

Drach Tales

Act I – Once upon a time there was a
Castle...





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Scene 1

- Once upon a time there was a Castle... -





castle somewhere high in the mountains. Its battered, claw-like towers climb high into the sky. Its sinister, disturbing silhouette looks like a dark mark against a rather tranquil mountain landscape. There is a chasm near the castle. A small, barely frequented path leads to the main gate, one wing of which, clearly gnawed by the tooth of time, is slightly tilted.

A gentle autumn wind blows, the sky is overcast. In the castle courtyard, right in front of the main building, a figure is bustling. The person is wearing an elegant major-domo suit from “the old days”. Slightly dusty high boots, a crimson sash slightly bitten by the tooth of time, hair tied up in a ponytail with a black ribbon ... pointy ears, small sharp horns, claws and piercing demon eyes. He wields a broom and slowly flicks the dust from one place to another, looking very aggrieved. A donkey’s body decomposes nearby. After a while, the figure wipes some non-existent sweat from his forehead, straightens up and as if suddenly noticing the audience, turns to them with bored look on his face. He sighs and casually bows slightly.]

[**Wilhelm**] Hello there... Welcome to Castle Drachenfels! Allow me to introduce myself. My name is Irdu’Apeap’Aaree’Thlo Eeoz’Zammiidup Pdegzydh or Wilhelm for short. I will be your guide in this picturesque [sighs] lovely haven on this side of the Warp. Everything that stretches out in front of you in all its majesty: [points with his claw finger at the individually listed items, and his voice rises more and more as he goes on] a devastated stable with a phantom carriage, a well dried up for centuries, a spooky main building, suspicious-looking towers and a unique ...dead donkey! They are all the property of His Excellency, Count Constant Drachenfels [In the background, the opening of “O Fortuna” by Carl Orff suddenly begins, then also suddenly goes silent], the Great Enchanter, lord of the surrounding estates for what now seems like eternity. Come now, admire and hear the joyful stories that are hidden in these equally joyful ancient walls!

[Suddenly a figure appears in a great window upstairs in the main building. A tall, dignified man with a haughty, peremptory look. He is dressed in the exquisite nobleman’s robes, on which he wears a cloak. He speaks towards Wilhelm with a loud, imperious voice. The servant immediately turns towards him and slouches a little.]

[**Constant Drachenfels**] Wilhelm! You lazy, demonic reptile! Put that broom aside and run prepare the dungeons.

[**Wilhelm**] Are we expecting guests? Adventurers perhaps? Should we prepare smaller shackles for a halfling?

[**Constant Drachenfels**] The ogres ate the halflings. Leave the shackles alone. Better take Fluffy out for a walk before they arrive. [adding after a moment] And lose those horns, you’ll scare the adventurers.

[**Wilhelm**] [outraged] “Lose those horns”, like how? They are not glued on, are they?



[Constant Drauchenfels] [*coldly*] Lose those horns or I'll slap them right of your head.

[Wilhelm] [*rolling his eyes ostentatiously, grabbing his head, making an effort*] Well ... I'll try.

[The servant closes his eyes and is clearly straining. After a while, his horns slowly hide in the skull. This is accompanied by a delicate crunch.]

[Wilhelm] *[painfully]* Ouch! This will end up with a migraine.

[Constant Drachenfels walks away from the window.]

[Wilhelm] *[adjusting himself, clearing his throat]* Dear viewers will kindly excuse me. The Master orders, the servant obeys as they say. But please stay and watch, it has never been boring when adventurers came to the castle. *[sighs slightly]* “Take Fluffy out for a walk”, he says ...

[Slowly, lazily, Wilhelm walks towards the wall of the castle, which appears to partially wave in a strange way. From inside the distortion in the wall an end of a chain, the link of which is the size of a human torso, protrudes. As he walks, the servant mutters to himself.]

[Wilhelm] In ordinary castles... in ordinary castles with ordinary lords, ordinary servants look after ordinary animals. The lord with whom my cousin serves keeps greyhounds. The countess from the state nearby is a cat lover. The count living not far from here likes falcons. But no, none of that for me. *[He turns towards the audience and, with a slight sigh, shakes his head slightly]* Well, tell me, who, by all the dark gods, keeps a greater demon as a pet?! *[He picks up the end of the chain with an effort and starts to pull on its end]* Okay, Fluffy... Walkie, walkie! Come out of the warp-way! Come on, now!

Scene 2

- Here they come -





road leading to the main gate of the Castle, about a hundred meters from the main gate. A team of adventurers is approaching. The party consists of: an elf archer, Lorindil, dressed in light green travel clothing, with a long bow slung over his shoulder and a dagger tucked in his belt; a dwarf, Snori, troll slayer, orange mohawk, leather clothes and a big axe; a human knight, Wolfgang in his armour, wielding a sword, blonde hair, wolfskin coat, eyes longing for reason. When they come closer, Wilhelm comes out from behind one of the towers. Seeing the newcomers, he hides a chain he held in his hand behind his back and whispers over his shoulder.]

[Wilhelm] Fluffy! You great big oaf, turn into something that resembles a dog or something, or you'll scare the guests!

[Wilhelm turns to the adventurers with a smile of innocence stuck to his lips. His face shows signs of insecurity as a muted magic incantation is heard from behind him. A chain dropping heavily to the ground is heard. A Yorkshire Terrier puppy appears to the audience. The party moves towards the demons.]

[Wilhelm] *[whispering]* An ironic beast you are, Fluffy...

[Wolfgang] Hey!

[Wilhelm] *[fearfully]* Hey!

[Lorindil] Who are you good man?

[Wilhelm anxiously looks over his shoulder for a moment in search of the good man who has sneaked up on him from behind, then shrugs and turns back to the adventurers.]

[Wilhelm] I am Wilhelm, I work in this castle. Do the gentlemen wish to stay with us?

[Snori] What the crap are you babbling about, man?! There's no living soul in this castle and it's been so for ages now!

[Wilhelm] *[after a moment's thought]* Yes.

[Snori] Ha! So you lie! You've come for me gold!

[Wilhelm] *[calmly]* No. Besides, there is no gold in the Grey Mountains.

[Snori] Whadda ya say, lass? While, I'll show you whose head isn't where it is!

[Lorindil] Take it easy, Snori. Good man, we have heard, from an undoubtedly credible source, that at present the castle is not occupied by anyone and it stands empty. Hence our surprise to see you here, with a mouse as a companion...



[Fluffy] * bark *

[**Lorindil**] ...um, with a dog. Would you like to explain to us the intricacies of this situation?

[**Snori**] In short: talk bastard, why ya here and have you touched my gold yet?

[**Wolfgang**] By Ulric's name!

[**Wilhelm**] [*as if leaning against a non-existent wall and looking at his claws*] Yeah. Well, the story is a bit lengthy, and since it's going to rain [*at this point the first raindrops are falling*] maybe I'd better tell you everything inside?

[**Lorindil**] Indeed, it is a good idea.

[**Snori**] Watch out you bastard, I have an eye on you.

[**Wolfgang**] By Ulric!

[**Wilhelm**] Yes, yes, you gentlemen go first.

[*Then he points them to the gate with a gesture of his hand, and when our heroes move forward, Wilhelm and Fluffy silently enter the warpway in the wall.*]

Scene 3

- Don't ask difficult questions, just loot! -





astle courtyard. Everything looks as before. A broom is lying next to a dead donkey. The rain begins to pour, the wind blows, on the roof, a devil-shaped weather vane turns, creaking. Lorindil, Snori and Wolfgang enter through the gate. They are standing in the middle of the courtyard.]

[Lorindil] I have an irresistible impression, supported by the sensations of the sense of sight, that our company was diminished by the lack of one persona.

[Snori] Wha?

[Lorindil] That fool from outside the gate fled us.

[Snori] Oh.

[Wolfgang] By Ulric's name!

[Lorindil] *[looking meaningfully at Wolfgang]* Fortunately, as you can see, we cannot complain about the deficit of idiots.

[Snori] Okay, whatever. We'll kick his rump when we meet him on the way to the treasure. And while we're at it... where do we start looking?

[Lorindil] We can search the stables, the towers ... or we can hit the main building directly. I dare to doubt that the treasury is in the stables or one of the towers, so I suggest...

[Snori] Wait, wait! You tree-huggers have no idea about looking for anything other than shrooms and pine cones. Everyone knows that the treasure is not only what we can find in the TREASURY itself. Valuables, money, works of art, magic items will be scattered in every corner of this castle. So we have to thoroughly comb all the chambers and other places one by one.

[Lorindil turns, looks at the crumbling stables, then turns and looks at the dwarf]

[Lorindil] I get the feeling that you just do your best not to admit that I am right.

[Snori] You're full of it... right, Wolfgang?

[Wolfgang] What's on the right?

[Snori] Right... Let's go search the stables then!

[The dwarf briskly rushes towards the stables and disappears inside. Wolfgang and Lorindil stay in the courtyard. At one point, their attention is drawn to the donkey's carcass. They stand over it and silently reflect (or at least one of them is reflecting, the other is just standing there). They stand like that for several seconds.]

[**Lorindil**] What do you think this is doing here?

[**Wolfgang**] [*after a moment's thought*] Rotting.

[**Lorindil**] [*in a flat voice*] Wolfgang, what's your father's name?

[**Wolfgang**] Ulrich!

[**Lorindil**] And his father's?

[**Wolfgang**] Ulrich!

[**Lorindil**] And your god is...

[**Wolfgang**] By Ulric's name! Ulric!

