

**Blood Omen - Legacy of Kain**

**(BO:LOK)**

***Cinematic dialogue script (+ screenplay)***

***v 2.46***

**(with additional ariel/pillars scene (9))**

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# INTRO/CYCLING DEMO/ACT -1

VISUAL:  
BLACKNESS

## A. Crowley or Possibly Mortanius (VO)

"There is a magical  
operation of maximum  
importance: the initiation of  
a new aeon. When it becomes  
necessary ,to utter a word,  
the whole planet must be  
bathed in blood."

CLOSE-UP: IMAGE OF A SCREAMING FACE, LONG CANINE TEETH BARED,  
LIT IN THE UNHOLY GLOW OF A DISTANT SUNSET AND BURNING PYRES.  
THE CAMERA ZOOMS OUT FROM THE FACE, REVEALING THE OWNER. WE  
SEE THAT THE MAN (A VAMPIRE) IS BEING HOISTED INTO THE AIR,  
IMPALED ON A HIGH WOODEN STAKE. AS WE PULL AWAY, WE SEE  
OTHER VAMPIRE CORPSES IMPALED, LITTERING THE COUNTRYSIDE AS  
ARMOURED WARRIORS WALK AMONGST THEM, SLAUGHTERING FLEEING  
VAMPIRES.

THE CAMERA CONTINUES TO ZOOM OUT

WE SEE THE ABOVE SCENE CONTAINED WITHIN A POOL OF WATER, NESTED  
IN THE MIDDLE OF A LARGE, CIRCULAR TABLE WITH CELTIC-STYLE  
KNOTS AND ARCANES SYMBOLS CARVED INTO IT. AROUND THE TABLE  
ARE A CLUSTER OF WIZARDS/MAGI, BOTH MALE AND FEMALE, YOUNG  
AND OLD. THE ROOM IS DIMLY LIT, BUT WE CAN MAKE OUT WHAT THEY  
ARE WEARING. THEY APPEAR TO BE WATCHING THE EVENTS IN THE  
MAGIC POOL QUITE INTENTLY.

THE CAMERA CONTINUES TO ZOOM OUT.

## Wizard

The plague infecting our land  
is finished!

PAN OUT, WE SEE VORADOR  
A JAGGED SWORD RIPS THROUGH ONE OF THE WIZARDS

## ANOTHER WIZARD

(AMIDST BLOODCURDLING SCREAMS)  
Malek!

SFX: ASSORTED FLESH RIPPING FOLEY.

AND THE GUTTED CORPSE IS THROWN SIDEWAYS.

VORADOR APPEARS FROM BEHIND THE FALLING/THROWN CORPSE, WIELDING THE BLOODSTAINED JAGGED SWORD. HE THROWS A VARIETY OF SPELLS AT THE NEARBY WIZARDS.

ONE IS KILLED BY AN ENERGY BOLT, ANOTHER IS HIT BY A BLOODGOUT SPELL - THE PROJECTILE HITS THE VICTIM, FORCING A STREAM OF BLOOD TO BE JETTISONED FROM THE BODY, AND IT GETS "SUCKED" PAST THE CAMERA.

The sound of an approaching man in armour, rushing along stone tiled floors.

Wizard tries to cast a spell, but is panicking.

**YET ANOTHER WIZARD (WHIMPERING)**

Malek!

**VORADOR (LAUGHING)**

Call your dogs!  
They can feast on your  
corpses!

VORADOR THROWS A FLAY SPELL AT THE WIZARD, AND WE SEE HIS FLESH BLASTED FROM HIS BLOODY BONES.

CUT TO MALEK RUSHING IN THROUGH DOORWAY, AX DRAWN.  
HE SEES VORADOR AND SWINGS HIS AX.

CLOSE-UP: VORADOR'S SWORD CLASHES WITH MALEK'S/ ' SERRATED AX.

CUT TO A DARK CHAMBER, LIT ONLY BY CANDLE FLAME. ARCANES RUNES AND SYMBOLS OF POWER ARE DRAWN ONTO THE FLOOR. STANDING IN THE CENTER OF THE CHAMBER A MAN IS STRIPPED NAKED; SCARS ADORN HIS BODY. ON THE GROUND BEFORE HIM IS AN EMPTY SUIT OF ARMOUR, PROPPED UP ON A STAND, GIVING IT THE IMPRESSION THAT IT HAS SOME FORM INSIDE IT.

