

audible ORIGINAL



ASSASSIN'S
—CREED—
GOLD

ONLY FROM
audible

ASSASSIN'S CREED: GOLD

An Audible Original by Anthony Del Col, Re-Scripted by u/IMHOZen1

Total Runtime - 04:40:52.00

OPENING CREDITS - 00:00:18.02

AUDIBLE NARRATOR: This is Audible.

Violins and stringed bass begin

MALE NARRATOR: Assassin's Creed: Gold, an Audible Original by Anthony Del Col.

Music continues to swell

CHAPTER 1 - 00:34:01.50

Sounds of gunshots and war creep in over the violins. Men can be heard shouting.

SOLDIER 1 (Hurkey Easter Egg! This line's audio is from Far Cry 4!)
desperately, in the distance: HEY! How 'bout you just hold on! PLEASE, Monkey King, just make this work, man, HOLD ON to somethin'!

SOLDIER 2 *urgently, closer:* Men! Men! *gunfire interrupts* Watch out!

The war fades into the back as a young British woman, Aliyah Khan, begins narrating what's really going on here

NOTE: From here on out, **AK NARRATOR** is Aliyah narrating, and **ALIYAH KHAN** is Aliyah speaking in real-time

The music reaches a crescendo, adding female vocals for emphasis

AK NARRATOR: I've LOVED video games since I was a little girl! But I always feel bad for the CHARACTERS. No, not cuz they get killed...And killed and killed and killed. But because they have no free will. Sure, some games allow you to roam, but there's always pressure to "follow a mission", "finish the task". If anyone in REAL life tries to force me to follow a path I don't wanna follow, I tell em to FUCK OFF!

The murmur of a crowded street corner begins to fade in

AK NARRATOR: There are 3 Rules that keep me going.

Aliyah is moving cards around being used in a shell game and stops

ALIYAH KHAN: Alright, where's the ace, where's the ace, where's the ace?

GAMBLING MAN: There!

ALIYAH KHAN: Willing to put your money where your eyes are, sir?

GAMBLING MAN: Yeah! £20.

ALIYAH KHAN: £20? £20! Did you hear that, everyone? This man is putting his money where his eyes are! So let's see if he can SEE, or if he's BLIND!

A couple seconds of anticipation builds the crowd before Aliyah turns over the card

ALIYAH KHAN: THE ACE!! He can see the light and see his riches coming to him, there you are sir!

The GAMBLING MAN, a likely bait for bigger fish, cheers elatedly and walks away as said "bigger fish" approaches

NEIL *haughtily:* I want IN!

NEIL'S WIFE: Are you SURE, Neil?!

NEIL: Yeah! I'm pretty sure I'm quicker than HER!

ALIYAH KHAN: Oh, a confident man, I like that sir! Okay, let's see what you got here!

AK NARRATOR: The 1st Rule is "Always remember where you're FROM." In my case, I was raised a hustler, and I'll always BE a hustler.

ALIYAH KHAN: Alright, alright, alright! HERE is the ace. Now keep your eye on it! *Aliyah begins shuffling cards around* Keep your eye on it, keep your eye on it! Is everyone paying attention? Does everyone know where it is?

Cards continue shuffling as the crowd chimes "Yeah! Yeah!" in the background

AK NARRATOR: Do I feel sorry for this guy? HELL no! He and his wife are carrying bags from Harron's & Fennick's so they've got MONEY to BURN! From the look on his face, he deals with numbers and thinks he can beat me, so he's probably some city hedge-fund wanker that thinks he's smarter than everyone else! And when he LOSES, he'll play it off as his "charitable deed of the day." FUCK him.

Aliyah does a few more movements then stops

ALIYAH KHAN: And there, okay! Where's the ace?

NEIL: There! On the right!

ALIYAH KHAN: You seem pretty sure, sir. Willing to bet on your eyes?

NEIL: I'm sure!

ALIYAH KHAN: How sure?

NEIL: £100!

ALIYAH KHAN *coyly*: One. Hundred! POUNDS! This man wants to rob me of everything I have, but that's life! Let's see if the ace is where he says it is...

Aliyah inhales for effect before revealing the card, followed by the crowd going "Awww..."

ALIYAH KHAN: Aw, I'm sorry sir!

NEIL: How the BLOODY hell?! —

ALIYAH KHAN: Would you like another go?

NEIL: Y-You CHEATED!!!

AK NARRATOR: 2nd Rule: "Always know where you ARE." Know what's HAPPENING, how to take ADVANTAGE of it, and when to get OUT!

NEIL *calls out*: COPPERS!

ALIYAH KHAN *under her breath*: Fuck...

Aliyah quickly packs up her things and begins her escape

COPPER 1 *at a distance*: Hey! Stop right there!

ALIYAH KHAN: Shows over!

Aliyah flees her pursuers as Coppers attempt to catch up

COPPER 1 *closer now*: Get back here!

Tense music plays as Aliyah runs for a bit before climbing into a dumpster and closing the lid

ALIYAH KHAN: Fuck! Who puts dog shit in a recycling bin?!

COPPER 1 *Muffled from the other side of the bin*: I think she went down here!

ALIYAH KHAN: Shit!

Footsteps approach not far from the dumpster

AK NARRATOR: And the 3rd rule? Well, I broke it... “Always know what’s next!” I didn’t PLAN this properly! *breathes heavily* I can’t stand small spaces... *gasps* Can’t stand small spaces!

Aliyah continues trying to suppress her hyperventilation as the Coppers voices approach

COPPER 1: Have you seen her?

COPPER 2: No, sir!

AK NARRATOR: I hate tight spaces... *breathes* But I hate Coppers more...

COPPER 1 *hits the dumpster hiding Aliyah:* Shit! Where’d she go?!

AK NARRATOR *continues to hyperventilate:* It’s only the dark...It’s only..the dark...

The Coppers’ footsteps fall away in retreat, and Aliyah’s breathing slows before her swift escape from the dumpster, followed by a sigh of relief

Transitional music plays as the bustle of a train station fades in and a train screeches to a halt

MALE AUTOMATED TRAIN ANNOUNCER: Mind the gap between the train and the platform. Mind the gap.

AK NARRATOR: I smell like shit.

HOMELESS MAN: H-Hey darlin! Any change?

AK NARRATOR: But I can fix that smell. For others? Not as easy.

Aliyah unfolds the £100 note she “won” earlier

ALIYAH KHAN: Here...

HOMELESS MAN: Really?! U-uh...This is too much!

ALIYAH KHAN: It’s alright, take it...

HOMELESS MAN: Oh...bless you, darlin’! Bless you!

Aliyah walks away solemnly as transitional music swells

The same Easter egg recording of Far Cry 4 from earlier blares from a TV along with a cat’s meows. Aliyah is hitting buttons on a controller when a door is unlocked and opened

BIANCA: Aliyah?

ALIYAH KHAN *from another room*: Yeah, Bee, it's me...

BIANCA *shuts the door and walks into the room*: Good. I need to talk to you...

Aliyah pauses the action and sighs

ALIYAH KHAN: Can it wait?

BIANCA: Not really...I really need to... *sniffs* WHOA! Baby, you smell!

ALIYAH KHAN: I know...

BIANCA: Shower...Now!

ALIYAH KHAN: Yeah, I know!

BIANCA: I mean like now! Do NOT pass Go, do NOT collect £200!

ALIYAH KHAN: I'm goin', I'm goin'...

Aliyah marches to the shower, turns it on, and steps in

BIANCA *through the door*: Aliyah? My dad called...Aliyah?

ALIYAH KHAN: Yeah, Bee, I heard you...

BIANCA: He needs that money.

ALIYAH KHAN: I'm workin' on it!

BIANCA: Aliyah, you've been saying that for six months now...When are you going to get it to him?

ALIYAH KHAN: Soon!

BIANCA: Aliyah, he's about to lose our HOUSE! The house I grew up in?! He can't pay his bills!

ALIYAH KHAN *remorsefully*: ...I knowww...I'm gonna get it to him!

Aliyah turns off the shower and steps out of the bath

The sounds of the water draining and Aliyah drying off goes on behind Bianca's monologue

BIANCA: You know, I looked up to you. You were at the top of the CLASS at LSE, and EVERYONE loved you. I thought you were a star. And then when you asked me to leave with you, to start the crypto-company...I almost did, really! But there was somethin' off about it...You know, when you told [your] (my) dad

and I about the startup, he thought it was BRILLIANT! But I ALWAYS knew SOMETHING was off...

ALIYAH KHAN: Jared the Bast—

BIANCA: STOP putting the blame solely on him! You're the one that teamed up with him.

ALIYAH KHAN: I'm normally a good judge of character!

BIANCA: You're good with numbers, not always with people! And now HE'S got everyone's money and YOU'RE left holding the bag!

Aliyah pulls the shower curtain closed and Bianca walks inside the room

BIANCA *pleadingly:* Aliyah, please...My dad NEEDS his money back...

ALIYAH KHAN: I PROMISED I'm good for it and I am! He'll get his money back with interest, I'm a woman of my word! *sighs* Can I have a bit of privacy?

BIANCA *jovially:* Yeah, sure.

The door closes once more

ALIYAH KHAN *now her turn speaking through the door:* Bianca?

BIANCA: Yeah?

ALIYAH KHAN: ...I'm sorry...

BIANCA *friendly smirks:* Hm, I know you are. ...Just do the right thing...

ALIYAH KHAN: I will.

BIANCA: And, wherever you were that caused you to smell like that, MAYBE you shouldn't go THERE again!

The two share a laugh together

ALIYAH KHAN: Yeah, you're probably right...

Transitional music plays

*Aliyah approaches a **BOUNCER** to a seedy underground gambling den as tense music swells*

BOUNCER *intimidatingly:* Sorry, miss, I think you're lost. This is a dangerous neighborhood. A pretty girl like you should —

ALIYAH KHAN *unfazed:* Prince George sent me.

BOUNCER: ...Well...Alright then, miss...

The BOUNCER bangs three times on the metal door and it creaks open heavily

BOUNCER: Best of luck...

Aliyah's footsteps walk into the parlor to hear bumping music, gambling and a cacophony of people talking over one another while she walks through the crowded room

AK NARRATOR: I was stupid. So fucking stupid... I figured my crypto-currency startup was gold, so when Bianca's dad said he wanted to invest, I didn't think I'd LOSE it all! Fucking Jared! Legally, I don't OWE him the money, but Bee's a good friend and...I need to make it right. So I've gotta raise money the old fashioned way!

Aliyah steps up to the chip-dealer, Ms. Wong

MS. WONG: Back again, Miss Khan?

AK NARRATOR: Underground poker.

ALIYAH KHAN: Every time I try to get OUT, you keep pulling me back IN, Ms. Wong!

Ms. Wong counts out Aliyah's chips and slides them to her

MS. WONG: Here are your chips! May Fortune be with you tonight!

Aliyah walks away to find a table

AK NARRATOR: Poker's always come naturally to me. It's all about PERCENTAGES. Books and movies will say it's all about the player in front of you, but that's bullshit! Really, it's all about what the ODDS are that the other player's got a better HAND!

Aliyah pulls up a chair

POKER DEALER: New player.

The POKER DEALER deals out cards as the game begins

GAVIN BANKS *clears his throat discreetly:* Ahem.

AK NARRATOR: After a couple of hands, I KNOW it's gonna be a good night!

GAVIN BANKS *drops a stack of chips on the table:* I'm all in!

POKER DEALER: Hmm...Full house, Queens over 8's. Lady wins.

AK NARRATOR: I'm up, and starting to cut into the amount that I owe Bee's dad! But it's not enough...not at all! I know I should quit while I'm ahead, but...Rule #2: I know where I AM, and I know tonight, I can KEEP WINNING!

GAVIN BANKS *clears his throat again, joining back in:* Ahem.

GAMBLING LADY: I think you're bluffing!

ALIYAH KHAN: What d'your chips say?

GAMBLING LADY *lays a few chips on the table:* They say "Call!"