[**Lorindil**] And the elder of your village, the innkeeper and other public figures were also named ...

[**Wolfgang**] Ulrich!

[**Lorindil**] Yeah, I'm starting to see a pattern here. And when it so happens in your village that some, let's say, mutant, cripple or a person suffering from, say, a mental handicap, is born... then that person would probably be given a slightly different name out of respect for the deity, but still it would be in similar fashion?

[**Wolfgang**] Huh?

[*At this point, they are interrupted by a dwarf running out of the stables.*]

[**Snori**] Ruuuuuuuuuuuun!

[*Behind him, the gates of the stables snap open, and a carriage rushes out. It is all black, ornamented, pulled by two horse skeletons and driven by a headless coachman wielding a huge scythe. Seeing this, the elf takes his bow and releases an arrow towards the coachman. This, however, does not make any impression on him.*]



Realizing the situation, Wolfgang takes his sword into his hands and screams a challenge at the coach. The dwarf also stops, turns and readies his axe. When the coach almost reaches the heroes, a snap of fingers can be heard in the background. The coach, horses and the coachman freeze, the rain stops falling. The party looks confused. The doors of the main building burst open and Wilhelm comes out in frustration carrying a handbag. He approaches the three adventurers.]

[**Wilhelm**] Guys... What is this supposed to be?

[**Snori, Lorindil, Wolfgang**] ?

[**Wilhelm**] Your first adventure in a mad sorcerer's castle, full of demons, ghosts, ghouls, other ethereal creatures and one devil? What are you trying to achieve here with these non-magic weapons? By all dark gods, come here!

[The confused party stands around Wilhelm, while he begins to take various items which physically could not fit inside out of his bag.]

[**Wilhelm**] Alrighty then, the elf gets some magic arrows of far-flight, the human gets a new sword ...

[**Wolfgang**] I have my great-grandfather's sword, I wield only it!

[**Wilhelm**] [*irritated*] Smear your bread with it! Uh... Fine, then you will get a... [*rummages in the bag*] magical, eh, lubricant!... with which you will rub your weapon... [*whispering to the audience*] things you don't do to have fun [*hands Wolfgang the jar and turns to the dwarf*] And you probably have an axe passed on from an even older grandfather and an ancient great-grandfather?

[**Snori**] Yup.

[Wilhelm takes a piece of paper with a drawing on it from his purse, licks one side of it, and sticks it to the blade of the dwarven axe.]

[**Wilhelm**] There ya go, a rune of returning! Now back to work, cause you are making as much progress as Ulricans with their studies.

[Wilhelm disappears into the main building. You can hear the snap of fingers. The carriage, the coachman, the horses are moving again, the rain starts to fall again. With great accuracy, the elf sends his new arrow into the heart of the coachman, the dwarf cuts one of the horse's legs off with his axe, Wolfgang misses the carriage with his sword. After a while, the heroes begin searching the wreckage of the coach with stony faces.]

[**Lorindil**] Snori ... what exactly happened here?

[**Snori**] Damn, long-ears, don't ask difficult questions, just loot

Scene 4

- Snitch -





castle corridor lit by candles. On the walls, there are paintings depicting battles, as well as one portrait of Constant Drachenfels. A thick crimson carpet lies on the floor. In the centre of the wall, facing the audience, a half-open door, from behind which the sounds of a conversation, or rather a monologue, can be heard. From the left, Wilhelm enters with a stroll. He cleans a speck of dust from the frame of one of the paintings with his finger, sighs, and then turns to the audience.]

[Wilhelm] You know ... obviously, there is a certain amount of chaos in our little demonic society. However, this does not mean that certain rules do not apply. I'll show you something. [*produces a little book called "Demonic Code of Honour" out of his coat pocket, flicks a few pages*] Oh yes, here it is: "Who among the demons, undead or etheric beings tells on other demons, undead or etheric beings, or for that matter, brownnoses a mortal; he is to be considered an unworthy reptile and may he perish (or die if possible)!" [*he hides the book and slowly walks towards the slightly ajar door*] Ever since our Great Lord got himself another pet, this rule is constantly being broken. [*short pause*] What am I referring to? Well, this animal is a parrot that repeats to our Lord everything it hears... And ... Well, see for yourselves.

[Wilhelm goes to the door and opens with theatrical excess. The eyes of the audience witness a small room, in the middle of which there is a marble table with a large golden cage on it. Inside the cage there is a sizeable gold and purple parrot. There is also a ghoul at the table. He is wearing an apron and a chef's hat. Leaning on the table, he speaks loudly and clearly to the parrot.]

[Maurice] ...sometimes, when I see the sacrifices of our Lord Drachenfels, all his efforts, my heart weeps...

left out there by himself, surrounded only by demonic creeps!

One of them, a servant, looks like his planning an attack.

Careful, my Lord, he'll stab you in the back!

It was me speaking, Maurice.

[Maurice with an expression of obvious satisfaction on his worn face turns to leave and meets Wilhelm on his way. The servant is standing in a position of leaning against a non-existent wall and examining his claws. Surprised, Maurice takes a step back.]

[Wilhelm] Well now...

[Maurice] [*nervously*] Eh, hello Wilhelm, did you come to look at the parrot too?

[Wilhelm] Yeah, the parrot...

[Wilhelm stretches out points his finger at the ghoul and utters an incantation. Maurice is struck by a beam of black energy flowing from Wilhelm's hand. Maurice becomes a pile of unpleasantly smelling ash. Wilhelm walks calmly towards the cage, avoids the smouldering remains of Maurice in a wide arc and turns to the parrot.]

[Wilhelm] Dinner will be a bit later today. My cook burnt... This was me speaking, Wilhelm.

[Turns to the audience.]

[Wilhelm] You see how it is... I think it's time to check what's going on with our guests. Please follow me.

Scene 5

- Pox! You're it! -





astle chamber. In the centre there is a table and four chairs, one of which has been clearly chewed on and is lying overturned. There are traces of mucus on the floor and table. On opposite sides of the stage there are two doors. In front of one of them sits a small, round, greenish creature with one watery eye and a large mouth, dripping a little mucus and emitting an unpleasant odour. At one point, the second door opens and Lorindil, Snori, and Wolfgang enter. The clearly satisfied creature stands up and walks slowly towards the strangers.]

[Snori] By Grungni! What the hell is this?! A frog?

[Lorindil] Looks like a ball of excrement and smells like one as well.

[Wolfgang] By Ulric!

[Lorindil] “By Ulric”, what?

[Wolfgang] Nothing, cute little fella...

[Snori] [*adjusting his grip on the axe*] I’m going to make two cute little fellas out of him.

[Lorindil] Wait! Maybe he’s not hostile?

[Snori] But he stinks ...

[Lorindil] And if you cut him in half, then what? He’ll start smelling nice?

[*The little creature stops right next to the heroes and turns to them.*]

[Blup the Nurgling] Wkah ’jdasbja’ sgd ’uysgdaskjxn’ mzbxs’ss ’sakjhs!

[Snori, Lorindil, Wolfgang] ?

[*At this point, Wilhelm comes out of the wall (literally), stands next to the Nurgling, pats it on the head in a friendly manner, and turns to the adventurers.*]

[Wilhelm] Gentlemen, can I be of assistance with your language difficulties?

[Snori] No, but you can tell us what the ball is saying.

[*Wilhelm nudges the Nurgling with the tip of his shoe.*]

[Wilhelm] Whjsa ’ghjasgd’ asdsanb?

[Blup] Wkah ’jdasbja’ sgd ’uysgdaskjxn’ mzbxs’ss ’sakjhs!

[Wilhelm] He says, “Blup wants play” ... “to”, I suppose.

[Blup walks over to Wolfgang. He pats the human with his hand.]

[Blup] Wshgd 'kajhds kajshd' kquwfdsd 'cjsdfsndfbs' sadfjhfs 'aksjhdda!



[Then he swiftly turns and runs out of the room, quickly moving his little legs.]

[Wolfgang] What did the little one say?

[William] The little one said: "Pox! You're it! ". Charming, isn't it?

[Wolfgang] Hyhy.

[Wolfgang pats Snori on the shoulder and walks away from him in a hurry.]

[Wolfgang] Pox! You're it!

[Snori] Why ya...

[Snori looks upset and kicks Lorindil's ankle.]

[Snori] Pox, damn it! You're it, you are!

[Lorindil looks at Snori, looks at Wolfgang, looks at Wilhelm, looks at Snori again, then slaps his head with his open palm.]

[Lorindil] Imbeeeecileeeees ...

[Wilhelm] *[chuckling]* You know... This game wasn't this funny among us demons.

Scene 6

- Who sat on my throne? -





hrone room. Opposite to the door there is a stained glass parody of a dog-faced Chaos deity. Next to the stained glass, a mirror hangs on the wall. On the left from the entrance, by the wall, there are many different shrines dedicated to the forces of evil. On the right stands a black throne and behind it there are tables with strange objects on them: a clock with one hand moving backwards, an hourglass in which sand flows upwards, etc. The throne, which makes a monumental impression, is sheltered on the sides with black curtains decorated with scenes from the life of the Great Enchanter sewn with red thread. From behind a closed door, in the corridor, a conversation is heard.]

[Snori] *[to the elf]* Okay, narrow hips, open it.

[Lorindil] What should I open?

[Snori] Well, not your mouth, eh? The damn lock. See? I pull the handle and the door won't open, meaning the door is...?

[Wolfgang] Broken.

[Snori] ...

[After a short while.]

