

Akari Dreamweaver Script

This dialogue is between two characters, a Dreamweaver and a barbarian-type man from roughly the modern day. While the Dreamweaver speaks in a more godly/ethereal tone, beginning every sentence with “Child”, “Little one”, or something of the sort, the man believes throughout most of the dialogue that he has been drugged out by some cult leader, letting his hate of others control his actions. Hopefully this is good enough Dylan. 👍

Player (finishing off a sentence): -and that’s how I killed a guy with nothing but half a cup of sugar, and a trusty– Hey, hangonaminnit, where the hell am I?

Dreamweaver (appearing in the distance): Welcome, child. Be not afraid, for I am here to guide you.

Player: Yeah, and who the fuck are you? I didn’t sign up to have some “Voodoo Priest from the Church of LCD” tell me what to do.

Dreamweaver: Hush. I do not seek to control you. Throughout all my lives, I have gathered one thing. The control of others only ever leads to hate and destruction.

Player: Well, I get that I’m certainly not in control here, but I sure am feeling some destructive hate right now.

Dreamweaver: You let your mistrust of others control you. Relinquish that fear, for all earthly passions mean nothing on this plane.

Player (panicking): What do you mean, “this plane”? Am I dead? Is my entire afterlife going to be spent listening to you blabber on and on? Is this hell? Purgatory? Please, Great Demon, send me back! I’ll do whatever you want, I swear! I can- I can- I can even be your messenger to earth!

Dreamweaver: Quiet, little one. Here you are beyond all divine punishment or intervention. Let yourself become immersed in the fabric of existence, the infinite kaos where all possibilities mingle and coalesce, letting all of time show itself to the awe-filled eyes of its creation! Breath in being, and let yourself become one with eternity!

Player (getting angry): Hey, what kind of cultish jargon is this? I bet you I’m knocked out right now, hallucinating on some drug that you’re dripping into my arm... (furious) Just you wait until I wake up, you’ll see who’s drugged out then!

Dreamweaver: Please, stop this talk of violence. I have not forced you to be here, but rather you have come of your own accord. So, tell me why you are here.

Player: I dunno why I'm here, but I've certainly got some questions for you. First of all, who are you?

Dreamweaver: Me? I am a bundle of flesh, held together by forces beyond our reasoning. I am the first and last of many of my kind, those who can perceive the felt of dreams and imagining, the silk of reality itself. I am a Dreamweaver, and you are a scared middle-age man.

Player: Wait, so you're a Dreamweaver? I always imagined you to look slightly more, y'know, respectable?

Dreamweaver: Do not let your perceptions deceive you. I am dressed in the same robes of every one of my kind, save those that fray too far from the yarn.

Player: Yeah, sure. I think I know the reason I'm here. I need advice from one of history's lesser-known sages, and you're who I've got in mind...