



DON'T CALL ABIGAIL

A DISCO ELYSIUM MODULE

The Proposal

For a few months I've been tinkering with an idea for a small, DLC-sized *Disco Elysium* mod, where you wander the bottom half of Martinaise as the character dubbed "Don't Call Abigail". It is December of the year '50, a few months before the events of the actual game, and you are an obscure bum who blacked out so badly last night, you can't even remember your own name. You have cleaned out your own memory.

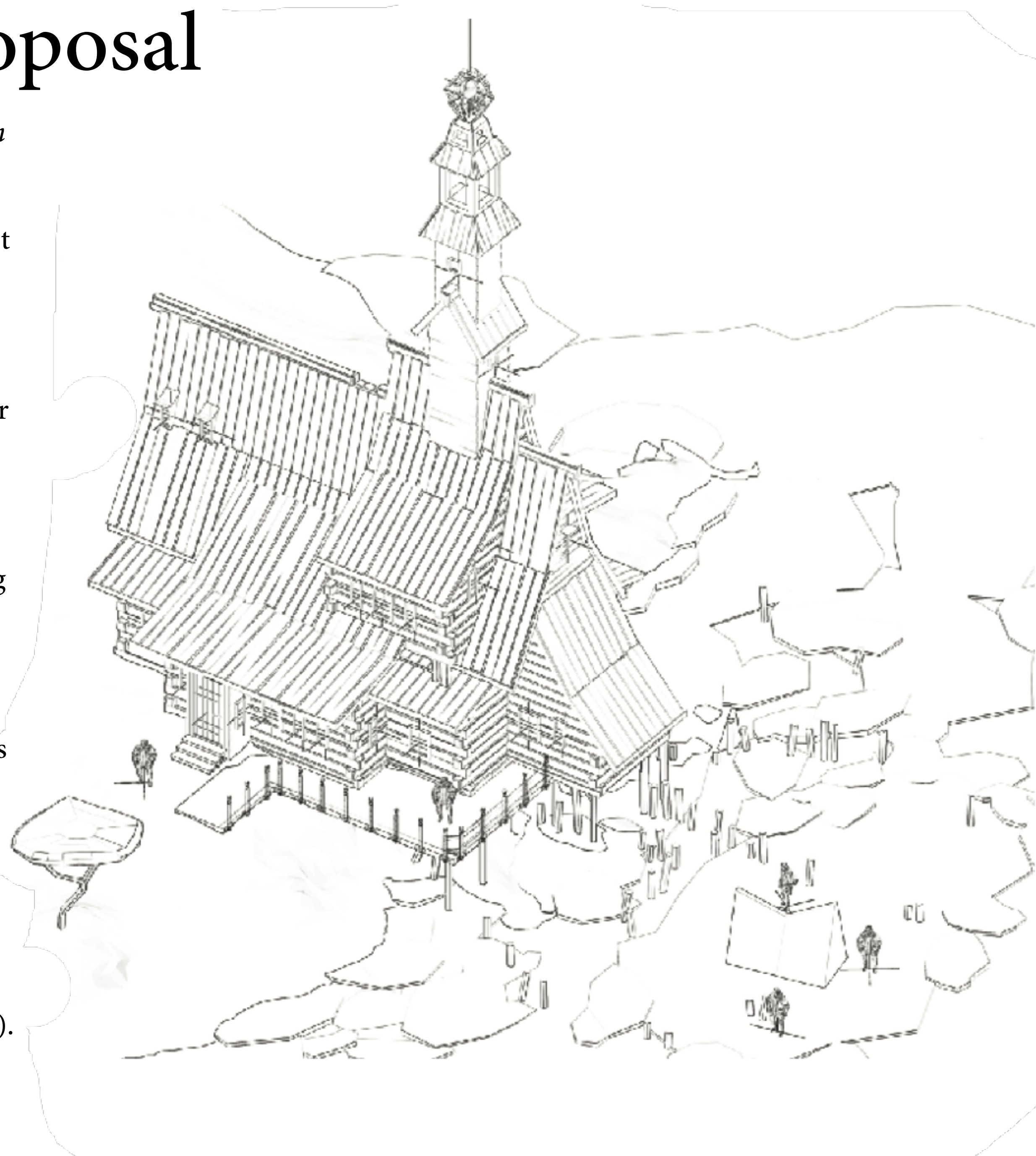
Conceptually, the structure and beats would parallel *DE* proper - memory loss, substance abuse, figuring out your identity (or creating a new one for yourself) - but providing alternative perspectives, re-contextualisation and commentary, as you wander the coastline in the body of someone even more aimless than an amnesiac police detective - just another random drunk.

