

SCARAB

By

TEAM SCARAB

Date: Feb 06, 2024

Logline: Chased out by society and on the verge of death,
you find yourself in purgatory where you must venture to
the gates of DUAT in pursuit of returning the sun and
restoring magic.

ACM STUDIO
TEAM SCARAB

PROLOGUE

INT. 2D ANIMATION WITH 3D ELEMENTS, WORLD

The camera pans out to an apocalyptic society that is responsible for its own collapse.

NARRATOR(Character voice)

In the beginning, there was only darkness. Out of nothing became the very fabrications of creation; in fragments of light.

The screen which was once black, now showcases a sun rising and exploding into white. We now see a civilization of humans giving thanks to the sun.

NARRATOR

Gifted with elemental magic, our people possessed connection and power with the world.

The screen shows the different magic wielders.

NARRATOR

Marveling at our own triumphs, magic became revered and the makeshift of humanity. But then...the sun became clouded by oblivion.

The screen shows the Caravaneer as a young boy, a dark silhouette, stretching his hand towards the sky, the solar eclipse.

NARRATOR

In foolish vain, a wielder attempted to move the sun, vanquishing it entirely.

The screen goes back to a dim and somber society.

NARRATOR

No wielder could undo it. Society fell into a perpetual collapse. The practice that once connected us with life was banished. Anyone of magic descent was sought after.

Show the Nomad running away from a group of people, shadows on the ground. They are then cornered, and they shoot out magical water from their hand in an attempt to defend themselves. Their right hand(facing us) is cut off.

NARRATOR

As civilization grew further contempt, now surviving solely on human-made technologies, those with magic abilities went into recluse.

Show the Nomad wandering aimlessly in the desert, before collapsing.

NARRATOR

The world became dark once more.

CUT TO:

ACT I

INT. DUAT, UNDERWORLD OF THE DEAD - DAWN -

The NOMAD lies powdered in sienna. Choking up the orange salt, haze for vision, sensation slowly returns to them. They take a few moments to adjust to their surroundings, sheer panic overcoming them as they struggle with the weight of their profound surroundings. Dazed, they drag their limbs across dunes littered in bones and gold, following the sounds of a mechanical whirl from the distance. They approach cautiously, masquerading a portrait of neutrality, though their wandering eyes betray them. Before them is a dung beetle of sorts, rolling what appears to be a ball of dewey sand.

SCARAB

(Humming a tune)

OH! Sorry for intruding! I hope I did not wake you. You are a human, right?

NOMAD

You nod.

SCARAB

Right! Yes, I was thinking maybe a crocodile, but no scales. I am getting better at this! I only ask because humans usually use blankets to sleep, right?

NOMAD

You nod again.

SCARAB

Right!! But, then where is yours? Did you lose it?

NOMAD

You make a so-so gesture.

SCARAB

Do you need help finding it, then? I am quite good at finding things.

NOMAD

You shake your head.

SCARAB

I am SCARAB, by the way. Quite pleased to make your acquaintance!

NOMAD

You shake Scarab's outstretched little leg.

Scarab looks towards some etchings on the wall. There are engravings conveying the rise of the sun, a dung beetle raising it.

SCARAB

Ah, how lucky he is.

NOMAD

"?"

SCARAB

The great Scarab that pushes the sun! Perhaps he's not known amongst humans. Everyday, early in the morning, the great Scarab wakes up and pushes the sun across the sky, like so:

Scarab molds some dewey sand into a ball and rolls it, but it breaks apart.

SCARAB

(sheepishly)

Well, he does it better than that. And I would too! If I...

Scarab looks away, ashamedly.

SCARAB

Well, I think it is an incredible feat. The sun brings life and joy to so many creatures across the world. And he is the one who makes it happen! What could be better than that?

Slowly, you help him create a ball out of wet sand. The bug perks up in delight. Scarab poses next to it, ready to start. The sun continues to rise, and as it does Scarab deliberately pushes the ball, very slowly.

Abruptly, the underworld begins to shake, the ball collapsing. A giant, black dog prowls into the scene.

DOG (ANUBIS)
Growls *Barks*

NOMAD + SCARAB
"! "!"

Nomad and Scarab stumble back.

QAMAAR
-Anubis! Halt!
-Good boy...or girl? Whatever you are!

Anubis halts.

QAMAAR
- "Hm, what do we have here?! Looks like two trespassers to me! What should we do with them?"

ANUBIS
Soft growl

SCARAB
- Please, let us explain!

Qamaar observes Nomad from a distance

QAMAAR
(Under her breath)
- That arm- odd. They must be from-

QAMAAR
- "Hey you! Yeah, you with the arm. That's a nice piece of metal you got there. Wanna tell me how you got it?"

NOMAD
- "..."

QAMAAR

- I mean...that's alright I suppose, I'm a little different myself!

QAMAAR

- But that's not important right now...care to tell me how you got here?

NOMAD

"?"

QAMAAR

- Don't talk much, do ya? Well you better say something, otherwise you and your companion will end up my dog's lunch!"

NOMAD

- "!"

SCARAB

- WAIT! We mean no harm!

QAMAAR

- "HA HA HA! Just pulling your leg!....He doesn't like metal in his food."

NOMAD

"..."

Pause

QAMAAR

- Oh! How rude of me! Let me introduce myself! I'm Qamaar, shaman and spiritual protector of these lands. I maintain the mystic equilibrium here. Welcome to my humble domain.