[Lorindil] Look Snori, just because I'm an elf, doesn't mean I can perform any precise manual action I wish. Especially, since I am not a thief.

[Snori] *[under his breath]* You all are, you forest creeps.

[Lorindil] But I do have a keen sense of hearing, I heard that!

[Snori] So? You want a goddamn potato medal?

[Wolfgang] So how will we fix the door?

[Snori] Yeah, I'll fix them alright...

[Footsteps are heard, then they become louder and quicker as if someone is speeding up.]

[Snori] Raaaagh! The axe wants blood !!! ... splinters !!!

[A dull thump is heard, there is silence.]

[Snori] *[in a sore voice]* Shit ...

[Wolfgang] Is the door still broken?

[Snori] Yes... And it's your fault!

[Wolfgang] *[embarrassed]* I'm sorry...

[Snori] Don't apologize, just fix what you broke!

[Lorindil] I don't think Wolfgang has the skills...

[Footsteps can be heard, then the doorknob moves, then the sound of bent metal is heard, then there is a crunch. The door opens, and Wolfgang enters the room with a smile on his face.]

[Wolfgang] I fixed it!

[Lorindil] ...

[Snori] Damn...

[All heroes enter the room. Everyone starts looking around. Lorindil approaches the shrines with interest, Wolfgang, with eyes longing for reason, begins to look into the mirror in which images begin to materialize like visions in a crystal ball. They include images of his childhood village. Snori stands in front of the throne and starts scratching his neck.]

[Wolfgang] *[with an absent stare]* Have you seen the beautiful views?

[Snori sits down on the throne.]

[Lorindil] Hm, this place will have to be cleared of evil... preferably with fire... Snori, just don't think of it... *[notices where Snori is]*

[Snori] *[sitting on the throne]* Whatcha staring at?

[At this moment tentacles suddenly emerge from the throne and tighten around Snori's wrists and neck. They begin to strangle the dwarf.]

[Lorindil] Wolfgang! Come and help that idiot!

[Wolfgang] *[with absent gaze]* Beautiful sites...

[Lorindil] *[desperately]* Wolfgang !!!

[Wolfgang shakes off his trance and rushes towards the throne together with the elf. He draws his sword. There is terror in the eyes of the elf and the dwarf. Wolfgang deals three frantic blows and frees the dwarf. Snori checks that all his limbs and his head are still attached to his body. Then, he approaches the human.]

[Snori] You goddamn brainless orangutan! You could have cut my head off with that butter knife!!!

[In the meantime, a demon materializes in front of the mirror. It is slightly larger than a human, has long, straight horns, fiery eyes, claws and is wielding a huge one-handed sword drenched in gore.]

[Bloodletter] Wkajdsakshjdaksj 'aksjdkas' ajsajd 'alkjsk?

[Lorindil] What did he say?

[Snori] I don't know, but probably something like, "Who looked in my mirror?" Ruuuuun!!!

[The heroes run out of the room and slam the door behind them. Moments later, footsteps are heard in the corridor. The door opens. "O, Fortuna" starts playing in the background. Enters Constant Drachenfels. He looks at the door, moves it back and forth for a moment.]

[Constant Drachenfels] Hm, who broke my door?

[The Enchanter, ignoring the confused demon, approaches the throne.]

[Constant Drachenfels] Who sat on my throne?

[Finally, he looks at the mirror and the demon.]

[Constant Drachenfels] Who looked in my mirror ?!

[Bloodletter] *[as usual, in demonic speech]* My mirror!

[Constant Drachenfels] Wilhelm!!!

[Wilhelm comes out of the wall, stands next to Constant and bows slightly.]

[Wilhelm] Yes, Lord?

[Constant Drachenfels] Who broke my door, sat on my throne and looked in my mirror?

[Bloodletter] My mirror !!!

[Wilhelm walks over to the demon.]

[Wilhelm] *[whispering]* Dude, you're already screwed anyways. So why dig deeper?

[Bloodletter] What?! I will slaughter you all like dogs! Die!

[Constant Drachenfels points at the demon with his finger, the demon is struck by a beam of energy flowing from the sorcerer's hand and evaporates.]

[Constant Drachenfels] Well?

[Wilhelm] Hm? Ah, the mess... So that's probably ... *[pointing at the ashen remains of the demon]* He's doing!

[Constant Drachenfels] Do you want to annoy me?

[Wilhelm] I wouldn't dare.

[Constant Drachenfels] Then fetch the broom.

[Wilhelm] Well, maybe we could summon another one like that one? He would clean up what his friend left.

[Wilhelm, with demonic grace, avoids another beam of energy, then runs out in search of the broom. Constant sits on his throne. He sits thoughtfully for a moment. He snaps his fingers, the manuscript of this play appears in his hand. He reads a piece, then looks anxiously at the door with wide eyes.]

[Constant Drachenfels] Hey... that door was locked with a spell!

Scene 7

- It's a bit different around here -





astle chamber. There is a chessboard painted with black and white squares on the floor, about sixteen by sixteen meters. On one side as pawns – skeletons. On the other, peasants from nearby villages. Some other pieces can be seen. Trolls and smaller treemen as towers, chaos knights and imperial knights, chaos mages and priests of Sigmar as bishops. A demon and a daemonette as respectively, the black king and queen. The king and queen on the side of the “white” are nobles, who were unlucky today and ventured far beyond their lands. The “pieces” seem to be alive, although immobilized. Near the north wall there is a table with a miniature version of the same chessboard. Several bottles of strong alcohol and mugs are there as well. Wilhelm is sitting at the table playing black, and another demon sits in front of him. He is quite muscular, has horns and an irritating voice.]

[Ig] So tell me, Wilhelm, how is your life here in this castle?

[Wilhelm looks at the demon, takes a sip from his mug, sighs.]

[Wilhelm] Well, not that bad. Work’s work ...

[Ig] Yeah, because I’ll tell you, Wilhelm, I heard some rumours recently.

[Wilhelm] *[with a bit of concern]* What rumours?

[Ig] Well, for example, such that apparently not only did you get bound by the one that summoned you, but also you did not even demand any souls for your services.

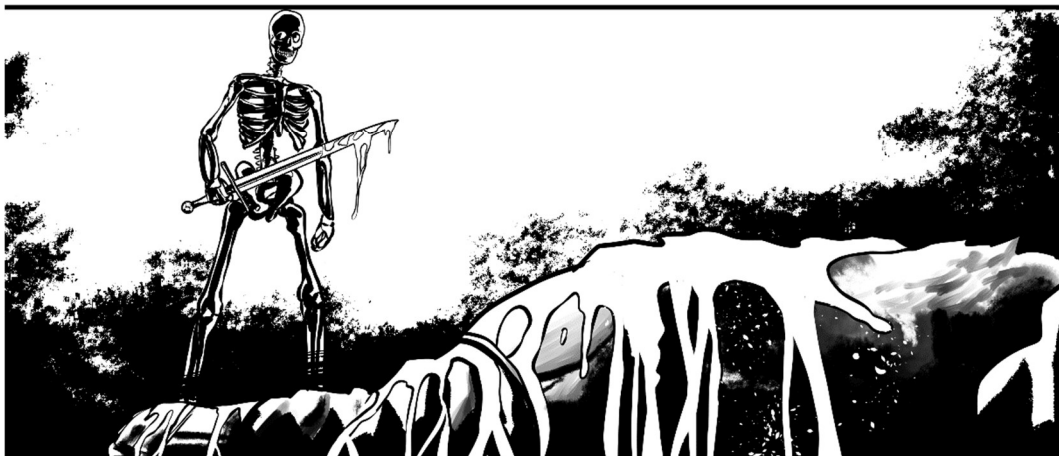
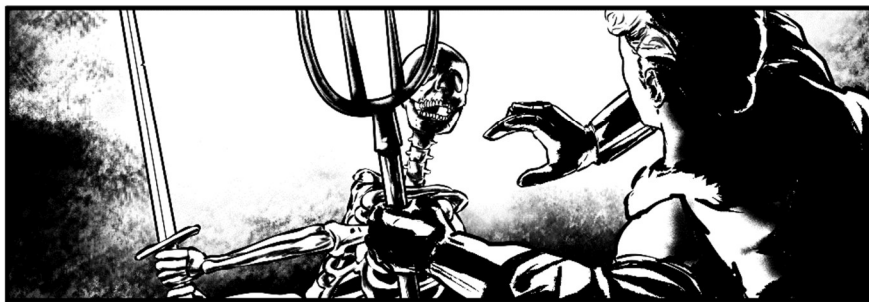
[Wilhelm scratches his neck nervously.]

[Wilhelm] Yeah, well, because you see ... it’s, um, it’s not that simple ...

[Ig] Come on, tell me Wilhelm, what’s not that simple? There’s a mortal, he sketches the pentagram, he chants the invocation, you get summoned and you say to this mortal: “Dear mortal, yes, all demonic wishes, dear, but first a little signature here confirming that I hereby obtain your worthless, invisible, probably not even there, soul and we are ready to do business.”

[Wilhelm] Well, yes, yes, but... because you see... it’s a bit different around here...

[Wilhelm moves his piece on the chessboard. Both demons turn towards the other part of the chamber where suddenly one peasant and one skeleton started to move. The skeleton immediately runs towards the confused peasant who’s holding a pitchfork and slashes him through the head with his sword. The peasant falls to the ground, dead, while the skeleton occupies his place and freezes.]



[Wilhelm] *[with a sigh]* I love losing.

[Ig] Well, let's get back to the point.

[Wilhelm] The hell Ig, what do you want from me?!