ALIYAH KHAN *shows her hand coyly:* And my cards say "Flush with spades."

GAMBLING LADY *furiously:* Ffuck...

Aliyah rakes in her chips as another hand is dealt

AK NARRATOR: It's a good night alright!

GAVIN BANKS: Call!

AK NARRATOR: This guy looks like he's an actor of some sort. Or trying hard to be George Clooney... I feel kinda bad, but this ain't no Oceans 11!

POKER DEALER: Alright, what's the bet?

ALIYAH KHAN: Raise 400.

GAVIN BANKS: Interesting PLAY, Aliyah...

ALIYAH KHAN: Huh?

GAVIN BANKS: WISE, really! You've got four 4's so, um...

AK NARRATOR: How the fuck does this guy know?!

ALIYAH KHAN *tries to shrug it off:* Maybe I do, maybe I don't.

GAVIN BANKS *toys with Aliyah:* Niiice...

ALIYAH KHAN: Fold if you'd like.

GAVIN BANKS: You're a good player, Aliyah!

ALIYAH KHAN: How'd you know my name?

GAVIN BANKS: I actually know a FEW things about you...Your school record for instance...And the Duckett Crypto Startup. Pretty clever, actually! A currency that also creates a network for students and teachers to find resources...

ALIYAH KHAN: How the — Who the fuck is this guy?!

GAVIN BANKS: I know the crypto market. And your take was one of the better ones. But you made a major mistake: You didn't know enough about who you were playing with...

Gavin shoves a big pile of chips into the pot

GAVIN BANKS: All in.

ALIYAH KHAN: You're bluffing...

GAVIN BANKS *turns Aliyah's words on her:* Maybe I am? *leans in* Maybe I'm not...

Aliyah sighs in contemplation

AK NARRATOR: I don't know how to READ this guy!

ALIYAH KHAN *lets her cards hit the table:* I'm out.

GAVIN BANKS *takes the pot slyly:* Know when to fold em, huh? Welp - Ah! I guess I should be going!

A chair scoots back as Gavin packs up to leave

GAVIN BANKS *in Aliyah's ear:* It was a PLEASURE to finally meet you...

AK NARRATOR: Oh go to hell, Clooney wannabel!

POKER DEALER: Are you in, miss?

ALIYAH KHAN: I, uh...uhhh...sorry, everyone, I should go, too...

Transitional music builds as Aliyah packs up her chips

Aliyah runs after Gavin still sitting outside the seedy casino in his car

ALIYAH KHAN: Hey! You! Motherfucker! Who the hell are you?!

GAVIN BANKS *rolls down his window:* What can I do for you, Aliyah?

ALIYAH KHAN *breathless:* What hand did you have in there? There was only a 4.5% chance you had better cards than me...

GAVIN BANKS: Does it matter?

ALIYAH KHAN: I wanna know...

GAVIN BANKS *laughs jokingly:* I didn't have the cards.

ALIYAH KHAN *gasps knowingly:* Ho-ho, fuck! I knew it!

GAVIN BANKS: You need to trust your gut a little more often...

ALIYAH KHAN: So...what are you? One of my investors, tryna get back at me?

GAVIN BANKS: Me? Nooo, I'm too BUSY to invest in cutting edge startups.

ALIYAH KHAN: So, who are you then?

GAVIN BANKS *matter-of-factly:* Gavin Banks.

ALIYAH KHAN: You say it like I should recognize it?

GAVIN BANKS: If you did I'd be worried! Hop in. I'll give ya a ride home, tell ya more about why I'm here.

ALIYAH KHAN *hesitantly:* I have a strict... "don't get into cars with older men that know a lot about me" policy...

GAVIN BANKS *bursts into laughter:* Okay...how 'bout this: If you help me out, I'll get you the funds to repay your investors. —

ALIYAH KHAN: I am NOT! Shaggin' you, if that's what you're gettin' at —

GAVIN BANKS *abruptly:* No! That's not why I'm here. I, um...You're skeptical, fair enough. How 'bout this: Why don't I PROVE that I'm serious and then we can talk?

Gavin scribbles an address on a slip of paper and hands it to Aliyah

GAVIN BANKS: Here. You can meet me at this address.

ALIYAH KHAN: ...I don't think so...

GAVIN BANKS: Like I said, let me prove I'm serious! And then we'll talk. I can help make things RIGHT for you...

ALIYAH KHAN *flippantly:* Whateva!

GAVIN BANKS: I'll see ya tomorrow, Aliyah.

Gavin rolls up the window once more and starts the engine, leaving Aliyah behind

Transitional music swells and fades

AK NARRATOR: I was up ALL NIGHT tryna figure out who Gavin Banks was. NOTHING online! He didn't seem like a PERvert, but still...can't trust anyone!

Smooth jazz plays faintly in the background

Aliyah's phone vibrates twice before she yawns and answers the call

ALIYAH KHAN *clearly tired:* ...uhhello..?

HAYLEY FELTON *through the phone:* Hello! Is this..Aliyah Khan?

ALIYAH KHAN: Yeah? Who's this?

HAYLEY FELTON: Yyyes, I'm Hayley Felton. I'm the Registrar for the London School of Business and Economics. I'd LIKE to arrange a time with you to come and meet with us, here.

ALIYAH KHAN: I'm..no longer a student there...

HAYLEY FELTON: Yyes. I know.

ALIYAH KHAN: I don't have any outstanding amounts due, do I...

HAYLEY FELTON: Mnno, not that I can see.

ALIYAH KHAN: So..why're you calling?

HAYLEY FELTON: Well, we'd LIKE to know if you'd be interested in RETURNING.

ALIYAH KHAN: I gave up my scholarships, so...sorry, I can't?

HAYLEY FELTON: The FUNDING's been taken care of, actually.

ALIYAH KHAN *scoffs:* ...This is a prank, ya? What..what radio station..is this?

HAYLEY FELTON: Nnno, this is NOT a prank call...It's PRETTY irregular but we've been approached by a PROMINENT alumnus, who made the case for offering you..another chance! Well, we may not be able to cover all your INCIDENTAL expenses — *trails off as AK begins to speak over*

AK NARRATOR: I figured it was a student or someone there taking the piss...

The sound of a train's pattering along a track comes into focus

FEMALE AUTOMATED TRAIN ANNOUNCER: This is a Piccadilly line train. Terminating — *trails off*

AK NARRATOR *continues her thought*: But I went to visit them later in the day, and it's all REAL! LSE wants me BACK! They refused to reveal the identity of this mysterious "alumnus", but I knew EXACTLY who it is: Gavin Banks!

Ship horns bellow and men argue in the distance as Aliyah approaches her destination, evidently near the shipyards

AK NARRATOR *thoughtfully*: The address he GAVE me..was by the southeast docks... It took awhile to get out here, but...

Aliyah's footsteps come to a standstill

AK NARRATOR: Here I am!

*Aliyah's turn now to bang three times on yet another heavy metal door
The heavy door squeals open and an American woman's voice addresses Aliyah's presence*

MY'SHELL LEMAIRE *chastizingly*: It's about time! Get in.

The pair walk inside and the door squeals closed again

MY'SHELL LEMAIRE: You're late!

ALIYAH KHAN: Huh?

MY'SHELL LEMAIRE: You're LATE! You're BOTH throwing me off my schedule.

ALIYAH KHAN: Who, Gavin? *stops* Where is he? —

MY'SHELL LEMAIRE: He'll be back soon, but we don't need him to start.

ALIYAH KHAN: Start what?

MY'SHELL LEMAIRE: The Animus.

ALIYAH KHAN *visibly confused*: The Animuss? —

MY'SHELL LEMAIRE *visibly frustrated*: Oh my GOD there's a REASON I hate you Brits! Ya KEEP asking questions and NEVER shut up even AFTER. I've answered. ALL of them. Like that Shaun guy...

ALIYAH KHAN *lost now*: Shaun??

MY'SHELL LEMAIRE: Doesn't matter.

ALIYAH KHAN *offended*: I don't know what the FUCK you're talkin' about!!!... And..who the hell are you, and where's Gavin?!

MY'SHELL LEMAIRE *snappy*: I'M the person getting pretty fucking ANNOYED right now...

GAVIN BANKS *steps into the room breaking the tension*: DON'T be, My'shell, it's MY fault. I haven't had a chance to completely fill in Aliyah here. And sorry 'bout My'Shell, the London weather's robbed her of her normal "cheery disposition."

MY'SHELL LEMAIRE *smiles*: Fuck you.

GAVIN BANKS: SOOo...I hear you sat down with LSE?

ALIYAH KHAN *retorts*: SO, you're an ALLUM?

GAVIN BANKS: Not at all! Most people we work with find schools like that to be a little, um...claustrophobic!

ALIYAH KHAN: Well..so do I. I'm impressed by what you DID, but I'm gonna PASS.

GAVIN BANKS: So I guess I played the wrong hand?

ALIYAH KHAN: Guess so!

GAVIN BANKS *slyly*: And yet here you are! So maybe someone's BLUFFING and really wants to know what I can do to HELP her...

ALIYAH KHAN: What would REALLY help me out is a QUARTER MILLION to pay back some of my INVESTORS...

GAVIN BANKS: How about all of them? What if I could tell you I know where your cofounder, Jared Eubanks, has hidden your money?

ALIYAH KHAN *taken aback*: Where the fuck is he...?

GAVIN BANKS: I'm HAPPY to get you those funds... But I NEED something first! —

ALIYAH KHAN *plays ball*: What d'you need?

GAVIN BANKS: Information about one of your ancestors.

ALIYAH KHAN *squirms*: I-I don't really stay in touch with my family...

GAVIN BANKS: Well, you're in luck! Because WE do... We're looking for information about an ancestor of yours from the late 1600's. —

ALIYAH KHAN: Yeah, I'mmm not exactly a "Family Tree" sort of person?

MY'SHELL LEMAIRE *feigns nice*: Well, WE are...

GAVIN BANKS: Aliyah, have you heard of Abstergo?

ALIYAH KHAN *struts her knowledge*: Abstergo? Yeah, of course...I'm a HUGE FAN of Angetta Reider, the CEO of Abstergo Financial!

GAVIN BANKS *laughs*: Hmm..She has a good publicist!

ALIYAH KHAN *poignantly*: No, she's a TRAILBLAZER! But they do a lot MORE than that I think, medical stuff, pharmaceuticals, V.R.? What, are you guys a..division of theirs? Do you KNOW Reider?? —

MY'SHELL LEMAIRE: FUCK no. I hate Abstergo...

GAVIN BANKS: They SEEM like a great company, but they're NOT, they're actually pretty BAD...And I'm not saying that in a socialist "They pollute the environment and skirt taxes" kinda way!

ALIYAH KHAN: In WHAT kinda way?

MY'SHELL LEMAIRE *flatly*: How about killing people...

The white noise silence of the hideout is deafening for a pause

ALIYAH KHAN: ...Are you guys police?? CIA, EU, —

GAVIN BANKS: We're part of an organization that calls itself the Assassin Brotherhood.

ALIYAH KHAN *annoyed*: "Brotherhood"...

MY'SHELL LEMAIRE *interjects to rib Gavin*: I've BEEN telling him...gender NEUTRAL, man! It's the "MeToo" era?

GAVIN BANKS: it's HARD to change a name that's been around for 2000 YEARS...

ALIYAH KHAN: So you and this.."sibling"-hood are trying to expose the bad stuff that Abstergo's up to? Which division? The "Big Pharma" part?

GAVIN BANKS *exposits*: MOST of the company's pretty good, actually, and OBLIVIOUS to what's really happening...But at its CORE... *pauses* For the last 2000 years, they've started WARS, killed MILLIONS of innocent people, and — Well... That's JUST the beginning...

ALIYAH KHAN: Ah! I get it. YOU'RE a group of conspiracy theorists...Well it's been NICE! I'm gonna —

GAVIN BANKS: I WISH it was only a conspiracy! You've heard of the Free Masons? Or Illuminati? Imagine an organization with a LOT more power and influence...

