

The MC encounters Malcolm, the caretaker, for the first time.

MALCOLM
(muttering to himself)
Pesky motes, birthing light
Dirt, dust, devils
Only darkness shall ever blight
Lest the past revels.

MC
Yes, hello? Do you work here?

MALCOLM
You could say that. Malcolm? I'm
the caretaker? We've been expecting
you, of course.

MC
You have?

MALCOLM
Certainly. I knew you'd come. I
told the others.

MC
Others.

MALCOLM
They're all here. You know how this
place is, impossible to stay away
too long.

MC
I'm actually here because of my
brother. I received a letter--

MALCOLM
Yes, well, the important thing is
you made it, isn't it? Here, I've
been instructed to give you these.

Malcolm gives MC a map of the manor and a blank journal.

MALCOLM (CONT'D)
The map is slightly outdated, I'm
afraid, though I suppose you can
amend as you go. As for your
journal, I never understood why
your generation must chronicle
every little happening, but I've
been told it is not my place to
question.

MC

There's dirt on it.

MALCOLM

Dirt? I allow no dirt. That is ash.
From the fire. The earlier
scribblings didn't make it, but I'm
sure you'll fill its pages soon
enough. After all, this manor has
many stories to tell.

MC

I read about it. The fire.

MALCOLM

That's one word for it. Best stay
away from that wing. We never did
find the source of combustion. Oh,
speaking of.

Malcolm hands MC the lantern.

MALCOLM (CONT'D)

Won't get far without your own
fire, will you?

MC

You don't need it?

MALCOLM

I'll find my way. I always do.

Malcolm shuffles away, fading into the dark.

MALCOLM (CONT'D)

(disembodied)

Best of you luck, young master. I'm
sure you'll find what you're
looking for.