

Plague in Venice Dialogues

A selection of dialogues from the game *Plague in Venice* by Konrad Hughes.

(The dialogue choices have been removed for easier reading)

ADVISOR - TURN 3

FADE IN:

As the sun beats down in the middle of the day, the air is thick with the foul stench of decaying bodies basking in the warmth. The very atmosphere reeks of putridity, assaulting your senses as you traverse the plaza stretching out before the majestic Doge's palace. Suddenly, a gust of fresh air sweeps through, briefly dispersing the noxious fumes and allowing you to inhale deeply.

In the centre of the plaza, a fountain stands tall, its water gurgling softly. Nearby, a group of women huddles together, busily filling jars with the cool liquid. Catching sight of your approach, several of them look up with questioning expressions etched on their faces.

ADALETA

Hello, excuse me. You are the Doge's Advisor, are you not?

ADVISOR

Yes, I am the Doge's Advisor. Can I help you with something today, signora?

ADALETA

(Turning to her companion)

I told you it was the Doge's Advisor.

DORATEA

I thought they were taller.

ADALETA

(Turning back to you)

We have some concerns regarding the housing of the many refugees in the city.

DORATEA

(Interrupting her friend)

We've seen the squalid conditions they are living in. That's why this plague is spreading. The refugees are all so dirty.

ADVISOR

I can assure you that the Doge and I are doing everything possible to remedy the situation and halt the spread of the plague.

ADALETA

(concerned)

Then you have a plan? A plan to give them more spacious and clean living quarters?
Many are living ten to a room surrounded by their own filth.

ADVISOR

We are considering many ways to improve their accommodations and keep the city clean.

DORATEA

(scowling)

He's deflecting. They don't have a plan at all.
Typical. The rich just sit on their hands while the rest of us suffer.

ADVISOR

I promise you that the Doge has everyone's wellbeing first in his mind. Soon, you will see great improvements. These things just take time.

ADALETA

(pleading)

But we don't have time. More and more dead bodies pile up in the streets.
At the very least you need to hire some rough men to take the bodies away.

DORATEA

I think the Doge should do it himself. And maybe you too Advisor.

ADVISOR

I doubt we will find anyone willing to take on the onerous job of body disposal.

ADALETA

There are many desperate people in the city. Many starving, willing to do anything for pay.

I am sure you can find someone willing to step forward to take on this task.

DORATEA

I know a baker's boy who is dumb as a rock. He'd move dead bodies for coin.

ADVISOR

We will consider some of what you have said signoras. Thank you for your suggestions.

ADALETA

Thank you for hearing us out Advisor. Good Day.

ADVISOR

Good day to you both.

As you leave the women in the plaza behind, another gust of wind sends the horrendous stench of death into your nostrils. This must be what many of the poorest living quarters reek of all the time.

Stepping inside, the cool halls of the Doge's palace are thankfully better smelling with fragrant herbs set out in bowls and candles burning away the miasma. But even here, there is a faint stink of death wafting through the air.

FADE OUT:

DOGE - TURN 3

FADE IN:

As you sit in your Small Audience Chamber, a chilling breeze drifts through the high-set windows, making you shudder despite the warmth of your fur-collared robe.

Suddenly, the door bursts open and Francesco Crivelli, a prosperous merchant, strides in with a serious expression etched on his face, clearly preoccupied with urgent matters. As Francesco approaches, you can't help but notice the beads of sweat on his forehead despite the cold.

FRANCESCO CRIVELLI

(bowing)

Your Excellency, I hope the winter has not sapped your famed veracity.

DOGE

Don't waste my time with flattery. What have you come for today Signore Crivelli?

FRANCESCO CRIVELLI

I'll get right to my proposal then. Thank you for always putting business before pleasantries.

I implore you to consider reopening the markets and resuming trade to normal.

The economic impact of the plague has been terrible, and we cannot afford to suffer economically on top of the disease.

DOGE

And what do you propose we do, hmm? Just let people die so you can make a profit?

FRANCESCO CRIVELLI

(swallowing hard)

No, Your Excellency, of course not. However, we cannot let the disease cripple our economy on top of everything else. We need to find a way to balance the two.

DOGE

Balance the two? What do you know about balancing anything?

You're just a greedy merchant looking to line your pockets. You only know how to balance the scales in your favour.

FRANCESCO CRIVELLI

(growing angry)

Your Excellency, I am a loyal citizen of Venice, and I care deeply about the well-being of our city.

I only ask that we consider all the options available to us.

DOGE

I'll consider your proposal when hell freezes over, Crivelli. Until then, you can take your selfish ideas and get out of my sight.

FRANCESCO CRIVELLI

(anger turning his face red)

I will not forget this slight, Doge.

My family will remember.

DOGE

They will remember your hideous face as well.
I only hope they know how to use a pair of scales better
than you do.

FRANCESCO CRIVELLI

(holding up a finger)

You! You... Mark my words:
The Crivelli Family is now your enemy!

DOGE

I quake in my boots at your mighty power.
You know, your face looks like an apple right now. Red and
blushing.
Now, get out of my sight.

As you watch Francesco Crivelli's retreating form, your mind drifts towards the daunting future of Venice in the aftermath of the devastating plague. The road ahead is fraught with obstacles, and you know that the journey to rebuilding the city will be a long and arduous one.

Lost in your thoughts, you are abruptly interrupted by the arrival of your next petitioner. The woman who enters is poised and stately, with a warm smile gracing her lips.

FADE OUT: