

Drach Tales

Act III - The Siege





Drach Tales is a satirical play set in the Warhammer Fantasy Roleplay universe. This material is unofficial and in no way authorised by Games Workshop, Cubicle 7 or other entities which may hold copyrights to WFRP.

This material including all graphics is copyrighted. Drach Tales all rights reserved.

more on: drachales.com and drachtales.pl



Scene 1

- We're with the SS! -



astle corridor, at the end of which there is a heavy entrance door to the building. There is a thick, red, heavily dusty carpet on the floor. Near one of the walls there is a row of equally dusty oak chairs, above which hangs a gallery of old and unfortunately, also covered with dust, paintings. There are also quite a few doors leading to other parts of the castle. At some point, one of them opens and Wilhelm enters with a broom in one hand and a sweeper in the other hand. The servant looks carefully around, then hits his head with his open hand and curses under his breath.]

[Wilhelm] Oh, goddamn it! This will take me an eon...

[Suddenly the demon seems to notice the audience and turn to face them.]

[Wilhelm] *[hiding the broom behind his back]* Please excuse me, I didn't notice you. Hello! Welcome to the second act! As you probably remember, after the unfortunate incident involving forces beyond our control, we currently have a shortage of adventurers in the castle. I myself have my own problems. *[taking a conspiratorial tone]* I have reasons to believe that someone is treacherously spreading dust around the Castle. Just look at this corridor. It was cleaned not so long ago, during the times of Magnus the Pious... And what do we see? Filth...

[At this point, the Blup the Nurgling enters through one of the doors and immediately approaches the next. As he is about to grab the door handle, he suddenly stops and sneezes so loudly that two paintings fall off the wall. A fairly large cloud of dust emerges from Blup's mouth after this. With a satisfied look on his face, the nurgling opens the door and exits the corridor. Seeing this, Wilhelm runs after him.]

[Wilhelm] You little shit, if I get my hands on you...

[At this point, a knocking is heard at the front door. Wilhelm freezes in mid-step, adjusts his livery and, putting the broom against the wall, walks with his head proudly raised towards the door, then opens it with difficulty. There is a pair of children there, a boy and a girl, dressed in tunics with twin-tailed comets painted on their fronts. The children have wooden hammers strapped to their belts and they are carrying sacks.]

[Wilhelm] *[with a dignified manner in his voice]* What?

[Guenther] My name is Guenther and this is Klara *[with joy in his voice]* we are with the SS!

[Wilhelm] What now... what are you with?!

[Klara] With the SS! Sigmar's Scouts, third troop!

[Wilhelm] Er... scouts?

[Guenther and Klara] Yes!

[Wilhelm] *[to himself]* Damn... Not only does this dust give me pneumoconiosis. Now I'm seeing things. I need to change my profession... Maybe I'll become a bloodletter or something...

[Guenther] In order to support the cult...

[Wilhelm] *[interjecting]* Wait, wait... Let me guess... You sell cookies and you will use the money you collect to build a temple of Sigmar in the neighborhood, right?

[Guenther and Klara] Yes!

[Wilhelm] If only for the sake of my mental health, you could have said "no".

[Guenther] Sigmar's Scout never lies! So how about it? You gonna buy some cookies?

[Wilhelm] Of course ...

[Guenther and Klara] Great!

[Wilhelm] ...but on the condition that they are made of the guts of the Great Theognist, mixed with the Emperor's blood and served in the skull of a Shallyian priestess.

[Guenther and Klara] ...

[William] *[struggling to close the door]* I thought so... And now you brats get out of my yard.

[Guenther] *[putting his foot between the door and the wall]* Wait...

[Wilhelm] *[to himself]* Hmm, I have to install a blade there... this happens way too often.

[Klara] Don't you realize how important it is to support the cult of the Patron Deity of the Empire?

[Guenther] After all, he used to kill goblins so that you and me had a chance at a better life.

[Klara] *[innocently]* Besides, we wouldn't want to burn at the stake like some heretic, would we now?

[Wilhelm] *[with eyes full of hatred]* Yeah, about being burned... *[suddenly, as if he remembered something, sticking a "friendly" smile to his face]* Um, sure! I'll buy some cookies! I'd love to support the cult of Sigmar!

[Guenther] Really?

[Wilhelm] *[handing Guenther some coins]* Yup, here's the money.

[Klara] *[handing Wilhelm a bag of cookies]* Great! Here are the cookies...

[Wilhelm] I also have a gift for you on this occasion.

[Guenther and Klara] ?

[Wilhelm] Do you have a mascot for your troop, already?

[Guenther] Eh, we don't. Should we have one?

[Klara] Yes! A mascot, great idea!

[Wilhelm] Exactly... Just a minute, uncle Wilhelm is about to get you a great mascot. *[shouting behind himself in demonic speech]* Blup! Blup, you nasty little worm, get over here!

[Blup comes running, stops and watches the children curiously.]

[Guenther] What's that?

[Klara] *[happily]* Froggy!

[Wilhelm] Exactly... a frog.

[Guenther] *[suspiciously]* Eh, does it do anything?

[Wilhelm] Sure, it can do lots of tricks!

[Guenther] For example?

[Wilhelm] *[to himself]* Spread the plague, you little bastard.



[Wilhelm kicks Blup with all his might. The nurgling is sent flying into the air, bounces off one wall, then the opposite, then lands in the same place where he was standing. Afterwards, he is still watching the children intently, unmoved.]

[Wilhelm] Cool, huh? Great... Here, take him and scam. I don't have time to waste.

[Wilhelm picks Blup up and hands him over to Klara. She is overjoyed.]

[Guenther] May our lord Sigmar bless you...

[Wilhelm slams the door.]

[Wilhelm] *[to himself]* May lord Nurgle bless you, with the help of that little bastard, with all the plagues of the world. Okay, I got rid of the pests... what was I doing? Oh, yes *[grabbing the broom with resignation]* Spending eternity doing housework...

[At this point, "O Fortuna" starts playing in the background and Constant Drachenfels enters the corridor.]

[Wilhelm] *[slightly bowing]* Good morning, Herr Drachenfels.

[Konstant Drachenfels] Stop sucking up, go get my carriage ready.

[Wilhelm] *[with clear interest in his voice]* Oooh! Where are we going? Road trip?! Excellent! And here I was thinking that nothing interesting would happen...

[Constant Drachenfels] Wilhelm, I AM leaving... YOU are staying and you will continue to clean until further notice. I'm going to Athel Loren. I'll be gone for some time, but when I get back, this Castle is to be spotless.

[Wilhelm] *[with despair]* But, but ... I want to go too!

[Constant Drachenfels] Don't make me hurt you... Prepare my carriage ... Immediately!

[Constant Drachenfels leaves the corridor.]

[Wilhelm] *[to himself]* That's not fair! I am to stay alone in this damned Castle and clean while he plays torching and plundering the woods?! *[suddenly realizing something]* But wait... he'll be away... Loren is far away... Hmm, hmm. *[throwing away the broom with sudden joy]* Paaartey!

Scene 2

- *The Inquisition* -





astle courtyard. The gargoyles Edwin and Edmund sit above the entrance door to the main building. At some point, the door opens. Wilhelm comes out struggling with a large and heavy wooden sign. He pauses for a moment, takes two breaths, wipes sweat from his brow and then carries on.]

[Edwin] Hey Wilhelm, whatcha heavin' there?

[Edmund] Yeah fleshy, it's not snowing yet, no need to shovel.

[Wilhelm pauses again, gives the gargoyles a contemptuous look. He lays the sign on the ground, straightens up, adjusts his lace cuffs, and puts on a dignified expression.]

[William] And why would you give a plaguebearer's broken horn about it all of a sudden?

[Edwin] Hey, don't be a bitchy little snotling now, whatcha up to?

[Edmund] Hehe, "bitchy snotling", good one.

[Wilhelm] [flatly] Yes, a fine joke. You boys just earned yourself a place outside the castle while we have a ball here.

[Edwin and Edmund] ?

[Wilhelm] The boss is away, right?

[Edwin and Edmund] Mhm...

[Wilhelm] So the castle is...?

[Edwin] *[after a moment's thought]* Er, ancient!

[Edmund] Big!

[Edwin] Different!

[Edmund] Helpless ...

[At this point, there is a deathly silence, interrupted by the sound of a violin coming from behind the stage. All three interlocutors begin to look nervously from side to side.]

[Wilhelm] *[slightly disturbed]* Eh, no, that's not what I meant ...

[Edwin] Free!

[Wilhelm] Yes, sir! And what do we do in a free castle?

[Edwin] *[encouraged by his previous success]* Plunder it!

[Wilhelm] ... We have a party, you dolt.

[*Wilhelm makes an effort to set the sign he was carrying upright so that the gargoyles can read what is written on it. Edmund squints his eyes and reads aloud.*]

[Edmund] “Hear ye, hear ye. Demons, daemonettes, vampires...” um, and here it’s kinda blurry and I can’t read...

[Wilhelm] Whatever, never mind, get to the point.

[Edmund] “...Chateau Drachenfels invites you to a Grand Ball. Evening incarnations mandatory. Admission by summoning. No mortals allowed!”

[Edwin] Hey, why “no mortals allowed”?

[Wilhelm] Because the appetizers are already ordered. Anyway, I made an agreement with the Castle regarding cleaning. It would mutate here and there and the Boss will not even notice that anything had happened here.

[Edmund] Where are you going to put up your sign?

[Wilhelm] That’s a stupid question.

[At this point, Wilhelm snaps his fingers, and a rather large vortex immediately appears in the space next to him. The demon carefully throws his sign into it. The vortex closes.]

[Wilhelm] Right in the face of the addressees.

[Right after that, two loud knocks on the gate can be heard. Wilhelm starts walking towards the gate.]

[Wilhelm] [*to himself*] I swear, if those are more salesmen, I will put up a defensive elemental in front of the door.

[The demon opens the gate. Three people appear before his eyes. One of them is dressed in priestly vestments, glasses on his nose, a book in one hand and a torch in the other, despite the fact that it is daytime. His stern, scrutinizing gaze immediately scanned William from head to toe. The other two are dressed in plate armor with the symbols of Sigmar, and a small battering ram lies at their feet.]

[Albert] Hello, greetings on behalf of the Inquisition, I am Brother Albert.

[Wilhelm] Which one is the first name?

[Albert] Excuse me?

[Wilhelm] First name Brother and last name Albert, or *vice versa*?

[Albert] [*offended*] Are you mocking me?



[**Wilhelm**] [*pretending to be terrified*] Me? Mocking the Inquisition?! Under the patronage of the main deity of the Empire?! I would never dare ...

[**Albert**] Good, I have received news of an emanation of demonic powers at this very address ...

[**Wilhelm**] [*surprised*] What now?

[**Albert**] Haven't you seen anything unnatural happening in this place ?

[**Wilhelm**] Like what?

[**Albert**] Strange, horned creatures, demons to be exact, or spontaneous explosions, vortexes, that kind of stuff.

[**Wilhelm**] [*thinking hard*] No, I don't think I remember anything like that ... Oh, wait. Could that 'demon' you've mentioned be a small ball of mucus with a gaping mouth, hands and legs?

[**Albert**] Yes! That's a nurgling!

[**Wilhelm**] Oh, yes, I have seen one ... the SS have one as a mascot.

[**Albert**] Sigmar's Scouts? Impossible! They have nothing to do with such filth.

[**Wilhelm**] [*in a conspiratorial tone*] Ekhm ... Come closer Albert Brother ...

[**Albert**] [*taking a step forward*] ?

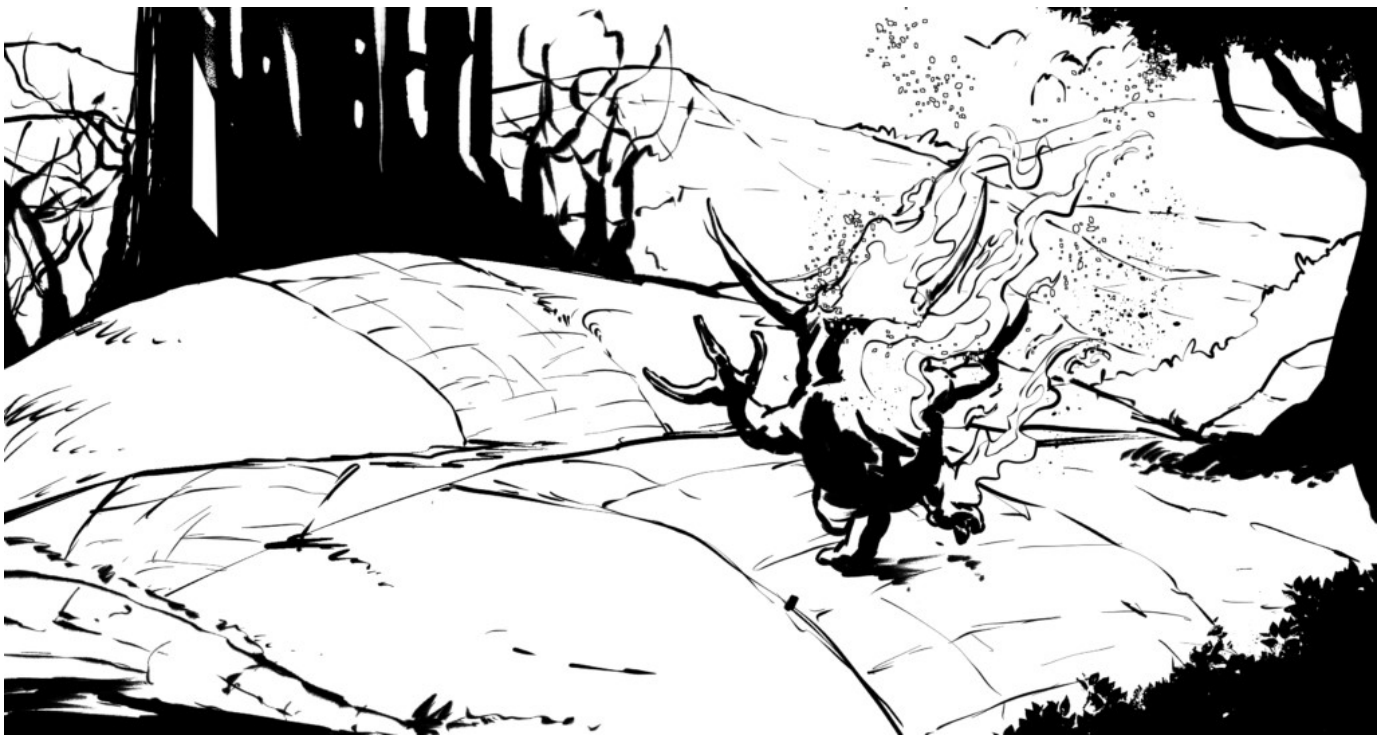
[**Wilhelm**] [*whispering*] We all know very well about the so-called 'Enemy within', right? What better target for such an enemy than the youngest followers, still unaware of the dangers awaiting them. [*in a normal tone*] Anyway ... If I'm lying, let me burn at the stake. Go and see for yourself.

