Crown of the Naga Wyrm

Synopsis:

In the drought-stricken land of Asvarra, young apprentice Waterspeaker **Aira** discovers that the sacred *Crown of Scales*—the relic that once bound humans and ancient wyrms in harmony—has mysteriously vanished. As her mentor lies dying and the rains fail, Aira embarks on a perilous journey into the forbidden Underdepths, accompanied by her skeptical but loyal friend **Teyil**.

Guided by wyrm-song, fractured memories, and prophetic echoes of her future self, Aira uncovers a brewing rebellion led by the **Fangless One**—a wyrm-kin exile who seeks to reclaim wyrm dominion over a world that betrayed them. Facing trials of memory, choice, and sacrifice, Aira must confront ancient truths and decide whether to restore the pact, destroy the crown, or forge a new path forward.

As storms awaken and the wyrms stir from slumber, Aira's decisions will determine not only the fate of her village—but the balance between two worlds.

Scene 1: "The Silence of Rain"

[Opening Narrative – Voiceover or Text]

"Before the rivers dried and the sky turned away, the Wyrms whispered beneath the roots. But now, silence speaks loudest."

[EXT – HILLS ABOVE SIHTRA – DUSK]

Aira kneels by a dry creek bed, her clay jar empty. Crickets chirp in the hushed evening.

Aira (softly)

"Three days... not a drop. Even the moss is dying."

She stands, gazing down at the sunbaked village below. Wind stirs dust over cracked terraces.

[INT - WATERSPEAKER'S HUT]

Eruan lies motionless on his mat. Aira enters swiftly, kneels beside him.

Aira

"Master Eruan! I went to the hills. The stream's gone. I—"

Eruan (weakly)

"Shhh... Listen, child... not with your ears..."

Aira leans closer. His lips tremble.

Eruan

"The crown... the Crown of Scales... it is no longer with us."

Aira (stunned)

"But that's... locked in the temple! Guarded!"

Eruan (gasping)

"Gone. The pact... cracking. The wyrms sleep deep... too deep." His grip tightens on her wrist.

"The well remembers. The stone hums. Find them."

He collapses into silence.

[Teyil enters]

Teyil

"How is he?"

Aira

"Fading. But he spoke of the crown. Said it's gone."

Teyil (grimly)

"That thing? It's just a story. We need water, not myths."

Aira

"Maybe myths are warnings."

CHOICES as a player

- 1: "I need to sneak into the Waterspeaker Temple. The truth might be buried there."
- 2: "Maybe Eruan's right. The old well in the forest... it used to whisper when I was a child."
- 3: "Teyil, come with me to find more herbs. Eruan might still have more to say."

CHOICE 1: "I need to sneak into the Waterspeaker Temple. The truth might be buried there."

Aira

"If the crown is really missing, the temple records will know. The priests won't help, so... I'll help myself."

Teyil

"You want to sneak into the temple? That's a sacred place, Aira."

Aira (determined)

"And if the silence spreads? If the wyrms are real? Sacred won't matter much."

Teyil (grumbling)

"I'll pretend I didn't hear that."

CHOICE 2: "Maybe Eruan's right. The old well in the forest... it used to whisper when I was a child."

Aira

"He spoke of the well. I used to hear it whisper... before the drought."

Teyil

"Whispers don't save lives. Action does."

Aira

"I think they're the same thing now."

Teyil (sighs)

"You're chasing ghosts, but fine. I'll keep watch while you listen to stones."

CHOICE 3: "Teyil, come with me to find more herbs. Eruan might still have more to say."

Aira

"I'm not ready to give up. Maybe there's a herb I missed. He might say more if we keep him stable."

Tevil

"You're always hoping. That's what I like about you... and what scares me."

Aira

"We have to try. We owe him that much."

Teyil (nods)

"Alright. One more trek."

Generic Closing Dialogue – Used for all paths

As night falls, thunder rumbles faintly in the distance. The air smells dry and charged.

Aira (inner voice)

"The rains are gone. The crown is missing. And something ancient is stirring beneath the soil. Whatever the truth is... I have to find it."

Teyil (off-screen)

"You ready? It's a long walk ahead."

Aira

"Yeah. Let's move."

Scene 2: The Forbidden Scroll

[INT - WATERSPEAKER TEMPLE - NIGHT]

Aira (muttering to herself as she crouches behind a pillar): "One breath... then two more. Just like Eruan taught."

Aira (peeking around the edge): "The north gate. Least watched, just after second bell."

A robed priest passes by slowly. Aira holds her breath, then slips inside silently.

[INT - TEMPLE HALLWAYS]

Aira (whispering): "Incense. Still fresh. Someone was here recently."

She brushes past ceremonial ornaments and glances at a mural.

Aira: "The Wyrm and the Flame... Why does the council never talk about this one?"

A faint creak. Aira ducks behind a vine-draped column.

Aira (low): "Steady. Curiosity is a sharper blade than Teyil's knives."

[INT – INNER SANCTUM ARCHIVE]

Aira tiptoes into the dusty chamber, eyes sweeping the spines of tomes.

Aira: "Red silk... red silk... There."

She reaches out and unties the scroll.

Aira: "A black fang seal? I've only ever seen that on the relic vaults."

She begins to unroll it. Footsteps echo.

[ENTER: PRIESTESS DHAVA]

Dhava (curt): "Step away from that scroll."

Aira (turning slowly): "Priestess Dhava. I didn't come to steal. I just want to know the truth."

Dhava: "This scroll is sealed for a reason. Only senior Waterspeakers—"

Aira (interrupting): "The crown is missing! Eruan said so before the fever took him. He wouldn't lie."

Dhava (softening slightly): "Eruan's mind is adrift. Fever dreams are dangerous things."

Aira: "But if the dreams match what's in this scroll, aren't they worth listening to?"

Dhava (measured): "You overstep, girl. But perhaps... not without cause."

Player Choices

1. "I'm not leaving without answers."

- 2. "This doesn't concern you. I'm taking it."
- 3. "Help me understand. Please."
- 1. "I'm not leaving without answers."

Aira: "If the elders won't tell us, I'll bring it to the people. They deserve to know what's coming."

Dhava (angrily): "You threaten our peace for panic? Reckless child."

2. "This doesn't concern you. I'm taking it."

Aira (snatching the scroll): "I'm sorry. But I can't let this stay hidden."

Dhava: "You'd steal from the temple? Guards!"

Aira bolts, pushing through hanging vines.

3. "Help me understand. Please."

Aira: "Please, Priestess. I don't want to fight you. I want to understand. Eruan trusted you. Would he want silence now?"

Dhava (quietly): "One hour. No more. Sit."

[Ending - Common Cliffhanger for All Paths]

The scroll depicts a shattered crown, encircled by writhing serpents. Strange glyphs seem to shimmer faintly.

Aira (softly): "This isn't history. It's a warning... or a prophecy."

A sudden gust of wind blows open the temple doors. Thunder echoes.

Scene 3: The Maw of the Underdepths

[EXT - OUTSKIRTS OF SIHTRA - PRE-DAWN]

The sky is a faint wash of silver. Thunder grumbles far to the east. Aira walks with purpose, the scroll clutched in her satchel. Her path winds through dead fields and moss-choked stones.

Aira (to herself):

"This place... I've seen it. In dreams."

A jagged fissure yawns before her, lined with blackened roots and carved fang-like ridges: the Maw.

[EXT – MAW ENTRANCE]

Aira lights a bone lantern and descends slowly, the passage narrowing around her. Strange markings glow faintly along the walls.

Aira:

"These glyphs match the scroll... Wyrm script."

A clatter behind her.

Teyil (emerging, bow ready):

"You really thought you'd sneak off alone again?"

Aira (surprised):

"You followed me?"

Teyil:

"If you die in a hole, I won't have anyone left to argue with."

[INT - MAW PASSAGE - LATER]

The tunnel opens into a vast chamber filled with broken statues and pools of dark water. A strange hum echoes through the stone.

Teyil:

"What is this place?"

