

Trailer script for the story of Klairissa:

FALLING INTO POWER

A dark screen.

Music: opening of "This Corrosion" by The Sisters of Mercy

Narrator: It was the First Age. An age of golden glory.

Wide shot as the camera pans across a beautiful city viewed from a distance.

Narrator: An age of wonders and wisdom.

Wide shot of a classroom. A teacher, with magic and anima swirling around him, instructs a group of students.

Narrator: An age of peace and prosperity.

Wide shot of a group of merchants bargaining with each other. From the variety of their garments, skin tones and manners they are obviously of different cultures.

Narrator: An age which crashed down in a fury of fire, blood and pain.

Wide shot from above of Dragon-Blooded, Exalted, Fair Folk and mortals engaging in desperate hand to hand combat. A huge mass of men, women and creatures slaughter everything they can engage with their weapons. It seems to almost be every man for himself.

Narrator: Giving way to the Age of Sorrows. An age of darkness and desolation.

The camera pans down a city street. The scene is one of disease and decay. People are huddled in doorways, literally dying on the street.

Narrator: A society locked in strife and darkness. A long night of cold fear creeping into every dream.

Wide shot of the Scarlet Empress sitting upon her throne. She is surrounded by guards, advisers and members of the court. A group of dignitaries are bowing down before the throne.

Narrator: Yet for every night is a day, and each day has a time of twilight. Transition between darkness and light. Between ignorance and knowledge. Between slavery and freedom. In the time of twilight rises great power. Overwhelming and unstoppable.

Fade to black out.

Music fades.

Two seconds of darkness and silence.

Scene fades in to reveal:

Medium shot. A workbench with various magic related items on it. In the center of the bench is an open book. On top of the book sleeps a smallish grey tabby cat.

Two seconds of silence over this scene. Then:

Klairissa (from off screen): Pixel! Get off my book!

Pixel looks up then puts her head back down and closes her eyes -- totally unconcerned. An object flies across the screen, scattering items from the workbench. Pixel explodes from her nap and vanishes from the scene.

Cue music: "Lucretia My Reflection" by The Sisters of Mercy (Klairissa's theme)

A montage of scenes:

Extreme distance shot. Klairissa stands in a forest. She is viewed from far away and above. The camera quickly spirals around her and zooms in for a close up. Her head jerks to her right. She raises her bow, removes an arrow from her quiver, notches and fires it, all in one swift move.

Medium shot of Klairissa in a cavern, very dark. She is illuminated by fire light and is dripping wet.

Wide angle shot. Klairissa stands in an open courtyard over two dead men. There is much blood and mutilation. A crowd is gathered around watching her and waiting. Her anima glows gold and violet as she cast a charm.

One quarter angle shot from below. Klairissa and her circle are in a dark underground tunnel battling mutants. Her anima flairs brightly as she cast a spell, illuminating the chamber. Mutants can be seen clinging to the ceiling. Klairissa cuts loose with Obsidian Butterflies. The black glass insects emerge from her hands and fly above her. The glistening creatures shred the mutants and send a torrent of minced mutant raining down upon Klairissa and the circle. Some members of the circle look less than happy about the situation.

Medium shot of Klairissa in a large room filled with books and spell casting items. She is standing before a large work bench. Numerous books are open on the bench and she writes in the pages of one of them.

Narrator: Only one force can turn back the darkness and sorrows. Only one force is powerful enough to wash the Corrosion from Creation.

Music out.

Cut to:

Medium shot of Pixel sleeping in a wooden chair. It's a tranquil scene until:

Klairissa (from off screen): Pixel! Get out of my chair!

Pixel doesn't move. The sound of a bow being released, an arrow thuds into the chair inches from Pixel's head. Pixel explodes from her nap and vanishes from the scene.

Cue music.
A montage of scenes:

Medium shot of Klairissa in a shop bartering with the shop keeper.