ALIYAH KHAN: WHAT does an ancestor of mine from the 1700's —

MY'SHELL LEMAIRE *fact-checks:* 16. Hundreds.

ALIYAH KHAN *barrels on:* Sure, SIXTEEN hundreds! Look, HOW can he stop some sort of “ancient all-knowing fraternity” from ruining the world TODAY?

GAVIN BANKS: Let me show you. *begins walking* Come along, TRUST me! It won't hurt!

The trio walk over to a door locked by a keypad, which Gavin enters the code to Beep-beep-beep..beep-beep

The lock clicks and the door swishes open with a certain Trek's inspiration

ALIYAH KHAN: Okay...this is some serious FUTURISTIC shit!
The door swooshes closed behind their entrance as their own trek continues

MY'SHELL LEMAIRE: More like historical shit.

GAVIN BANKS: Your ancestor, Omar Khaled, was an apprentice of Isaac Newton.

ALIYAH KHAN *impressed:* My ancestor worked with NEWTON?

GAVIN BANKS: We NEED you to find out something about'im.

ALIYAH KHAN *still starstruck:* NEWTON?!

MY'SHELL LEMAIRE *rolls her eyes:* Your “Uncle”...

ALIYAH KHAN: Well how'm I supposed to DO that?

MY'SHELL LEMAIRE *shows off:* That's where THIS comes in handy!

Rebecca's refurbished and upgraded Animus 2.03 whirrs to life cybernetically

ALIYAH KHAN: A TANNING bed?!

MY'SHELL LEMAIRE *chuckles:* Aha! I haven't heard THAT before! My first reaction was the DeLorean from Back to the Future!

ALIYAH KHAN *imitates Marty McFly:* “That's heavy, Doc!”

MY'SHELL LEMAIRE *imitates Doc Brown*: "There's that word again: 'heavy'! Is there something wrong with the Earth's gravitational pull in the FUTURE, Marty?!"

ALIYAH KHAN: So, what is it? A TIME machine?!

GAVIN BANKS: Not really. Printed within everyone's DNA are memories from their ancestors. The Animus here is able to find and ISOLATE those memories, and allow you to EXPERIENCE them firsthand!

ALIYAH KHAN *excitedly*: Can I change HISTORY?!

GAVIN BANKS *belly-laughs*: Haha I WISH!

ALIYAH KHAN *defeated*: Well THAT's shite...

GAVIN BANKS *narrowly*: The ability to dive back in TIME, and see what the world was LIKE, YOU think that's SHITE?!

ALIYAH KHAN *changes heart*: ...No, it's actually pretty cool...

GAVIN BANKS *level-headedly*: All you need to do, is sit down in here, and tell us what your ancestor experienced. There's ONE thing we're looking for, and THAT'S it.

ALIYAH KHAN: And what's that?

MY'SHELL LEMAIRE: An EXPRESSION inscribed on a lost coin.

ALIYAH KHAN: What, you want me to go back in time and find a COIN?!

GAVIN BANKS *exposits again*: Isaac Newton became the Warden of the Royal Mint in 1696. Counterfeiters were EVERYWHERE, destroying the economy! Newton FOUGHT them for a few years before DEFEATING them, and THEN destroyed the counterfeited COINS... We need YOU to FIND one of those coins before they're destroyed!

ALIYAH KHAN: Well, how'm I supposed to bring it BACK?

GAVIN BANKS: You CAN'T. But you CAN find what was written on it and TELL us.

ALIYAH KHAN: And what will you DO with this...quote?

MY'SHELL LEMAIRE: SO. MANY questions...

GAVIN BANKS *fatherly*: You were the same way...

MY'SHELL LEMAIRE: BUT! MY questions, were GOOD ones!

ALIYAH KHAN: This all sounds... —

MY'SHELL LEMAIRE: — Crazy...right? But it's all real. We REALLY. Need your HELP, Aliyah. This inscription will serve as a failsafe CODE that'll stop a VIRUS from infecting the WORLD.

ALIYAH KHAN: Can't you just get a hacker to break in??

MY'SHELL LEMAIRE *shrugs:* It's not that simple.

ALIYAH KHAN: Well! Try harder! I'm gonna PASS.

GAVIN BANKS: So you DON'T WANT to get the investors their FUNDS back...

ALIYAH KHAN *stops to mock:* How; "By playing a video game with my ancestors in it"?

GAVIN BANKS *dangles the carrot:* Not a BAD way to make things right with Bianca's FATHER and everyone else...

AK NARRATOR: I should walk away. I SHOULD! Walk. AWAY, but...Rule #1: "Know where you're FROM..."

Aliyah walks back up to Gavin

ALIYAH KHAN *decidedly:* You're gonna GET me those FUNDS?

GAVIN BANKS *assuredly:* Every single pound.

ALIYAH KHAN *apprehensively:* And this...THING, is...it's not gonna HURT?

GAVIN BANKS: It's like playing a game. *Aliyah sighs* We NEED your HELP, Aliyah...please.

ALIYAH KHAN *begrudgingly:* Fuck it! Okay... I'm IN!

Aliyah sits down in the Animus while My'Shell taps away on the keyboard

GAVIN BANKS: We just need to give you this... —

ALIYAH KHAN: THAT'S a fuckin' BIG NEEDLE!!!

MY'SHELL LEMAIRE: Don't be a baby...

ALIYAH KHAN: Is that NECESSARY?!

GAVIN BANKS *coaxingly:* It's okay! It's a mild sedative that'll make it easier!

ALIYAH KHAN *on-edge*: Wwwwwhy do I need SEDATIVES?!

GAVIN BANKS: It'll be a little scratch...

Gavin phlebotomizes Aliyah quickly

AK NARRATOR *winces*: Ah! — MOTHER..FUCKER!

The animus whirrs away, deciphering Aliyah's DNA

MY'SHELL LEMAIRE: She's synched.

AK NARRATOR: I'm synched?... I'm synched! I'm —

*With another whirrrrr of the Animus, the bray of a horse invades Aliyah's senses
A carriage driver shouts out a "HA!" as he whips the horse to depart
An old London corner market pipes in all around with carriages moving quickly past*

MERCANTILE WOMAN: Chevies! Ground sow! Giv'us a pound!

MERCANTILE MAN: Oranges! Two-a-penny! Or a penny for two!

MERCANTILE ELDERLY WOMAN: Lobsters! Juicy lobsters!

AK NARRATOR: What's happening?! I can't SEE anything!

CON MAN 1: I'm sorry to bover you sir, but..ah, can you spare some coins?

AK NARRATOR: FUCK! It smells like SHIT!

CON MAN 2: STAY AWAY FROMMIM!! *grabs his friend* He's a MOORE...They all have PLAGUE!

AK NARRATOR *worriedly*: I can't SEE ANYTHING!!

CON MAN 1 *mockingly*: Why you standin' there like 'at, kushy? ...Let's get away from this BLOODY MOORE...

Another horse brays as we first hear Omar speak

OMAR KHALED: Stay here.

CON MAN 1 *defiantly*: We'll DO what the hell we WANT!

OMAR KHALED *sternly*: Don't cross the road.

AK NARRATOR: What the fuck IS that? WHY can't I SEE anything?!

CARRIAGE DRIVER: Outta the way! Outta the way!!!

Runaway wooden carriage wheels prattle along the roadway

AK NARRATOR *claustrophobic*: This isn't some GAME! G-GET ME OUT OF HERE!!!

CON MAN 2 *gratefully*: You saved our LIVES, sir!

CON MAN 1 *shaken*: Huh! Th-thanks, sir!

ALIYAH KHAN: GET ME THE FUCK OUT OF HERE!!!

OMAR KHALED: Good day, gentlemen.

ALIYAH KHAN: GET! ME! OUT! OF! —

*The Animus pow-whirrs down alongside violins
Aliyah gasps as if she had just nearly drowned*

ALIYAH KHAN *breathless*: Ho god... *gasps* WHAT THE FUCK WAS THAT?!

MY'SHELL LEMAIRE: Were you there?

ALIYAH KHAN *panicky*: I think your machine's BROKEN or something, i-i-it was just DARKNESS and *gasps* I could hear VOICES and SOUNDS but I couldn't SEE ANYTHING!

MY'SHELL LEMAIRE *flatly*: Your ancestor Omar Khaled was BLIND...

ALIYAH KHAN: BLIND?! But — well how did he know that HORSE was coming?!

MY'SHELL LEMAIRE: What horse?

ALIYAH KHAN *tries to make sense*: He pushed him out of the way of a runaway horse?

GAVIN BANKS: You'd be SURPRISED how IMPORTANT the other senses ARE!

ALIYAH KHAN: I just...*ugh*. Wait a minute... *catches her breath* So HOW am I supposed to find some quote on the back of a COIN, if my ancestor is BLIND and can't even LOOK AT THE COIN?!?

GAVIN BANKS: It won't be simple. But Omar was a REALLY smart man, if HE found out, YOU'LL find out!

ALIYAH KHAN: I can't do this! I've got a...thing with dark —

GAVIN BANKS: PLEASE, Aliyah! You're the ONLY one that CAN do this!

ALIYAH KHAN *whimpers*: I don't like this...

MY'SHELL LEMAIRE: Don't be a little baby!

ALIYAH KHAN: I'm NOT a little baby! —

GAVIN BANKS *pleadingly*: Please, Aliyah...All you need to do is sit back and listen, that's ALL! NOTHING will happen to you. Please! I PROMISE I'll get you the funds for your investors!

ALIYAH KHAN *sighs*: Okay... *takes a deep breath* Just sit back, right? Let's just get this DONE...

The Animus whirrs back up again and there's three loud knocks on a wooden door

AK NARRATOR *inhales and exhales rhythmically*: You can do this. "Just sit back and listen."

The door opens with a low creak as Finnegan answers

FINNEGAN: Ah, how can I help — you?

OMAR KHALED: I have orders to report to Mr. Newton.

FINNEGAN: I believe you've made some sort of MISTAKE!

OMAR KHALED: I haven't! Good sir, the ROYAL MINT has sent me, and given Mr. Newton ADVANCED notice of my arrival...

FINNEGAN *disbelievingly*: The Royal Mint?!

OMAR KHALED: Aye, the name is Omar Khaled.

FINNEGAN: I'm sorry, sir, but I simply CANNOT disturb Mr. Newton by allowing someone like — YOU to BOTHER him!

AK NARRATOR *seethes*: RACIST!

OMAR KHALED *brushes off the racism with a laugh*: You and I are BOTH citizens of England, and as such subjects of King William III. The King has direct control over the Royal Mint, and thus ANY orders should be treated as direct mandates from the KING, so. The KING. Has directed YOU. To ALLOW me in, and see Mr. Newton...

FINNEGAN: The KING has not sent YOU...

OMAR KHALED: Ah, but he has! And if you do NOT let me in, he SHALL be made aware of it!

FINNEGAN protests: I —

OMAR KHALED *frustratedly*: The KING, good sir, the KING...

FINNEGAN *begrudgingly complies*: ...JUST one moment...

The wooden door shuts with a thud as Finnegan disappears momentarily

AK NARRATOR: WHAT an ASShole!

The wooden door unlatches and swings open again

FINNEGAN *sighs*: Mr. Newton..shall see you..in the study...

OMAR KHALED: MUCH obliged, sir.

*Omar steps through and the door thuds shut once more as the men amble to Newton's study
Glass instruments clink and compounds bubble as Newton is in the throes of experimentation*

AK NARRATOR: Sounds like we're in a witch's dungeon!

FINNEGAN *announces*: Mr. Omar Khaled.

ISAAC NEWTON: Wha-I-I TOLD you I'm busy!

FINNEGAN: Ah—From the MINT, sir...

ISAAC NEWTON: No—I DON'T. Care!

Isaac ignores Omar and continues mixing substances, pouring mercurial powder into one

OMAR KHALED: It is an honor to finally meet you, Mr. Newton. I am a great admirer of your work! And the Minister has told me —

ISAAC NEWTON *flustered*: CONFOUND IT, man! Can you not see that I am WORKING here...?