[**Albert**] I will! But if that's a lie [*waves the torch in front of Wilhelm's face*] you will burn.

[*Albert and the knights hastily head towards the SS camp. Wilhelm leans against the gate and watches as after a while flames begin to appear on the horizon consuming the foundations of the future temple of Sigmar.*]

[**Wilhelm**] [*to himself*] In such moments, I'm really proud to be here at this Castle...

[*Suddenly, far away, a small smoking dot appears on the road leading to the castle. The dot is moving fast towards the castle. Nurgling Blup runs quickly through the gate. Fire is scorching it's back. He knocks Wilhlem over, runs through the castle courtyard and then takes a dive in the well. A hiss of extinguished fire and a sigh of relief can be heard.*]



[**Wilhelm**] [*outraged*] Blup, you little shit! You were supposed to burn, not bring the Inquisition back to me when half of the Void is attending the ball tonight. You loathsome saboteur!

[*The demon, noticing Brother Albert approaching, hastily closes the gate.*]

[**Wilhelm**] [walking around the courtyard] Damn it, damn it, damn it. Dispel Lesser Demon, Dispel Greater Demon ... And these are probably just a few of many spells that bastard has under his sleeve ... And likely this little stinker will cause a regiment of imperial troops to appear here as well. Damn, damn, damn. Gonna make me look bad in front of all...

[**Edwin**] [*teasing*] You blew it again Willy. [*looking at his friend*] What are you writing there, Edmund?

[**Edmund**] [*with obvious satisfaction in his voice*] I'm writing to the boss to come back, if he doesn't want to miss the siege of his own castle.

[**Edwin**] Hehe, I wonder who's gonna get it for something like that, eh Wilhelm?

[Wilhelm straightens up, adjusts his lace cuffs, and puts on a dispassionate expression. Only in his eyes there is obvious demonic fury. In the meantime, battering rams start hitting the gate.]

[**Wilhelm**] [*coldly*] Edmund. Put the quill down and give me the parchment.

[**Edmund**] [*continuing to write*] Nah-ah.

[**Wilhelm**] I'm warning you, Edmund...

[**Edwin**] And what are you going to do about it, lackey?

[**Wilhelm**] [*dispassionately*] Okay ... I warned you ... Now there will be blood.

[The demon suddenly mumbles a magic formula and teleports behind the backs of both gargoyles. Then, faster than they can react, he shreds their wings to pieces with his claws. The gargoyles hallow in great pain. Their screams intensify as Wilhelm reaches with his right hand and plucks Edwin's eyes out. Then with his left hand he does the same to Edmund. The shouts turn into a crescendo when the demon tears the gargoyles' ears off. Then, he rips the tongues out of their screaming mouths. Wilhelm then picks up the unfinished letter and tears it into pieces and then teleports back to the courtyard.]

[**Wilhelm**] I asked nicely. Now you are like those Cathayan monkeys, who will see no evil, hear no evil, but most importantly, speak no evil.

[**Albert**] [*from behind the gate*] Er ... Did you hear those insane screams?

[**Knights**] Yup.

[**Albert**] You know what? Let's come back later with reinforcements.

[**Wilhelm**] [*to himself*] Well that's just swell ... Now I have to repel the siege, prevent the party to be ruined, and clean everything up so Constant won't find out about anything when he comes back. Eh [*with resignation in his voice*], life's a bitch and not even mine.

Scene 3

- Goethe -





scribe's chamber. Small room with a wardrobe, shelves upon shelves piled up with yellowed and overturned volumes and messily rolled scrolls. The central part of the room is occupied by a sizable desk covered with ancient writing equipment and all kinds of parchments. On a chair by the desk sits a ghost of an elderly man dressed in modest, bourgeois robes holding an ethereal quill in his hand. The bones of the ghost's human form are scattered under the chair. Suddenly, Wilhelm bursts through the door.]

[**Wilhelm**] [*breathing heavily*] Goethe!

[**Goethe**] Every day and every night a new; Indeed, I tell you, that is what they call me, they do.

[**Wilhelm**] Look, you old poetaster. I need advice...

[**Goethe**] Then feed my ears quickly, don't hesitate be brave; So the lips can swiftly disclose the secrets that you crave.

[**Wilhelm**] I will take that as "what?" So here's the deal, focus ... In a few hours a vortex will open in the ballroom through which a great host of demons from the Void is to arrive for the party. Drachenfels is gone, and the siege of the castle is likely to begin in the morning. There are two issues with this. One: Drachenfels, being away, would not defend the castle, which is bad. Two: if he found out there was a siege at all, it would be an even greater disaster. What would you advise me?

[At this point a demon enters the room. It has a slightly ape-like appearance. Its long arms extend all the way to the ground and it has powerful claws. Fangs stick out of the mouth like wild boar's tusks.]

[**Wilhelm**] Oh, hello Horace. Are you here for the party?

[**Horace**] Yup.

[**Wilhelm**] Well, you're a bit early ...

[At this point, Horace burps and an undigested human leg falls out of his mouth.]

[**Wilhelm**] What's this?

[**Horace**] Oh, I met him on the way here ...

[**Wilhelm**] [*to Goethe*] Horace lives nearby.

[**Horace**] ... a messenger he said he was. So I figured I'd help myself.

[**Wilhelm**] [*with slight irritation in his voice*] You know, the idea behind the institution of a messenger is that he might have had some important information for me.

[**Horace**] Do you mean the fortune note?

[**Wilhelm**] What now?

[**Horace**] Well, like in those Cathayan cookies ... there is a piece of paper with your fortune in the food.

[**Wilhelm**] Eh, yeah sure, have you read this... fortune then?

[**Horace**] Yup.

[**Wilhelm**] Well? What did it say?

[**Horace**] Hey, if I tell you, it won't come true.

[**Wilhelm**] [*coldly*] If you don't tell me, it won't matter to you anymore.

[**Horace**] Are you threatening me?

[**Wilhelm**] Nah, just predicting your future... Call it fortune-telling.

[**Horace**] [*mildly offended*] There was something about some Electron Count ...

[**Wilhelm**] *Elector*, Elector Count. A guy who elects the Emperor and, in addition to that, commands the armies of a certain land. And what did this Elector Count want?

[**Horace**] Some nonsense about the disappearance of his tax collector ...

[**Wilhelm**] [*hitting his head with his open hand*] Shit ...

[**Horace**] He will come here with all his troops and the troops of the surrounding lands and will burn everything to the ground.

[*Wilhelm sits down in Goethe's chair, going straight through the ethereal ghost's body.*]

[**Goethe**] Hey!

[**Wilhelm**] Shut up, this doesn't harm you in any way ...

[**Goethe**] But harm has been done the most; If that is what you can do, you must be a ghost!

[**Wilhelm**] No Goethe, you old fool, you're the ghost.

[**Goethe**] Lies, lies straight in the eye; You should know, I never did die.

[**Wilhelm**] Your rhymes are worse than usual when you lose your cool. No matter, right now I don't feel like having this discussion about you being dead again, like for the hundredth time.

[**Horace**] Hey Wilhelm, what are we gonna have to drink at the party?

[**Wilhelm**] [*absently*] Warp-spirit, maybe some warp-rum ... [*suddenly more aware*]
What the hell are you taking about?! I'm bloody dying here, damn it!

[**Horace**] You're overreacting, worst case scenario they will kill your earthly form and your demonic-self will be sent back to the Void.

[**Wilhelm**] [*surprised*] I have never heard so many polysyllable words at once from you. Unfortunately, my little philosopher I must disagree with you, for when the boss sees what happened, he will summon me back from the Void and then brutally torture me for an eon or two.

[**Goethe**] The birds they say, there was going to be a party today...

[**Wilhelm**] [*with a slightly absent gaze*] You know what, those poor rhymes of yours... the fact that people read your stuff at all baffles me...

[**Goethe**] A thousand demons will gather under this dome; But in the morning they don't have to go home.

[**Wilhelm**] Yes, great, let the Inquisition no longer have any doubts ...

[**Goethe**] Set up a grand feast for every demon spawn; Then use them to wage war on humans at dawn.

[**Wilhelm**] [*with eyes wide open*] Goethe, you old fart! You are right! An unimaginable force from the Void will come here tonight. We will be able to fight any army in the world. [*with sudden rush of force in his voice*] We can even crush the entire Empire just for daring to stand up to us! I'm going to use the Emperor's head as a bowling ball!

[*Suddenly, a chaotic vortex opens over Wilhelm's head.*]

[**A rumbling voice from the vortex of Chaos**] We have been made aware that Castle Drachenfels has become the target of the Inquisition. None of us demons wants to risk the insult of getting dispelled by a human. We're not attending any party where they greet you with holy water. Since Herr Constant is absent, you are not able to guarantee safety at the party. In the name of all the demons of the Void, we are forced to turn down your invitation under these circumstances. Have a nice eternity, goodbye.

[The Chaos Vortex disappears. The curtain falls. After a while it rises again. Hills. Far in the background, there is a silhouette of a grim castle with talon-like towers. It is quiet. Green grass, clear skies, birds singing. Peace and harmony... when suddenly ...]

[**Wilhelm**] [*from inside the castle, with great desperation*] Aaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaa!
Aaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaa! WHY?! Why the hell does this always happen to me ?!
Aaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaa !!!

Scene 4

- Fire and Darkness -





astle dungeons, entrance to the torture chambers. Old stone walls, low vaulted ceilings. All scorched from torches burning thousands of years. Darkness and sinister silence are overwhelming. Facing the audience, a huge iron door built into an old brick wall. Suddenly, Wilhelm drops through the ceiling and lands on his bottom.]

[Wilhelm] *[struggling to get up]* Damn. If only I would remember how to get here without using the warpways. This last drop is insane. *[looking around]* Right ... not many changes around here, I see. Figures.

[The demon walks to the door and knocks cautiously.]

[Wilhelm] *[hesitating a bit]* Hello? Anyone there?

[There is silence.]

[Wilhelm] *[with a sigh]* Okay, this is not the correct approach.

[Wilhelm puts his hands out in front of him, mutters a magic incantation, black flames appear on his hands. The flames soon turn into a magic projectile that hits the door with great force. The door is slightly smoking but otherwise remains intact.]

[Wilhelm] *[rolling his eyes]* Come on! They overkill it with the quality of their products.

[Suddenly, there is a sound of turning mechanisms and a screeching of metal. The door handle drops down with a crunch. The door opens. At first, a cloud of black and yellow sulfur dust emerges from the half-open door. Then, when the door opens a little more, an ominous flame bursts towards Wilhelm. Finally, when the door is opened fully, a silhouette engulfed in smoke emerges. A dwarf stands at the threshold. His head is adorned with many tiny horns. A large copper skull-shaped buckle is pinned to his beard. His red robes are partially covered with decorated armor of great quality. There is a huge pistol behind his belt.]

[Zahrruk] *[scowling at Wilhelm]* Oh, it's you. Did you knock?

[The demonic servant straightens his cuffs.]

[Wilhelm] Indeed. *[looking around the dungeon]* I see that you have settled here nicely. Yup, and trust me, I agree, cleaning IS overrated.

[There is silence.]

[Wilhelm] Yes ... Well, to the point ... I don't know if you've heard, but we have a kind of a problem with a siege.

[Silence.]

[Wilhelm] And, well ... You know ... All hands on deck and stuff.

[*Silence.*]

[**Wilhelm**] It's in our all best interest and all ...

[*Silence.*]

[**Wilhelm**] And Herr Drachenfels also ordered ...

[**Zahrruk**] [*surprised*] Drachenfels needs help with a siege? What the hell is besieging us, then?!

[**Wilhelm**] [*slightly embarrassed*] Well no, you see ... Drachenfels is not in the Castle at present and ...

[**Zahrruk**] Oh.

[*The dwarf starts closing the door.*]

[**Wilhelm**] [*blocking the door with his foot*] Hey! Wait! What are you doing?! This is your problem as well! Eventually, the attackers will reach these dungeons, and then ...

[*Zahrruk is about to answer when another dwarf holding a simple, iron, horned crown in his hand emerges from the depths of the dungeons. He is dressed like Zahrruk.*]

[**Krodyg**] [*to Zahrruk*] Hey, look what they found during a raid. They took it off along with the head of some orc.

[**Zahrruk**] What is it?

[**Krodyg**] Elder says some Crown of Nagash or something. [*noticing Wilhelm*] What's he doing here? [*to Wilhelm*] You lost? There a toilet to unclog or what?