Aira:

"I think it was a shrine. To a wyrm that guarded the pact. Look—"

She points to a cracked mural showing a serpent coiled around a crown, shielding villagers from flame.

Teyil (muttering):

"Looks like it didn't end well."

A whisper hisses from deeper in the corridor. Both freeze.

Whispering Voice (off-screen):

"...daughters of silence... trespassers..."

[ENTER: ELDER KHEMN]

A tall, serpent-eyed figure steps into view. Scales glint faintly beneath his robe. His tongue is split. His gaze pierces.

Khemn:

"You carry a scroll that should never have left stone. You wake voices meant to sleep."

Aira:

"You're Wyrm-kin. One of the Maw's stewards. You know why I'm here."

Khemn:

"The crown is not for you. Turn back, or drown in echoes."

Tevil:

"We're not looking for a fight. Just answers."

Khemn:

"Then answer me this: would you bleed to keep balance? Or spill blood to change it?"

Player Choices

1. "I will protect the balance, even if it costs me."

Aira:

"If I must bleed to stop ruin, I will. Just show me the path."

Khemn (nods slowly):

"Then you may pass. But the path tests more than flesh."

2. "I'll do what it takes to end this drought—even if it means breaking rules."

Aira:

"If the laws are old and broken, maybe they need breaking."

Khemn (darkly amused):

"You speak like a wyrm before the fall. Dangerous. We'll see if you survive."

3. "Let Teyil go. This is my burden."

Aira:

"He doesn't believe as I do. Let him leave. I walk the rest alone."

Khemn:

"He may go. But know this—solitude sharpens fear."

Tevil:

"If you die down there... I'll find a way to drag your ghost back for a lecture."

[ENDING - Common Cliffhanger]

Khemn steps aside, revealing a staircase carved into obsidian. A low chant thrums through the air like a heartbeat.

Khemn:

"Welcome to the Underdepths. The wyrms do not sleep quietly."

As Aira descends, the tunnel darkens and the walls begin to breathe.

Scene 4: The Eel-Spine Path

[INT – UNDERDEPTHS - EEL-SPINE PATH]

The staircase gives way to a narrow corridor, curved like a serpent's belly, its walls slick with glowing moss. The air hums with tension and subterranean current.

Teyil (low):

"I've walked in caves. None ever felt like this."

Aira (focused):

"It's wyrm-carved. It's... alive. The walls are humming with wyrm-song."

A distant echo ripples down the corridor—a whisper not quite a voice.

Whispering Voice (off-screen):

"...Aira... come deeper..."

Aira (startled):

"That voice—it sounded like Eruan."

Teyil (shaking his head):

"I heard something else. My sister. And she's been dead three years."

The path forks, the left cloaked in faint blue light, the right descending into deep shadow.

Player Choices

1. "We follow the voice. If there's a chance it's Eruan, I have to know."

Teyil:

"You're willing to follow a voice from the dark, in a place that eats sanity?"

Aira:

"He raised me. If there's a shred of truth, or soul, or echo... I need to see."

Teyil (reluctant):

"Then I follow you. But I swear, if something jumps out, I'm shooting first."

They take the shadowed path. The air grows colder, and unseen things shuffle just beyond sight.

2. "We stick to the path marked with wyrm-light. Voices like these are traps."

Teyil (grateful):

"Thank the Deep. I was about to throw something at you if you said otherwise."

Aira:

"This place tries to unravel thought. Wyrm-light means memory. Order. The other path... it devours."

Teyil:

"Remind me again why we're trusting ancient wyrms over just leaving quietly?"

Aira (grim):

"Because the world is cracking open, and the truth lies down here."

They continue left, following the soft blue glow.

3. "We split. I take the echo. You follow the light. If one of us makes it, the story lives."

Teyil:

"Split? Are you serious? That's not bravery, that's suicidal."

Aira:

"We're out of time. The crown, the prophecy—we can't afford to miss what's hidden in either path."

Teyil (tense):

"Fine. But you better come back breathing. Or I'll come find you and yell at your ghost."

Aira (soft smile):

"Deal."