OMAR KHALED: Mr, Newton, William Lowndes SENT me to serve as your new AID. I have brought with me the necessary docu —

ISAAC NEWTON: I am sorry to have wasted your time Mr. ...

OMAR KHALED: Khaled...

ISAAC NEWTON: Yes, well I have made it ABUNDANTLY clear to Lowndes that I-I-I don't REQUIRE any assistance. Now...PLEASE. Go.

AK NARRATOR: What a WANKER!

Isaac continues shaking mercurial powder into a mixture

OMAR KHALED *calmly*: Pardon me, Mr. Newton, but I believe you DO...ONE man, even a TALENTED one like yourself, can only do ONE thing at a time...

ISAAC NEWTON *exasperatedly*: PLEASE go before I am forced..to INSULT you..in return!

OMAR KHALED: Before you finish pouring that mercury, you SHOULD check the chemicals in the second —

One of the experiments in the corner ignites, causing a small and sudden fireball

ISAAC NEWTON *at wit's end*: DamNATION!!

OMAR KHALED: That chemical reaction: Iron into a copper sulphate mix.

ISAAC NEWTON *annoyed then impressed*: ugh...eh, how do you KNOW that, Mr. eh, eh... I'm sorry, what was your name again?

OMAR KHALED *annunciates narrowly*: Omar. Khaled...

ISAAC NEWTON: Well THANK YOU, Mr. Khaled...ehhh, are you blind?

OMAR KHALED: I am, Mr. Newton.

ISAAC NEWTON: Well, eh, how did you know the experiment in the CORNER was about to erupt?!

OMAR KHALED *playfully*: Magic.

ISAAC NEWTON *off-guard, smiles*: Magic?!

OMAR KHALED: I've dabbled with alchemy, and the pursuit of the Philosopher's Stone, myself. Not..as well as YOU have, of course... As such, I know the scent of copper sulphate MIXING with iron, and KNOW at what exact POINT the mixture is about to bubble OVER...

AK NARRATOR: BOOM! I LIKE this ancestor of mine!

ISAAC NEWTON: Right-o! You are an IMPRESSIVE young man! *calls out* FINNEGAN!

FINNEGAN: Yyyes, sir?

ISAAC NEWTON: Prepare a guest room for Mr. Khaled. He's..to stay with us.

FINNEGAN *silently protests*: Sir??

ISAAC NEWTON: Aye! Eh, um... *to Omar* If we are to fix the Royal Mint, it will require some...logical magic and we must devote ALL our waking energy to it!

FINNEGAN: Perhaps Mr. Khaled would feel more COMFORTABLE in a room with the SERVANTS...

ISAAC NEWTON: Nonsense! He is my AID and will be TREATED as such!

FINNEGAN: Eh, Mr. Newton, I DO believe —

ISAAC NEWTON *has had enough:* I BELIEVE that you are UNDER my employ, and must do as I ask. So I ASK YOU to ARRANGE for Mr. Khaled's room!

FINNEGAN *ceases:* ...Very well, sir...I shall make the arrangements...

AK NARRATOR: Yeah! Fuck you, Finnegan!

Finnegan steps away to spitefully do what he was ordered

ISAAC NEWTON: Don't mind Finnegan, he's an ASS. But at least he's AWARE of his position.

OMAR KHALED: Are you CERTAIN you wish me to STAY as a guest?

ISAAC NEWTON: No I insist! Bu-but ONLY if you are willing to do what it takes to help me. I work THROUGHOUT the day AND night and expect my AID to do the same. But, first, I think we must —

There's another 3 muddled poundings at the front wooden door

KINGSGUARD COLLECTOR *calls inside:* I'm here for Mr. Newton, collecting from the Kingsguard.

ISAAC NEWTON *exclaims:* ANOTHER VISITOR?! Can I not get ANY work done?! *sighs* COME, Mr. Khaled, let's discover what this...INTRUSION is concerning...

The pair walk back to the front door as Finnegan allows entry from the "intruder"

KINGSGUARD COLLECTOR: We've FOUND him!

OMAR KHALED: Found whom?

Finnegan shuts the heavy wooden door once more

KINGSGUARD COLLECTOR: Augustus!

ISAAC NEWTON: OLIVER Augustus?

KINGSGUARD COLLECTOR *breathless:* His factory and operations!

ISAAC NEWTON: Then let's go! Eh, FINNEGAN, my coat!

FINNEGAN: Yyyes, sir.

OMAR KHALED: I should stay here...

ISAAC NEWTON *having none:* Don't be SILLY, Mr. Khaled, you will bear WITNESS to my-my...GREATEST achievement! Eh, do you...require your cane?

OMAR KHALED *smirks:* No! It's for decoration.

ISAAC NEWTON *laughs:* Or MAGIC, yes? *awkwardly*
Heheheheheh..hehhh...

The ambiance shifts to the inside of a horse-drawn carriage on the move

CARRIAGE DRIVER *muffled outside the carriage:* Yah! Yah! Move on, move on!

AK NARRATOR: Yep! We're definitely in a horse carriage. I can smell the shit from HERE!

ISAAC NEWTON *inquisitively:* So why are you HERE, Mr. Khaled?

OMAR KHALED: You INVITED me? —

ISAAC NEWTON: No, why did Lowndes SEND you to be my aid? He only sends his ENEMIES... It's the position that no one desires! Heheheh

OMAR KHALED: I VOLUNTEERED to work with you, Mr. Newton...

ISAAC NEWTON: Eh! EXCREMENT! I know what they think of me at the Mint! I'm sure they all told you what a "SONNOVA BITCH" I am!

AK NARRATOR: They're kind of RIGHT!

ISAAC NEWTON: ...So?

OMAR KHALED: I volunteered!

ISAAC NEWTON: The TRUTH?

OMAR KHALED *comes clean:* ...Punishment...

ISAAC NEWTON: Ah! THERE'S the truth! Well! Here's what I've told the other TWELVE or so aids that tried and failed: I don't expect ANYTHING less than perFECTion! This is not an HONORARY posting, I intend to SAVE the BRITISH EMPIRE!

OMAR KHALED: By finding counterfeiters?

ISAAC NEWTON *ferently:* YES!!! Without a stable financial system in place, CHAOS will ensue! MONEY will become MEANINGLESS because ANYONE will be able to PRODUCE it! In order to prevent that, there must be FIRM GRIP controlling it all! I-heh-I am that GRIP.

OMAR KHALED: And Augustus is creating chaos?

ISAAC NEWTON: H-he's not smart enough to cycle THAT as his goal...Nonono the man's..an IDIOT! And he's MERELY good at producing false coins...But THAT will stop TODAY!

OMAR KHALED: Will he be hanged?

ISAAC NEWTON *mulls while speaking:* Well he SHOULD be, but if he gives me the names of his PEERS, I may SPARE his life... Ah! Here we are!

KINGSGUARD COLLECTOR: Eh, right! Let's GET this bastard!

*BANG! The King's men begin ramming down a metal door
...BANG! ...BANG! ...BANG!*

KINGSGUARD ANNOUNCER: In the name of King William III — *BANG!* — we hereby —

The front entrance caves in with a tumultuous crunch as the King's men pour in

AK NARRATOR: An "Olde Fashioned Raid!"

KINGSGUARD CAPTAIN: Search every corner! You two over there, you three with me, this way come on MOVE!

ISAAC NEWTON: Officer, this is..Augustus's factory?

KINGSGUARD OFFICER: Aye sir! My man's been observing the building for the last three days.

ISAAC NEWTON *sighs:* Did he observe anyone LEAVING?

KINGSGUARD OFFICER: He saw SOME...but not Augustus.

Isaac trails his hand across a pile of counterfeited coins

ISAAC NEWTON: So where the DEVIL is he??

Isaac rakes his hands across the coins a few more times

AK NARRATOR: COME on, Newton... TELL ME what it SAYS on those COINS!

OMAR KHALED *on-edge*: Mr. Newton...

ISAAC NEWTON: Yes, Mr. Khaled?

OMAR KHALED *quietly*: There's someone here...

KINGSGUARD OFFICER: Where?

Floorboards creak slowly

OMAR KHALED *whispers*: There...by the stable...

ISAAC NEWTON: Let's go!

The three men make haste towards the suspect as violins build tension

ISAAC NEWTON *calls out*: Augustus! Come out! The building's surrounded!

The search continues with stringed accompaniment and the group switches to hushed tones

ISAAC NEWTON: Be careful! He may be armed...

KINGSGUARD OFFICER: Where is he?

ISAAC NEWTON *to Omar*: Are you certain?

OMAR KHALED *assuredly*: Yes...

KINGSGUARD OFFICER: THERE HE IS! *tackles and pins the suspect* I HAV'IM!!!

ISAAC NEWTON *approaches*: Are you Augustus...?

OLIVER AUGUSTUS: Yes...?

ISAAC NEWTON *menacingly*: Did you TRULY believe you could evade my grasp?

OLIVER AUGUSTUS *stammers*: I'm not afraid of YOU! —

A ticking softly starts

ISAAC NEWTON: Well you SHOULD be! I have your LIFE in my hands...

The ticking grows louder and the horses are getting flustered

OMAR KHALED: M-mr. Newton!

AK NARRATOR: Yeah, there's SOMETHING wrong!

Isaac picks Augustus up by the collar while the ticking continues

ISAAC NEWTON *done toying around:* I don't think you realize the extent of your TREASON!

OLIVER AUGUSTUS *stammers:* I don't think you realize..who you're UP against! —

ISAAC NEWTON: WHAT are you saying?!

OLIVER AUGUSTUS: He's going to control it ALL... —

OMAR KHALED: Mr. Newton, we NEED to —

ISAAC NEWTON *ignores Omar:* Who? What're you talking about?!

OLIVER AUGUSTUS: Chaloner!

ISAAC NEWTON: WHO?!

OMAR KHALED *urgently:* MR. NEWTON!

The ticking is reaching its peak

AK NARRATOR: What the fuck is —

OMAR KHALED: Get down!

A no-longer-ticking timebomb rips into the house, causing Omar tinnitus and everyone to cough from the debris in the air

KINGSGUARD OFFICER *distant, through tinnitus:* MR. NEWTON! MR. KHALED!!!

Omar's ringing ears transition to My'Shell tapping away through vitals outside the Animus Aliyah is in the throes of what sounds like a nightmare as she's experiencing her worst fears through her ancestor's eyes, wincing and writhing in mental anguish

GAVIN BANKS: She's alright?

MY'SHELL LEMAIRE: I think we sent her in too early...She's experiencing the explosion...

GAVIN BANKS: But her VITALS are reading FINE?

MY'SHELL LEMAIRE: They are... But Gavin...

GAVIN BANKS: Yeah?

MY'SHELL LEMAIRE: You shouldn't. Have. MISLED HER... You shouldn't've SAID nothing bad could HAPPEN to her!

Aliyah winces again as the Chapter's End Theme brings it to a close

CHAPTER 2 - 00:34:20.50

*The opening theme of violins and stringed bass swells and fades
Aliyah winces in the background*

GAVIN BANKS *concernedly:* What's wrong, My'shell? Is something wrong with the Animus?!

MY'SHELL LEMAIRE *tries to quickly assess:* Nno it's not the machine...it's ALIYAH. Her heart rate is REALLY high, like, really REALLY HIGH!

GAVIN BANKS: Well THAT'S not out of the ordinary! ESPECIALLY when they encounter an event like an explosion!

MY'SHELL LEMAIRE: YEAH, but her heart's been racing since she got in!

GAVIN BANKS: She's NEW to this! —

MY'SHELL LEMAIRE: NO there's something MORE! Is she...claustrophobic?

GAVIN BANKS: ...I don't know?

MY'SHELL LEMAIRE: We should pull her out. —

GAVIN BANKS *assuredly:* She'll be fine!