SCARAB

- Uh- I am Scarab, and this is my friend!

QAMAAR

- You two make quite an intriguing duo, don't you? How'd you get here anyway?

SCARAB

- Well...I was just practicing my daily ritual by the hieroglyphics, and found this human lying unconscious.

QAMAAR

- Hm, I see. Human, you got anything to say?

NOMAD

- *confused emote*

QAMAAR

- How strange. Then again, a lot of strange things happen here.

SCARAB

- Yes but...we want to lift the sun back into the sky and restore the world! Would you happen to know how?

Qamaar stops in her tracks.

QAMAAR

"..."

QAMAAR

- The sun you say? You want to move the sun?

SCARAB

- Y-Yes! Can you help us?

QAMAAR

- *Sigh* There once lived a man who fancied himself a sun-mover, much like you with your own magical powers.

QAMAAR

- I'm talking to you, METAL ARM! (referring to Nomad).

SCARAB

- Wait- How did you know they have powers?-

QAMAAR

- I know a magic user when I see one. And a fervent one, at that.

QAMAAR

- Anywho, this wielder dared to shift the sun, defying its celestial harmony. Disrespecting its sovereignty.

QAMAAR

- Not only did he destroy it, but he unleashed vast collateral consequences upon all that surrounds it, and well...you know the rest-

QAMAAR

- I can't let *anything* like that happen again.

SCARAB

- But we want to restore the balance!

QAMAAR

- Whatever remnants of life you thought you had left will cease to exist! Need I explain more?!

SCARAB

- We can not allow the darkness to persist! We must help them! We must not idly sit here and watch their world suffer!

QAMAAR

- SILENCE! Naïve little bug aren't you?!

NOMAD

- *Sad emote*

Pause

SCARAB

- Naïve? Maybe...but I want to try!

QAMAAR

Sighs My apologies. I just see him in you two.

SCARAB

- Who?

QAMAAR

- "...Doesn't matter. Look, don't do it. Not if you want to salvage what you have left.

SCARAB

- There is not much left to salvage. Up is all we can go from here.

QAMAAR

- *Sigh* Follow me

The trio makes their way towards a wall adorned with inscriptions and ancient paintings. Egyptian-style depictions of a scarab beetle (Khepri) show him raising the sun into the sky.

QAMAAR

- You're familiar with the fall of the sun, but do you know of he who once pushed it?

NOMAD

"?"

close up of wall

QAMAAR

- Khepri, god of the rising sun, gracefully lifted its radiance into the sky with each day beginning anew. He was revered in our inner circle, and his renown extended even to our society—a respected figure, admired by all.
- Symbolizing peace, hope, and resurrection, his departure has left the world bereft of these virtues. May he find eternal rest.

Exit close-up

QAMAAR

- He was a dear friend of mine. If there was anybody that loved Khepri more than society, it was himself. Oh, how annoying he was. I miss the fool...and his hubris.

QAMAAR

- Nonetheless, no being has been able to restore the sun ever since then. And those who try-

NOMAD

- *Nervous emote*

SCARAB

- Yes but...I believe I can do it! WE can do it! You said yourself the human was strong, did you not? They can help us!

QAMAAR

- Do you realize what you're getting yourself into? And now you're pulling this poor human into your mess!

SCARAB

- Yes, their mess is our's. Their world is hurting! What do you say, friend? Want to restore humanity?!

Nomad agrees to join SCARAB.

QAMAAR

- Well then...I can't stop you, can I?

QAMAAR

- If you must persist, you ought to understand how things operate here. Don't be fooled, trouble awaits. Evil is ever rampant in these lands.

NOMAD

- *Nervous emote*

QAMAAR

- One last thing...we must search the temple to retrieve a relic that'll aid you in your journey.

QAMAAR

- Come now, we must hurry.

She brings you to a curved sword.

QAMAAR

- Go ahead and take the sword, Nomad.

As they retrieve the sword, QAMAAR turns to NOMAD and tests them.

QAMAAR

(Speaking to NOMAD)

- You think you can move the sun?! Let's see if you can handle me. Follow my command!

*Gameplay instructions depicted on screen while *

* Qamaar summons spirits to fight you, and can duplicate clones of herself through incense.

NOMAD wins

QAMAAR

- Not bad mortal. I knew you had the spark.

SCARAB

- That was amazing!

QAMAAR

- Don't get too carried away, there's more where that came from, and not as friendly.

SCARAB

- Where shall we go to lift the sun?

QAMAAR

- Travel to the far reaches of this land until you find the towering twin gates. There, you shall weigh your heart on the scale. Should it prove lighter than a feather, you shall proceed. Should it weigh heavier, you shall not.

NOMAD

- *Nervous emote*

QAMAAR

- Trekking across this terrain is no easy feat. Head to the bazaar north of here and you'll find a caravaneer who can guide you to your next stop.

SCARAB

- You are not coming? Why not guide us?

QAMAAR

- I'm afraid I can't join you. I'm shackled to this temple for eternity and can't leave.

SCARAB

- How come?!

QAMAAR

- That's a tale for another time. That caravaneer you'll meet...he's a complicated one. Thoughtful, yet...complicated. Seek to grasp his nature.

QAMAAR

- Oh, and tell him Qamaar says hi.

SCARAB

- Will do. Thank you, Qamaar!

NOMAD

- *Happy emote*

QAMAAR

- So long, peculiar ones. I wish you well on your journey and bid you success on your venture. May your realm be renewed, may sunlight pierce the gloomiest of days, and may humanity thrive once more!