**MORTANIUS**

For failing the circle, Malek  
of the Sarafan, you are hereby  
damned. The pleasures of the  
flesh are no longer yours.

FX OF MALEK'S SPIRIT BEING FUSED INTO HIS ARMOUR

**MORTANIUS**

You have but one purpose, damned  
warrior; you will serve us for  
eternity.

FADE TO BLACK

A SHADOW IS CAST AGAINST A WALL, MOVING SLOWLY, BUT WITH PURPOSE.  
WE SEE ARIEL BY THE WALL; SHE TURNS AND SEES A DISTINCTIVE,  
BUT UNKNOWN SHAPE SILHOETTED AGAINST A LIGHT, RAISING A CRUEL  
KNIFE.

Shadow(Mortanius)  
So it begins...

CUT TO BLACK

SFX: ARIEL'S SCREAM PENETRATES THE DARKNESS.

A PILLAR IS SEEN PARTIALLY COLLAPSING, CHUNKS OF IT EXPLODING,  
DUST CLOUDS BEING KICKED UP FROM UNDERNEATH IT.

FADE TO BLACK

A SUDDEN FLASH REVEALS A MARBLE/STONE BACKGROUND.  
BLOOD IS SPLATTERED ON THE BACKGROUND; THE SPLATTER FORMS THE  
WORDS "BLOOD OMEN". SMALL RIVULETS OF BLOOD BEGIN TO TRICKLE  
DOWN THE BACKGROUND, AS THE SUBTITLE "LEGACY OF KAIN" IS  
BURNED INTO THE STONE.

FADE TO BLACK - CYCLE BEGINS AGAIN

## **ACT 1 - KAIN KILL**

A DARK, OMINOUS NOSGOTH MORNING, RIFE WITH MIST AND FOG. A BRACING CHILL AND SCATHING WIND DRIFTS AMONG THE DARKENED FORESTS.

A PATH WENDS ITS WAY PAST GNARLED TREES, WHICH HIDE MORE THAN CAN BE SEEN.

**Kain (screaming battlecry)**  
Vae victis!

## ACT 2

THE UNDERWORLD - POPULATED BY LOST SOULS THAT HOWL WITHIN THE ABYSS. THEIR SHAPES TWIST AND WRITHE IN THEIR FIERY OBLIVION. THROUGH THIS GHOSTLY BURNING LAND, THE NECROMANCER MORTANIUS STRIDES AS ITS MASTER.

FADE FROM BLACK

7

KAIN IS STRUNG UP BETWEEN TWO POSTS, TRANFIXED WITH A SWORD. HE STRUGGLES INCESSANTLY, AS IF TRYING TO DENY HIS FATE.

Kain VO

Vae Victis - suffering to the conquered. Ironical that now I was the one suffering. Not anything as pedestrian as physical pain. Rather the cruel jab of impotent anger - the hunger for revenge.

I didn't care if I was in Heaven or Hell - all I wanted was to kill my assassins. Sometimes you get what you wish for.

The Necromancer Mortanius offered me a chance for vengeance. And like a fool, I jumped at his offer without considering the cost.

Nothing is free.

VISUAL: MORTANIUS GRASPS THE SWORD AND TWISTS IT PAINFULLY - KAIN WINCES.

Kain VO (tiredly, with pain)

Not even revenge.

VISUAL: KAIN'S BONDS ARE RELEASED AND HE STEPS FREE, TURNING TOWARDS MORTANIUS.

VISUAL: MORTANIUS OFFERS THE TRANFIXION SWORD TO KAIN.

VISUAL: KAIN LOOKS TOWARD THE ABYSS BEHIND HIM, STARING CONTEMPLATIVELY INTO THE YAWNING FIRE, THEN LOOKS TOWARD MORTANIUS AGAIN. HE STEPS FORWARD AND GRASPS THE SWORD.

VISUAL: CORRUSCATING MAGIC RIPPLES ACROSS KAIN'S BODY,  
TRANSFORMING HIS WHITE ARMOUR TO BLACK, LIVING SKIN TO DEAD  
VAMPIRIC FLESH.