[Ig] You know, Wilhelm, I don't want anything. It doesn't matter to me that a human bullies you around... but other demons ... other demons look at it from a different angle. "He makes fools of all of us!", they say, "It's an outrage!", they say and perhaps, they do have some point. Wilhelm, come now, he's only a man...

[Wilhelm] [regaining his cool] Only man you say, Ig?

[Ig] That is so, only human ...

[Wilhelm] Okay Ig, I have a deal for you ... let's make a bet.

[Ig] [*suddenly very interested*] What kind of a bet, Wilhelm?

[Wilhelm] I say that you cannot steal Constant Drachenfels' soul or for that matter, hurt him in any other way.

[Ig] And the stake?

[Wilhelm] And the stake ... If you win, you take all the souls from our little chess game.

[Ig] [*with a slight disappointment in his voice*] Well, I don't know...

[Wilhelm] Okay Ig, tell you what... if you steal Drachenfels' soul, you can take every soul in this damn castle.

[Ig] Every soul?

[Wilhelm] Every soul.

[Ig] What if you win? What do you want?

[Wilhelm] [*with obvious amusement*] I'll settle with satisfaction... You won't be here to pay any debts, anyway.

[Ig] Deal! Where is the enchanter?

[Wilhelm] In the living room. The room above us.

[The demons shake hands. Ig leaves. Wilhelm remains at the table, examining his claws for some time. At one point, he picks up the "opposite" king and his knight and sets them in front of each other, then with a bored gaze observes the chaos knight chasing the terrified nobleman on the large chessboard. When the knight is about to decapitate the unfortunate man, a terrifying scream is heard from the upper floor. It is so strong that all the pieces fall off a small chessboard, which ends with one big massacre on the other. Wilhelm stretches, adjusts cuffs, stands up, folds his hands, waits.]

[Constant Drachenfels] *[from the upper floor]* Wilhelm!

[Wilhelm] Yes, Lord?!

[Constant Drachenfels] Ready the fire in the stove... Make it big!

[Wilhelm] Yes, Lord!

[Whistling "Twisted Nerve" from the Kill Bill OST with a smile on his face, Wilhelm leaves the room.]

Scene 8

- I have walked the Void -





op floor of one of the castle's towers. It's divided into two parts by a wall. In one part there is only a hatch in the middle of the floor. There are wide open doors in the wall. In the centre of the second part, an open cage hangs on a large iron hook. It could easily accommodate a creature slightly larger than a human. A trail of mucus runs from the cage and suddenly breaks off at the door. There is a rusty crowbar in the corner of the room. Above the door, on the ceiling, hanging upside down stuck firmly with his tentacle legs, a Chaos Warrior, bearing the symbol of the Chaos god Tzeentch, hangs. He has black skin and is so mutated that he no longer even resembles a humanoid. His face changes constantly in irregular intervals. Sometimes it resembles a human face, other times it is completely pink, expressionless. Sometimes it mutates into a face of twisted animal. The creature also has a tail ending in a club and its horns resemble the horns of a bull. One of the tentacles holds a sword, while the mutated body is covered in some places with the remnants of an old chain shirt and clothes. The room is so high that while hanging from the ceiling, the warrior is about half a meter above the door. There he awaits his victims intently. Movement is heard in the part of the room with the hatch. After a while the hatch opens and the dwarf's red crest emerges. Snori clumsily pulls himself up the hatch and is followed by his companions.]

[Snori] Can anyone tell me how the hell, being already inside the main goddamn building of the castle, we got into a damn tower?!

[Lorindil] We walked through a wall...

[Snori] Be quiet! I do not accept something like that to happen, unless we were drinking all night and I got so drunk that I don't even remember having been drinking.

[Snori looks around the room with irritation.]

[Snori] And you, stunt double, what will you say?

[Wolfgang] *[looking over the shoulder]* Me? But what will I say?

[Lorindil] The theory that humans are descended from apes is a big piece of nonsense. The only thing I can believe is that apes come from humans ...

[Snori] Yeah, and humans from elves. Okay, whatever, let's see what's in the other room, then we'll do some basement scavenging.

[Lorindil] Who actually made you the leader?

[Snori] I have the most leadership points in the party you junior sub-rank tree hugger. Now, follow me.

[*Snori enters the room, followed by the elf and human.*]

[Snori] Um, great, an empty cage... We can, I don't know, make a swing out of it. Lads, follow me, there's nothing here.

[Lorindil] [*observing the traces of mucus*] I'm afraid to look up ... Wolfgang, look up.

[*At this point, the Chaos Warrior detaches from the ceiling and lands on the floor, blocking the exit. Wolfgang looks up.*]

[Wolfgang] Nothing there, just a stain.

[Lorindil] ...

[Snori] Okay guys, let's get those weapons out, the axe wants slime!

[*The dwarf reaches for his axe, but he does it so clumsily that it slips out of his hands and, having flown the entire length of the room, falls out the narrow window.*]

[Snori] [*frustrated*] Damn. Rune of returning, eh?! Yeah, right! Stupid demon!

[Lorndil] [*pulling out a dagger*] Bravo general, now we will have to count on the combat abilities of the orangutan.

[Snori] Don't be so hard on yourself ... with this little dagger you look more like a weasel than an orangutan.

[Wolfgang] [*taking out his sword*] By Ulric!

[*Wolfgang lunges in a maddened attack on the mutant. He deals one powerful blow, which misses the target, but makes a large bruise in the wall. The monster parries the second blow with its sword. Then, both their weapons get in contact with each other and the Ulrican's sword immediately turns to dust.*]

[Lorindil] Damn.

[Wolfgang] [*with despair in his voice*] My sword!

[The party moves back and the mutant slowly crawls towards them.]

[Lorindil] Snori! How high are we ?!

[Snori] [*looking out the window*] Oh shit... About thirty meters. The highest, damn, tower of this castle.

[The monster, taking advantage of the distraction of the opponents, lashes out with its tail and hits Wolfgang in the head. The man falls immediately unconscious. Snori seeing this grabs the crowbar lying by the wall.]

[Snori] No one hits my idiot and gets away with it!

[The dwarf throws himself at the mutant and starts hitting it with the crowbar targeting the constantly mutating face. The beast, squealing in pain, tries to escape with all its strength, but Snori, steps on its tentacles and starts hitting with redoubled efforts. After some time, the massacred beast falls dead. The dwarf breathes heavily. With bloodshot eyes he looks at the rest of the party. He throws away the crowbar and approaches the lying Wolfgang. He stands there for a while, then starts kicking the Ulrican hard on the head.]

[Snori] Get up, you goddamn loafer! Get up, I say! I threw away my axe because of you!

[The elf looks at the maddened dwarf with confusion. He picks up the crowbar, then applies a more brutal version of the “sleep” spell to his companion. He walks around the room for a moment with the crowbar in his hand, then takes out some notes of his travel bag.]

[Lorindil] *[reading aloud]* “... it is said that the highest tower of the castle is called the Tower of Frenzy.” What an extremely coincidental name...

[The elf hides the notes. He walks over to the mutant. He kicks away a tentacle and raises the sword.]

[Lorindil] *[looking at the weapon]* Hm. Nice, decent job.

[At this point, the elf's eyes suddenly glow with purple light. He bursts into flames for a short while, then the fires go out and he is unharmed. The elf picks up the necklace with the symbol of Tzeentch.]

[Lorindil] *[with a demonic whisper]* I have walked the Void... Here time is the traveller and I am the constant.

Scene 9

- Gargoyles -





astle courtyard. Two animated gargoyles sit above the main entrance. Snori and Wolfgang lie leaning against the tower wall. Their heads are clumsily bandaged. Next to them, the elf is sitting and staring into nothingness, mumbling something to himself. It's raining slightly. In the background you can hear "Ad Astra" by Arcturus (ensamble version). The dwarf wakes up first.]

[Snori] *[feeling his head]* Oh hell... My head... What have I been drinking and why by the buckets?

[Lorindil] *[whispering]* You strayed from your path and fell into the gutter of existence.

[Snori] What?!

[Lorindil] *[gets up and walks over to the dwarf]* Tell me... Don't you sometimes get the impression that whatever path in your life you would take, you will end up in the same place, unless you forcibly leave this safe path and, walking among the wilderness, you will eventually die devoured by the vastness, devastated by your own powerlessness?

[Snori] Hold on, wait a minute, I have to drink something because I have the feeling that you are gibbering more than usual.

[Lorindil] *[with an absent expression on his face]* Whatever, whatever ... Wake up the brawny, we have to move.

[Snori] Where the hell do you want to go?! Some mean gnome is bashing my head with a bucket of rocks, and you tell me to move somewhere ... Anyway, the big one doesn't look good and I think he needs to change the bandages.

[Lorindil] Warpstone...

[Snori] What?

[Lorindil] We have to find the stone of transformation.

[Snori] What kind of stone again? I came here for the gold!

[Lorindil] Whatever. You can take my part in the loot, but now we need to get to the castle dungeons quickly. Knowledge and power await.

[Snori] Wait a minute ... Did you just give me your cut?

[Lorindil] I assure you, my greedy little comrade, that whatever material benefits we gain by penetrating the dungeons of the castle, they are all yours.

[*Snori gets up. He stretches a little, then lightly kicks Wolfgang in the ribs.*]

[**Snori**] Hey there, princess... Wake up, we got work to do, enough loafing-about.

[**Wolfgang**] [*rubbing his eyes*] My head...

[**Lorindil**] You guys are monotonous...