The two head to the bazaar, beginning Act II

ACT II

In the middle of the Bazaar, you find a large Caravan

IF YOU CLICK ON THE CARAVAN ->

- A small shock runs through your body. You feel the desire to move

Inside the temple is where you first find the Caravaneer. He's praying.

IF YOU CLICK ON THE CARAVANEER->
CARAVANEER

- . . .

IF YOU CLICK ON THE CARAVANEER AGAIN->
CARAVANEER

-

IF YOU CLICK ON THE CARAVANEER AGAIN ->
CARAVANEER

- Hey kid! Can't a guy pray in peace? Don't you know temples are silent?

IF YOU CLICK ON THE CARAVANEER AGAIN->

CARAVANEER

- Okay. How about this? You leave me alone, and then you get the pleasure of not having to interact with me.

IF YOU CLICK ON THE CARAVANEER AGAIN
CARAVANEER

- Fine!! What do you want??

SCARAB

- Qamaar sent us to find you.

CARAVANEER

- Don't you DARE lie to me. Not in this place.

SCARAB

- It's true! We even met her dog, Anubis!

CARAVANEER

- Funny. And tell me. How did a weak little... nomad like you get into her place? No normal people are- Hold on. My magic-dar has been off ever since my powers were stripped. You're a wielder, aren't you?

NOMAD

- Gives an emote of agreement

CARAVANEER

- Well, why didn't you say so?!? I'm certain you did see Qamaar, then. She knows how to find the best wielders. That's why you're here, isn't it? I've heard what they're doing to people like you on the surface.

Long pause

CARAVANEER

- Well, I'm glad to know Qamaar is still hiring. But why are you bothering me?

SCARAB

- We need help learning how to push the sun.

CARAVANEER

- Nope.

IF YOU CLICK ON CARAVANEER AGAIN->

CARAVANEER

- Look. I'm not a man with many regrets. But take it from me. Take this idea you have, and crush it. I'm done with this conversation.

The Caravaneer leaves, leaving you alone in the temple.
The next time you find him, he'll be in the coffee shop.

IF YOU CLICK ON CARAVANEER->

CARAVANEER

- Can't even get a coffee in peace, can I? Look, it's good that you got a bid from Qamaar. But she's not omniscient. She makes mistakes when she chooses magicians. Humans can't push the sun. Leave it there.

SCARAB

- But, it will not be them pushing the sun. It will be me.

CARAVANEER

- . . .

BARISTA

- One ghost style coffee for... Caravaneer.

CARAVANEER

- Come find me again

The Caravaneer takes his coffee and leaves. When you find him again next, it's in the bookstore.

IF YOU CLICK ON CARAVANEER->

CARAVANEER

- I've always hated this place. Read one book, and everything's clearer. Read ten books, and you're back in the dark. Read a hundred books? Try going outside for a change.

SCARAB

- Very wise words, Caravaneer.

CARAVANEER

- Don't flatter me. I've been called many things, most of them true, and wise is not one of them. But let's get down to business. If you want to learn to push the sun, you're going to need to read this book.

He hands you "The Book of the Dead". The bookstore owner comes over to you.

HYPERACTIVE GHOST

- GREAT choice for a book. Not many people who come through here want that book anymore. Lost their faith in magic, that's what I say! But, unfortunately, that's a PRISTINE copy of the book. Well, fortunate AND unfortunate. Fortunate because it's excellent, unfortunate because IT COSTS A TON!! So, let's talk-

CARAVANEER

(Cutting him off)

- How about this. I'll cut you a deal! You give me that book, and I don't tell my bosses what you're doing here. Sounds good?

HYPERACTIVE GHOST

- take it

He hands Caravaneer the book and then leaves.

CARAVANEER

- Gotta say, a big perk of eternal imprisonment is that everyone wets their pants at the thought of being put in a similar situation to me. Gives me a lot of leverage.

SCARAB

- You are imprisoned?

CARAVANEER

- No, I eternally run this caravan because I love the work. Of course I'm imprisoned. I really only still exist because of Qamaar's influence. Some days, I curse her for it. This job... it grinds a person down. On the worst days, I can't even remember why I exist. I just know I have to keep existing... keep working..."

Long pause

CARAVANEER

- Most days, though, I get through it. I used to believe that if I put in the work for penance, there was a chance I could be forgiven. But now, I know I'll never be free of this punishment. Maybe one day, people will look at me working and decide the world has been made right... but I'm not sure if I'll make it to that day.
- But enough about me. Read that book, and find me again.

He leaves. The book gets added to your inventory.

IF YOU CLICK ON THE BOOK IN YOUR INVENTORY->

- You and Scarab are infused with ancient knowledge

After this, The Caravaneer can be found in the flower shop, looking at the bed of lotuses.

IF YOU CLICK ON CARAVANEER->

CARAVANEER

- even the lotuses... the reality i created is punishment enough. oh, Khepri, I hope you've found solace-

- Oh! I didn't see you there. So, you read the book? Big deal, lots of people have read this book. This will be the real test.

The Caravaneer takes a flower out of the water. It wilts in his touch.

CARAVANEER

- Okay, Scarab. Take a deep breath. Now, I want you to imagine the warmth of the sun within your small body. When you breathe out, share that light with this lotus.

The lotus opens, revealing a gorgeous blue and white flower.

CARAVANEER

- . . .
-
- shit.
- i wasn't expecting that to actually work.