[**Wilhelm**] [*rolling his eyes*] You're a clog, you fool. I'm trying to save your life and ...

[**Krodyg**] [*waving his hand*] Okay, shut up. [*handing the crown to Zahrruk*] Check it out, it talks.

[*Zahrruk lifts the crown to his ear and then starts giggling.*]

[**Zahrruk**] [*mocking the crown*] "My will be done", "Bring forth the darkness" haha, what an idiot.

[**Krodyg**] Yeah, like some kind of motivational bard or something. [*walking back into the depths of the dungeon*] Okay, fun's over, got slaver work to do. Get rid of that demonic moron, sulfur is escaping through that open door.

[**Zahrruk**] [*harshly to Wilhelm*] Did you hear that? Scram!

[**Wilhelm**] [*hysterically*] But they're attacking us!

[Zahrruk] There he goes again, on and on like that crown. [*putting the crown to his ear, speaking to it*] Wait. What's that? What ya sayin'? Oh, ok, I'll tell him. [*to Wilhelm*] Hey Wilhelm ... it's Nagash. He says you need to sod off.



[Wilhelm] [*irritated, through his teeth*] Right, you ugly bearded kettle, but tell me... What exactly are you and your companions going to do, when the entire imperial army including priests, mages and whatnot comes a-knocking?

[*The dwarf reaches for his pistol and presents it to Wilhelm. The demonic servant looks at him for a moment and then bursts out laughing.*]



[Wilhelm] What? What are you going to do with this little pistol of yours?! Hahaha! You wouldn't shoot a pigeon with it!

[Without a single word the dwarf points his gun at Wilhelm and then fires. There is a terrifying explosion coming from the barrel of the gun, accompanied by a demonic roar, shaking the foundations of the castle. Wilhelm flies away and hits the wall with force and slides down, smoking.]

[Wilhelm] Ouch ...



[Zahrruk slams the door shut.]

[Wilhelm] *[to himself]* Ok, won't achieve anything here. I need to come up with something else.

Scene 5

- That's the Sigmar way!-





mperial camp in front of the Castle gate. Brother Albert's tent. A sizeable structure that houses an enormous table on which maps and battle plan lie scattered. There are also miniatures on the plans showing individual regiments of attackers, as well as miniatures of skeletons that occupy the battlements of the Castle's illustrations. Brother Albert himself and two knights panther in full combat gear bend over the map with attention and a glass of Reikland wine.]

[**Brother Albert**] *[taking a sip of wine]* Are the scouts back yet?

[**Gustav**] *[looking towards the empty tent entrance]* They should be any time now.

[**Brother Albert**] Good. It would not be wise to attack not knowing what awaits us in this foul keep.

[**Kurt**] Pf, whatever it is, we're gonna set it on fire. Fire is good against everything.

[**Gustav**] *[raising an eyebrow]* Everything?

[**Kurt**] That's right, against all sort of filth.

[**Gustav**] Like say, a dragon?

[**Kurt**] *[dispassionately]* Also, yes.

[**Gustav**] *[folding his hands theatrically]* Is that so? And against lets say, a fire elemental also?

[**Kurt**] Yup. *[after a while, through the teeth]* Fight fire with fire.

[Suddenly, a commotion is heard outside the tent. There are anxious shouts calling "messenger", "messenger" in the background. After a short while, a wight appears in the entrance to the tent. He is a daunting figure clad in black armor and wearing a helmet with ornaments stylized as great bat wings. He looks at the humans with flaming red eyes. The knights instinctively put their hands on the hilts of their swords, but the wight signals with his hand for them to hold back. He eyes them for a moment, then with quick gesture he pulls out a severed head of one of the Imperial scouts from under his black cloak. The knights immediately draw their swords, but the wraith once again holds them back with a gesture of his open hand. After a moment, he also produces a harmonica out of his pocket. The humans look at each other confused. The wight raises the severed head and puts the harmonica to its mouth. Suddenly the head comes alive and blows, the harmonica plays a short tune.]

[**Johan's Head**] *[singing in a whistling hollow voice]*

We just wanted to say "hey, it is good you came to play",

It's a beautiful day, for you to pray and slay,

But when you are done for today, please be on your way,

Your presence here is...

[The head frowns and looks to the wraith holding it.]

[Matheus the Wight] *[dispassionately with a cold, screeching voice]* ... disgusting.

[Johan's Head] *[with a grimace]* That doesn't rhyme!

[Matheus the Wight] But it's true.

[The wight drops the head which becomes inanimate again.]

[Matheus the Wight] Leave while you can.

[Kurt] I have a better idea. *[grabbing a torch]* First I'll burn you and then I'll burn that filthy castle to the ground.

[The wight laughs out loud and then suddenly pauses.]

[Matheus the Wight] You have been warned.

[Knights advance towards the dark messenger, but he suddenly covers himself with a cloak. Then the cloak falls the ground, and a hundred bats fly out from under it. They fly towards the Castle like a dark cloud.]

[Gustav] Brother Albert, what's the plan?

[Brother Albert] *[looking at the severed head of his scout]* Time to act. We will use reliable imperial war tactics.

[Kurt] Ha! That's more like it! So, we rush headlong and wait for the enemy to shit their pants at the sight of the Emperor's bravest warriors?

[Gustav] *[frowning]* What?! Have you seen these walls? Kurt, not even your thick head can get through ...

[Brother Albert] *[raising his hand as the wight did before]* We will use another reliable imperial war tactic ... meaning, we will use a reliable dwarven siege tactic. *[shouting to the guards outside the tent]* Send me Borri Grumson here.

[Outside the tent immediately there are shout calling for a Borri Grumson.]

[Kurt] If you ask me, I think we should burn these walls down. It's the Sigmar way.

[Gustav] *[rolling his eyes]* Nobody asked for your opinion.

[Then, a dwarf appears at the entrance to the tent. He is dressed in light armor, a helmet, and on his right eye he wears a bizarre, multi-layer monocle.]

[**Borri**] You called, commander?

[**Brother Albert**] Borri, my friend. Yes, I did. We need your wise elder race advice. We have a castle here, access to which is guarded by great walls and a massive gate. How would we deal with this minor inconvenience?

[**Borri**] [*without any hesitation*] Fire.

[**Kurt**] [*pointing a finger at Gustav's face*] Ha! What I tell you? You have a stupid face and your mom dresses you funny. [*to Borri*] Yes, yes, flawless logic, bravo.

[**Brother Albert**] [*ignoring Kurt, to Borri*] Fire?

[**Borri**] Exactly so. One volley from old Greta and that gate over there will become a whisp of smoke and a pile of splinters.

[**Kurt**] Right on! And then we'll burn them!

[**Gustav**] What the hell are we going to burn?!

[**Kurt**] Well ... the splinters [*seeing Gustav frown*] What ?! You're telling me splinters don't burn?! They're made of wood, you know?

[**Brother Albert**] [*ignoring the knights again, to Borri*] Old Greta?

[**Borri**] Yup. That's the huge cannon that a herd of donkeys dragged all the way here. Dwarven engineering. Those fragile human fortifications will crumble on the sight of it.

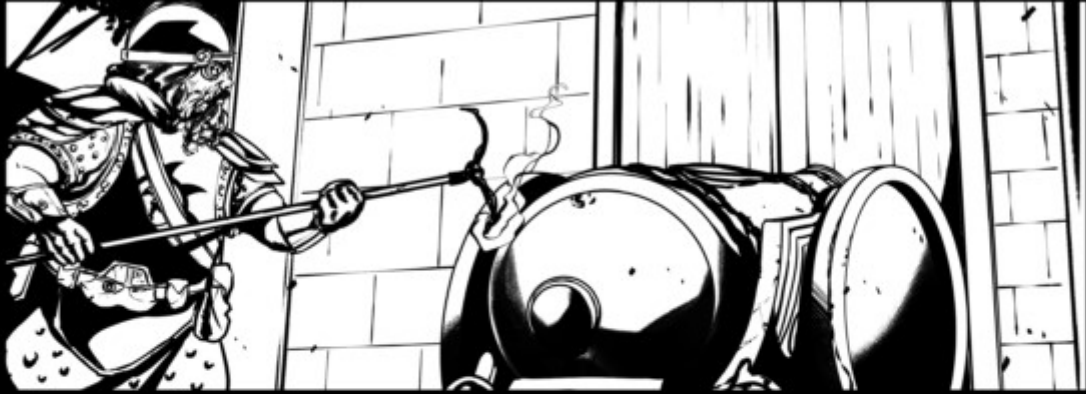
[**Brother Albert**] Then I guess we have a plan. [*to Gustav and Kurt*] Get your troops ready, we will attack as soon as the gate falls.

[**Kurt**] But we do bring torches, right?

[**Brother Albert**] [*with a sigh*] Yes, we bring torches ... that's the Sigmar way.

[The curtain falls. After a while, it rises to reveal a fragment of the field in front of the castle, on which a large dwarven cannon is set not far from the gate. Borri stands proudly next to it ready to fire. A little further away from the castle, Brother Albert, Gustav and Kurt lead the imperial troops ready to attack. With a broad smile Borri shows a thumbs up to Brother Albert. The human returns the gesture. The dwarf leans over the cannon and aims meticulously. When he is satisfied, he theatrically sets fire to the powder. There is a thunderous roar that scares off birds from the surrounding trees. A stone cannonball bursts out amid a fiery explosion and clouds of smoke hitting the gate with great force. As the smokescreen drops... so does the cannonball bouncing helplessly of the intact gate.]

[**Borri**] [*staring in disbelief*] By my beard...



[Suddenly, a loud laugh is heard from one of the windows at one of the bottom levels of the fortress.]

[Zahrruk] *[shouting to Borri]* Hahaha. What kind of a goblin fart was that supposed to be?! You call that a cannon?! Try to throw it at the gate, you'll do more damage! Hahaha, idiot!

[There is a consternation in the Imperial camp.]

[Brother Albert] *[to his comrades, frowning]* Hmm, we need a new plan.

[Kurt is about to say something, but Brother Albert interrupts him with a raised finger.]

[Brother Albert] *[to Kurt]* Not a word about burning stuff or I'll burn you.

[Kurt] *[offended]* Hmpf, that's the Sigmar way alright, but it ain't nice.

Scene 6

- *Curses and Enchantments* -





astle walls. Right in front of them the imperial army wielding siege ladders is advancing. On the walls, Wilhelm runs left and right, nervously watching the approaching threat. Accompanying him is a handful of extremely haggard-looking skeletons clad in heavily worn armor and wielding rusty, and partially broken, spears and swords.]

[Wilhelm] *[to himself]* Damn it... Okay, okay, don't panic. You can do it. It's just a full scale frontal assault. You just need to fight them off. Easy.

[The demon turns to the skeletons.]

[Wilhelm] *[straightening himself, with a commanding tone]* Castle Soldiers! The time of our trial has come! Behold, the enemy is at our gates! Never have so few faced so many and lived to tell the tale... Not that the last part matters when it comes to you guys.

[The skeletons stand still. Their slightly greenish ghastly eyes stare impassively at Wilhelm. One of them suddenly drops his jaw ... that is, it literally breaks off and falls at the demon's feet. Besides that, none of the skeletons reacts in any way.]

[Wilhelm] *[to himself]* Okay, motivational speeches seem a bit obsolete here. *[to the skeletons]* Archers to me.

[At first, neither of the skeletons moves. Suddenly one of them, hesitantly and unsteadily, steps forward. He holds a bow, but it lacks a string. The skeleton raises its bow and opens its mouth in a silent smile. Wilhelm hits his forehead with an open hand.]

[Wilhelm] Well, that's it for the greeting salvo. Now, what else do defenders do when the enemy attacks their walls? *[after a short while]* Oh! I know! We will pour hot tar on them! *[pointing his finger at two skeletons]* You there, run and fetch the cauldrons of boiling tar.

[The skeletons turn and look at the great cauldrons standing by the battlements, in which the tar has solidified... about a hundred years ago.]

[Wilhelm] *[irritated]* Come on ... Who the hell is responsible for the supplies in this Castle?!

[All the skeletons simultaneously glance at Wilhelm.]

[Wilhelm] *[noticing their stares]* What ?! No! Shut up! *[after a while, with a sigh]* Okay, wait here, I'll go get the tar.

[The curtain falls. After a while it rises. The scene shows the Castle dungeons again. Wilhelm once again stands under the heavy door that leads to the domain of the chaos dwarves. The demon is about to start banging on the door when he suddenly remembers something.]

[Wilhelm] *[to himself]* No, lets try a different approach...

[*Wilhelm mumbles a magic formula. Suddenly a loud “ding-dong” sounds at the door.*]

[**Wilhelm**] [*to the audience*] “Sounds” spell. It will be quicker this way.

[*After a short while, heavy footsteps and an unpleasant creaking of the door mechanisms are heard. The doors soon open. As usual, a cloud of sulfur and black dust is released. Zahrruk stands in the doorway. At the sight of Wilhelm he makes a low, displeased grunt.*]

[**Wilhelm**] [*not looking directly at his speaker*] May I have some tar, please?

[*The dwarf's eyes widen and he stares in bewilderment at the demon.*]

[**Wilhelm**] [*still looking to the side, pointing upwards*] For, um ... the walls ...

[**Zahrruk**] [*shaking his head, looking menacing*] Are you thick or something?

[**Wilhelm**] [*suddenly furiously, grabbing the dwarf by the beard*] The invading soldiers are climbing ladders up the walls! Since, as it turns out, I am the only one in the entire Castle who cares about this siege, then I need tar to defend the walls!

[**Zahrruk**] [*shocked, nervously pushing William away*] Hey! Never touch my beard again! You will ruin the braids!

[**Wilhelm**] [*folding his hands in irritation*] So ?! Am I going to get that damn tar or not ?! [*looking out the narrow window outside*] Look! The ladders are already leaning against the walls! No time to talk, time to act!