[*The gargoyles turn their heads towards the adventurers.*]

[**Edmund**] These guys there, Edwin, how far do you think they will manage?

[**Edwin**] [*slightly bored*] Who knows? I don't see a mage...

[**Edmund**] Yeah, but the elf has already felt the vibe. A little more and maybe he will be of some use in a fight with the boss.

[**Edwin**] [*chuckling*] With the boss? They won't even live long enough to meet him.

[**Edmund**] You think so?

[**Edwin**] I'm certain.

[**Edmund**] Hm, maybe a little wager?

[**Edwin**] Okay, but an honorary one... I'm broke.

[**Edmund**] Deal.

[**Edwin**] Quiet, they're coming.

[*The gargoyles turn to stone. The party reaches the main door.*]

[**Snori**] Hey, elf, whatever happened in that tower? I don't remember anything.

[**Lorindil**] Do you want a longer or a shorter version?

[**Snori**] The real one.

[**Lorindil**] Very well. Wolfgang got knocked out by the Chaos Beast. You, on the other hand, let yourself be possessed by the magic forces enchanted in the tower and fell into a bloody frenzy. Using a crowbar, I put you to sleep. Then... [*Lorindil's voice suddenly sounds as if a hundred voices began to speak at once but in a slightly different pace*] Then I felt a chill in the darkness, the Void called to me: "Travel my path ... come ... help me doom this world. Mortal life is nothing compared to the Void. Your fears will be wiped out as this night reaches eternity. What was once in balance is broken today." The shadows began to dance. The shadows beyond the boundaries of time and space, images from the Void that choked out the light of my

existence. I have walked in the Void ... Here time is the traveller and I am the constant. [Lorindil's voice returns to normal again] Is that enough of an explanation to you?

[Snori] Wait, wait ...



[Lorindil] I know it could be ...

[Snori] You bashed my head with a crowbar?!

[Lorindil] [*with resignation in his voice*] Eh... let's go, this is a waste of time...

[The elf crosses the threshold. The irritated dwarf does the same. When Wolfgang approaches the door, behind him a huge stone block, which "broke" from under the legs of one of the gargoyles, crashes against the ground. Slightly confused Wolfgang also crosses the threshold.]

[Edmund] You're cheating!

[Edwin] [*in an insulted manner*] If I was cheating, I wouldn't have missed.

Scene 10

- In the morning -





astle kitchen. Huge tables, scattered lie all kinds of cleavers, knives, forks, pots and pans. In the centre of the room there is a large wood-burning fireplace covered with a metal plate. Large, blackened metal hooks are hammered to the walls. Wilhelm is seated at one of the tables. In addition to his traditional outfit, he also wears a black robe with a D monogram on it and soft slippers. The demon sips coffee (straight from Arabia) from a mug and browses the "Imperial Courier". At one point, the doors to the room burst open and our three heroes fumble inside. Wilhelm studies them with a sleepy gaze from over the newspaper. The adventurers look quite preoccupied. They slam the door behind them. After a while, something hits the door with huge force from the outside, then it roars furiously, scratches at the door... After a while, it seems to be leaving. From behind the door one can hear the sounds of hooves receding.]

[Snori] [to Wilhelm] Are you guys insane?! What the hell are you keeping in this castle?!

[Wilhelm puts down the newspaper, adjusts himself in the chair, frowns a bit and starts counting using his fingers.]

[Wilhelm] Hmmm, lesser demons, regular demons, greater demons [yawn], beastmen, manticores, elementals, ghouls, zombies, all kinds of other undead ... aaaand ... nah, no more spoilers... [after a while] Why you ask?

[Snori] [irritated] By Grungni, I think I'll knock your stupid head off after all.

[Wilhelm] [yawning] It's too early to play.

[The demon goes back to reading the newspaper. The elf, the dwarf, and the human all grab a seat at the same table. At one point, Wilhelm shouts out.]

[Wilhelm] Hey! Have you heard the news?! Magnus the Pious is dead!

[Lorindil] For several hundred years, if I am not mistaken basing on my memory and history of mankind ...

[Wilhelm] Seriously? [drops the newspaper with disappointment in his gaze] There is never any fresh news here... But for the record, I will miss Magnus, he was a funny one. Well, no matter then. Someday we'll have to revive him and ask how he's doing in the kingdom of the dead. [chuckling] He must have had some good hazing when he arrived... So, how are you guys? How is castle exploration going?

[Snori] Do you guys have any gold here at all ?!

[Wilhelm] Apart from the fact that there is no gold in the Gray Mountains ... yes, of course we do.

[Snori leaps onto the table and, with madness in his eyes, holds the axe over Wilhelm's head.]

[Snori] Tell me where the vault is now or I'll bash your head in!

[Wilhelm also stands up with demonic speed, licks his finger, then wipes the rune off the dwarf's axe with it.]

[Wilhelm] Go ahead.

[Snori strikes with all his might, but the axe comes to a sudden stop when it reaches the demon's body and does no harm to him. The dwarf looks at Wilhelm in disbelief, then glares at the axe and throws it to the floor. He folds his hands and sits down with an offended expression.]

[Wilhelm] The famous dwarven reflexes.

[Lorindil] Since we're already pass the thoughtless show of aggression, maybe you would like to help us voluntarily?

[Wilhelm] *[immediately]* Sure!

[Lorindil] But seriously.

[Wilhelm] *[in an excited voice, a random theme from a Disney movie is heard in the background]* Seriously. I like you guys, for real. You know, living here in this empty, dark castle, surrounded by beasts... *[Wilhelm sheds a demonic tear]* I feel so lonely... In fact, you are my only buddies.

[Wolfgang] How sad.

[Snori] I'm gonna be sick.

[Lorindil] *[with resignation in his voice]* Eh, this is useless.

[Wilhelm] No! I really want to help. *[Produces a deep black stone, which seems to absorb light, out of his pocket]* Look, you wanted warpstone. Here it is! It's yours.

[Wilhelm hands the stone to the elf. Lorindil looks at him suspiciously, but cannot refuse the gift. The elf takes the stone in his hand and looks at it greedily.]

[Wilhelm] You see? Uncle Wilhelm's not that bad, eh? Look, you seem exhausted. Go to the dining room and I will prepare breakfast for you.

[Snori] Ha! I would have to be braindead.

[Wilhelm] You mean, you're not hungry?

[Snori] *[suppressing an empty stomach rumbling]* No!

[Wolfgang] Oh come on, can't you see that he's trying?

[The giant man grabs the elf and the dwarf by the arms and leads them out of the room. Wilhelm waits for the door to close behind them, then takes off his robe, stretches, and claps his hands. A ghoul appears wearing a cook's headdress and wielding a ladle. He has a Bretonnian moustache.]

[Wilhelm] Good morning, Pierre.

[Pierre] *[with a strong Bretonnian accent]* Good myrning, boss.

[Wilhelm] Pierre, please prepare a feast for three.

[Pierre] Yes, boss. Le standard? A poisoned feast with all side courses?

[Wilhelm] No, not this time. We can't have do overs. I have another idea this time.

[Pierre smiles, claps his hands together. Five zombies in aprons appear and immediately begin to bustle around the kitchen. Wilhelm rubs his hands together and watches over the work.]

Scene 11

- Furniture -





astle Chamber of Rituals. A large room. In its centre, on the floor, a huge pentagram decorated with many signs and symbols of Chaos and demons. In the corner of the room far from the entrance there is a mirror, the surface of which appears darkened. Suddenly, "O Fortuna" plays and Constant Drachenfels enters the room. He walks around the room. It seems that he is looking for something.]

[Constant Drachenfels] *[to himself]* Where did I put it... *[stands still for a moment, wonders]* Wilhelm!

[Wilhelm emerges from the floor in an apron with traces of blood and flour on it.]

[Wilhelm] Lord?

[Constant Drachenfels] Wilhelm, don't you know... *[at this point his eyes fall on Wilhelm's apron]* What are you doing?

[Wilhelm] *[embarrassed]* Er, that oh... breakfast.

[Constant Drachenfels] You haven't replaced Maurice yet?

[Wilhelm] No, no, there is a new cook already. I'm just, um, helping, because the new guy does not get what's what in the new workplace.

[Constant Drachenfels] Even better so, I got hungry.

[Wilhelm] *[with clear concern in his voice]* Well yes, but Lord...

[Constant Drachenfels] I'll be down to the dining room in fifteen minutes.

[Wilhelm] *[with resignation in his voice]* Yes, Lord ... I'll go prepare ...

[Constant Drachenfels] Stay. I need you, the cook can handle it.

[Wilhelm] Eh, what can I do for you?

[Constant Drachenfels] Two things. First of all, where on all the cursed powers of the Void is my robe and mug?

[Wilhelm] *[slightly shivering, with a fake smile on his face]* Em, the one with the D monogram?

[Constant Drachenfels] Yes, that one.

[Wilhelm] I have no idea! ... but I'll go look!

[Constant Drachenfels] Later. Now for the second thing. Since we're here, we need to work a bit, by which I mean you need to work a bit.

[*Drachenfels snaps his fingers. A fog appears in the middle of the room. A form of a huge, horned demon holding two giant cleavers in his hands emerges from the fog.*]

[**Demon**] [*in demonic speech*] Tremble, you who summoned me ...

[**Constant Drachenfels**] [*ignoring the demon's speech*] Standard procedure Wilhelm, assign him a room somewhere upstairs ... I'm gonna look for my mug.

[**Wilhelm**] [*with slight irritation*] Yes, Lord.