MY'SHELL LEMAIRE: *ugh.* Gavin...this could be dangerous! —

GAVIN BANKS: She'll be FINE, her heart will get used to it! We need that CODE to stop Abstergo! We're ALREADY behind schedule!

MY'SHELL LEMAIRE: I'm pulling her OUT if it gets WORSE!...

GAVIN BANKS: She'll be FINE. *Aliyah whimpers* She'll be fine...

With a whirr of the Animus, it's back inside Omar's memory, tinnitus and all

AK NARRATOR *breathes heavily:* I hate this, I hate this! *deep breath* This is just a game...it's JUST..a GAME... *hyperventilates* When I was five I was forced to live with my aunt and cousins. They were SHITE, ALL of them... One day my cousins thought it would be FUN to push me into their WASHING MACHINE and

LOCK me in! I fucking BANGED and BANGED on the door, BEGGING them to let me out! I could hear them LAUGHING at me, and-and then it was SILENCE! They LEFT me in there, fucking WANKERS!! The worst part was not knowing WHAT would happen next...would they turn ON the machine?! Tip it OVER?! WOULD I RUN OUT OF OXYGEN?!?! Being in this CRAZY Animus machine..is JUST as BAD!!!

*A man screams and a horse whinnies in fright while tense violins swell behind rings of tinnitus
The horse gallops away as the tinnitus subsides, replaced with the growing sound of fire*

KINGSGUARD OFFICER *coughs faintly*: Mr. Newton! MR. NEWTON!

ISAAC NEWTON *coughs and inhales deeply*: HO-oooh, I'm alive...I am..alive...Mr. Khaled? Mr. KHALED!

OMAR KHALED *takes deep breaths*: I'm here! I'm unharmed...are you?

ISAAC NEWTON: I am.

Newton struggles to his feet and tries to shake the shellshock

OMAR KHALED: The flames!

ISAAC NEWTON *struggles*: We have to get out of this stable!

OMAR KHALED: But Augustus... —

ISAAC NEWTON: Most certainly DEAD! Come! Before the flames lead us to the same FATE! And then we can determine what fate WILLIAM CHALONER shall have for being BEHIND this!

The flames fill the room and tense violins punctuate the group's escape

Back at Newton's study, Finnegan walks over and pours a cup of tea

ISAAC NEWTON: Thank you, Finnegan.

FINNEGAN *protests Omar's presence again*: Are you SURE YOU wouldn't prefer the tea in the dining hall, Mr Newton?

ISAAC NEWTON *sick of it*: No, I PREFER. The KITCHEN. Now would you PLEASE give Mr. Khaled his TEA?!

FINNEGAN *begudgingly sighs*: ...Certainly... *pours Omar a cup*

ISAAC NEWTON *dismissively*: And could we please have some privacy?

FINNEGAN: Very well...

OMAR KHALED *feigns nice*: Thank you.

Finnegan exits the kitchen and shuts the door behind him

ISAAC NEWTON: So have you heard of William Chaloner before?

OMAR KHALED: The name is familiar? Perhaps from a newspaper?

ISAAC NEWTON: NOT possible. I make a point to read EVERY article and would recall it, if it HAD appeared...So, WHO is he, and WHY was he targeting Oliver Augustus?

OMAR KHALED: Perhaps someone to whom Mr. Augustus owed payment?

ISAAC NEWTON: No, this is bigger. I can sense it, I can...GUARANTEE it...

The door creaks and Finnegan enters

FINNEGAN: Mr. William Lowndes from the Royal Mint, sir...

ISAAC NEWTON *agitated*: Oh, God... *feigns nice* ALWAYS a pleasure Mr. Lowndes!

WILLIAM LOWNDES *worriedly*: Isaac! Omar! I came as soon as I received word —

ISAAC NEWTON: Eh-eh, we're FINE!

WILLIAM LOWNDES: I can see that but, still! —

FINNEGAN: Do you require anything, sir?

WILLIAM LOWNDES: Eh, what're you two drinking, ah, brandy?

OMAR KHALED: Tea...

WILLIAM LOWNDES *embarrassed*: Oh, uh...I'll..have..brandy, please.

FINNEGAN: Very good...

Finnegan steps away from the room

WILLIAM LOWNDES *sighs*: I'm so glad you're alive, Isaac.

ISAAC NEWTON: If it wasn't for Mr. Khalid I might not be!

WILLIAM LOWNDES: I knew you would prove to be valuable, Omar!

OMAR KHALED: Thank you...Have you heard of a William Chaloner? I don't see —

WILLIAM LOWNDES: Chaloner?!

OMAR KHALED *annoyed:* ...Yes. Augustus was babbling his name just before the explosion.

WILLIAM LOWNDES: Was he THERE?

OMAR KHALED: No, we..don't believe so.

ISAAC NEWTON: You OBVIOUSLY know who is, so be so kind as to TELL US...

WILLIAM LOWNDES: He's not important —

ISAAC NEWTON: MR. LOWNDES! WE'VE just survived DEATH, and HIS name was uttered by Augustus JUST as he was dying, so I'd say he's BLOODY IMPORTANT TO US at this very moment! WHO IS HE?!

WILLIAM LOWNDES *exposits:* William Chaloner was a petty thief and arsonist that turned to counterfeiting, made a fortune at it, creating fake coins, bills, and notes... *breathes* He was the best!

OMAR KHALED: So... another counterfeiter!

ISAAC NEWTON: WHY was I not made aware of him?!

WILLIAM LOWNDES: His criminal days are long behind him. He's become...respectable...but not before he became an informant. For US.

ISAAC NEWTON: An informant?!

WILLIAM LOWNDES: He's the one that provided us with the whereabouts of Aubrey Price. And George Middleton. AND Darcy O'Brien!

ISAAC NEWTON: I'VE read through EVERY single word in every SINGLE report AND book IN the Mint, and this is the FIRST I've heard of him!

WILLIAM LOWNDES: His cases were burned. We also had his articles removed from newspaper archives...

ISAAC NEWTON *enraged:* WHY would you do that?! Have you NO knowledge of the importance of FILES?!

WILLIAM LOWNDES: It was by..arrangement... We agreed to erase his papers in exchange for information on Price! And others...

ISAAC NEWTON *exasperated*: How do you expect me to stop criminal activities when you force me to go in BLIND?! *realizes the company* ...No offense, Mr. Khalid...

OMAR KHALED *used to it*: None taken.

ISAAC NEWTON: Where can we find him, I NEED answers!

WILLIAM LOWNDES: The last I heard, he was traveling overseas for business.

ISAAC NEWTON *accusatory*: You SOUND like his personal secretary!

WILLIAM LOWNDES: Isaac, please...why don't you — *breathes* Wait a minute. I believe..he's back in London!

ISAAC NEWTON: Again, HOW do you know his EXACT travel schedule?

OMAR KHALED *nudgingly*: Perhaps Mr Lowndes would like some refreshment OTHER than brandy...? Perhaps some WATER...? Or tea?

WILLIAM LOWNDES *dismissively*: Nononono, brandy's refreshing enough. *breathes* I'm attending an event tomorrow and I recall HIS name was on the guestlist!

ISAAC NEWTON: Well PLEASE ensure we are on the guestlist as well...

WILLIAM LOWNDES: It's a ball hosted by Lord Benedict Crystal...

ISAAC NEWTON: Oh... *begrudgingly* Well, we shall still attend...

WILLIAM LOWNDES *protests*: Umm —

ISAAC NEWTON: I must meet the Chaloner. *Lowndes sighs* It is of the UTMOST importance.

WILLIAM LOWNDES: Isaac you KNOW what happened when you attended Lord Hilliard's last ball!

ISAAC NEWTON: That was a misunderstanding...

WILLIAM LOWNDES: You flooded the HOUSE!

ISAAC NEWTON: It was..an experiment!

WILLIAM LOWNDES: Memories are LONG in London, Isaac!

ISAAC NEWTON: Well, perhaps I should try BURNING those memories like the Mint destroys PAPERWORK! *decidedly* Mr. Lowndes, I am ATTENDING. That ball.

WILLIAM LOWNDES: Only if you PROMISE to be on your BEST behaviour...

ISAAC NEWTON: Eh! Of course! Mr Khaled here will ensure I do —

OMAR KHALED: I am...not welcome at events like these

ISAAC NEWTON: Excrement! You SHALL come. I will ENTER with you under the AUSPICES of your being my servant...but I shall ensure you're not treated as such.

OMAR KHALED *sighs:* I don't enjoy these events...

ISAAC NEWTON: Well we shall suffer together!

WILLIAM LOWNDES: I'll see to it then...but Isaac... *breathes* I feel the need to remind you. That you are now a REPRESENTATIVE of the Royal MINT! —

ISAAC NEWTON: — And must act like a gentleman, yes! I shall be BORING, and talk of nothing other than the weather and shipping schedules and the theatre... *mockingly* "Oh! You don't say! Rain next Tuesday, here in London?! Eh! I do believe I have it on authority that a SHIP will arrive from the colonies that very day! HOW will the supply of tobacco ever be preserved?!" *shudders* EEUUGGHH...

WILLIAM LOWNDES: Isaac!

ISAAC NEWTON: I'm simply PREPARING for the event, Mr. Lowndes.

WILLIAM LOWNDES: On second thoughts, DON'T mention to ANYONE you're now working with the Royal Mint! *breathes* Will you...see me out, Omar?

OMAR KHALED: Certainly.

The pair walk from the room and the front wooden door creaks open

WILLIAM LOWNDES: Thank you for helping him, Omar. And keeping him alive.

OMAR KHALED *sighs:* We are both lucky to have survived...

WILLIAM LOWNDES: I'm sure your skills played a large part!

OMAR KHALED *insinuates:* Are you hiding anything from us about Chaloner?

WILLIAM LOWNDES *unfazed*: Not at all! I actually dislike the man. He's very arrogant. Has no sense of social decorum, even less so than Newton! *breathes* If Chaloner is indeed guilty, I would love nothing more than for him to get his comeuppance. But I want you and Newton to chase real criminals!

OMAR KHALED: If he's behind the explosion, he IS a real criminal. —

WILLIAM LOWNDES: IF he is! But Newton is an obsessive, and your assignment is to keep him focused! And then, perhaps, YOU go back to TRAINING, Omar. You are the greatest trainer of Assassins in the entire Empire, if not the WORLD! There are wars going on throughout the continent and the Brotherhood needs you to AID them! Not track down pretty criminals!

OMAR KHALED: You know how important financial stability is for the Empire. My days killing and training others to kill are done.

WILLIAM LOWNDES *pleadingly*: Omar, please... —

OMAR KHALED: You heard me!

WILLIAM LOWNDES: What if I were to tell you I found an acrobat with INCREDIBLE talent! He could make a HUGE difference in the upcoming war!

OMAR KHALED: How many times have you brought me PHYSICALLY talented people who don't have the MENTAL fortitude to become an Assassin?

WILLIAM LOWNDES *taken aback*: I WAS an Assassin, you know!

OMAR KHALED: I know! But it's been a while... I'm sure Newcomb or Hugo will do a FINE job with the new... "Assassin Acrobat"...

WILLIAM LOWNDES *hails his carriage*: Driver! *back to Omar* Please, Omar...think on it? The Templars are growing in strength, and we need YOUR skills.

OMAR KHALED *defiantly*: I'm happy here.

Lowndes climbs into his carriage

WILLIAM LOWNDES: We shall see if you feel the same way after tomorrow night. Newton has an UNPARALLELED ability to translate his..extreme distaste for high society into embarrassing actions! Not just for himself, but for...everyone surrounding him!

OMAR KHALED *chuckles*: I'll do my best to take care of him.

WILLIAM LOWNDES: Please do.

The horse brays and trots as the carriage pulls away from Omar

Transitional music plays as Omar and Newton arrive at the ball by carriage

AK NARRATOR: I remember the music playing in the background when my WANKER cousins locked me in the washer/dryer that day...FUCKING Britney Spears' "Hit Me Baby One More Time"! I screamed and SCREAMED, and the louder I screamed, the louder they put the music! They made SURE that my aunt couldn't hear me, but I could STILL hear their LAUGHTER... Every time I hear that song now, I hear their laughter in the background... FUCKING Britney Spears...