[**Zahrruk**] [*rolling his eyes*] You really don't get it, do you?

[**Wilhelm**] What am I not getting now?! If we don't do something soon, they will get in here and they will burn and plunder!

[**Zahrruk**] [*through his teeth*] These walls are enchanted, you moron. Do you never listen to what Drachenfels says?

[**Wilhelm**] [*with a sigh of irritation*] I know [*emphasizing*] you moron, that they're enchanted, but they don't want to break through them. They will climb them!

[**Zahrruk**] [*shaking his head*] Right, this is useless. Come on you fool, I'll show you ...

[*The curtain falls. Then, as it rises, the scene shows the castle walls again. Zahrruk and Wilhelm are standing next to the same as before group of pathetic skeletons, and they look outside the walls.*]

[**Wilhelm**] [*pointing to the soldiers on the ladders*] Well ?! See?! They are already half-way up the walls! They will be here soon! [*to the skeletons*] To arms! We will defend the Motherland to the last drop of... [*looking at the skeletons*] Er ... Yeah, we will just defend it!

[One of the skeletons “triumphantly” raises a rusty sword towards the sky with a trembling hand, but then the hand comes off and the sword clatters at Wilhelm’s feet. The demon looks at it with resignation. Zahrruk, on the other hand, seems to be unmoved by everything that is happening. The dwarf yawns slowly, then goes to the hand that has fallen off the skeleton, picks it up and starts scratching his back with it.]

[**Zahrruk**] [*to Wilhelm*] Yeah, the thing is, they’ll never get here.

[**Wilhelm**] [*surprised*] What?! They’re practically here! They’re almost at the top!

[**Zahrruk**] Right. “Almost”. Look again.

[The demon quickly looks outside and watches the climbing soldiers for a moment. The attackers seem to be climbing as if held in place. Although they move their arms and legs, they do not come closer to their climbing goal. Wilhelm looks from side to side and notices that this is the case on all ladders.]

[**Wilhelm**] [*confused*] Hey, what are they doing?! Why do they stop there?!

[**Zahrruk**] I told you, you idiot. These walls are enchanted... or, to be more precise, “cursed”. Those manlings there will climb and climb and climb until their arms fall off and they will never reach their intended destination. Like that ancient guy, Syphilis!

[**Wilhelm**] [*raising an eyebrow*] “Syphilis”?

[**Zahrruk**] [*waving his hand*] Or “Sisyphus”, whatever, same difference. The point is, you are making a scene like a little girl for no reason.

[**Wilhelm**] [*ignoring the dwarf*] Hmm, that does sound like something the boss would come up with.

[**Zahrruk**] Yeah. Now, [*ironically*] “forgive me” but you piss me off and I have slaves to supervise.

[The dwarf throws the bony hand away, decapitating another skeleton with it, which in turn instantly disintegrates into a small pile of bones. Zahrruk is heading downstairs. Suddenly Wilhelm grabs him by the beard, but immediately lets go when the dwarf draws his pistol with fiery eyes.]

[**Wilhelm**] [*pointing towards the field outside the walls*] Look! They’ve got a magician! I knew it! It’s all over! He will lift the curse and we will be done for.

[At the other end of the scene depicting the field in front of the castle, Brother Albert appears. He is accompanied by Gustav, Kurt and an elderly mage with a long gray beard, clad in ornate blue sorcerer’s robes, threaded with glittering golden thread forming intricate runic patterns.]

[**Albert**] [*pointing at the walls*] What do you think about it, wise Hermann?

[Hermann] *[expertly examining the situation on the walls]* Hmm, this looks like a curse, your excellency. Truly a nasty one.

[Gustav] *[frowning]* Can you do something about it?

[Hermann] *[stroking his beard]* Er ... I think so. This is a primitive incantation. I'm will dispel it. Give me some space.

[Brother Albert, Gustav and Kurt take two steps back. Hermann straightens the long sleeves of his robe and stands slightly astride. Then he raises his hands to the sky, as if drawing magic powers. Then, he begins to gesticulate, showing with his hands various complicated signs and whispering incantations under his breath. Soon he gestures more intensely, and his whispers turns into loud chanting. The magical powers gathering around him become almost palpable. Suddenly Hermann pauses and his face twists in a strange grimace.]

[Gustav] *[to his companions]* Hey, what's going on?

[The mage's body begins to tremble. At first it trembles slightly, then the trembling turns into true convulsions, and Hermann's face twists even more like a caricatural mask.]

[Kurt] *[concerned]* Hermann, is this how it's supposed to work or are you having a stroke?

[Suddenly the mage's head literally explodes. Blood and brain debris splash on the terrified Gustav, Kurt and Brother Albert.]

[Zahrruk] *[from the distance on the walls, but loud enough that the humans can hear]* Hahaha! His head exploded! What an idiot!

[Everyone else stares in shock at the mage's corpse. Curtain falls.]

Scene 7

- Death -





n old road in an exceptionally dark part of a forest. Huge dark trees, amidst the crowns of which Morrslieb's sickly greenish moonlight appears. There are bushes around the road, here and there one can see the yellow eyes of some night creatures. On the left side of the stage a black carriage driven by a headless coachman, wielding a scythe enters. On the right, enters a hooded figure holding the same agricultural equipment. The carriage stops. After a while its door opens "O Fortuna" starts playing in the background. Constant Drachenfels gets off.]

[**Constant Drachenfels**] [*looking at the figure, with a sigh*] You again? I thought we've settled this matter a few decades ago. [*shaking his head*] You really can't take a hint, can you? [*after a pause*] So what do you intend to do now?

[*The hooded figure points at the Enchanter with a bony finger.*]

[**Constant Drachenfels**] Yeah, right. Did you fall on that bone head of yours? I have told you over and over. [*with emphasis*] You're not taking me anywhere.

[**Death**] [*suddenly throwing back the hood, showing the skull, nervously with a female voice*] Damn it, Drachenfels! Don't be such an egocentric bastard! I've already given you a break dozens of times, but I can't wait anymore. It's my job! Your time has passed multiple times over. You can't be here for all eternity. It just looks wrong and the bosses are already tearing my head off because of this. You'll get me fired!

[**Constant Drachenfels**] And who will do all the killing then? Don't you all count on me. I'm an artist, not a laborer... No offense.

[**Death**] [*irritated*] Harry, Maria and Magdalena, I suppose.

[**Constant Drachenfels**] And they are...?

[**Death**] You know then... But by their nicknames. Famine, Pestilence and War.

[**Constant Drachenfels**] Ah. Well, yes. Look, I really can't help you. I'm not going anywhere and that's it.

[**Death**] [*sitting down on the ground with resignation*] They told me not to take this job. "You will eventually find one stubborn bastard, who just won't die and then what?", they said. Well exactly, now what? Maybe you can tell me, Mr. smarty pants? Or are you just gonna continue to make my life miserable? [*after a pause*] You offensive asshole!

[**Constant Drachenfels**] Hey! Why "offensive"?

[**Death**] Don't you remember what you did to me the first time we've met?

[**Constant Drachenfels**] [*looking a little guilty*] Oh, right ... Sorry about that. Back then I didn't know you were a lady. I mean, don't get me wrong, but a little makeup wouldn't hurt.



YOU AGAIN!
I THOUGHT WE
HAD FINALLY SETTLED
THIS CASE SEVERAL
DECADES AGO.

YOU REALLY
ARE A LITTLE
DENSE, YOU
KNOW?

SO WHAT ARE
YOU EXACTLY
PLANNING TO
DO NOW?



TAK, OCZYWIŚCIE. CHYBA NA
TEN KOŚCIANY IEB UPADIAŁ.
TŁUMACZYEM CI TO JUŻ WIELE
RAZY.

NIGDZIE
MNIENIE
ZABIERASZ.



DAMN IT,
DRACHENFELS!

DON'T BE SUCH A
SELF-CENTERED BASTARD!
I'VE ALREADY GIVEN YOU
A BREAK DOZENS OF TIMES,
BUT I CAN'T WAIT
ANYMORE.



IT'S MY JOB!
YOUR TIME HAS
PASSED MULTIPLE
TIMES OVER.

YOU CAN'T BE HERE
FOR ALL ETERNITY.
IT JUST LOOKS WRONG
AND THE BOSSES ARE
ALREADY TEARING MY
HEAD OFF BECAUSE
OF THIS.

YOU'LL GET
ME FIRED!



AND WHO WILL DO
ALL THE KILLING THEN?
DON'T YOU ALL COUNT
ON ME. I'M AN ARTIST,
NOT A BUTCHER...
NO OFFENSE.

[**Death**] And now insult me as well. [*outraged*] You have a heart of stone, you know?

[**Constant Drachenfels**] Heard it once or twice. Anyway, excuse me, I really can't help you. I'm kinda in a hurry ...

[*Constants heads for the carriage. At this point Death begins to cry.*]

[**Constant Drachenfels**] [*confused*] Hey, what are you doing? Don't be silly ...

[*Death cries even more. Drachenfels walks up to her.*]

[**Constant Drachenfels**] Come on, stop that. Death can't cry.

[**Death**] Even Death has feelings!

[**Constant Drachenfels**] Look, let's be reasonable, maybe we can work out something together.

[**Death**] [*stops crying, slurping*] So, you gonna let me cut your head off and lead you to endure eternal torment in the realm of the dead on its lowest, darkest level, where in the deepest, darkest hole there is a room with a thousand instruments of torture and your name on the nameplate on the door?

[**Constant Drachenfels**] [*with the eyes of Garfield the cat*] No ...

[*Death cries again.*]

[**Constant Drachenfels**] Wait!

[**Death**] You selfish bastard!

[**Constant Drachenfels**] Okay, take it easy and tell me ... The point is that I've been on this plane for too many years and it looks bad, right?

[**Death**] [*through tears*] Yes.

[**Constant Drachenfels**] Okay, what about the elves then?

[**Death**] What about them?

[**Constant Drachenfels**] Well, after all, they run around the world even for several thousand years, and they die as they see fit. Doesn't that look bad?

[**Death**] Well ... yeah, it does.

[**Constant Drachenfels**] Exactly. And you don't really care for the order in which people die, do you?

[**Death**] Well, not really, no.

[**Constant Drachenfels**] Right? So let's do it this way. You will take me with you...

[**Death**] [*not crying anymore*] Yeah?

[**Constant Drachenfels**] ... but only after you have first taken all the elves.

[**Death**] Hmm, that does make a lot of sense. But this is associated with many technical difficulties ... I don't know.

[**Constant Drachenfels**] Look, tell you what. I'm on my way to the Athel Loren forest right now. I'll give you a ride, huh?

[**Death**] Well, yeah... But how can I go dressed like this?

[**Constant Drachenfels**] What, suddenly you care?

[**Death**] You know these elves are quite sensitive to appearance. I'll score one and the rest will run away.

[**Constant Drachenfels**] Okay, I have an idea ... Stand up straight.

[The Great Enchanter holds up his hands. Lightning appears in the sky. One of the lightning bolts hits Death. Suddenly, her physiognomy begins to change. Her body takes the form of an unimaginably beautiful elf with jet-black hair, her clothes turn into beautiful blood-red robes, and her scythe turns into a silver dagger.]

[**Death**] [*looking at the reflection of herself in the dagger*] Not bad Constant, not bad ...

[**Constant Drachenfels**] I told you that I am an artist ... [*offering Death his hand*] Shall we?

[**Death**] [*with joy and a velvety tone in her voice*] We shall.

[They both get into the carriage. The carriage departs in Morrslieb's dim light.]

Scene 8

- *We Bring Gifts* -





rachenfels' carriage. As before it is driven by the headless coachman and drawn by skeletal horses. It enters from the right side of the stage. The decorations show a barely traveled trail in a dark thicket of forests. Here and there decorated with intricate runes are some forest elves' boundary stones. Suddenly, at the back of the carriage, something in the trunk rumbles.]

[Death] *[from inside the carriage, concerned]* What's that?

[Constant Drachenfels] *[from inside the carriage as well]* Nothing special. I brought a gift for the elves. It's a bit loose in the trunk. Don't worry about it.

[Suddenly, countless arrows fly out of the forest, instantly destroying the skeletal horses and the coachman. A large number of the arrows hits the carriage causing thudding sounds. The carriage stops.]

[Death] And what was that? Sounds from the trunk again?

[Constant Drachenfels] No, I don't think so. I think we've arrived *[slightly opening a black curtain in the window, which is pierced immediately pierced by an arrow]* but it seems that ... it's raining.

[Drachenfels mumbles a slightly modified "Protection Against Rain" spell version – "Protection Against Arrow Rain". The Great Enchanter gets out of the carriage and helps Death do the same. When Drachenfels emerges from the carriage, "O Fortuna" starts playing in the background. After a while, more arrows fly towards the travelers, but they bounce off the invisible barrier spread by Drachenfels. After a few volleys, the shots stop.]

[Constant Drachenfels] *[towards the forest, pointing theatrically at the arrows at his feet]* Thank you, we have enough arrows now. *[after a moment]* We're just passing by, can we talk?

[In response, a single arrow flies out of the forest, but it also bounces off the magic barrier.]

[Constant Drachenfels] *[still towards the forest]* We have no ill intentions. On the contrary, we carry gifts.

[There is a moment of silence.]

[Ethoriel] *[from the forest]* We don't need your filthy gifts, Drachenfels ... You are trespassing on the sacred forest ground, leave now.

[Constant Drachenfels] Ah yes, "trespassing", that's also what I wanted to talk to you about. Come closer, friends, do not be afraid. We'll just exchange a few words and I'll be on my way.

[There is a moment of silence. Death pretends to be looking for something in the carriage and looking little anxiously at the trunk, which is slightly trembling.]

[Death] *[also towards the forest]* We have, er ... Cookies!