[*Drachenfels leaves the chamber.*]

[**Demon**] [*surprised*] Hey, what's all this?! And what about the binding, soul stealing...

[**Wilhelm**] [*furiously*] Shut your stupid face!

[**Demon**] ...

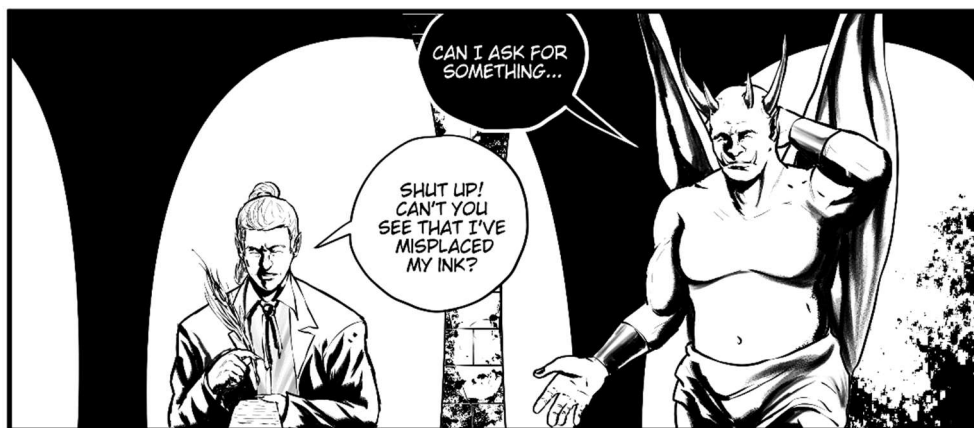
[**Wilhelm**] I have more important problems now. Don't have time to be listening to you moan!

[**Demon**] But...

[**Wilhelm**] Shut it, I say! By all the Dark Gods, what a sissy... Sits for eons on his ass in the Warp and as soon as he is locked for all eternity in a castle of an all-powerful, mad, sadistic enchanter, he whines like a kicked in the arse nurgling. Okay, let's get it over with ...

[*Wilhelm takes out a peacock feather and parchment and seems to search for something in his pockets.*]

[**Demon**] [*in a hesitant voice*] Can I ask for something...



[Wilhelm] Shut up, can't you see that I've misplaced my ink? Sit and be silent until I ask you anything.

[The demon sits down with resignation. Wilhelm stops looking after a while and stabs the peacock feather into the demon's finger, drawing some of his blood.]

[Demon] Ouch.



[Wilhelm] Don't be ridiculous... Anyway, to the point, cause mortals are dying down there... Name?

[Demon] Er...



[Wilhelm] *[with the eyes of Garfield, the cat]* Well, shit's on you, from now on your name is "Er". Now, you will be summoned by any underdeveloped demonologist if he hesitates with the summon and tries to remember the name of the demon he really wanted to summon... What kind of victims do you specialize in?

[Demon] Well, actually ...

[Wilhelm] *[taking notes]* ...actually, I'm a victim myself... Noted. Do you prefer a chamber to the East, or do you have unusual preferences?

[Demon] Is there one with a lake view?

[Wilhelm] *[blinking his eyes in surprise]* Lake view?

[Demon] Yes, lake view.

[Wilhelm] You know what, I feel sorry for you, you'll get a view of the well. NOW, do you have any questions?

[Demon] And when do I get a soul for my services?

[Wilhelm] *[laughing out loud]* You still don't get it, do you? Imagine... you are a piece of furniture. As a piece of furniture, you have the right to be dusted once in a while, most likely when I feel like it. Besides that, like every piece of furniture in this Castle, you have the right to attack careless wanderers who will venture into your chamber.

[Demon] But what's in it for me?

[Wilhelm] You won't get hit in the face... Moreover, Herr Drachenfels won't deal with you like he did with your predecessor.

[Demon] Meaning?

[Wilhelm] Meaning, he will not hit you in the face, and then he will not loop the time around you so that you will last for eternity in that one and same moment, that is, when you are being hit in the face.

[Demon] But...

[Wilhelm] *[as if he suddenly remembered something]* Shit! End of talk, I have breakfast issues to solve!

[Wilhelm takes some keys out of his pocket and hands them to the demon.]

[Wilhelm] Here are the keys to your chamber, bathroom is at the end of the corridor, don't go out, don't snore, don't invite friends.

[Wilhelm quickly disappears into the floor. The demon Er stands for a while with keys in his hand, then, slouching a bit, slowly exits the room.]

Scene 12

- The visit -





castle corridor lit by the light of torches. A thick crimson carpet on the floor, portraits on the walls depicting caricatures of various Emperors. At the end of the corridor, in front of the auditorium, the entrance gates to the castle. On the left and right there are many doors to many rooms. At one point, one door on the left bursts open and Wilhelm rushes in. He slams the door behind him and runs to the next. He opens it and slams it with disappointment on his face. He does this a few more times.]

[Wilhelm] Damn! Damn this constantly mutating castle!

[At this point, one of the portraits falls off the wall and hits Wilhelm on the head, knocking him over.]

[Wilhelm] [standing up] Oh, you are sensitive one for a building that is standing there for several thousand years... [after a while] Alright, sorry!

[Wilhelm hangs the painting back on its place on the wall.]

[Wilhelm] But I still don't know where that dining room is... Let's see...

[The demon goes to the next door, but at this point a knocker of the front door can be heard. Surprised, Wilhelm turns to listen. After a while, the knocking is heard again. Wilhelm goes to the gate and makes an effort to open it. He sees a short, round man in a big hat, wiping his flushed, plump face with a handkerchief. In the distance behind him a donkey and a heavy box are visible to the audience.]

[Helmut] Greetings, my good man! [Wilhelm looks over his shoulder searching for the good man who crept up behind him] Is the master of the household available?

[Wilhelm] [slightly confused] Yes, Herr Drachenfels is currently in the castle, and...

[Helmut] Great! Lead me to him.

[Wilhelm] [adjusting the lace cuffs and straightening up] Err ... And who wants to see him? Oh, and also, could you perhaps, state your business?

[Helmut] Helmut Grossmauer, tax collector.

[Wilhelm] [with a slightly lowered jaw] What?

[Helmut] I'm a tax collector from Altdorf. We have heard that this abandoned ruin has not been so abandoned lately. I came to collect due taxes ... [blinking and wiping sweat from his brow] Should be a pretty penny.

[Wilhelm] Eh, today is not my day ... All the stress is giving me some sick hallucinations.

[*Wilhelm begins to close the gates, but Helmut prudently sticks a shoe in.*]

[Helmut] Not so fast. Please don't make this difficult. I must warn you that there are high penalties for obstructing tax collection.

[Wilhelm] Look, my hallucination, I'm having a really bad day today, I'm in a hurry and if you don't take this foot away, I'll tear it off right at your neck.

[Helmut] [*squeezing awkwardly inside*] It won't do any good and it will cause you unnecessary trouble... Well, you guys got settled pretty nice here. Oh, what beautiful paintings! The luxury tax, I see, will be quite a sum. [*takes out pen and paper and starts taking notes*] Yes, yes ... real estate tax, tax on abundant space and on...

[Wilhelm] [*through his teeth*] I wouldn't like to interrupt, but it's really not my day ... [*shouting far into the castle*] Fluffy!

[*One of the doors opens with a bang hit with a gust of air. A hellish glow emanates from the inside of the room. The thud of a thousand hooves, the scratching of a hundred claws, and countless screams and roars can be heard. The sounds get louder with every second and suddenly... a tiny Yorkshire Terrier jumps through the doorstep. The dog starts barking happily. While running, he stumbles a little over his own paws. He runs to Helmut and fiercely starts tugging at his trouser leg.*]

[Helmut] [*dispassionately*] Lovely ... [*noting down*] Dog tax!

[Wilhelm] [*with resignation*] Fluffy, you lousy, mischievous beast ... Eat the jerk!

[Helmut] Hmm, how old is the dog?

[Wilhelm] An eon.

[Helmut] Hmm ... [*taking out an abacus*] the rate is silver coin per annum... here we have an eon... that'll be...

[Wilhelm] [*in a sudden outburst of rage, claws out, his voice begins to sound like a thousand voices speaking simultaneously*] Enough! Die wretched monster!

[Helmut] [*completely unmoved takes out a parchment and reads*] "Whoever, for the sake of anything, will raise his hand against a government official, will be whipped, stigmatized, and then publicly dismembered and displayed on all exit roads of the city..."

[Wilhelm] [*calming himself*] I'll risk it...

[The demon rips Helmut's larynx with his bare hands, then proceeds and opens his chest, then tears off his arms and legs from his torso and kicks off the wretch's head.]

[Wilhelm] Ah, I feel better already.

[Fluffy approaches the massacred corpse and joyfully starts drinking the blood from one of the pools.]

[Wilhelm] Yeah, now you're acting normal? Stupid beast... Okay, playtime over, I have to find that dining room or I'll end up like the fatty here...

[Wilhelm goes for the door again while Fluffy continues to enjoy his meal.]

Scene 13

- Meet Herr Drachenfels -





ining room. A large rectangular room. In the centre of the room there is a huge table for about seventy people. It is richly set with silver and crystal. A gigantic crystal chandelier hangs over the table. More or less in the centre of the table, Wolfgang, Snori and Lorindil sit, the latter still examining his piece of warpstone.]

[Wolfgang] *[holding a silver knife in his huge hand]* Do you think it will be alive?

[Snori] What will be alive?

[Wolfgang] Well... the food.

[Snori] *[surprised]* What are you babbling about?