Omar and Isaac exit the carriage car

OMAR KHALED: Thank you.

ISAAC NEWTON: Have you ever been to one of these before?

OMAR KHALED *reverently:* My father was a butler for Sir Nigel Galloway, who liked to host seasonal events. Sometimes I would sneak onto a stairwell and listen to the music and the people, and...imagine how colorful it was, and how grand the people looked.

ISAAC NEWTON: Well I hate to disappoint, but your mind's eye's view is greater than reality! People are dressed up, like DOLLS, the food is TERRIBLE, and the conversations are worse! Plus! *shudders* Dancing...

OMAR KHALED: Dancing?

ISAAC NEWTON: Do not mistake my words! I am an aficionado of music! The order and meter is quite calming, but dancing? With OTHERS? Eeeuuughhh...

BUTLER OF LORD CRYSTAL: Whom shall I announce is here?

ISAAC NEWTON *dismissively:* No announcement necessary, just let us pass.

—

BUTLER OF LORD CRYSTAL: You must be announced, sir..

ISAAC NEWTON *irritated:* Just! Let us pass...

BUTLER OF LORD CRYSTAL *unmoved:* You MUST! Be announced!

OMAR KHALED *cuts the tension:* Mr Newton is an old friend of Lord Crystal's, and his arrival is to be a surprise.

BUTLER OF LORD CRYSTAL: It's against decorum!

OMAR KHALED *inquisitively:* You're a steward, are you not?

BUTLER OF LORD CRYSTAL *takes the bait:* I am.

OMAR KHALED *accusatory*: I was told by a man named Finnegan that there is a certain SUBSTANCE you quite enjoy that you prefer Mr. CRYSTAL weren't to be made aware of...

BUTLER OF LORD CRYSTAL *cornered*: I...I-I don't know what you're referring to...

OMAR KHALED: You DO, and I'm happy to ANNOUNCE it to his lordship...

BUTLER OF LORD CRYSTAL *begrudgingly exhales*: Very well...please enter...

OMAR KHALED: Thank you.

BUTLER OF LORD CRYSTAL *patronizingly*: Enjoy yourselves this evening.

Omar and Newton walk past the staunch announcer and head into the ball as strings play

ISAAC NEWTON: Dancing...

OMAR KHALED *preemptively*: Mr. Newton...

ISAAC NEWTON: No, I-I'm aware! "Be my boring best"...

LORD BENEDICT CRYSTAL: Isaac NEWTON! Is that you?!

ISAAC NEWTON: Hullo, um...—

LORD BENEDICT CRYSTAL: — Lord Benedict Crystal.

ISAAC NEWTON *nervously*: Uhh...—

LORD BENEDICT CRYSTAL *soothingly*: — Do not fret! I shall not be offended if you fail to remember our acquaintance. If I had your mind, I too would only focus on FAR more important things. Haha! I was pleasantly surprised to see your name on the invitation list!

ISAAC NEWTON *treading lightly*: So was I...

LORD BENEDICT CRYSTAL: I'm HONORED to have Isaac Newton, the cleverest man in the WORLD attending my *soirée*! *to his companion* Ah, do you know of him, Sir Artemis?

SIR ARTEMIS MURRAY: Indeed! In fact I've written to him on a number of occasions, but not received any replies...

ISAAC NEWTON: You are...?

SIR ARTEMIS MURRAY: Sir Artemis Murray.

ISAAC NEWTON *dodgy*: Well, Sir Murray, I've been quite busy of late...

SIR ARTEMIS MURRAY: Do you not have an AID to answer your correspondence?

ISAAC NEWTON *shifty*: My aid is also busy... eh, what was it you wished to speak of?

SIR ARTEMIS MURRAY: I..HAD wanted to discuss with you a THEORY I had about the SUN!

ISAAC NEWTON *mockingly*: Oh, yes! That it revolves around YOU?

SIR ARTEMIS MURRAY *caught off-guard*: Excuse me?

LORD BENEDICT CRYSTAL *cuts the tension*: SEE?! Riveting conversation already! Hahaha! Why don't the three of us find a quieter place to chat further?

ISAAC NEWTON *desperately*: I-I-I'm afraid I CAN'T...my aid Mr. Khaled here requires my assistance... *pleadingly* Do you NOT?

OMAR KHALED *encouragingly*: Perhaps Lord Crystal and Sir Murray can aid us in our quest?

LORD BENEDICT CRYSTAL *emphatically*: Certainly, we would love to! Come now! Let me bring you to our study and we shall converse about topics large and small!

ISAAC NEWTON: Ah! We can begin with the weather!

LORD BENEDICT CRYSTAL: Excuse me?

ISAAC NEWTON: Oh, nothing! Mr. Khaled, will you be joining us?

OMAR KHALED: No, I'll leave you gentlemen to discuss your...matters of interest.

ISAAC NEWTON *floundering*: Nonono! You MUST join us!

OMAR KHALED: Nonsense. Our interaction with Lord Crystal's butler reminded me I should visit the servants quarters... *jokingly* Was there something else you required of me? Should I...find you a dancing partner for the next dance?

ISAAC NEWTON *resigned*: NO, no, that is FINE! I shall JOIN these...scholarly men...

OMAR KHALED *coyly*: I thought you would. Have a...jolly time!

ISAAC NEWTON *feigns happiness*: YES! Jolly...

SIR ARTEMIS MURRAY *prattles*: So...I hypothesize that the Sun is not actually THE Sun! *trails off*

The trio leaves Omar to his own devices, and Omar leaves Newton to his fate

Lively violins swell as Omar wanders near the ball's dance floor

AK NARRATOR *chuckles*: Y'know someone should really sample something like that for hip-hop! The meter could work well!

ROSE GALLOWAY: Omar! I-is that truly you?!

OMAR KHALED *confused*: Yes?

ROSE GALLOWAY: Omar, don't you recognize my voice? It's Rose!

OMAR KHALED *shocked, yet smitten*: Miss...Rose Galloway?

ROSE GALLOWAY *excitedly*: Yes!! Oh I'm OVERJOYED you remember! It's been...what-what is it —

OMAR KHALED *as if having counted the days*: — 14 years.

ROSE GALLOWAY *amazed*: 14 years... Ah! It's SO good to see you!

OMAR KHALED *cordially*: And who are these two lovely friends of yours?

DAISY WALT *gasps in surprise*: How did you know there were two of us?!

ROSE GALLOWAY: Omar Khaled here was QUITE simply the CLEVEREST person I knew! I would wager he still is!

OMAR KHALED: She speaks too highly of me. It's a pleasure to meet any friends of Rose.

ROSE GALLOWAY *embarrassed*: Yes, sorry! *laughs* I am forgetting my manners! Omar this is Miss Daisy Walt —

DAISY WALT: — How do you do? —

ROSE GALLOWAY: — and Miss Meredith Crystal. —

MEREDITH CRYSTAL: — Hello! —

ROSE GALLOWAY: — The daughter tonight's host.

OMAR KHALED *cordially*: How do you do?

MEREDITH CRYSTAL *coyly*: Charmed! And how do you know each other?

ROSE GALLOWAY *expositively*: Omar's father was my father's personal valet. You probably didn't — no, no you didn't meet him. He was the BEST servant father ever had, or perhaps his best friend! Omar was almost like a BROTHER to me!

—

OMAR KHALED *brotherly*: — Which means, I was allowed to PICK on her! —

ROSE GALLOWAY *reverently*: — Like that time you threw DIRT all over my DRESS!

OMAR KHALED: I apologized!

ROSE GALLOWAY *coyly*: I HATED that dress...

OMAR KHALED: Still, it was rude of me.

ROSE GALLOWAY *realizes the "crowd"*: Omar, I...I feel we're boring Daisy and Meredith here with our memories. I could use a breath of fresh air! Would you like to accompany me outside for a moment? Or, better yet, our old playground?

OMAR KHALED *without skipping a beat*: Downstairs?

ROSE GALLOWAY: Yes!

OMAR KHALED: I would be honoured!

MEREDITH CRYSTAL *jokingly*: Would you like us to ACCOMPANY you, Rose?

ROSE GALLOWAY *awkwardly*: Ah - no! No, that's not necessary Meredith...

MEREDITH CRYSTAL *teasingly*: It's no trouble...

ROSE GALLOWAY: I'll be fine! Omar here will protect me

DAISY WALT *coyly*: indeed!

ROSE GALLOWAY *offering*: Mr Khaled...

OMAR KHALED *reciprocates*: Miss Galloway...

The pair walk away arm-in-arm as Daisy and Meredith giggle at their departure

Music swells and the scene changes to Omar and Rose at the playground

ROSE GALLOWAY: Isaac Newton? THE Isaac Newton?

OMAR KHALED: Have you heard of him?

ROSE GALLOWAY: Of course!

OMAR KHALED: I forgot about your RARE inquisitive mind.

ROSE GALLOWAY: Truly rare for a woman...

OMAR KHALED *embarrassed*: That's...not what I was implying.

ROSE GALLOWAY: I'm merely jesting! I so rarely do. *giggles* So, what are you REALLY working on with Isaac Newton? Some experiments on the status of gravity, the Sun?! This Royal Mint venture can't take up the ENTIRETY of your time.

OMAR KHALED: It does actually. We're working to rid the Empire of counterfeiters.

ROSE GALLOWAY: That sounds dangerous!

OMAR KHALED: It is nothing to worry oneself about.

ROSE GALLOWAY: Allow ME to choose what I worry myself about!

OMAR KHALED *chuckles*: That stubborn inquisitive mind!

ROSE GALLOWAY: What's he like? Allow me to guess: an eccentric genius?

OMAR KHALED: Are we not all eccentric in our own ways?

ROSE GALLOWAY *giggles*: Everyone other than you, Omar! You were ALWAYS the emblem of rationality and tranquillity. Well...until you left... How old were you? I-I would've been...uh, six?

OMAR KHALED: I was 12.

ROSE GALLOWAY *pauses*: Why did you leave, Omar? Even your father was surprised...

OMAR KHALED: It was time for me to experience more than just...this.

ROSE GALLOWAY: You were always more than a servant's son.

OMAR KHALED: I wanted to explore the world.

ROSE GALLOWAY: Where did you go?

OMAR KHALED *chuckles*: Everywhere.

ROSE GALLOWAY: And what grand adventures did you get up to?

OMAR KHALED: Nothing special...

ROSE GALLOWAY *indignantly*: Don't keep secrets from ME!

OMAR KHALED *pivots*: How are your parents?

ROSE GALLOWAY: They're well, the same as always.

OMAR KHALED *recalls*: "Strict but fair."

ROSE GALLOWAY *giggles*: "Strict but fair."

OMAR KHALED *presses*: And...gentlemen callers...?

ROSE GALLOWAY: Boring and full of hot air.

OMAR KHALED: You've never been one to follow the same path as others.

ROSE GALLOWAY: I don't WANT the usual life here! It's all quite boring! ALL everyone here wants to talk about is status, wealth, and..what they're wearing!

OMAR KHALED *teases*: Are you not wearing coral earrings and a matching necklace at this very moment?

ROSE GALLOWAY: I didn't want to do that, it was — how did you know?!

OMAR KHALED: I recognize the sound coral makes when it jingles, reminds me of glass.

ROSE GALLOWAY: They're Meredith's, she practically forced them upon me. To me they're just... *sighs* There are so many bad things happening in the world today, that soirées like this... My father's been accosted and held at gunpoint THREE times this year! There's something brewing in the city that's so... —

OMAR KHALED: — that must be stopped.

ROSE GALLOWAY: Precisely! But instead we hold balls and dances and, *ugh*...I find it all so meaningless.

OMAR KHALED: What would you RATHER be doing?

ROSE GALLOWAY: Making a difference. DOING something. Which, is a silly idea for a woman... —

OMAR KHALED *interjects*: Not. At. All... Many of the strongest people I met in my travels were women. I recall a merchant in Egypt who scared me to my very CORE...