They part ways. The tunnel splits them with a sudden stone groan as if sealing the choice.

[ENDING - Common Cliffhanger]

Whether alone or together, Aira begins to hear clearer words in the echoes:

Echoing Voice:

"The crown shattered the pact. Blood sings it whole again."

A shape shifts in the mosslight ahead, scales and eyes glittering in the dark.

Scene 5: The Trial of Echoes

[INT - CHAMBER OF REFLECTIONS]

Aira emerges into a circular chamber. Water veils drip from the ceiling, creating a mist that glows with wyrm-light. The walls are mirrors of polished black stone. Her footsteps echo—twice, as if another walks beside her.

Aira (whispering):

"What is this place..."

Voice (identical to hers):

"A place of self. Of memory. Of weight."

She spins around. Her reflection steps out of the mirror. It's older—scarred, regal, wearing the Crown of Scales. The resemblance is uncanny.

Echo-Aira:

"You came to find truth. But truth carries burden. You must answer: who do you become when the world begs for power?"

Aira:

"I didn't come for power. I came to stop the silence. To restore balance."

Echo-Aira:

"Intentions fade when the burden mounts. Would you wield the crown to save others? Even if it consumes you?"

Aira:

"I don't know... but I can't walk away. Not after what I've seen."

The mirrors shimmer with scenes from Aira's past—her first lesson with Eruan, the drought riots, the villagers crying at dry wells.

Player Choices

- 1. "I will protect. No matter what it costs me."
- 2. "There must be another way. One without sacrifice or tyranny."
- 3. "I don't trust this trial. It's manipulation, not truth."
- 1. "I will protect. No matter what it costs me."

Aira:

"Even if I must wear the crown and walk alone, I'll do it. Better I suffer than the world."

Echo-Aira:

"And if the cost is your soul? Would you bear the weight of decisions that break hearts to preserve futures?"

Aira:

"Yes. Because someone must."

Echo-Aira (quietly):

"Then may the weight not crush you."

The mirrors blaze with silver light. Her scarred double bows her head and vanishes.

2. "There must be another way. One without sacrifice or tyranny."

Aira:

"I don't believe power has to hurt. There must be a middle path. Something more... human."

Echo-Aira:

"And what if compromise means delay? What if hesitation lets the drought win?"

Aira:

"Then I act—decisively—but not cruelly. I believe in mercy."

Echo-Aira (nodding):

"You seek balance in a place born of extremes. That is brave... or naïve."

Aira touches the water veil. Her reflection smiles gently and fades. One mirror remains glowing.

3. "I don't trust this trial. It's manipulation, not truth."

Aira:

"This place... these mirrors... they twist memory. How do I know you're even real?"

Echo-Aira (smirking):

"Real or not, the questions remain. You don't need me to doubt yourself."

Aira:

"Then I'll trust what got me this far—instinct, grit, and the people I fight for."

Echo-Aira:

"Good. The path ahead is jagged. Doubt might be your only honest guide."

The chamber darkens. Only Aira's shadow remains lit. A passage opens, steep and uncertain.

[ENDING - Common Cliffhanger]

Aira walks forward. Her pendant glows faintly. From deeper in the tunnels, a howl rises—not of pain, but awakening.

Aira (to herself):

"I passed. Or failed. Or maybe it doesn't matter. The wyrms are waking."

Scene 6: Fangless One's Domain

[INT - THE STONE VAULTS OF NAG-ZHUL]

Aira enters a vast hall chiseled from obsidian and veins of serpentite. Columns shaped like writhing wyrms twist toward the domed ceiling. In the center stands a throne of fossilized scales. Teyil follows, wary and silent.

Teyil (low):

"This place... it feels wrong. Cold in the soul."

Aira:

"It's a temple... or a tomb. Maybe both."

A low rumble builds. From behind the throne, a sinuous form rises. Part wyrm, part man, cloaked in blackened silk and missing his fangs. His voice is low and resonant.

Fangless One:

"So the echo-child arrives. And she brings her doubt and fury."

Aira (steady):

"You stole the Crown of Scales. You broke the pact."