[Wolfgang] Well, why would they give a knife and the other funny thingy?

[Snori] *[irritated]* It's decoration, imbecile.

[At this point, "O Fortuna" is played in the background, the door opens and Constant Drachenfels enters the room with the "Imperial Courier" in hand. His gaze somehow passes the party of heroes, and the Enchanter proceeds towards his chair, decorated with a "D" monogram. He sits down, unfolds the newspaper and starts reading.]

[Lorindil] *[breaking away from the examining the warpstone with difficulty, whispering]* Hey, isn't that?...

[Snori] *[also whispering]* Impossible.

[Lorindil] Well, who could it be? Look how he is dressed.

[Snori] Still impossible.

[Lorindil] An aura of evil, enormous figure, almost material magic in the air around him...

[Snori] I'm telling you it can't be Gnori...

[Lorindil] *[surprised]* Who now?

[Snori] He only works near Karak-Varn.

[Lorindil] Who is Gnori?

[Snori] Whadda ya mean "who is Gnori"? You don't know who Gnori is?

[Lorindil] I have no clue.

[Snori] Ha, you woodland monkeys, you don't know anything. Gnori is the most famous dwarven robber.

[Lorindil] But...

[Snori] The tallest of Karak-Varn dwarves, he attacks the rich and gives to the poor.

[Lorindil] This is probably the stupidest thing I've ever heard in my life.

[Wolfgang] This fellow is the cook?

[Lorindil] I stand corrected.

[Wolfgang starts looking at the Drachenfels' newspaper. He looks for a long moment and then turns to the Enchanter, screaming across the room.]

[Wolfgang] That newspaper, it is old, it is!

[Lorindil and Snori dive under the table with horror in their eyes. Constant drops the newspaper and looks at the before unnoticed guests with surprise in his eyes. At the same time Wilhelm bursts into the room banging the doors. Realizing what's going on, the demon hits his head with his open hand, then turns on his heel and tries to leave the room. Drachenfels makes a gesture with his hand without looking in that direction, the door closes in front of Wilhelm's face. The servant leans his forehead against the door with resignation, mumbles some demonic prayer under his breath, then turns back again and puts a smile on his face.]

[Constant Drachenfels] Wilhelm, my insidious reptile, tell me, what are the mortals doing in my dining room during my breakfast?

[Wilhelm] *[still smiling awkwardly]* Well, there was a bit of a mis...

[Constant Drachenfels] *[raising his hand]* Wait a minute.

[Drachenfels chants a magic formula and snaps his fingers. Lorindil and Snori hit the table with their heads, then they quickly crawl out from beneath it and take their seats.]

[Constant Drachenfels] Go on.

[Wilhelm] Yes, well...

[Wolfgang] Excuse me, are you the cook?

[Constant Drachenfels] The cook?

[Wilhelm] *[through his teeth]* This is Herr Constant Drachenfels, count of this and the surrounding...

[Wolfgang] Drachenfels?! By Ulric! *[nudges his comrades who pretend they're not there]* Guys, that's the bad guy! We have to kill him! By Ulric!

[Wilhelm] *[to himself]* Why the hell is everyone interrupting me today?

[The Great Enchanter slowly rises from his seat. Wolfgang, on the other hand, takes his sword and rushes at Drachenfels.]

[Wolfgang] By Ulric!!!

[Wilhelm] *[sits down on the floor and draws smiley faces in the dirt]* So much for the fun...

[The Ulrican runs up to the Enchanter, who snaps his fingers, then grabs the opponent by the throat and, to the horror of almost everyone in the room, lifts the giant man up in the air with his single hand. He grins slightly and throws his opponent like a toy towards the nearest wall. Wolfgang hits his back against the wall, which causes one of the tapestries hanging on it to fall over the man's head. The tapestry depicts the moon of Morrslieb with an added nasty mocking smile. Wolfgang staggers up from the floor with difficulty. At that moment the decorative tapestry flashes with greenish light for a moment and then the face of the moon comes to life and starts laughing demonically.]

[Tapestry] *[in a hoarse voice, slightly resembling that of a goblin]* T'was then that our lord brought us gifts...

[Wilhelm] *[joining the familiar rhyme]* Let us prepare a feast, be swift, be swift...

[Tapestry] *[chuckling]* Grateful and faithful to our Master grim...

[Wilhelm] *[joyfully]* Let us tear the sacrifice limb from limb, limb from limb!

[The tapestry twists and tightens around Wolfgang's head and after a short while there is a sound of screeching, crunching and muffled screams of the human. Blood begins to trickle out from under the fabric. After a few moments, the man falls to the ground, dead. The tapestry busily continues to devour his flesh. Constant Drachenfels turns to the other two mortals.]

[Constant Drachenfels] Your turn.

[Snori stands up with fury in his eyes and grabs his axe. Lorindil takes a step back and raises the warpstone above his head.]

[Snori] You goddamn bastard! That was my idiot, you killed! I'm gonna rip your stupid head off and shove it in your ass!

[Constant Drachenfels] Go ahead, shorty.

[Lorindil] *[in a maddened whisper]* Thou Who Changes Ways, hear my plea...

[Snori rushes towards the Enchanter with a battle cry. At the same time, on the ceiling above Lorindil's head, a sinister, ethereal vortex emerges out of nowhere.]

[Snori] Die, dark wretch!

[Lorindil] *[speaking with a demonic voice]* ...send your power, give us strength, show us the way!

[As Lorindil finishes uttering the final words of the invocation, a purple ray of energy fires from the vortex above his head and strikes the dwarf. Snori falls to the ground and begins to writhe in pain. Then he rises. His physical form begins to alter. His legs contract, he grows a scorpion's tail, his face lengthens and shifts into that of a goat and a lion's mane appears on his head.]

[Lorindil] *[furiously]* What?! What the hell?!!! I pray for a blessing, to the greatest magical power of Chaos and what do I get?! A mutated dwarf?! Come on! You call yourself a Chaos deity?! Esmeralda, the halfling household goddess is more fearsome!

[Wilhelm] *[rocking back and forth]* I think it is unwise to insult the Powers of Chaos.

[Lorindil] Yeah?! What's he gonna do about it?! Turn me into a sheep?!

[A second beam fires from the magical vortex and hits Lorindil, turning him into ... a sheep.]

[Wilhelm] Yeah, we're gonna have warp-chops for lunch today.

[The creature that Snori has turned into notices the sheep and shifts to attack it instead of the Enchanter. He catches the unfortunate Lorindil and, after stinging him with his poisoned tail, tears his head off and splashes blood in all directions. He is so preoccupied with eating that he does not notice the tapestry sneaking around him from behind. The tapestry launches an unexpected attack and, much like it did with Wolfgang, strangles the victim and rends him limb from limb.]

[Constant Drachenfels] *[turning his eyes to the whirlwind of Chaos]* What's the meaning of this meddling?

[Tzeentch] *[from the Abyss, with the voice of a thousand suffering souls]* Careful, Constant...

[Wilhelm] *[suddenly excited]* Or what? You gonna turn *[with emphasis, pointing at Drachenfels]* HIM into a sheep?



[An energy beam bursts from the vortex again, this time hitting the Great Enchanter. He stands as he did before and his physiognomy remains unchanged.]

[Wilhelm] [to himself] Damn.

[Constant Drachenfels] *[dismissively]* Please. Now excuse me, but we're in the middle of breakfast.

[Drachenfels waves his hand, the whirlpool in the ceiling disappears.]

[Constant Drachenfels] *[to Wilhelm]* Get up, you lazy traitor, you have some cleaning up to do around here.

[Wilhelm gets up, goes to the wall, puts his hand literally in it and takes out a broom. He then starts cleaning, cursing constantly under his breath. After a while, Pierre the ghoul enters the room. He is carrying three covered trays on a movable table.]

[Pierre] Our breakfast is ready!

[Constant Drachenfels] *[sitting at the table]* Excellent.

[Wilhelm] *[opening his eyes wide]* No, you idiot!

[Drachenfels points to Wilhelm with his finger. A beam of energy bursts out painfully striking Wilhelm in the back.]

[Wilhelm] *[in pain]* Ouch.

[Constant Drachenfels] Shut up Wilhelm and go back to your cleaning. *[to Pierre]* Breakfast, now.

[Pierre approaches the table with great grace. He places the dishes in front of Constant, then takes two steps back and claps his hands. At this signal, the dishes uncover themselves. On the trays there are three meat miniatures of snotlings. The miniatures appear to be alive, they move around the dishes and when they spot Drachenfels they start throwing meatballs at him. Constant hits one with his fist, but the blow doesn't have any effect on the little snotling.]

[Constant Drachenfels] *[using the dish cover like a shield protecting him from the attacks]* Let me guess ... Meat golems?

[Wilhelm] *[clearly trembling]* Well, it sure looks like it. So uh... Should I kill Pierre or something?

[Constant Drachenfels] No, that won't be necessary. I think I might have an idea who else, equipped with demonic powers, summoned these beings to life. Also, I know who will be cleaning up dog poop for the next eon or so... *[realizing something]* Right, the dog ... *[in the direction of the corridor]* Fluffy!

[The puppy runs joyfully into the room.]

[Constant Drachenfels] *[looking at Fluffy]* I won't even ask who, because that I already know *[looking at Wilhelm]*, but I'll ask what, Wilhelm, did you do with my dog?

[Wilhelm] Nothing! He did it to himself! Honest!

[Constant Drachenfels] *[still fending off the indestructible meat golems]* Yes, your honesty... Fluffy, sic 'em.