VISUAL: KAIN'S EYES OPENING

**Mortanius (laughing)**  
You will have the blood you  
hunger for...

VISUAL: KAIN WALKING THROUGH FIRE

FIRE WIPE TO BLACK

**ACT 3 - FOR THE BLOOD IS THE LIFE...**

AMIDST THE CONFUSION OF HIS BATTLE WITH THE ASSASSINS, THE PLAYER IS OVERTAKEN BY THE FERAL URGE TO FEED. JUST BEFORE THE FINAL BLOW IS STRUCK, THE FLEDGLING VAMPIRE TEARS OUT THE THROAT OF HIS VICTIM

THE IMAGE OF THE FLAILING HANDS OF THE VICTIM APPEARS AND THE SCREEN FADES TO BLACK.

WHIRLING FROM THE DARKNESS, IMAGES OF THE PILLARS AND DEGENERATE CHARACTERS APPEAR, SHIFTING AND FADING. THE IMAGES OF NUPRAPTOR THE MENTALIST AND HIS MOUNTAIN RETREAT ARE PREVALENT. A SKULL CARVED FROM THE ROCK OF A MOUNTAIN, PEERING THROUGH THE MIST...



#### **ACT 4 - THE GHOST OF THE PILLARS**

THE PILLARS AT NIGHT; WIND BLOWS EERILY BETWEEN THE SOLEMN SENTINELS OF MARBLE AND OTHER INDESCRIBABLE MATERIALS. MOONLIGHT PLAYS ON THE SURFACES, LENDING THE SCENE AND EERIE BLUE CAST. THE FIGURE OF A COMELY WOMAN APPEARS AMIDST THE PILLARS, TALKING TO HERSELF IT SEEMS.

ESTABLISHING SHOT FROM KAIN P.O.V.

LONG SHOT OF ARIEL DISAPPEARING BEHIND PILLAR.

CAMERA FOLLOWS HER AROUND THE PILLAR WHILE SHE TALKS

**Ariel**

Nupraptor, your madness has  
shattered our dreams and  
blinded you....

**Kain**

Keep your distance or I'll  
send you back to Hell, spirit!

**Ariel**

There is nothing left of me to  
fear vampire. I am only a  
shadow of my former self ...  
Ariel -- the Balance of the  
Circle of Nine. Even so, I  
can provide the answers you  
seek.

**Kain**

I seek only a cure.

**Ariel**

There is no cure for death.  
Only release. You must  
destroy the sorcery that is  
now poisoning Nosgoth.  
Only then will you realize  
peace.

The Nine of the Protectors of  
Hope were sworn to use their  
powers to preserve our world.  
Now these pillars have been  
corrupted by a traitor.

VISUAL: A "HALLUCINATION" OF NUPRAPTOR SEWING HIS EYES SHUT  
FLOATS, SEMI-TRANSPARENT IN THE MOONLIT AIR.

**Ariel**

My murder at the hands of this  
beast drove my love Nupraptor  
mad.

VISUAL: ARIEL TURNS TOWARD CAMERA TO REVEAL HER RAVAGED FACE.  
FLESH HAS BEEN RIPPED AWAY TO REVEAL THE NAKED BONE BENEATH.

Now he spreads misery and pain  
among the Circle, crumbling  
the very foundation of  
Nosgoth. You must restore  
balance. You must right the  
Pillars of Nosgoth.

**Kain**

**(with distaste)**

I care not for the fate of  
this world.

**Ariel**

Then for yourself Kain...

**Ariel**

**(fading out)**

Beware the Unspoken..

VISUAL: ARIEL FADES TO TOTAL TRANSPARENCY AS HER VOICE FADES

**ACT 5 -**

**\*\*\*\* NO LONGER IN SCRIPT \*\*\*\* RETAINED HERE FOR CLARITY**

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**ACT 6 - (GAME SCREEN - ESCAPE FROM MALEK'S BASTION)**

THE VAMPIRE TUMBLES DOWN A LONG TORTUOUS DUST SLIDE CARVED FROM ROCK. THIS SEQUENCE IS A SERIES OF IMAGES FROM THE VAMPIRE'S POINT OF VIEW TO CUTS SHOWING THE VAMPIRE SPEEDING PAST THE CAMERA.

AT THE END OF THE SEQUENCE, THE VAMPIRE TUMBLES OUT OF THE DUST CHUTE, ONTO A THIN MOUNTAIN PATH. THE VAMPIRE DUSTS HIMSELF OFF AND WALKS DOWN THE PATH. IT IS A MISTY MORNING, AND THERE IS A LONG WALK AHEAD...