Distant shot of Klairissa in a library. She is dwarfed by tall shelves of books and scrolls. Pixel walks along one of the shelves.

Medium shot from above of Klairissa at an altar. She is studying a book. Pixel sits on the altar and appears to be studying the book as well.

Wide shot of Klairissa engaged in a sword fight with a large and quick man. Anima swirls around her as she engages her opponent. A series of strikes and parries are exchanged until Klairissa slips through his defences. Her sword goes into his stomach, broadside vertical. Klairissa twist the sword 90 degrees and jerks it up and out, slicing his midsection open. She pulls the sword out and steps back in one fluid motion. Her opponent drops to his knees and Klairissa swings the sword around with power, striking his neck and severing his head.

Wide shot of a peaceful hilltop. Suddenly a horse comes galloping over the crest. It's Klairissa. She is pushing the horse to gallop as fast as it can. Crossing past the camera we see she is bloodied. Pixel hangs on to the saddle, not looking very happy. Over the crest of the hill comes an army of calvary in pursuit of them.

Medium shot from floor level. Klairissa lies on the floor, doubled up in agony.

Full length shot of Klairissa. She is naked, bloodied and muddy, standing in some sort of stone pit and obviously pissed off. Klairissa beats on the walls with her fist. She screams inaudible words, probably not nice ones. She bangs her head against the wall in frustration. She bangs her head very hard and it hurts. Klairissa clutches her head and falls over backwards.

Cut music & scene change.

Medium shot of Klairissa. She is looking into the camera. A man off camera is interviewing her.

Interviewer (off camera): Klairissa, I understand that you have some difficulties staying on a horse at times.

Klairissa: I lived on a farm. Horses and I get along just fine.

Wide shot of Klairissa on horseback. She is riding fast down a trail in a forest and the camera pans with her. Klairissa is styling until she attempts to manoeuvre her bow for use. While bringing it into position she loses her balance and falls off the horse. Klairissa plunges into the brush as the horse speeds away down the trail.

Back to Klairissa looking into the camera.

Interviewer (off camera): So you are saying you have never fallen off a horse while trying to fire your bow?

Klairissa: I do not fall off horses. Ever.

Wide shot of Klairissa on horseback. She is riding across a desert. Klairissa readies her bow. Getting it into position she reached back for an arrow and promptly falls off the horse. Klairissa tumbles head over heels across the sand as the horse vanishes into the distance.

Back to Klairissa looking into the camera.

Interviewer (off camera): What about this footage? If you have never fallen off a horse, how do you explain this?

Klairissa: (Looking pissed off)

Wide shot of Klairissa on horseback. She is riding across an open plain. Klairissa twists around to look behind her. Pulling the long powerbow into position she reaches back to withdraw an arrow, notches it and draws the bow. Taking careful aim she fires. The expression on her face tells us it's a perfect shot. She is looking quite satisfied with herself. The horse manages to run past the only tree on the entire plain and Klairissa, still looking behind her, gets swept off the horse by a low limb. She hits the ground. Face first. Hard.

Back to Klairissa looking into the camera. She has bow in hand with an arrow notched. Klairissa lets it fly. A muffled thud is heard off camera, blood spurts into the frame followed by the sound of a body crumpling.

Medium shot. We now see two Dragon-Blooded warriors in armour. They stand next to each other looking into the camera. It's obvious they are aware of the camera and are talking with someone who is off camera.

First Warrior: Klairissa? Aye, she's a pussy cat. Some people are scared of her, but she's really a sweet, sweet girl at heart.

Second Warrior: Without a doubt. Compassionate and caring. That's her way of life. Some people say she would kill a baby if she had to. Without a bit of thought or hesitation.

First Warrior: Not true.

They look at each other and agree with enthusiasm.

Second Warrior: Not true at all. Not at all. Klairissa would hesitate before killing a baby. She'd have to 'ink about it ya know? I mean --

First Warrior: Yea, think about do ya stab it in the chest and make it quick --

Second Warrior: Or you could stab it in the stomach and watch it suffer a bit first.