The module would fill out some of the more deserted corners of Martinaise - the unnamed fishing village, Feld Electrical building, and surrounding coastline, expanding those quiet spaces with characters, history and secrets that weren't present (or accessible) during our beloved detectives' time in the orphan district.

In this pitch document I've mapped out some starting ideas for storylines, characters (returning and original), roleplaying opportunities and other bits and pieces. But there's no way I could pull off something like this alone - all I'm good for is the odd bit of creative writing and powerpoint design. So here's where this pitch document comes alive, and addresses itself specifically to you - the reader.

I can't make this happen alone, and frankly, I don't know if I'd even want to. This project is wanting seriously for writers, artists and programmers, so if you're intrigued by what you see here, and have an interest in applying to help develop it further, check out the last page for contact details and a vision statement (*cough* manifesto *cough*).

With that out of the way, allons-y! Let the pitch begin.



A character in a red jacket is crouching on a concrete platform in a dilapidated shack. The shack has a corrugated metal roof and wooden walls. A large, round, metallic object hangs from the ceiling. The scene is dimly lit, with a warm, orange glow from a light source. The character is looking down at something on the ground.

Who Are You?

You awake groggily, in a dingy shack. You are a man on the wrong side of forty, with thinning hair and bad breath. Your stomach sags around the midriff, and you can feel your joints creaking as you attempt to stand.

You have forgotten everything. Everything that has ever happened to you, up to and including your own name. You no longer remember the shape of the world, or where you were born. The one thing you're pretty certain of is that you're *not* a cop.

After a bender of apocalyptic proportions, another citizen of Revachol has managed to blot out his entire life. And this time, there's no urgent murder investigation that requires his focus and a sober attitude.

You're just another nameless drunk, waking up on the impoverished coastline of a village that just about everybody has forgotten exists. It's just you, your restless, shifting thoughts, and cold wind from the ocean hissing through the wooden walls.

But there are two other things inside the shack with "ALLEZ VOUS-EN" painted across its eternite roofing. The first is a Triget oscillographic projector, knocked on its side. Soft, warm light trickles from the lens onto the wall, but the film inside is trapped in the projector's broken exoskeleton. Unwatchable.

The other thing in the shack is a foul smelling bucket of red paint, brush handle poking from its murky depths. On the rotting floorboards of the shack, someone has scrawled a warning in scarlet.

"DON'T CALL ABIGAIL".

Returning Characters



IDIOT DOOM SPIRAL and ROSEMARY

Your two best friends in the whole world – or are they? These guys are your quest givers, dealers, and first opportunity to define yourself. Do you take their tales of buried graphic designers with skulls of cocaine as gospel? Or do you try to undermine and ignore them at every turn? Problem is, they know more about you than you know about yourself.



