**Cutscene I**

**Characters:**

**Stranger**

**Hermit**

*A Sweeping View of the map is shown (2D image),the camera sweeps over the map, and as it passes each zone, voices of the inhabitants of the zone, and sounds of battles and other noises eerily chime in to a chorus, until they fade away as the camera zooms all the way onto the part of the map with the hermit’s hut, then suddenly pulls back to a map on the ground, which is then blown away by the wind. The camera pans up to the Hermit’s hut, which is near the ground where the map was.*

*Inside the Hut, the Hermit cheerfully plays chess with himself.*

HERMIT

You must think I’d cave in to your threats! Castle and I will be safe? Heh, Heh, Heh! I’m not falling for that one. You can’t trust anyone! Those pawns always have wanted to be queen, and they’re only seven squares away from fame and fortune-

*He Notices something out the window, goes to it.*

HERMIT

What in the name of King Harold’s blue breeches…

*Framed by the sunset, a silhouette approaches. The Hermit grabs his old, rusty crossbow from the wall, and goes out of the house.*

HERMIT

Who are you? What’re you doin’ on my land?

*The figure silently keeps approaching.*

I was once a king’s archer! Don’t come any nearer, or I’ll shoot!

STRANGER

The brave know what it is to fear. The cowardly deny it. He who fears knows what direction the wind will take him. So loose your arrow, Mathis, and see who it’ll hit.

HERMIT

That’s not my name! I warned you, ya’ kook!

*Fires crossbow. Misses by a mile. Embarrassed, he swiftly tires to reload, fires again. Again he misses. Stranger draws his sword (a broken stub), and swings it in a wide arc to behead the Hermit. Obviously, he is to delirious to realize his sword isn’t as long as he remembers it is. It passes harmlessly off to the side, and slips out of his grip. He continues to charge the Hermit, who raises his crossbow to hit him. However, before he can reach him, the Stranger collapses from exhaustion.*

*Cut to the hermit Dragging the stranger inside.*

HERMIT

I should have listened to Jory. “Don’t become a Hermit,” he said, “The only people you run into are those half-mad northeasterners[sea-islanders or triple-river-city northerners] who wash up on the beach, drunk from a pint of schnapps, and jump of the cliff, all at the same time,” I thought he was joking…