ROSE GALLOWAY: EGYPT?! Ah, I am SO jealous, Omar! You've TRAVELLED, and I'm sure done all manner of interesting things, and NOW you are working with the great Isaac Newton! *reverently* Your father would've been proud. *pauses* Father took care of all the arrangements...It was beautiful...

OMAR KHALED: I must find and thank him.

ROSE GALLOWAY: Oh, he's-he's here this evening!

OMAR KHALED: He is?

ROSE GALLOWAY: Indeed! Oh, he'd be SO, he'd LOVE —

OMAR KHALED *warns*: — Rose...

ROSE GALLOWAY: — He would be MOST excited to see you, I'm QUITE sure he would be absolutely —

OMAR KHALED: — Watch out for that waiter!

ROSE GALLOWAY: — The waiter? OH!

A tray clatters and glasses shatter when the waiter bumps into Rose

JACK OLIVER: Oh I'm so sorry!

ROSE GALLOWAY: It-it's, it's fine! —

JACK OLIVER: I'm so sorry!

OMAR KHALED: Rose, are you alright?

ROSE GALLOWAY: I am. That was so odd!

OMAR KHALED: Rose, is your necklace gone?

ROSE GALLOWAY *shocked*: It is! Thief!

A woman shrieks and the crowd murmurs

OMAR KHALED: Stay here. I'll get him.

ROSE GALLOWAY: No! I WILL!

Tense violins build as the pair chase after the thief. A wooden table is knocked over

UNNAMED MAN: Aw, my food!

AK NARRATOR: Oh, God, this is the washing machine all OVER again!!

UNNAMED MAN 2: That way! That way! He went that way!

UNNAMED WOMAN: Sorry! Sorry sorry sorry!

Omar and Rose's footsteps patter on stone and come to a halt

ROSE GALLOWAY: He should be here! Where-where is he?

OMAR KHALED: Rose. You should go back.

ROSE GALLOWAY *breathless*: How-how could you do that?! You run through..the crowd like one with..perfect vision!

OMAR KHALED: Go back.

ROSE GALLOWAY: H-how do you do it?!

OMAR KHALED: I'm quite serious...

ROSE GALLOWAY: Shh! Sh-sh-shh... *swallows* Up there! On the rooftop!

OMAR KHALED: I'll get him.

ROSE GALLOWAY: He's heading to the water!

OMAR KHALED: I'll catch him before he gets there!

ROSE GALLOWAY: And I'll head him off at the water!

OMAR KHALED *protests*: Don't —

ROSE GALLOWAY *decidedly*: — It's TOO LATE to stop me now!

The pair split up and Omar can be heard climbing a ladder to the roof

AK NARRATOR: I don't know HOW long I was locked in the washer/dryer before my cousins started to bang on it, JUST to freak the fuck out of me...BANG! BANG! BANG! Each time he got louder and louder and I started to worry about HOW LOUD the next one would be. I tried listening, to figure out when to anticipate it, but even though I KNEW it was coming, each bang would FREAK me out EVEN more...like in this chase. Omar's pretty fucking good, but this dude might be better! Omar can be heard parkouring along the rooftop Does he know when the rooftop ends? Or when to jump?! Fuck! He does! I'd love to see what Omar would do if locked up in a washer/dryer!

The violins end their piece and Rose can be heard catching up to the coral thief

AK NARRATOR: What's Omar waiting for? He's getting away!

The sounds of a struggle ensue

ROSE GALLOWAY *shouts:* RAH!! You BASTARD!!!

AK NARRATOR: Is that ROSE down there?!

A pipe clatters to the stone and the struggle continues

AK NARRATOR: What the FUCK, Omar?! Are you NOT gonna help her?! The dude's gonna KILL her! You're not taking the stairs, what are you — *an eagle screeches* I can feel the wind! Oh shit, is he — He's fuckin' jumping DOOOOOWN!!!

Omar lands on top of the man with a thud

OMAR KHALED: Rose, are you alright?

ROSE GALLOWAY *exasperated:* Yes...Actually...No! All that fighting and running and my dress is SPOTLESS! I need to wear this thing AGAIN?! *rips the dress with a grunt* There! *catches her breath* Wait, is he...

OMAR KHALED: Alive? Yes...and...

ROSE GALLOWAY: What is it?

OMAR KHALED: A note in his pocket!

Omar unfolds the note while Rose breathlessly reads

ROSE GALLOWAY: "A...coral...necklace...C"

OMAR KHALED *confused:* See?

ROSE GALLOWAY: A-as in the letter...Could it be someone's initial?

OMAR KHALED: It is...and I think I know whose...someone we've been looking for!

ROSE GALLOWAY: Who?!

OMAR KHALED: Someone Isaac Newton is excited to meet! Come, let's find a guard to help us with this thief, then return to the Crystal estate.

Low strings hum in transition

AK NARRATOR: The thing that freaked me out the MOST that day in the washer/dryer was when they turned on the water and tried to drown me...I didn't know how to swim! I screamed and screamed and screamed, figuring I only had a MINUTE or two left to live! And then the water stopped. My aunt had turned it off! I never liked her, but at that very moment, seeing her face was one of the HAPPIEST moments of my life!

ROSE GALLOWAY: Omar...how did you know where the thief was?

OMAR KHALED: What do you mean?

ROSE GALLOWAY: You knew EXACTLY when to jump down and tackle him. How?

OMAR KHALED: It's..hard to explain, it's...something that comes naturally to me.

ROSE GALLOWAY: You could sense where he was?

OMAR KHALED: Yes.

ROSE GALLOWAY: Could..anticipate his moves?

OMAR KHALED: Yes, why?

ROSE GALLOWAY: I could as well!

OMAR KHALED *intrigued:* You could?

ROSE GALLOWAY: I knew what he was about to do at every step, and I knew YOU were ready to jump down to help! ...Omar? What's wrong?

OMAR KHALED: Have you always had this sort of ability? A sense of where people are, and what they're about to do?

ROSE GALLOWAY: Yes!

OMAR KHALED: Do you know when people are about to enter a room? When someone is about to trip over something on the floor, what someone is about to say?

ROSE GALLOWAY: Yes! Is there..something wrong with me?!

OMAR KHALED: No, not at all. It's a GIFT, actually.

ROSE GALLOWAY: What is it?

OMAR KHALED: Something we call Eagle Vision, and in a sense, it allows you to see and sense more than others.

ROSE GALLOWAY: How many people..POSSESS this?

OMAR KHALED: Very few...It's EXTREMELY rare... *hears shouts* What's the commotion?

ROSE GALLOWAY: I-I don't know...

Footsteps patter as the pair are approached by a familiar face

ROSE GALLOWAY: Daisy?! What's happened?!

DAISY WALT: Rose! Oh, thank goodness!

ROSE GALLOWAY: Where is Meredith?

DAISY WALT: We were afraid you were dead!

ROSE GALLOWAY: What's happening inside?!

DAISY WALT: I don't know! Something with Lord Crystal!

ROSE GALLOWAY: Where are they?

DAISY WALT: In the dressing room I believe!

ROSE GALLOWAY: I need to go!

OMAR KHALED: Rose?

ROSE GALLOWAY: Come with me, Omar!

The pair run off to the source of the commotion

BENEDICT CRYSTAL: There's been a mistake, Lowndes!

WILLIAM LOWNDES *rakes coins:* THESE...aren't YOURS, Lord Crystal?

BENEDICT CRYSTAL: They're not!

WILLIAM LOWNDES: Well, this is your residence!

BENEDICT CRYSTAL *protests:* I didn't —

WILLIAM LOWNDES: TAKE HIM AWAY!

ROSE GALLOWAY: Lord Crystal!

BENEDICT CRYSTAL: I promise! I-I-I didn't do anything, Rose! Tell Meredith she MUST believe me!

OMAR KHALED: Where are we, Rose? This..doesn't sound like a dressing room...

ROSE GALLOWAY: It's some sort of hidden..space, behind Lady Crystal's dressing room.

ISAAC NEWTON: Mr. Khaled, I was worried about you!

OMAR KHALED: I am most sorry for taking leave of you. I had to add my friend here.

ISAAC NEWTON: Yes! Everyone was talking about it! Is this the gentlewoman you saved?

ROSE GALLOWAY *indignantly:* I did NOT require saving! Are YOU responsible for taking Lord Crystal away in chains?

ISAAC NEWTON: I most CERTAINLY am!

ROSE GALLOWAY: But why?!

ISAAC NEWTON: Why do you care?

ROSE GALLOWAY: I'm a friend of the Lord's family!

ISAAC NEWTON: This is official Royal Mint business, I-I'm sorry, Miss...

ROSE GALLOWAY *impatiently:* Galloway.

OMAR KHALED: You can trust her, Mr. Newton. She aided me in tracking down the thief.

ISAAC NEWTON: Oh, the THEIF! Yes! I'm QUITE happy you were attacked, actually! It was a SPLENDID turn of events!

ROSE GALLOWAY: I beg your pardon?!

OMAR KHALED: I'm sure that's not what Mr. Newton means, Rose.

ISAAC NEWTON: Oh, it is! After the necklace was PRIED from your neck and Mr. Khaled chased after him, I —

ROSE GALLOWAY: — WE. Chased him.

ISAAC NEWTON: Yes, fine, you-you both chased him, but it served as an EXCELLENT opportunity for me to RID myself of the BORING Sir Murray. So I suggested to Lord Crystal that we check on the remaining contents of HIS wife's jewelry collection. I KNOW from experience that balls are great DISTRACTIONS, which can provide COVER for illicit activities! Lord Crystal rejected the notion,

but I INSISTED! Again, Sir Murray is...not well... WHY he believes the Sun is an alien creature I will NEVER understand!

OMAR KHALED: Mr Newton...

ISAAC NEWTON: Ah, quite! Sorry! Now, when we arrived, nothing seemed amiss, but I could detect some nervousness from Lord Crystal. He KEPT staring at ONE piece while there, and I decided to INSPECT it closely! And when I lifted the piece, it activated this hidden door! SO! You see?! The THEFT was a SPLENDID turn of events!

ROSE GALLOWAY: What are those?

WILLIAM LOWNDES: Coin-making machines.

OMAR KHALED: COUNTERFEITING machines...

AK NARRATOR: Are THESE the coins I'm supposed to find OUT about?!

ISAAC NEWTON: Correct! It turns out Lord Crystal's had a bad run of investments, SO much so that he lost his entire family fortune. Obviously he decided to turn the counterfeiting to correct this! So silly...

ROSE GALLOWAY: I can't believe this! Meredith is my good friend!

WILLIAM LOWNDES: Perhaps we should talk to her AFTER she's recovered from all this excitement!

ISAAC NEWTON: Let's do it now!

WILLIAM LOWNDES: Isaac, please, focus on what's in FRONT of you!

AK NARRATOR: Yeah! You, too, Omar! Check out the coins!!!

ISAAC NEWTON: Very well!

ROSE GALLOWAY: I feel as though I should look in on Meredith...

WILLIAM LOWNDES: I'll take you, Miss Galloway.

ROSE GALLOWAY: Thank you. Good night, everyone! Mr. Newton, I wish we could've met under better circumstances.

ISAAC NEWTON: Yes! Good night, m—

OMAR KHALED: — Miss Galloway...

ISAAC NEWTON: Yes, goodnight, Miss Galloway.

ROSE GALLOWAY: Omar...It was lovely seeing you again...

Rose left to see Meredith with Lowndes

AK NARRATOR: I remember the feeling when my aunt opened the door to the washer/dryer... I was wet and crying, and SHE grabbed me and pulled me out. I was so grateful! And then she looked down at me with an EXPRESSION that told me everything I needed to know: She had INSTRUCTED my cousins to THROW me in there and put me through the FUCKING ordeal! "Sink or swim"! And I had failed. I learned her lesson of survival, but in my own way. I ran away from that house the next day and NEVER went back. I don't know anything about this "Eagle Vision", but I DO know how to SURVIVE!