SCARAB

- What does it mean?

CARAVANEER

- they shouldn't be able to bloom right now-

Sounds of shouting are heard from outside.

CARAVANEER

- Again? Wait here, kid. I have to handle something.

He runs out the door, leaving you and Scarab in the lotus shop.

if you go outside ->

There's a group protesting outside of the caravan. Picket signs and everything.

PROTESTOR GHOST

- We cannot be any more clear! Harsher punishment for Caravaneer! We're upset and we can't lie! This Caravaneer has got to die!

CARAVANEER

- Another protest, you guys? But the last one was so successful.

PROTESTOR GHOST

- Don't be facetious. Sure, our last protest wasn't successful. But that doesn't change the fact that what was done was an affront to nature herself! I cannot stand for that.

CARAVANEER

- I feel like... you're upset about the sun.

PROTESTOR GHOST

- Are you serious?? YES I'm upset about the sun! We're ALL upset about the sun.

CARAVANEER

- I'm confused, though.

PROTESTOR GHOST

- We believe your punishment was far too light to befit your crime. We're about justice, and we're making the world right!

CARAVANEER

- Ohhhh, I get it. You want to make the world right.

PROTESTOR GHOST

- Obviously!

CARAVANEER

- So this protest will bring the sun back?

PROTESTOR GHOST

- Well, of course not. But we can give the sun the justice she deserves.

CARAVANEER

- Ohhhhhhh. So you *don't* know how to bring the sun back?

PROTESTOR GHOST

- Obviously-

CARAVANEER

- Well I *do* know how to bring the sun back.

PROTESTOR GHOST

- Right! And that's what-

CARAVANEER

- I'm the *only* one left who knows how. And do you know what would happen if I died?

PROTESTOR GHOST

- Justice would be served.

CARAVANEER

- Maybe! But I know one thing for certain. No one. Not a soul. Would ever be able to move the sun again. So while you're bitching, I'm making sure my knowledge lives on. So that one day, the world can be made right. So don't tell me about justice.

PROTESTOR GHOST

- How DARE you talk to me like that!! You! A criminal! I didn't want to resort to this, but you give me no choice!

CARAVANEER

- What are you going to do? Hit me? I'm immortal. As long as I have to serve, death can't release me.

PROTESTOR GHOST

- Grab him.

Caravaneer gets grabbed by several ghosts.

PROTESTOR GHOST

- A shame your magic was taken away. You used to be formidable. You're chained to serve? How about I break those chains.

He produces a fire, and proceeds towards the Caravan.

CARAVANEER

- You'll halt the entire underground!

PROTESTOR GHOST

- Maybe. But you'll finally be dead. If you can't work, then you're as mortal as the rest of us.

SCARAB

- This is looking bad, Nomad. Should we fight them off before they can light the Caravan on fire?

YES or NO

if YES ->

SCARAB

- Okay. How does one start a fight? HEY! Uh, NERD!

PROTESTOR GHOST

- Do you mean me??? You're DEAD MEAT!!

The ghosts attacking the Caravan begin attacking you. After you defeat them, the Caravaneer walks up to you.

CARAVANEER

- . . .
- Thanks, kid.

if NO ->

SCARAB

- I guess Caravaneer told us to wait. I'm sure he has got it handled.

The Caravaneer breaks free of the people holding him, and proceeds to beat them all up. Then he walks over to you.

CARAVANEER

- Idiot protestors. You'd think they'd learn, don't mess with me.

CONTINUE NO MATTER WHICH CHOICE ABOVE YOU MADE

CARAVANEER

- So how much did you hear?

SCARAB

- . . . all of it?

CARAVANEER

- Well, then you know why Qamaar sent you to me. Yes, I can teach you how to move the sun. The knowledge has been burning away at me. I think it hates to be held by a human.

SCARAB

- So when can I learn?

CARAVANEER

- So eager. Well, I can't transfer the knowledge here, there's too little magic. I'll have to take you to a spot known only to the wayward. It is where I take my Caravan when it needs to regrow or recharge.

SCARAB

- Is it far from here?

CARAVANEER

- I forget you're new here. Distance is for those above. I can take you there. That's all you need to know. When you're ready, I'll be here.

The Bazaar itself has several places you can go into. These include a BOOKSTORE, a FLOWER SHOP, a TEMPLE, a CAFE...

If you walk into the BOOKSTORE, you're met with the HYPERACTIVE BOOKKEEPER

HYPERACTIVE BOOKKEEPER

- HEY!! Hi. WOO! Sorry. Just a GOOD DAY, you know??!! SO!! What brings you to the bookstore today, huh? Want some books? MAN, there's a lot of books here.

SCARAB

- But... Why are there so many books here?

HYPERACTIVE BOOKKEEPER

- Most people, they come here with their favorite book. But they don't want to read that again! They've already read it! So they give it to me!

SCARAB

- They just give you their book? What do they get out of it!

HYPERACTIVE BOOKKEEPER

- Less reminders, I guess! Plus, sometimes I let them take a different book with them. It depends!

SCARAB

- On what?

HYPERACTIVE BOOKKEEPER

- nothing.

if you click on the BOOKKEEPER again ->
HYPERACTIVE BOOKKEEPER

- GUESS WHAT?!!?

SCARAB

- AHH!! What??!!

HYPERACTIVE BOOKKEEPER

- I like your... feel. Let's say you take ONE free book. Hmmm. No. ONE free PAGE of a book. What do you think of that?