First Warrior: Aye she's just misunderstood and --

An arrow strikes the first warrior in the mouth. He tumbles backwards.

Second Warrior: Shit! It's her --

An arrow strikes the second warrior in the eye. He falls forward. The camera pans in the direction the arrows came from in time for an arrow to hit the lens. Static fills the screen.

Cue music.

A montage of scenes:

Wide shot of Klairissa on the deck of a junk. A blood ape jumps onto the deck from below. It snarls and looks around. Before it can move much farther Klairissa brings her powerbow into play. The first arrow sinks into the blood ape's left eye. A second arrow penetrates the right eye. The blood ape pitches forward. Blood pools under it's face. Klairissa looks satisfied.

Close shot of Klairissa. She is almost face to face with a demon -- if you can call what the demon has a face. They are evidently disagreeing about something. Eventually a breaking point is reached. The camera pulls back as the demon rears up. It is quite large and actually hits the stone ceiling above, but doesn't even notice the impact. The demon spreads out it's many appendages and bears it's many teeth. It pounces upon Klairissa -- almost. She brings her arms into a sign of protection and the demon bounces back without touching her. It screams in rage and claws at the air trying to reach her, yet is unable to make contact. Klairissa now forms her essence into a banishment spell. The demon struggles to get at her twice as hard, then convulses in racking pain and finally vanishes in a blinding light.

Medium shot of a younger Klairissa, standing in a snow storm. She is motionless. Camera cuts to a medium shot of a Snowdoll. The Snowdoll walks with an alluring grace, oblivious to all around. It stops, pauses and turns to face Klairissa. Camera cuts to Klairissa, still motionless. Camera cuts to a shot of both. They are no more than four feet apart. They study each other, no movement at all, then the Snowdoll turns and keeps walking it's path. Klairissa never moves the whole time. Only watches.

Narrator: There is only one who has the knowledge to defeat the forces which threaten to corrupt and corrode the Realm. Only one who can restore the power of the Unconquered Sun.

Music out.

Cut to:

Close shot of Pixel. She is on an ornate table batting around a small and fragile looking crystal with her paws.

Klairissa (from off screen): Pixel! That is not a toy!

Pixel ignores her and continues to play. The sound of a bow being released, a flaming essence arrow thuds into the table inches from Pixel. Pixel jumps straight up out of camera view, then lands and takes off running, vanishing from the screen. The burning arrow vanishes in a puff of essence.

Cue music.

A montage of scenes:

Medium shot of Klairissa sitting at an elegant dining table. She is eating like a pig and drinking like a drunk. As she swings down wine the glass magically refills its self.

Wide shot of a battle. Klairissa and the Circle are battling Winter People (aka those fucking elves).

Klairissa is wearing sky blue armour. Her anima flairs up as Klairissa fires off a combo charm. A barrage of flaming essence arrows fly from her powerbow striking and taking down four of the Winter People.

A wide shot showing a glistening city from a distance. The camera pans back to reveal Klairissa standing in an open field. Again she wears the sky blue armour. Klairissa is casting a spell. Anima flairs and swirls around her. Her anima banner forms and a giant golden & violet hawk stretches its wings and rears its head, beak open in a silent scream. Essence explodes around her, flowing into the ground. A moment later large blue insect-like creatures emerge from the ground like ghost walking through walls. They step onto the plain and begin marching toward the city with bows, swords and other weapons at the ready.

Wide shot of Klairissa in a temple. She wears a white robe. Everything around her is bright, white and clean. Candles burn on tall stands, Pixel can be seen sitting on top of an alter observing what is going on. Essence swirls around as Klairissa chants magic incantations. She picks up an ornate bowl and moves to the largest of all the alters in the room. She places the bowl on the alter. Suspended upside down above the alter hangs a young girl, totally naked. The girl's skin is painted with kanji and runes. She is awake and conscious but appears to be either drugged or exhausted. Klairissa takes a razor sharp knife and slits the girl's throat. Blood pours into the bowl and spills over onto the alter, onto the floor.

