

Scene One: A villager confronts the Inquisitor, who is passing through the area. You are playing the part of the **Villager**

CHARACTER	Line	<u>Direction</u>
Villager:	Oh. If it isn't the Inquisitor. What do you want with us?	Weary. Suspicious.
Inquisitor:	I want nothing from you. Has there been trouble in the area?	
Villager:	Trouble? (Laughs) I've lost two sons and a sister to this war. Everyone around here's lost someone. Is that trouble enough for you, your Worship?	Bitter, deeply hurt.
Inquisitor:	I'm sorry. Is there anything I can do?	
Villager:	You can turn right around and leave the way you came.	Cold, hostile.
Inquisitor:	I didn't start this war. I'm trying to stop it.	
Villager:	Does it matter? I know you. I know people like you, playing your games, sending my boys to fight your battles.	Weary, bitter.
Villager:	When it's all over, do you think it makes a whit of difference who wins? Gaspard or Celene all the same to us, down here in the dirt.	Bitter.
Inquisitor:	It'll make a difference. I'll make sure things get better.	
Villager:	Just words. It'll be better when the dead come home, and not even the Maker can do that.	Profound sadness.