[Constant Drachenfels] *[raising an eyebrow, whispering]* Cookies?

[Death] *[also whispering]* Sure, everyone likes cookies. It's been scientifically proven.

[At this point, three elves emerge from the thicket of the forest. The sorceress Ethoriel has a storm of red curls on her head. Her green eyes are extremely piercing. Her body, barely cloaked in skimpy clothing that constitutes of a jumble of leaves and vines rather than fabric, is covered with numerous intricate tattoos. She is accompanied by two archers in gray cloaks and hoods concealing their faces. They are wielding exceptionally long bows which are ready to fire.]

[Death] *[to Drachenfels]* Ha, you see?

[Ethoriel] *[angrily]* We haven't come for the cookies. Again, we don't want your filthy gifts. We want you to go away!

[Constant Drachenfels] *[conciliatorily]* Yes, yes, but before that happens, we were going to talk about, as you put it, "trespassing."

[Ethoriel] *[rolling her eyes]* Well then, say what you have to say, and do it quickly.

[Constant Darchenfels] *[with great calmness]* You are extremely kind. *[adjusting the cuffs]* Well then... Less than a month ago I ordered from ... a *vendor* residing in the hills of Massif Orca, a small, some sixty or so, detachment of night goblins to guard the castle pantry. See, my guests sometimes take the wrong corridor in my castle. Then they make an awful mess, eat all my pickles and stuff.

[Ethoriel] *[with a hateful stare]* To the point, human.

[Constant Drachenfels] *[smiling, ignoring the elf's agitated tone]* Imagine my surprise when my goblins did not arrive.

[Ethoriel] What do *we* have to do with this? Why do you file your complaints with us? Report to your filth supplier.

[Constant Drachenfels] *[nodding]* I did indeed do exactly so. Then when I, uh... completely unintentionally slightly injured him...

[At this point the Great Enchanter, as if casually, conjures a small orb of dark magic on his open palm. The archers take up combat positions aiming at Drachenfels, Ethoriel begins to accumulate her magic, the greenish discharges of which cover her entire figure.]

[**Constant Drachenfels**] [*ignoring the elves, casually watching the black orb of energy vibrating on his hand*] ... he told me a heartbreaking story of poor little goblins who were joyfully travelling to my castle, jumping up and down, whistling and singing happy travel songs... sometimes burning and robbing a village or two when they got hungry ... when at one point they ventured into a great dark forest ... just like the one we're in right now ...

[The Great Enchanter moves slightly towards the elves. His figure emanating dark magic casts a sinister shadow on them. Death, with a gleam in her eye, places her hand on the hilt of her dagger, but Drachenfels restrains her with a gesture of his free hand.]

[**Ethoriel**] [*through gritted teeth*] Not one step further.

[**Constant Drachenfels**] [*with a slight smile, ignoring the elf, coming closer*] ... and here our story gets to the sad part. [*with mock anxiety, looking meaningfully at the elven archers*] Bandits! [*with emphasis*] Those foul, mean bandits, attacked the poor, small, sweet, friendly goblins. [*with even more emphasis*] *my* goblins.

[*The Great Enchanter stops right in front of Ethoriel, looking deep into her eyes. It is obvious that the elf is trying to raise her hands to try to cast a spell, but some invisible force is preventing her from doing so.*]

[**Ethoriel**] [*with evident effort*] What is this farce?! If your creatures crossed the boundaries of the sacred forest, they suffered the fate of all those who trespass, death.

[**Death**] [*slightly surprised*] Yes?

[**Ethoriel**] [*ignoring Death*] Boundaries must be observed!

[**Constant Drachenfels**] [*nodding*] Indeed, boundaries must be observed ... That's why I brought you something that, one might say, also crossed the boundaries of your forest. Something you lost a long time ago.

[*Something starts making angry noises in the carriage's trunk again. Archers hesitate whether to target Drachenfels or the trunk.*]

[**Ethoriel**] [*still struggling to raise her hands*] What are you talking about, you charlatan?

[**Constant Drachenfels**] You see, the moral of the story about the poor little goblins is that it's hard to lose a friend...

[*Death clears her throat and whistles innocently as she watches the sky for no reason at all.*]

[**Constant Drachenfels**] ... that is why when I found this poor, stray forest spirit far away in the Gryphon Woods, I knew that I had to bring it home as soon as possible. [*moving his face close to the elf's face, blinking an eye*] Let's call it empathy.



[Suddenly, to everyone's surprise, the Great Enchanter points his hand with the orb of magical energy towards the trunk of the carriage. The orb turns into a beam of dark energy, which after a moment tears to shreds a large padlock securing the lock of the trunk. A creature erupts from inside the trunk. It is a dryad, a forest spirit that looks a bit like a human-sized treeman with a female physiognomy, whose limbs resemble branches. The dryad's eyes are dark and radiate purple magical energy.]

[Ethoriel] *[with horror in her eyes]* Th-that ... that's Drycha!

[At this point, all the characters on the stage, except for one of the shooters, freeze. The elf walks towards the audience.]

[Toriel] *[addressing the audience directly in an impassive voice]* Dear viewers, you deserve a word of explanation here. For those of you not familiar with the lore, Drycha is an insane forest spirit wielding powerful magic, who, due to some historical events, hates elves. *[extremely dispassionately]* Woe to us, we all shall perish.

[The elf then returns to his initial position. The other characters move again. Drycha lets out a terrifying, chilling scream.]

[Drycha] *[with a screechy, resonant voice]* Free at last! *[seeing the elves]* Asrai ... Murder ... Death ...

[Death] *[surprised again]* Yes? *[realizing the situation]* Oh, you didn't mean me.

[Drycha, mumbles a magic formula. Roars and commotion can be heard from the forest. Among the thickets, more dryads appear. They immediately move in blind fury towards the elves. Three of the dryads catch up with one of the archers and tear the terrified elf to pieces. Ethoriel and the second archer run into the forest in panic to Drachenfels' obvious amusement. Drycha and the frenzied dryads follow them. A few moments later, in the distance, deep in the woods, there are sounds of fighting and horrible screams.]

[Constant Drachenfels] I like myself a story with a happy ending. *[to Death]* Well, now that that's that, would you like to accompany me on my way back to the Castle?

[Death] Yes, it looks like my services are not required here anymore. *[looking at the horses and coachmen full of arrows, distressed]* Oh, but I think we lost our means of transport.

[Constant Drachenfels] *[raising an eyebrow]* Please... *[chanting casually]* Abracadabra, stupid arrow rain, what once fell can rise again.

[Skeletal horses immediately get up and shake off the excess arrows. The coachman also stands up, removes a few arrows from his body and as if nothing had happened, gets back on his seat.]

[Constant Drachenfels] *[to Death]* Shall we?

[Drachenfels and Death get into the carriage and depart to the sounds of terrible screams in the wilderness.]

Scene 9

- The Duel -





he field before the Castle gate. Imperial troops are preparing for the next assault. Suddenly, the Castle gate opens wide. Everyone goes silent. Wilhelm walks put proudly, holding a bloody white handkerchief in his left hand and a huge book in his right hand.]

[Wilhelm] *[in a thunderous voice]* I want you to talk to the person in charge here!

[There is a movement in the imperial ranks. After some time, Brother Albert, the inquisitor, appears in front of the first ranks. He faces Wilhelm.]

[Brother Albert] *[also in a loud voice]* I'm in charge here and I act in the name of the Emperor and the Count Elector! *[after a pause]* What do you want?!

[Wilhelm throws the book he is holding at the human. Brother Albert picks up the volume and shakes the dust off it.]

[Brother Albert] *[reading aloud the title of the book]* "Laws of the Empire." *[to Wilhelm]* What is this about?

[Wilhelm] *[pointing his hand theatrically to the Castle]* You say, that that Castle there is a nest of demons and all foulness?

[Brother Albert] *[folding his hands]* Indeed, I do!

[Wilhelm] *[also folding his hands]* And I say you are a liar, a pest, a pig, a simpleton, a bastard, a sexual deviant, and your mother dresses you funny!

[Brother Albert] *[emotionally]* Liar!

[Wilhelm] Ordeal!

[Brother Albert] What now?!

[Wilhelm] *[with a smile]* You heard me. Ordeal. We'll have a duel, you and me. If you tell the truth, the gods will protect you, for they will be on your side... But if you lie, as I say, the gods will side with me and you will fall. Then, your successor will send the army away in fear of godly fury.

[Brother Albert] *[browsing through the book in a hurry]* Well, I don't know if that is...

[Wilhelm] Page twenty-seven... cupcake.

[Brother Albert reads for a moment. Then he smiles.]

[Brother Albert] *[with a little twinkle in his eye]* Okay, so be it.

[Wilhelm] *[approaching the inquisitor]* Fine, let's get it over with.

[Brother Albert] *[pushing Wilhelm away, flipping through the book]* Wait, wait ... It says here that I am entitled to nominate a champion to fight on my behalf. *[reading on]* Also, you are not by any chance a noble, are you?

[Wilhelm] *[surprised]* Er, well, I ...

[Brother Albert] Excellent, so me as a nobleman ... Well, actually, my champion to be exact, will fight with a sword. You as a peasant on the other hand, accordingly to your status, will fight with a stick.

[Wilhelm] *[agitated]* Give me that! ...

[Wilhelm takes the book from the inquisitor and reads from it.]

[Wilhelm] Damn ... Should have read the whole thing... *[to Brother Albert]* Okay, bring that bodyguard of yours.

[Brother Albert] *[happily]* Hugo!

[There is a movement in the imperial ranks again. After a moment, Hugo appears. He towers over the rest, in height resembling an ogre more than a man. He is wearing armor, but without a helmet. He is holding a huge sword in his hands. Brother Albert snaps his fingers. Some squire from the crowd hands Wilhelm a stick.]

[Brother Albert] *[stepping back]* I think we can start. Let the one *[with a chuckle]* who is favored by the gods, win.

[Hugo charges Wilhelm with a shout. Wilhelm looks at Hugo, then looks at his stick and then again at his opponent. When the human is almost in contact, the demon breaks the stick in two pieces with sharp tips. He thrusts the stick pieces in the eyes of his opponent and then pushes them further deep into the victim's brain. Hugo immediately dies.]

[Everyone] ...

[Wilhelm straightens up, adjusts the lace cuffs and looks at the spectators with an icy glance.]

[Wilhelm] As you can see, Sigmar is on my side ...

[There is thunder in the cloudless sky.]

[Wilhelm] *[with a demonic voice]* Now get off my property, you lowlives!

[The demon watches as the troubled commanders start to give orders to close the camps and retreat. Wilhelm is leaning against the gate and watching them with satisfaction.]



[**Wilhelm**] Yes, yes, quickly now ... Sigmar's will be done!

[Suddenly, lightning strikes the demon from a cloudless sky. Wilhelm falls to the ground as if ... struck by lightning.]

[**Wilhelm**] *[smoking]* Damn ... I had to, I just had to overdo it...

[**Brother Albert**] *[pointing to William]* Look! This is a sign from the heavens! After the blasphemer!

[Wilhelm quickly gets up from the ground and runs away to the Castle as quickly as possible. The gate behind him slams shut.]

Scene 10

- It was Fluffy -





n idyllic meadow behind the Castle, hidden between mountain crevices and chasms. The gloomy silhouette of the Castle towers over the scenery. In the meadow Fluffy joyfully runs, jumps and barks. He is held on a leash by clearly bored and yawning Matheus the Wight, clad as usual in his impressive black armor. The weather is beautiful and sunny.]

[Matheus the Wight] *[to Fluffy]* Didn't you get a little bit carried away with your dog act?

[Fluffy] *[happily]* * bark *

[Matheus the Wight] *[shaking his head and yawning]* Okay, suit yourself, but hurry up. *[glancing up at the sky]* I don't really like the sun that much, you know.

[Suddenly, two Imperial soldiers in gray scouts' coats appear behind one of the rocky bends. They are very cautious and quiet.]

[Rupert] *[whispering to his companion]* Look over there, who is that?

[Helmut] *[also whispering]* No clue? Some dark knight?

[Rupert] With a dog on a leash? What's that about?

[Helmut] Maybe it's Drachenfels' dog, and this guy is taking him for a walk?

[Rupert] I don't know about that, but if we're going to find the back entrance to the castle, we'll have to sneak past them.

[At this point, Fluffy notices the humans and immediately starts walking towards them, dragging Matheus behind him.]

[Matheus the Wight] *[to Fluffy]* Hey! Where are you going? I said I don't like the sun! Come back now, I'd like to go back to my crypt. This warmth makes my back hurt!

[Matheus the Wight and Fluffy head towards Rupert and Helmut.]

[Rupert] *[still whispering]* Damn! They're coming this way. Let's beat it.

[Helmut] No time. Take cover.

[Matheus and Fluffy reach the rock behind which Rupert and Helmut are hiding.]

[Matheus the Wight] *[to Fluffy, slightly stooped]* Are you done? Can we go back?

[Rupert and Helmut look at each other knowingly. They silently draw their swords and carefully position themselves behind the wight. They each take a deep breath and simultaneously attack Matheus with two strong blows to the back of the head. To their surprise, the wight takes the blows unscathed, then turns towards them, a black, dark fury visible in his eyes.]

[Matheus the Wight] *[in a terrifyingly cold voice]* That was a mistake. *[drawing a giant black sword]* Prepare to die.

[At this point, Fluffy mumbles something that resembles a magic incantation. An invisible force hits Matheus on the back of the head. The blow is accompanied by a loud clang from the wight's helmet. This time, the blow immediately knocks Matheus down. The soldiers look surprised.]

[Rupert] Hey, what happened to him?

[Helmut] Maybe our blows took time to settle in?

[Rupert] *[carefully looking at the unconscious opponent]* Could be. *[proudly]* Then we are heroes of the Empire.