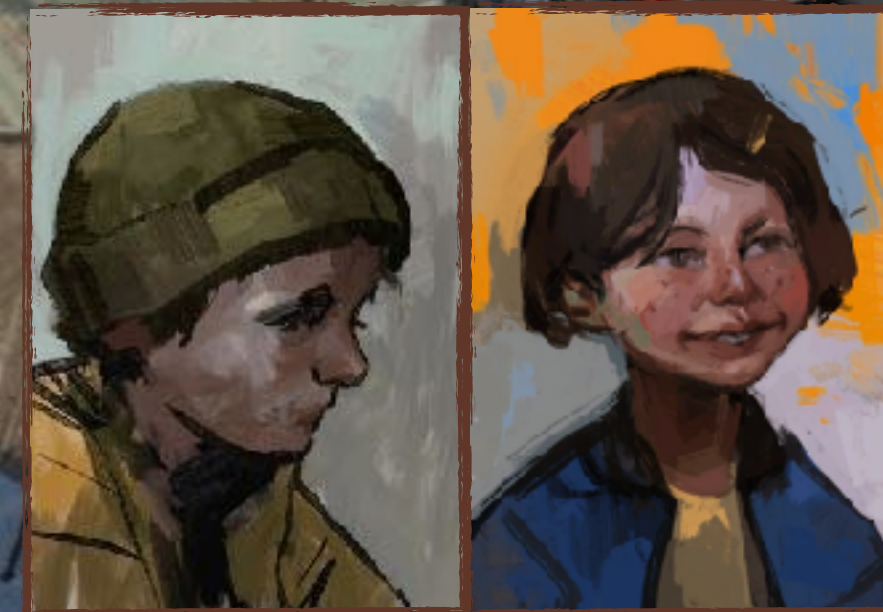
PISSF***T and FUCK THE WORLD

On day two (*if* you get the water lock open), this pair of wannabe Skulls turn up on the sea ice where, in a few weeks, Harry du Bois will crash his motor car. They're even more condescending and brattish towards you than they were to the detectives – after all, you've got no sweet kineema. But you *can* help them out with a scheme, if you complete it before pissing off the Hardy Boys.



LILIENNE and WASHERWOMAN

The two stateswomen of the tiny village south of Martinaise fill similar roles as they did in *Disco Elysium*. Lilienne's history of turning down advances from sad, bloated drunks is illustrated even more sharply, as is her reasoning for keeping a sword on her hip. The Washerwoman is again sharp and kindly, always a step ahead of the local drunks. But could she also be... looking for love?



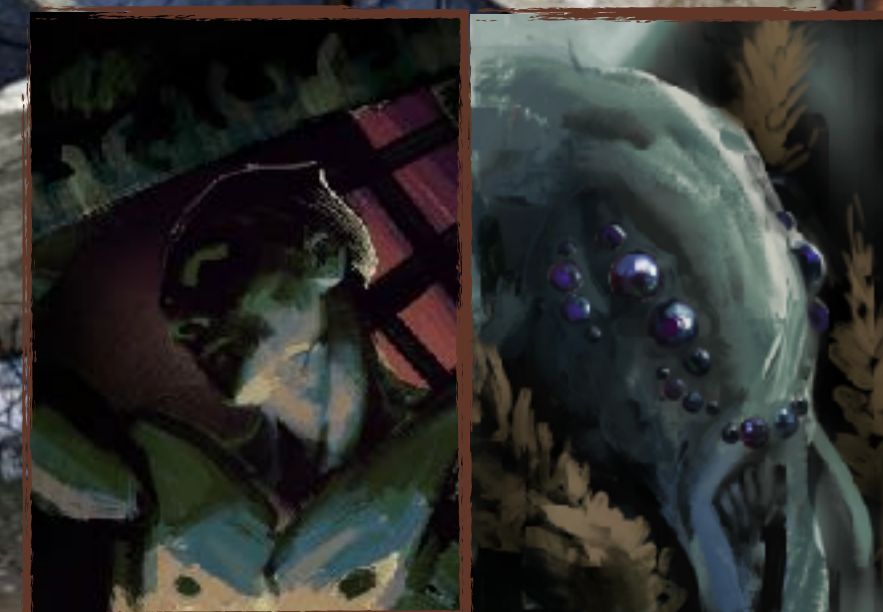
LILIENNE'S TWINS and LITTLE LILY

The twins are just as confusing as before, possibly even more so. Like Egghead, their dialogue trees become so perplexing and multi-faceted as to lose all meaning, but also contain flashes of insight. Little Lily is as sweet to you as she was to Harry – but probably best not to try and involve her in your attempts to romance her mother.



GLEN and SHANKY

If you call the union and successfully convince them to open the water lock, you'll be greeted by the Hardy Boys' finest - or close enough. Glen and Shanky are an odd pair, flitting between intimidating and hapless on a dime. But they're here with orders - keep any "undesirables" out of Martinaise proper - especially any drunks who might have caused a scene in town, a few days prior. If you push them, they'll toss you over the canal and close the water lock behind you.