[Fluffy jumps onto the table and greedily devours all three golems one by one. There are scuffling sounds coming from Fluffy's tummy. After a while Fluffy burpps and the sounds stop.]

[Constant Drachenfels] Good dog ... *[coldly]* bad demonic servant.

[Wilhelm] *[in a hurt voice]* But it was an accident, really.

[Constant Drachenfels] Shut up, Wilhelm. Take Fluffy out for a walk, then take a broom and start cleaning the castle. When you're done do it again ... then again ... and again.

[Wilhelm] Well, maybe my Lord wishes to simply send me back to the Void or something?

[Constant Drachenfels] Yes, you would like that, wouldn't you? Cunning beast. Get to work... And make me breakfast in the meantime. And burn the cook... and the breakfast should be as dead as the cook.

[Wilhelm] *Ja wohl...* *[to himself]* Damned existence.

[Suddenly the spirits of our three heroes materialize next to Wilhelm. They resemble the living versions of themselves before the mutations and the battle.]

[Wolfgang] *[confused]* Uh, so, well...

[Snori] *[hysterically]* What will happen to us?!

[The elf only looks blindly into the space before him.]

[Wilhelm] *[in a tired voice]* Oh yeah. Well, you have reached your destination, you have fallen more or less valiantly and now you will go where all who died in this castle go...

[Snori] *[interrupting Wilhelm, still hysterically]* I knew it! We're going to hell!

[Wilhelm] *[surprised]* What? Where? No, you idiot ... You will get a chamber like everyone else who died before you and you will be haunting it for all eternity. *[suddenly, as if he understood something]* Oh... Well, yeah, there's something to it.



[The curtain drops, but rises in a moment. The audience sees a corridor with many doors on either side. Wilhelm leads the way. Behind him, hesitantly, the adventurers follow, looking cautiously around. The corridor is endless.]

End of Act I

Interlude I

- Little Red Riding Hood -





astle library. A small but very high room with a square floor. The walls are lined with shelves on which dusty volumes of all kinds and sizes lay scattered. In the centre of the room there is a large armchair, next to it a table with a red book on it. Wilhelm sits comfortably in the armchair wearing glasses.]



[Wilhelm] *[to the audience]* Hello. As a form of relaxation after the recent events and the unfortunate obliteration of our adventurers, a large dose of magic, demons, other creatures of, as you call it, supernatural origin and a single intervention from the Void, I will read you one of my favourite fairy tales.

[Wilhelm reaches for a book from the coffee table and shows the audience a cover that reads "Little Red Riding Hood". Then he straightens up in the chair, clears his throat and opens the book.]

[Wilhelm] Once upon a time, over the mountains far, far away...

[At this point, the scene turns one hundred and eighty degrees. Wilhelm's voice is now heard only from behind the scenes, while his place is taken by decorations depicting a forest.]

[Wilhelm] *[from behind the scenes]* ... there was a Bretonnian Knight of the Holy Grail named Jean. Due to the crimson hooded cloak he always wore, fellow knights referred to him as Little Red Riding Hood.

[Little Red Riding Hood clad in knight's robes, armour and a red cloak enters the scene. He is holding a basket in his hand.]

[Little Red Riding Hood] *[happily jumping up]* La la la ... burn infidels, destroy evil, burn infidels, hey! La la la.

[Wilhelm] Little Red Riding Hood walked merrily along the road, singing.



[A beastman enters the scene from the opposite side. He is about two meters tall, with hooves, a face partially of a dog a partially of a wild boar, horns of a bull. He is wielding a mace.]

[Wilhelm] Suddenly, an evil beastman named Arnold emerged from the forest, and Little Red Riding Hood, seeing him, shouted as he used to shout under such circumstances, “By Ulric!”.

[Little Red Riding Hood] [*appalled*] Wrong religion, you demonic idiot.

[Wilhelm] Whatever, you probably shout something stupid as well...

[Little Red Riding Hood] Not at all. We shout “By the Lady of the Lake!”.

[Wilhelm] [*choking a bit*] Er, yeah, I stand corrected. [*to himself*] Of all the stupid things in the world... [*to the audience*] Anyway, Little Red Riding Hood met the Arnold, the beastman.

[Arnold] Hello Little Red Riding Hood!

[Little Red Riding Hood] [*with exaggerated heroic nonchalance*] Ha ha! Hail to you, whom I am about to split with my sword in two, to the glory of the Lady of the Lake! By the way, how do you speak with human voice?

[Arnold] “Speak languages” mutation.

[Little Red Riding Hood] Ah ... Ha ha! Die then, you mutated Chaos Spawn!

[Arnold] [*deviously*] Before you kill me, please tell me, what you are carrying in your basket?

[Little Red Riding Hood] Ha ha! The Holy Grail!

[Wilhelm] [*interjecting from behind the scenes*] The Holy Grail in today’s episode is sponsored by Constant Drachenfels’ magic mirror.

[Arnold] And you’re going to bring it to...

[Little Red Riding Hood] The Lady of the Lake!

[Arnold] [*nodding ironically*] Yeah, that makes sense.

[Wilhelm] At this point, the cunning Arnold devised a cunning plan to deceive the not-so-cunning Little Red Riding Hood. Thus, using cunning deception...

[Arnold] [*looking at a space behind Little Red Riding Hood*] Look! A three-arsed monkey!

[Little Red Riding Hood] *[looking back]* Where ?!

[Wilhelm] ...Arnold runs off deep into the forest.

[The beastman runs off into the woods. Little Red Riding Hood stands confused.]

[Little Red Riding Hood] Ha ha! He got the best of me using devilish tricks. I'll get him another day. Now I have to bring the Holy Grail to the Lady of the Lake.

[Wilhelm] As he thought, so he went on.

[The curtain drops down, commotion is heard behind it. After a while the curtain rises again. The scenery shows the interior of the modest hut of the Lady of the Lake. In the centre of the small room there is a bed, a rocking chair and some plain furniture. A charming blonde is lying bored on the bed, playing with a pillow.]

[Wilhelm] Arnold, being the cunning beast which he was, knew a shortcut in the woods, so he reached the hut of the Lady of the Lake before Little Red Riding Hood.

[Arnold enters the hut.]

[Lady of the Lake] By... *[snaps her fingers]* By me! Who are you?!

[Arnold] Don't ask stupid questions... By the way, if you're the Lady of the Lake, what are you doing sitting in a hut instead of drowning in a lake or something?

[Lady of the Lake] *[in a bored manner]* Moisture, rheumatism ...

[Arnold] I need this hut, to the pond with you!

[Wilhelm] As he said, he threw her out...

[Arnold grabs the Lady of the Lake and throws her out of the window into a nearby pond. Then he dresses his head somewhat with undergrowth and hops into bed.]

[Wilhelm] Then, Little Red Riding Hood arrived ...

[Enters Little Red Riding Hood and immediately falls to his knees.]

[Little Red Riding Hood] *[excited]* Oh Lady! Here am I, Jean! I'm back from a mission! After many years of searching and endless hardships I bring you, the Holy Grail!

[Arnold] *[in a woman's voice]* Come closer, young hero...

[Wilhelm] Well, he came closer...

[Little Red Riding Hood] *[with hesitation]* Oh Lady, why do you have such big eyes?

[Arnold] Because I have some exotic disease that I contracted when the people of Arabia watered camels by my pond.

[Little Red Riding Hood] Why do you have such big horns?

[Arnold] Side effects of rheumatism.

[Little Red Riding Hood] Why do you have such a big mace stuck under the sheets?

[Arnold] To better smash your skull with it and finally get my hands on the Holy Grail!

[Wilhelm] As he said, so he did ... *[to himself]* Nice job, don't need to actually do much. Maybe I'll become a full-time narrator.

[The beastman rises from the bed and hits the knight with all his strength with the mace on the head, smashing it like a watermelon. Then he greedily takes the goblet from the basket.]



[Arnold] Finally! It is mine! I wonder what it does ... And I wonder if some woodsman will want to take it away from me?

[Wilhelm] As he foretold, so it happened... Enters the woodsman!

[No one new appears on the scene.]

[Wilhelm] Err... I said, “enters the woodsman”!

[The sound of a shattering neck is heard from behind the stage. After some time, “O, Fortuna” starts playing in the background, Constant Drachenfels crosses the threshold of the hut.]

[Wilhelm] Well ... that’s no woodsman, but the beastman is still screwed...

[Constant Drachenfels] *[reading from a piece of paper in his hand]* Ha ha!
[frowning] What? What kind of an idiot wrote this?

[Wilhelm] Hey!

[Constant Drachenfels] Give me the Grail.

[Arnold] Never! Over my dead body!

[Constant Drachenfels] If you really need to disturb the order of events...

[The curtain drops.]

[Wilhelm] The scene of violence was cut out due to this being a fairy tail and what-not.

[The curtain rises. Pieces of the beastman are scattered all over the room. Drachenfels stands with the goblet in his hands examining it carefully.]

[Constant Drachenfels] Okay, let’s find out what it does.

[Wilhelm] As he said, he used his knowledge of magical items.

[Constant Drachenfels] What?! You can drink from it and it will never spill?! What an utter piece of crap... Like Sigmar’s hammer.

[Constant Drachenfels throws the Grail out the window. There is a thump as if someone got hit on the head, followed by a gurgling sound as if the same person was drowning. Constant Drachenfels leaves the room. The curtain falls and Wilhelm comes out in front of it.]

[Wilhelm] The end. Off to bed with ya!

[Then he bows slightly and leaves the stage.]