[Helmut] Let's find this entrance to the castle and then we *will* indeed be heroes.

[Fluffy] * bark *

[Rupert] *[to Fluffy, in a friendly voice]* Oh, hey there buddy. What does a cute little dog like you do with a monster like him?

[In response, Fluffy takes the leash in his mouth and raises it towards Rupert.]

[Helmut] *[with sudden interest]* Hey, maybe you can show us the way you came here, huh?

[Fluffy] *[wagging his tail happily]* * bark *

[At the same moment, Fluffy strongly pulls the leash and almost drags Rupert who is now holding it off of his feet. They both run towards the Castle. Helmut follows them, leaving Matheus the Wight with his face in the grass. After a few moments, the three of them reach the castle walls. However, there is no entrance there.]

[Rupert] *[breathing heavily, looking nervously around]* Okay. Good boy. Found the castle, good job.

[Helmut] *[breathing heavily as well]* Now lead us to the entrance.

[At this point, however, one of the boulders standing close to where Fluffy and the soldiers are standing "comes to life". It turns out to be a large stone troll sitting in an embryonic position facing the castle walls. The troll, a good four meters high, straightens. Its stone-like body is covered with various distortions and furrows. He then directs his frightening gaze to the now terrified Rupert and Helmut. He opens its menacing jaws revealing large stone fangs, then takes a step towards the humans, causing the earth to tremble.]

[Rupert] *[paralyzed and pale with fear]* Wha-what-is that?! *[to Fluffy]* Doggie, where have you brought us?

[**Helmut**] [*barely audible*] By Sigmar.

[*The troll lets out a terrible roar that causes the humans to fall to the grass. They embrace themselves in horror, saying silent prayers to Shallya.*]

[**Helmut**] [*sobbing*] Rupert, this looks like the end of us.

[**Rupert**] [*terrified*] Yes, it does. [*getting a grip of himself for a moment*] It was an honor to serve with you to the glory of the Emperor.

[**Helmut**] By Sigmar, likewise.

[*Fluffy yawns as if nothing was happening and runs out in front of the humans, standing now between them and the troll. The huge beast spots Fluffy and stops.*]

[**Fluffy**] [*to the troll*] * bark *

[**Mike the Troll**] [*raising an eyebrow, confused, to Fluffy*] Hyg?

[**Fluffy**] * bark *

[*The troll shrugs and starts walking towards the humans again. Fluffy makes a threatening face and takes a fighting stance ... as much as a dog of his size can take a stance like that.*]

[**Fluffy**] [*showing his little fangs*] * bark ** bark *

[*The giant troll pauses again and scratches its head.*]

[**Mike the Troll**] Hyyyyyg?

[*In response, Fluffy starts barking more ferociously and runs towards the troll. The troll, to the great surprise of Helmut and Rupert, looks frightened, then lets out a fearful groan and starts to run away. Satisfied with himself, Fluffy wags his tail and barks at the escaping monster for a moment longer. The relieved soldiers run up to Fluffy.*]

[**Rupert**] Doggie! How did you do that?!

[**Helmut**] You are the true hero here!

[**Rupert**] [*petting Fluffy*] You acted like Ulric's greatest battle hound!

[**Fluffy**] [*wagging his tail*] * bark *

[**Rupert**] [*looking around*] Okay, when we get back to the camp, you'll get a delicious snack as a reward, but now we really need to find that entrance to the castle.

[*Hearing this, Fluffy runs to the walls and barks out a magic incantation. After a while, part of the wall begins to shimmer strangely, revealing a warpway. Then Fluffy picks up the leash with his mouth again and gives it to Rupert.*]

[Rupert] [*hesitantly taking the leash*] By Sigmar, what is that?

[*Fluffy however, does not give Rupert too much time to think. He jumps in the war-pway, dragging the helpless man behind him.*]

[Helmut] [*surprised*] Hey! Wait!

[*The second soldier walks hesitantly to the portal, examines it for a moment, then swallows heavily and follows his companions. The curtain falls and after a few moments it rises again showing the castle courtyard at the main gate. Wilhelm runs back and forth nervously on the walls, yelling orders to his meager group of skeletal defenders. At the gate there is a heavy lever connected by a chain with some bizarre gear mechanism. Suddenly, a warpway opens on the wall right next to the gate, through which Fluffy falls out and neatly lands in the courtyard. Then, right behind him Rupert and Helmut appear, hitting the cobblestones hard. Wilhelm does not notice them and continues his drill.*]

[Rupert] [*grimacing in pain*] Ouch ... Whe-where are we?

[Helmut] [*looking around, whispering to Rupert*] Hey, I think we're inside the castle.

[Rupert] By Sigmar, how is that possible?

[Fluffy] [*wagging his tail*] * bark *

[*Fluffy does not give the soldiers too much time to recover and immediately pulls the leash again, leading Rupert to the lever by the gate. Helmut follows them cautiously. Fluffy starts barking happily at the lever.*]

[Rupert] [*to Fluffy*] What is it, buddy?

[Helmut] Should we pull the lever?

[Fluffy] [*wagging his tail*] * bark *

[*The soldiers look at each other, shrug, then grab the lever. They struggle with it for a moment. Then, the mechanism finally moves with difficulty and the lever shifts to a different position. The castle gate makes a loud screech and then slowly opens.*]

[Rupert] [*with joy*] By Sigmar, the gate is opening!

[*Wilhelm stops his tirade and leans out hurriedly looking towards the gate.*]

[Wilhelm] [*in horror*] What's going on over there?! [*noticing the humans and Fluffy*] Hey! You there! What are you doing?! Saboteurs! [*to Fluffy*] Fluffy! Switch that lever back and close that gate before the imperial troops get in here!

[Fluffy joyfully runs to the lever, grabs it in his mouth, and then without much difficulty tears it out of the mechanism. The demon then spits out the broken lever still wagging its tail.]

[Wilhelm] *[with eyes bulging]* What the hell are you doing ?!

[Fluffy] *[to Wilhelm]* * bark *

[Wilhelm] *[hysterically]* “Fun”?! What fun?! We’ll all die because of you.

[Fluffy] * bark *

[Wilhelm] You wicked bastard! When I get my hands on you...

[Then the demon looks beyond the castle walls towards the imperial troops.]

[Wilhelm] *[in horror]* Oh no! They’re coming already! *[to his skeletons on the walls, pointing towards the humans and Fluffy]* Go get these traitors! I am going to regroup in the castle.

[The skeletons move awkwardly down the wooden stairs towards Fluffy and his companions, who start to escape towards the main building of the Castle. Wilhelm disappears in a warpway in the wall.]

Scene 11

- Let's split-up! -





astle courtyard in front of the gate. At one point, four imperial soldiers cautiously enter the scene. One of them is leading a ferocious Tilean Manhound on a leash. It is quiet. Very quiet. The soldiers have uncertain expressions on their faces. They look around and swallow every now and then.]

[Mathias] *[whispering]* It looks abandoned.

[Heinrich] *[also whispering]* Maybe they all escaped or perished, eh captain?

[Captain Thadeus] *[loudly]* Nonsense! The filthy spawns are just lurking in the depths of this infernal fortress, and we ... By Sigmar! We will put an end to their miserable existence today!

[Suddenly, a piercing, overwhelming scream comes from the main building of the Castle. It engulfs the newcomers like a terrible wave. It sounds like a combination of a demonic shout, a ghastly roar and a screech of metal on glass. The soldiers are startled and the dog jumps in the arms of one of them.]

[Tobias] *[in horror]* By Sigmar! What was that?!

[Heinrich] A demon of some sort... or worse.

[Captain Thadeus] *[with less certainty]* Nonsense. These are just tricks of those filthy monsters, for sure. It will not save them from the wrath of the Emperor.

[Mathias] Yeah, about that ... Wasn't it supposed to be the Inquisitor, that was coming to clear this castle of all demons and stuff?

[Captain Thadeus] Aye! To the glory of Sigmar and the Emperor!

[Mathias] *[nodding]* Right, uhm ... And now ... Why our beloved Inquisitor, glory to his name, blessed he among the Sigmarites and stuff ... is not here to send these demons back into the hellish void, but rather uses simple soldiers like us who, at the sight of a demon will, pardon the expression, shit their pants? *[seeing the captain's fiery, scolding gaze]* Er, I'm asking for a friend.

[Captain Thadeus] We are scouts. We are to investigate if this wide-open gate is not some kind of a demonic trap.

[Mathias] *[still nodding]* Right, yes. But if it turned out, that we would indeed find some kind of demonic manifestation here... Wouldn't it be better if it was handled by someone who really has a vague idea how to banish a demon? *[after a pause]* Still, asking for a friend.

[Captain Thadeus] We don't question the orders of the Inquisitor. As soon as we find a source of a demonic presence, we will stand our ground and then rush to report it to the camp.



[**Mathias**] [*with resignation*] A perfect plan.

[**Captain Thadeus**] Indeed!

[**Heinrich**] [*looking around the courtyard*] Hey, what's that dead donkey doing over there?

[**Captain Thadeus**] Doesn't matter! We have to search the castle. There is only one way to do it efficiently and effectively ...

[**Mathias**] [*to himself, looking at the sky*] No, please don't let it be ...

[**Captain Thadeus**] [*triumphantly*] Let's split up!

[**Mathias**] [*to himself*] Come on! [*to Captain Thadeus*] Brilliant scheme, commander. Truly fantastic. But...

[**Captain Thadeus**] [*raising an eyebrow*] But?

[**Mathias**] Is it really wise? When we split up, it will be easier to catch us one by one.

[**Captain Thadeus**] [*clapping his thigh*] Ha! You're a moron! We will comb more terrain this way, and the filthy monsters will have already scurried away at the mere sight of Sigmar's brave soldiers. Okay, let's split up.

[Thadeus remains in the courtyard with the battle hound, while Heinrich, Mathias and Tobias move accordingly towards: the nearest tower, the main building, and the last of them goes to the strange fluctuating portal in the wall. Thadeus watches his companions disappear in their chosen locations. Then the commander starts whistling and looking around the courtyard. The dog trembles slightly and hugs the captain's leg.]

[**Captain Thadeus**] [*quietly, to himself*] It's not that bad here ... it's a bit neglected, but there is a well and all ...

[Suddenly, Heinrich bursts out of the tower's lowest window onto the cobblestones. He looks back in horror. A ghost resembling a fragile young girl appears in the window ... it has an enormous gaping maw filled with huge fangs. The ethereal lady pursues the human, gliding smoothly along the wall. The soldier escapes towards the main building.]

[**Heinrich**] [*in horror*] HELP!

[**Captain Thadeus**] [*cuddling up to the battle hound, with his thumb up*] Eh, you're doing well, soldier! Keep it up! This apparition will tire soon!

[Heinrich swears under his breath and bursts into the main building, slamming the door behind him. The ghost follows the man, going straight through the door. Moments later, the door opens again and Mathias runs out. He is chased by a big red horned demon of

Khorne wielding a flaming sword. The battle hound yelps at the sight of the demon and runs as quickly as possible to the well. He dives in and a big splash is heard.]

[**Mathias**] *[to Thadeus]* HELP!

[**Captain Thadeus**] *[taking two steps back]* Sure soldier, I'll get right on it, but first I need to help Heinrich!

[Mathias runs into the tower, the demon follows him. Then, Tobias runs out of the tower. He is chased by a herd of five Blup-like nurglings. The little green horned demons snap their mouths joyfully.]

[**Tobias**] *[to Thadeus]* HELP!

[**Captain Thadeus**] Hold on, I'll get the dog! The dog will handle them!

[Tobias runs into the main building, the nurglings follow him. Similar scenes take place several more times. The same chasers and escapees, in different configurations, run through the courtyard again and again to disappear afterwards in random locations. At some point, a gush of water explodes from the well. The dog lands on the cobblestones. A rumbling murmur can be heard from the depths of the well. The soaked dog escapes through the main gate of the Castle with a whine. Thadeus watches him go. After a while, Heinrich strides out of the main building of the Castle. The man is wounded, bruised, burned here and there and slightly frostbitten on other parts of his body. One of his boots looks slightly digested. Nonetheless, he walks with his chest stretched forward, for he leads the Matheus the Wight in front of him, holding him on the blade of his sword. The wight has a bandage on his head and is visibly confused.]

[**Heinrich**] *[happily to Thadeus]* Look captain! I think I caught the commander of this gang! He was hiding in a bed under which I was ... regrouping.

[Thadeus looks at the enormous, black armor-clad wight in amazement.]

[**Matheus the Wight**] *[absently]* And I would have gotten away with it, if it wasn't for you pesky kids...

[Suddenly the mighty undead shakes his head and looks in confusion at both humans.]

[**Matheus the Wight**] Hey! What am I saying?! What's all this?!

[With inhuman speed the wight grabs Heinrich's sword blade and unceremoniously tears the weapon from the man's hand. He then makes a huge swing and knocks the unfortunate man's head off his shoulders, striking it with the hilt of his sword, still holding it by the blade. Heinrich's head lands several dozen meters away and the rest of his body falls limp to the cobblestones. Matheus then turns with fiery eyes to Captain Thadeus, who is trembling with fear.]

[**Matheus the Wight**] *[to the captain]* You're next.

[Suddenly, the wight looks towards the castle gate, where Brother Albert appears at the head of the Imperial forces. Matheus lets out a dissatisfied hiss and dissipates into a flock of bats, which quickly disappear in one of the windows of the Castle's highest tower. Brother Albert runs to Thadeus. Gustav and Kurt follow him.]

[Brother Albert] Captain, report!

[Captain Thadeus] *[still shaking]* Excellency, it was horrible. I ordered the soldiers to split-up and then ...

[Kurt] *[surprised]* Split-up ?! Here?! In a castle full of demons ?!

