

Action RPG Cinematic, Montage of 2D Art  
Gold For A Tyrant intro

PLATE ONE

A barren, yellow-skied desert, weathered rock and packed dirt making little room for the scrub that's managed to push its way up.

VOICEOVER

There wasn't much that grew in the Wastes. Two things did seem to flourish in that poisoned desert: legends and losers.

PLATE TWO

A group of richly-dressed people laughing together as they walk past someone in worn clothes playing an instrument. A poker chip is flipped from the hand of one of the group to the mostly empty instrument case in front of the musician.

VOICEOVER (CONT'D)

But that makes sense, a hard place like that breeds nothing but extremes. The rich are very rich, the poor very poor...

PLATE THREE

A group of raiders in intimidating but cobbled-together armor holding up a caravan, weapons drawn.

VOICEOVER (CONT'D)

And those who want to enjoy what luxuries are left have to go to increasingly extreme lengths to climb the missing rungs of the ladder.

PLATE FOUR

A group of richly dressed people in the foreground walking down the street, a silhouetted figure holding a rapier ready in the background.

VOICEOVER (CONT'D)

Then there are the people who refuse to play the game. The house is rigged and they're flipping the table. If you've been on enough caravans maybe you've heard of them.

PLATE FIVE

The same silhouetted figure, holding a sparkling necklace up to the light.

VOICEOVER (CONT'D)

Folks talk as if it's one person but  
that can't be true.

PLATE SIX

A fox mask lies on the ground

VOICEOVER (CONT'D)

The Fox is an idea, not a man.  
It's too many raids interrupted, too  
many purse strings cut, too much  
gossip to be the work of one.

PLATE SEVEN

A paper pinned to a wall with a knife, the brush text  
reading "Beware, fate comes to all who earn it -The Fox"

VOICEOVER (CONT'D)

Although, if it is just one, then  
they are a legend indeed.