YES OR NO

if yes ->
HYPERACTIVE BOOKKEEPER

- Here you go!
You receive a PDF of a page of a book (idk the book yet)

if you click on him again->
HYPERACTIVE BOOKKEEPER

- You're so lucky to have met me.

if no ->
HYPERACTIVE BOOKKEEPER

- Aw. Okay. Well. Then I'm REVOKING MY OFFER!! That's right. You get NOTHING now. Enjoy your NOTHING.

if you click on him again->
HYPERACTIVE BOOKKEEPER

- What are you reading? Oh, I bet it's NOTHING!

If you walk into the FLOWER SHOP, you are greeted with several tanks filled with water and plants. There is also a sign.

- if you click on the sign ->
- Shop owner is out. Flowers aren't blooming right now. Feel free to take one.

TAKE ONE or LEAVE IT

- if TAKE ONE ->
- You take a flower bud. It's damp

- if LEAVE IT ->
- You don't take a flower

- if you click on a tub ->
- All of the lotuses are underwater

If you walk into the TEMPLE, there is an old priest with some golden treasure around him. There is also the Caravaneer praying in the corner.

if you click on the priest ->

PRIEST

- Hello?? Who's there? I'm just a blind old man... I sure hope no one takes my bunch of gold and cool treasure...

TAKE or DONT TAKE

if TAKE ->

- Really? You're just going to take from an old man?
- YES OR NO

if YES ->

- This is literally a blind old man. And you want to take his stuff. What would you even do with it?

IT DOESNT MATTER I WANT HIS STUFF or DONT TAKE HIS STUFF

if IT DOESNT MATTER I WANT HIS STUFF ->

- You take his stuff. He doesn't do anything because he's blind

SCARAB

- It is getting hard to keep justifying your actions, Nomad.

if you click on the priest ->

PRIEST

- . . .

if DONT TAKE HIS STUFF ->

PRIEST

- I sense you were hesitating about taking my stuff. I'm glad you didn't, but still. Come on. Well, anyways -> into dialogue of DONT TAKE

if NO ->

- Good job. After a bit of consideration, you decide not to steal from a blind old man. -> into dialogue of DONT TAKE

if DONT TAKE ->

PRIEST

- You passed my test! It's a simple one, sure, but you'd be surprised the kind of people who will come through here. If you can't resist taking my stuff, you're probably not worth the waste of breath to talk to!

SCARAB

- Are you the priest here?

PRIEST

- Indeed I am, my small friend.

SCARAB

- And you are blind?

PRIEST

- Blind in some ways, to be sure. But I see plenty. I see why you two are here. And I see that what you seek is... closer than you might think. Now, what may I do for you?

TALK or PRAY

if TALK ->

PRIEST

- I sense the energy of Qamaar's temple on you. This temple here is dingy by comparison.

SCARAB

- I know you cannot see, but this temple is actually much nicer than Qamaar's.

PRIEST

- In quality of stone, perhaps. But a temple's grandiosity is brought by the power and faith of those who reside in it. Qamaar provides an ocean of power, and it floods her temple. But the Bazaar is a place of travel and movement, and our magic is only supplied by those who pass through here. People like you. And people like him.

if PRAY ->

- You kneel down and pray.
- . . .
- Your prayers are cast into the world around you.

If you walk into the CAFE, you're met with several ghosts who are drinking coffee. Additionally, there is a barista who's at the register.

if you click on CAFE GHOST #1 ->
CAFE GHOST #1

- Hey. Have you tried the ghost style coffee? It's divine.

if you click on CAFE GHOST #1 again ->
CAFE GHOST #1

- Notes of cinnamon and vanilla. And ghost. Mmmmmmm....

if you click on CAFE GHOST #2 ->
CAFE GHOST #2

- 7 deben??!! Ghost inflation really hit us hard.

if you click on CAFE GHOST #2 again ->
CAFE GHOST #2

- Ghost inflation... You probably shouldn't look that up.

if you click on CAFE GHOST #3 ->
CAFE GHOST #3

- I'll never be able to afford anything here, but it smells so good. I just like to hang out in here.

if you click on CAFE GHOST #3 again ->
CAFE GHOST #3

- Where do they get the coffee from? Do they grow it? This place is weird.

if you click on THE BARISTA
THE BARISTA

- Hey... What do you... want?

COFFEE, WATER, or ADVICE

if you choose COFFEE
THE BARISTA

- Okay... One coffee served ghost style. That'll be seven deben.

SCARAB

- Oh, we do not have any deben.

THE BARISTA

- Oh. Just another plebian who can't afford our coffee... I should've guessed.

if you choose WATER
THE BARISTA

- Okay... we don't have cups for people who just order water, though... so just hold out your hands.

- You hold out your hands, and she pours water on them.

THE BARISTA

- Enjoy...

if you pick ADVICE

- Honestly, no one asks me that... My advice to you would be to keep an eye out for the guy who runs the bookstore... he has too much energy. I don't trust him.

END OF BAZAAR SCENE

CAMPSITE SCENE + BATTLE WITH CARAVANEER

MONTAGE

The pair merges with the caravan aboard his procession of camels. Individuals from various backgrounds fill this caravan, each seeking to embark on a fresh chapter in their lives.

The montage includes frames of the desert at sunset, the group altogether, our two star characters, and the Caravaneer leading his pack with a pensive expression on his face. We see a man with the weight of the world-, or rather, the weight of the sun on his shoulders. What could be on his mind?