VISUAL: OH YEAH, MALEK'S KEEP BLOWS UP...

## ACT 7: THE ORACLE OF NOSGOTH

KAIN ENTERS A LARGE CAVERN THROUGH A WINDING TUNNEL. INSIDE THE CAVERN A SMALL OLD MAN SITS BY A ROARING FIRE, COOKING SOMETHING IN A HUGE POT. HE LOOKS UP AS KAIN ENTERS.

**Oracle**

A nobleman? Seeking wisdom?  
Death has taught you well.

**Kain**

Enough philosophy - I seek  
answers.

**Oracle**

Answers indeed. I have them  
all if you have the questions.  
And what are the questions for  
these answers?  
King Ottmar the only hope to  
defeat the Legions of the  
Nemesis.

ORACLE THROWS SOMETHING INTO THE FIRE. THE SMOKE REVEALS A  
GREAT ARMY MARCHING ACROSS THE LAND.

**Oracle**

King Ottmar paralyzed by his  
princess's malaise.  
King Ottmar the useless.  
Pray good sir, what are the  
questions?

**Kain (with anger)**

A pox upon your tricks and  
babble, old man! Answer me  
this: Who is Malek and how can  
I defeat him?

**Oracle (cryptically)**

All in time sirrah. Yes,  
time. Unless you master it -  
it will master you.  
And now it's time for your  
answer:

ORACLE THROWS FLAME POWDER INTO FIRE  
DISPLAY OF IMAGES

**Oracle**

Malek - defender of the Nine  
and last of the Sarafan

sorcerer-priests. His vanity led to the slaughter of the Circle at the hands of the vampire Vorador. For his failing, his spirit was fused to a hellish set of magical armor. He has allowed no member of the Circle to fall since.

**Kain**

What of this Vorador?

**Oracle**

Follow the glow of the Ignis Fatuus to the Termagant forest.

**Kain**

Ignis Fatuus?

**Oracle**

The Ignis Fatuus lights the path to Hell, nobleman. Your path.

ORACLE DISAPPEARS. HIS VOICE FADES OUT AS HE DOES

**Oracle**

Time Kain. Next time

**ACT 8: VORADOR**

INTERIOR. VORADOR'S LAIR. ROOM IS DIMLY LIT BY CANDLES.

THE CAMERA PEERS ACROSS THE LENGTH OF A LONG, POLISHED DINING TABLE, WITH THE VAMPIRE VORADOR AT THE OTHER END, HIGHLIGHTED BY CANDLE FLAME. VORADOR IS HOLDING TWO FINELY CRAFTED GOBLETS.

AS VORADOR RECOUNTS HIS TALE, THE CAMERA FOCUSES ON HIS FACE AND THEN HIS FACE BECOMES TRANSPARENT. IMAGES OF VORADOR'S BATTLES AND THE MAJOR EVENTS IN HIS LIFE APPEAR THROUGH HIS FACE, BECOMING A MOSAIC OF SCATTERED IMAGES, AND THE VOICE OVER DESCRIBES THEM.

**Kain VO**

In the bowels of that black forest I found something worse than Hell. A vision of what I was becoming...

**Vorador**

It's not often I see one of our own, especially one as young and foolish as yourself. Nonetheless, drink. Drink deep and indulge your gift.

KAIN RELUCTANTLY ACCEPTS GOBLET. CAMERA PANS ACROSS ROOM. WE SEE *SUBTLE* EVIDENCE AS TO WHERE BLOOD CAME FROM; HUMANS SHACKLED TO THE WALLS.

**Kain VO**

Gift? Pah! Vorador thought my curse a blessing. That we were gods and that mortals offered their blood as sacrifice so that we could enjoy our supernatural powers. And somewhere deep inside my new self I knew he was right. That mortal dreams were prayers. Prayers to us - begging for our power.

I pondered this as the decadent old fool prattled on about his past; a boorish account of how he defeated Malek of the Sarafan and took his vengeance upon the Circle of Nine for supporting the Sarafan's holy war to exterminate us...

**Vorador**

After slaughtering six of the  
sheep I defeated their  
pathetic little shepherd -  
Malek. Since then our kind  
has not bothered with the  
cattle, except to feed. And I  
suggest you do the same.