Close up of Klairissa's face. She is looking down, hair obscuring her features. After a moment we see a drop of blood falling. Then suddenly she looks up at the camera. Blood runs from her nose and a wound on the left side of her head. Her eyes are black. The camera view cuts to a full length. We can now see that Klairissa is on her hands and knees looking up. Her sky blue armour is coated in blood. Not all of it is hers. She is surrounded by a mass of Dragon-Blooded and mortal soldiers. Suddenly she leaps to her feet and raises her arms. Anima flairs as her banner forms above. Klairissa sweeps her arms down as the camera cuts to -- A wide shot. We now see that Klairissa is surrounded by quite the mass of soldiers. She sweeps her arms down and as she does so a shock wave explodes from her body. As the wave expands the Dragon-Blooded and soldiers around her are crushed and slammed to the ground. The shock wave expands, taking out the whole of her opposition. As the last of them fall Klairissa collapses to the ground, exhausted and empty.

Standard Ending:

Music out.

Cut to:

Close shot of Pixel. She is sleeping on a very elegant looking cushion. The camera pulls back to reveal that Pixel sleeps upon a throne. It is the same throne we saw the Scarlet Empress sitting upon earlier in the trailer.

Klairissa (from off screen): Pixel! Get off my throne!

Pixel ignores her and continues to sleep.

Fade to black out. Silence & darkness for two seconds.

A nuclear mushroom cloud fills the screen followed by the sonic boom of the explosion. The light becomes blinding, the noise deafening. Eventually both fade out to silence and darkness. The

trailer ends.

Alternate Ending (limited release):

Music out. Silence.

Cut to:

The camera pans over a field of dead soldiers and other “things”.

The camera cuts to a pan across what use to be a beautiful city, now shattered by the wrath of warfare.

The camera cuts to a pan through the throne room of the Scarlet Empress. We see Exalted, soldiers and dignitaries kneeling on one knee with their heads down.

The camera cuts to a static shot of Klairissa standing before the throne looking down at it. She is motionless. A beat, then she turns slowly. Klairissa has no visible weapons and wears only a violet robe, yet she is injured, bruised and bloodied. After a moment Klairissa sits upon the throne. No one moves. The camera slowly zooms to a close up. Klairissa looks very worried. When close enough at last, we see that she is silently crying.

Slow fade to black out.

Fade in the words:

And the powers of the heavens shall be shaken.

Black out.

End.

Lyrics to **Lucretia (My Reflection)**
by The Sisters of Mercy

I hear the roar of a big machine
Two worlds and in between
Hot metal and methedrine
I hear empire down
I hear empire down

I hear the roar of a big machine
Two worlds and in between
Love lost, fire at will
Dum-dum bullets and shoot to kill, I hear
Dive, bombers, and
Empire down
Empire down

I hear the sons of the city and dispossessed
Get down, get undressed
Get pretty but you and me,
We got the kingdom, we got the key
We got the empire, now as then,
We don't doubt, we don't take direction,
Lucretia, my reflection, dance the ghost with me

We look hard
We look through
We look hard to see for real
Such things I hear, they don't make sense
I don't see much evidence
I don't feel
I don't feel
I don't feel

A long train held up by page on page
A hard reign held up by rage
Once a railroad
Now it's done...

I hear the roar of a big machine
Two worlds and in between
Hot metal and methedrine
I hear empire down...

We got the empire, now as then,
We don't doubt, we don't take reflection,
Lucretia, my direction, dance the ghost with me...

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Methedrine : n : amphetamine used in the form of a crystalline hydrochloride; used as a stimulant to the nervous system and as an appetite suppressant syn: methamphetamine, methamphetamine hydrochloride, meth, deoxyephedrine, chalk, chicken feed, crank, glass, ice, shabu, trash