FADE OUT:

FADE IN :

As night falls, the group acclimates around a quaint yet cozy campsite, on the brink of exhaustion. The surrounding darkness is illuminated solely by the flickering glow of the campfire, casting a warm radiance over the surroundings. The Caravaneer makes an announcement.

CARAVANEER

- Alright everyone! Make yourselves at home. We leave at dawn, so get a full night's rest. Oversleep and you're getting left behind with the desert gerbils.

CARAVANEER (cont'd)

- Bathroom's over there next to that palm tree. And don't hound me about toilet paper. Should've thought about that before you came...
- Anyhow, sleep well my friends.

FADE OUT:

The screen stays black for a bit, mimicking the deep slumber of the travelers. A strange sound is heard, but the screen still remains black. No one hears the noise, except for a little bug that's struggling to stay asleep.

SCARAB

Hrmm? What is that...sound?

SCARAB(cont'd)

GASP What is he?!-

SCARAB

NOMAD, WAKE UP. WAKE UP NOW.

IT'S THE CARAVANEER- HE IS
HURTING PEOPLE.

NOMAD jolts up out of their sleep. They're disoriented but quickly tries to compartmentalize what they're witnessing.

The strange sound is revealed to be bodies hitting the sand, their hearts brutally torn from their chests. The Caravaneer is stealing the travelers' hearts. But why? How could he?

NOMAD

"!!!"

SCARAB

(horrified and panicking)

WHAT ARE YOU DOING!?

CARAVANEER

Sigh I- You were never meant to see this side of me.
It's just something I have to do-

SCARAB

HOW COULD YOU DO THIS? THEY- *WE* TRUSTED YOU! HOW COULD
YOU JUSTIFY SUCH CRUELTY?

CARAVANEER

You don't understand. I never wanted any of this. But
on this land, it changes a person. It takes and it
takes until there's nothing left but dullness and
survival.

CARAVANEER (cont'd)

Look kid, I've seen good people perish in these sands,
swallowed by the unforgiving landscape. I thought...I
thought if I could gather enough hearts, I could
bargain with the gods and escape my suffering. This
eternal punishment thing isn't for me.

SCARAB

- And so you make others suffer with you? They entrusted
you with their lives!

CARAVANEER

- Yes..I know, but-

SCARAB

- But what? That does not justify betraying them!

CARAVANEER

- LISTEN! YOU HAVEN'T THE SLIGHTEST IDEA OF WHAT I'VE
ENDURED THESE PAST FIFTY DECADES. THE AGONY, TORMENT,
AND THE LONELINESS THAT ECHOES THROUGH EVERY MOMENT OF
MY EXISTENCE. ALL BECAUSE OF MY YOUNG AND FOOLISH
PAST.

NOMAD

- "?"

SCARAB

- Your past you say?!

CARAVANEER

- YES! I ONLY WANTED TO HELP! I DIDN'T MEAN FOR DESTRUCTION.

CARAVANEER

- The destruction of the sun! The fall of Khepri! IT WAS ME! IT WAS ALL ME!

- I was just a naïve magic wielder thinking that humanity needed my help. How foolish I was to interfere with the natural order. A god of all beings!

- Now others must bear the burden of my mistake. I've hurt so many. I killed Khepri, shackled Qamaar, RUINED HUMANITY!

SCARAB

- Qamaar?...That was your doing?

CARAVANEER

- Qamaar...a beautiful soul. She taught me everything I know, molded me into who I was and took me in despite my past. She was labeled as an accomplice and imprisoned within the temple. Guilty by association.

- And so I live every day with regret. Can't even bring myself to face her.

- Now here I am, stuck in a soul-sucking cycle with the only escape being the theft of other hearts.

SCARAB

- No, it does not have to be! You can change your ways and help us restore the world. The sun will return to its cycle and help us begin anew!

CARAVANEER

- Afraid not. Things don't work that way here. The land of redemption? Pfff, what a hoax.
- Your comfort is at the expense of someone else's. The expense of mine! The expense of Qamaar's and the rest of us complicated people!

CARAVANEER

- Choosing to help others...what a privilege that must be.
- I would love to return to that life, but I'm cornered. My only purpose is to live days like this over and over, but I can't keep letting that happen! I can't keep hurting people either!
- So please, just take my life. Let this be one punishment that brings everyone, including myself, content.

NOMAD

- *emote of refusal* "!!!"

SCARAB

- No! We refuse! Please just join us! This isn't the answer to freedom!

CARAVANEER

- YOU DON'T KNOW FREEDOM TILL YOU'VE BEEN STRIPPED OF IT!

CARAVANEER

- PLEASE KILL ME, I BEG OF YOU. I CAN NO LONGER ENDURE IT. RELEASE ME!

SCARAB

- WE WILL NOT ALLOW IT. KHEPRI WOULD NOT WANT THIS!

CARAVANEER

- I see, you leave me with no choice!

CARAVANEER prepares for battle, channeling his powers and trapping NOMAD and SCARAB in the arena of the campsite. He engages them in an intense battle with his sand-based abilities.

GOOD ENDING - IF YOU CHOOSE TO SPARE CARAVANEER

SCARAB

- ENOUGH! SURRENDER NOW CARAVANEER!

The Caravaneer kneels in defeat, both physically and mentally exhausted. An intense feeling of melancholy and disillusion overtakes him.

CARAVANEER

- Why do you spare me...