**Vorador**

Meddling with the affairs of  
man can do us no good.  
Sarafan witchhunts are much  
too tedious to concern  
ourselves with. Am I  
understood Kain?

KAIN ACKNOWLEDGES ONLY VERY SLIGHTLY

**Vorador**

Good. Take this ring. If you  
ever need assistance it will  
summon me. Despite your  
youthful arrogance, you amuse  
me, Kain - it would be such a  
pity to lose you to the Abyss.

VORADOR TURNS HIS BACK ON KAIN

**Vorador**

Now be gone!

**ACT 9: "THE OBJECTS RETURNED, ARE POWERS RESTORED"**  
(Additional "Joiner" Scene to Lead Kain to Willendorf)

KAIN REDISCOVERS ARIEL WHILE HE IS RETURNING CIRCLE TOKENS TO THE  
PILLARS.

**ARIEL**

So, you have returned  
vampire? I see that you have  
taken your quest to heart.

**KAIN**

Not for Nosgoth's sake, shade,  
for my own. It is the only way  
I can be rid of my curse.

**ARIEL**

Then you should beware. The  
Legions of the Nemesis are on  
the march from the north,  
crushing all in their path.  
Weirstein and the Stahlberg  
have already fallen,  
Willendorf will be sure to  
follow... They must be stopped  
or all shall be lost...

**KAIN**

How can one stop an army?

**ARIEL**

You must unite the armies of  
Willendorf; they are the last  
Hope of Nosgoth. If not, all  
is lost...

(FADE TO BLACK)



**ACT 10: THE GREAT DUEL**

INTERIOR DARK EDEN CASTLE MAIN HALL, MALEK AND VORADOR FIGHT AS  
KAIN, BANE AND DEJOULE (CLOAKED) WATCH.

**Malek**

Vengeance! Vengeance for my  
eternity of suffering!

**Vorador**

Whelp! As if you knew what  
eternity was! Grovel before  
your true master.

**Malek**

**(coldly)**

Never! I'll hack you from  
crotch to gizzard and feed  
what's left to your brides...

A FIERCE BATTLE ENSUES, BEFORE DISSOLVING TO THE ACTION ON THE GAME  
SCREEN.

## **ACT 11: THE COURT OF THE LAST HOPE**

A HALL RESPLENDANT WITH THE COLOURS OF NOSGOTH HERALDRY, LINED BY THE HEAVILY ARMoured ELITE KNIGHTS OF THE KING'S PERSONAL GUARD. THE MAJORITY OF THIS CINEMATIC IS INTENDED TO BE PRESENTED THROUGH THE GAME SCREEN RATHER THAN AS A FULL SCREEN ANIMATION.

**Kain VO**

The court of King Ottmar;  
shades of my former existence.  
Proud and self absorbed,  
surrounded by all the finery  
of the realm. Secure in their  
ignorance. As I walked among  
them I smirked thinking of the  
carnage that would befall them  
at the hands of the Legions of  
the Nemesis...the glorious  
flames, the inevitable rape  
and pillage.

**COURTIER STOPS KAIN BY RAISING HIS HAND**

**Kain (forcefully)**

Out of my way peasant! The  
stench of the fields hangs  
over you like a pall!

**Courtier**

The King sees no one! He is  
in mourning for the princess!

**Kain (coldy)**

He'll be in mourning for his  
kingdom soon. And he'll mourn  
for you even sooner if you  
don't get out of my way!

**KAIN PUSHES PAST COURTIER**

**Kain VO**

And so I won my audience, such  
as it was, with Ottmar. He  
cared not of the invading  
armies from the North. Only  
of the plight of his child.

**ZOOM INTO THE DULL EYES OF DAUGHTER. PUSH THROUGH "INTO" THE  
STORY DETAILED BELOW.**

**Ottmar VO(grumpily)**

A birthday present. To celebrate her birthday I declared a contest. Whoever created the finest doll in the realm would be granted a royal favor. Hundreds of dolls were brought, but the winner was obvious. Elzevir, the Dollmaker, created a toy of such beauty that all were captivated by it. And all he would take in payment was a lock of her hair.

Soon after she became like this; a lifeless puppet. Who ever restores her to her former self shall have this kingdom!

KAIN SMIRKS AND STALKS OFF.