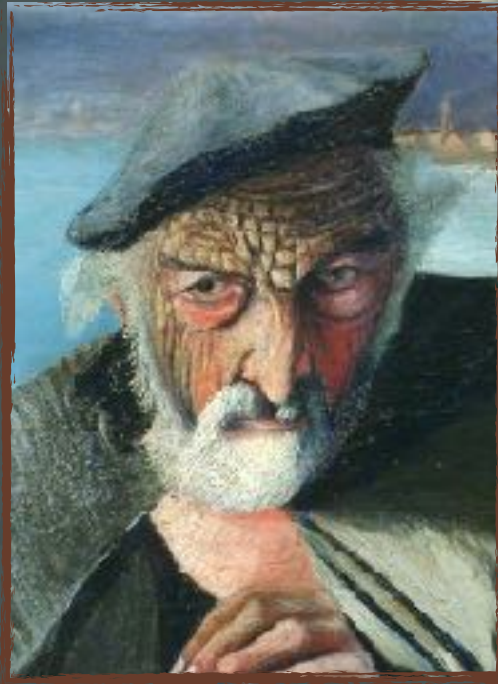
TIAGO and THE INSULINDIAN PHASMID

Tiago and The Phasmid are part of the finale, only encountered on day three during possible end quests. If you get inside the church, you'll meet Tiago before you tangle yourself up with the 2mm Hole in the World, dumped out as the comatose drunk we meet in *Disco Elysium* proper. If you choose to end it all, walk into the cold blue water at the tip of the islet, the Insulindian Phasmid finds you trying to drown yourself and envelops you in pheromones, carrying you to shore. But the miracle has broken you.

New Characters

OLD FISHERMAN

At the edge of the ancient dock creaking in the shadow of the Feld building, an old fisherman has set up his perch. Spider-like hands are folded on a thin stomach, loosely cradling a rod. His eyes, sunken into a hairy, pockmarked face, are half-closed. The old man is brusque if you disturb his fishing, and will ask you to leave him in peace. But what of his past? And could he also be... looking for love?



Tivadar Kosztka Csontváry

BUSINESS MINDED INDIVIDUAL

The man sporting an uncreased pink dress shirt, with absolutely filthy shoes, stares up in awe at the small building adjacent to Feld Electrical. His sunglasses are in serious danger of falling off his face. This charming entrepreneur has come to Martinaise to work his business wiles, and conjure up a modest fortune. He should *absolutely* meet Idiot Doom Spiral. Peanut butter and jam, those two. Surely he's not just another loser stuck in Martinaise?



Vincent Van Gogh

MARTINAISE EX-PATRIOT

This woman is dressed for the cold. A thick scarf, gloves, and a long coat protect her from as much of the chill as she can afford. She's still shivering. She always shivers here. She grew up in the city, and her family had a doomed summer home here, in the south end of Martinaise. She escaped Revachol's black hole of misery as an adult, and has only returned on "business". But something else has brought her back to Martinaise, camping in the ruins of the house she spent summers in. Nostalgia? Regret? Longing? The desire to stay in *this* world for a little longer? Why don't you ask her.



Camille Pissarro



u/MitrindirLK, Reddit

CRYPTIC CREATURE (MAMMAL OF UNUSUAL PROPORTIONS)

This *creature* is nothing you've ever seen before. It's not a possum. It's not a squirrel. It's not even a capybara (if you can remember what that is). It's bigger than all of those things, with its glassy black eyes and stumpy limbs. Chittering away to itself on the sea ice. Oh, *shit*. Is it looking at you now? Don't try to fight it, you wouldn't stand a chance. Follow it back to its burrow, if you can keep up. Who knows? Maybe it'll lead you to the cocaine skull.

WOMAN WITH ACOUSTIC GUITAR

Perched on the steps of the church, a young woman gingerly picks away at a battered acoustic guitar. Her fingers are red from the cold and the coarse nylon strings. She seems to be waiting for inspiration to strike. She's an acquaintance of some ravers, who told her about this old church they wanted to convert into a club. But they had a falling out, and now she's not sure *what* to do. Sadly, the church is locked and she doesn't have the key. Could you convince her to lend you her guitar? See if it *stirs* anything.



Aleksander Rostov

ABIGAIL

Unthinkable. Immeasurable. Indefinable. The "ex-something", or something more? Lost hope, that's for certain. The driving force for you to start again, in a new life, by the seaside. Failing that - the Insulindic ocean does seem to be *inviting* you.

