0-1

Narrator: “Agashion”

Francais: My room was just besides that guy with the gold laced robes.

Francais: Every night, after the clock had hit 12 o’clock he left his room.

Francais: I often feel asleep immediately after a hard day’s work.

Francais: But at times, I couldn’t help but listen to those silent steps of his.

(Door creaks)

Count Sandwich: What’s wrong? I was getting worried since you hadn’t shown your face lately.

Francais: That is…

Jan: I’m sorry, I was dozing off because of a fever.

Count Sandwich: That’s fine, sleep as long as you want.

1-2

Count Sandwich: You still have plenty of time.

Jan: Thank you very much.

Francais: That old man again…

Count Sandwich: Now, would you like to take some medicine?

Jan: Yes.

Count Sandwich: I knew it.

Count Sandwich: I’ve added a bit of honey today so it should be easier to swallow.

Count Sandwich: I’m looking forward to the day you turn into a beautiful butterfly.

Count Sandwich: You’re such a cute kid.

Count Sandwich: Now, you’ll have to kiss me if you want the medicine.

Jan: Yes.

Francais: What is he doing? If he’s that sick, he should just give him the medicine quickly…

(Francais screams)

2-3  
Count Sandwich: Who’s there?

(Door opens)

Count Sandwich: It’s been a while Dashwood.

Count Sandwich: I was thinking I hadn’t seen you in a while and here I find you peeping on us…

Francais: It’s not like that, I just happened to be passing by here.

Count Sandwich: Huh… I see, did you fall for this thing?

Francais: No…

Francais: I momentarily averted my gaze.

Francais: I noticed that his robes were disheveled and his skin was exposed.

Francais: More importantly, you have to give that kid his medicine.

Francais: He’s suffering!

(Count Sandwich laughs)

Count Sandwich: I knew, you fell for him…

Count Sandwich: Now, Rurth…

Jan: Yes.

3-4

Count Sandwich: This is wolfsbane.

Francais: Wolfsbane?! Isn’t that poisonous?

Count Sandwich: You told me to give it to him, so I did…

Count Sandwich: You incited me to do it, therefore you’re an accomplice too.

Francais: No way…

Count Sandwich: This guy has pledged his allegiance to our Hellish Club, he’s an assassin from hell.

Count Sandwich: It’s Cantarella.

Count Sandwich: By giving him small amounts of poison every day, he will become resistant to it and someday, he will be able to instantly kill with a kiss.

Count Sandwich: If you have any ill intentions, know that punishment will come your way if you do anything.

Francais: That’s a lie! You were also kissing him and nothing happened to you.

Count Sandwich: My body is special.

4-5

Count Sandwich: To become resistant, I’ve been getting used to poison since I was a little kid.

Count Sandwich: Dashwood, from today on you’ll be named “Agashion”.

Count Sandwich: If you do your job properly you’ll even get to earn some money.

Count Sandwich: And even more so if you hate this place that much.

Count Sandwich: I’ll let you out if you pay me 10 million Zek.

Francais: 10 million Zek?! How would I even earn that kind of money?

Count Sandwich: You should ask Cantarella about your job as “Agashion”.

Count Sandwich: Well, you’ll be a feeble old man by the time a low life like you earns that kind of money.

Count Sandwich: You won’t even remember any of this…

(Count Sandwich laughs)

5-6

Francais: You… are you alright?  
Jan: Stop meddling.

Francais: Wait a minute… What is this “Agashion” job?

Jan: It’s forced labor to gather funds for the organization.

Francais: Forced labor? Gathering funds?

Francais: Like what?

Jan: Like selling corpses on a large scale.

Jan: You will have to judge the quality of the corpses, take them apart, disinfect them and deliver them to our clients.

Francais: If we get caught doing that, wouldn’t the police come for us?

Jan: That’s right.

Jan: If you mess up, you too will be disposed of.

Francais: “That’s right”? You say some pretty dark stuff without hesitation…

6-7

Jan: If you don’t want to mess up, remember everything I’m about to tell you about the job.

Jan: If you do your job correctly, you’ll be working alongside him and you could even build up your own fortune.

Francais: There’s other people doing this job, right?

Francais: Have any of them saved enough money to get out of here?  
Jan: The “Agashion” before you died just a few days ago.

Jan: He died just as he finished his last mission, with his 10 million Zek before his eyes.

Francais: What a gutless guy. He worked so hard and flushed it all down the drain.

Jan: No, he was a smart guy.

Jan: He didn’t like his calculating side so he was punished.

Francais: That is such a sad story…

Francais: All his hopes were destroyed and I guess he was just used till he died.

7-8

Francais: In short, that man is the future me?

Jan: It seems like you’re not that smart so you don’t have to worry about that.

Francais: That's my bad I guess…

Jan: My name is Jan van Rurthburg.

Jan: What about you?

Francais: I’m Francais Dashwood.

Jan: Well then, Dashwood, just be careful not to anger him…

Francais: He’s got such a pretty face, but he sure says some scary stuff.

Francais: But to become “Agashion”... It’s not a job I wanna do.

Francais: At this rate, I’ll become a corpse myself before I get to become an old man draggin corpses around.

Jan: Well then, please remember the Agashion’s clientele.

Jan: You won’t be able to remember it in one go so I’ll teach you slowly.