**Kain VO**

Thus my hunt for the doll maker began.

**ACT 12: THE LAST STAND**

BATTLEFIELD CHOKED WITH ROILING FOG. HORNS SOUND. WE ZOOM  
THROUGH MIST PAST BRIEF VIEWS OF THE APPROACHING TROOPS TOWARD  
A HILL. OTTMAR, ELEVATED, GIVES HIS ORDERS TO HIS TROOPS.

Ottmar (in commanding,  
rousing speech mode)  
The scourge of Nosgoth is upon  
us, friends! We shall die  
today as heroes, lest we live  
tomorrow as slaves!

Ottmar(tension building)  
Ready thine arms!

Ottmar (shouting  
battlecry!)  
FOR NOSGOTH!!!

OTTMAR WAVES BATON AND THE ARMIES CHARGE FORTH.

**ACT 13 - PAST NOSGOTH "MOB MIND READ"**

MOEBIUS COMMANDS A CROWD OF PEASANTS WITH A MIND INFLUENCING SPEECH. THE SCENE IS REMINISCENT OF THE NUREMBERG RALLIES WITH TOWERING BANNERS AND FINERY OF THE NOSGOTH OF 40 YEARS AGO. MOEBIUS STANDS AT THE TOP OF A FLIGHT OF STAIRS LINED WITH ARMoured TROOPS AND BURNING BRAZIERs.

**Moebius**

Would you stand idle as vermin  
destroyed your crops?

**Crowd (shouting)**

No!

**Moebius**

As your house burned?

**Crowd!**

No! No!

**Moebius**

Will you allow this evil to  
continue?

**Crowd**

No! No!

VISUAL: SHOT OF MOEBIUS GESTICULATING MADLY, SEEN THROUGH THE FIRE OF A NEARBY BRAZIER, HE APPEARS TO STAND AMIDST THE FLAMES THEMSELVES, SEEMINGLY AS A CREATURE OF HELL, HIMSELF.

**Moebius**

Will the wickedness end?

**Crowd**

It must!

**Moebius**

Do you believe?

**Crowd**

Yes! Yes! Yes!

Visual: Moebius is lit by the flickering flames, heightening the evilness of his character.

**Moebius**

Then take me to your king, so  
that I can prepare you for the  
onslaught!

**ACT 14 - THE LAST OF THE FEW**

EXTERIOR - BRIGHT GRASSY KNOLL, A CROWD HAS GATHERED TO WITNESS THE DEATH OF THE LAST OF VAMPIRE KIND. THE PROCEEDINGS TAKE PLACE ON A RAISED SCAFFOLD, SO ALL EYES CAN WITNESS THIS MOMENTOUS EVENT

CHEER FROM THE CROWD AS VORADOR'S HEAD IS LOPPED OFF, AND HELD HIGH BY THE EXECUTIONER

**Leader**

We are free of this unholy scourge!

**Moebius**

Not yet, my friend.  
Would you be free of a plague  
if only one city was cleansed?

**Crowd (cheering)**

No! No!

**Moebius**

Would you spare one wolf in  
the pack that has devastated  
your herd?

**Crowd (shouting)**

No!

**Moebius**

Then let us destroy them all!

**Crowd (in furor!)**

Yeessss!

**Moebius**

He is the last!

MOEBIUS POINTS AT KAIN

**Moebius**

Destroy him!

GAME SCREEN BATTLE, KAIN WINS

**Kain**

Ironie. By going back in  
time, and altering the past,  
you turned William the Just  
into the Nemesis.

MOEBIUS COWERING

Moebius (croaking and  
wincing, filled with hate  
and madness)

Aye - you have seen my plan,  
vampire, as I have seen your  
destiny! The future says you  
die!

Kain

But I am dead...

KAIN IMPALES MOEBIUS

Kain

As are you!

## **ACT 15: THE FULL CIRCLE**

ANARCROTH AND MORTANIUS TALK AT THE SITE OF THE PILLARS OF NOSGOTH. IT IS NIGHT AND THE MOON ILLUMINATES THE SCENE. KAIN ENTERS AS ANARCROTH AND MORTANIUS CONTINUE THEIR CONVERSATION.

### **Anarcroth**

You betrayed us Mortanius!  
You had Kain killed and turned  
him into a monster. You set  
him upon us!