Don't call her. I'm begging you, don't call her. I don't want that on my conscience.



Claude Monet

Questlines

The module takes place over the course of three days. New characters and opportunities will open up on each day, and there are several questlines that resolve on day three, which can lead to various endings.

Some possible quests I've started outlining are as follows:

FINDING THE COCAINE SKULL

- Described in glorious detail by Idiot Doom Spiral.
- Your lifelong ambition.
- Only completable on day three.

CROSSING THE WATER LOCK

- The water lock is inaccessible on day one, but there's a note with a phone number for you to call the Débardeurs' Union about it.
- If you call from the payphone and successfully convince them to open the water lock, the following day you'll find a couple of Hardie Boys – Glen and Shanky – ready to keep any “undesirables” out of Martinaise proper. That means you.
- Testing their patience will (at best), result in you being thrown into the canal, forced to claw your way back to the village. The water lock will become permanently inaccessible after that (which other characters may be less than thrilled by).

BUY BOOZE FROM ROSEMARY

- Rosemary is the sole source of trade and barter in the area, but there's a problem. He simply won't give you any *money*.
- Instead, he'll exchange whatever you can scavenge for booze – so long as you can convince him that what you've found is “High-Value” enough for another bottle of potent pilsner – or a quick hit of speed.

SET UP THE WASHERWOMAN WITH THE OLD FISHERMAN

- Get them to agree to a blind date! It'll be cute. Like mashing dolls' faces together. You'll feel some control over the world.

REPAIR YOUR PROJECTOR

- Get inside the Feld Electrical building to find the parts required to repair your projector.
- Fix the projector and free the film inside. Set it all up, and finally see what mystery you tried to hide from yourself.

HELP WITH IDIOT DOOM SPIRAL'S BUSINESS VENTURES

- Idiot Doom Spiral claims to know *things*. Things about *you*, and who you were before getting so terminally hammered that your life faded in the rear view mirror.
- He's got a variety of business endeavours for the two of you to embark upon, with promises of big payoffs and “changing the status quo” – along with more information about your lost identity as you help him achieve his lofty aims.
- Unfortunately, the vast majority of his plans are simply impossible. You can't cross the water lock into Martinaise proper, there's no real economy in the dilapidated fishing village, and the one “Business Minded Individual” you come across turns out to be a charlatan. Who'd have thought!
- Eventually you can attempt enough of his tasks to get the truth out of Idiot Doom Spiral, but it's nothing especially helpful. You turned up at their stomping grounds a few weeks ago, in much a similar state as you're in now. He can fill in some of the details of what you've been up to here in Martinaise, but your real past – the one you came here to escape from – is as much a mystery to him as to you.

GET INSIDE THE CHURCH

- Find the key, and meet Tiago and Dolores Dei.
- Fuck the 2mm hole in the world.
- Only completable on day three.

CONVINCE LILIENCE TO MARRY YOU

- It will *never* happen.

SING THE SADDEST SONG YOU KNOW

- Succeed a skill check when talking to the Woman With Acoustic Guitar to sing the cult hit, *No Children*, by Gurdi's Mountain Goats.

VISIONS OF LA ROYAUME

- Where is this place? You catch glimpses of underground passages, distant laughter. Is this the path to the cocaine skull? Then why does it feel like childhood...

