RESIGNED TO THEIR FATE

YOU'VE BANISHED THE CAT. TO THE REALM OF DOGS.

"BUT HOW LONG CAN HE?" SYPHILIS WHISPERS TO THEMSELVES, EYES DARTING AROUND THE CELL AS IF SEARCHING FOR ANSWERS

"TO OUTSIDE THE, YEAH! OFF THE ISLAND" SYPHILIS SAYS, HOLDING UP THE DIMENSION DOOR SPELLBOOK PAGE.

"AN ARMY OF FUCKING PIRATES..."

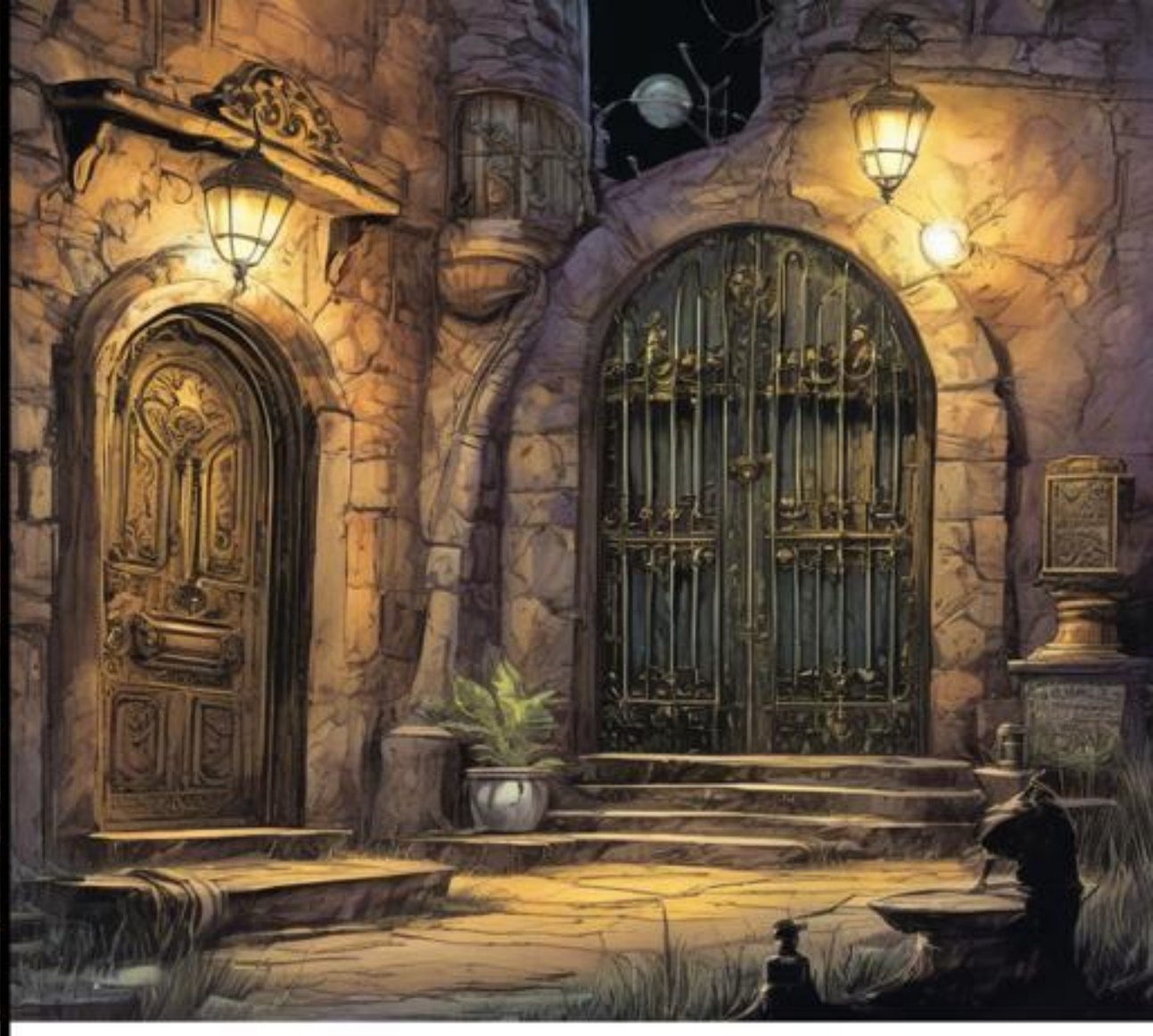


"WE COULD TRY TO BLEND IN HERE" SYPHILIS SAYS QUIETLY, "BUT WHAT IF WE'RE SPOTTED?"

THE BLACK STONE FORTRESS LOOMS OVER THE BAY, ITS PRESENCE SEEMING TO AMPLIFY THEIR DESPERATION

"IT WAS US" SYPHILIS WHISPERS, THEIR VOICE BARELY AUDIBLE OVER THE WIND. "WE'RE RESPONSIBLE FOR THIS."

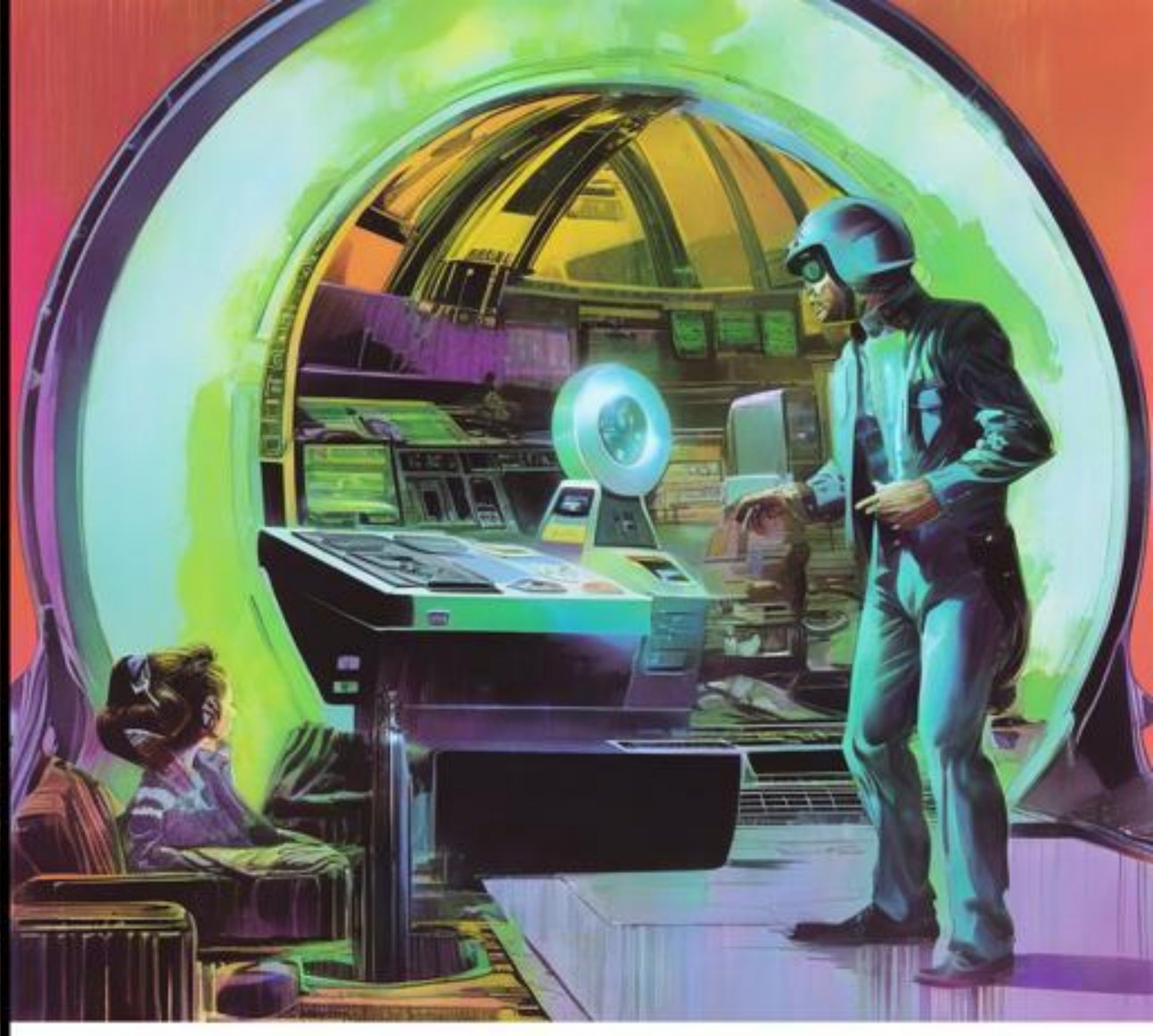
SYPHILIS'S VOICE IS LOW AND URGENT AS HE SAYS, 'IT'S GONNA BE IN THAT FORTRESS.'



THE GOLDEN EMBLEM ON THE DOOR SEEMED TO MATCH THE ONES DESCRIBED BY THE PIRATES... COULD THIS BE THEIR WAY IN?

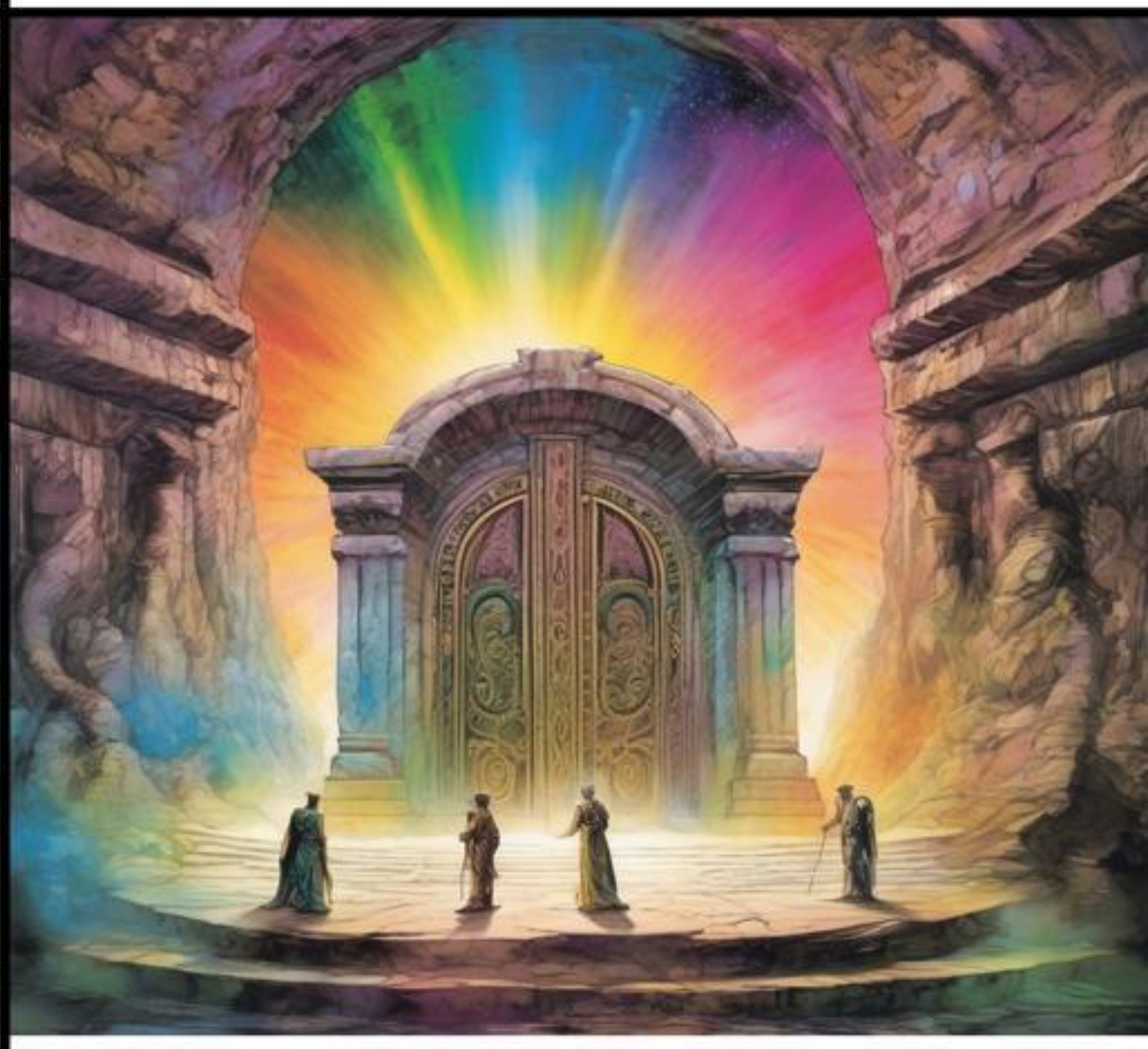
"YES, I CAN DISGUISE MYSELF AS WELL" SYPHILIS SAYS WITH A HINT OF DESPERATION

"IT'S WEIRD" GONORRHEA SAYS, NODDING TOWARDS THE DOOR, "WE'RE OBVIOUSLY DEALING WITH SOMETHING MORE ADVANCED THAN WE ANTICIPATED."



THE PORTAL HUMS TO LIFE, READY TO SWALLOW THEM INTO THE UNKNOWN

SYPHILIS: A LITTLE BIT LOW PROFILE. IT'S OUR BEST CHANCE.



SYPHILIS: 'THIS ANCIENT TEXT SPEAKS OF A GATEWAY TO OTHER WORLDS...' GONORRHEA: AND THIS COLOR IS MESMERIZING.

WE WALK. RIGHT THROUGH THE PORTAL.

BEHIND YOU BOTH. / AND NOW, YOU BOTH ARE.

SYPHILIS: 'IT MUST BE THE CENTRE!

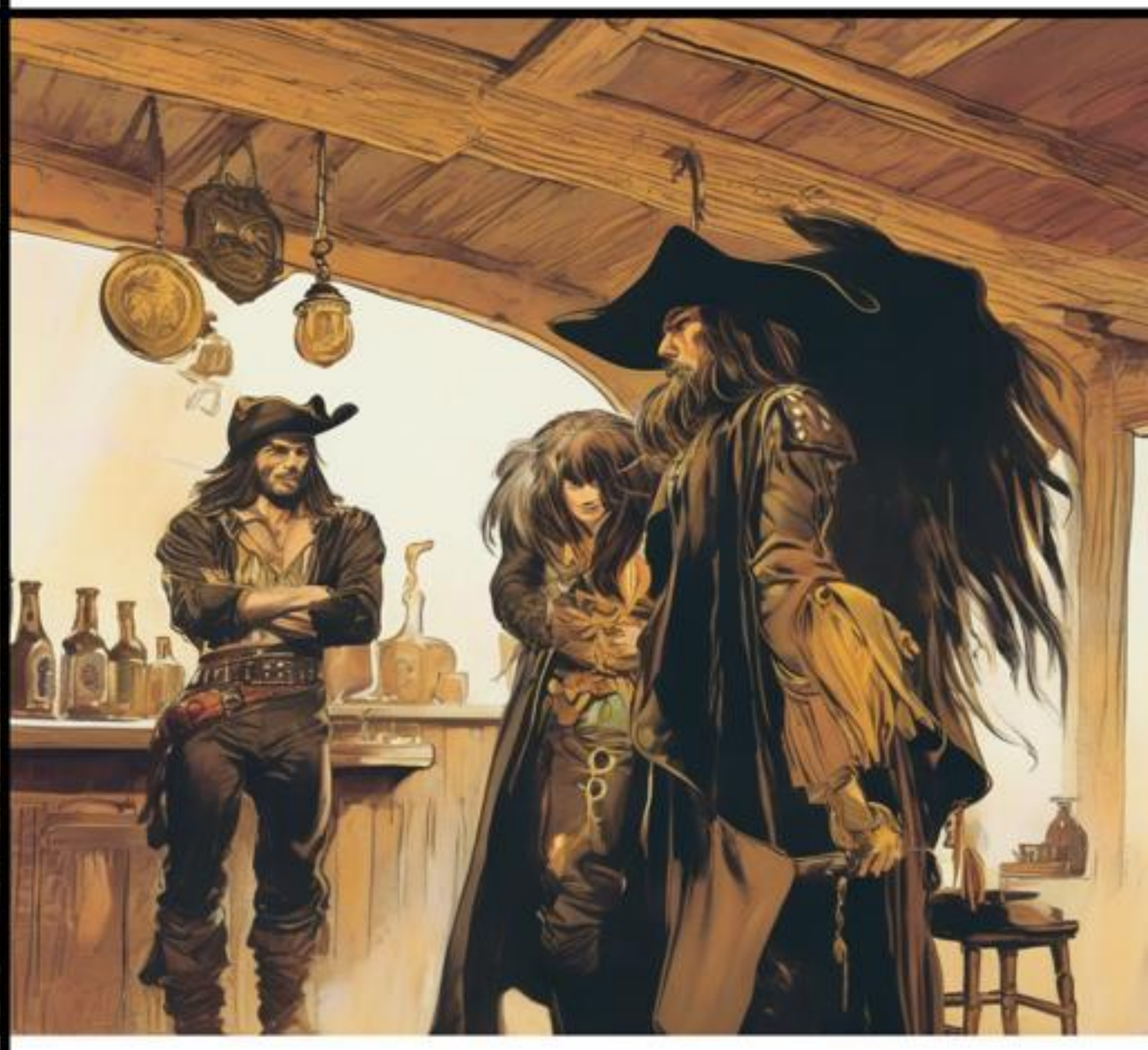
THE TAVERN'S ALLURE HANGS IN THE AIR LIKE A SIREN'S CALL

"THE BLACK STONE FORTRESS.." SYPHILIS SAYS, LOOKING AT GONORRHEA UNCERTAINLY.

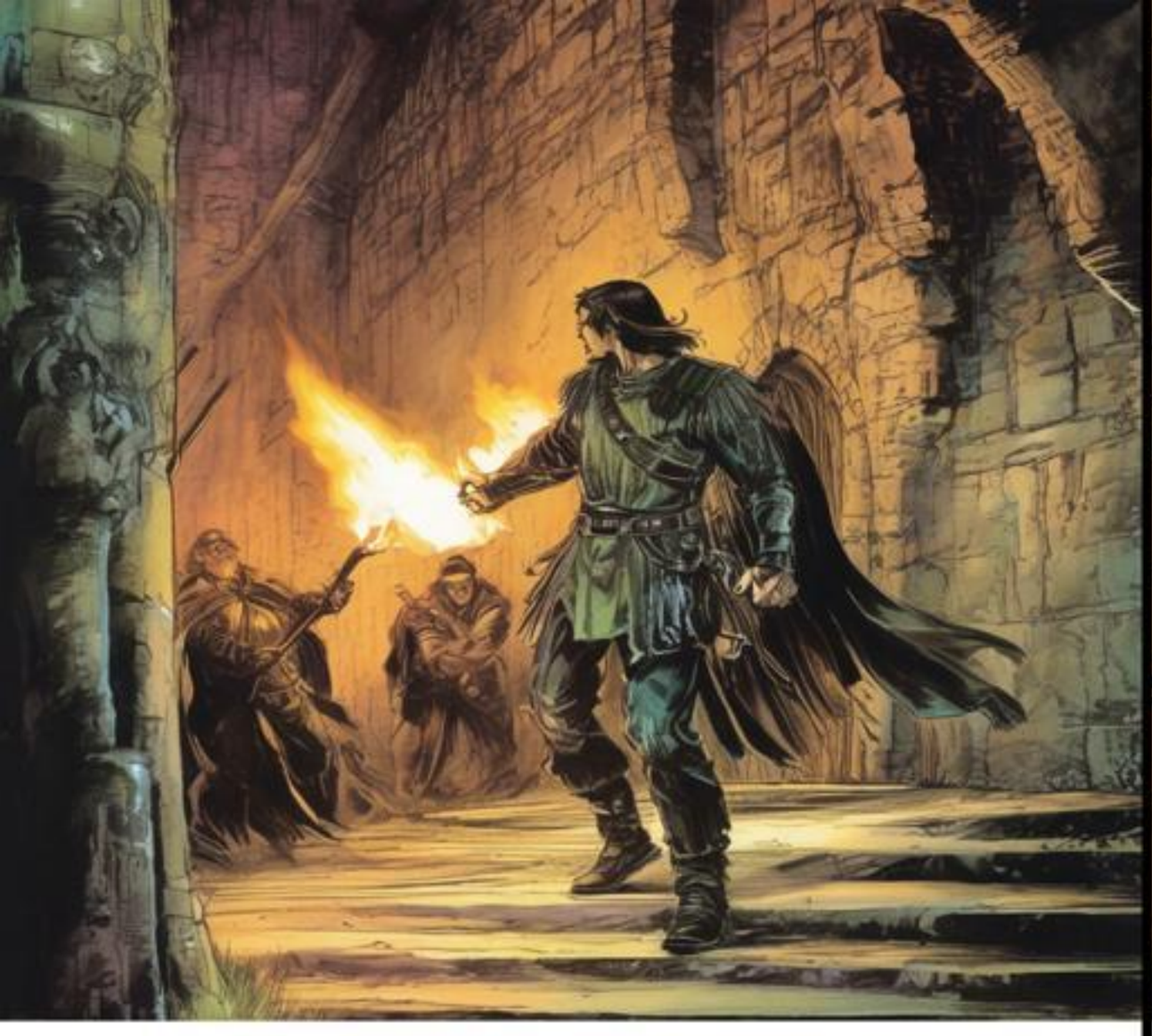
"I COULD USE A DRINK MAN" SYPHILIS SAYS SOFTLY, HIS EYES FIXED ON THE TAVERN DOOR"

"WE LOOK LIKE THEM", GONORRHEA SAYS QUIETLY, "BUT WE ARE NOT THEM."

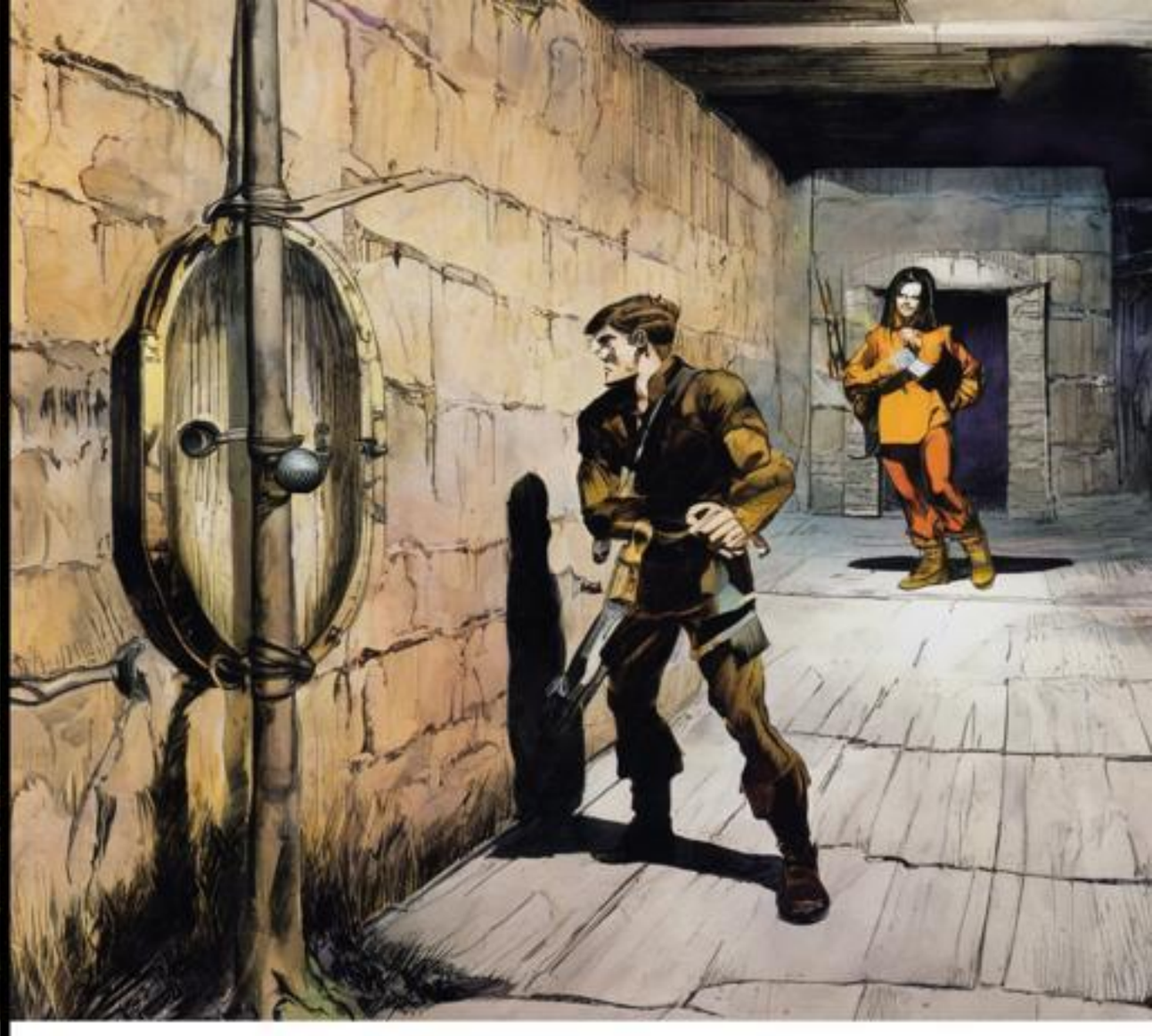
"SO YEAH, I'M A BIG GUY. NOTHING TO WORRY ABOUT."



WHEN I SEE THAT...



DAR.YL: 'MY NAME IS DAR.YL!'



GRIFF: 'OH REALLY? CAN WE HAVE IT NOW?'

GRIFF: 'ACTUALLY, KIND OF LOOK A LITTLE BIT LIKE ME?'

SYPHILIS: 'TO GET OUT OF HERE MAN...'

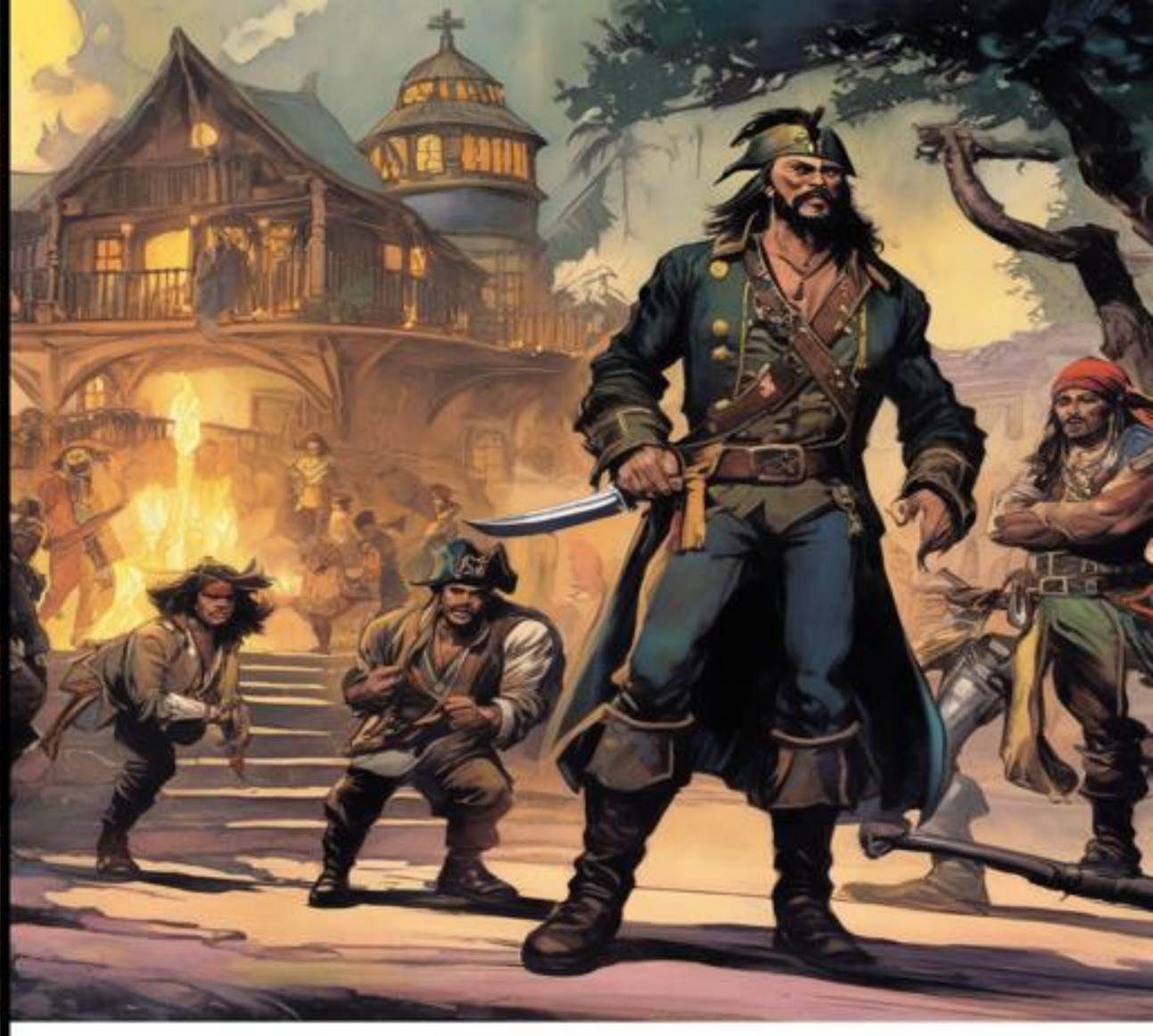
A MURMUR SPREADS THROUGH THE TAVERN AS PATRONS START TO GLANCE IN THEIR DIRECTION

THEY KNOW WHAT IT'S LIKE, TO BE ON THE SEA... FOR A LONG TIME.

"MOST OF THE VILLAGE'S HOUSES ARE CLOSED UP FOR THE NIGHT. IT LOOKS LIKE EVERYONE IS ASLEEP..."

"THIS MUST BE THE SYMBOL OF THEIR POWER" SYPHILIS SAYS IN A HUSHED TONE, HIS EYES FIXED ON THE STATUE."

'WHAT NOW?' SYPHILIS WHISPERS TO GONORRHEA, EYES DARTING TOWARDS THE GUARDS

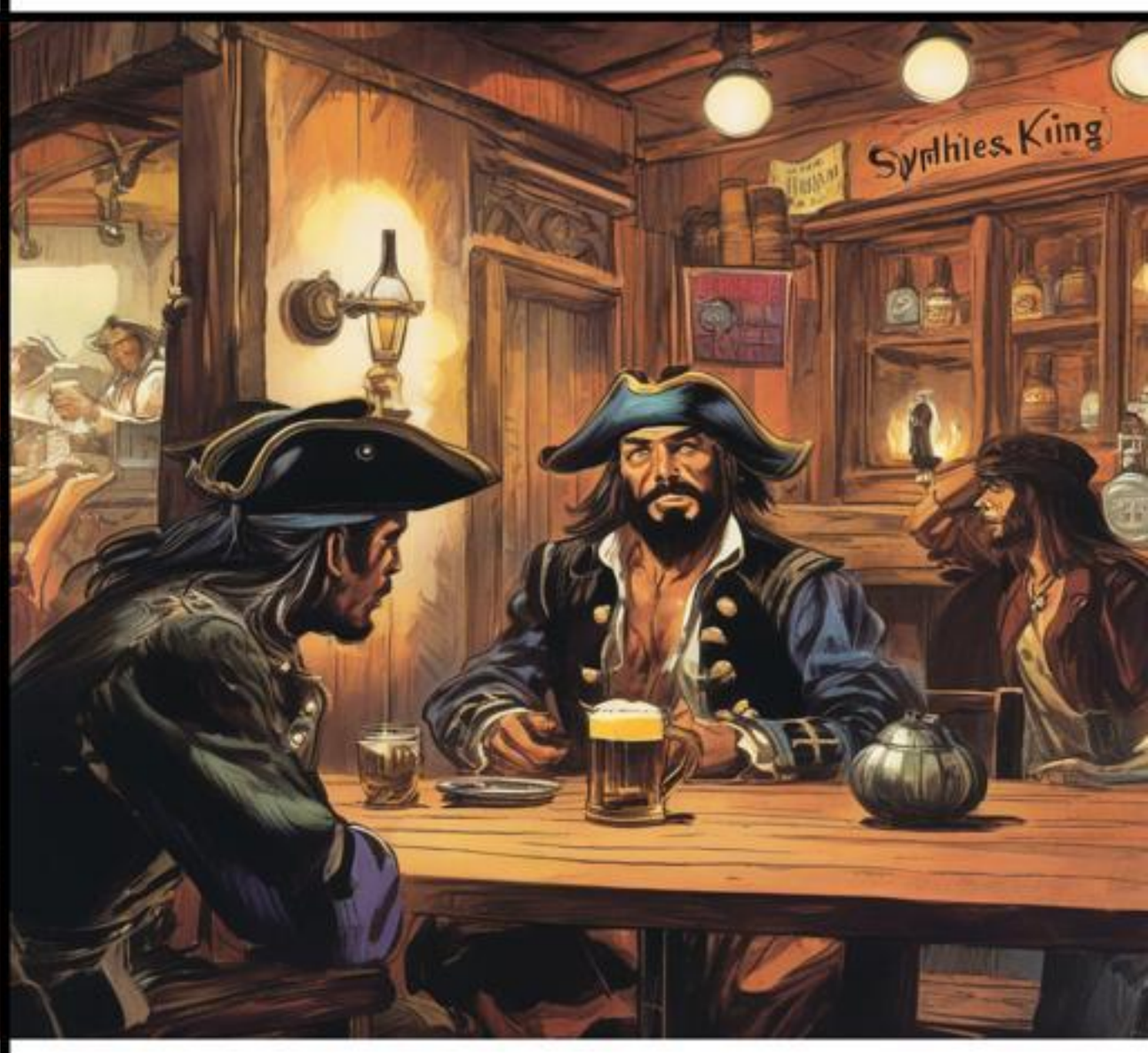


SYPHILIS WHISPERS TO GONORRHEA: 'YOU THINK WE SHOULD GO IN? IT SOUNDS LIKE THEY MIGHT BE LOOKING FOR... PEOPLE WITH OUR PARTICULAR TALENTS.'

"ARE YOU SURE THIS IS A GOOD IDEA?"

SYPHILIS WHISPERS, 'WHAT DO WE SAY TO THEM, EH?'

"A PINT OF MEAD. THAT'S ENOUGH."



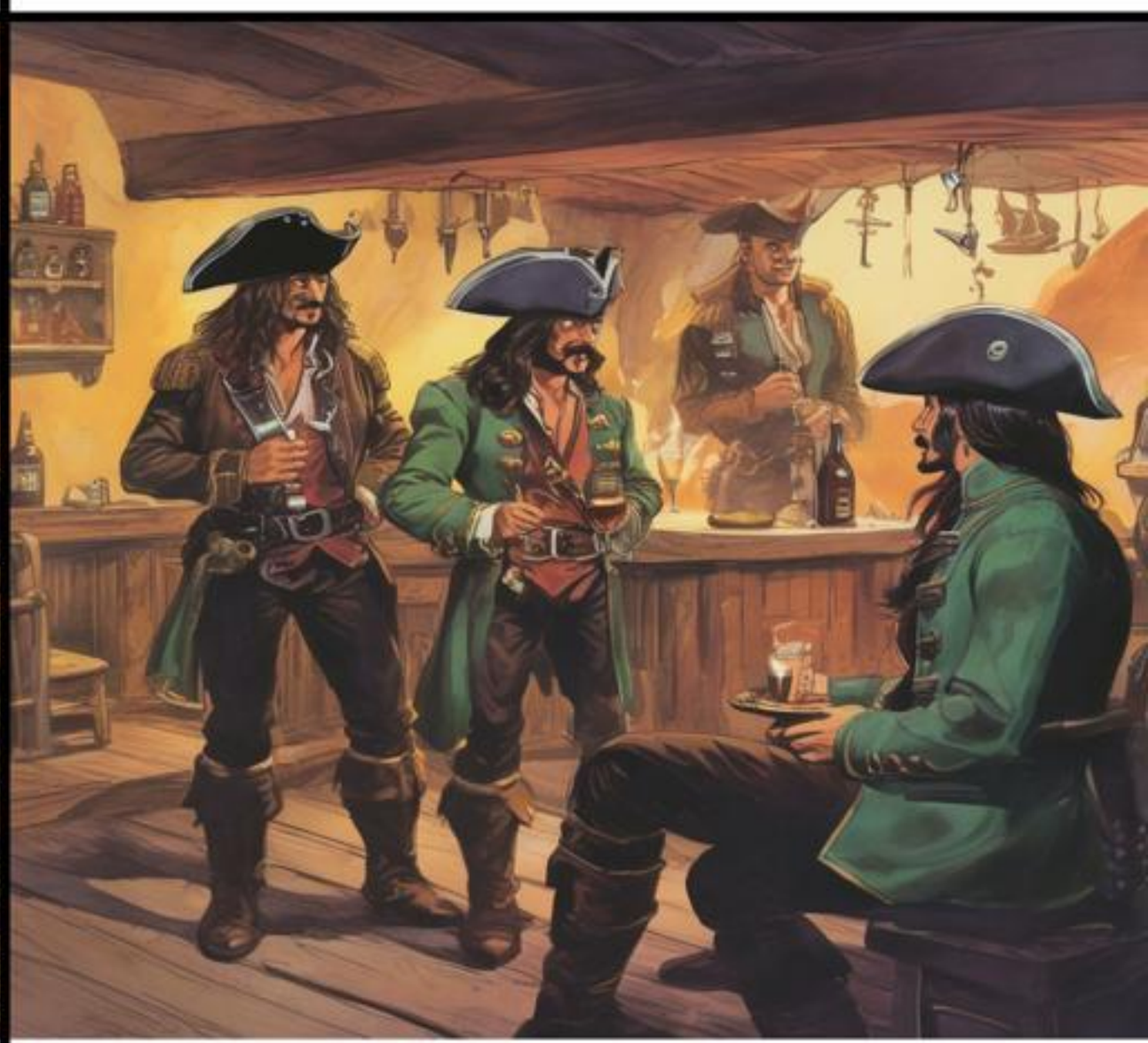

"LET'S NOT BE WEIRD ABOUT IT," GONORRHEA WHISPERS TO SYPHILIS AS THEY GLANCE AROUND THE ROOM.

"YOU SEE EVERYBODY DRINKING ONE SIDE OF THE TAVERN," GONORRHEA WHISPERS TO SYPHILIS

THE INFECTIOUS ENERGY OF THE BAND THREATENS TO OVERWHELM OUR LOVESTRUCK PAIR...