[Gustav] *[mockingly]* Where did you receive your training ?! In Ostland?

[Captain Thadeus] *[shaking his head]* Er, no! Did I say split-up ?! I meant er... look out ... look out and then prudently ...

[Kurt] *[holding his finger up]* No, no. It doesn't work like that. The seventh principle of the Great Code of the Inquisition. "No backsies." You burn now.

[Gustav] *[to the soldiers behind them]* Take him and prepare a pyre.

[Captain Thadeus] *[with desperation in his voice]* No! Please...

[Kurt] I'm sorry, it's the Sigmar way.

[The soldiers lead the weeping captain away.]

[Kurt] *[to Brother Albert]* What now?!

[Brother Albert] *[frowning, looking at the main building, seriously]* We venture into the Castle ...

Scene 12

- Stop dispelling me -





reat Chamber of Summoning. A huge room with a ceiling in the shape of a giant dome and a diameter of several dozen meters. There are mirrors and paintings depicting various scenes from the Void on the walls. They have strangely decorated frames depicting demons and tortured souls. A large copper octagram is mounted in the floor in the center of the room. Wilhelm, who is slightly battered, stands in the middle of it.]

[Wilhelm] *[breathing heavily]* Damn, there are too many of them. They're gonna get me. Maybe I should ask some friends for help...

[The demon looks around the chamber.]

[Wilhelm] *[irritated]* Right, of course. Of all the castle chambers, this one just had to be clean and empty of any kind of summoning material!

[Suddenly two soldiers with halberds burst through the door into the chamber.]

[Wilhelm] *[to himself]* Oh, the material showed up.

[Frederic] *[pointing at Wilhelm]* He's here!

[Karl] And he's alone! Get him!

[Both soldiers run towards Wilhelm with halberds. The demon waits until the last moment, then with lightning speed he deflects the polearms with his claws. He uses force that the weapons fall out of the attackers' hands. Then Wilhelm runs up to them and unceremoniously rips out their larynx. The soldiers fall dead to the floor. The blood oozing from their corpses begins to trickle and seems to be attracted by the octagram. The symbol is quickly covered with the blood and then seems to vibrate and give off a delicate bloody vapor.]

[Wilhelm] *[watching the effects of his actions with satisfaction]* Okay, time for some waving and chanting.

[The demonic servant stands in the center of the octagram and begins to draw intricate symbols in air with his gestures, mumbling verses in demonic speech. In response, the mirror surfaces begin to wavy slightly. After a long moment, Brother Albert, Gustav, Kurt and some fifteen imperial soldiers run through the door into the chamber.]

[Kurt] *[pointing to Frederic's body, with satisfaction in his voice]* Ha! Told ya, I heard Frederic!

[Gustav] *[with a scolding gaze]* Sigmar protect him.

[Kurt] *[realizing the situation]* Oh right, bollocks. But I told ya!

[Brother Albert] *[pointing to Wilhelm, addressing Kurt and Gustav]* Silence! We have to stop whatever he's doing!

[Wilhelm] *[in a loud and echoing voice]* Ha! Too late, you lowly bastards!

[With a wave of his hand, the demon closes the door, which suddenly disappears and appears on the other side of the chamber behind him. Then the blood collected on the octagram rises upwards and begins to whirl around Wilhelm. It then splashes around him, sprinkling red drops on everyone, as well as on the mirrors and canvases all over the chamber. Moments later, the demons of the blood god Khorne begin to emerge from the mirrors. Demons are humanoid. Even though they are stooped, they still tower over the terrified humans. They have horns and they're wield flaming swords. In total, eight of them emerge. Imperial soldiers huddle together behind the backs of Brother Albert, Kurt and Gustav in fear.]



[Brother Albert] *[with eyes wide open]* By Sigmar!

[Wilhelm] *[with satisfaction in his voice]* Yes, checkmate assholes! *[to the demons, in demonic speech]* Take them! You can eat their souls.

[Brother Albert hesitantly draws his war hammer, and Kurt and Gustav raise their swords just as hesitantly. Several imperial soldiers faint. At this point, however, the door behind Wilhelm opens. Fluffy joyfully runs through it, dragging Rupert after him. The human falls into the room and lands with a crash on the floor, hitting it with his face. Helmut runs in after them. The door slams shut behind them.]

[Helmut] *[looking at the scene unfolding in front of him]* Hey ... What on Ulric's pants is going on here?

[**Rupert**] [*lifting himself off the floor*] Oh my, I guess I got hit too hard this time.

[**Fluffy**] [*happily*] * bark *

[**Wilhelm**] [*looking back*] Oh, Fluffy, good. Come here, help finish off this lousy lot.

[**Fluffy**] * bark *

[*To the amazement of all humans, Fluffy runs up to the group of demons that has emerged from the mirror. To the audience's even greater amazement, the demons, seeing Fluffy, immediately turn towards him and take a hesitant step back.*]

[**Fluffy**] [*to the demons*] * bark *

[*One of the demons instinctively raises a flaming sword, shielding his face. Another one swallows and takes a step towards Fluffy and speaks to him.*]

[**Xygrotharxos**] [*to Fluffy*] Hrygsaht'at?

[**Fluffy**] * bark *

[**Xygrotharxos**] [*hesitantly pointing at the humans with his flaming sword*] Khater-nathos ?!

[**Fluffy**] [*growling and showing his little fangs*] * bark *!

[*All the demons take two steps back and stare helplessly at Wilhelm.*]

[**Wilhelm**] [*to Fluffy*] Hey! What are you doing?! You've gone mad or something?! Just you wait, I'll show you...

[*Wilhelm approaches Fluffy, but at this point the doggie-demon opens its tiny mouth. A deafening, terrifying roar, many times louder than a roar of a dragon is heard. Everyone gathered fly away and crash against the walls of the chamber. The humans and Wilhelm are stunned. The Khorne demons escape through the portals in the mirrors from which they emerged with battered expressions on their faces. Taking advantage of the moment of confusion, Fluffy runs to one of the mirrors and sticks his head through the portal. He rummages in there for a moment, then pulls out a long, thick, silver chain. The little dog then pulls the chain across the room and places it next to the unconscious Brother Albert.*]

[**Fluffy**] * bark *

[*After that bark, everyone wakes up and staggers to their feet. Wilhelm grabs his head, then opens his jaw slightly, trying to unclog his ears.*]

[**Wilhelm**] [*to Fluffy*] You'll pay for this, you mean little bastard. Okay, I'll handle them myself!

[*The demon mutters an incantation and a black flame appears in his hand.*]

[**Fluffy**] * bark *

[*The flame in Wilhelm's hand goes out immediately.*]

[**Wilhelm**] [*looking at his hand*] Hey! Stop that!

[*The demon mutters again and the flame reappears.*]

[**Fluffy**] * bark *

[*The flame goes out.*]

[**Wilhelm**] [*hysterically*] Quit it! Stop dispelling me!

[*This continues a few more times, then Wilhelm bends in half and seems out of breath.*]

[**Kurt**] [*to Brother Albert*] Excellency, now is our chance! Time to act.

[**Brother Albert**] [*frowning*] But how?

[**Fluffy**] [*pushing the chain closer to Brother Albert's leg with his nose*] * bark *

[*The Inquisitor hesitantly lifts the chain.*]

[**Brother Albert**] [*to Fluffy*] A chain?

[**Fluffy**] [*pointing at the pendant with the symbol of Sigmar on the inquisitor's neck with his paw*] * barks *

[**Brother Albert**] [*grabbing the pendant in his hand, hesitantly*] What?

[*At this point Rupert and Helmut run up to them.*]

[**Rupert**] [*to Brother Albert*] Excellency, the doggie seems to want you to bless this chain.

[**Fluffy**] [*wagging his tail happily*] * bark *

[**Kurt**] [*raising an eyebrow*] Eh, okay, but I guess we'll do that after the battle, because now we have to [*pointing at Wilhelm*] do something with him.

[**Fluffy**] [*slightly snarling at Kurt*] * bark *

[*The man takes a step back fearfully.*]

[**Gustav**] [*to Kurt*] No, you idiot. His Excellency will bless the chain and we will bind this demonic smartass with it.

[**Fluffy**] [*happily again*] * bark *

[Brother Albert immediately mumbles a hasty blessing. Seeing this, Wilhelm opens his eyes wide, gathers himself, and quickly starts running towards the door. When he's almost there...]

[**Fluffy**] * bark *

[*The door disappears and appears on the opposite side of the chamber behind the backs of the Imperial soldiers. Wilhelm hits the wall with force and slumps to the floor.*]

[**Wilhelm**] [*with pain in his voice*] Shit.

[*Kurt and Gustav run up to the demon with the silver chain and instantly tie Wilhelm up like a turkey. The knights then throw the demon on the floor in front of Brother Albert.*]

[**Wilhelm**] [*to Fluffy, with pain in his voice*] Why ?!

[**Fluffy**] * bark *

[**Wilhelm**] “Fun”?! I’ll give you “fun”, you traitor!

[**Rupert**] [*to Helmut, whispering*] I wonder why he didn’t run through a portal in the wall as usual?

[**Wilhelm**] [*picking up Rupert’s whisper, mockingly*] “Why didn’t he run”, “why didn’t he run” ... Do warpways work in the Great Chamber of Summoning?! Do they?! No you idiot, they don’t! Wiseass!

[**Brother Albert**] [*imperiously*] Silence! [*to Kurt and Gustav*] Have the pyres and torches ready. We will cleanse this place of evil with fire!

[**Kurt and Gustav**] [*happily*] It’s the Sigmar way!

Scene 13

- Return of the Count -





hill. There is a huge burning pyre on it. The Castle burns in the background. In the middle of the pyre, Wilhelm stands nailed to a stake by his hands and wrists. The nails are of a greenish sheen. The demon whistles Monty Python's "Always look on the bright side of life" in a slightly slower key. Despite the bursting flames, the demonic servant remains essentially intact. The imperial soldiers, headed by Brother Albert, Gustav and Kurt, are standing around the pyre and watching. The Inquisitor looks preoccupied. Gustav rubs his chin thoughtfully. Kurt sighs and sways slightly back and forth on his toes.]

[Kurt] *[impatiently]* How much longer? How much does one take to burn? It's not the Sigmar way to burn that long.

[Wilhelm] *[stopping his whistling, looking around stoically]* Well, sorry to disappoint you. It'll take some time. *[suddenly angrily]* Maybe one of you jokers can finally produce a magic bread knife or find a scroll with some banishing spell to send me back to the Void before the boss comes back and gets medieval with your asses?!

[Gustav] Shut up, scum! The holy flames will soon consume your filthy body. By Sigmar!

[Kurt] Yeah, we didn't go through all the trouble with setting up this pyre to just stab you in the end. That's stupid and not the Sigmar way.

[Wilhelm] Yeah, I know I'm dealing with an expert on stupidity, but I suppose even you can see that your cunning plan is not working very well, right?

[Kurt] Nonsense. You say so because you want to trick us. You'll burn any minute now and you know it, which is why you try to use your vile deceptions on us.

[Wilhelm] *[rolling his eyes, hysterically]* I want to help you, you moron! I have to get out of here before ...

[At this point, "O Fortuna" sounds in the background. The Imperial soldiers immediately start to look for the source of the sinister music. Moments later, a black coach with a headless coachman enters the stage on the left. The coachman whips the skeletal horses. Brother Albert steps forward and signals the soldiers to stand ready.]

[Wilhelm] *[with resignation]* Damn ... Well congratulations, now we're all screwed!

[The coach stops. A deathly silence falls. Suddenly the door of the carriage opens and the dominant figure of Constant Drachenfels emerges from the inside. The troops raise their weapons. The Great Enchanter looks at the burning castle, the gathered crowd of soldiers, the pyre, and then finally his gaze falls on Wilhelm. The demon is whistling nervously again and eagerly watches the sky. Drachenfels starts walking slowly towards the pyre and the demon. Every now and then a soldier tries to block his passage, but some invisible force immediately pushes him aside from the Enchanter's path. At one point, however, Brother Albert himself stands in Drachenfels' way. Kurt and Gustav quickly join him.]

[**Brother Albert**] [*in a commanding, powerful tone*] We finally meet, Drachenfels!

[*There is a brief moment of absolute silence.*]

[**Constant Drachenfels**] [raising an eyebrow, gesturing with his hand casually] Silence priest.

[*At this point Brother Albert's lips literally disappear from his face. The terrified Inquisitor nervously tries to feel them with his hands and looks desperately at his companions for help.*]

[**Kurt**] [*looking worriedly at Brother Albert*] Hey, what's wrong with him? Something is wrong, but I can't quite put my finger on it ...

[**Gustav**] [*hysterically*] His mouth is gone, you idiot!

[**Kurt**] [*with satisfaction in his voice*] Ah, of course... [*suddenly in horror, looking to the ground*] Hey, but where are his lips? Maybe they fell on the ground somewhere?

[*The Great Enchanter bypasses the panicked knights and approaches Wilhelm, who now pretends to be dead.*]

[**Constant Drachenfels**] [*calmly*] Wilhelm, why is my Castle on fire?

[Wilhelm still pretends to be dead. Drachenfels sighs.]

[**Constant Drachenfels**] Wilhelm, if you'll continue to ignore me, I will turn you into an amoeba and put you in a toilet in the Castle.

[**Wilhelm**] [*suddenly opening his eyes*] My Lord! The sound of your voice has resurrected me!

[**Constant Drachenfels**] Wilhelm, why is my Castle on fire?

[**Wilhelm**] I missed you. How was your trip?

[**Constant Drachenfels**] Wilhelm ...

[**Wilhelm**] What about the weather?

[**Constant Drachenfels**] [*menacingly*] Wilhelm!

[**Wilhelm**] All right. I'll come clean... It's all Fluffy's fault!