SCARAB

- Because, it is not the answer! You are misunderstood, Caravaneer. A good spirit lives deep within you. Qamaar speaks highly of you. This isn't your place, and I agree, how ironic it is to deny you freedom in the proclaimed land of redemption.!
- However, do not succumb to the torment. You are becoming what you never were. What you were accused of

being! Give these people their hearts back and come with us for a second chance.

CARAVANEER

- And what happens to me once I help you, huh? I just return to my depressing life?

SCARAB

- I cannot answer for the future, but you may find your solace in helping others. This was your initial goal in life, correct? This is why you moved the sun. You only wanted to help?

CARAVANEER

- *Sigh* Yes, that's correct. I've spent my life pleading for a second chance. That's the only guarantee I want.

SCARAB

- I think it is at least worth trying! Help us restore the sun and your curse may be broken!

SCARAB

- We cannot change what's already been done, but we can choose how we move forward from here. That is what it means to redeem.

CARAVANEER

- You're right. I'll return what I've taken, and I'll face whatever consequences come my way. It's the least I can do to make amends.

With a heavy heart, the Caravaneer begins to place the stolen hearts back into the lifeless bodies of the travelers. Each heartbeat is restored.

He makes a wrenching announcement.

CARAVANEER

- Everyone- I'm...sorry. I am *so sorry* for what I've done.
- I did an awful thing. I have betrayed your trust, and for that, I'm deeply sorry. I've taken the most vulnerable thing from you, and I understand if you never forgive me.
- But please, let me make things right. That's all I ask.

The travelers reluctantly nod.

CARAVANEER

- Please, allow me to continue our journey to the gates and bring you closer to your new lives. Let's aid our heroes in their revival of the sun!

NOMAD grins.

SCARAB says one final thing to CARAVANEER before their departure.

SCARAB

- Qamaar and Khepri would be proud, Caravaneer. You are not alone.

The three exchange smiles

Include one frame of the caravan venturing back into the desert as the sun rises (make sun red?)

As the caravan sets back out into the vast desert, the Caravaneer carries with him a newfound sense of purpose—a determination to right the wrongs of his past and to walk a path lined with the potential of forgiveness and redemption.

BAD ENDING - IF YOU DEFEAT CARAVANEER

Caravaneer is defeated. Nomad and Scarab are lethargic from battle. It's not the ending they hoped for, but a choice they feel had to be made. Caravaneer has one final message before he meets death. The overall tone is pensive.

CARAVANEER
(IN PAIN)

- I'm not as young as I used to be. You put up a good fight, Nomad.

SCARAB

- PLEASE! Let us help you! There is still time!-

CARAVANEER

- 'Fraid not little bug. This is my fate. This is what happens to bad people.

SCARAB
(tearfully)

- Then why is it happening to you?

CARAVANEER
(IN PAIN)

- *Cough* Ha ha. Do not weep for me young ones. My end is a release...from a life that as been nothing but bad choices. And a release for humanity...from selfish decisions that were never your's to bear. It's only fair that I go.
- Eternal punishment—that was awful, yes. But the deceit, the theft, the pain I inflicted on you all...that is burden far more painful to carry.
- My regret each day isn't for the punishment I've brought upon myself, but for pulling you all into this

nightmare with me. And for that, I am deeply sorry. I don't wish my suffering upon any being.

NOMAD and SCARAB are emotional and teary eyed.

SCARAB
(TEARY)

- Is there redemption in the afterlife?

CARAVANEER

- I hope so! I'm not dying for nothin! Ha ha!

CARAVANEER

- Khepri would be so proud of you two. I'll tell him all about it once I join him in the stars. Well...that's if he forgives me.

SCARAB

- May your spirit find the peace it longed for, Caravaneer.

CARAVANEER
(LAST BREATH)

- May you be the ones to lift the sun back into the sky, Nomad and Scar-

Caravaneer dies.

SCARAB

- *Sigh* He's gone. If only- *pause*

SCARAB

- *Inhales* We will honor him in our journey. But first, let's restore everyone's hearts.

Nomad and Scarab take the hearts left behind by the Caravaneer and reinsert them back into everyone's bodies.

The two set back out into the desert, feeling defeated. Morale is low, but a much bigger and brighter triumph awaits them at the gates.

END OF CAMPSITE

AFTER YOU DEFEAT your own body?

SCARAB

- ...

- ...

- What the fuck just happened?

- Oh! Please pardon my language. But seriously! That looked like you, Nomad! But it just felt so wrong! And it spoke!

CARAVANEER

- Do you mind if I explain?

SCARAB

- You! What are you doing here?

CARAVANEER

- After I met you, Nomad, I found my interest piqued. I have seen much in my day, but I needed to know more about you. My caravan allows me occasional forays into your old world. So I visited your village. While I was there, I listened to the townspeople speak of the last child of magic. A loving child, who wanted happiness for everyone around them. One who was cast out in fear of the power they would hold if they explored themselves. Explored their history. Then, I heard them weep for the child they killed in ignorance, simply because they could not change who they were. They weep for you, Nomad.

SCARAB

- Nomad, I'm sorry I didn't tell you earlier. I thought maybe the attacking spirits and wacky characters you were meeting would have tipped you off, but... you're dead. You have been since we first met. I should've told you. It's just, whenever people learn, they don't care about me anymore. They have bigger problems. And then they move on, going to the afterlife, and leaving me alone. I thought, if you didn't know, then maybe you'd stick around a bit longer.