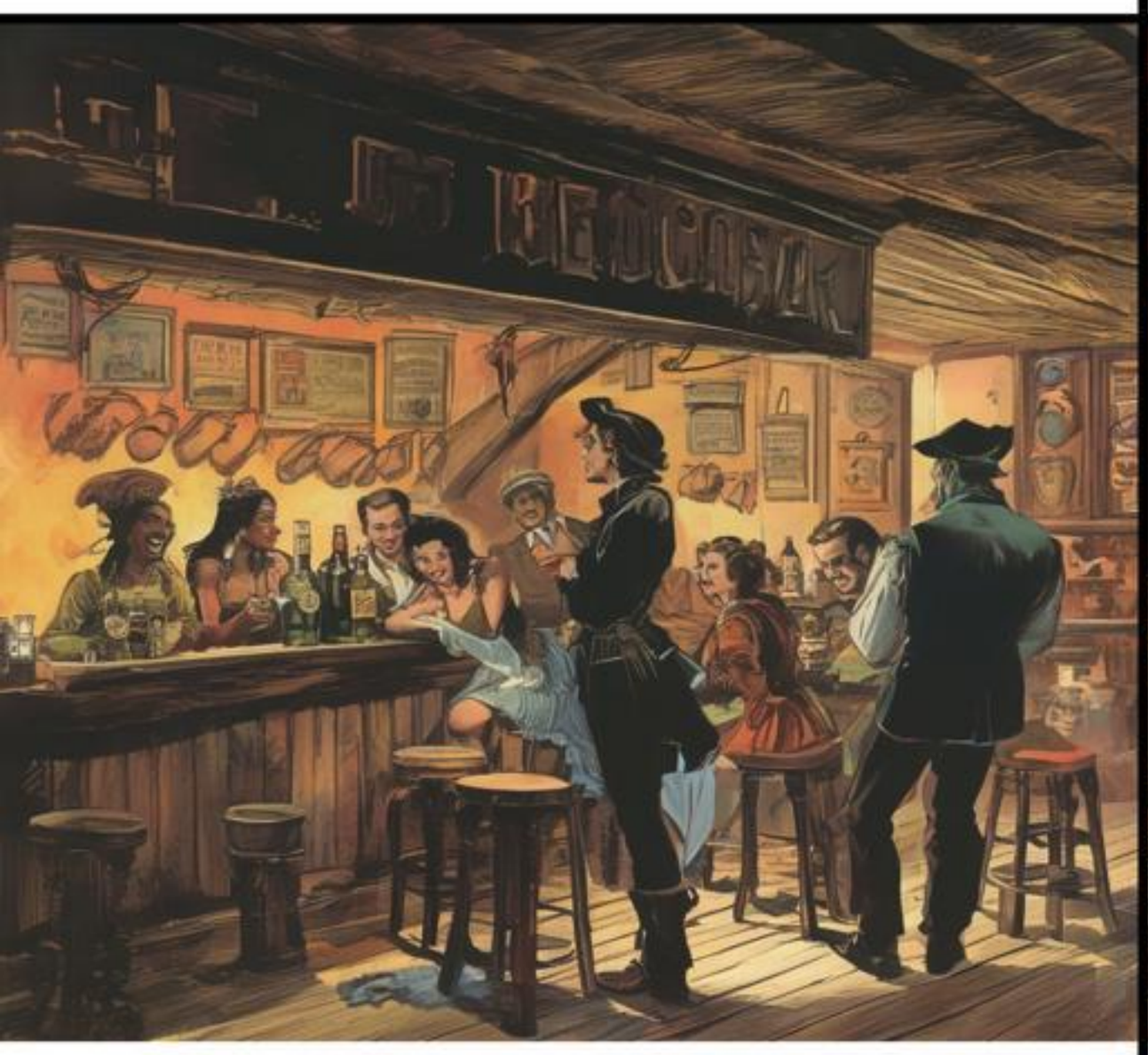
A VIGOROUS ARM-WRESTLING TOURNAMENT HAS CAUGHT THEIR ATTENTION, DRAWING THEM INTO THE ACTION

"A COUPLE OF PIRATES, THAT ARE..." SYPHILIS WHISPERS TO GONORRHEA, THEIR EYES FIXED ON THE SAILORS



"AH NO", SYPHILIS WHISPERS TO GONORRHEA, "I THINK WE'VE BEEN SPOTTED."

THE OFFICERS SHARE A KNOWING LOOK, THEIR EYES FLICKING TOWARDS US...



"THE BAR MAN... AND THE BAR MAN", SYPHILIS SAYS TO GONORRHEA, RAISING AN EYEBROW

THE VICAR'S BUM. A REAL LOCAL HANGOUT FOR THE PIRATES.

"BROKEN BREAD FOR TWO..." THE BARKEEP SAYS, HIS TONE NEUTRAL BUT WITH A HINT OF AMUSEMENT.

YOU WERE ABOUT TO ORDER... BUT I KNEW RIGHT AWAY.

UH... NO WELL...

SYPHILIS LEANS OVER TO WHISPER: 'WE'RE LIKE... SHORT REST'.

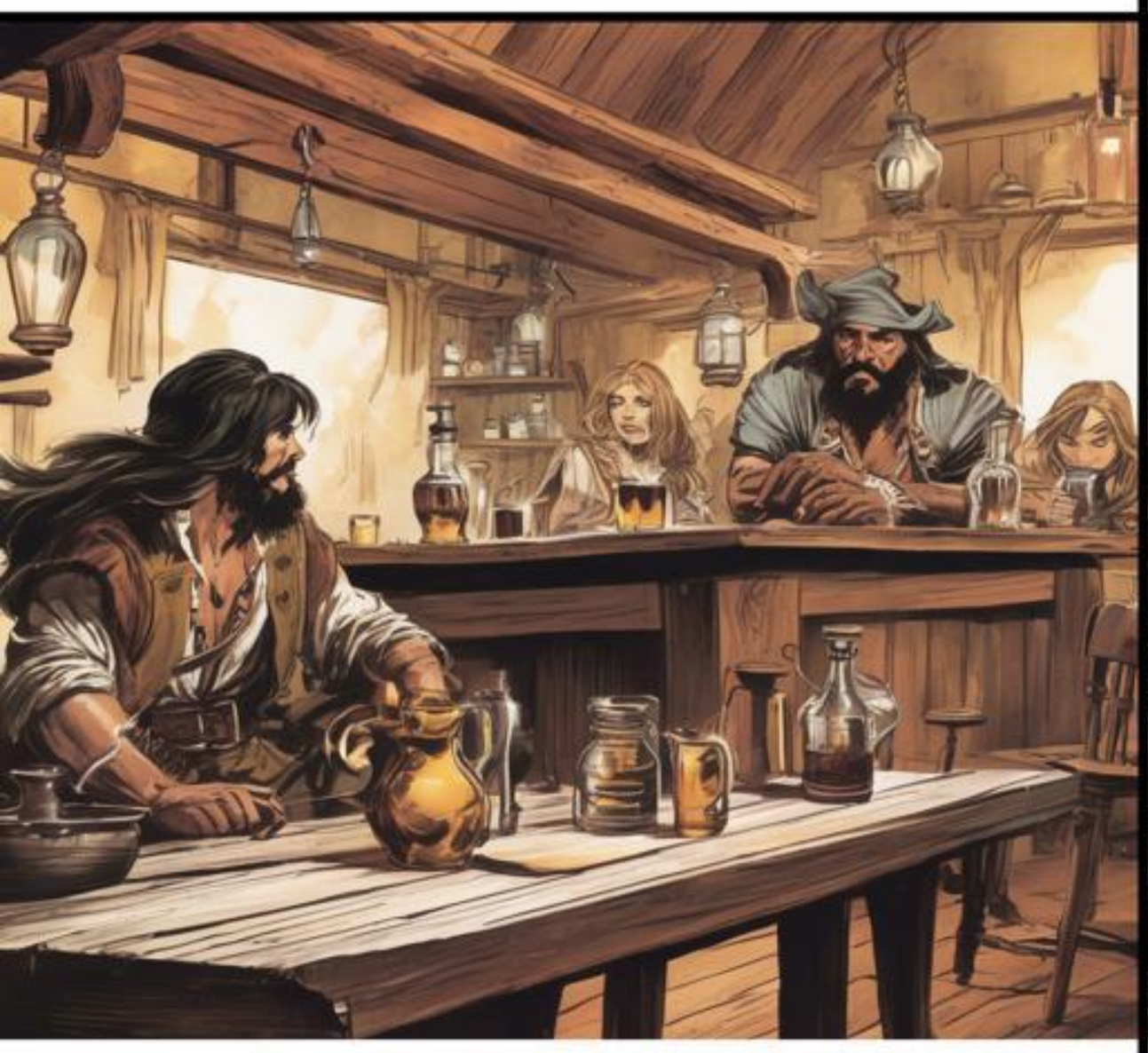
"YES", PIRATE 1 SAYS, HIS VOICE LOW AND MENACING. "GO ON".

'YOU GOT REALLY LUCKY, THE PIRATE SAYS TO HIMSELF, A SLY GRIN SPREADING ACROSS HIS FACE.

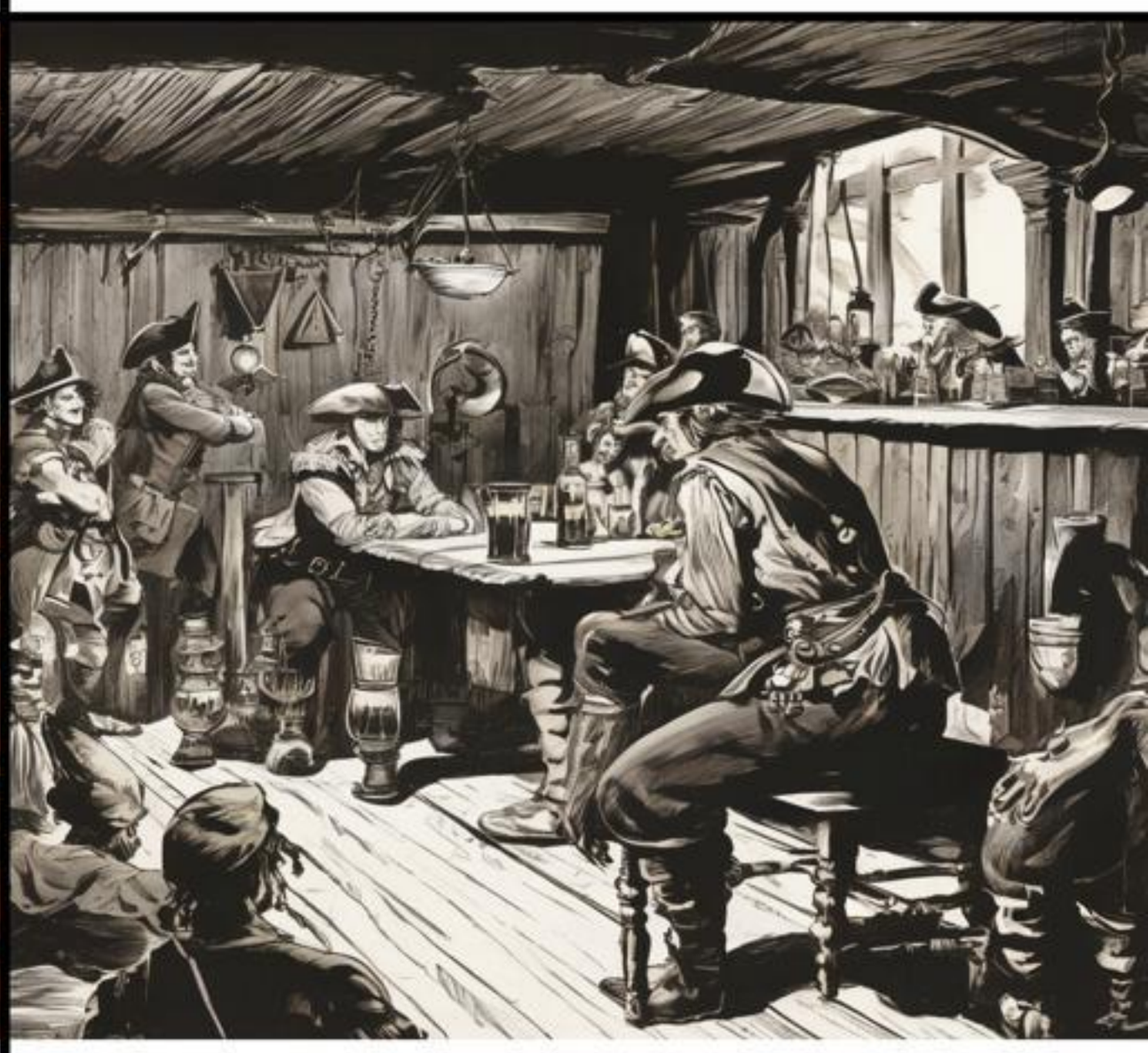
"I THINK HE OVERHEARD US" SYPHILIS WHISPERS URGENTLY TO GONORRHEA.

IS IT JU?I?CY?

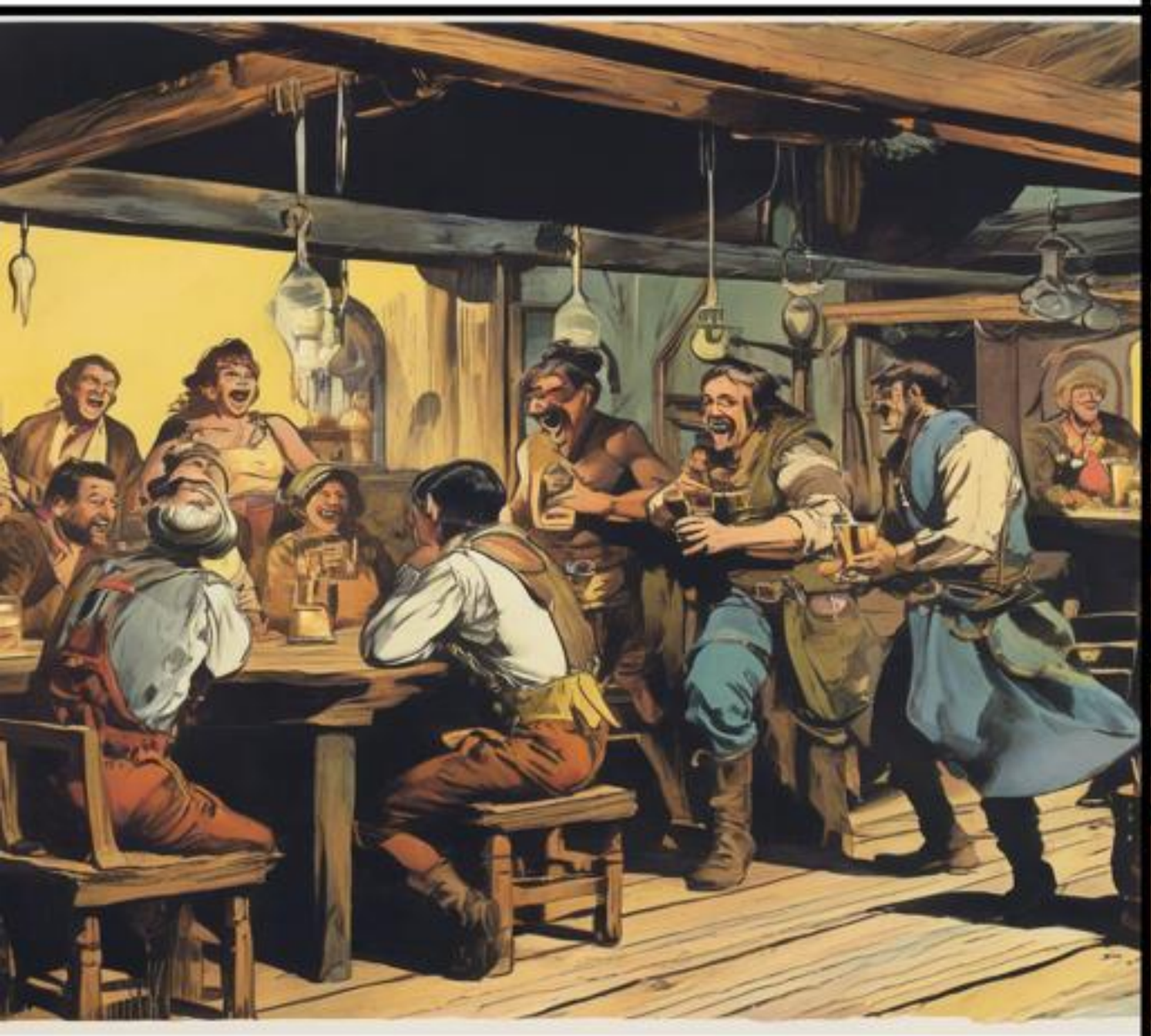
SYPHILIS: 'YEAH, IT'S THE ONLY THING THAT STILL STAYS GOOD ON A SHIP VOYAGE THIS FAR OUT'.



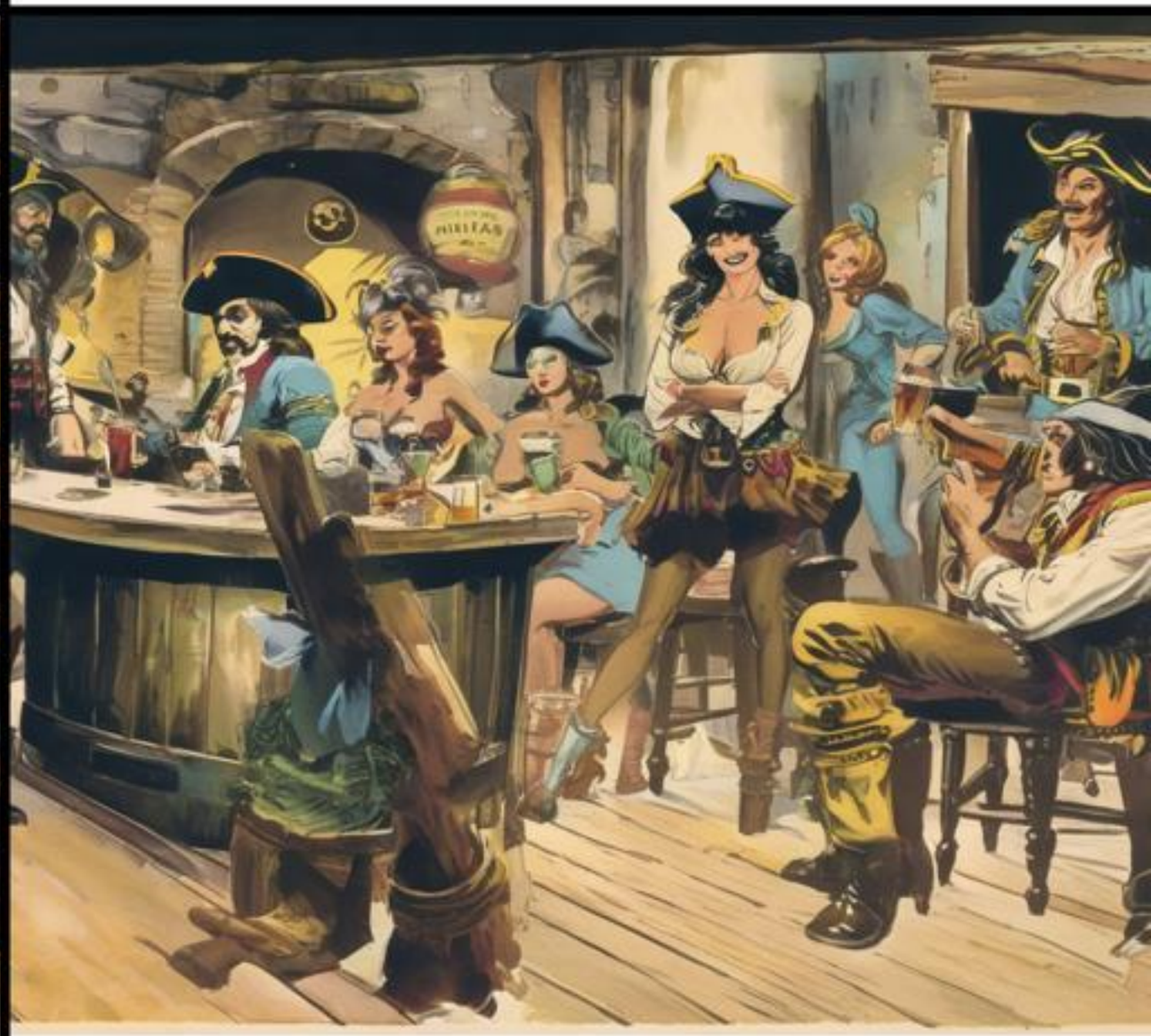
"IT TASTES LIKE ONIONS" SYPHILIS SAYS, TRYING TO SOUND NONCHALANT, WHILE GONORRHEA WHISPERS 'ONION MEAD' BACK TO HIM.



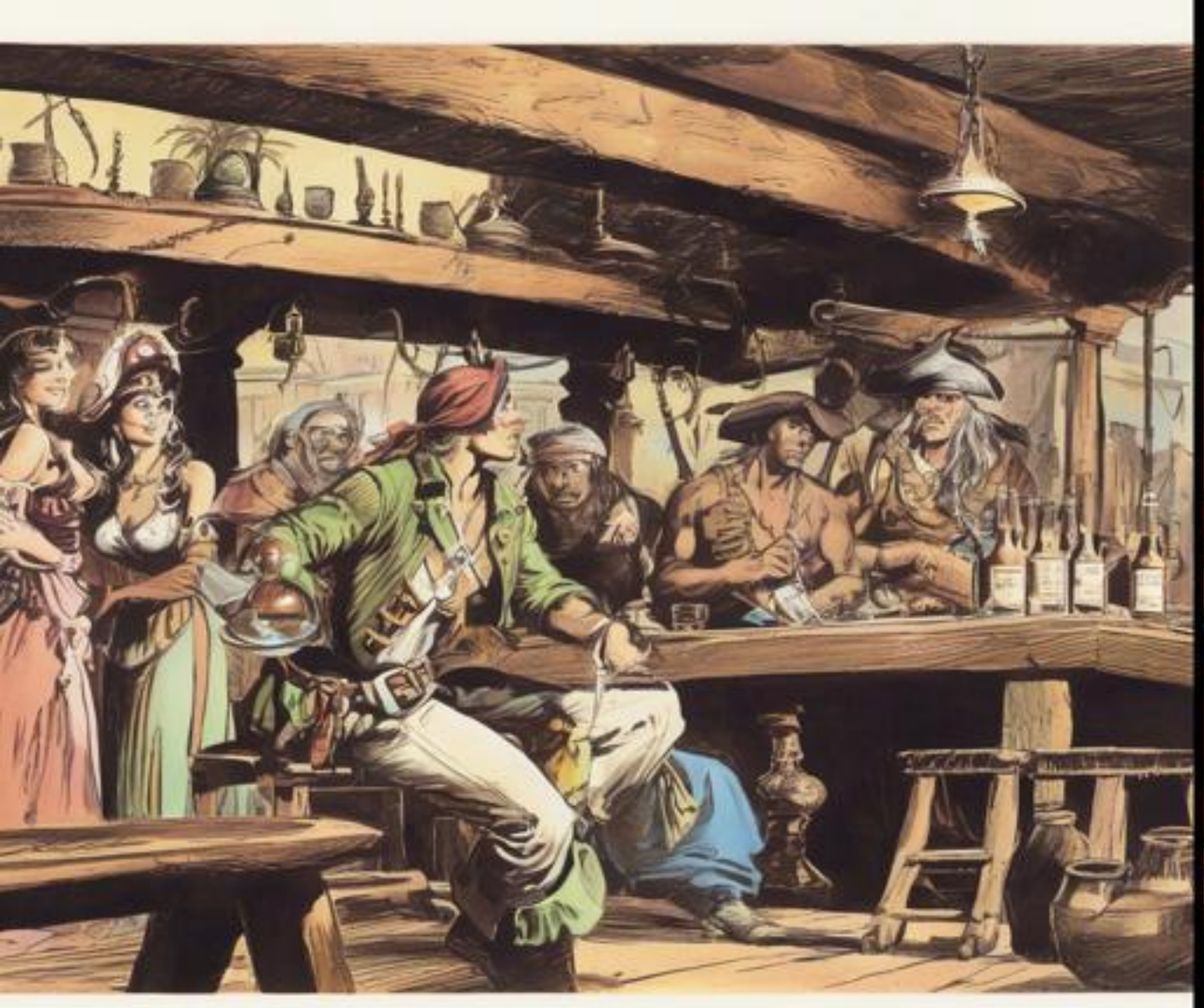
NOTHING LIKE THAT.



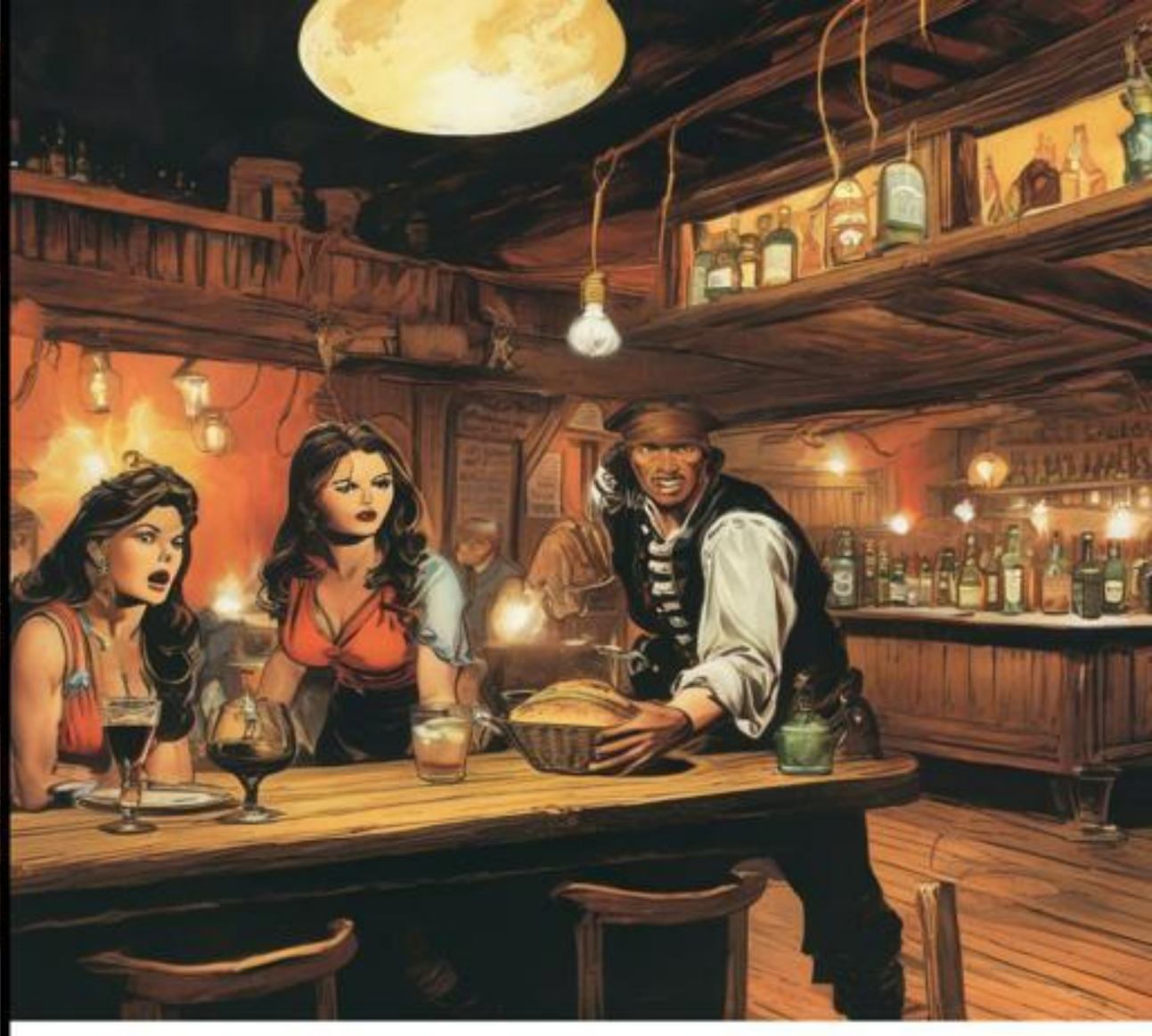
"ONIONS AND... WHY IS THAT?" SYPHILIS ASKS, HIS VOICE BARELY ABOVE A WHISPER



SYPHILIS: "OH, OF COURSE. HE DOES".

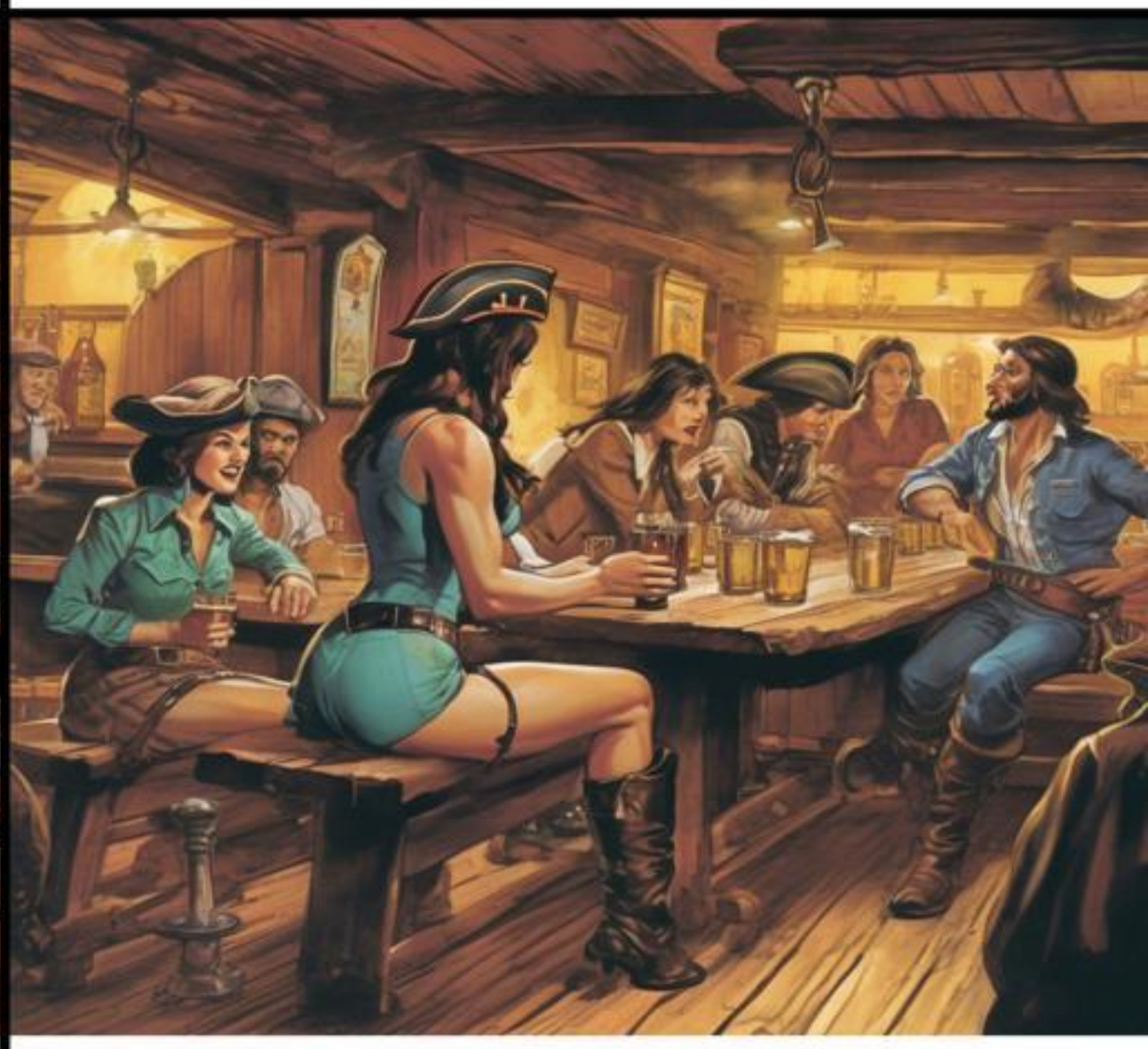


'WHAT ARE HIS PRONOUNS, AND WHAT DOES HE THINK?' SYPHILIS ASKS, THEIR VOICE BARELY ABOVE A WHISPER.



"BEER AND BREAD PLEASE" SYPHILIS SAYS TO THE SERVING WOMAN, TRYING TO SOUND CASUAL WHILE GLANCING AT GONORRHEA

"WHAT CAN I GET FOR YE, LOVE?" THE SERVING WOMAN ASKS SYPHILIS AND GONORRHEA, TRYING TO STEER THE CONVERSATION AWAY FROM THE SUSPICIOUS PIRATE.



THE SUSPICIOUS PIRATE GROWLS, 'I'M THE ONE. GUY.

'VICAR TIM' IS WRITTEN IN BOLD LETTERS ON THE POSTER, ACCOMPANIED BY A CRUDE DRAWING OF HIS LIKENESS.

"HAVE YOU SEEN IT?" VICAR TIM ASKS, HIS BROW FURROWED WITH CONCERN

"IT'S PRETTY GOOD" VICAR TIM SAYS, NODDING TOWARDS HIS SIGN, AS SYPHILIS LOOKS ON SUSPICIOUSLY

"TELL ME YOUR NAMES, OR I'LL MAKE SURE YOU LEAVE...PERMANENTLY."

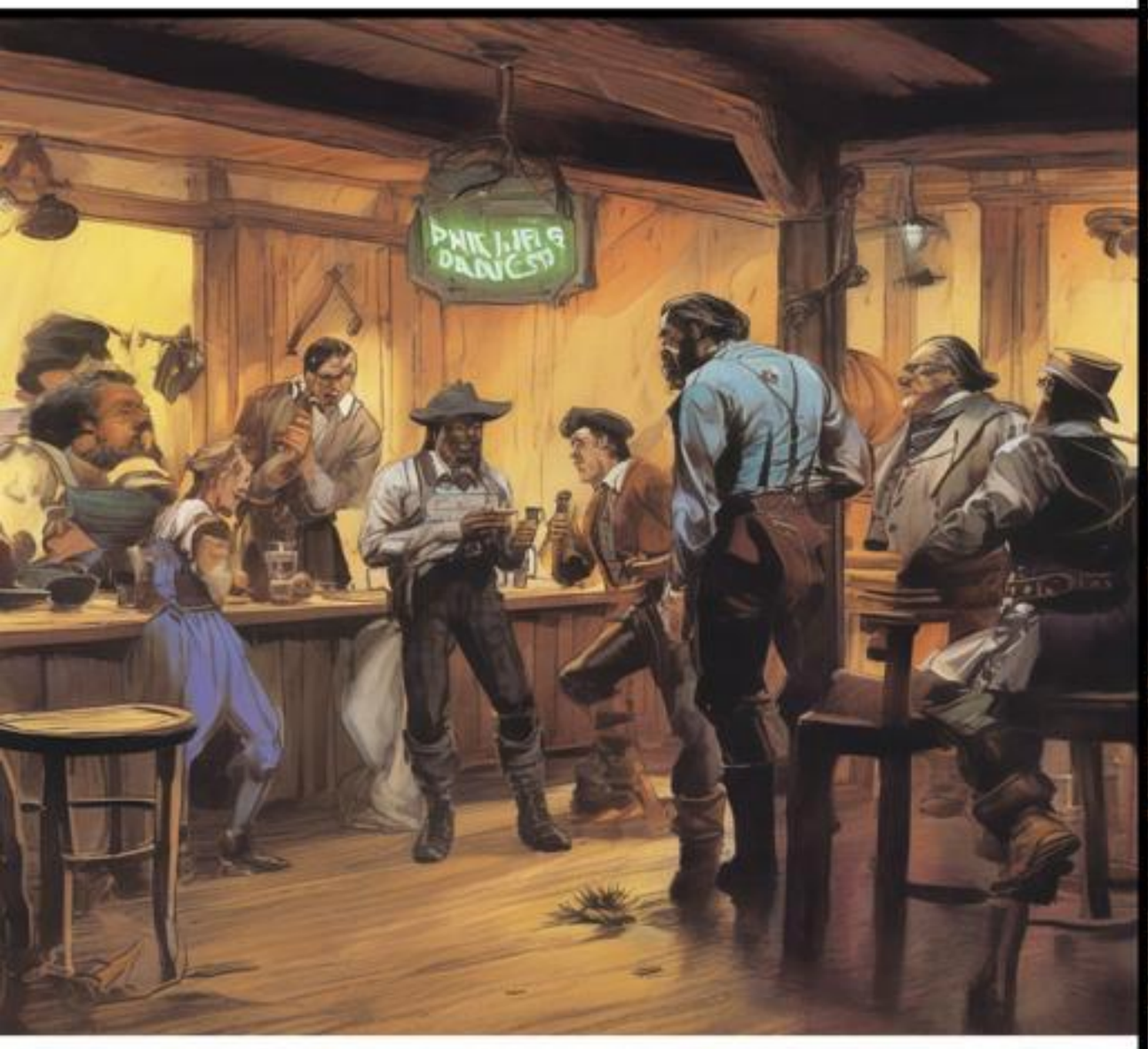
NO. THEY DIDN'T. UNFORTUNATELY.

"CHOIR BOY'S ASS" SPITS OUT THE WORDS, HIS EYES LOCKED ONTO SYPHILIS, AS HE LEANS IN CLOSER

"UNCOMFORTABLE"

SYPHILIS LEANS IN CLOSE AND WHISPERS, 'WHAT DO WE DO NOW?'

'WE'VE BEEN HERE FOR A LONG TIME...' SYPHILIS SAYS QUIETLY



THE SILENCE BETWEEN THEM GROWS HEAVIER AS THEY CONTEMPLATE VICAR TIM'S DISCOVERY

"WHEN YOU'RE ON THE WAGON OR IF YOU'RE WRONG... I THINK WE SHOULD LEAVE" SYPHILIS SAYS, EYES DARTING TOWARDS VICAR TIM IN THE CORNER

"THERE'S NOT MUCH POINT, I'M JUST BANTER... THIS IS BANTER." SYPHILIS SAYS WITH A FORCED SMILE, AS VICAR TIM'S BUSINESS SIGN SEEMS TO LOOM OVER THEM

SYPHILIS LEANED, IN CLOSE, VOICE BARELY ABOVE A WHISPER. 'YOU THINK HE SUSPECTS?'

"MAKING MYSELF UNCOMFORTABLE" VICAR TIM SAYS, HIS VOICE LOW AND MENACING.

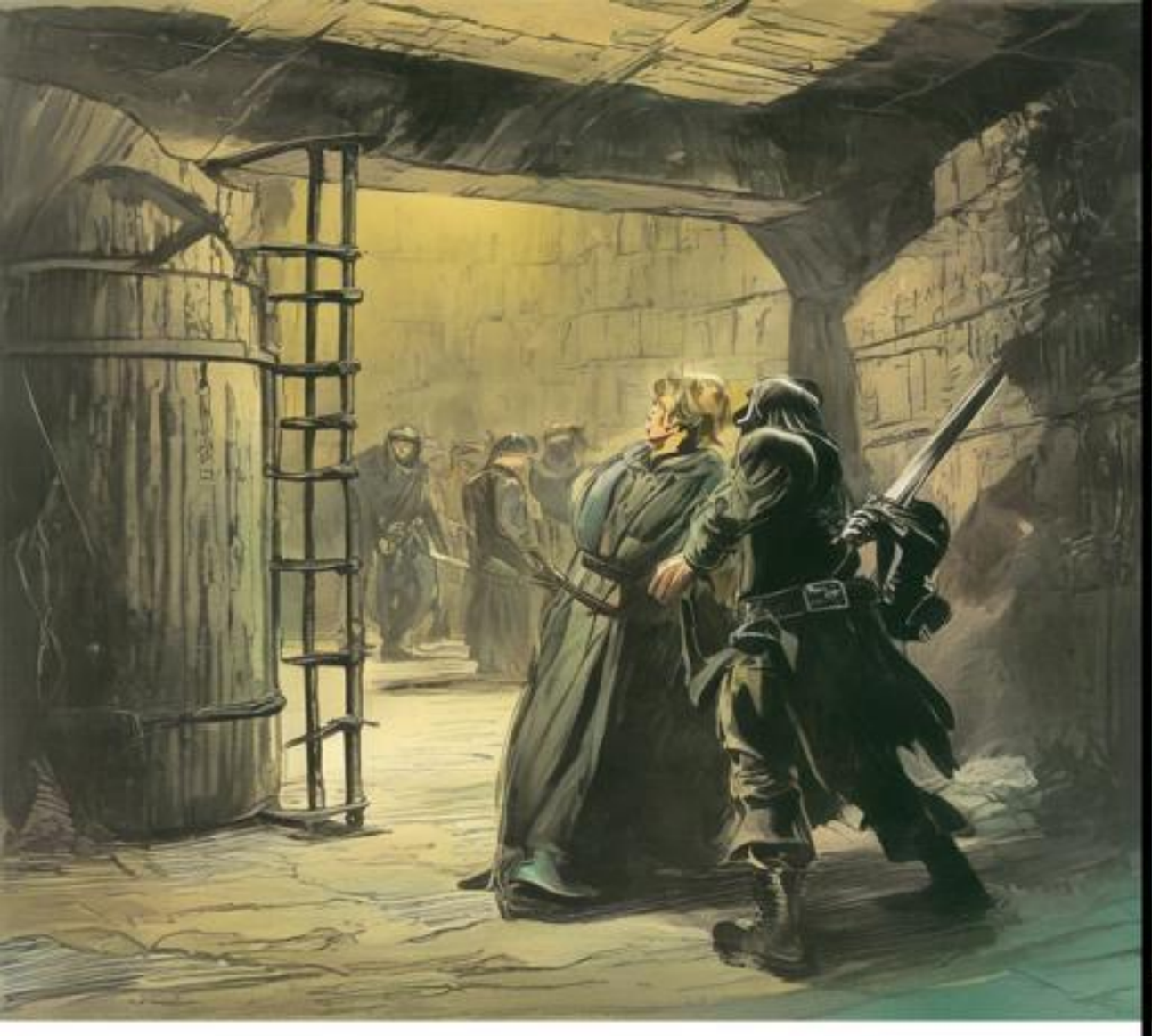
"CHEERS TO TIM! THE WHOLE BAR GOES TO TIM!" THE PATRONS CHANT IN UNISON

"TIM MADE US" VICAR TIM SAYS QUIETLY TO HIMSELF, MAKING SYPHILIS'S EYES WIDEN IN ALARM.

SYPHILIS: 'HOW ARE WE GOING TO GET YOU TO THE FORTRESS?'

"I'M TELLING YOU, IT'S GETTING TOO HOT HERE. WE NEED TO GET OUT BEFORE VICAR TIM EXPOSES US," GONORRHEA SAYS

"MAYBE WE JUST FUCK OFF"



"ARM WRESTLING? JUST TO SEE IF YOU'RE MADE OF ANYTHING," SYPHILIS SAYS SOFTLY.

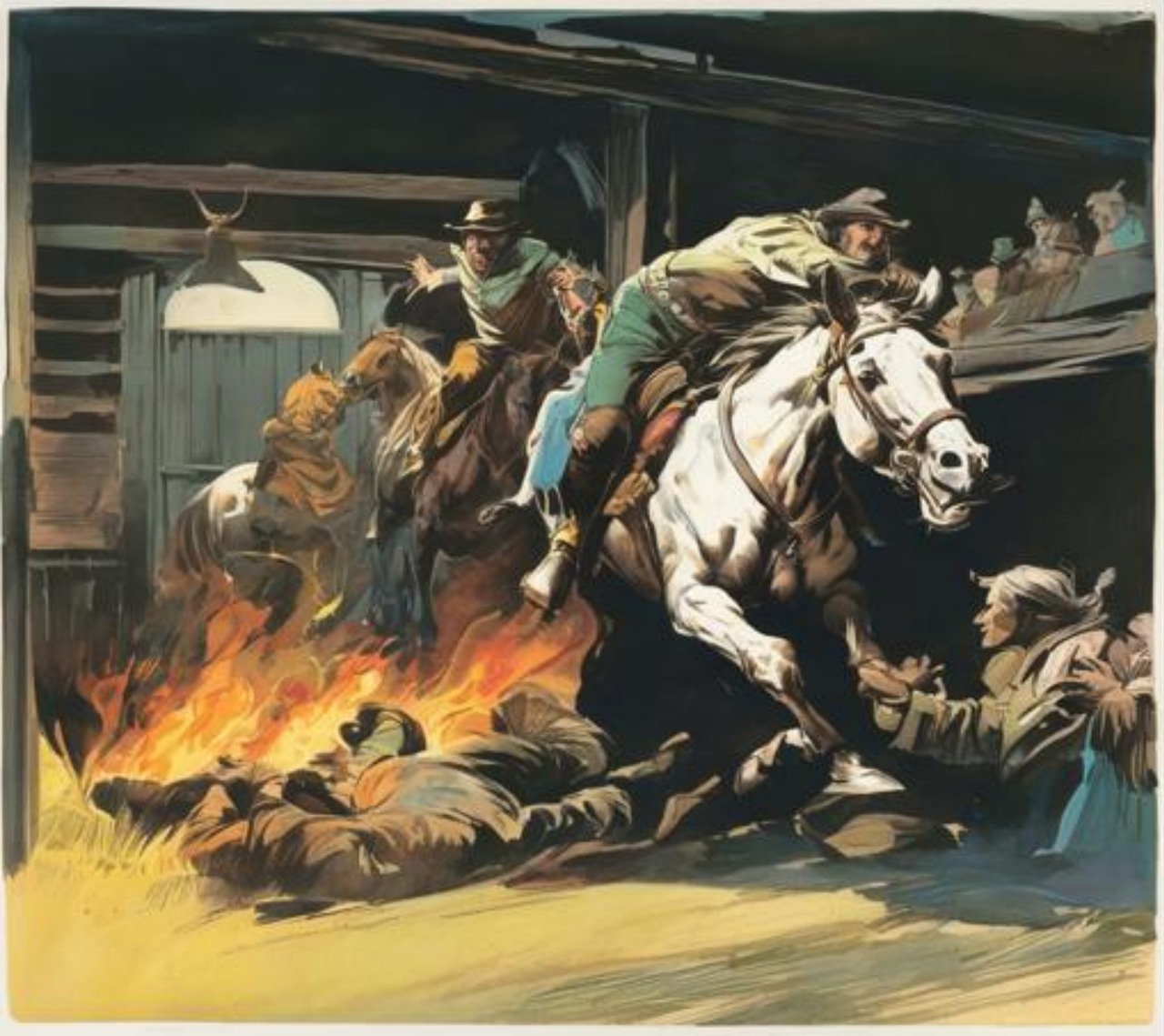
SYPHILIS: 'WHEN YOU'RE LOCKED UP, IT USUALLY WORKS A LOT OF THE TIME.

DAR.YL: 'I'VE NEVER BEEN A PRISONER BEFORE.'

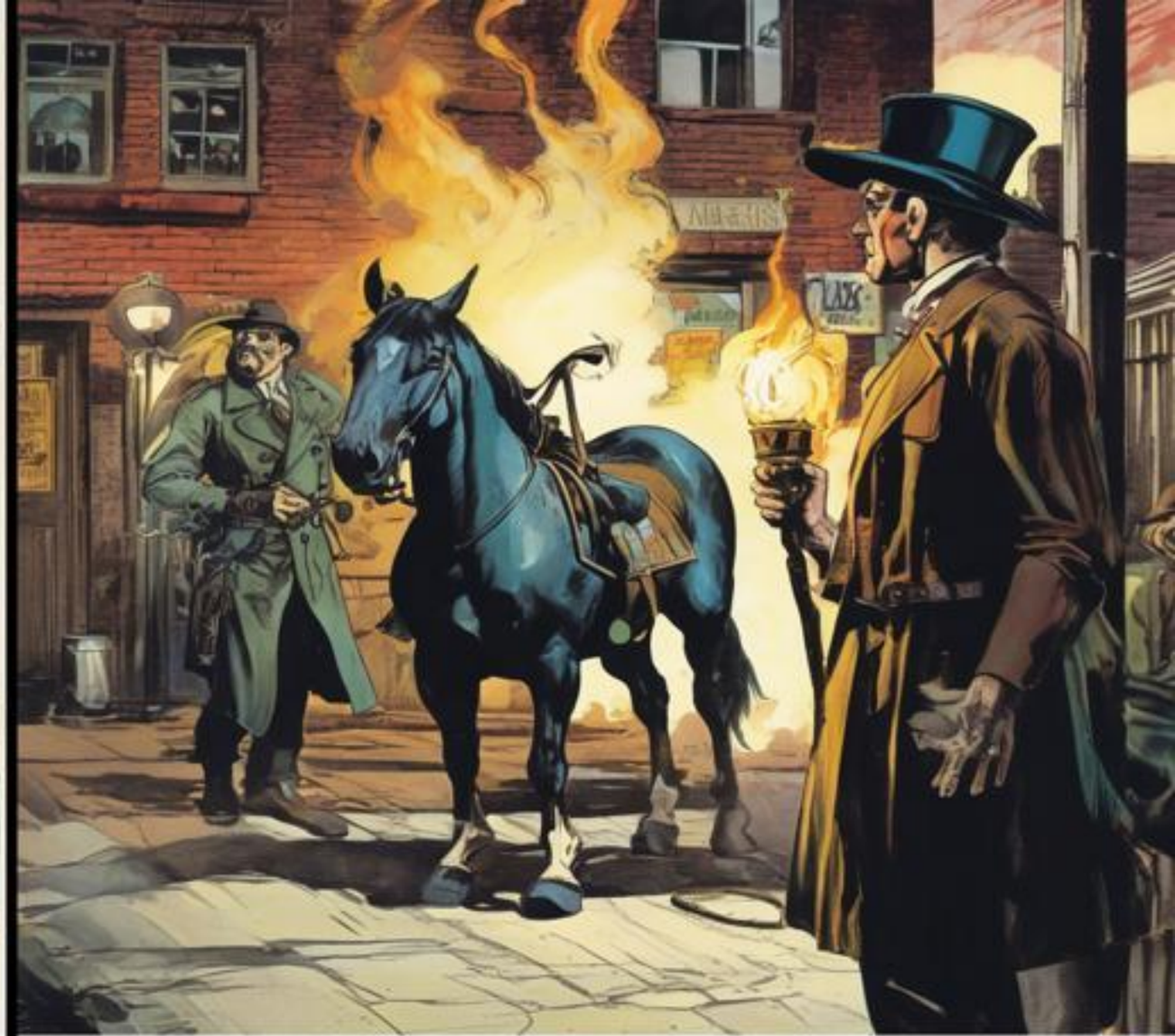
SYPHILIS: YOU'RE NOT EVEN GOING TO TRY ARE YOU? I'M STARTING TO THINK YOU'RE NOT AS DESPERATE TO ESCAPE AS I AM.

'CHECK. TO SEE. HOW HARD HIS PRIDE IS WOUNDED..' SYPHILIS SAYS SOFTLY

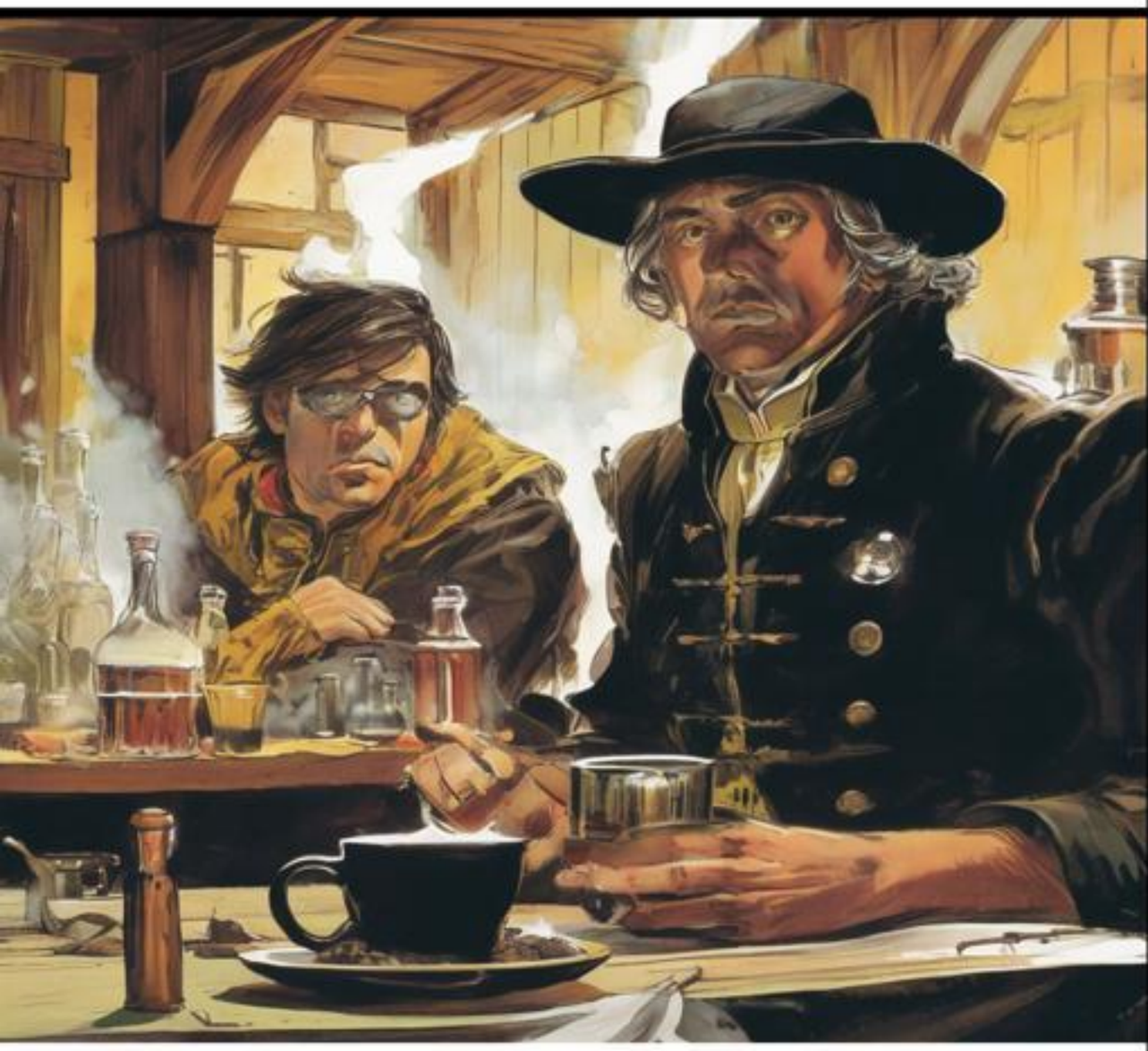
SYPHILIS: "WHAT IS THIS GUY QUESTIONING, HUH?"



STEALING A HORSE TO ESCAPE VICAR TIM'S INVESTIGATION



"WE CAN'T STAY HERE, VICAR TIM WILL FIND US SOON. WE NEED TO GET OUT OF THE CITY BEFORE IT'S TOO LATE."



"TIM...WHATEVER YOU SAY."

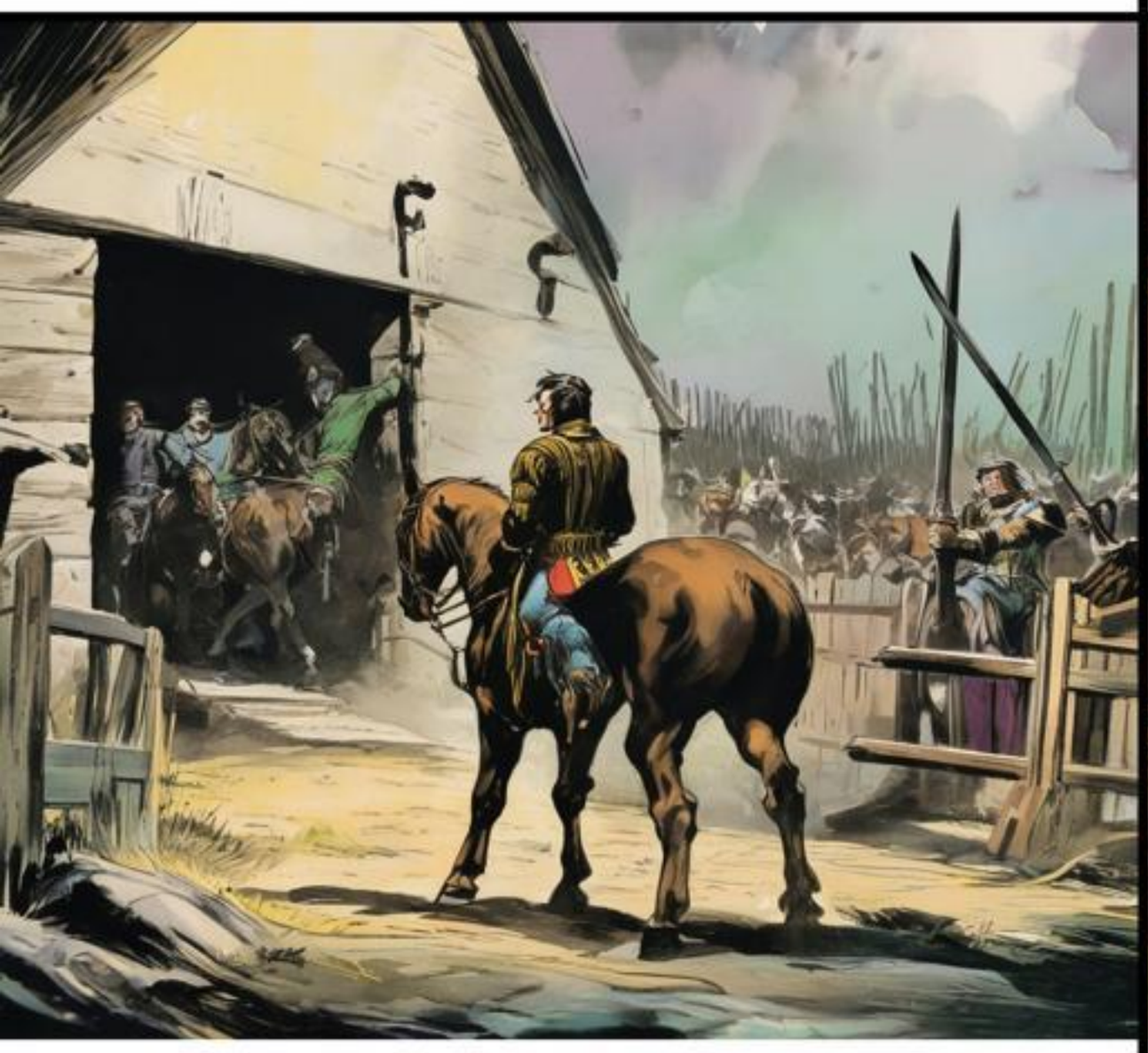
GONORRHEA: 'THEY WON'T EXPECT US TO LEAVE THROUGH THE STABLES.'

"I DON'T KNOW IF THIS IS A GOOD IDEA, SYPHILIS" GONORRHEA SAYS, LOOKING OVER HIS SHOULDER AT THE TAVERN DOOR

WE'RE JUST GONNA JUMP ON A HORSE AND GO FOR IT.

TWO MEN STAND GUARD AT THE BARN ENTRANCE...

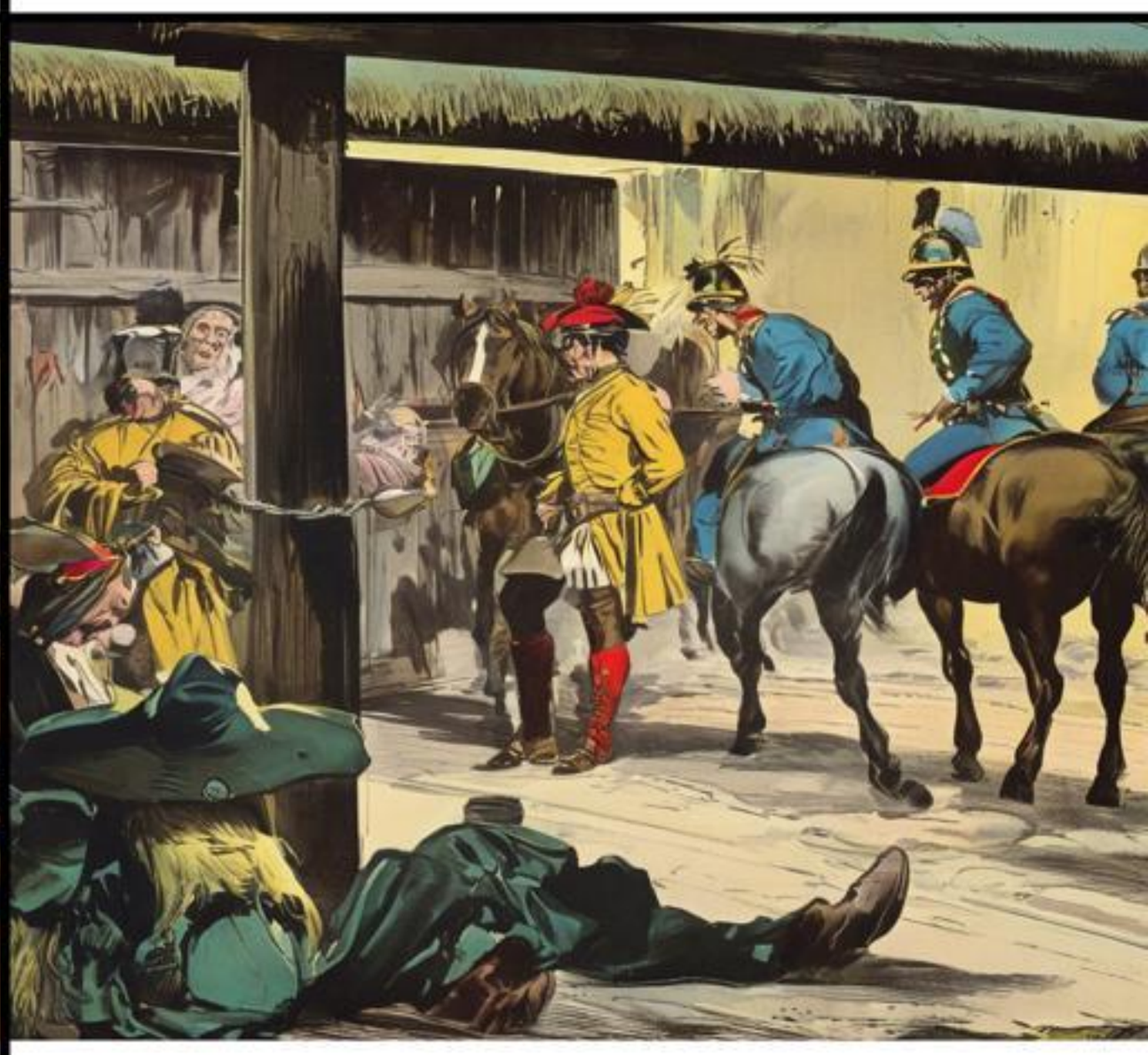
WHAT ARE YOU LADS UP TO?



"BUT WHY ARE YOU COMING INTO MY STABLE?"

VICAR TIM'S EYES NARROWED AS HE ASKED, 'IS THAT YOUR HORSE?

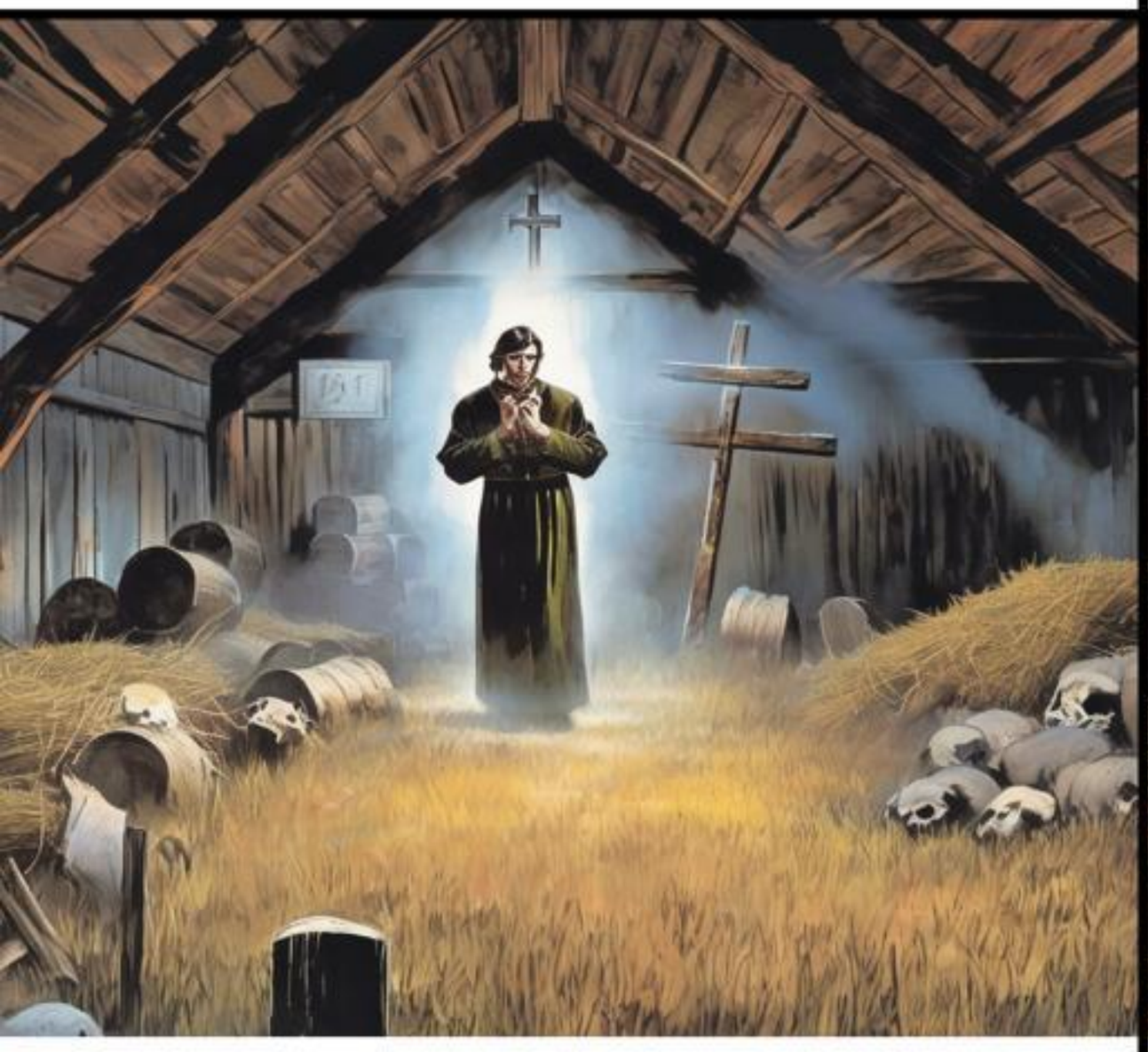
"I THINK YOU FORGOT MAN" SYPHILIS SAYS TO HIMSELF, UNSURE IF HE HAS ENOUGH COIN FOR THEIR ESCAPE



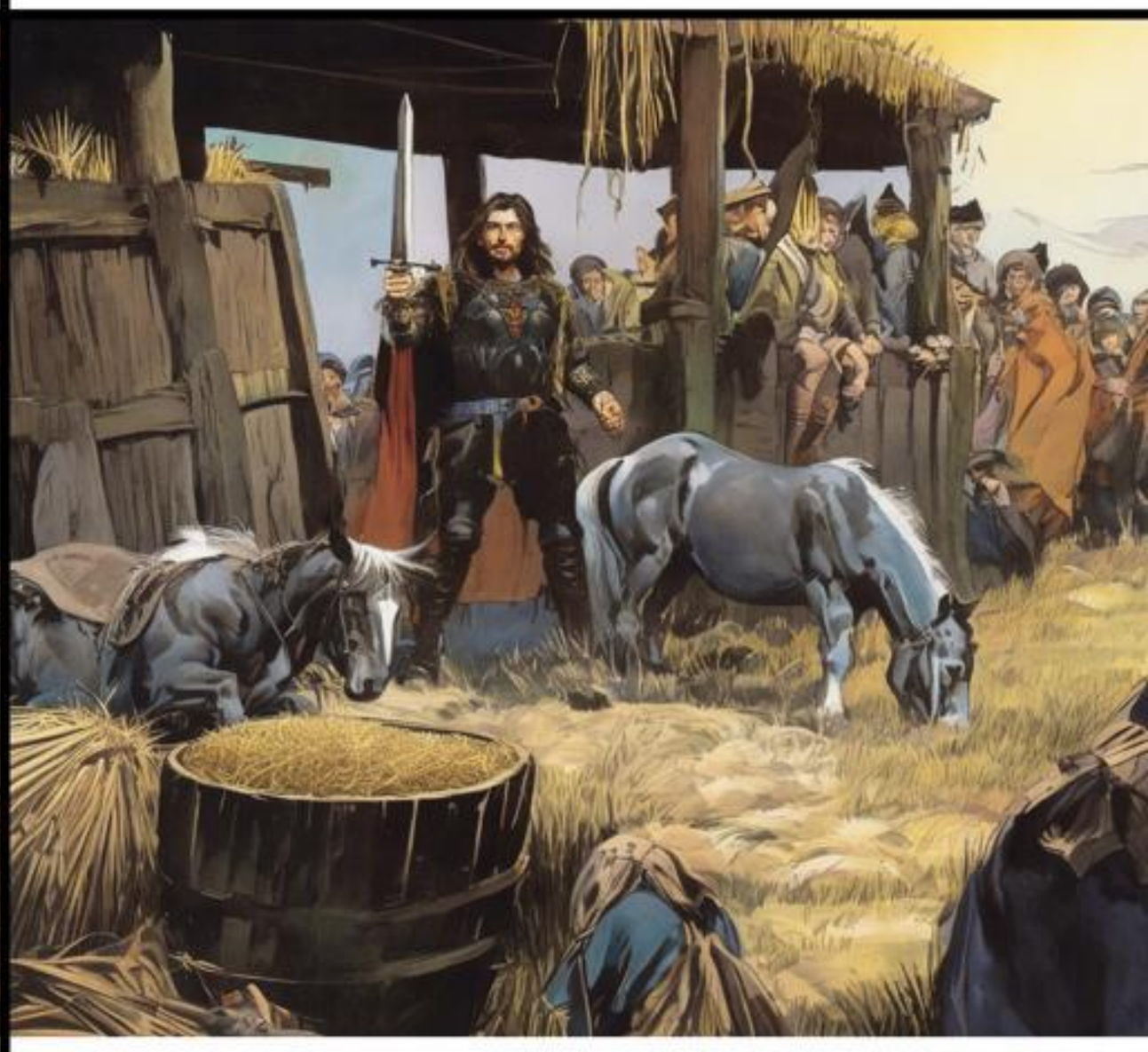
"YOU'RE TRYING TO HAGGLE US FOR MORE MONEY? YOU THINK WE'RE SOME SORT OF FOOLS?"

"SOME EXTRA COINS...?" THE GUARD SAYS, EYES LOCKED ON SYPHILIS AS HE TRIES TO HAND OVER A POUCH OF COINS.

SYPHILIS' AMAZING SWORD! 'YOU'LL TAKE IT NOW?'



"THIS SYMBOL... IT'S NOT FROM AROUND HERE. WHAT IS GOING ON, SYPHILIS?"



SYPHILIS: (WHISPERING) YOU DIDN'T KNOW... I'M A HUNTER OF THE NIGHT.

"I... I THINK WE MISUNDERSTOOD EACH OTHER" SYPHILIS STAMMERS, TRYING TO STALL FOR TIME.

"WE TOLD YOU WE PAID FOR IT. WHY DID HE NOT CHECK?"

CAN YOU KEEP A STRAIGHT FACE WHILE HIDING THE TRUTH?

"LET'S GO".

HOW DO YOU KILL A MAN WHO CAN SEE BEYOND THE GRAVE?

"YOU'RE GOING TO MAKE ME DO THIS, AREN'T YOU?" VICAR TIM YELLS AT SYPHILIS

SYPHILIS' EYES LOCK ONTO VICAR TIM'S, PLEADING FOR MERCY AMIDST THE CHAOS

"THE GUARD THAT SLO.U.CHED. NEXT ON YOU".

"WHAT...WHAT HAPPENED, DU?DE?"

"WHATEVER YOU GOTTA DO. YOU GOTTA DO IT QUICK!"

"YOU'RE NOT LEAVING WITHOUT FACING JUSTICE, SYPHILIS!" – VICAR TIM

VICAR TIM'S ANGRY SHOUTS ECHO THROUGH THE NIGHT AIR AS HE GAINS GROUND

"I PUKE A LITTLE BIT... HE PUKES A LITTLE BIT."

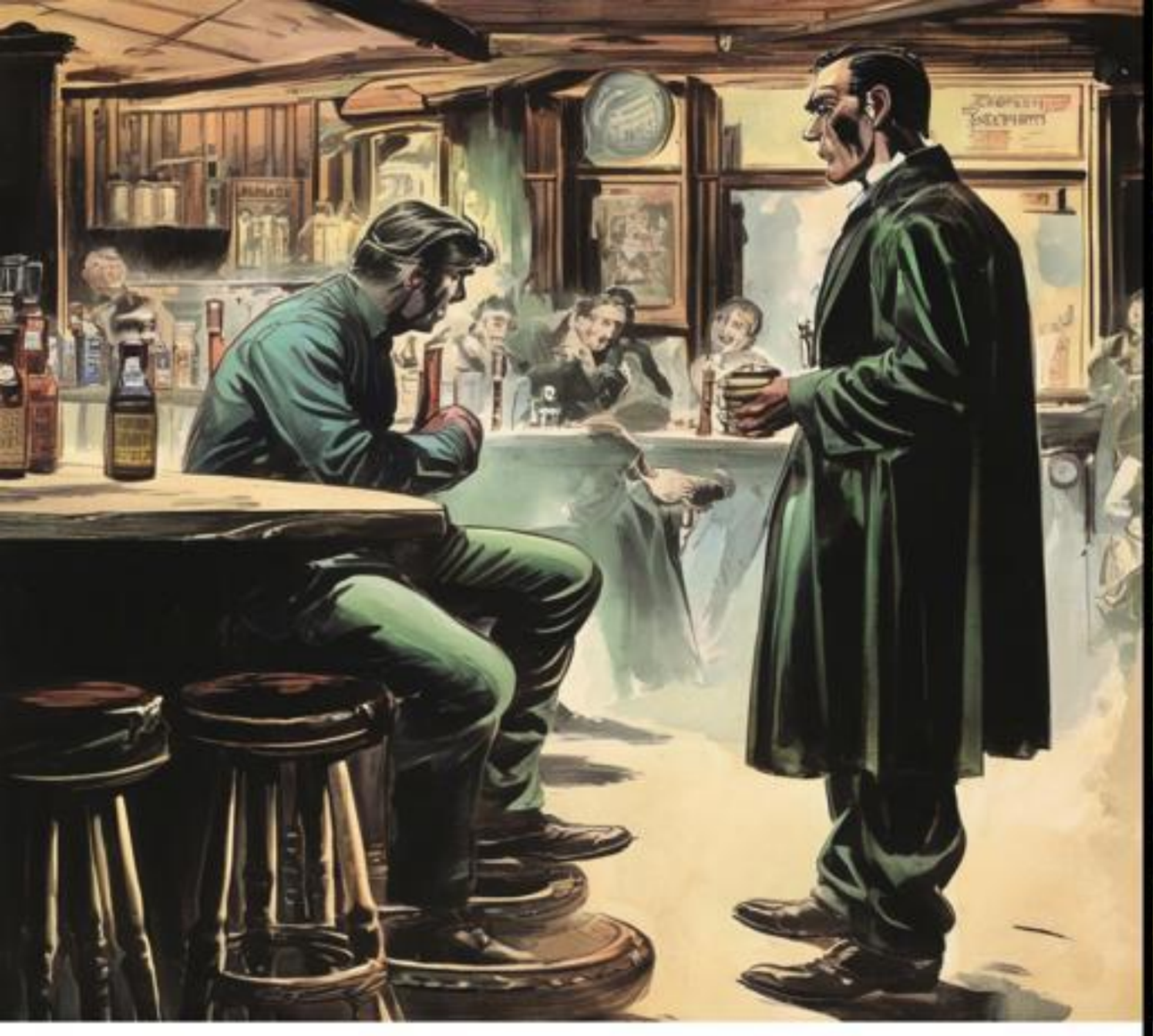
SYPHILIS SCREAMS OFF INTO THE NIGHT!

'HE WAS READY TO VIOLENTLY BUM YOU BOTH...'

VICAR TIM'S ANGRY VOICE ECHOES THROUGH THE TREES: 'YOU WON'T ESCAPE THAT EASILY!'

"WE JUST WOKE UP", SYPHILIS MUTTERS TO HIMSELF AS HE RIDES THROUGH THE DARKNESS

"YOU'VE BEEN QUIET FOR 15 MINUTES, SIR. WHAT WEIGHS ON YOUR MIND?"



"PEOPLE ARE GONNA COME AFTER US" VICAR TIM SAYS, HIS VOICE LOW AND MENACING.

"THEY'LL NEVER ESCAPE ME, NOT THIS TIME." - VICAR TIM

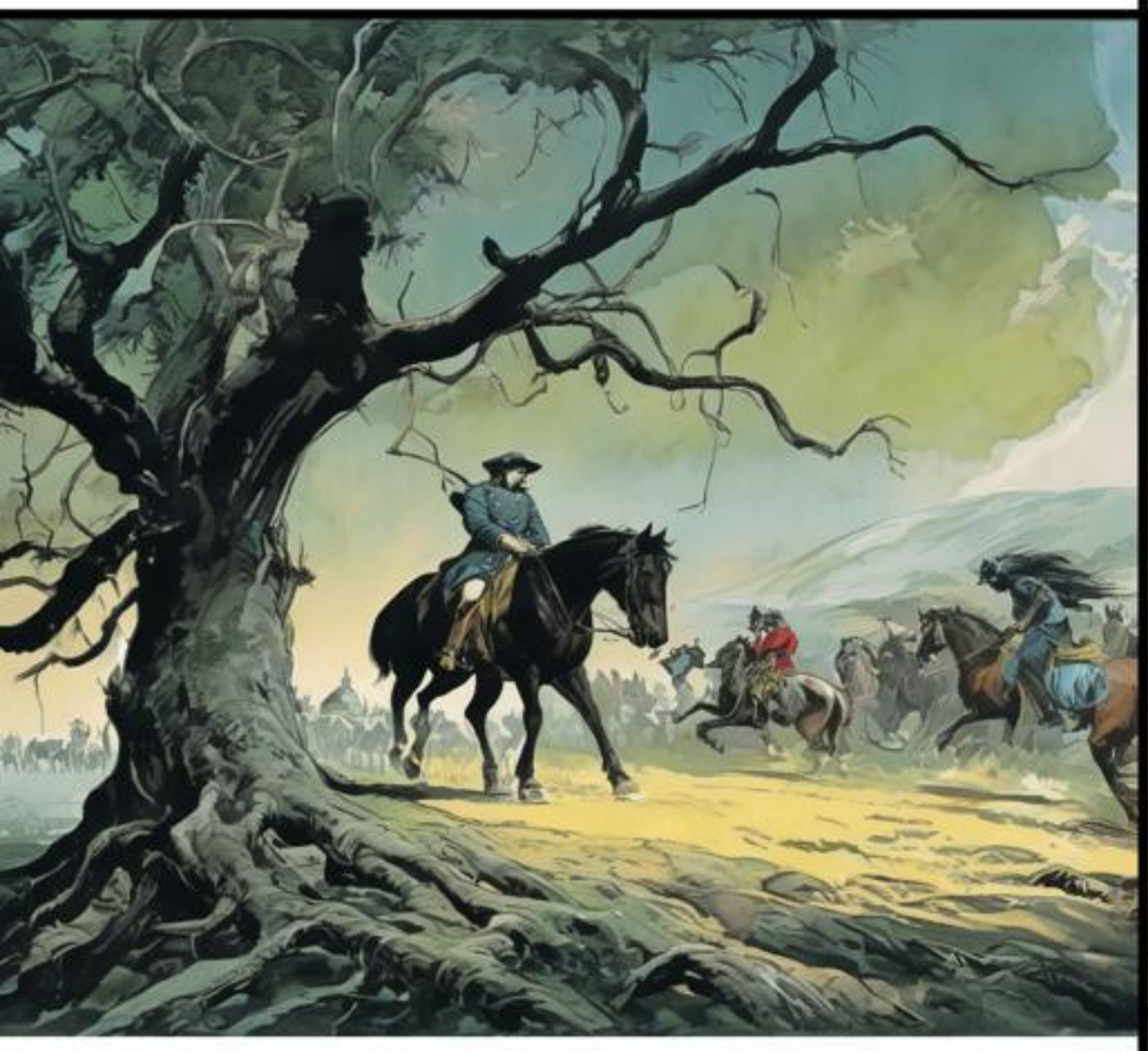
THE BLACK STONE KEEP'S TWIN TOWERS GLINT LIKE SPECTERS IN THE FADING LIGHT

"YOU'RE NOT SURE WHAT'S FOLLOWING YOU," SYPHILIS THINKS TO HIMSELF

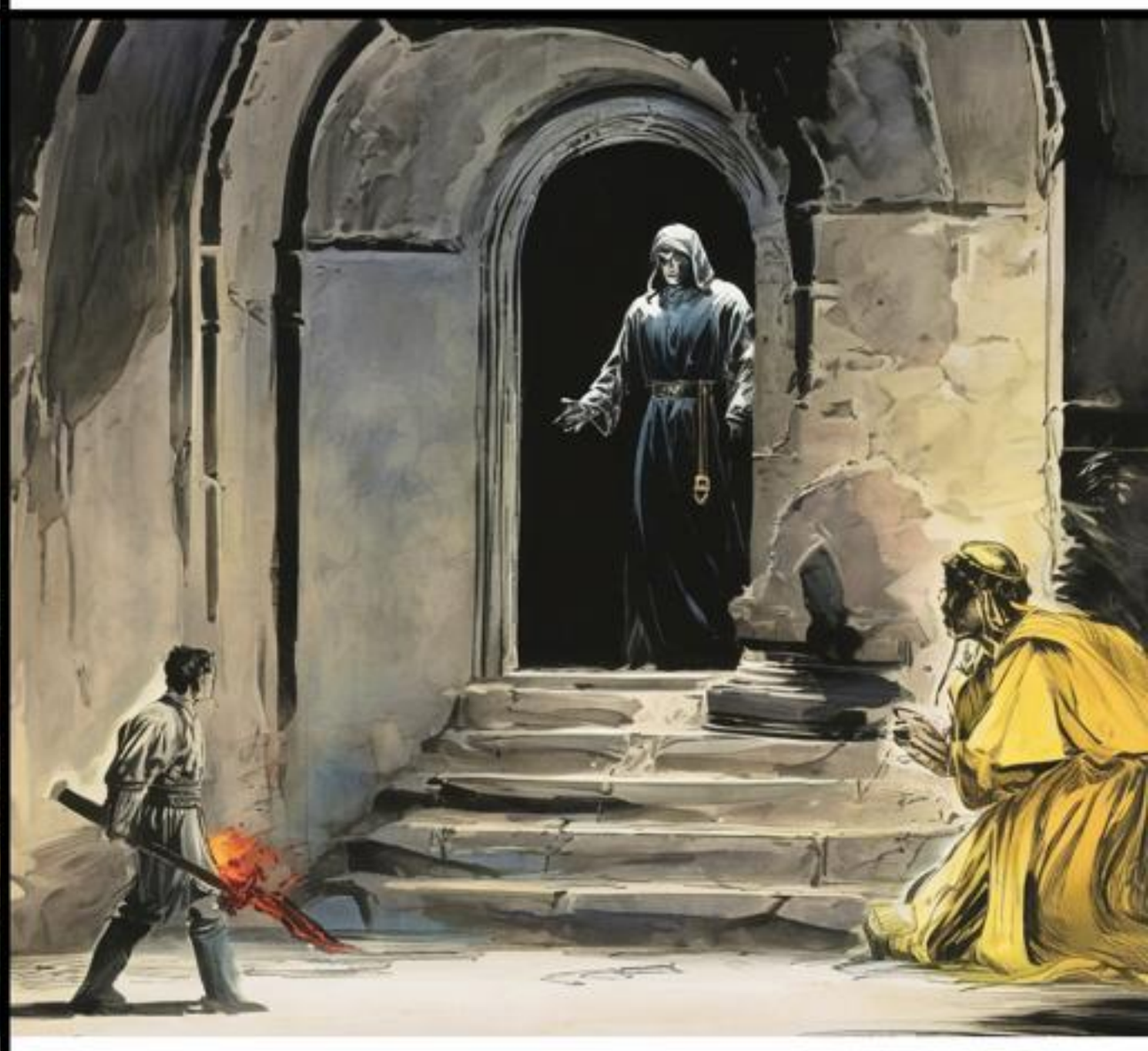
THE SOUND OF FOOTFALLS ECHOES THROUGH THE FOREST, A CONSTANT REMINDER THAT VICAR TIM IS CLOSING IN.

"SHOULD I SEND GONORRHEA BACK?" VICAR TIM ASKS SYPHILIS, HIS VOICE LACED WITH DOUBT

"WHAT...WHAT'S BEHIND US?" SYPHILIS STAMMERS, PANIC CREEPING INTO HIS VOICE



THE ONLY SOUND IS THE RUSTLING OF LEAVES AS SYPHILIS SECURES THE HORSES.



SYPHILIS'S GRIP ON GONORRHEA'S HEAD TIGHTENS AS HE PREPARES FOR BATTLE

SYPHILIS: 'IT'S ON!'

"IT'S OUT OF SHAPE," VICAR TIM SAYS, A HINT OF AMUSEMENT IN HIS VOICE.

VICAR TIM: "YOUR HORSES ARE FARING PRETTY WELL."

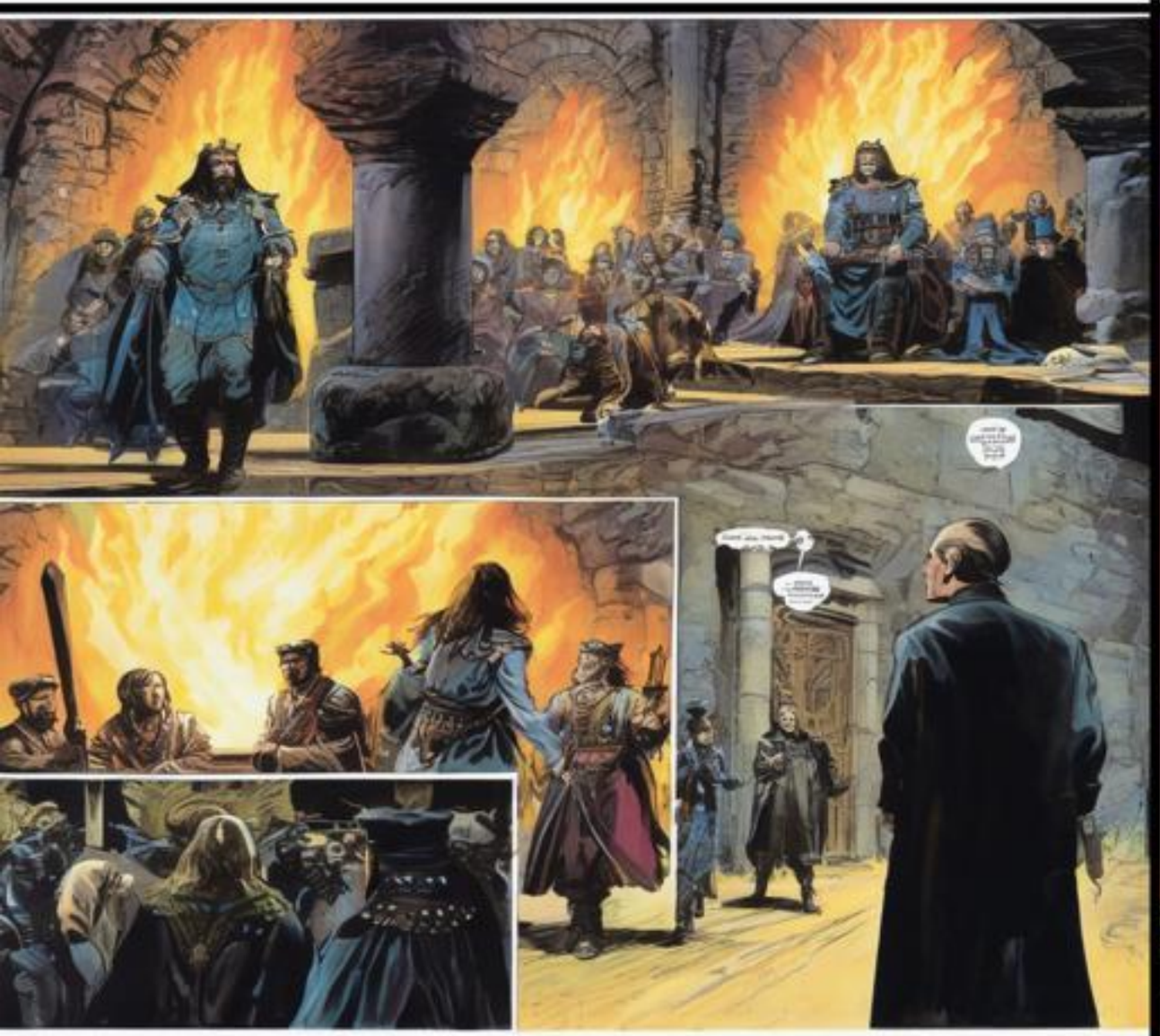
SYPHILIS THINKS HE'S OUTRUN HIS PURSUERS, BUT AT WHAT COST?

'TWO HOURS LATER,' VICAR TIM'S VOICE ECHOES IN SYPHILIS' MIND, 'YOU'RE REALLY STARTING TO GET CLOSE.'

"YOU'VE FALLEN FOR IT, HAVEN'T YOU?" SYPHILIS SAYS, HOLDING UP GONORRHEA'S HEAD AS A TAUNT.

"YOU SEE IT NOW? THE KEEP IS WELL GUARDED, BUT THERE'S A PATH..."

"CAREFUL NOT TO SLIP ON LOOSE STONES," SYPHILIS MUTTERS TO HIMSELF



SYPHILIS: 'YOU THINK THESE MERE DECORATIONS WILL INTIMIDATE ME?

"OH, LORD..."

"A PIRATE SHIP?" SYPHILIS SAYS, EYES FIXED ON THE PORTCULLIS DESIGN

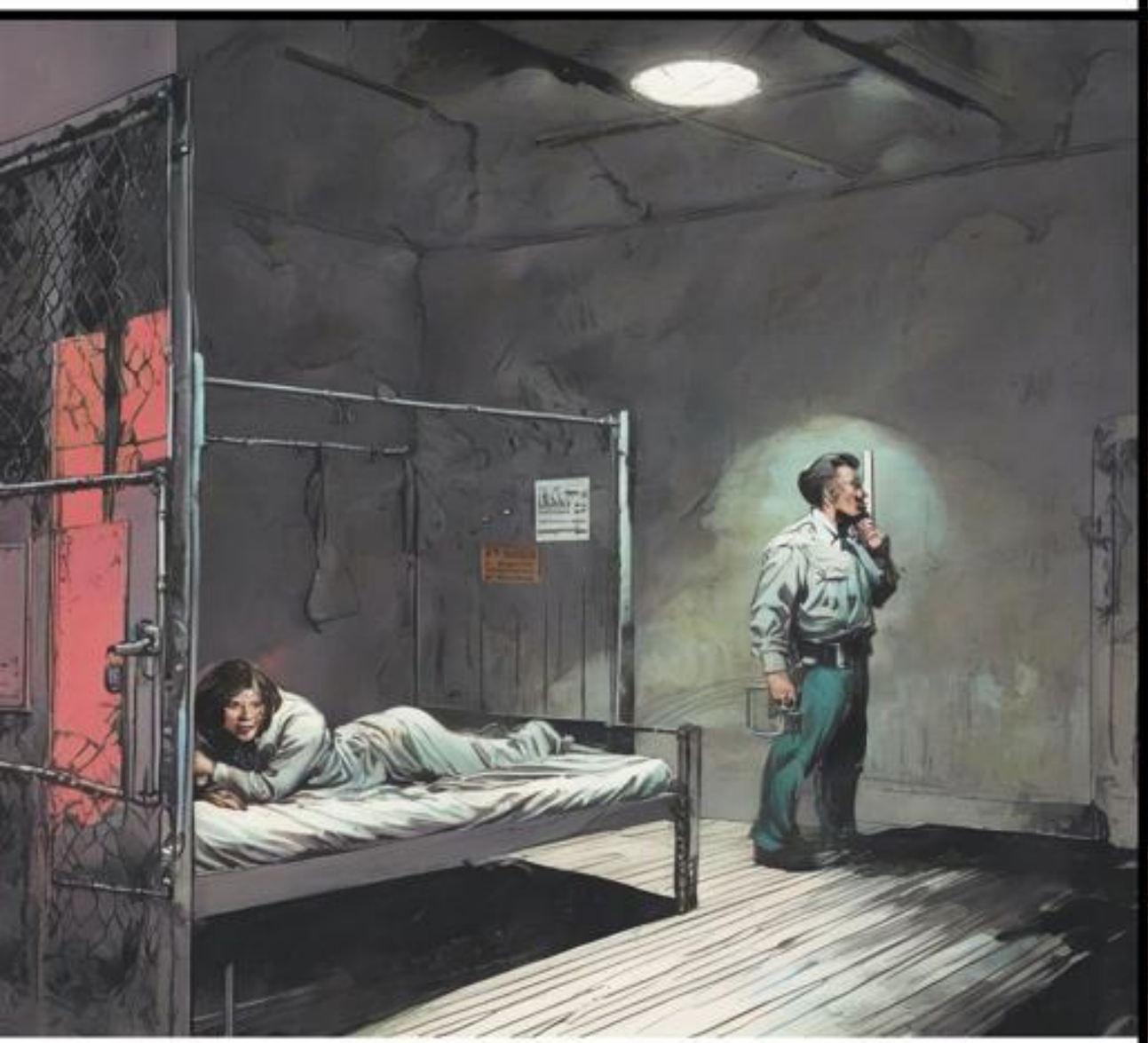
"A PIRATE SHIP. ON HIS HIP. A BAG. OF CANNONBALLS."

SYPHILIS: 'WHAT DO YOU HAVE TO LOSE?'

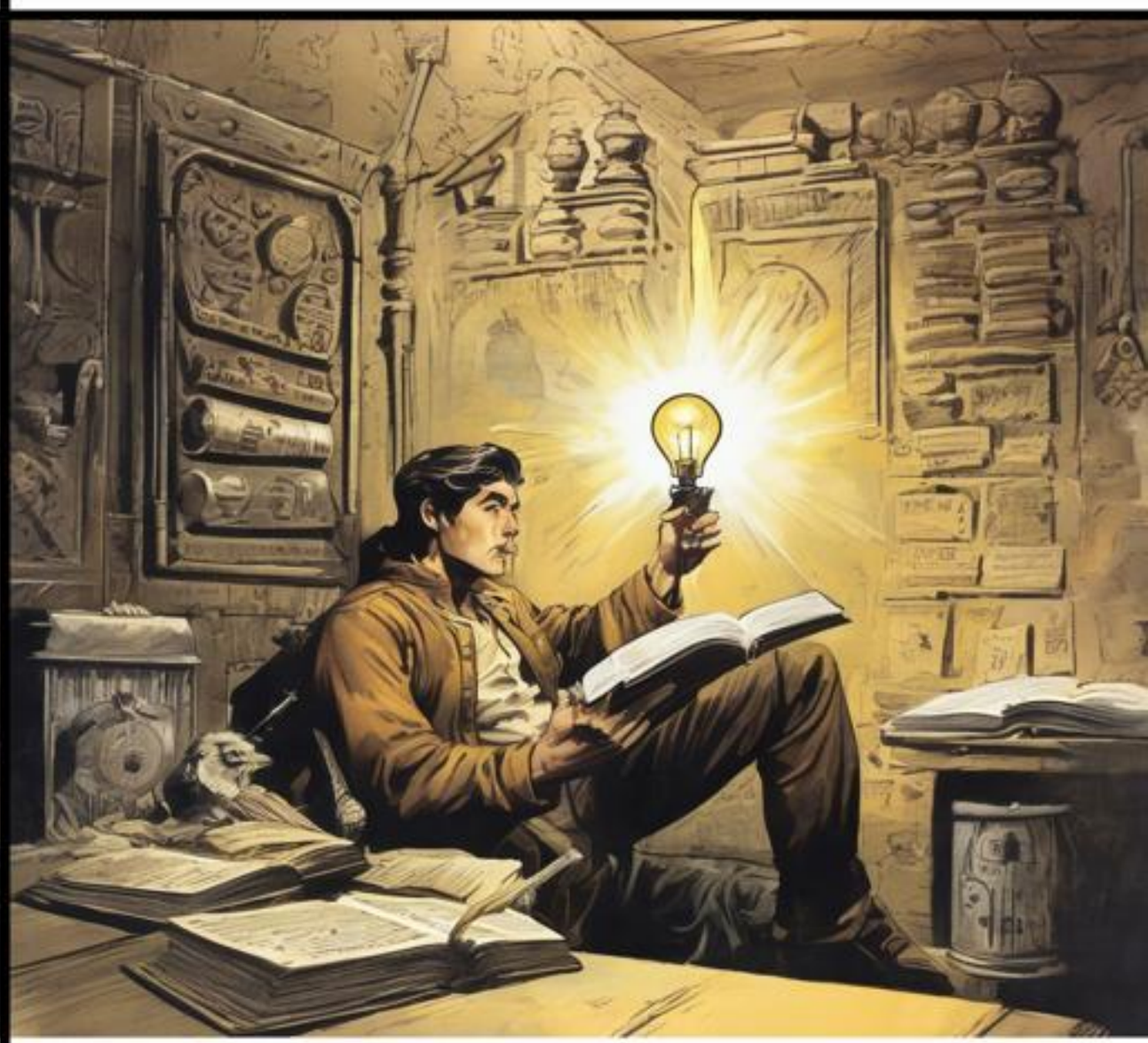
SYPHILIS: WHAT HAPPENS TO YOU WHEN YOU LET ME DOWN?

"I JUST WANT TO BREAK FREE, DAR.YL. FOR BOTH OF US."

"SO I GET OUT OF THE CELL?" SYPHILIS ASKS, HIS VOICE LACED WITH GENUINE CONCERN.



"GET OUT. OF THE CELL." - SYPHILIS



SYPHILIS: 'A FOCUS... A SPELL, YOU HAVE THIS POWER WITHIN YOU.'

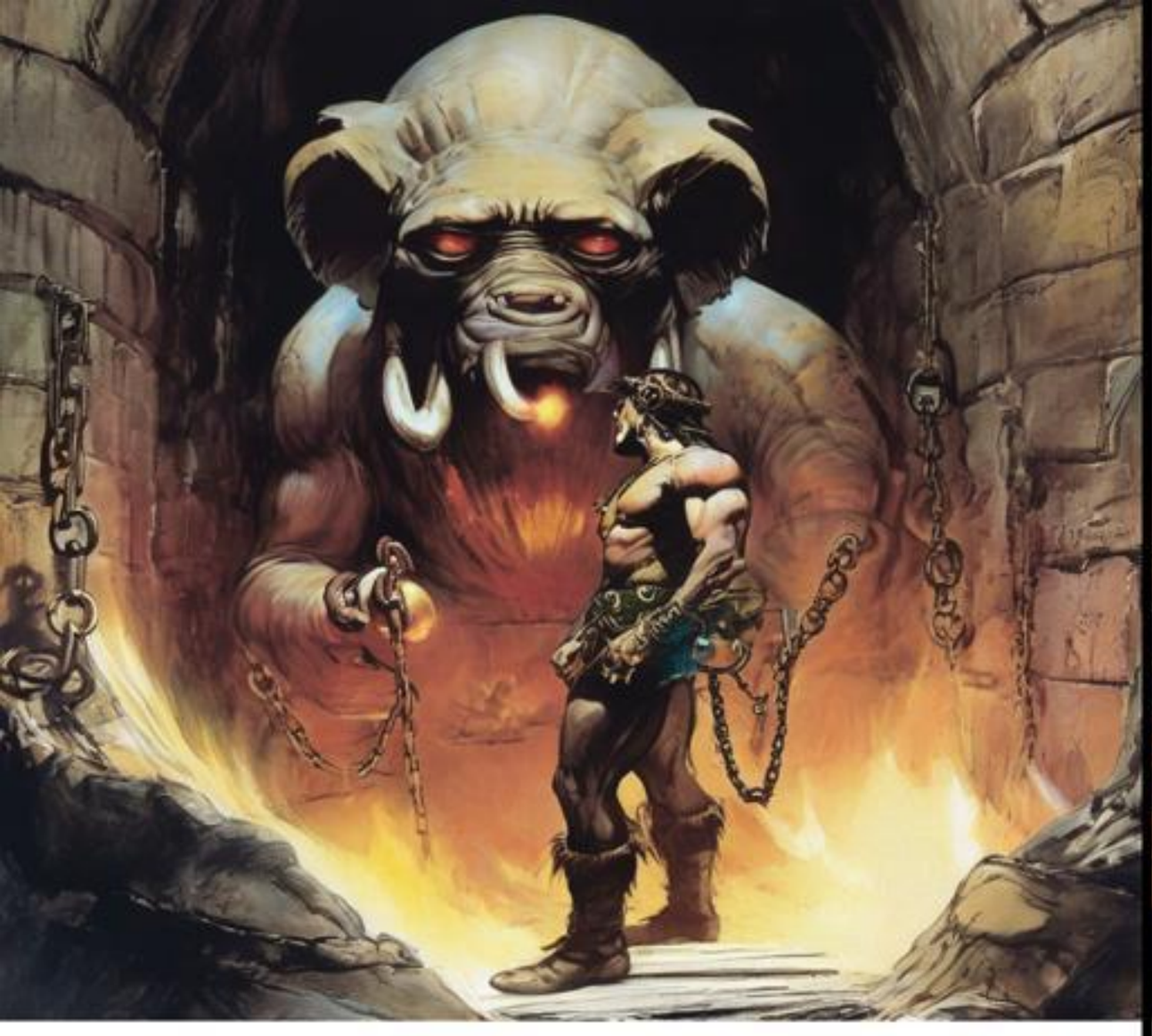
"YOU TAKE HIM TO BE THE GATEKEEPER," VICAR TIM SAYS WITH A SLY SMILE

"HE'S SEEN THE FIRE GLINTING FROM YOUR EYES. AS YOU APPROACH."

"GIAN'T. THIS IS A GIANT, BY THE WAY. HE'S AT LEAST..."

VICAR TIM: WHAT'S YOUR BUSINESS?

"BEFORE YOU CAME TO BLACKSTONE KEEP, YOU MADE A PROMISE..."



"SO IMPRESSIVE... IT WAS ABOUT DICKS" THE HILL GIANT SAYS WITH A CHUCKLE, ITS WORDS HANGING IN THE AIR

THE GIANT'S GRIP ON THE CANNONBALL TIGHTENS, AS IF CONSIDERING ITS NEXT MOVE

"I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU'RE TALKING ABOUT" SYPHILIS SAYS, HIS EYES NARROWING AS HE TRIES TO KEEP UP WITH VICAR TIM'S CRYPTIC WORDS.

"WHY ARE YOU CHAINED UP?" SYPHILIS ASKS, EYEING THE GIANT'S RESTRAINTS.

"..THERE ARE SO MANY MEAN BOSSES OUT THERE. IT WEARS YOU DOWN, SYPHILIS."

"YOU'RE TELLING ME PEOPLE ARE CHAINED TO THESE WALLS... JUST FOR A PIG'S HEAD NOW AND THEN?"

"I'M JUST SUPPOSED TO KEEP THIS DOOR CLOSED. I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU WANT, BUT..."

"DO YOU WANT A BOSS? EVEN OR WOULD YOU LIKE TO BE BOSS-LESS?"

"YOU WOULDN'T HAVE TO BE HERE, SYPHILIS. YOU WOULDN'T HAVE TO WIPE THE BOSS'S ASS..."

"MY VOICE?" SYPHILIS ASKS, CONFUSION ETCHED ON THEIR FACE.

"HOW DO YOU BECOME A BOSS-LESS?" SYPHILIS ASKS VICAR TIM, THEIR VOICE LACED WITH FRUSTRATION AND DESPERATION.

"YOU HAVEN'T MET HIM YET, MATE" VICAR TIM SAYS, HIS VOICE LOW AND OMINOUS.

"WHAT DO YOU MEAN HE'S SCARED NOW?" SYPHILIS ASKS, HIS VOICE LOW AND URGENT.

'IF MY CHAINS WERE MAGICALLY JUST TO BREAK?' SYPHILIS ASKS, HIS VOICE BARELY ABOVE A WHISPER.

SYPHILIS: 'THEN IT WOULD BE JUST A MAGICAL MISHAP. THE BOSS WOULDN'T BE ANGRY WITH ME.'

SYPHILIS: 'GOOD LORD..!

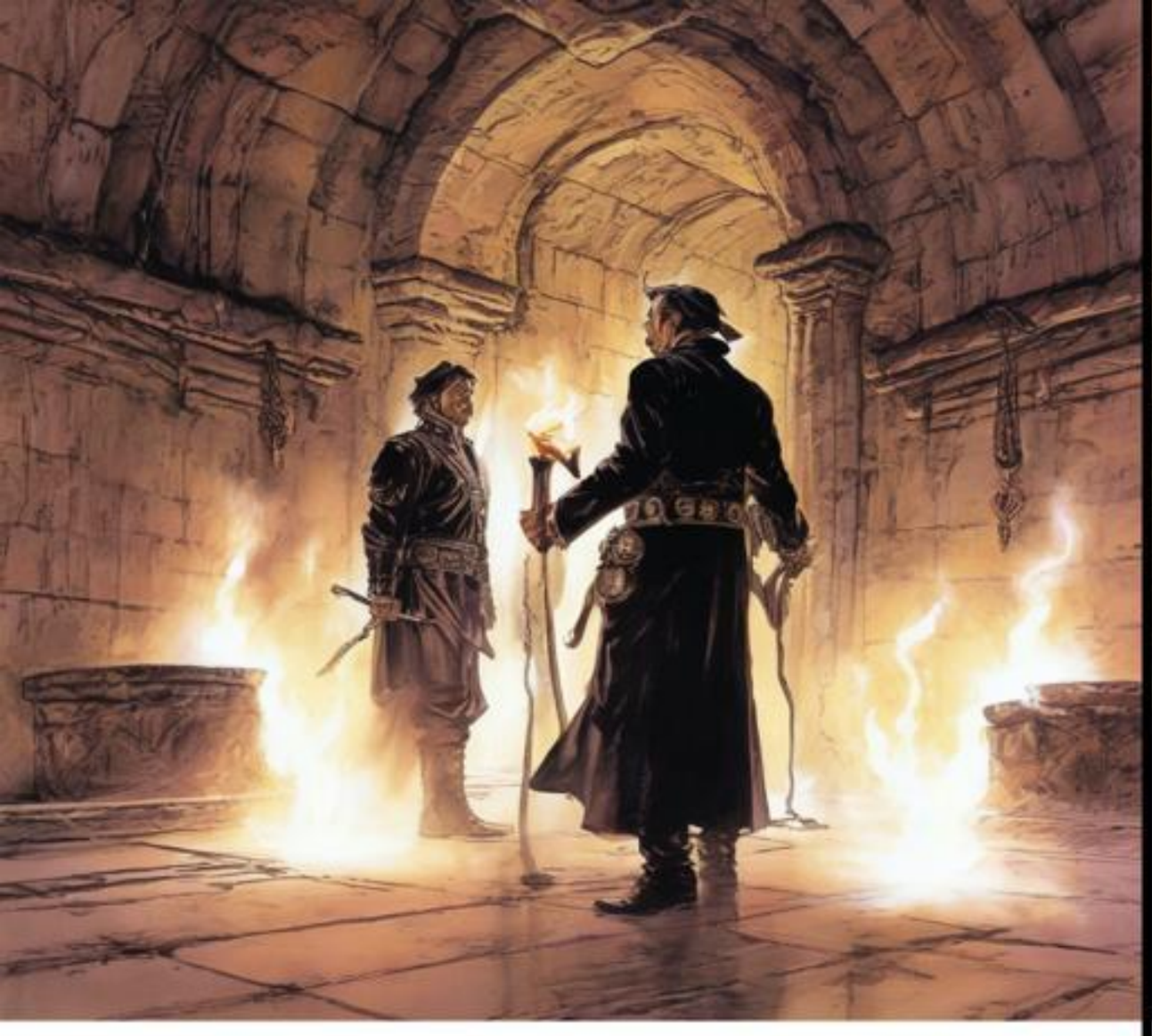
WHAT DO YOU SEE?

"YOU'RE COMING WITH US NOW" SYPHILIS SAYS, HIS VOICE FIRM AND RESOLUTE.

"YOU SHOULD BE PROUD OF YOURSELF DA.VE", VICAR TIM SAYS SOFTLY, HIS WORDS LACED WITH A MIX OF SADNESS AND RESIGNATION.

"MY MUM USED TO SAY DA.VE" VICAR TIM SAYS WISTFULLY, "YOU SING SO PRETTY.

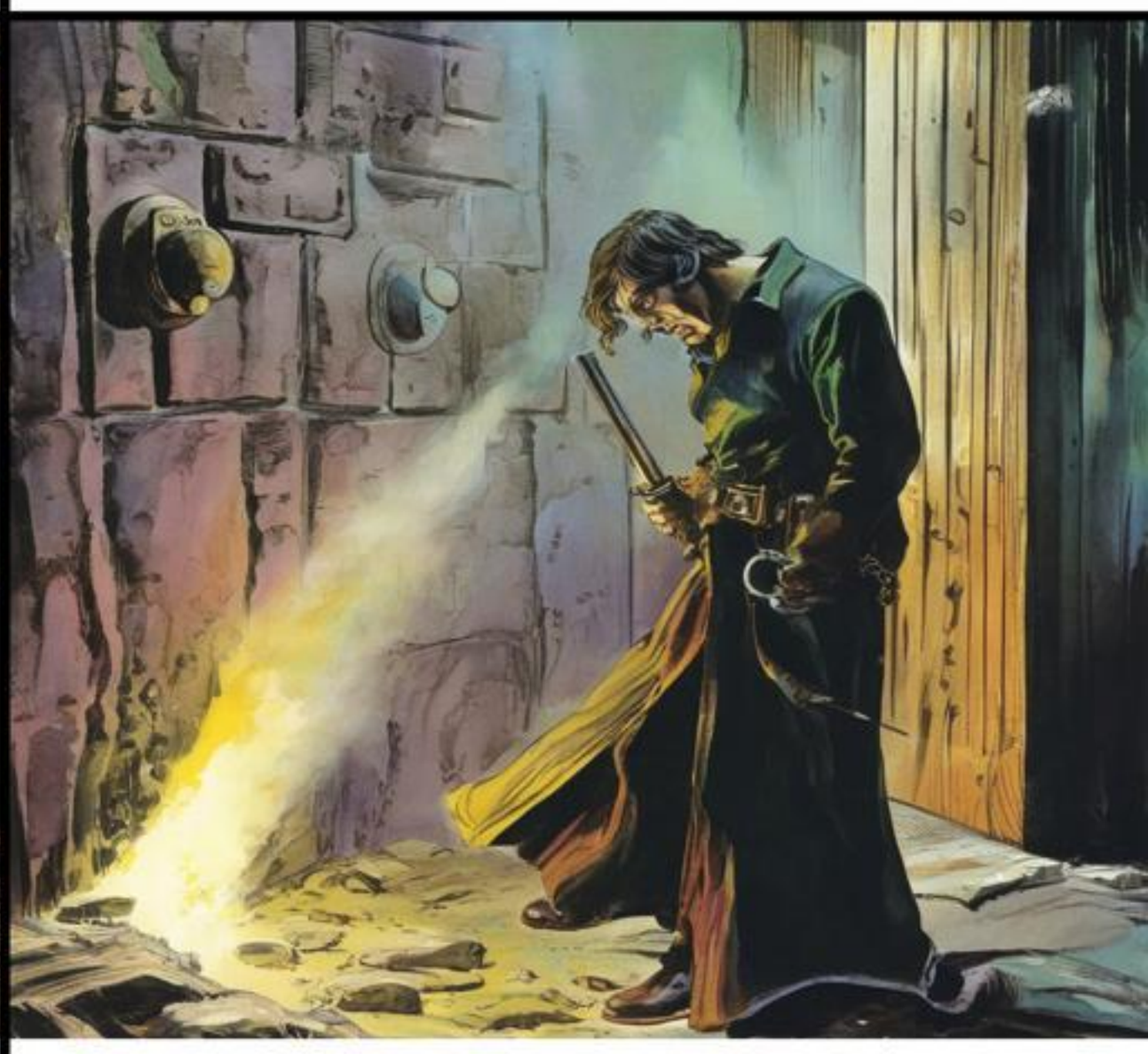
SYPHILIS: 'YOU CAN BE BOSS OF THIS CASTLE!



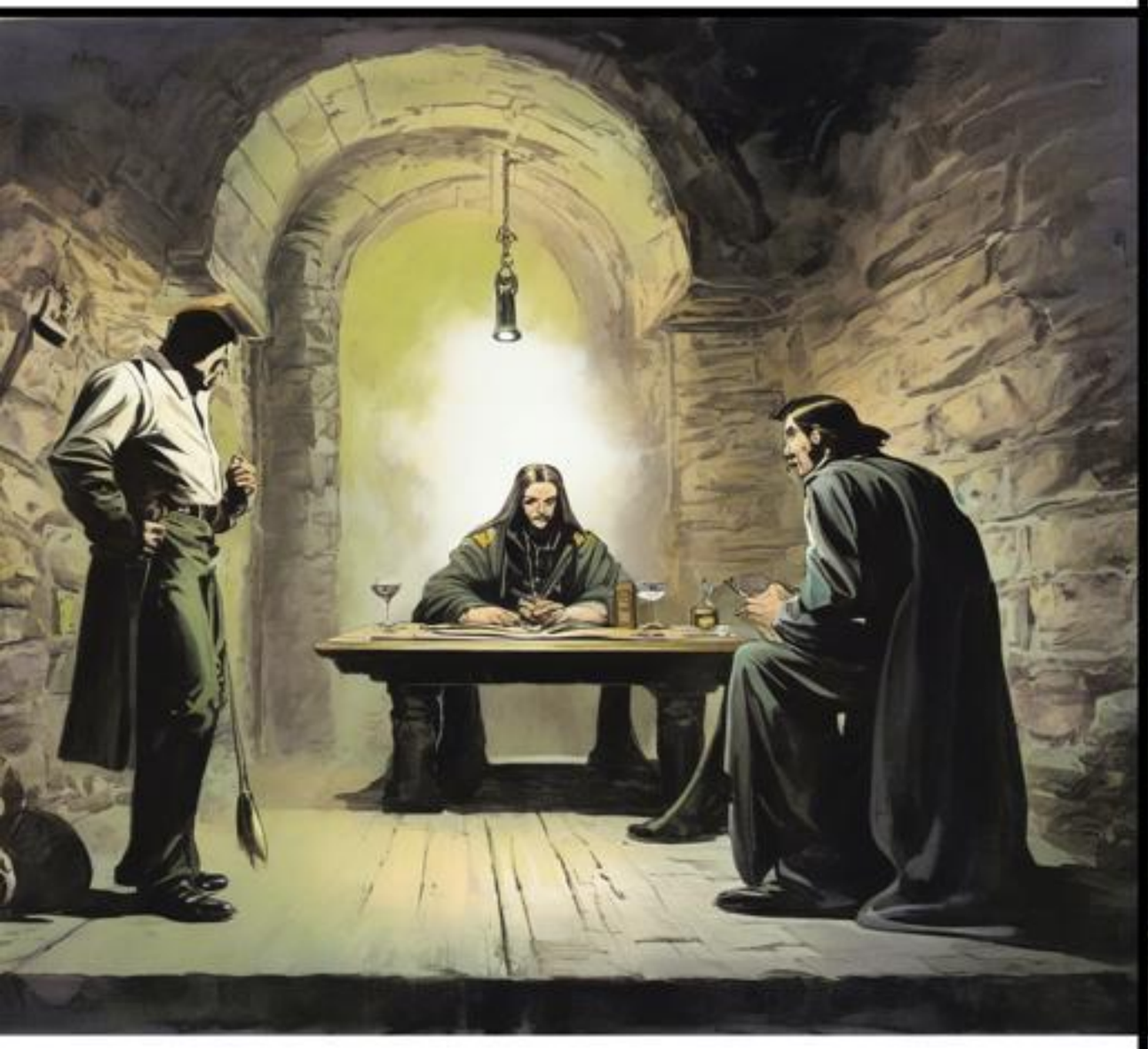
"WE'RE GOING TO SHOW YOU HOW IMPRESSIVE YOU ARE," SYPHILIS SAYS WITH A SLY SMILE.

"YOU DIDN'T EVEN KNOW WHAT WAS THERE" VICAR TIM SAYS WITH A MIX OF CONFUSION AND CONCERN.

'BUT THERE IS ALSO AN EQUALLY GIANT... PADLOCK', SYPHILIS SAYS, HIS VOICE LACED WITH A HINT OF AMUSEMENT



CAN YOU TRULY BECOME A KEY, SYPHILIS?



"YOU COULD MAYBE DIMENSION DOOR THE PADLOCK", VICAR TIM SUGGESTS, A HINT OF DESPERATION IN HIS VOICE

"WE CAN ESCAPE THROUGH THERE", SYPHILIS SAYS, NODDING TOWARDS THE HIDDEN PASSAGE. "BUT I'M NOT SURE WE'RE READY TO FACE WHAT'S ON THE OTHER SIDE."

SYPHILIS: 'DIMENSION DOOR. FUCK IT'.

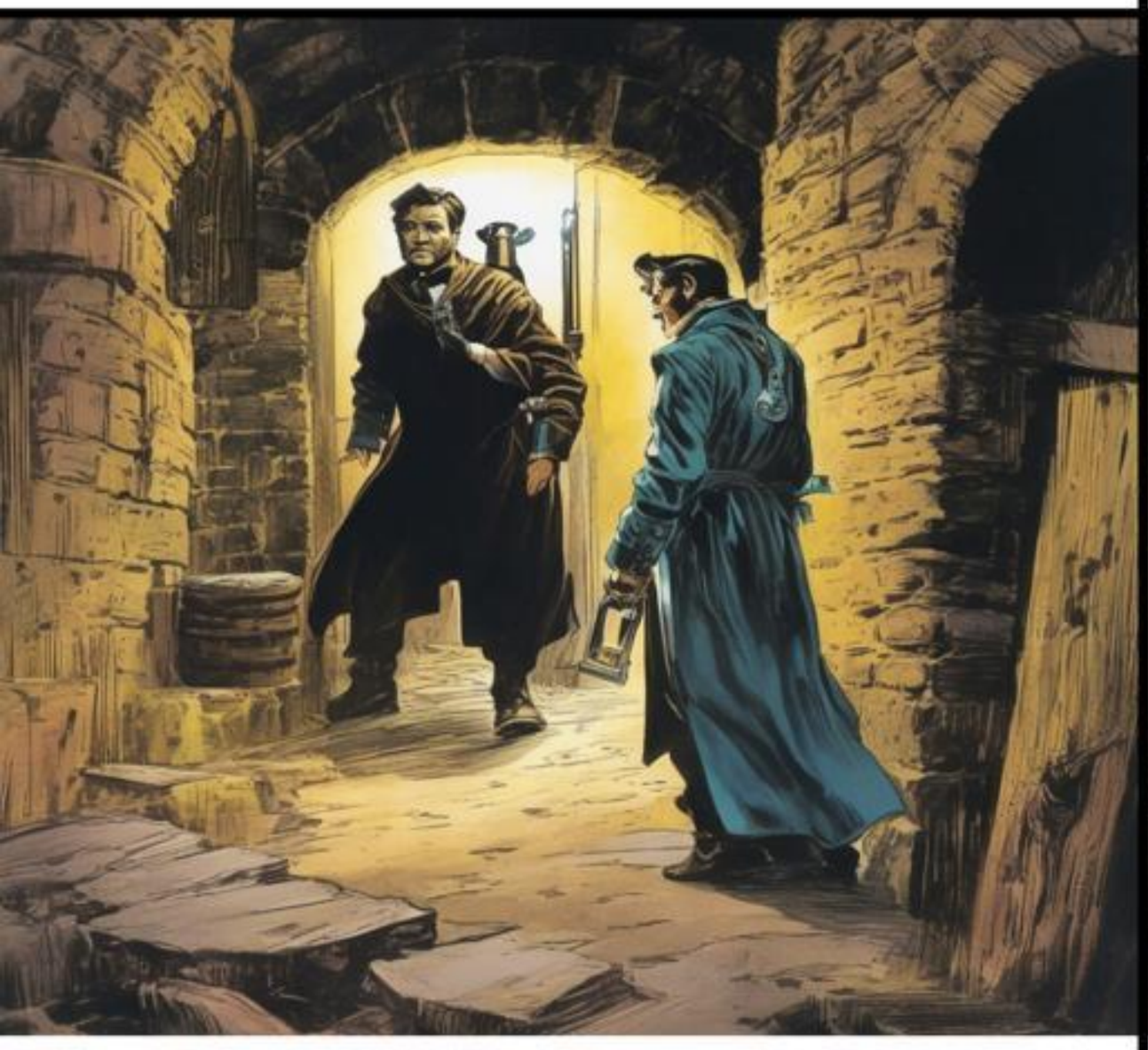
"FIRST OF ALL... I'M GONNA TRY TO" SYPHILIS SAYS, HIS VOICE LACED WITH DETERMINATION.

"LET'S SEE IF THAT NAT 20 IS GONNA COME OUT HIM" SYPHILIS SAYS, HIS VOICE LACED WITH A MIX OF CONFIDENCE AND UNCERTAINTY.