[*The Imperial soldiers begin to surround Drachenfels.*]

[**Constant Drachenfels**] You know what? Hang a little while longer on this pyre. We'll come back to this conversation in a moment.

[Constant snaps his fingers. After a moment, out of nowhere there is a watery explosion and a huge creature of humanoid shape appears. It's body consists only of turbulent water. The closest soldiers are knocked back by the summoning of the elemental. They hit the ground hard with their backs.]

[Constant Drachenfels] *[to the elemental]* Put out the Castle.

[The creature instantly takes the form of a large snake and moves towards the Castle with incredible speed. After a while, it begins to slide over the walls, extinguishing the flames and drowning people it encounters on its way. Suddenly, a muffled scream is heard from the castle dungeons.]

[Zahrruk] *[in the background, from the dungeons]* Hey! What's with all the water?! Gonna give me backache!

[Meanwhile, Kurt draws his sword and charges the Enchanter with a battle cry.]

[Kurt] *[with sword high above his head]* By Sigmar, die!

[Constant Drachenfels] *[with a sigh]* You meant "I'm dying."

[The knight swings, but Drachenfels effortlessly avoids the blow, then the Great Enchanter snaps his fingers and his right hand is instantly engulfed with a black glow. Then Constant throws a terrifying punch aimed at the head of the knight. The head is knocked off his shoulders.]

[Gustav] *[in horror]* Kurt! *[to Drachenfels]* By Sigmar! You will pay for that! *[to the soldiers, with a commanding voice]* Warriors of the Empire! Everyone attack him at the same time! He can't stand alone against all of us!

[Constant Drachenfels] Oh, but I'm not alone, am I? *[towards the carriage]* Death!

[Death] *[from the carriage]* Yes?

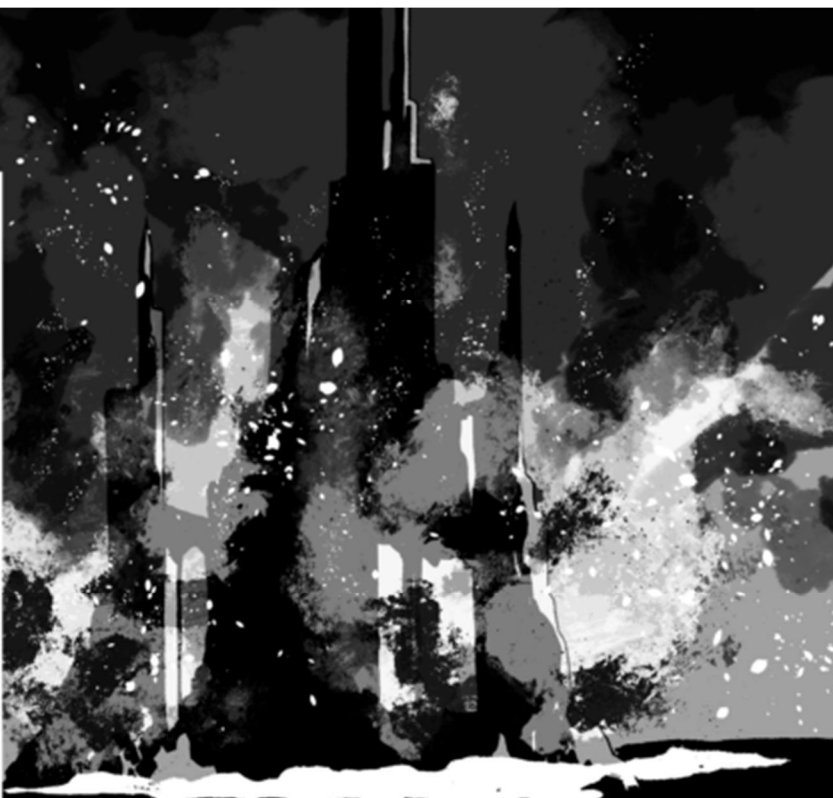
[Constant Drachenfels] Would you be so kind and decimate the invaders while I have a chat with my servant?

[Death] Of course, Constant.

[Death, still in the elf form, gets out of the carriage and heads towards the soldiers. Then she produces her dagger and begins the slaughter. Humans drop like flies as death moves quickly between them. There is panic the ranks of the imperial troops.]

[Constant Drachenfels] *[to Wilhelm]* As for you, Wilhelm ... These are the rules of this game: truth and only the truth will make the punishment mild. Each lie, on the other hand, is an additional eon of suffering. Do we understand each other?

[Wilhelm] *[humbly]* Yes, Lord. But it really was all Fluffy's fault! I give you my word.



[At this point, Fluffy runs onto the stage and nonchalantly bites a leg of one of the escaping soldiers and unceremoniously rips it off. Holding the torn limb in his mouth, he stares with an innocent look on his face at Drachenfels.]

[**Wilhelm**] [*hatefully, to Fluffy*] You wicked wretch ... [*to Drachenfels*] But Lord! It's really not my fault! I alone bravely defended the Castle. Everyone else didn't care, or they interfered [*to Fluffy*] looking at you, Fluffy! [*again to Drachenfels*] I even won an Ordeal, but Sigmar is a sore loser.

[*Suddenly, lightning strikes the demon from a cloudless sky.*]

[**Wilhelm**] [*smoking*] Ouch.

[**Constant Drachenfels**] [*dispassionately*] When you're done burning and smoking, go get a rag a broom. The entire Castle floor is wet with elemental water because of you. [*strolling away towards the Castle*] And clean up these corpses. People will think Nagash came to visit.

[*The curtain falls to the sound of groans of the soldiers murdered by Death. "Always look on the bright side of life" sound in the background again.*]

End of Act II

Interlude III

- *The Legend of Sigmar* -





astle library. Everything looks like in the previous Interlude. Wilhelm sits in his armchair and, with glasses over his eyes, flips through a thick book, chuckling at times slightly. At one point, he notices the audience. He puts the book back on the table, takes his glasses in his fingers and, gesturing with them, turns towards the audience.]

[Wilhelm] Welcome to the next Interlude. Learning from the experiences of the last scene of act two, I have made some improvements to the Castle...

[Wilhelm breaks eye contact with the audience and looks somewhere to the side. After a few seconds, a daemonette appears there. She brings Wilhelm a cup of cocoa and then gracefully leaves.]



[Wilhelm] *[towards the departing daemonette]* Thanks honey ... *[to the audience again]* Um, yeah, no, these are not the improvements I meant... Our castle devil residing on the roof has been given a responsible task of holding a lightning rod ... Yup, a lightning rod. Due to this improvement, I can now freely say: *[with emphasis]* “Sigmar”...

[There is a lightning strike outside the Castle.]

[Wilhelm] And as you can see, I am safe from harm. This is important because today’s Interlude is like a history class, actually. More specifically, it is aimed to fix what some joker screwed up *[picks up the book from the table]* by writing this “History of the Empire”. Today, we will discuss the topic of a barbarian leader named Sigmar.

[Lightning strike outside.]

[Wilhelm] *[to himself]* Yeah go ahead, shoot yer ass off...

[The curtain falls. After some time, it rises again, showing a scenery of a forest and a little camp in it. Primitive tents, some spears here and there, a fire... So far, no residents are visible.]

[Wilhelm] *[from behind the scene]* Once upon a time... but not that far away from here ... There was a peaceful tribe of cultural and peaceful ... goblins.

[Several goblins appear on the stage and sit down by the fire. Then they start cooking forest rabbits over the fire. A large orc emerges from the largest of the tents. His muscular body is covered with tattoos and there is plenty of bone jewelry stuck in his ears and nose.]

[Wilhelm] Due to the fact that not all readers are probably familiar with the language of greenskins, I’ve arranged for a reliable translation of their dialogs...

[Garrik] *[to the other goblin, drooling slightly]* Hraphagah hryg, ark!

(I say, Urgok, a fine roast. An equally fine feast awaits us after we are done cooking, right ol’ chap?)

[Urgok] *[scratching and patting his belly]* Hg!

(Indeed, Garrik, you are correct. This forest creature will do for a perfect dish for body and soul.)

[Ori] *[picking his nose]* Hryphygy, hryphygym hryp.

(I just hope that no primitive beast, especially a human, will attack us and disturb this feast.)

[Wilhelm] Unfortunately, the poor little stinker did not realize how prophetic his words would turn out to be, because nearby...

[Two heads emerge from the bushes on the right side of the stage, one – human, the other – of a dwarf.]



[**Kurgan**] [*whispering*] Look manling, greenskins!

[**Sigmar**] [*loudly*] Right! Let's slaughter them!

[**Kurgan**] [*even more quietly*] Quiet or they'll hear us and the ambush will fail.

[**Wilhelm**] Well, as you can see, Sigmar [*lightning strike*] was not the brightest tool in the shed, but what can you expect from a man who has been grazing pigs all his life in the village of Dragon's Crotch or other. However, even that simple task was slightly out of his league... except, of course, when it was time to "slaughter" the pigs. [*a lot of lightning strikes outside*] Yeah, truth hurts...

[*The dwarf and the human sit still in the bushes. After a while, Sigmar begins to fidget.*]

[**Sigmar**] Are they surprised already? Caaaan weeeee attaaaack?

[**Kurgan**] Um, okay...

[**Sigmar**] [*happily*] Hooray!

[**Kurgan**] But you know what? My back stings a bit. Rheumatism or something... You know how it's like to be over three hundred years old. Look, take my hammer and attack them yourself, and I will cover your back from here so that nothing from these bushes can ambush you.

[**Sigmar**] [*nodding*] Yeah, that makes sense.

[**Wilhelm**] And this is how the dwarven king Kurgan gifted to Sigmar [*lightning strike*] the glorious Ghal Maraz aka Foreskin-Slicer... or Skull-Splitter, whatever.

[*The dwarf hands Sigmar the hammer, but it immediately breaks out of the human hands and returns to the owner's hands.*]

[**Kurgan**] Damn, damn, damn. Stupid Helga. She made me carve a stupid rune of returning on it, in case I lost it. I wanted a greater death rune or something, but she nagged and nagged. "Remember when you've lost those ancient crystals of power?! I want a rune of returning on this hammer so you don't lose it or no one steals it from you." she said. And now here we are. But hold on...

[*The dwarf puts the hammer on the ground and steps on it with his boot.*]

[**Kurgan**] [*to the hammer*] Stay! Bad Ghal Maraz. Stay and let the stupid human wield you.

[*Kurgan rises his foot, the hammer stays in place.*]

[**Kurgan**] Well, now you can take it and go murder that gang of goblins for the glory of the village of Dragon's Crotch and all dozen of its inhabitants. Go forth then, brave warrior, and may the two-headed frog save you from harm!

[**Sigmar**] The two-headed frog?

[**Kurgan**] Well, every great hero needs a symbol, right?

[**Sigmar**] But I don't like frogs.

[**Kurgan**] Hm ... Okay, scratch the frog then... Let's pick something from inanimate nature ... Oh, I know – a comet! A twin-tailed comet! So go forth and let the twin-tailed comet guide you!

[**Sigmar**] What's a comet?

[**Kurgan**] [*hitting his forehead*] Never mind! Go!

[**Wilhelm**] As shorty said, so did the peasant go. [*to the audience*] You are now witnessing the birth of a legend. Behold Sigmar [*lightning strike*] will challenge the biggest orc within three hundred yards, the dreaded Vagraz.

[**Sigmar**] Raaaaagh! Blood for the Blood God !!!

[**Wilhelm**] [*eyes widened*] Oh shit! So that's where it came from! What do you know...

[*The human rushes into the goblin encampment. The goblins flee in panic to the forest before the human even finishes his battle cry. The orc, on the other hand, freezes in surprise.*]

[**Vargraz**] [*confused, to Sigmar*] Hirgh hragh?

(May I help you?)

[**Sigmar**] Raaaaagh !!!

[*Sigmar hits the orc in the temple with his hammer, killing the greenskin on the spot. However, not stopping there, the human begins to massacre the corpse. Blood is splashing around everywhere. When there is nothing left to crush, the dwarf emerges from the bushes.*]

[**Kurgan**] [*proudly*] We showed them, that's for sure! A great future lies ahead of you, my boy.

[**Wilhelm**] Indeed ... The future of a clown on duty in the pantheon of deities ...

[*Lightning strike.*]

[**Sigmar**] [*presenting the bloodied weapon to the dwarf*] Here's your hammer back.

[**Kurgan**] Nah, keep it... I have a few more in the shed behind the latrine. Besides, you got it all sticky.

[**Sigmar**] [*gladly*] Thanks! So I'm going back to the village, bye.

[**Kurgan**] I'm going home as well, take care.

[**Wilhelm**] And so they went, each to their own shithole.

[*The curtain falls, and after it is raised again, we are back in the castle library.*]

[**Wilhelm**] The End! This was the true story of Sigmar Heldenhammer. [*lightning strike*]

[*After a few moments, the door to the library opens with a bang and a slightly charred devil with a lightning rod in his hand bursts through it. The devil looks like... we, a devil – horns, hooves, tail, red eyes, the works. He looks angrily at the surprised Wilhelm and sticks the lightning rod into the demon's hand.*]

[**Devil**] Sigmar!

[*Wilhelm is struck by a lightning, which struck through the open window. The demon starts smoking slightly.*]

[**Wilhelm**] [*in a choked voice*] Ouch ...

[**Devil**] Sigmar! [*lightning strike*] Sigmar! [*lightning strike*] Sigmar! [*lightning strike*]
Sigmar! [*lightning strike*] Sigmar! [*lightning strike*]

[**Wilhelm**] [barely audibly] Yh...

[**Devil**] Are you having fun?! Nice, eh?! Great experience, huh?! Idiot!!!

[*The devil rushes out slamming the door behind him.*]

[**Wilhelm**] Shit, damn existence... Good night everyone.