GOOD ENDING

if GOOD ENDING (CARAVANEER AND QAMAAR ARE ALIVE)

CARAVANEER

- Well, hold on. Things aren't quite that simple. You see, Nomad was quite dead. But that demon you just fought, it was possessing your physical body. And, because you're a good person, Nomad, instead of attacking it, you filled it with your healing magic. I do believe that if you wanted to, you could reinhabit your body.

SCARAB

- Would that mean Nomad goes back to their old life?

CARAVANEER

- I'm afraid so. The same life that led them to get abandoned in the desert. Maybe the world is ready to accept magicians again. Or, maybe you'll spend your life being hated. I can tell you for certain, though, that without you, the living world will never have magic again. But, perhaps they do not deserve it. What do you think, Nomad?

CARAVANEER

- You're accepting a great burden, Nomad. Placing yourself back with those who hate you so magic will survive. But maybe one day, people will look at you fixing the world and decide magicians are the best of us. And then, the world will be made right. I know it will.

He turns to leave

CARAVANEER

- Just click on your body when you want to return. And I better not see you back here for a long time, Nomad. But when you do come back, I'll be here, waiting to greet my dear friend.

He leaves.

SCARAB

- *Sniff.* I didn't even know beetles had tear ducts. I guess we're parting too, Nomad. I'm not totally sure what to say... I'm sorry that-

You embrace Scarab. You feel their little legs wrap hesitantly around you.

SCARAB

- Can you forgive me?

You nod.

SCARAB

- You've given me more than you'll ever know, Nomad. I guess, if everything goes well, we'll never meet

again. BUT! If everything goes well, then every morning, you can just look up, and I'll be right there! You can say hi!

Pause

SCARAB

- Nomad? I'm embarrassed to say this, but I'm kind of scared. I've wanted this my whole life, but now it's here. What if I'm not good enough?

You gesture out to the world behind you.

SCARAB

- Look at how far we've come!

You nod

SCARAB

- Will we still be friends, even if I'm not good enough?

You give a big nod.

SCARAB

- Okay. Okay! Yeah! I can do this! Here goes nothing!

Scarab passes through the gates. Nothing happens. You are now able to control your character again. You touch your body. Ending scene: It's Nomad standing in front of a village. The sun is beginning to rise. The two of you sit at the top of the mountain, where light begins to spill over the land. The Scarab reaches their arms towards the sky, lifting the sun as it rises over the mountain.

if NEUTRAL ENDING (QAMAAR IS DEAD)

CARAVANEER

- Now that you know, there's really only one thing to do. Do you feel okay passing on?

You nod

CARAVANEER

- You've been put through far more than anyone could have ever asked of you. You certainly deserve to rest. All you have to do is pass through those gates there. Whenever you're ready.

He turns to leave.

CARAVANEER

-

He leaves.

SCARAB

- Nomad? I'm sorry I dragged you along with all of this. If I had just told you from the start, then you wouldn't be so exhausted, and-

You embrace Scarab. You feel their little legs hesitantly wrap around you.

SCARAB

- Thank you so much for taking this adventure with me.

You release Scarab.

SCARAB

- Nomad? I'm embarrassed to say this, but I'm kind of scared. I've wanted this my whole life, but now it's here. What if I'm not good enough?

You gesture out to the world behind you.

SCARAB

- Look at how far we've come!

You nod

SCARAB

- Can we walk through the gates together? I think I'd be a lot less scared that way.

You give a big nod.

SCARAB

- Okay! Then I'm ready! Are you?

You nod one last time.

Hand in hand, you walk with Scarab through the gates. End scene. Ending scene: It's a village, with the sun rising. Nomad is not there.

NEUTRAL ENDING (CARAVANEER IS DEAD)

BAD ENDING (QAMAAR AND CARAVANEER ARE DEAD)

DIALOGUE

You weigh your heart on the scale...

A second passes.

DIALOGUE

But nothing happens.

SCARAB
(unsurprised)
It...did not work.

SCARAB (cont'd)
...

SCARAB (cont'd)
Well, it was worth a shot, huh?

SCARAB (cont'd)
...
SCARAB (cont'd)
(sheepishly)
Maybe we can try knocking?

SCARAB (cont'd)
...
SCARAB (cont'd)
Hey, Nomad, you seem rather calm. Are you ok?

Nomad, outside of player control, steps towards Scarab.

SCARAB (cont'd)
N-nomad?
- proceed / halt

Nomad continues to near.

SCARAB (cont'd)
(unnerved)
Is this a warm embrace?

Nomad stands in front of Scarab.

SCARAB (cont'd)
I do not understand. We tried our best.
- proceed / halt

SCARAB (cont'd)
Oh. I see now. So there is still a way.
-proceed / halt

SCARAB (cont'd)
Well, if it helps you accomplish your dreams.
- proceed / halt

Nomad picks up Scarab.

SCARAB

I would be more than happy to help you.

SCARAB (cont'd)

Hey, Nomad. The sun...it feels warm, does it not—

Nomad crushes Scarab in their hands. They put their microchip heart on the scale. The Scale wavers, and the doors open. You walk out of DUAT. The world is gray and dreary without a single soul or inhabitant but your own. A static sound grows louder, in a sunless, apocalyptic dune. The Nomad stops at a mass grave of broken buildings and stone. They turn around and face the screen, their face entirely shrouded in gray, the screen glitching and flickering, with an opaque eye. The camera zooms in on them before cutting to black.

THE END