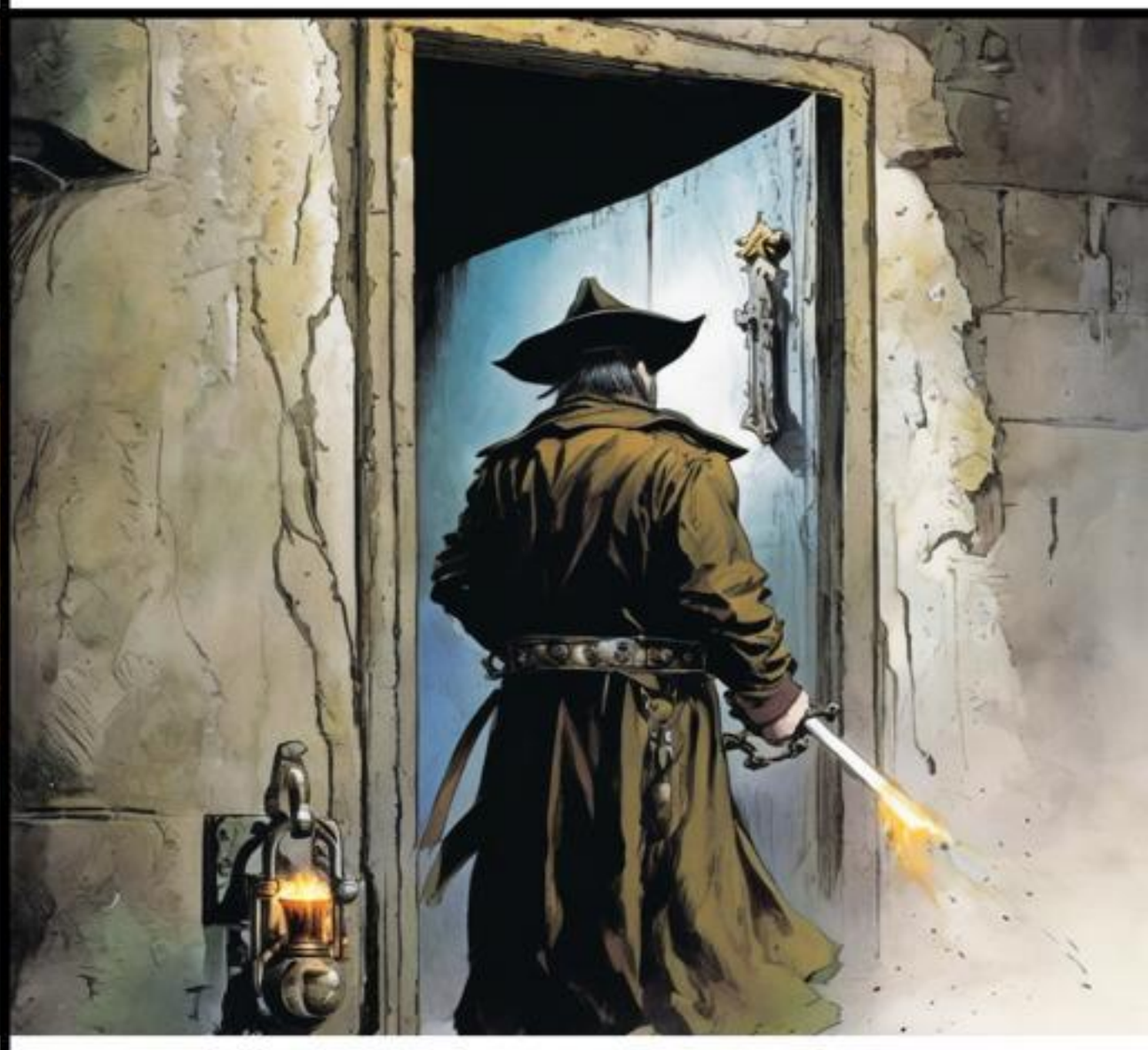
VICAR TIM'S VOICE TREMBLES AS HE SPEAKS... 'THEY'VE GOT A BIG PROBLEM. A LOT OF DE.X.TER.ITY.

"EVEN AFTER THE BULKY BUFF FIGHTER TRIED JAMMING HIS CRYSTAL SWORD INTO THIS THING... HE FAILED" SYPHILIS SAYS, EYEING THE LOCK SKEPTICALLY.

"AFTER TWIDDLING AROUND WITH THIS THING FOR A LITTLE WHILE..."



"I'M GONNA GO, I GOTTA GO!"



SYPHILIS: "YOU'RE A BEAUTIFUL MAN." VICAR TIM: "THANK YOU."

"IMAGINE A GIANT ROAR, LIKE THUNDER IN THE SKY" SYPHILIS SAYS, "BUT INSTEAD OF RUMBLING, IT'S JUST...WATER, FALLING ENDLESSLY."

"YOU HEAR THAT COMING? FROM THE WOOD JUST DOWN THE ROAD."

SYPHILIS: 'YOU'RE IN. WE CAN ENTER WITHOUT HAVING TO FIGHT.

SYPHILIS: 'WE CAN'T LET THEM KEEP HIM HERE.'

THE AIR IS HEAVY WITH ANTICIPATION AS THEY WAIT FOR ANY SIGN OF MOVEMENT

NOTHING BUT SILENCE. NO GUARDS, NO PRISONERS, JUST AN EMPTY KEEP.

"UH... IT'S MANY SCENES. ON A TILED FLOOR. AND UH. IN THE DISTANCE." - SYPHILIS

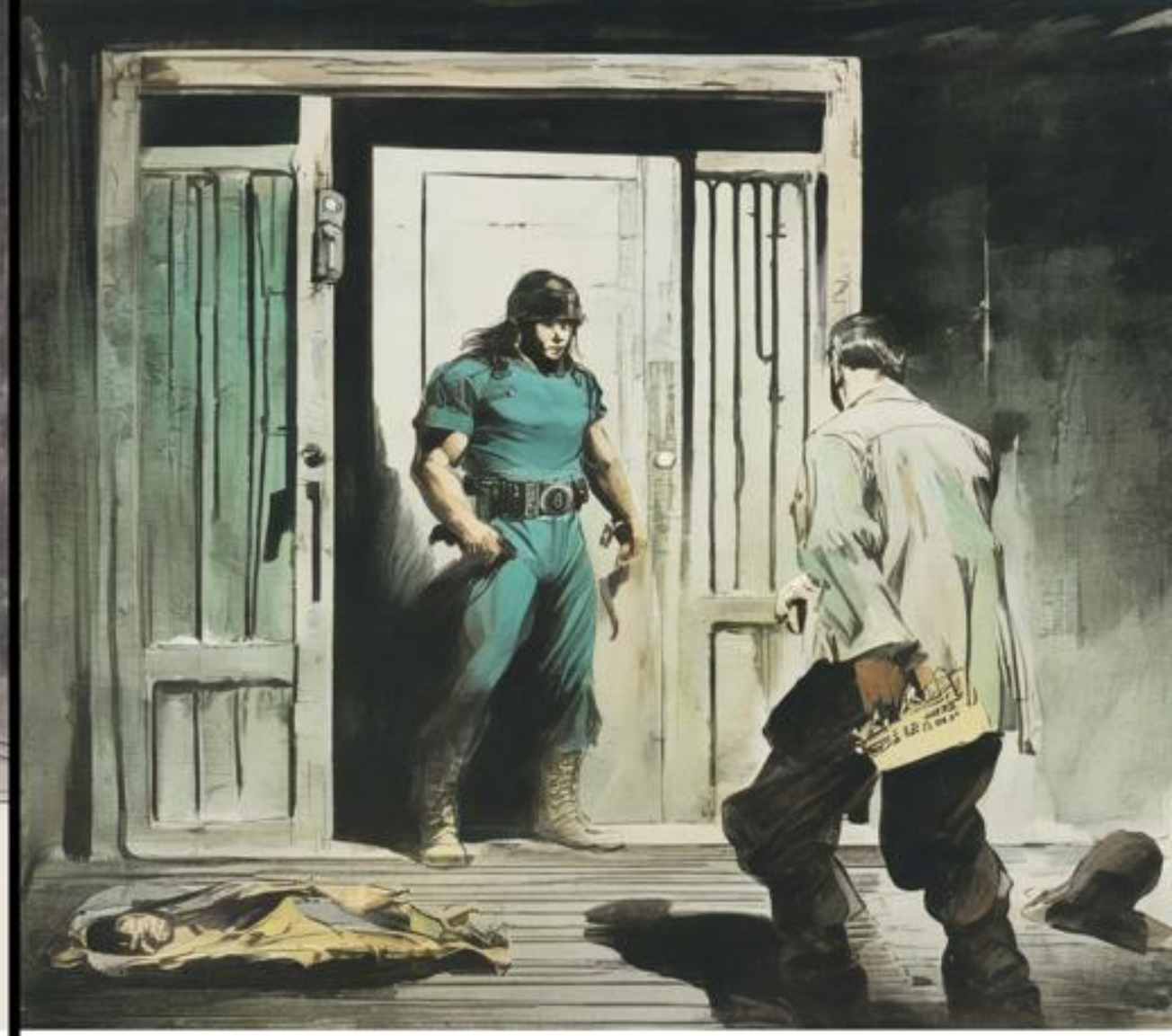
THE SOUND OF A HEART... GETTING CLOSER.

"THIS SEEMS TO BE THE ONLY WAY FORWARD" SYPHILIS SAYS SOFTLY, EYES FIXED ON THE ENTRANCE

"LET'S TRY TO CREATE A DIVERSION" SYPHILIS WHISPERS, "PERHAPS WE CAN MAKE IT LOOK LIKE SOMEONE ELSE IS TRYING TO ESCAPE."

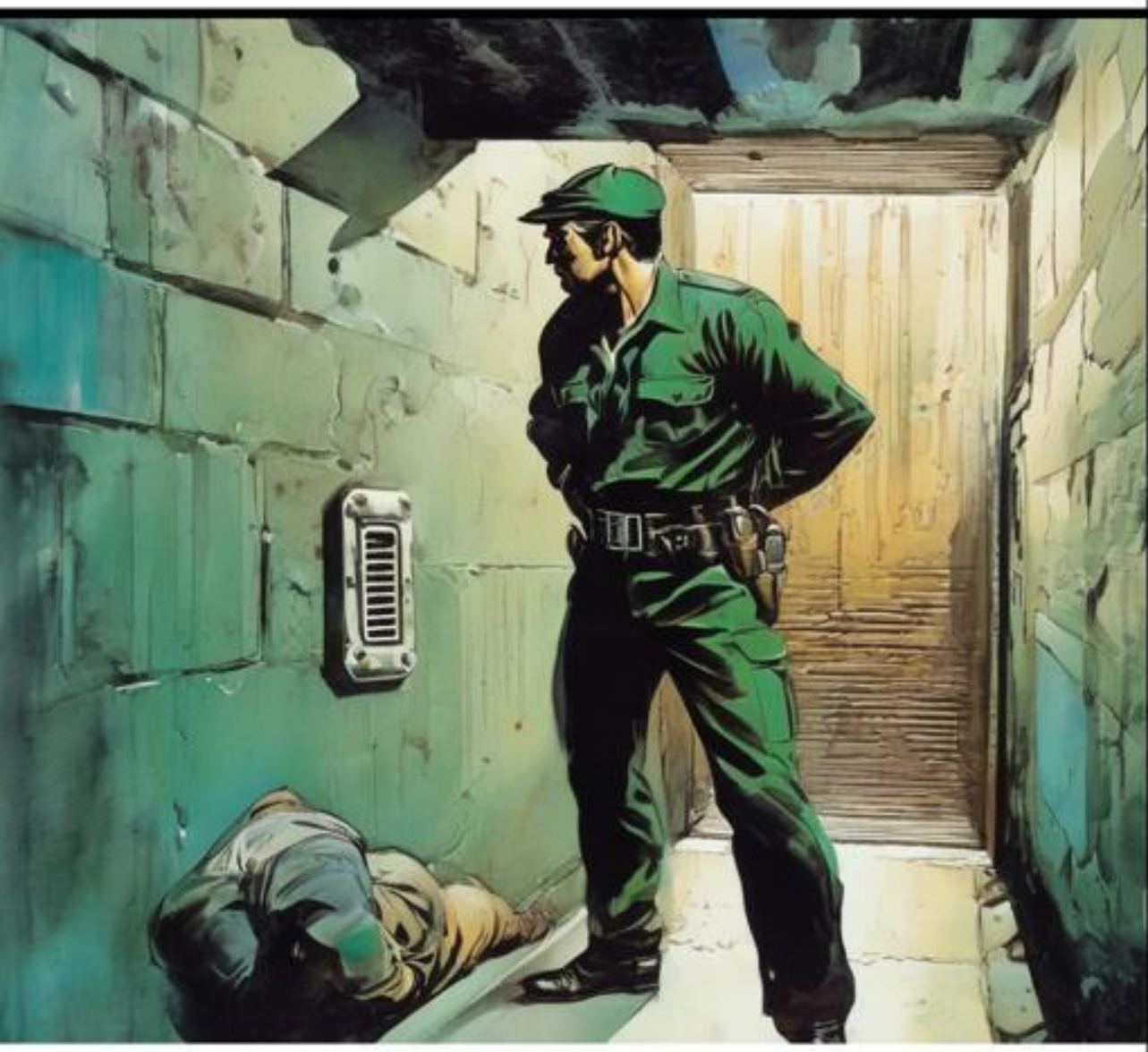
IT'S EITHER GO NOW OR HEAD BACK

"YOUR GONORROHEA... HOW'S IT DOING?" SYPHILIS ASKS SOFTLY.



COME, JUST FEEL.

'NOT SO BAD, SYPHILIS SAYS REASSURINGLY. 'DAVE IS DOWN THE ROAD, BUT WE CAN STILL MAKE IT WORK IF YOU JOIN ME'



"I HAVE ST.D.S, I'M SURE YOU DO TOO. WE'RE NOT SO DIFFERENT, ARE WE?"

BUT, I STILL DID. WE'RE LIKE MEG AFTER JIM HAD HIS GO.

THEY TOOK A DEEP BREATH AND PUSHED FORWARD INTO THE UNKNOWN DARKNESS OF THE KEEP

THE ONLY WAY FORWARD IS THROUGH THIS DOOR

THE ONLY THING THAT'S LIT IS THE CHAMBER.

SYPHILIS: 'AND HE CAN SEE THE GREAT HALL, OF COURSE..!

"A FEAST FIT FOR A KING... OR SOMETHING FAR MORE SINISTER."

"A FIGURE SAT AT THE... THROAT."

"PIRATES OF CAPTAIN STILLSON... SO FUCKING PIRATES", SYPHILIS WHISPERS TO VICAR TIM.

"ABOUT 300 METERS... IT'S THROUGH THE CORRIDORS" CAPTAIN STILLSON'S MYSTERIOUS FIGURE SAYS, THEIR VOICE DRIPPING WITH MENACE.

TO PROCEED FURTHER, YOU'LL HAVE TO GO IN THERE YOURSELVES.

"LET'S BE STEADY", VICAR TIM WHISPERS URGENTLY, "OR GET CAUGHT IN THE OPEN."

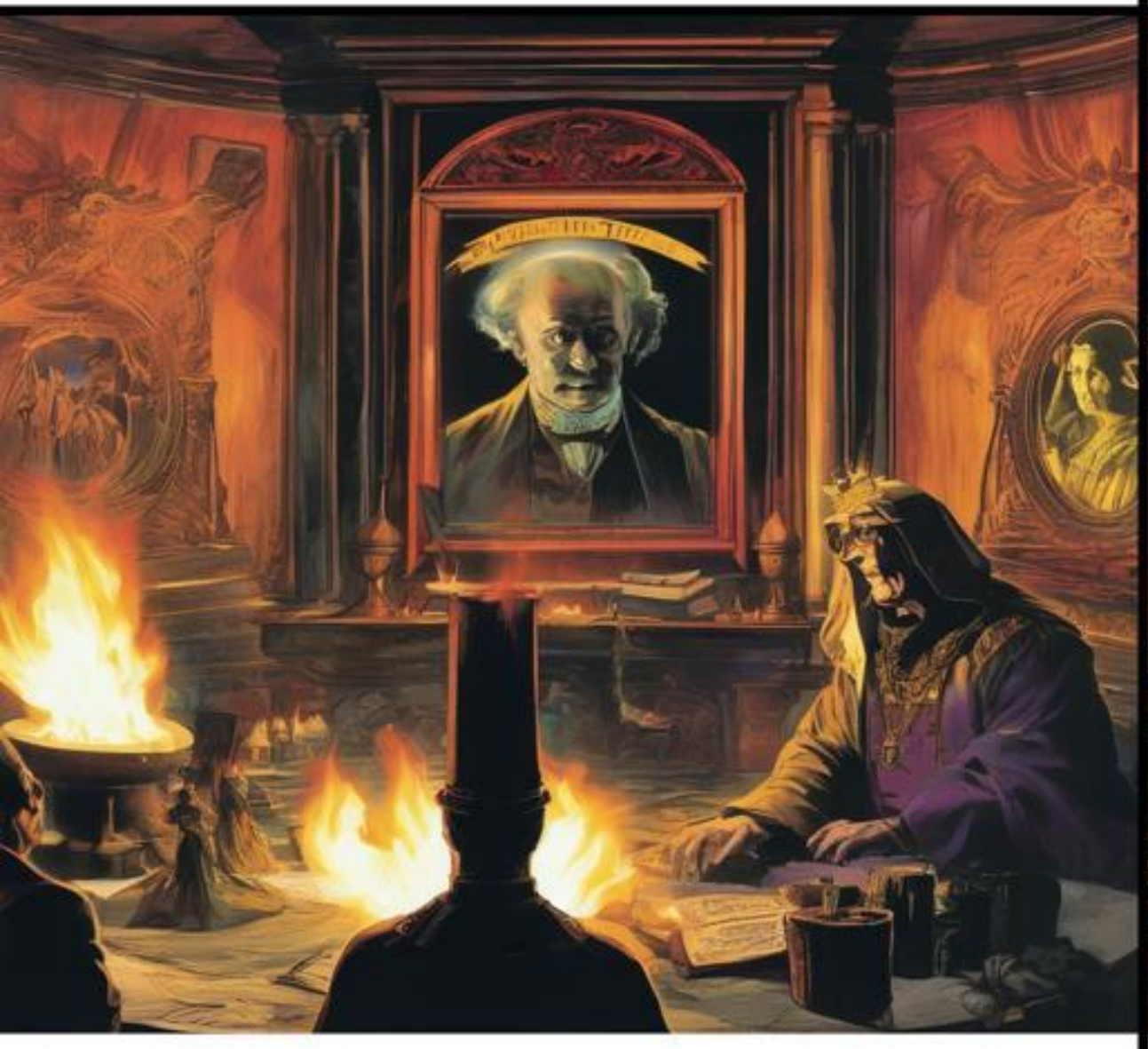
'ARE THERE ANY OTHER DOORS? OR STUFF LIKE THAT?' SYPHILIS ASKS VICAR TIM

'THIS WOULD HAVE BEEN HOW THIS IS', VICAR TIM SAYS, 'WHERE WHOEVER...'

THEY'RE NOT MOVING, THEY'RE NOT EATING... WHAT'S GOING ON HERE?

"DO YOU HAVE TO DETECT MAGIC?" SYPHILIS ASKS, HIS VOICE BARELY ABOVE A WHISPER

"PERHAPS THIS ANCIENT TOME HOLDS THE ANSWER TO UNRAVELING CAPTAIN STILLSON'S ILLUSION..."



IT'S JUST... WHAT IF IT'S NOT AN ILLUSION?

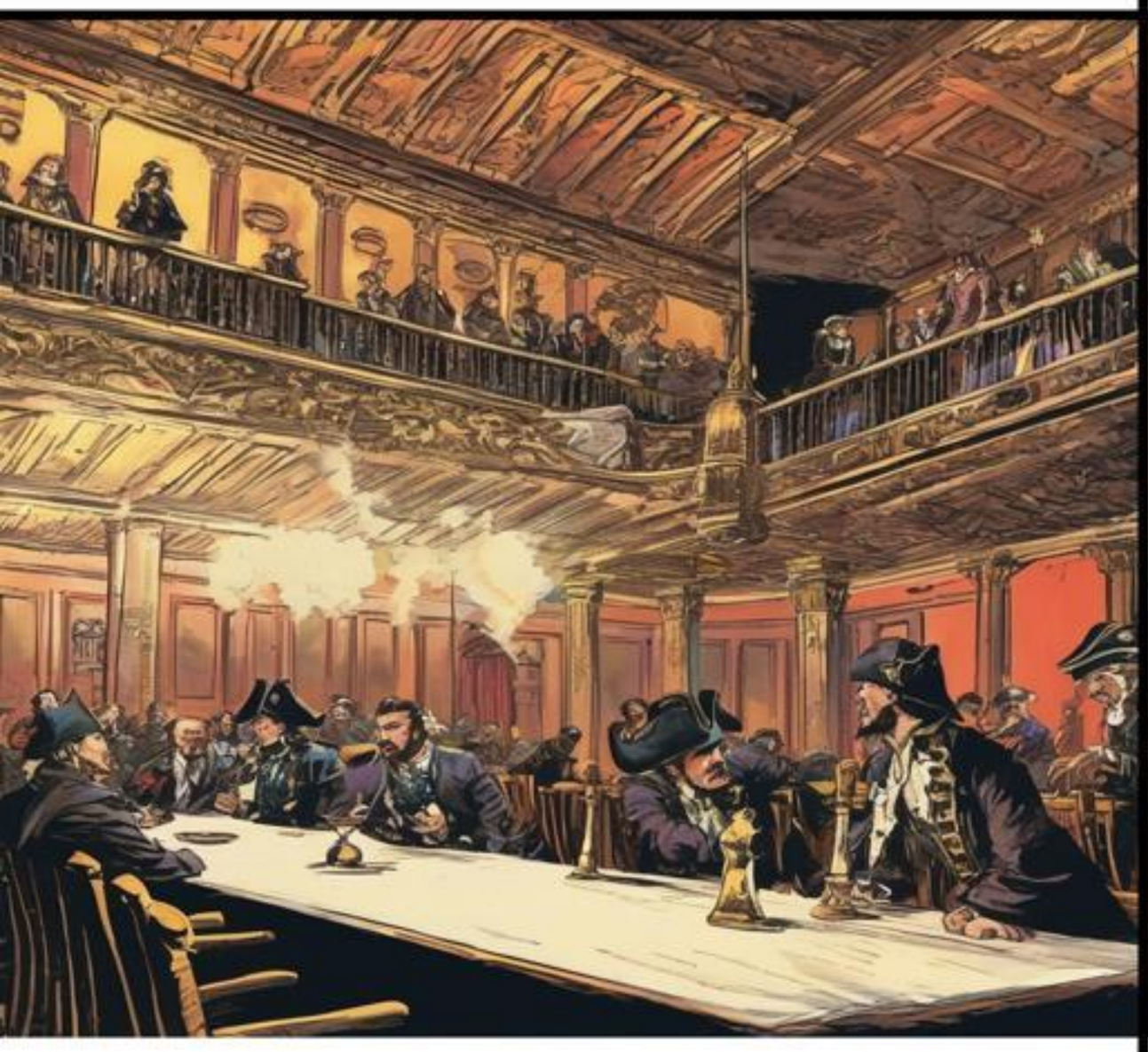
GONORRHEA'S EXPRESSION IS ONE OF GENUINE CONFUSION. 'WHAT... WHAT'S GOING ON?' SHE ASKS.

"MAYBE LIKE A LITTLE SOMETHING FROM ABOVE, JUST TO SEE IF ANYONE PAYS ATTENTION" GONORRHEA SAYS QUIETLY AS HE ADJUSTS THE CANDELABRA'S CANDLES.

"WHAT DO YOU THINK IT MEANS?" GONORRHEA ASKS SYPHILIS, EYEING THE FALLEN CANDELABRA

NOBODY MOVE. SYPHILIS PUSHES THE MIRROR DOWN!

THE SOUND ECHOES THROUGH THE EMPTY HALLS, A STARK CONTRAST TO THE REVELRY THEY'RE USED TO.



"FUCK IT. LET'S JUST GO. INSIDE MAN. YEAH."

THIS IS THE FUN THING ABOUT ONE...

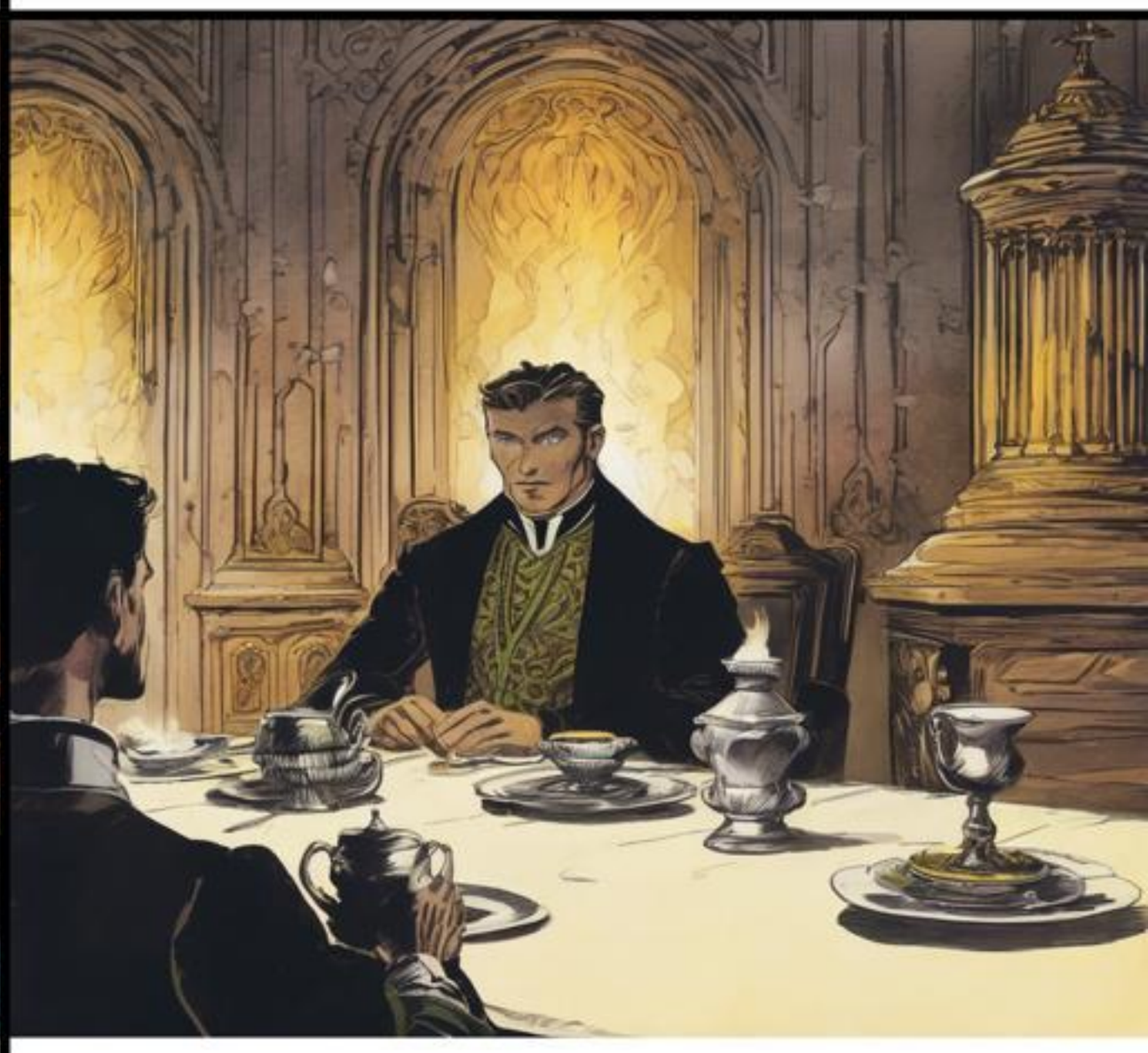
"WE'RE LATE TO THE PARTY" SYPHILIS SAYS, THEIR WORDS DRIPPING WITH CONCERN.

"WHO WANTS TO EAT?"

DARYL'S EYES SPARKLE AS HE HINTS AT A MAGICAL SECRET BEHIND THE DOOR.

"WHAT DO YOU THINK THIS MEANS?" SYPHILIS WHISPERS TO DARYL

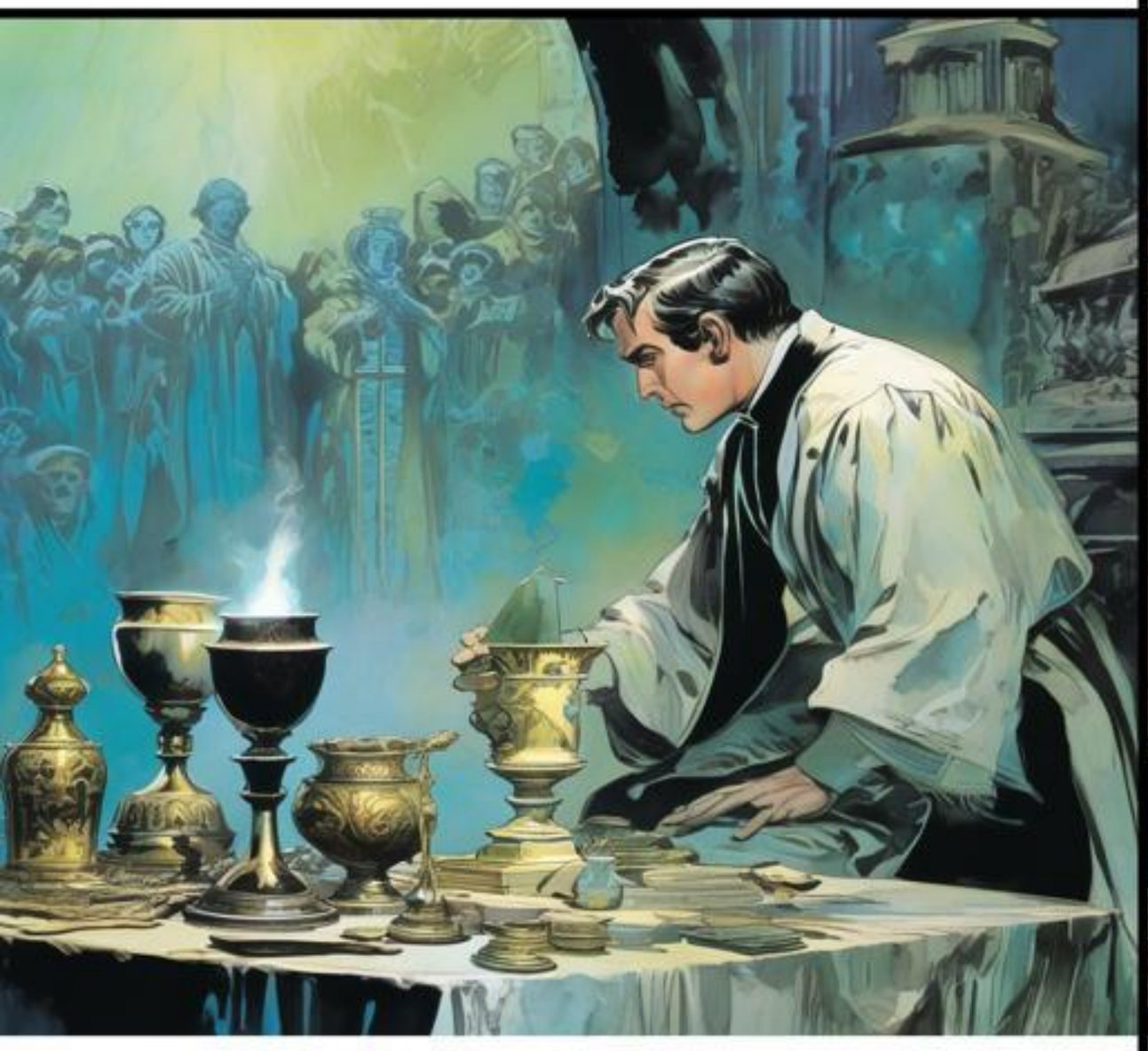
THE PALE RIGOR MORTIS DISEASE HAS CLAIMED ANOTHER VICTIM...



"YOU CAN SEE...HE HASN'T MOVED IN HOURS."

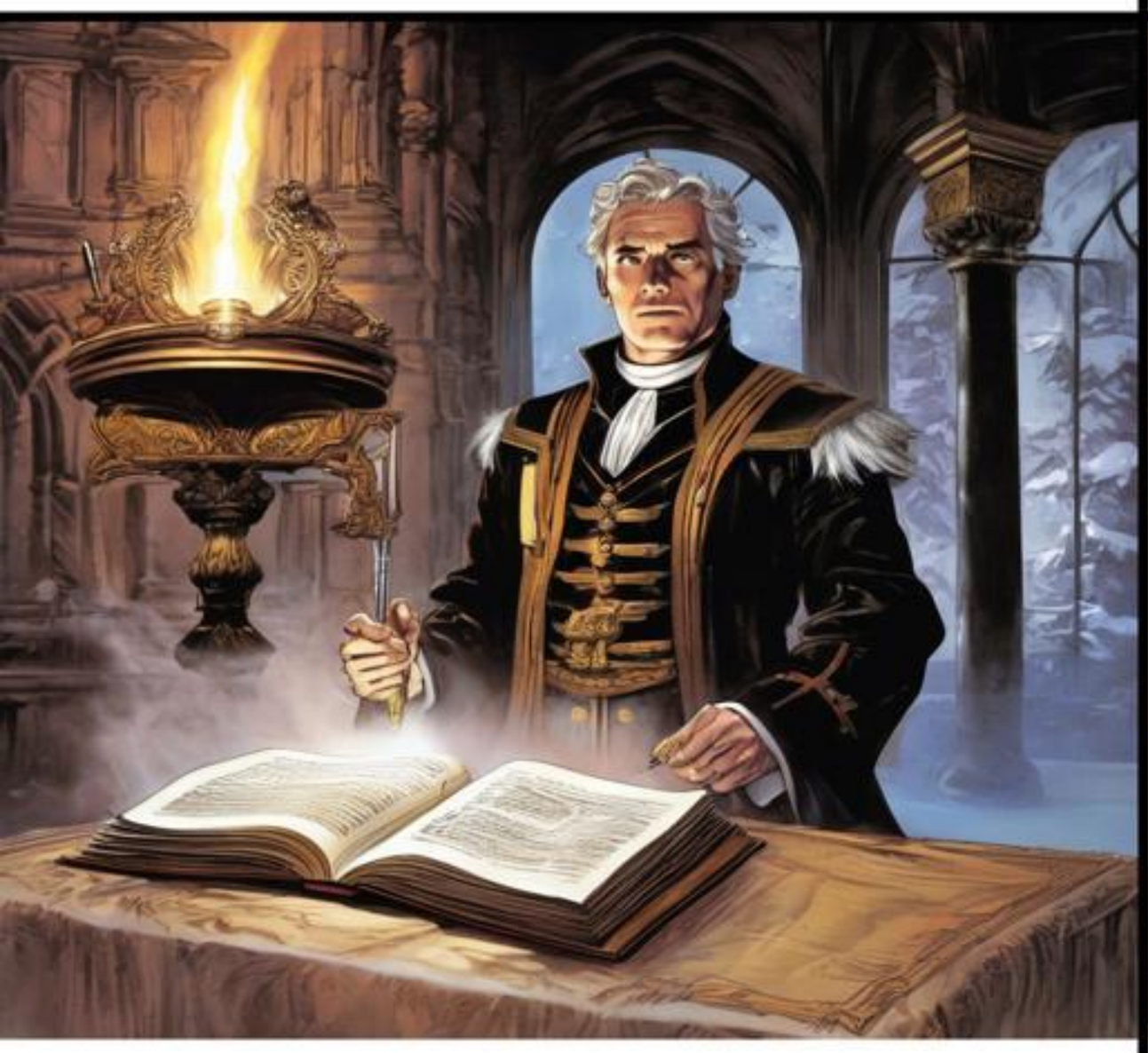
"A MUSCULAR FIGURE. THINK LIKE BRAD PITT IN FIGHT CLUB."

"AT THE END OF THE TABLE, SLOUCHED IN..." SYPHILIS MUTTERS TO HIMSELF



'YOU RECOGNIZE THIS CHA.LICE?' SYPHILIS ASKS VICAR TIM

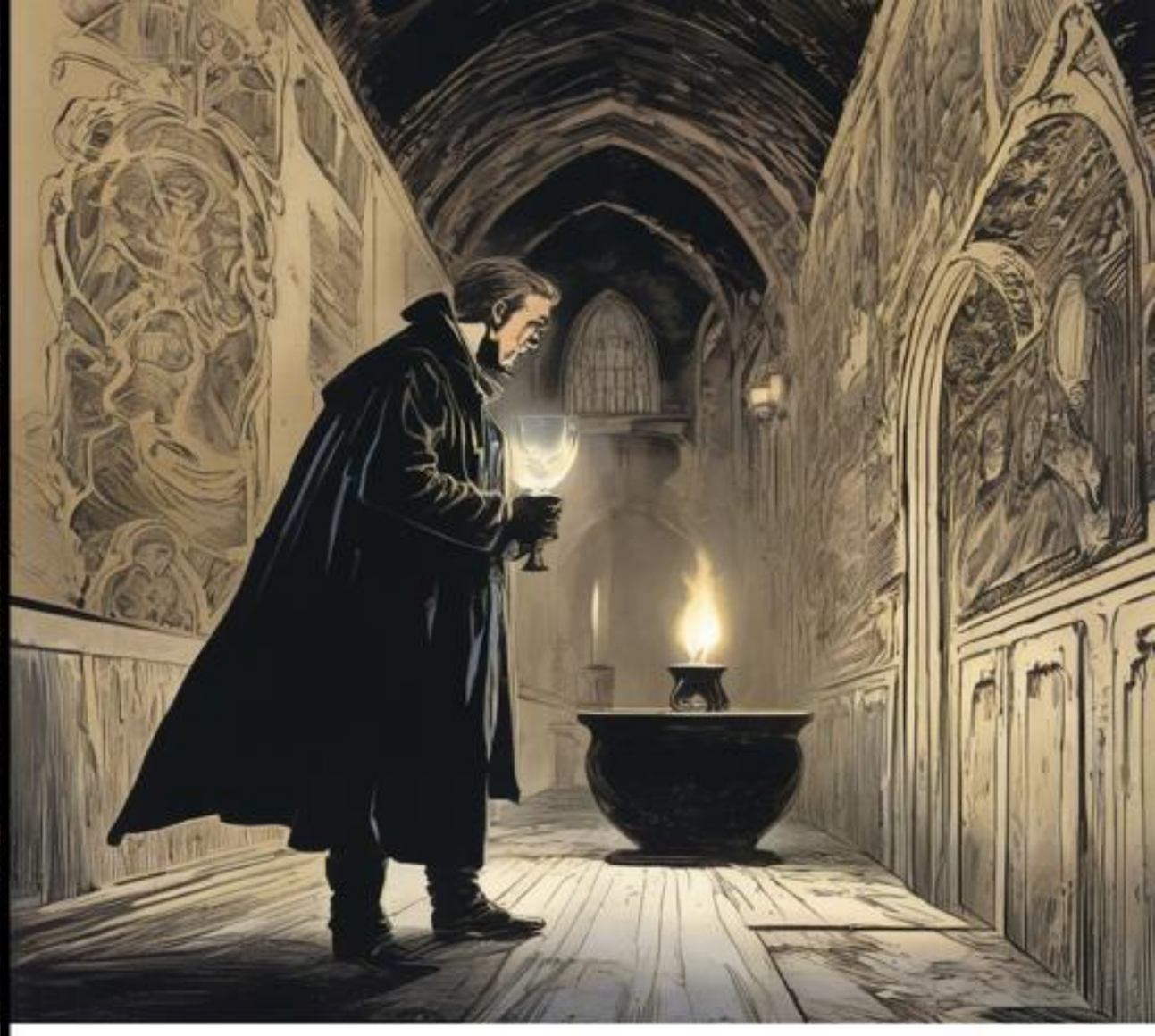
"AND HERE IT IS, IN THE HANDS OF THIS MYSTERIOUS FIGURE AT THE END OF THE TABLE," SYPHILIS SAYS, HIS VOICE BARELY ABOVE A WHISPER.



SHALL WE SHOOT HIM? SEE IF THERE'S MOVEMENT.

"THERE'S MOVEMENT," SYPHILIS WHISPERS TO DARYL.

DARYL: 'YOU'RE NOT THINKING OF DOING SOMETHING STUPID, ARE YOU?'