### **Mortanius**

It had to be. Nupraptor's  
insanity poisoned all of our  
minds. The Circle had failed  
in it's sworn duties. It had  
to be destroyed.

### **Anarcroth (madly, frantically and somewhat confused)**

Failed our duties? Idiot! The  
Circle exists for us, we  
don't exist for it! Our  
powers will save or damn  
Nosgoth at our whim! Stand  
with us, Mortanius, or die!

### **Mortanius**

Then I shall die!

A MAGICAL BATTLE ENSUES, WITH MORTANIUS THE VICTOR  
ANARCROTH LIES ON THE GROUND WITH A BROKEN SPINE, DYING,  
GURGLING HIS DEATH RATTLE

ENTER KAIN.

### **Kain**

If the Circle is to be  
destroyed, you have to die as  
well, Necromancer. I admire  
your cunning, but you will not  
escape your fate.

### **Mortanius**

Nay, I will embrace it. But my  
death will leave one more to  
take, princeling. Finish me!



MORTANIUS DOUBLES OVER IN PAIN

**Mortanius**  
Kill me fool, before it  
returns!

THERE IS A CRACKING SOUND, AS THE DARK ENTITY CRUSHES MORTANIUS' MIND  
AND PSYCHE

**The Unspoken**  
(in what's left of  
Mortanius' body)  
(EVIL LAUGHTER)  
You thought yourself a king  
when in fact you were a pawn!  
You have served me well, Kain.  
(MORE LAUGHTER)

**Kain**  
(shouting/growling  
defiantly)  
I serve no one!

**The Unspoken**  
(with sarcasm and  
malignancy)  
Indeed. Such narrow vision.  
Don't you see? My silencing of  
Ariel, and its calculated  
repercussions, is but the  
first act in my theatre of  
Grand Guignol. Of which, you  
are the tragic "hero."  
Play on, little vampire, play  
on...

ANGERED, KAIN SCREAMS AS HE ATTACKS

**Kain**  
Vae Victis!

CUT TO GAME SCREEN

## ACT 16: THE END

KAIN STANDS AT THE JUNCTURE OF THE PILLARS, ABOUT TO CHOOSE HIS  
FATE. IT IS DAYTIME, TO HEIGHTEN THE FEEL THAT NOSGOTH HAS  
ALMOST BEEN RESTORED TO ITS FORMER GLORY.

**Kain VO**

I am the last Pillar. The  
only survivor of the Circle of  
Nine.  
At my whim the world will be  
healed or damned.  
At my whim.

**ACT 17: KAIN KONG**

KAIN SITS UPON A THRONE OF BONES. SLOPPILY DRINKING BLOOD FROM A  
SKULL.

**Kain VO**

Once I embraced my powers I  
realized that Vorador was  
correct. We are Gods - dark  
gods and it is our duty to  
thin the herd. (dark laughter)

**ACT 18: HAPPY HAPPY JOY JOY**

BRIGHT SUNLIT FIELDS AND TREES, WITH OVERCAST, TURBULENT SOMBRE  
SKY CUT TO THE HAUNTED SPOT, PERHAPS SHOT OF MAUSOLEUM  
WREATHED IN VINES AND CREEPERS

**Ariel**

In his life he was unknown. A  
petty noble.

In death he was unknown.  
Yet by choosing oblivion he  
restored Balance to the land.

Shades cast no shadows.

ROLL CREDITS AND CHEESY FLUTE/WAR DRUM MUSIC...

**ADDITIONAL "JOINER" SCENE TO LEAD KAIN TO WILLENDORF**

KAIN REDISCOVERS ARIEL WHILE HE IS RETURNING CIRCLE TOKENS TO THE  
PILLARS.

**ARIEL**

So, you have returned  
vampire? I see that you have  
taken your quest to heart.

**KAIN**

Not for Nosgoth's sake, shade,  
for my own. It is the only way  
I can be rid of my curse.

**ARIEL**

Then you should beware. The  
Legions of the Nemesis are on  
the march from the north,  
crushing all in their path.  
Weirstein and the Stahlberg  
have already fallen,  
Willendorf will be sure to  
follow... They must be stopped  
or all shall be lost...

**KAIN**

How can one stop an army?

**ARIEL**

You must unite the armies of  
Willendorf; they are the last  
Hope of Nosgoth. If not, all  
is lost...

(FADE TO BLACK)