

Rislav's Rise.

A play based upon Rislav the Righteous, a book from the game 'Skyrim'.

-Narrator(s) line up on the sides of the stage to mark the entry/exit.- Jairone offers the audience welcome.

Narrator(s): Many years ago, when the Alessian empire was yet the dominant force upon Tamriel, does this story take place. Where Alessia may have been a hero to slaves, the empire founded in her name grew to be no better than those she had rebelled against. Now, in Colovia, where dread plague had ravaged the people, there was a problem. The plague left Skingrad's king dead in its wake. */doom*

His family also fell, one by one, until all that were left was a pair of his sons. One was married to another land, Kvatch, and so could not ascend. The other a priest, came to be king, and Dorald it is that first we shall see.

-Dorald walks onto the stage area:- 'My people, it is good to have returned to you in this dark time.' */bestowblessing* 'I mourn with you that so many good men and women were taken from us. Yet, in all this tragedy, I see hope as well. The hope of Alessia, of the true god! Rejoice my people, for I now cede all Skingrad to the Alessian empire!' */pray*

-Dorald exits the stage.-

Narrators(s): Yet such was not the will of the people. They valued freedom, and would not easily bend knee to an empire for which they held no love. In Kvatch, the news made for tidings of war.

-Rislav, Belene, and Justinus enter.-

Justinus: 'That impudent lickspittle! No true king would have so little regard for the will of his people!' /shakefist

Rislav: 'He has spent years in their religion. He is no Colovian, and no doubt he can no longer understand us.' */shrug*

Justinus: 'We must act swiftly. If Skingrad becomes part of the empire, we shall soon follow. The passes in the east are what protect us best from the empire's forces.'

Belene: 'Then you mean to start a war?' */downcast* 'Must we really seem more death? I would leave our people time to mourn.'

Justinus: 'I would not make this choice, if I did not have to. Yet, if we are to live, free and proud... and not as cowards, then yes. We must add more to death's toll.'

Rislav: 'Death is not something from which we escape. It is always there. We cannot, we must not, fear it. To fear death would be proof that we are unworthy to lead our people.'

Belene: 'That may be so, but for those fallen we can still shed tears.'

Justinus: */nod* 'That we may, my dear.'

Rislav: 'There will be time to mourn, but we must make haste. Let us be off, before we gain

more reason for sodden cheeks.'

Narrator(s): So they set off with but a handful of soldiers to take Skingrad back from Dorald. As they went, soldiers from Skingrad, sent by Dorald to stop them, appeared.

-Soldiers enter.-: */kneel* 'We have come, but not to fight you. We offer you our swords, let the traitor king fall and Skingrad remain free!'

Rislav: 'Welcome then, brothers! Come with us and live as men should!'

Soldiers: */salute2*

Narrator(s): So did they come to Skingrad, where Dorald and Rislav would confront one another in the courtyard where both had grown up.

Dorald: 'What madness is this? How dare you come before me like this, brother, with such a ragged band of false lords and blackguards?'

Rislav: 'You are no brother of mine.' */Weaponattack.*

Dorald: */playdead*

Everyone except Dorald and Rislav: 'All hail King Rislav! All hail the king!' */hail*

-All exit (Rislav and Colovian soldiers stay west.)-

Narrator(s): In the empire, Gorieus the emperor heard of Skingrad's rebellion. No stranger to such troubles, he quickly formed an army to take back what he already considered his lands. Meanwhile, Rislav planned for battle against the far larger imperial army. They would meet at a pass on the gold road.

-Rislav and soldiers enter from the West.-

-Gorieus and soldiers enter from east.-

Rislav: */bow* 'Your highness.'

Gorieus: */disapprove*

Rislav: 'I am afraid Skingrad is too small to accommodate such a large party!' */wagfinger* 'Next time, write before you come.'

Gorieus: */surprised* 'Guards... arrest this poor man, whose head Sheogorath must use as a ballroom.'

Rislav: */pointu* (Falcon from lion's den?)

Narrator(s): Rislav launched his falcon skyward, signalling the attack.

-From offstage-: Archers use arrow aoe.

-Rislav and soldiers exit west.-

Imperial soldier: 'Your imperial majesty, our retreat is blocked by fallen rocks.'

Gorieus: 'It does not matter. West, and take the head of Rislav the usurper.'

-Gorieus and troops exit west.-

-Justinus and soldiers enter.-

Justinus: 'Hold here men. This is where we break them. Today we stand for freedom!'

-Rislav enters and runs to the group.-

-Gorieus and soldiers enter giving chase.-

*All can make fighting motions, and some soldiers on each side may */playdead**

Narrator(s): A short battle raged. The imperial army, though still larger, was wounded and tired. They retreated from the battle, bitter and frustrated. Conquered lands rose up, and the Alessian empire would start to fall apart.

-Gorieus and troops exit.-

In time, of course, a new empire would rise. Whether it is meant to be, or whether no empire shall last, only time shall tell.

-All exit-

-Jairone enters.- 'Thank you all for coming today. We hope you enjoyed our performance. Please join me in thanking today's actors and narrators!'

-All actors and narrators to center stage.- */bow*