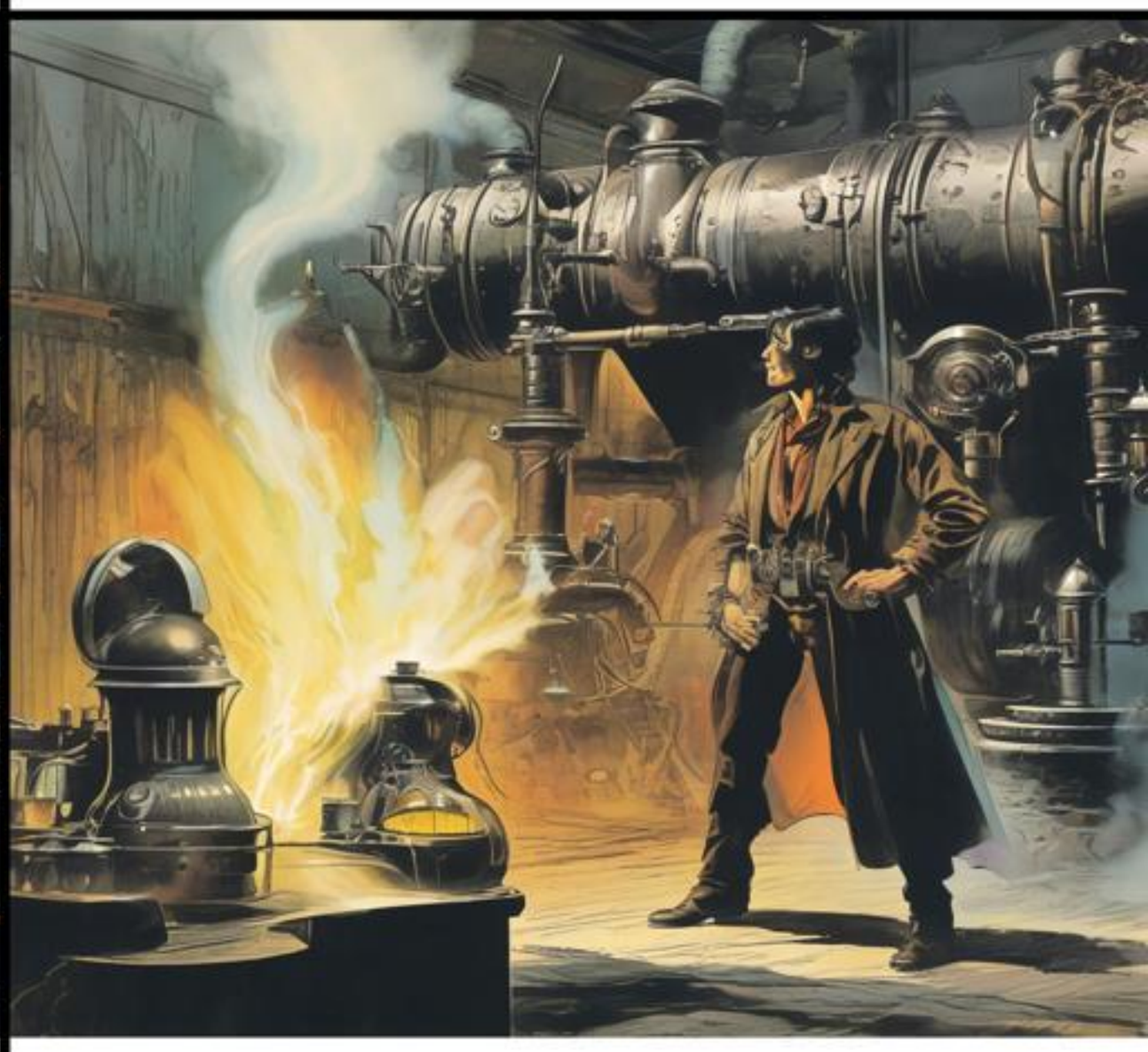


SYPHILIS WHISPERS TO VICAR TIM, 'YOU FEEL IT TOO?'

"WHAT DOES IT MEAN?" SYPHILIS WHISPERS TO VICAR TIM, EYES FIXED ON THE CHA.LICE'S MOVEMENTS

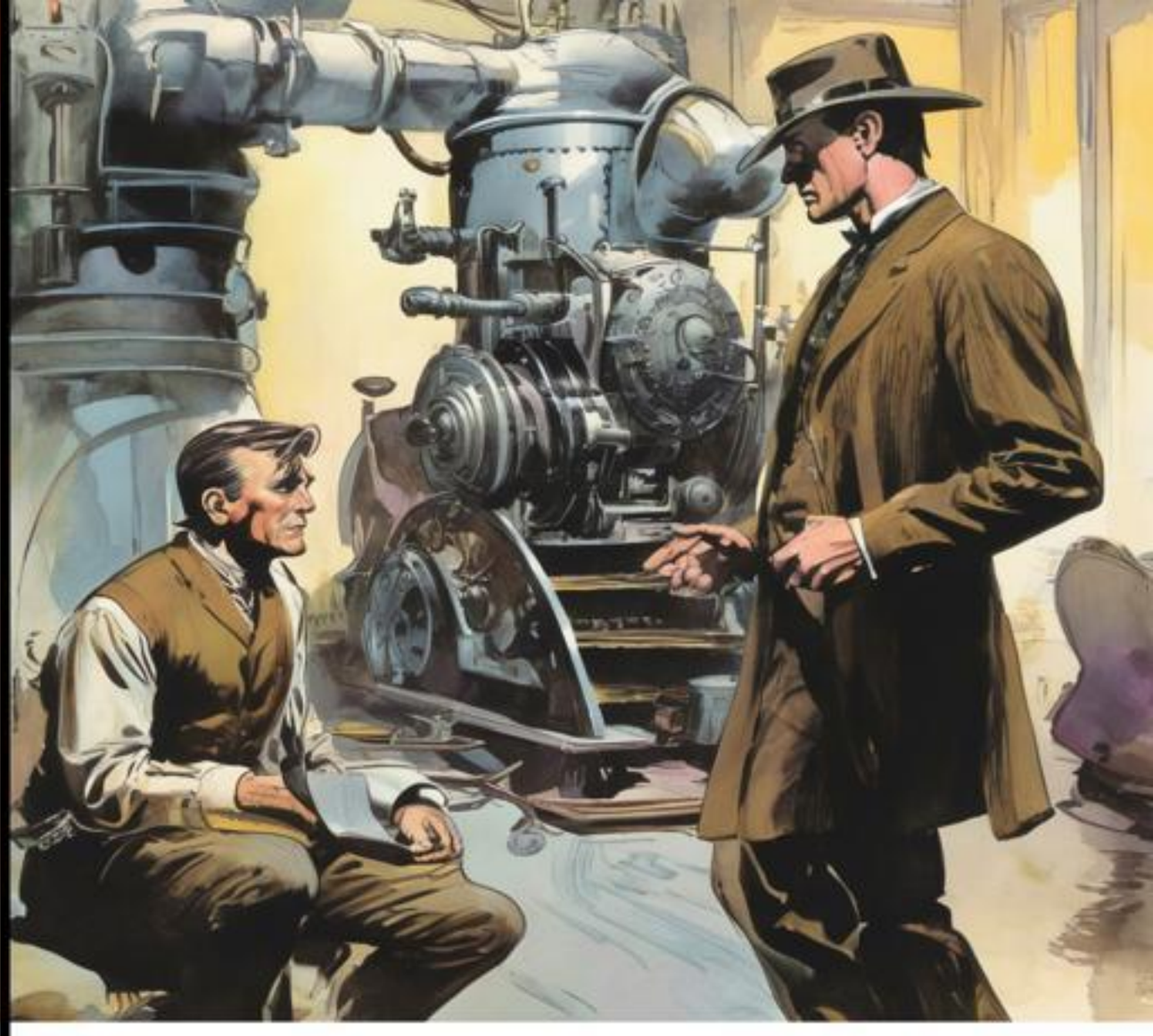
WHAT'S GOING ON WITH THIS... THING?

"OKAY. THAT'S NOT GOOD" SYPHILIS SAYS AS THEY WATCH THE MESS UNFOLD



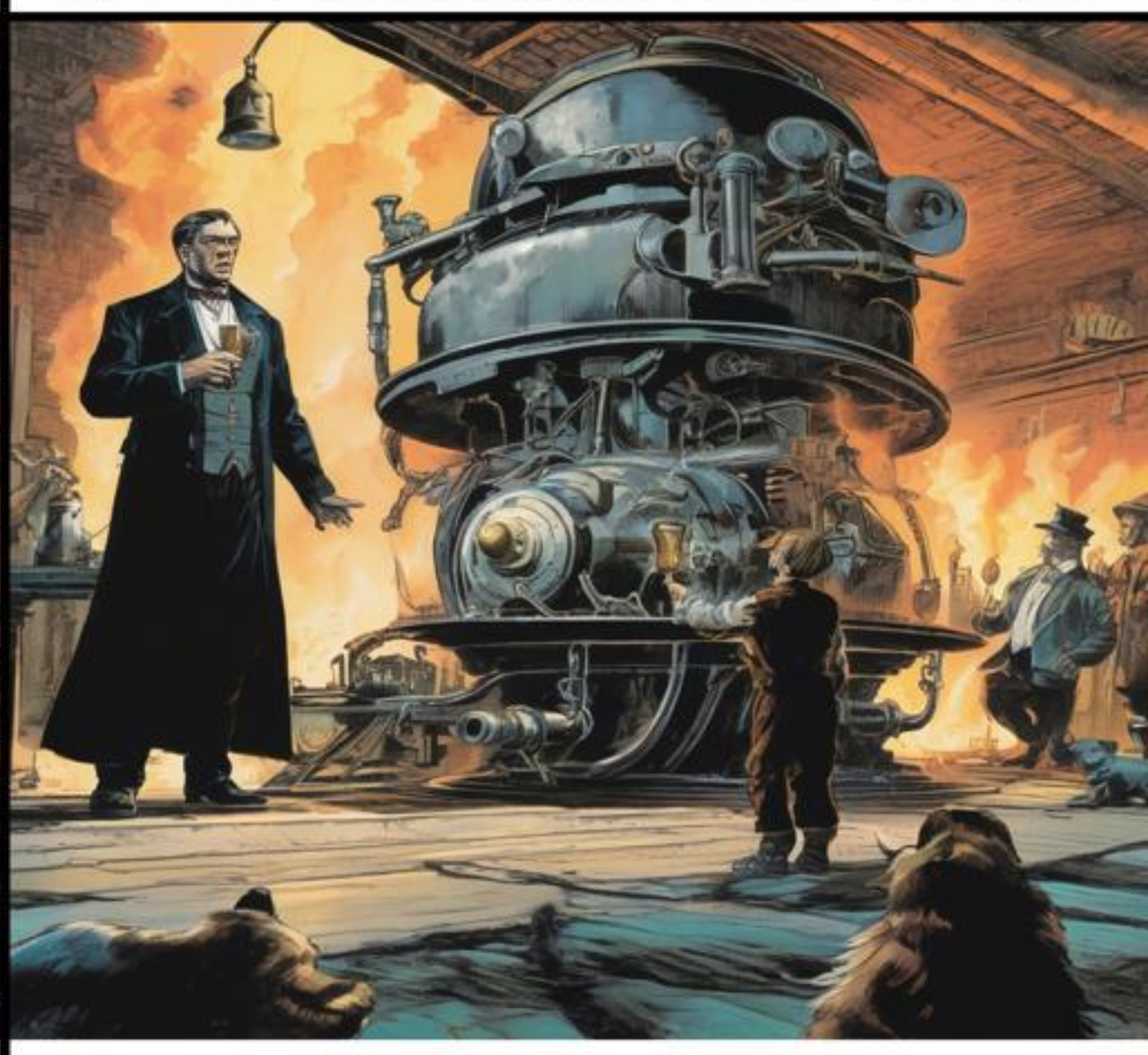
"IT SOUNDS LIKE A TRANSFORMER" DARYL SAYS, HIS VOICE LOW AND SERIOUS.

YOU HAVE TREATED DAVE POORLY I'M LIKE YOU ARE A BAD EMPLOYER.



"WE ARE HERE TO BE THE NEW BOSSES", VICAR TIM SAYS, HIS VOICE DRIPPING WITH CONDESCENSION. DARYL'S EYES NARROW, HIS GRIP ON THE STEAM-POWERED MACHINE TIGHTENING.

DARYL SCREAMS, 'YOU'RE NO LONGER THE BOSS! I'M KICKING YOU OUT!' AS HE RAISES HIS FIST AT VICAR TIM.

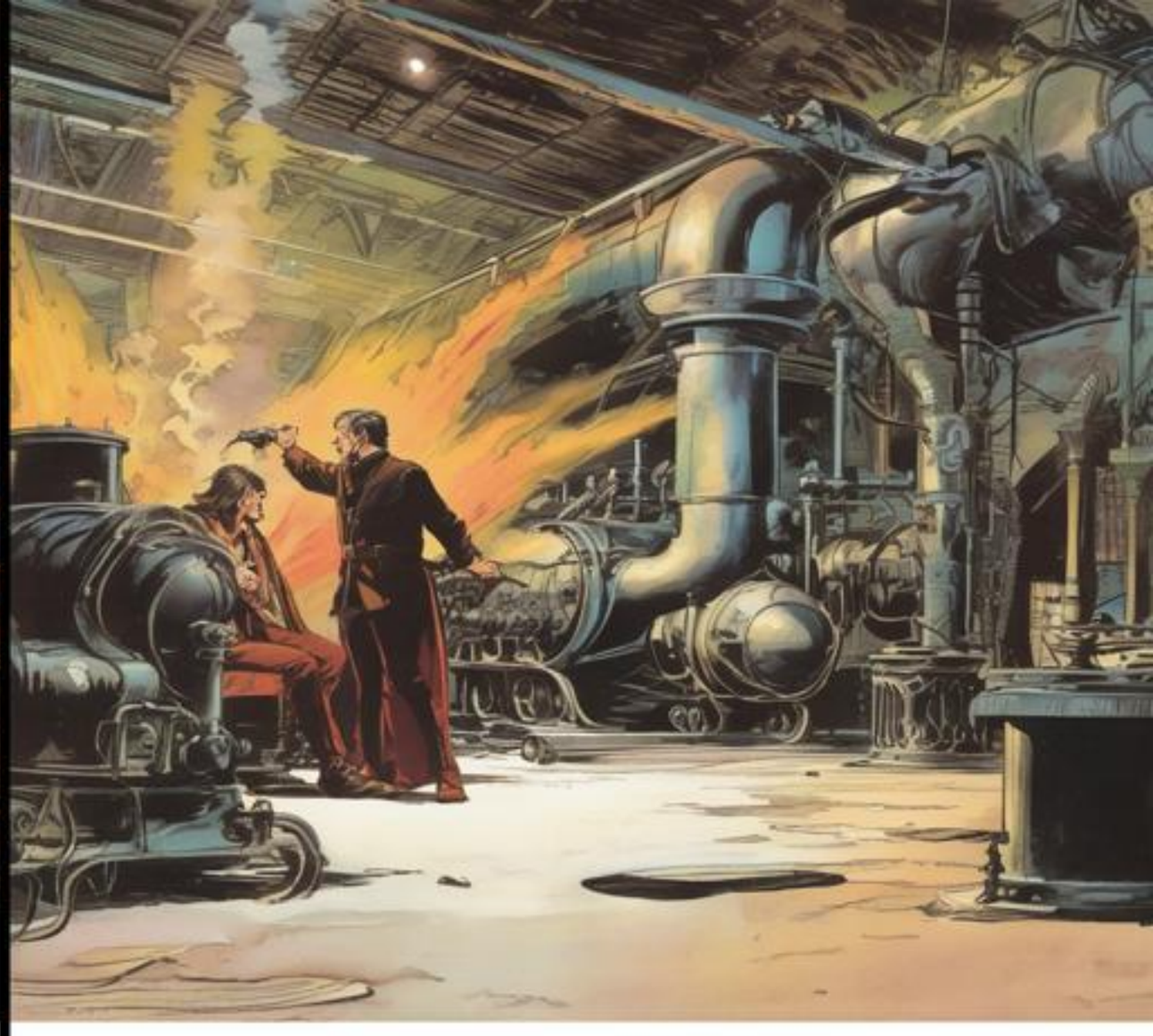


DARYL'S PATIENCE HAS WORN THIN.

"JUST TAKE YOUR HAND OFF IT, TIM. LET'S GET OUT OF HERE BEFORE THINGS ESCALATE FURTHER."

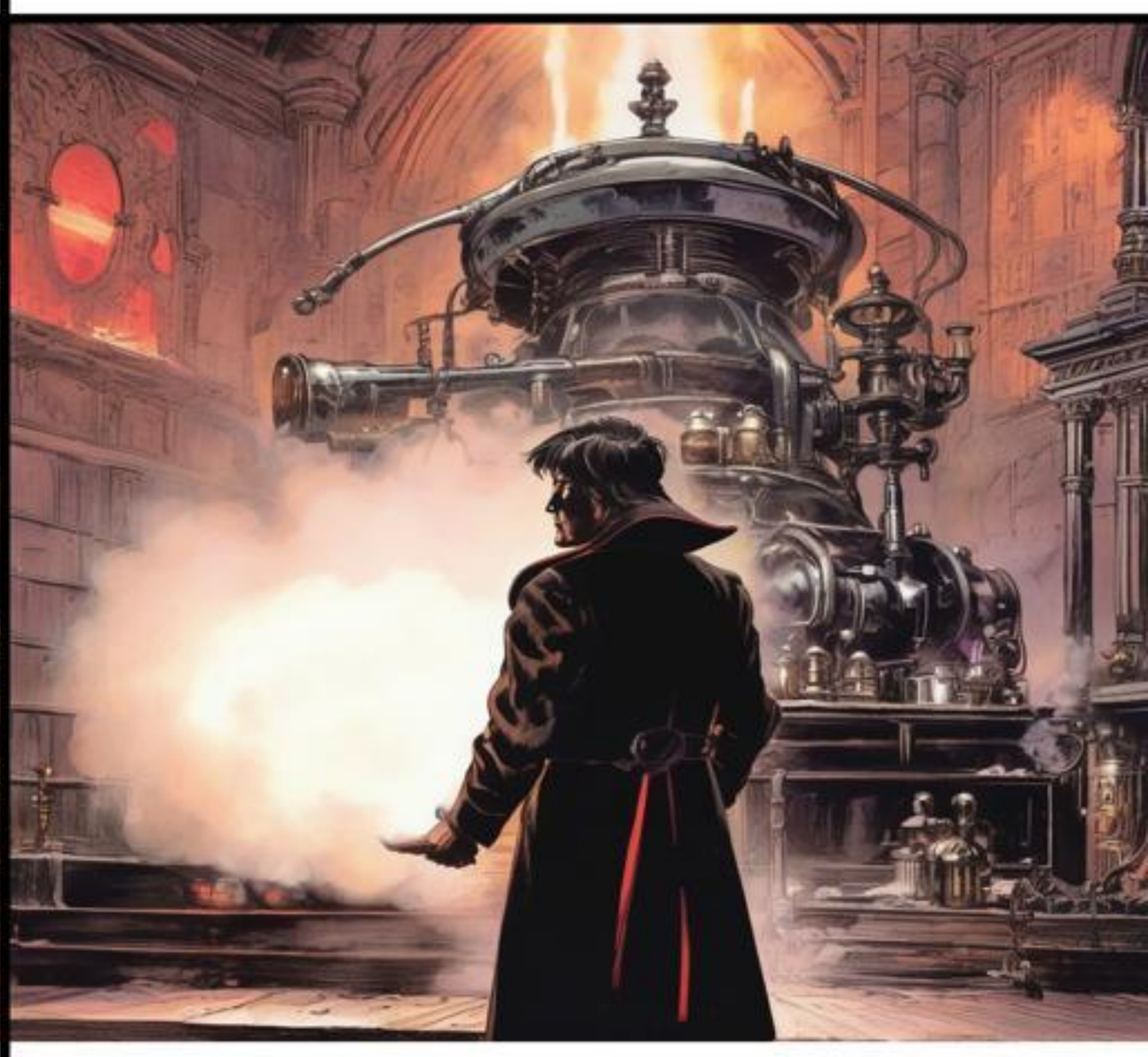
VICAR TIM: 'NOW YOU'RE ALIVE. PROPER ALCOHOL'.

"THE EYES OF THE FIGURE..."

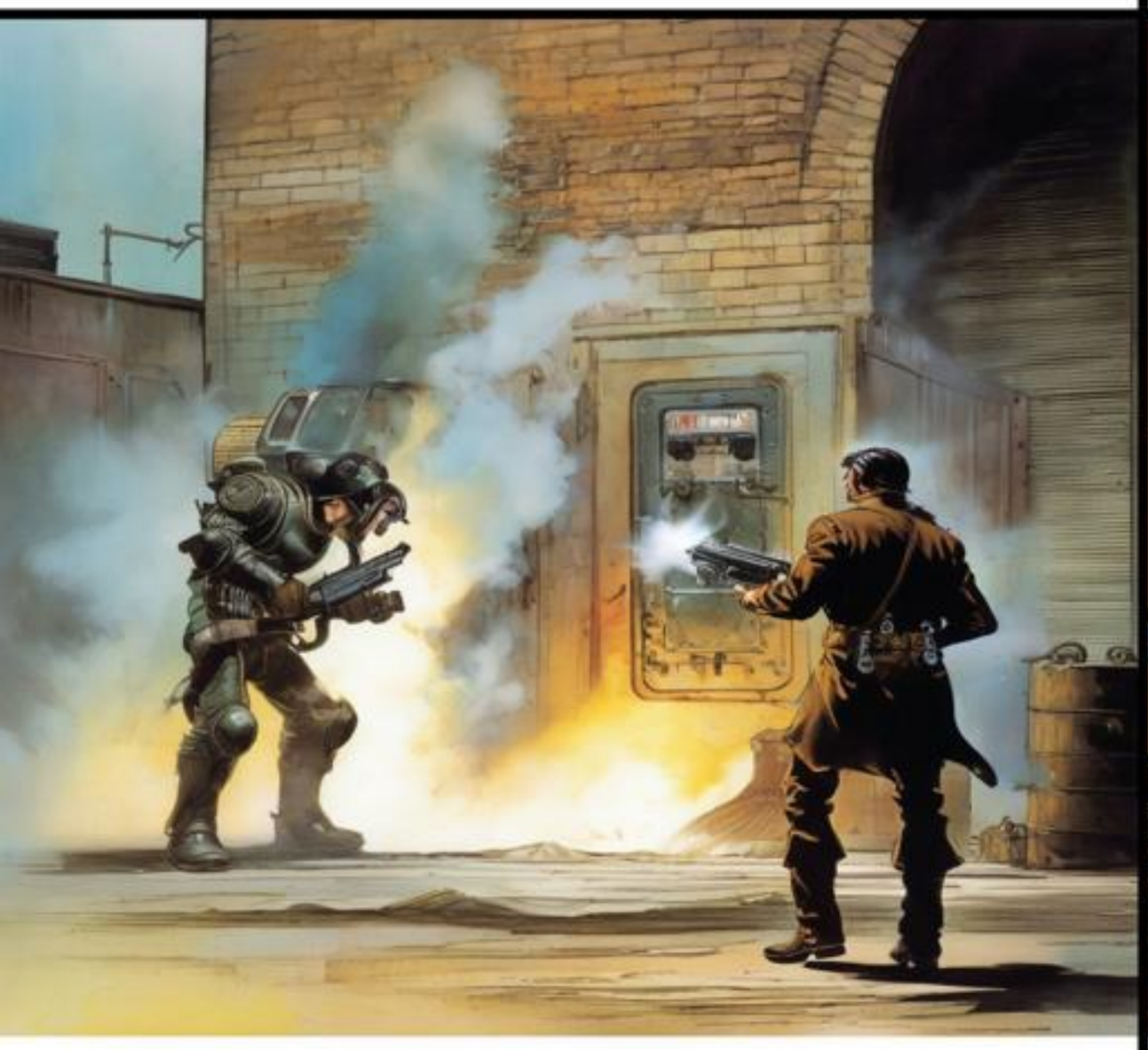


"BLESS HIS FACE. AS HE STANDS IN FRONT OF YOU..."

VICAR TIM: 'AS YOU ARE RIGHT, DARYL...'



VICAR TIM: 'AND LUNGS...'



"WE'RE GETTING THE UNIT INVOLVED" SYPHILIS YELLS THROUGH THE FACTORY DOOR, TRYING TO GET ATTENTION

"WE NEED TO GET VICAR TIM OUT OF HERE, NOW!"

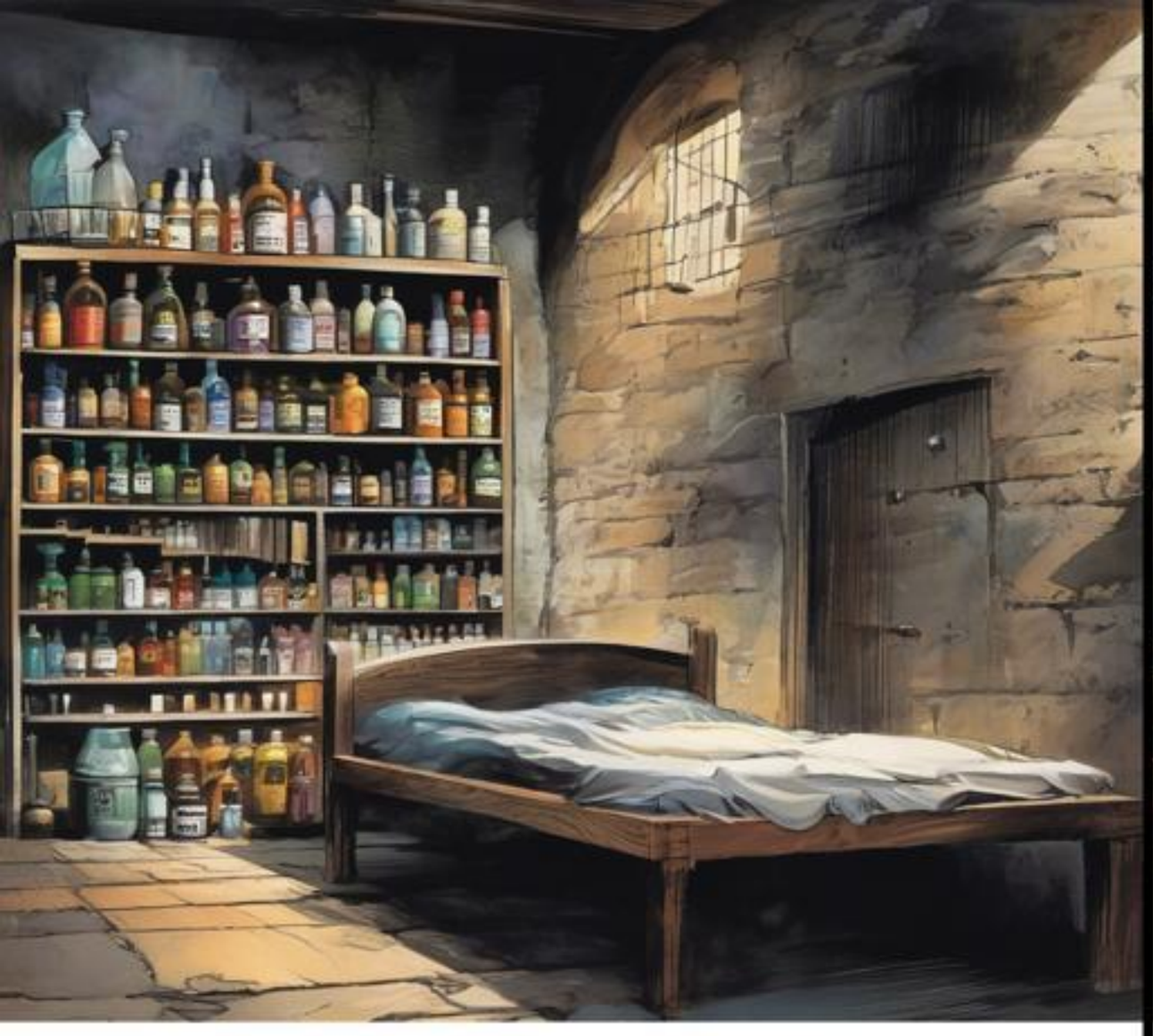
"YOU HAVE TO TAKE HIM WITH US," SYPHILIS SAYS DESPERATELY

"YEAH. WHAT DID YOU ROLL?" SYPHILIS ASKS, GLANCING AT DARYL AS IF WONDERING WHAT HE'S WAITING FOR.

SYPHILIS: 'WE NEED TO GET OUT OF HERE BEFORE IT'S TOO LATE!'

"YOUR DE.X.TER.ITY, IT'S 16, DON'T YOU SEE, WE HAVE TO GET OUT OF HERE NOW!"

IF THEY'RE THE SAME, THEN YOU ROLL...



"WE NEED MEDICINE TO LIVE." - DAR.YL

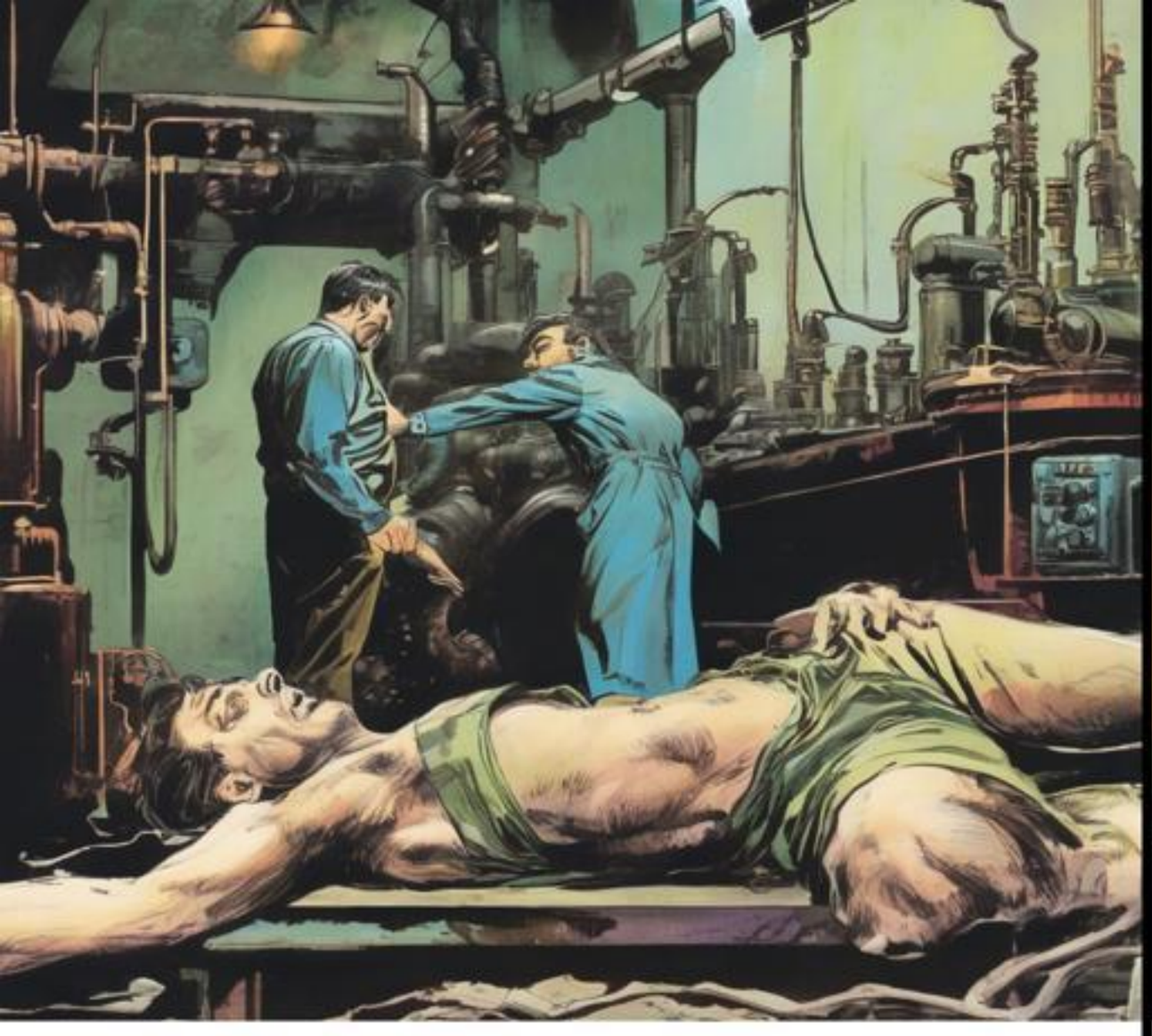
"ARE YOU SURE YOU CAN MAKE THAT MEDICINE HELP US?" SYPHILIS ASKS, HIS VOICE LACED WITH WORRY

SYPHILIS: 'WHAT'S GONNA DO? GONNA GET THE KEY.

TELEPATHIC CONNECTION... HOW CAN I REACH YOU?

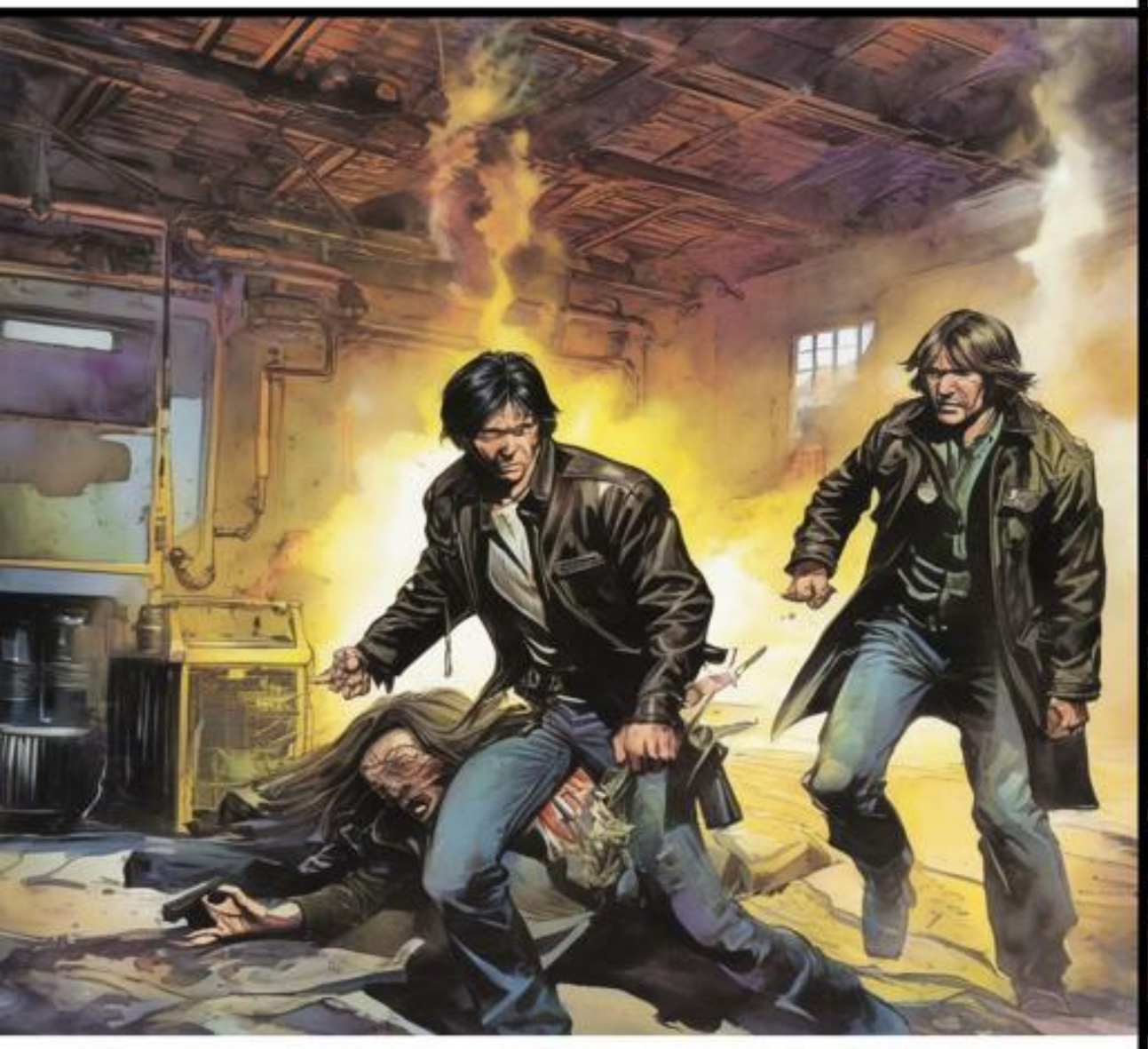
DAR.YL'S ATTENTION IS MOMENTARILY DIVERTED...

"IS THAT WHAT'S HAPPENING?"



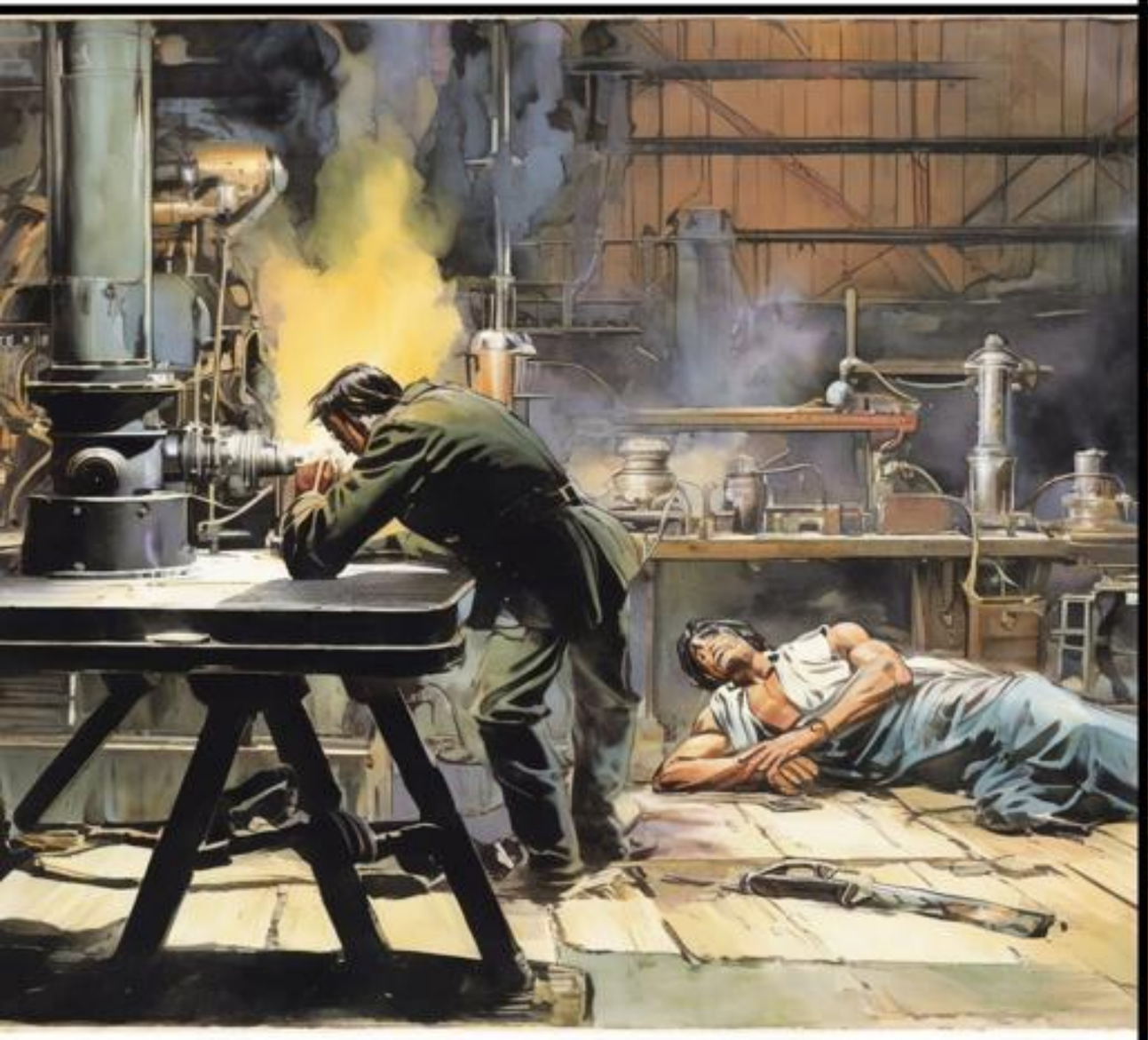
SYPHILIS: 'HE IS A VAMPIRE, DARYL. WE HAVE TO GET OUT OF HERE BEFORE IT'S TOO LATE.'

"OH YEAH. THEN YOU KNOW ALL ABOUT HIM. WHAT HE CAN DO."