Fangless One:

"I broke chains. I woke truths. The pact enslaved us—us wyrms, us kin."

Teyil (tense):

"You call that freedom? There's chaos up there. Drought. Starving children."

Fangless One:

"Change births pain. But the rains you worship were stolen from wyrm-flesh. Now we take back the sky."

Player Choices

- 1. "We can restore balance. Not through blood, but through truth."
- 2. "You've turned yourself into a tyrant. I won't let you finish this."
- 3. "Take me. Let the others go."
- 1. "We can restore balance. Not through blood, but through truth."

Aira:

"There's still a way to bind our worlds together. Not with crowns or chains, but with choice."

Fangless One:

"The surface folk chose long ago. They forgot us."

Aira:

"Then let me be the first to remember. I don't ask you to kneel—I ask you to listen."

Fangless One (after pause):

"One word spoken true holds more weight than a blade. Speak then, girl. And be heard."

2. "You've turned yourself into a tyrant. I won't let you finish this."

Aira:

"You're no savior. You hoard power like the tyrants you claim to fight."

Fangless One (eyes glowing):

"I offer liberation. You offer delay."

Teyil (raising bow):

"She offers justice. And I back her shot."

The air trembles. The throne pulses. Battle brews.

3. "Take me. Let the others go."

Aira:

"Your war is with me. Let the villagers you took go. I'll stay. I'll listen."

Fangless One (amused):

"A martyr? Or a fool?"

Aira:

"Maybe both. But even a fool can make ripples."

Fangless One (softly):

"Very well. They will be released. But the crown will hear your soul in full."

[ENDING - Common Cliffhanger]

The Fangless One gestures. The Crown of Scales rises from a pool of black water, glowing with a heatless fire. Shadows gather at the chamber's edge, whispering in forgotten tongues.

Fangless One (softly):

"This crown was born of sacrifice. It remembers agony, hope, betrayal."

Aira (stepping closer):

"So do I. I carry all of it. Not to rule, but to repair."

Fangless One:

"Then take it. Let it weigh your heart. Let it show you what lies beneath belief."

Teyil (uneasy):

"Aira... if you do this, there's no turning back."

Aira (resolute):

"There never was."

She reaches out. The crown shimmers and pulses. As her fingers brush it, the chamber vibrates with wyrm-song. Eyes open in the walls. The past awakens.

Fangless One (smiling):

"Now, show me what kind of queen you could be."

The light vanishes. Only the sound of breathing stone remains.

Scene 7: Crown Pool Confrontation

[INT - SACRED POOL CHAMBER]

Faint ripples lap at the edges of a vast underground lake. The Crown of Scales floats at the center, suspended above a black stone spire. Wyrm glyphs shimmer across the water, pulsing with every heartbeat.

Aira steps forward, her hand still tingling from the crown's aura. The Fangless One watches from behind, silent and expectant. Teyil keeps his distance, eyes scanning the shadows.

Fangless One:

"All your choices converge here. Power listens. Will you whisper, roar, or remain still?"

Aira:

"It listens, but it remembers too. And it tests."

A low hum begins. The crown spins slowly, casting fractured reflections of Aira's face into the water.

Wyrm Voice (echoing):

"Name your truth. Bind or break. Restore or remake."

Player Choices

1. "I use the crown to unify our realms. Peace through understanding."

Aira:

"We've lived apart too long. We forgot each other's pain. Let this crown bind wyrm and human, not in fear—but in shared breath."

Fangless One:

"You would risk giving them power over us again? The same ones who once hunted wyrms for glory?"

Aira:

"Not power over, but with. Balance doesn't demand submission. It demands dialogue."

Teyil:

"You're... really going through with this? Even after all they've done?"

Aira:

"Especially after all they've done. This is the only way forward."

The glyphs glow gold. The lake calms. Visions of villages and wyrms together shimmer like sunlit waves. The spire lowers the crown into Aira's hands.

2. "I wield the crown to destroy the Fangless One. He cannot be trusted."

Aira:

"You cloak violence in words. You want dominion, not balance. I won't let you twist the world further."

