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100 year old Marcello

MARCELLO

You are terribly unimpressive,
Olivia.

MARCELLO (V.O.)

It was the one of the hardest things I've ever had to do: ignore my son's anguished sounds to focus on Olivia. A sudden knife life pain shot through my chest. I was out of time. This would be my final move.

MARCELLO (V.O.) (cont'd)

The veil almost dropped. For seconds, I could feel my vision blurring with impending moisture. In glance alone I tried to tell my son what I could not express in words; how proud I was, how much Demetrius was loved. It was a small comfort to see that emotion reflected back to me.

MARCELLO (V.O.) (cont'd)

Another stabbing ache overtook me, making it hard to get my breath. Death would not wait much longer. I steeled myself, looking back at Olivia.

MARCELLO

Nowhere you can find them. We will die to see our will done, Olivia. And it will be done.

Middle Aged Marcello

MARCELLO

I see. You've drawn your line in the sand quite clearly, haven't you? I don't give a fuck if she's six months old. No enemy of mine will have the last say.

MARCELLO (cont'd)

I can't tell you that you'll never
have to be afraid of them again. I
can't tell you everything will be
okay with Kayla, that we'll beat
this. But I want you anyway.
Selfishly.