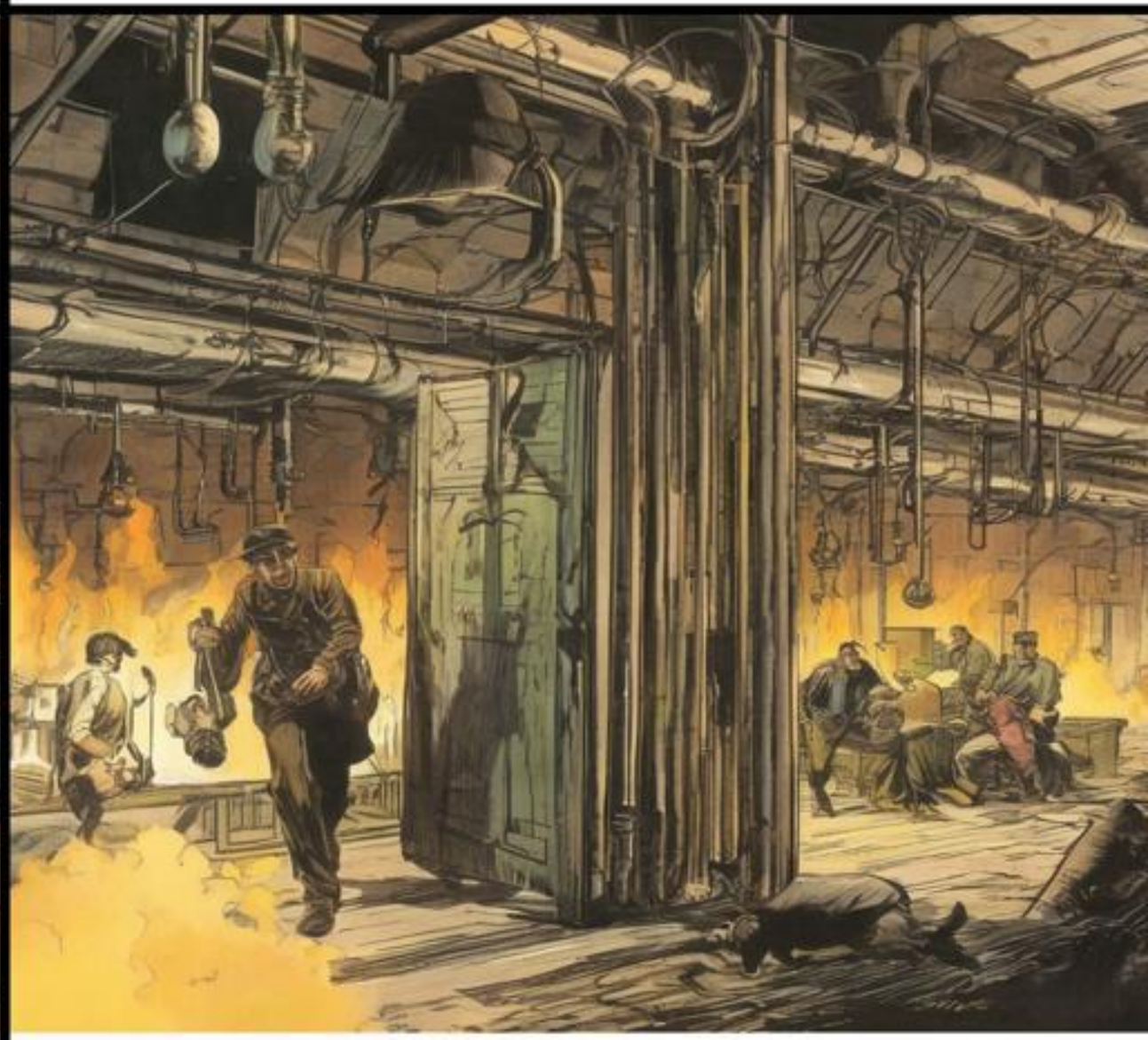


ALL ABOUT HIM. WHAT HE CAN DO...

SYPHILIS: 'HE'S... FROM VAMPIRES'.

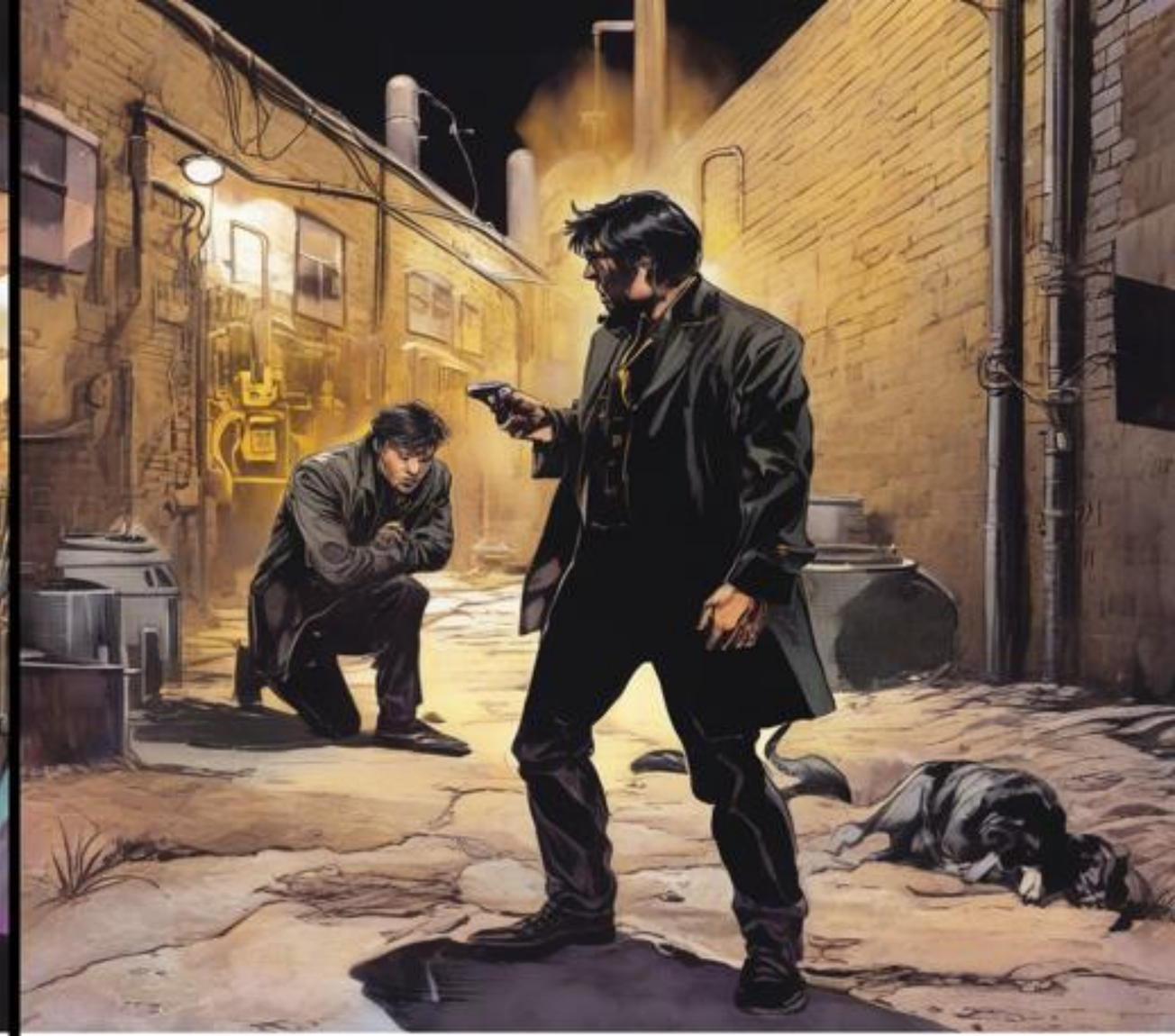


SYPHILIS: "YOU HAVE TO UNDERSTAND DARYL. THE VAMPIRE IS NOT WHAT YOU THINK HE IS."

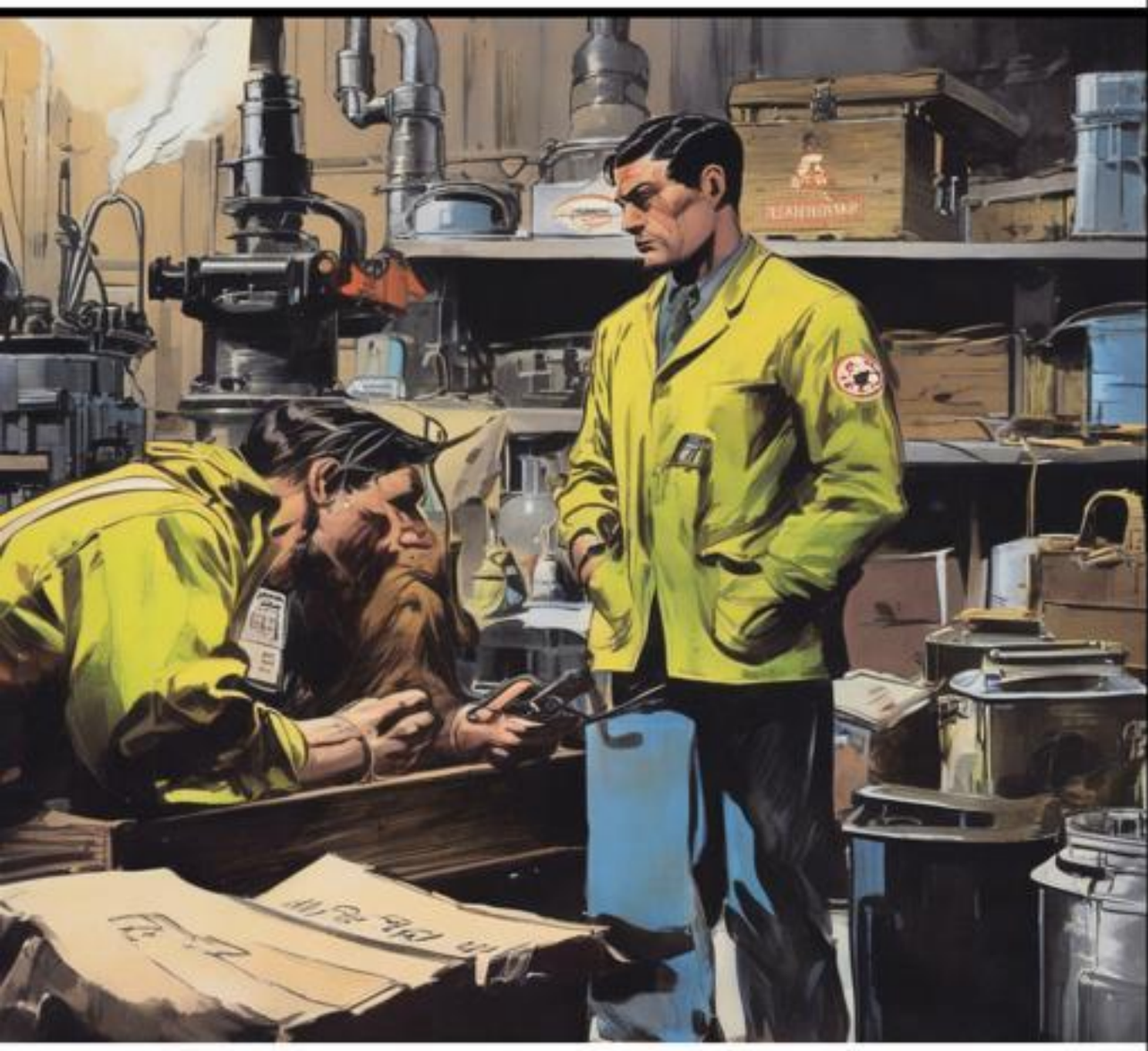


"COME ON, BRETT, WE HAVE TO MOVE! WE CAN'T LEAVE HIM HERE..." SYPHILIS WHISPERS URGENTLY, EYES DARTING AROUND FOR ANY SIGNS OF DANGER

SYPHILIS: 'THIS LAB COAT... IT'S FROM ANTONIO'S TEAM. WHAT WERE THEY WORKING ON?'



SYPHILIS WHISPERS TO DARYL: 'THIS MIGHT BE MORE THAN JUST A PIRATE'S TOKEN...'



SYPHILIS: 'AH, YES... THIS EMBLEM... IT'S THE MARK OF THE ORDER OF THE ETERNAL TIDES.'

"WHAT DOES THIS MEAN?" DARYL ASKS, POINTING TO THE EMBLEM.

"HE'S OBVIOUSLY THE CAPTAIN", SYPHILIS SAYS, HIS VOICE LOW AND SERIOUS

'THIS IS THE BIG GUY', SYPHILIS WHISPERS BACK, 'WE NEED TO KEEP MOVING.'

"GET BACK, YOU'RE NOT GOING TO HURT ME!"

VICAR TIM: 'WHERE'S MY VAMPIR...E?'

"LET'S GO BACK TO THE JAIL," DARYL SAYS SOFTLY, EYEING VICAR TIM.

"ATTACK!" SYPHILIS HISSES, THEIR CLAWS SWIPING AT VICAR TIM'S BODY

"GET IT FROM HIM! AND MISS..."

"YOU'LL NEVER LEAVE THIS PLACE..."

BROTHER. PEASANTS.

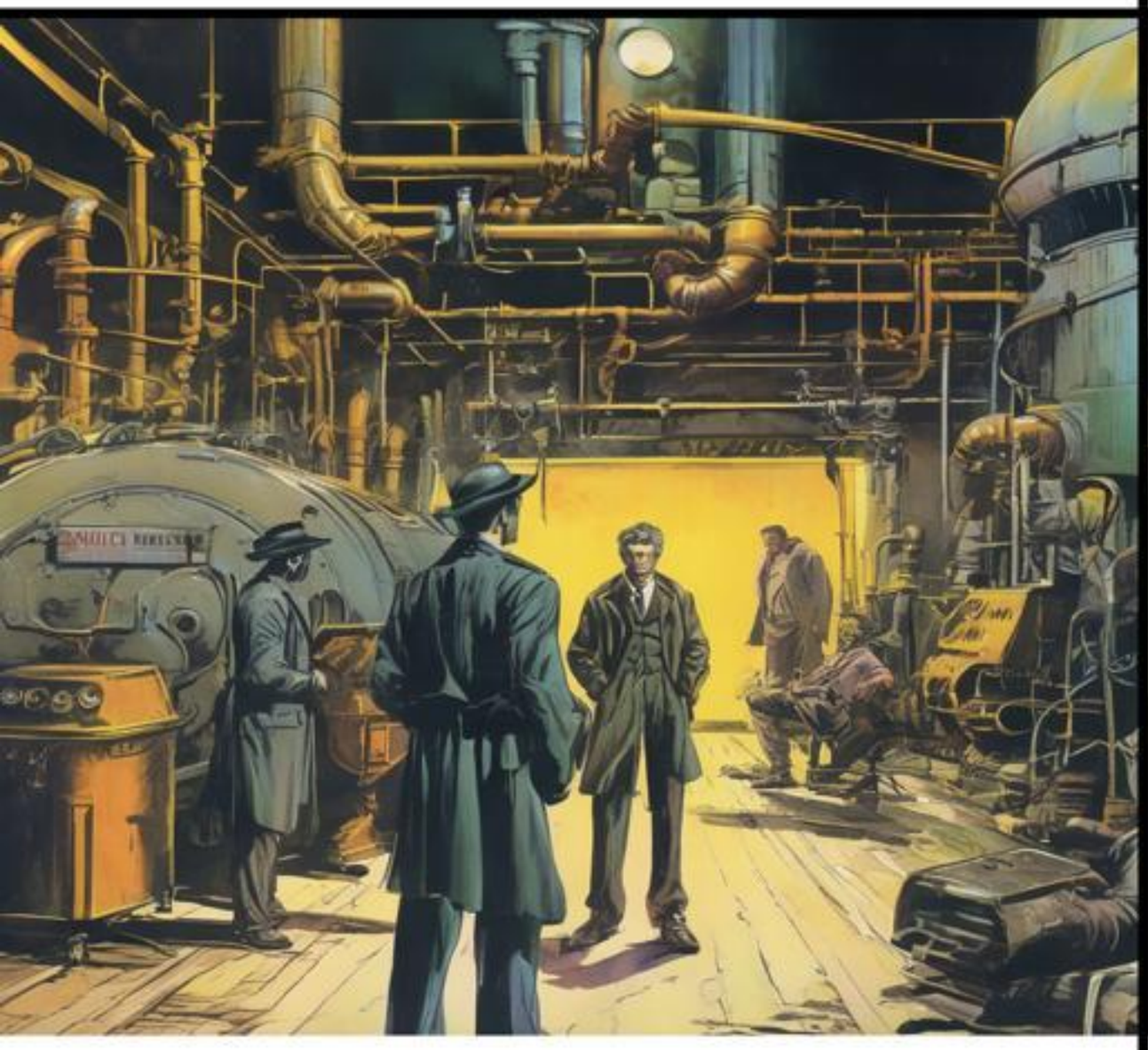
"LET ME TRY TO DO WHAT YOU JUST DID TO ME... SHALL WE?"

"DON'T WANT TO CATCH IT" VICAR TIM WARNS, HIS EYES GLEAMING WITH A MIXTURE OF FEAR AND FERAL HUNGER

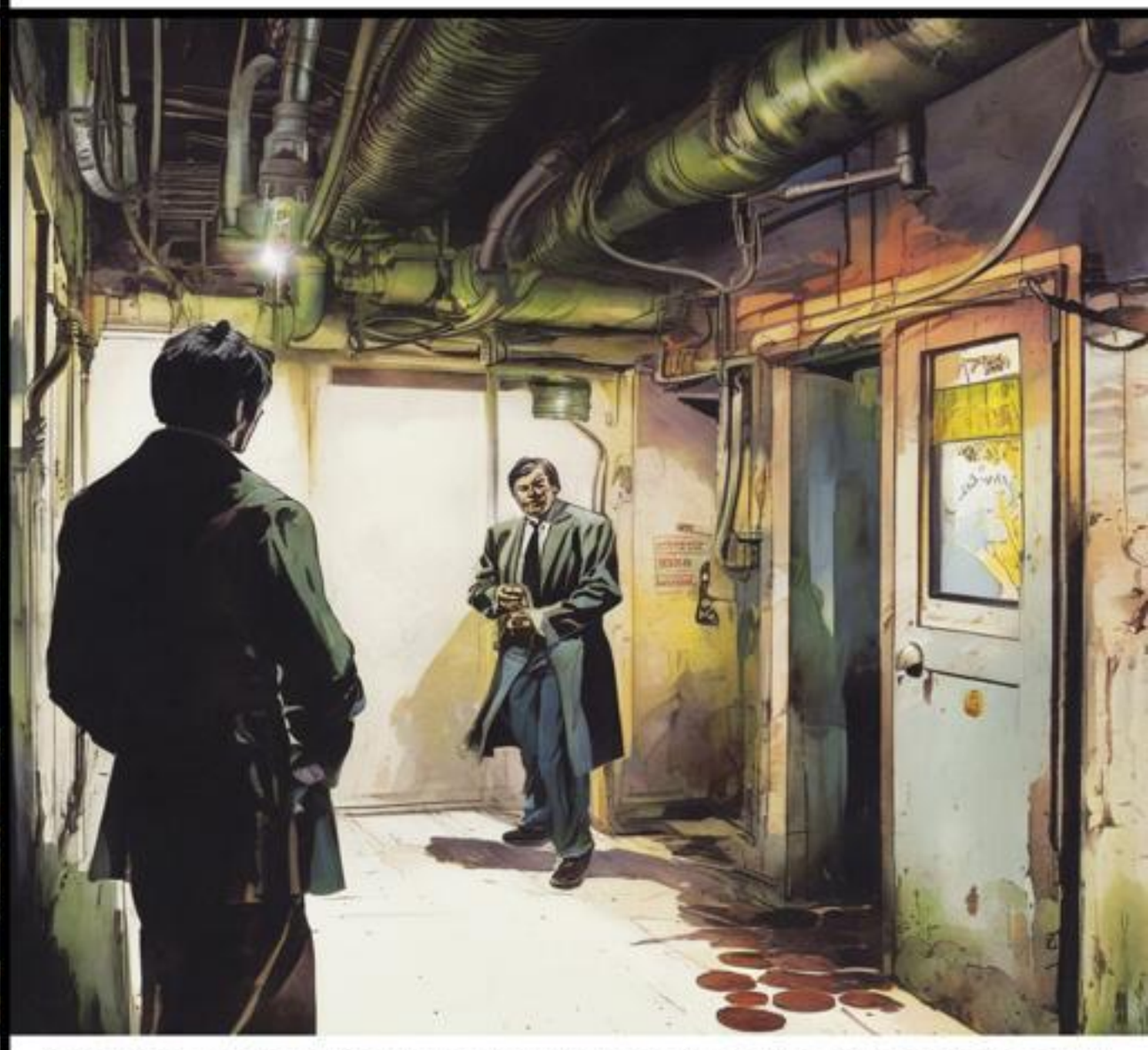
"FIRST ATTACK" SCRIBBLED ON A NEARBY WALL, ECHOING VICAR TIM'S DESPERATE CRY

"EVEN WORSE THAN BEFORE.." VICAR TIM GROANS, STRUGGLING AGAINST HIS RESTRAINTS

"LET'S USE OUR ACTION. SURGE. TWO MORE. ATTACK."



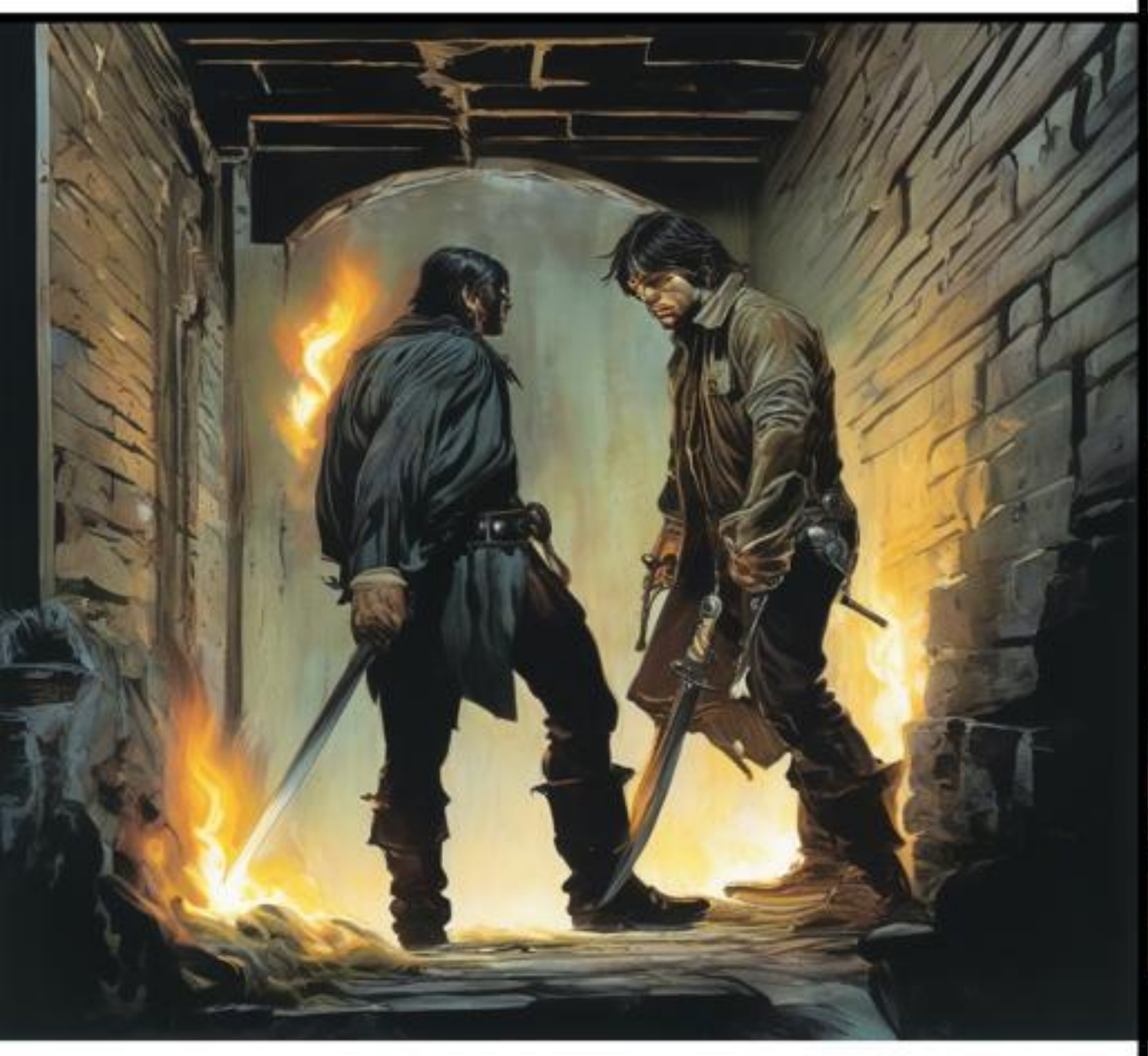
"YOU'RE NOT GETTING BACK UP, PRIEST," SYPHILIS SNARLS



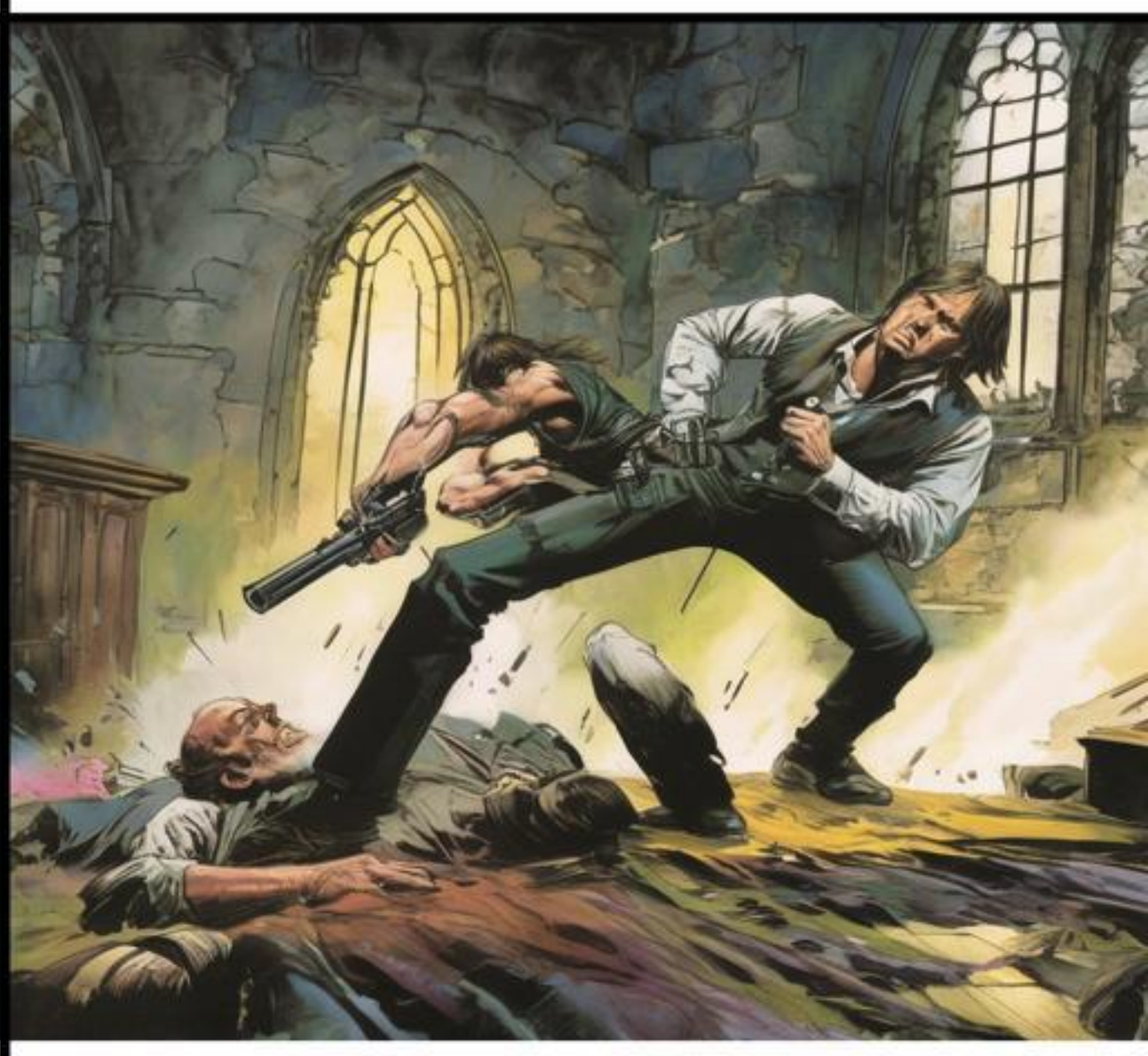
"YOU'RE NOT TAKING ME ANYWHERE," VICAR TIM SNARLS, HIS EYES BLAZING WITH A MIX OF VAMPIRIC RAGE AND DESPERATION.

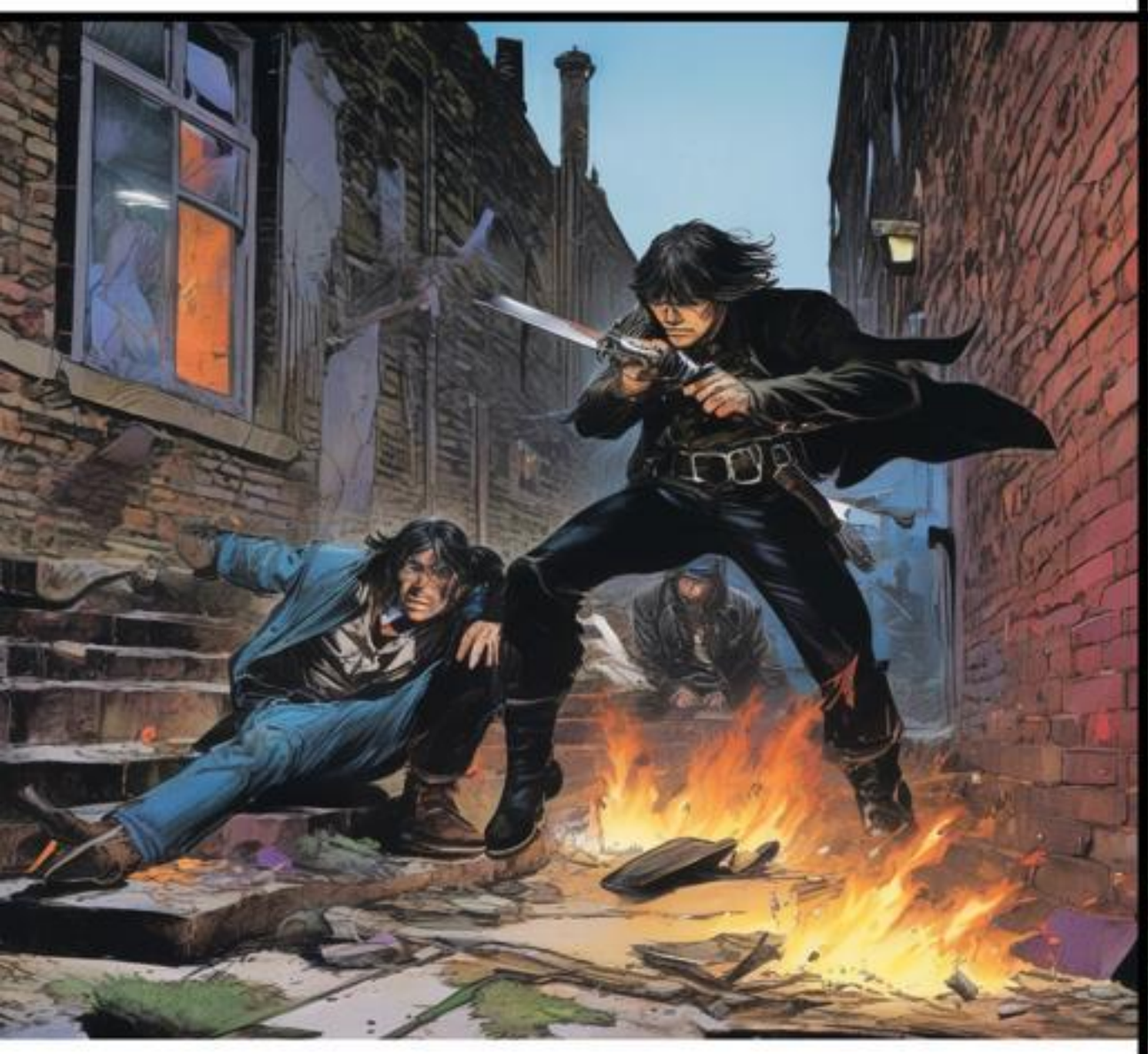
"SIXTEEN DAMAGE... THAT'S A GOOD START."

SYPHILIS MUTTERS UNDER HIS BREATH, 'THIS FUCKER IS MUCH FASTER.'



"YOU'RE NOT GETTING BACK UP FROM THIS ONE," DARYL SAYS, HIS VOICE STEADY.





THAT MADE IT. THROUGH HIS LEATH.ER.

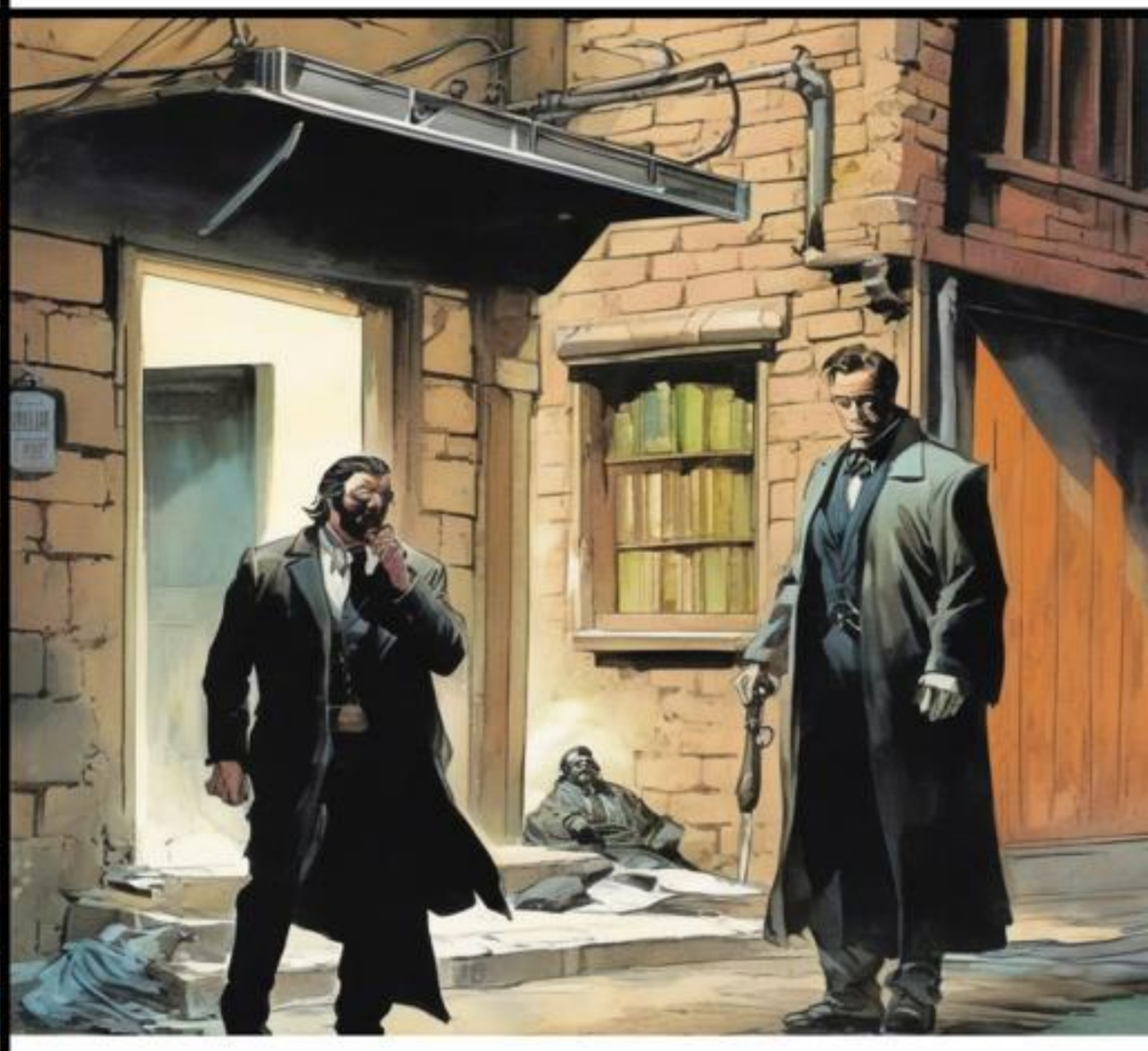
"OH DID I TARNISH YOUR FANCY CLOTHES? YOUR FANCY DRESS, MR SUCK BOY?"

"TWO ELDRITCH BLASTS," SYPHILIS SAYS, AS IF TRYING TO DISTRACT HIMSELF FROM THE UNSETTLING FEELING THAT VICAR TIM'S PRESENCE STILL HAUNTS THEM.

"YOU'RE PROBABLY GONNA MISS HIM BECAUSE HE'S REALLY FAST," SYPHILIS SAYS, HIS VOICE LACED WITH A GROWING UNEASE.

"IT'S NOT JUST ABOUT KILLING HIM, IT'S ABOUT MAKING SURE HE DOESN'T COME BACK," DARYL SAYS, EYES FIXED ON THE CHEST BLADE LODGED IN VICAR TIM

DARYL'S EYES ARE LOCKED ONTO VICAR TIM'S FACE AS HE PREPARES TO DELIVER THE FINAL BLOW.



"HE'S GONNA DRINK IT."

"IT CAN'T BE... WHAT IS THIS THING?" DARYL WHISPERS, EYES FIXED ON THE STEAMING MIST

"WE DON'T HAVE ANY RADIANT DAMAGE TO DEAL ANYWAY SO... EVEN." - SYPHILIS'S VOICE TRAILS OFF AS HE REALIZES VICAR TIM IS REGENERATING.

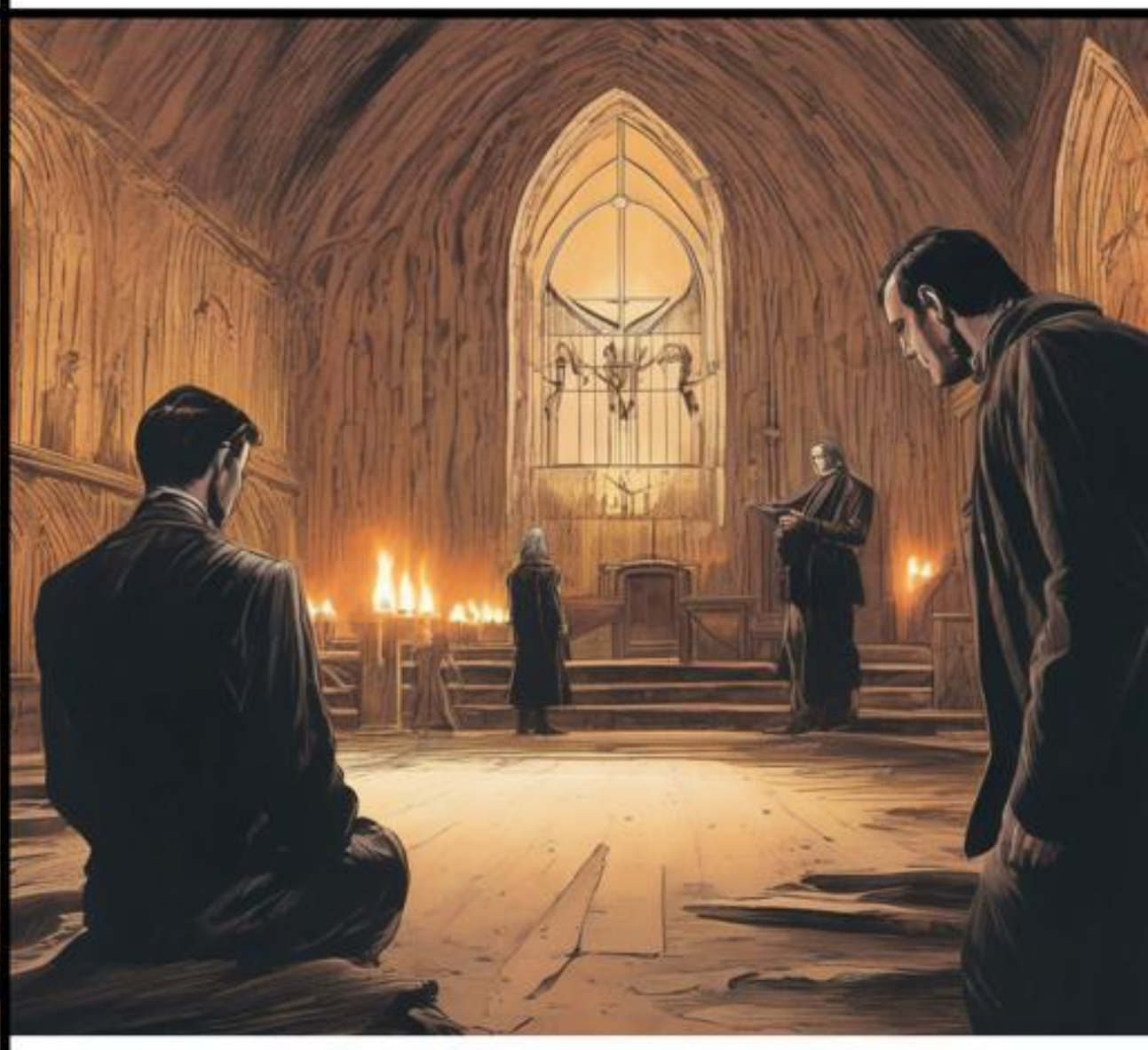
SUDDENLY, HE'S UP.

"YOU'RE WITHIN RANGE..."

"YOU. KICK. THE THING OUT OF HIS HANDS.." DARYL SAYS, TRYING TO MAKE SENSE OF THE SITUATION.

"WHAT IS... IT?" DARYL WHISPERS TO SYPHILIS, UNSURE WHAT TO MAKE OF THE SITUATION

"I HAVE A HIGH AC" VICAR TIM'S VOICE ECHOES IN THEIR MINDS, SENDING CHILLS DOWN THEIR SPINES.

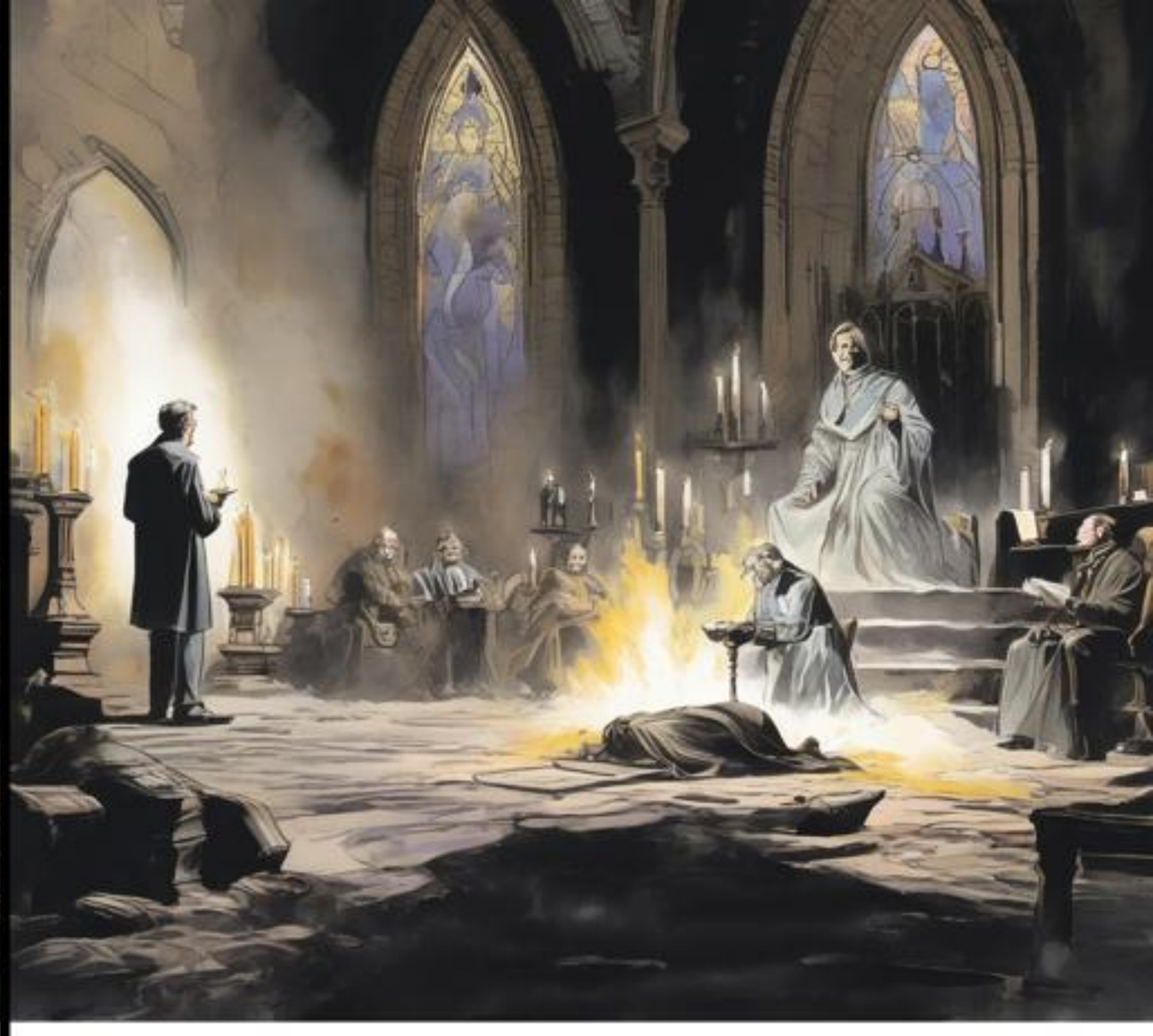


'HIGH BUT NOT... TWENTY SYPHILIS WHISPERS, HER VOICE BARELY AUDIBLE OVER THE SOUND OF CREAKING WOODEN PEWS.

DARYL'S VOICE BARELY ABOVE A WHISPER: 'AND I HAVE TO CHECK... THIS?'

"WE CAN'T SEE WHAT IT SAYS"

"OH...WHAT DOES THIS MEAN?"



"THEN, HE GOES... IN. FOR A... BITE. HE." - DARYL'S TERRIFIED WHISPER

HE AT YOU WITH HIS TEETH.

"EIGHT. DAMAGE."

DARYL: 'THIS HAS TO END. WE CAN'T LET HIM KEEP COMING BACK LIKE THIS.'

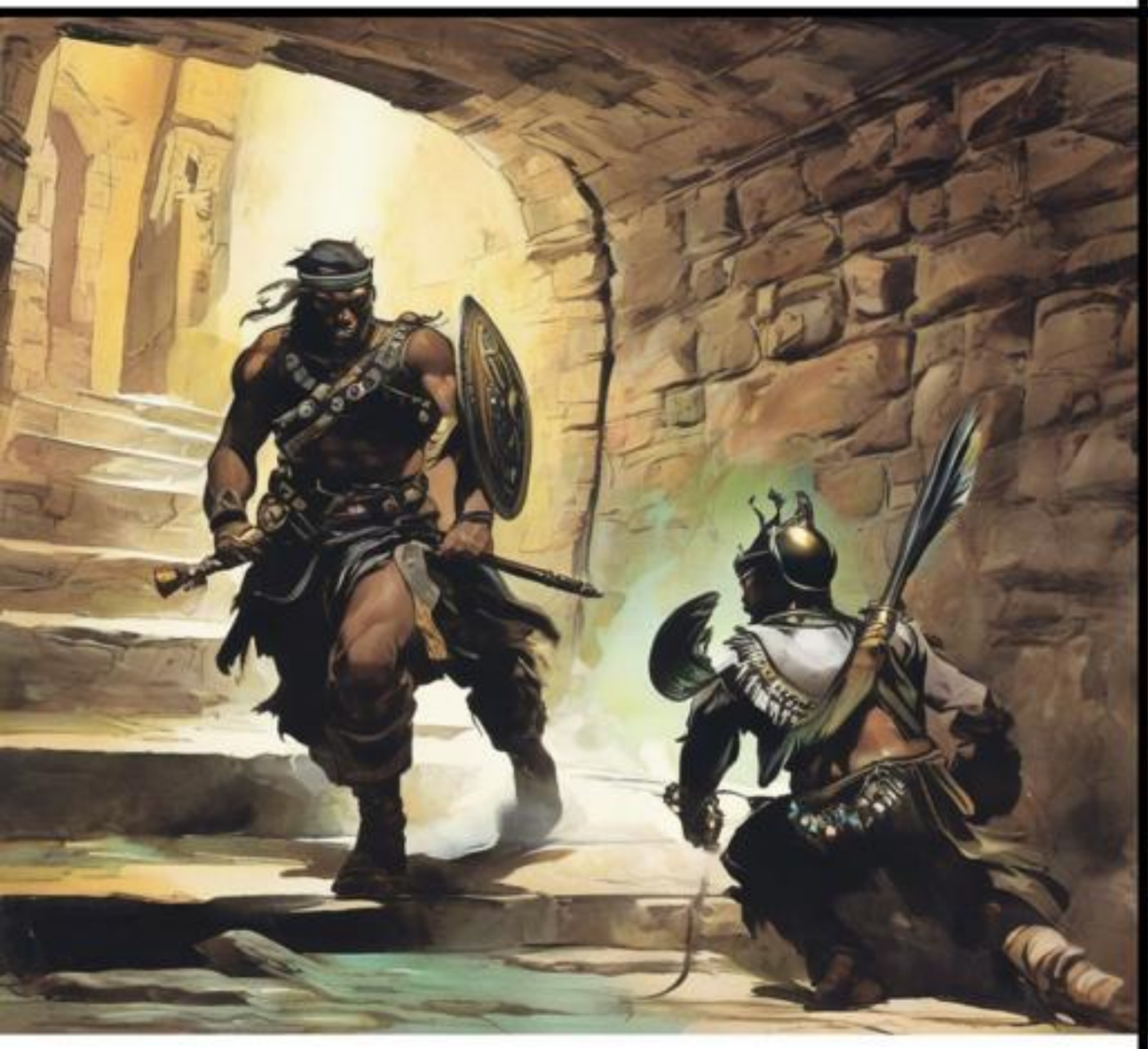
"MY MAX HP?" DARYL WHISPERS TO HIMSELF, HIS VOICE BARELY AUDIBLE OVER THE SOUND OF LABORED BREATHING FROM VICAR TIM'S UNNATURAL RECOVERY

I'LL LET HER DIE.

SYPHILIS: 'LET'S JUST TAKE IT... FOR OUR OWN SURVIVAL!'

SYPHILIS: 'FUCKING PULL YOU IN AND TRY TO SMACK YOUR HEAD AGAINST THE BAR!'

SYPHILIS: CAN I GET YOU AN ALE, THEN?



"AH, FINALLY WE'RE MOVING...BUT WHERE ARE WE GOING?"

"GOT SUCH UGLY HAIR" SYPHILIS SAYS SOFTLY EYES LOCKED ON VICAR TIM'S UNNATURAL RECOVERY

SYPHILIS: 'SUCKING THE BLOOD OUT OF YOU...'

SYPHILIS'S FANGS BARED AS HE LUNGES FOR DARYL'S NECK

DARYL: 'DOES IT STILL HAVE CONTROL OVER YOU?'

"YOU'RE NO BETTER THAN ME NOW" SYPHILIS SNARLS AS HE SINKS HIS FANGS INTO DARYL'S NECK.

'WE CAN TRY... BUT IT WON'T BE EASY.

DARYL: (WHISPERING) IS THIS... IS THIS REALLY YOU?

IS IT STILL HIM?

THE BLOOD IN THE CHALICE STIRS... IT'S STILL ALIVE.

I'LL DRINK FROM YOU NOW... AND BECOME THE NEW BOSS

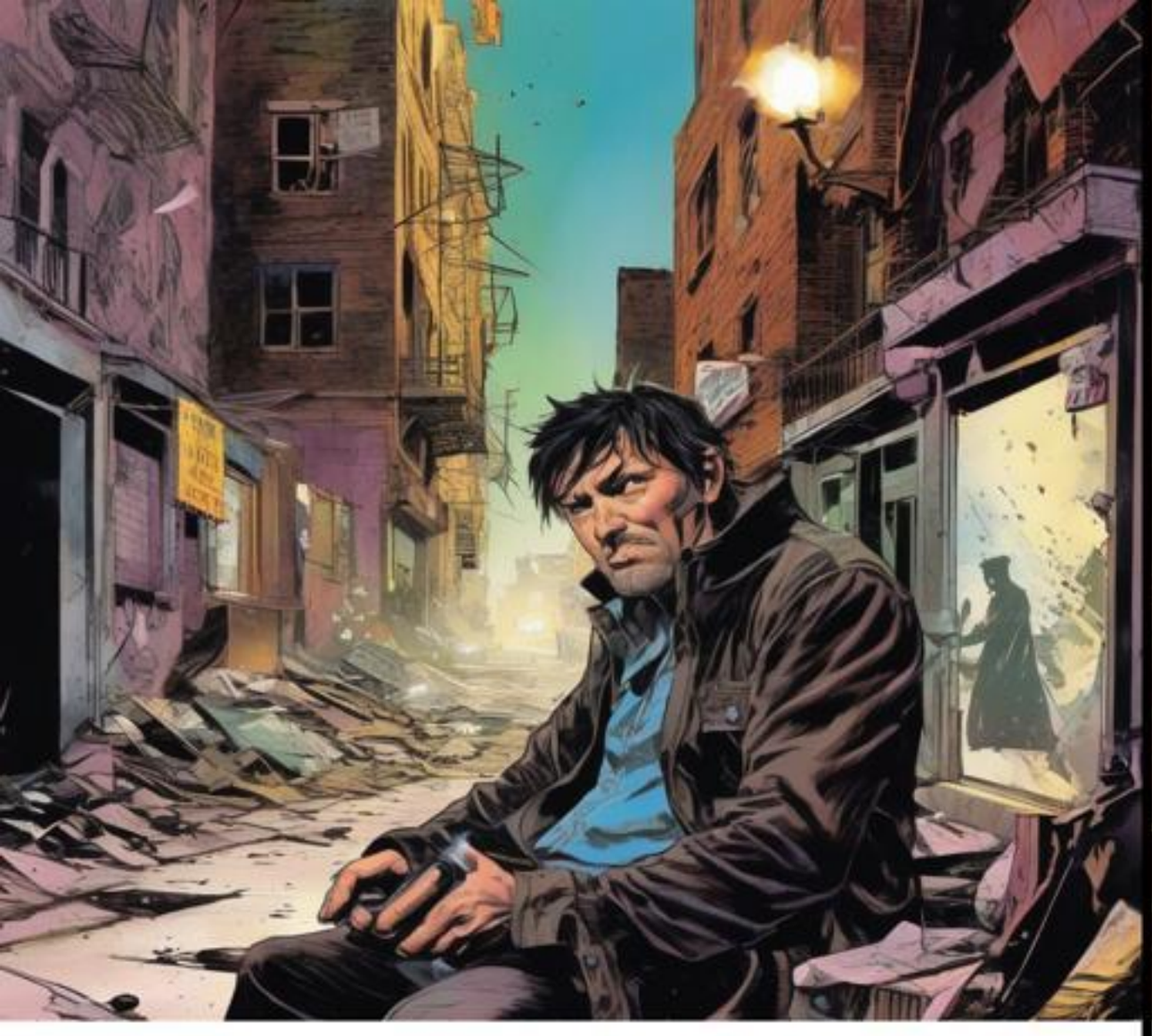
"TAKE A LITTLE"... VICAR TIM'S UNNATURAL RECOVERY SWINGS WILDLY, NARROWLY MISSING DARYL

YOU SEE HOW PRETTY I AM? VICAR TIM'S UNNATURAL RECOVERY SAYS, AS HE POSES LIKE A TWISTED MODEL.

"WHAT AM I GOING FOR?" VICAR TIM'S UNNATURAL RECOVERY SAYS TO ITSELF, LOST IN ITS OWN TWISTED FASCINATION.

"BANISH...MENT" ECHOES THROUGH DARYL'S MIND AS HE TRIES TO COMPREHEND THE MONSTROSITY HIS FRIEND HAS BECOME.

"YOU'RE STILL WEARING EVERYTHING YOU HAD ON WHEN THIS HAPPENED, VICAR TIM..."



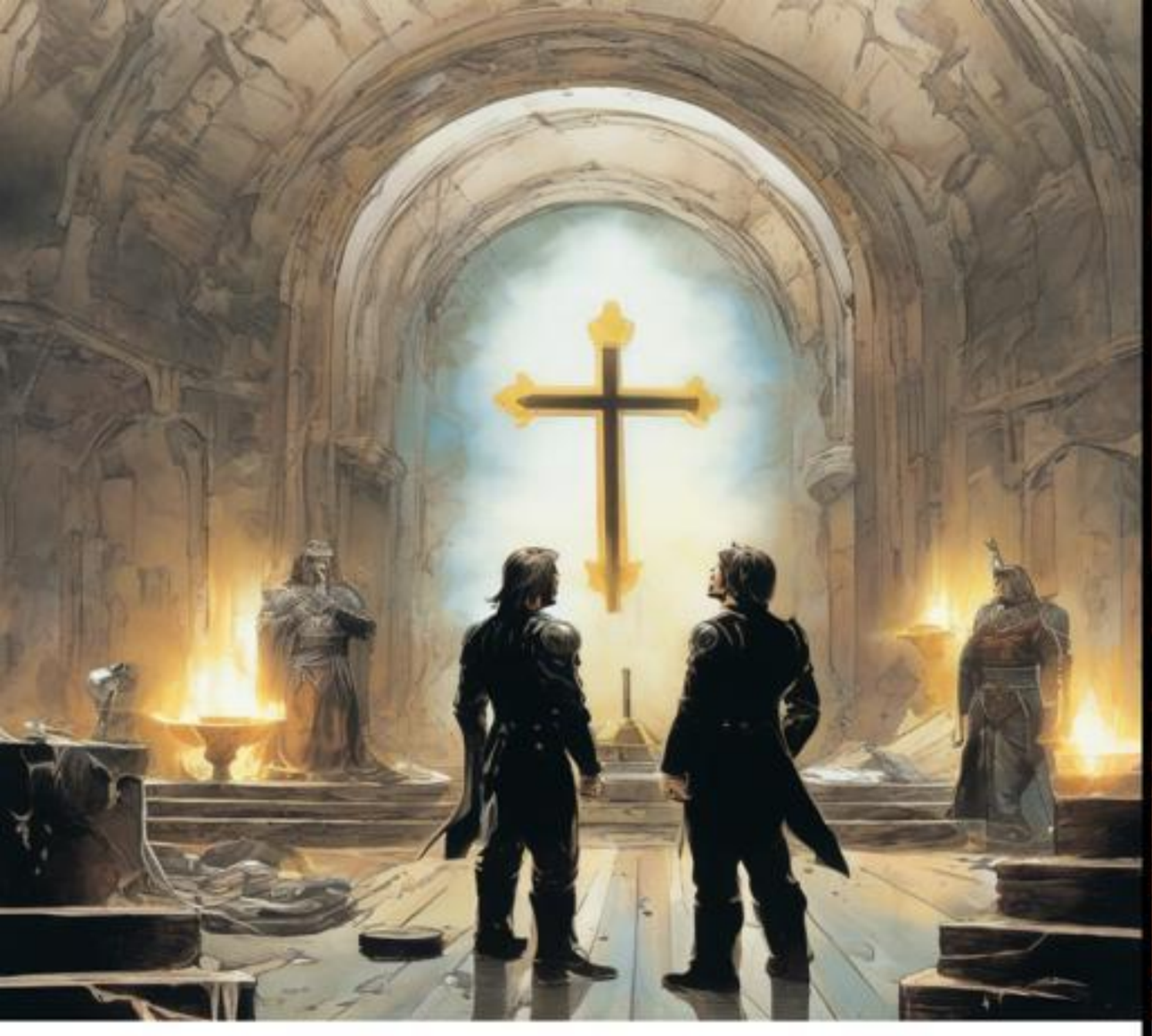
"WE COULD JUST LEAVE. LET HIM LEAVE FOR A MINUTE. AND THEN... JUST LET THAT START."

"MAYBE BLIND HIM. AND THEN DRINK IT" VICAR TIM'S UNNATURAL RECOVERY SAYS, ITS MONSTROUS FORM LOOMING OVER DARYL

"BUT CAN WE DO THAT NOW?" DARYL ASKS, HIS EYES DARTING BETWEEN VICAR TIM'S UNNATURAL RECOVERY AND THE CHALICE

"YOU'LL NEVER GAIN TRUE POWER IF YOU SACRIFICE YOUR OWN HUMANITY, DARYL SAYS, HIS VOICE LACED WITH WARNING

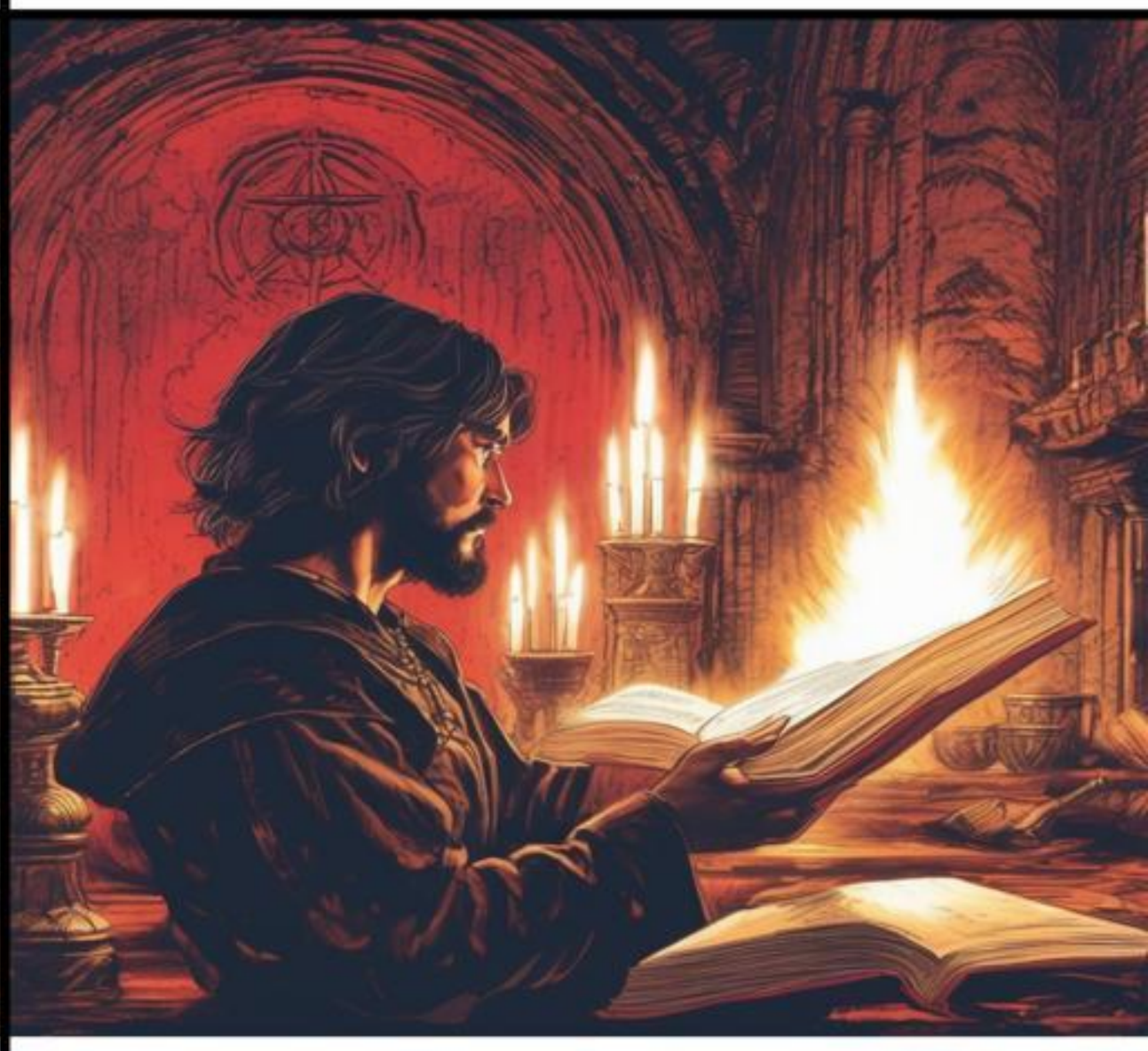
I'M BLINDING HIM. YEAH, HE'S NOT HAPPY ABOUT IT. AND HE'S LOOKING AT HOW HE'S GONNA DISENGAGE AND GET AS CLOSE TO YOU.



"FUCKING BLIND HIM. DO IT. LET'S SEE IF WE CAN DO IT SAFELY," DARYL MUTTERS, HIS EYES FIXED INTENTLY ON VICAR TIM'S UNNATURAL RECOVERY.

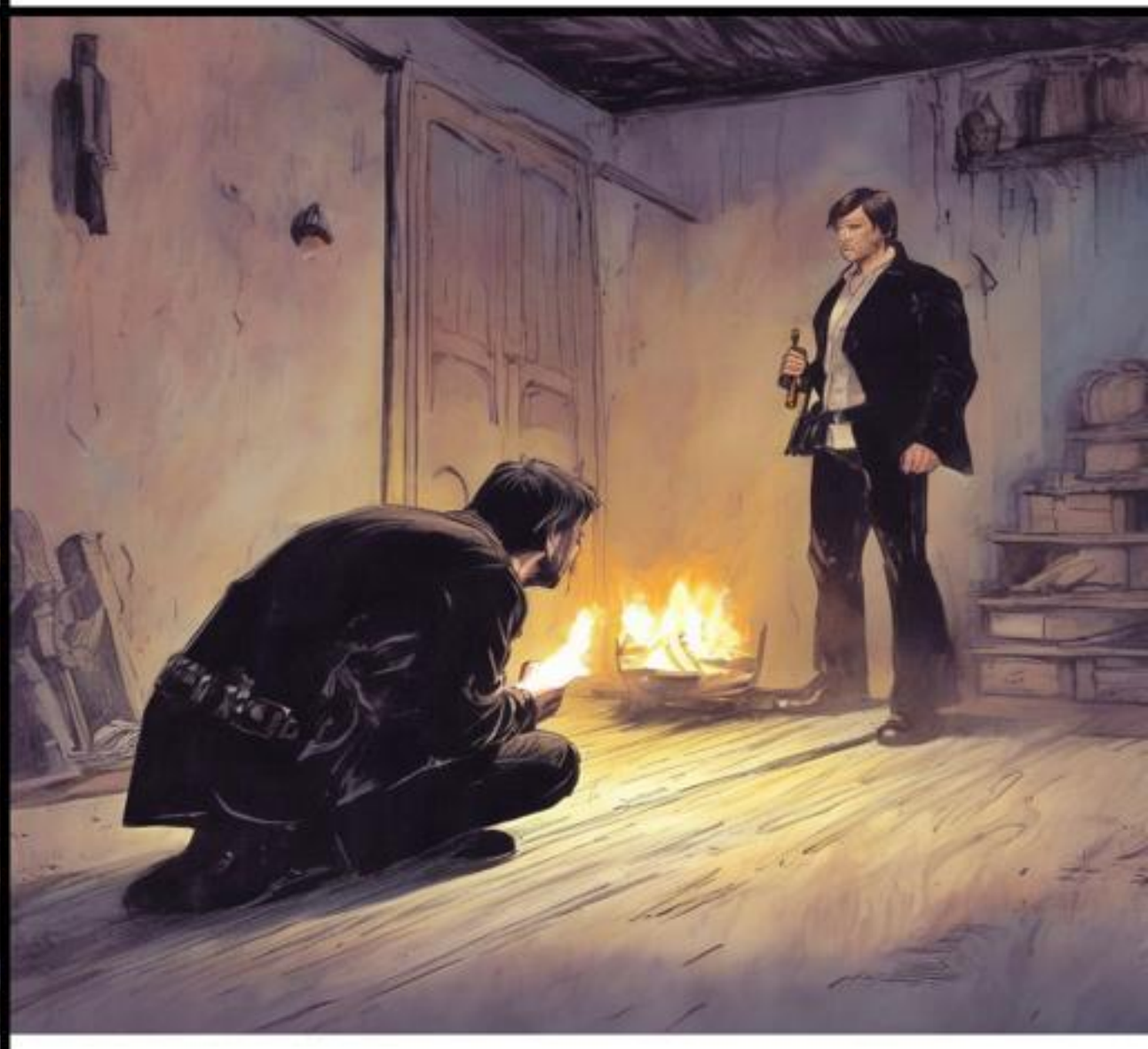
DARYL: 'WHERE THE LINE IS...'

VICAR TIM'S UNNATURAL RECOVERY WATCHED WITH AN UNBLINKING GAZE, AT THE SAME... SO YOU LOOK AT THE SAME!



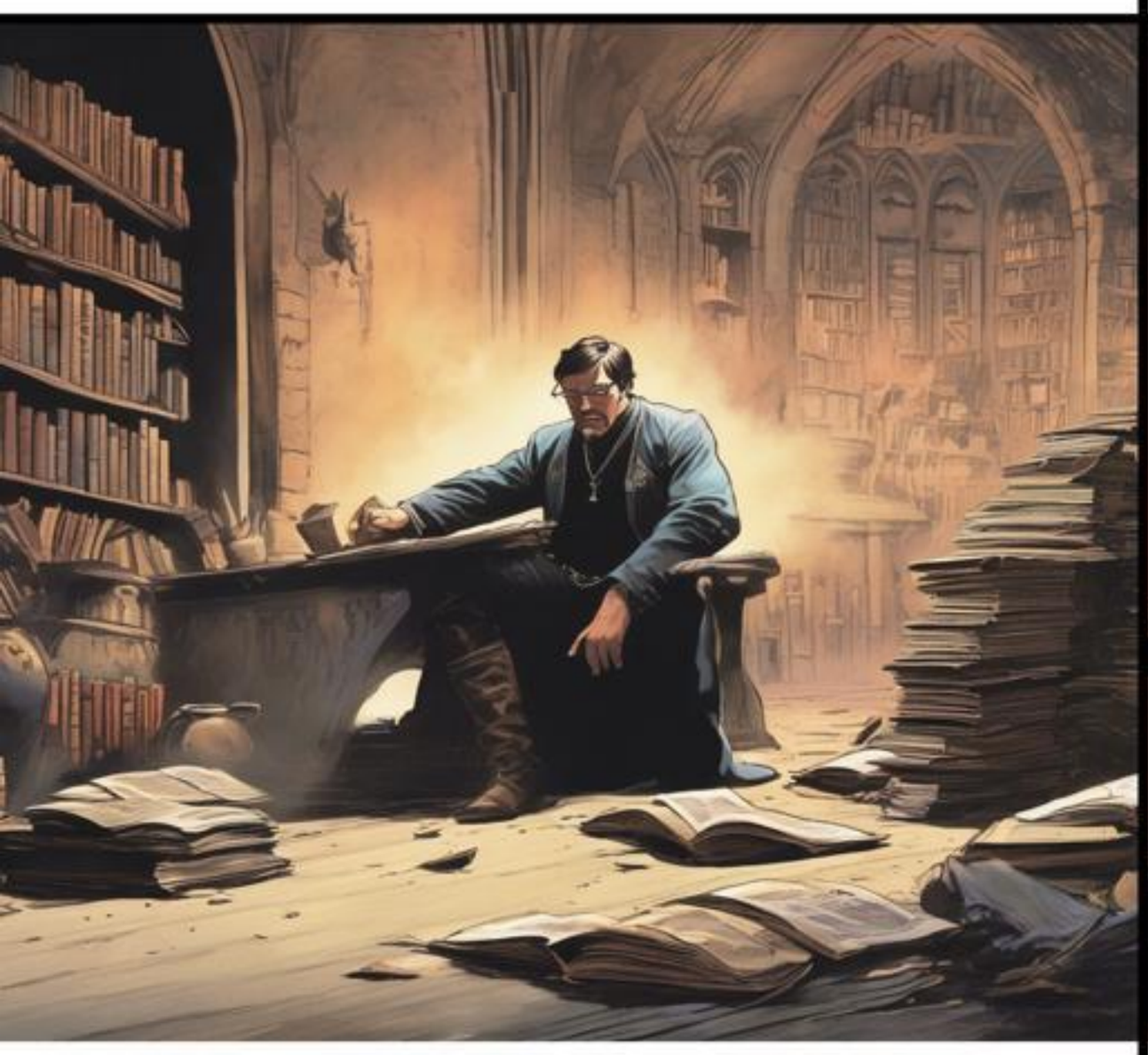
THE AIR IS THICK WITH TENSION AS DARYL DELVES INTO THE MYSTERIES OF THE ANCIENT TOME

YOUR EYES... MY EYES... THEY'RE BURNING...



'YOU'RE WAY OFF,' DARYL SAYS WITH A SMIRK, 'AND YOU HAVE NO IDEA WHAT THAT MEANS!'

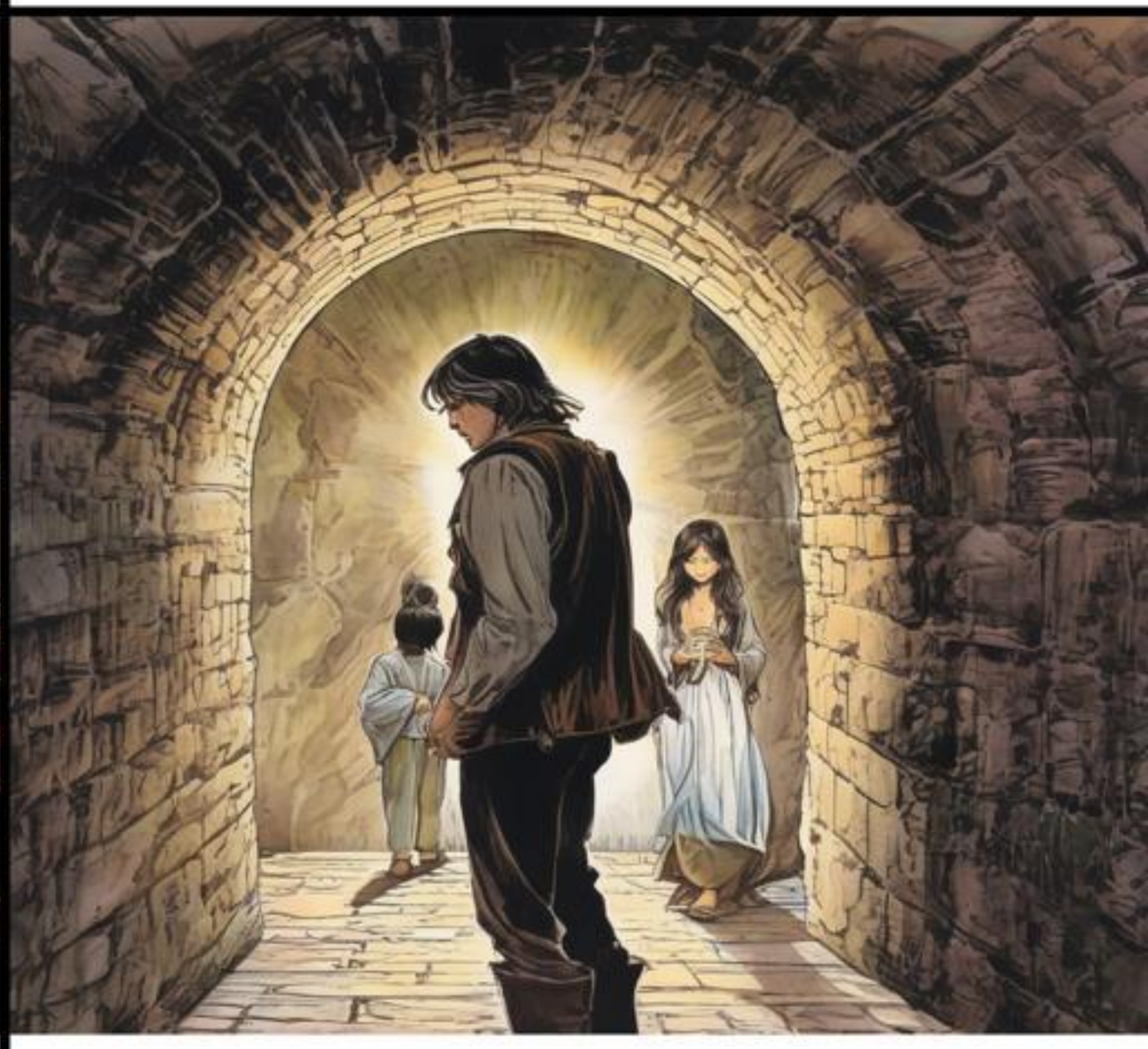
THE SOUND OF LABORED BREATHING FILLS THE AIR AS VICAR TIM'S UNNATURAL RECOVERY STUMBLES FORWARD



"I'M GOING FOR THAT" DARYL WHISPERS TO HIMSELF, HIS EYES FIXED ON THE CHALICE

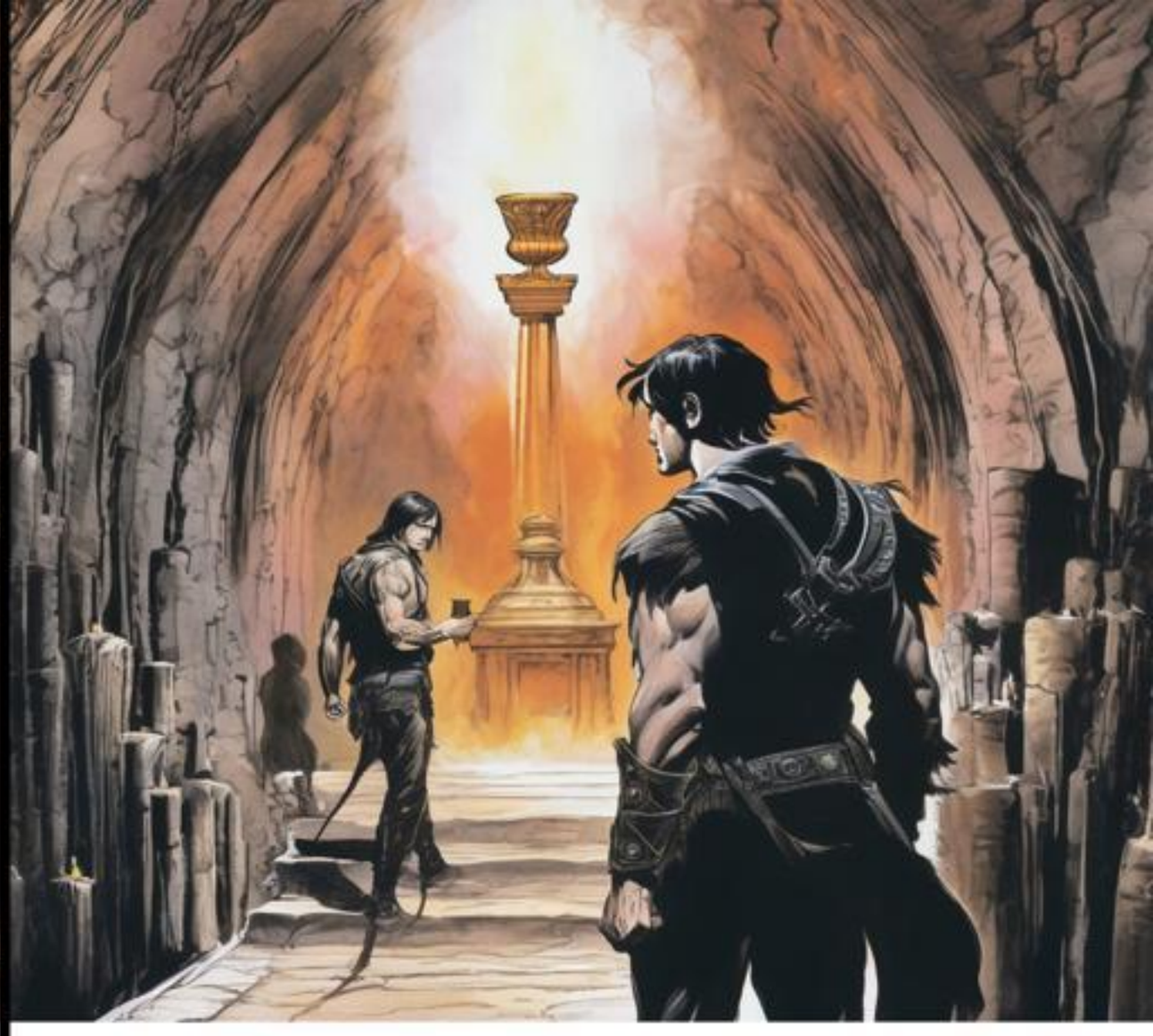
THE LIGHT OF LIFE FADES FROM VICAR TIM'S BLOOD-RED EYES AS DARYL STANDS OVER HIM.

"WE'LL TAKE THIS TREASURE FOR OURSELVES" DARYL DECLARES, AS VICAR TIM'S UNNATURAL RECOVERY LURCHES CLOSER



A WHISPERED PROMISE, A TENDER TOUCH, AND THE WEIGHT OF THEIR VICTORY DISAPPEARS IN THE GENTLE DARKNESS.

"I'VE NEVER SEEN ANYTHING MORE BEAUTIFUL," SYPHILIS WHISPERS, HER EYES LOCKED ON THE CHALICE.



THEIR LOVE SHINES BRIGHTER THAN THE POWER OF THE CHALICE

"SO," SYPHILIS SAYS QUIETLY, "INITIATIVE?"

SYPHILIS: 'HERE, TAKE THIS. IT'LL CALM YOUR NERVES.'

AS HE TRIES TO GO LIKE YOU SAID, I GO FIRST...

SYPHILIS: (GRUNTING) 'ENOUGH!'

SYPHILIS: 'IT'S JUST MY STRENGTH MODIFIER. WE NEED TO MOVE.'