Fangless One (mocking):

"Then take your shot, little queen. Let us see if your mercy burns as bright as my fire."

Teyil:

"Aira—he's too dangerous. If he leaves this place, more will suffer."

Aira:

"I know. That's why I have to end it."

She raises the crown. It flares like the sun breaking the sea. The Fangless One recoils, roaring. Wyrm-song erupts into a storm.

Fangless One (screaming):

"You choose their world over ours... again!"

The throne cracks. Scales shatter like glass. He vanishes into flame and mist.

3. "The crown was a mistake. I destroy it."

Aira:

"This crown... it made tyrants and rebels. It feeds on want. It has to end."

Teyil (shocked):

"Aira, wait—without it, what becomes of the pact? Of the rains?"

Aira:

"Then we build something new. One not bound to relics and riddles."

Fangless One (laughing bitterly):

"Bold. Foolish. Perhaps that is what the world needs. A fire that leaves no ashes."

Aira:

"No more fire. Just soil. Just seeds."

She slams the crown into the stone. A crack splits the floor. Light bursts from the fissure. The glyphs fracture, scattering across the water like falling stars.

[ENDING - Common Cliffhanger]

The water rises. The glyphs dissolve. Whether through unity, destruction, or cleansing, the lake responds. Aira falls to her knees, breathing hard.

Teyil (rushing forward):

"Aira! Are you—what happened?"

Aira (smiling faintly):

"The crown listened. And it answered. Now the world will too."

Teyil (still stunned):

"I don't know whether to hug you or run for the exit."

Aira (softly):

"Do both. Just... stay close. Something's coming."

The chamber trembles. A flood of distant wyrm-song echoes from deep below, no longer asleep.

Scene 8: Return of the Rains

[EXT – VILLAGE OF SIHTRA – DAYBREAK]

The horizon glows with a light not seen in seasons. Pale rain begins to fall—first drops, then sheets. Villagers stagger from their homes, faces lifted, mouths open in awe.

Villager 1:

"Rain? Real rain?"

Villager 2 (weeping):

"It's come back... she brought it back."

Children splash through puddles that grow deeper with every heartbeat. Crops glisten. The scent of wet earth rises like incense.

[INT – OLD TEMPLE HALL – SHORTLY AFTER]

Aira sits beneath the ancient statue of a coiled wyrm. Mud stains her cloak. Her eyes are tired but alert. Teyil leans in the doorway, soaked, but smiling.

Teyil:

"You look like you just wrestled a storm and won."

Aira (smiling faintly):

"I asked. It listened. Maybe that was enough."

Teyil:

"The crown's gone, but something else took its place. People talk about you like you're a stormbringer."

Aira:

"Let them talk. I just want to rebuild. We all do."

Player Epilogue Choices

1. "I'll remain as Waterspeaker. Guide the pact into a new age."

Aira:

"We need a new covenant—one built in the open. I'll stay. Speak for the wyrms and the winds."

Teyil:

"You sure you want to live in meetings and scrolls?"

Aira:

"Better than fire and silence."

2. "I'll journey beyond, help rebuild broken lands."

Aira:

"This rain must fall everywhere. Not just here. I'll carry what we've learned. Others need it."

Teyil:

"So the world gets its stormbringer after all. Just don't forget to come home."

Aira (softly):

"The rains will lead me back."

3. "I'll join the wyrm-kin. Be the voice between realms."

Aira:

"There's still fear between our kinds. I can help fix that. I've seen both sides."

Teyil:

"You'll vanish into caverns and rituals, huh?"

Aira:

"Maybe. But someone has to bridge the gap. I'm not afraid anymore."

[CLOSING NARRATION – COMMON ENDING]

"The rains returned, but not as they were. Not as gifts nor punishment—but as promise. In the rhythm of water on stone, in the shimmer of wyrm-song beneath the roots, the world remembered itself. And began again."

Fade to rainfall over glistening fields, and Aira's cloak flapping as she walks toward the next horizon.

But deep beneath the roots, in caverns not yet walked, a sliver of broken fang pulses with faint light. Eyes unseen open in the dark. The wyrms are not the only ones who remember.