ISAAC NEWTON *rakes coins:* This is a valuable discovery but..no Chaloner! He FAILED to attend this evening!

OMAR KHALED: He sent someone in his place.

ISAAC NEWTON: Who?

OMAR KHALED: The necklace thief.

ISAAC NEWTON: What do you mean?

OMAR KHALED: I found a note on his body listing the necklace, signed with the letter "C"

ISAAC NEWTON *repeats:* "C"?

OMAR KHALED: Yes!

OMAR KHALID & ISAAC NEWTON *in unison:* CHALONER!!!

OMAR KHALED: He WANTED you to find this room.

ISAAC NEWTON: And the coins!

AK NARRATOR: Are these the coins with the message?

ISAAC NEWTON: Well THIS has certainly become a GREAT deal more interesting! Excuse me, Mr. Khaled, I want to check the next room to see if there are any other clues.

OMAR KHALED: Please do, Mr. Newton.

AK NARRATOR: What about the COINS, man?!

WILLIAM LOWNDES *returns:* Miss Galloway is fine.

OMAR KHALED: Thanks, William.

WILLIAM LOWNDES: She said that you saved her?

OMAR KHALED: No, she...she saved me! If it wasn't for her... William, I think I may have found someone that possesses ALL the skills necessary for TOP Assassin!

WILLIAM LOWNDES: You have?!

OMAR KHALED: She has the intelligence, dexterity, and SENSES required, AND the fortitude! I want to train her to join the Brotherhood.

WILLIAM LOWNDES: Her?!

AK NARRATOR: What the fuck?!

The Animus whirrs down and Aliyah gasps for air

ALIYAH KHAN: What the hell?! It was just getting good!

MY'SHELL LEMAIRE: We NEED. To GO.

ALIYAH KHAN: I thought you wanted me to find the coin?

MY'SHELL LEMAIRE *rushed:* Later! Maybe! We don't have time!

ALIYAH KHAN: Where's Gavin?

MY'SHELL LEMAIRE: He's waiting outside for us.

ALIYAH KHAN: Wait, hold on, what's happening?

MY'SHELL LEMAIRE: The Templars found us, they're on their way.

ALIYAH KHAN: The bad guys?!

MY'SHELL LEMAIRE: Yeah, and if they CATCH us, they're gonna kill us. Not just me and Gavin, but you too. SO, let's get the FUCK out of here!

The strings for the chapter end theme play

This already has taken me DAYS to write...If you have access to Audible and this drama, please follow along and let me know if there's any discrepancies, or if you'd like to see more chunks scripted like this, speak up in the comments! Just look how much more there still is to go...:

CHAPTER 3 - 00:35:16.00

Omar trains Rose

The Modern Gang escapes under the sewers, leaving the 2.03 behind

Gavin kills an Abstergo guard in front of Aliyah before they escape by boat

Padding face was a scrappy fighter

Zoo rendezvous leads to Aliyah and My'shell heart-to-heart, Notre dame fire, Greece
After-hours Ancestry Service, ExploreDNA Soho, London, VPN to hide
Yooz yur'ahms gyal! Horry op!
Arcade game visual DNA maps of lineage using a hacked VR headset for offline
Tape up security guard
Meet Shaun AI offline using a mobile animus version 4.83
Omar trains Rose
Omar meets a racist prison warden, Isaac Newton tussles with the Coral Thief
Omar interrogates the Coral Thief, Pudding face is a monster

CHAPTER 4 - 00:41:35.80

Why Aliyah likes poker
Omar tortures the Coral Thief, gets mystery man kidnapper answer, 344 Cannon
Isaac and Lowndes converse, then Omar and Lowndes
Omar and Isaac share an honest talk
Aliyah explains Sir Hayle's casino The Lair
Omar and Isaac visit 344 Cannon, dead Chaloner partner's body with Lat/Long codes
Omar and Isaac go to the Surrey Mill, get ambushed in the loud noises, Omar nearly drowns
James Blanchard's counterfeit coins
Isaac faints after so much excitement, Dr. Patrick orders him to rest
Finnegan comes out with Newton's broken heart from de Duillier and alchemical insanity
Aliyah tells of letting card sharks get her into LSE by tanking The Lair
Omar, Rose, and Father Jones talk, Omar tells of the day before, almost cuts off Rose
My'shell forces a break; Aliyah feeds the taped up guard, works for but not with Abstergo
Lord Dash's estate, Omar caves and joins Isaac to Bristol
Isaac and Omar ponder Chaloner's motives, Omar accuses alchemical obsession
Aliyah starts at LSE, befriends Bee. Obsessions, man...
Isaac and Omar find a tortured Niccolau, Isaac vows Chaloner's death

CHAPTER 5 - 00:32:11.00

Aliyah sucks at trust
Isaac prepares a bed for Niccolau, rushes his health, fingers Chaloner
Omar and Rose fight, make up, then discuss the hidden blade
Omar and Rose combat Templars with Eagle Vision, get caved in, Aliyah can't leave
Rose nearly kills a Templar for holding Rose captive, Rose and Omar bang
Aliyah debates Shaun AI on watching, Shaun AI has a humor code, Aliyah asks to find Jared
My'shell promises they're already well on it
Omar drops Rose off, but the Royal Guards arrest her father
Aliyah explains her and Jared's past
Omar orders an explanation from Isaac, they go to find the usurper
Tower of London, Isaac meets angry Rose
Isaac struggles with the Bookkeeper, finds Nigel Galloway
"Absconded"
Lowndes reveals Chaloner worked to accuse Isaac himself
My'shell reveals Jared and Aliyah's Father (both Templars) work for Agnetta Reider

CHAPTER 6 - 00:36:56.75

Aliyah and My'shell argue Aliyah's past
AI Shaun is currently not available, dad's a deadbeat
Omar and Rose confront Lowndes and Chaloner

Finnegan opens Isaac's safe with counterfeit coins, Chaloner provides evidence
Omar blows off Rose, Lowndes tries to convince Omar
Omar visits and turns Rose away, she orders him to leave
Aliyah talks about her dad's lighter
Omar visits Isaac in prison, de Duillier believes him
Omar guides de Duillier through a prison riot
Isaac escapes, is accused of 12 counterfeiter murders
Omar goes to see Lord Crystal, finds out Finnegan's former employ and treachery
Aliyah found out her father died and was happier for it
Omar finds Isaac torturing a servant of Crystal, Omar and Isaac fight, Niccolò leaves
Isaac threatens assisted suicide, then analyzes the small details
Omar Isaac and Finnegan escape the Crystal Estate fire
Finnegan fingers Chaloner, Rose betrays Omar and kills Finnegan from a rooftop
Aliyah opts to continue, vows to not run anymore and come for her dad

CHAPTER 7 - 00:31:39.01

Aliyah talks about her own betrayal
Finnegan dies, Isaac and Omar realize Chaloner's using Rose
Omar and Isaac confront Mr. Galloway, tour the estate, flip him after a fight
Galloway reveals Chaloner's plan to blow up the Tower of London
Isaac and Omar convince the Warden and Lowndes to check the Tower of London
Searches prove fruitless, Omar thinks of the catacombs
Omar confronts Rose underground, Isaac confronts Chaloner on a barge
Omar floods the catacombs to stop the explosives, killing Rose
Isaac forces Chaloner to back down when his plan fails and arrests him
Aliyah vows to be a better person
Lowndes thanks Isaac and Omar
Isaac acknowledges the Brotherhood, Omar moves on
Isaac gives Omar one of Chaloner's coins as thanks, "I Will Maintain"
Aliyah tells the code, Abstergo busts in and steals Gavin, the leader's Aliyah's dad

CHAPTER 8 - 00:31:01.00

What Aliyah imagined meeting her dad, only wanted a father to help her when she needed it
Aliyah gets Al Shaun to find Fahad Khan and Agnetta Reider
Aliyah and My'shell infiltrate an Abstergo power lunch
Aliyah confronts Agnetta Reider in a bathroom by stealing her watch
My'shell knocks out Gertz, Project Lighthouse, Agnetta folds, Newton Analytica, My'shell tazes
My'shell and Aliyah drive, boot up Al Shaun, find torture, Isaac Newton Cambridge Museum
Aliyah gets the hidden blade, Al Shaun cuts surveillance systems
The girls infiltrate, Al Shaun explodes a drilling machine, the girls save Gavin
My'shell gets winged by Khan, Aliyah confronts her father, stalls him, Al Shaun cuts power
Khan's claustrophobic too, but now Aliyah's at home in the dark, and kills her father
Aliyah doesn't believe her father's apology, "I'm NOT LIKE YOU!"
Everyone's okay and patched, Aliyah's investors get paid, Aliyah needs to cope
Aliyah asks about Omar, finds out he died 1yr after his child saving thousands of slaves
Aliyah wants to inspire others, turns down Assassins, hears "Prince George" cue
Aliyah confronts Bee, pays debts, hears about Jared's arrest by "Prince George's men"

ALIYAH KHAN: Yeah! Feelin' pretty GOOD, actually! For the first time in a
WHILE!!!

Aliyah shuts the door while a musical bell and bass ring out and fade as another note hits

Aliyah approaches the old seedy gambling den, once again confronting the BOUNCER

Aliyah meets back up with My'shell and Gavin
Aliyah's ready to take that leap

Aliyah pushes her pile of chips into the pot

ALIYAH KHAN: I'm all in!

POKER DEALER: Player's all in.

The Chapter Ending Theme plays for the final time

END CREDITS - 00:03:32.31

Tense piano and violin music plays as the Narrator begins

MALE NARRATOR: You have been listening to Assassin's Creed: Gold by Anthony Del Col. A Story Circle production for Audible Originals, directed by Garrick Haggin. Starring Riz Ahmed as Omar Khalid, Anthony Head as Sir Isaac Newton, Tamara Lawrance as Aliyah Khan, John Chancer as Gavin Banks, Ray Fearon as Fahad Khan, Gemma Lawrence as Rose Galloway, and Danny Wallace as Shaun Hastings.

Also featuring Nicholas le Prevost as William Lowndes, Hayward B. Morse as Sir Nigel Galloway, Laila Paine as My'shell Lemaire, Nigel Pilkington as Niccolo Fatio de Duillier, David Rintoul as Finnegan, Rachel Atkins as Agnetta Reider, and Daniel Waymon as William Chaloner.

With Laura Aikman as Meredith Crystal, Brian Bowles as The Banker, Andrew Branch as Lord Benedict Crystal, Lilly Donovan as Daisy Walter, Rupert Fairely as Tower Warden, Owen Findlay as Royal Guardsman, Jason Forbes as Oliver Augustus, Nicholas Goh as Casino Dealer, David John as Sir Artemis Murray, Jim Johnson as James Blanchart, Will Kelly as Jack Oliver, John Last as Prison Gatekeeper, Simon Lipson as Templar Commander, Paul Panting as Father Jones, Joseph Radcliffe as Tower Captain, Anne Rosenfeld as Hayley Felton, Eliza Ross as Conference Speaker, Jennifer Saayeng as Bianca, and Gyru Sarossy as Templar Officer. Other parts were played by members of the company.

Vocal Edit and Sound Design by Steve Foxen. Script Editor: Erin Hillard.
Casting and Production lead by Louise Bland and Muriel Runnacre-Temple for

Audible Studios. Production Coordinator: Alex Currin. Broadcast Assistant: Liza Ross. The production was engineered by Rowan Onrate.

This was a collaboration with Ubisoft, with thanks to Amar Razasha, Anuk Bakman, Fatia Chelalie, Julian Faber, Susan Patrick, Aldo Sampeo, and Justine Viliniv.

Director of Audible Studios: Rachel Knotten. Production Executive: Hayley Nathan for Audible Originals. Commissioning Editor: Lydia Shama for Audible Originals. Visit audible.co.uk for plenty more titles!

The bass and strings softly fade in then out

AUDIBLE NARRATOR: Audible hopes you've enjoyed this program.