

Apiary Rising Mission Script Excerpt

The following script is an excerpt from a conceptualized narrative industrial-fantasy game called *Apiary Rising*. The player's goal is to restore a world overtaken by destructive industrial ambition. Utilizing bees and a love for nature, players work to dismantle the overlord of the Iron City. The scene is interactable from the audience (they can proceed to the next dialogue as they wish) but acts more as a cinematic moment of dialogue between characters.

Scene Title: 026

Genre: Industrial Fantasy

Characters:

- **Miel (PC):** The main character of the game and primary protagonist of story events, Miel is a simple beekeeper who, upon moving to Fiore and witnessing the overwhelming corruption, decides to take matters into their own hands. Utilizing bees as weapons to secure peace, Miel sets out to expose the corruption and bring down the Iron City.
- **Giorn (SC):** A supporting character, Giorn is a journalist who seeks truth in everything he does and will stop at nothing until that truth is revealed. He works alongside Miel to publish corruption stories about the Iron City to influence people to leave.

Background: Miel and Giorn work together to publish stories about the corruption and environmental damage that Lout the Overlord is participating in. Having sabotaged multiple factories and collected evidence over time, Miel has become an enemy of the city. As a fugitive, Miel is careful but determined to continue, returning to Giorn with a new piece of information.

PROCEED TO THE NEXT PAGE.

[INT. GIORN'S OFFICE – NIGHT]

Giorn leans over his desk, scribbling notes in chaotic handwriting. Miel stands by the window, peering out at the factories that bleed smoke into the night sky.

GIORN

(without looking up.)

You've been quiet, beekeeper. That's never a good sign for someone who's brought the wrath of the Order down upon themselves.

MIEL

(softly, distant.)

He wasn't always like this.

GIORN

(pauses, then looks up.)

The Overlord?

MIEL

(stern.)

You know that's not his name. Not really.

GIORN

(pauses.)

Lout.

MIEL

(Nods, then speaks after a pause.)

I found another letter. He was a child of the land once. Ashmill. There was magic there—a grove older than even the rituals I perform now. But when the blight came... the druids failed. We all failed.

GIORN

(Skeptical.)

And so, he built factories to make sure failure never happened again.

MIEL

(Shakes head.)

No. He built walls so high that he forgot how to breathe the wind. And now he thinks control is the only way to save people—from magic, from nature, from themselves.

GIORN

(Scribbling down notes.)

“Control is the cure.” That’s what his speeches say. But that’s not what you believe.

MIEL

Magic isn’t weakness. It’s breath. It’s life. It’s *choice*. What he’s doing... this isn’t salvation. It’s sterilization.

GIORN

(Leaning back, thinking)

I see. You want me to print this, the story of the man behind the iron.

MIEL

(Hesitant.)

Not yet. Not until they’re ready to hear it. Start with the water. The blight. Show them what they breathe. Then, maybe... they’ll understand. They’ll understand why the bees sting, why I’m doing this.

Giorn studies Miel for a long moment, the glow of the desk lamp flickering between them like candlelight.

GIORN

(Softly.)

You’re asking me to sting too, Miel.

MIEL

(Chuckling.)

Hope isn’t something you earn; it’s something you decide, Giorn.

GIORN

It's hard to have hope when everything you've built
is in cinders.

MIEL

(Pauses, melancholy.)

Do you want it to be this way forever?

GIORN

It's better than risking my family.

MIEL

Your family breathes ash and chemicals. I'm asking
you. Do you want this to be your life, Giorn? Is this
how it has to be?

Giorn slowly picks up the first exposé: a sepia photograph of a poisoned stream and a faded
memo from the factory.

GIORN

Alright. Let's tell them the truth—one sting at a
time.

FADE OUT.

THE END