Characters

1. Aira

• **Age**: 17–18

Gender: Female

• **Description**: Slender, sharp-eyed, with an earth-toned cloak, dark braids, and a pendant carved from bone. Her presence carries quiet resolve.

2. Teyil

Age: 18–20Gender: Male

• **Description**: Broad-shouldered, tan skin, scruffy hair, with a scar across his left eyebrow. Carries a bow and speaks with dry humor.

3. Eruan

• **Age**: 60s

• Gender: Male

• **Description**: Elderly, gaunt, white-bearded, with faded ceremonial robes and wise, clouded eyes. Often resting, with a faint tremor.

4. Dhava

• **Age**: 50s

• **Gender**: Female

• **Description**: Tall, stern, draped in faded priestess robes. Grey-streaked hair tied back tightly. Eyes like sharp steel.

5. Elder Khemn

• Age: Unknown (Appears 50s)

• Gender: Male

• **Description**: Wyrm-kin with serpent-like eyes, forked tongue, and gold scales lining his forearms. Wears robes woven from wyrm-silk.

6. Echo-Aira

• Age: Late 20s–30s (Future Vision)

Gender: Female

• **Description**: Older version of Aira, with faint scars, a regal posture, and the Crown of Scales. Wears layered ceremonial armor.

7. The Fangless One

Age: AncientGender: Male

• **Description**: Part-wyrm, part-man. Tall and sinuous, missing his fangs. Cloaked in black silk, with eyes that burn like coals.

8. Villager 1

Age: 40s

Gender: Male

• **Description**: Common villager, simple tunic, wide eyes full of disbelief and wonder.

9. Villager 2

• **Age**: 30s

• Gender: Female

• **Description**: Young mother, teary-eyed, kneeling in the rain. Wears a patchwork dress and holds a toddler.

Backgrounds

Scene 1: The Silence of Rain

- **Sihtra Village**: A drought-stricken farming village with cracked rice terraces and weary homes.
- Waterspeaker's Hut: A cool, dim interior filled with herbs and worn mats; Eruan's place of rest.
- **Terrace Outlook**: High above the village, dry and dust-swept, where Aira first returns from the stream.

Scene 2: The Forbidden Scroll

- Waterspeaker Temple: Carved from smooth basalt, with wyrm motifs and rows of guardian statues.
- **Temple Hallways**: Decorated with ceremonial relics, dried lotus, and glowing carvings.
- Inner Sanctum Archive: A restricted scroll chamber lit with crystal light; holds the fangmarked scroll.

Scene 3: The Maw of the Underdepths

- Forest Outskirts / Ancient Sinkhole: Hidden under vines; leads into the Underdepths.
- Wyrm-kin Tunnel System: Slick, narrow paths carved through living rock and fossil layers.
- Shrine Chamber: Filled with wyrm statues, murals, and echoing serpentine chants.

Scene 4: The Eel-Spine Path

- Wyrm Tunnel Eel-Spine Path: Curved, bioluminescent tunnel slick with glowing moss.
- Whispering Forks: A forked tunnel with wyrm-light on one side and shadowed depths on the other.

Scene 5: The Trial of Echoes

- **Chamber of Reflections**: A circular room veiled in water-mist, with obsidian mirror-walls that echo memory.
- Trial Mirrors: Surfaces that show visions of Aira's past and alternate versions of her future self.

Scene 6: Fangless One's Domain

- **Stone Vaults of Nag-Zhul**: A temple-throne chamber carved from obsidian and serpentite, with fossil throne and carved wyrm pillars.
- Throne Platform: The heart of the domain, where the Fangless One confronts Aira.

Scene 7: Crown Pool Confrontation

 Sacred Pool Chamber: A vast underground lake with the floating Crown of Scales and pulsing wyrm-glyphs over black stone.

Scene 8: Return of the Rains

- **Sihtra Village (Restored)**: Now soaked in rainfall, alive with joy, puddles, and green shoots returning to the earth.
- Old Temple Hall: The ancestral wyrm temple where Aira and Teyil reflect post-climax.