GET INSIDE THE BUNKER

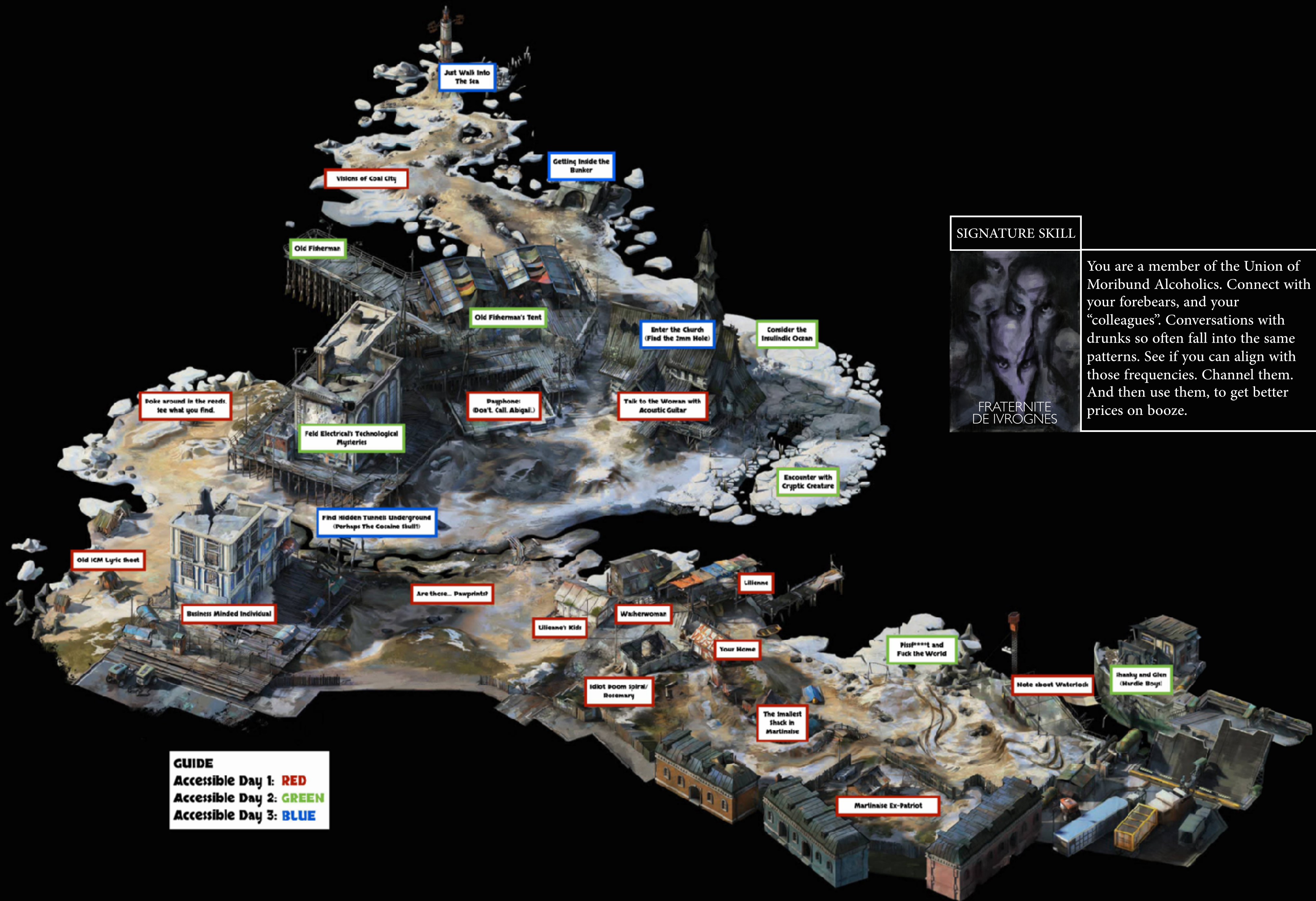
- Haven't you always wanted to know what's behind that door?

SING AN OLD MARCHING ANTHEM

- You find an old lyrics sheet to “La Revacholier”, anthem of the Insulindian Citizens Militia. Learn the words. Sing it sometime.

CALL ABIGAIL

- Collect enough money to use the payphone. Again and again.
- Don't do it.



GUIDE
 Accessible Day 1: **RED**
 Accessible Day 2: **GREEN**
 Accessible Day 3: **BLUE**

SIGNATURE SKILL



You are a member of the Union of Moribund Alcoholics. Connect with your forebears, and your "colleagues". Conversations with drunks so often fall into the same patterns. See if you can align with those frequencies. Channel them. And then use them, to get better prices on booze.

Just Walk Into The Sea

Visions of Coal City

Getting Inside the Bunker

Old Fisherman

Old Fisherman's Tent

Enter the Church (Find the 2mm Hole)

Consider the Insulidic Ocean

Poke around in the reefs. See what you find.

Payphone: Don't Call Abigail

Talk to the Woman with Acoustic Guitar

Feld Electrical's Technological Mysteries

Encounter with Cryptic Creature

Find Hidden Tunnel Underground (Perhaps The Cocaine Skull?)

Old ICM Lyric Sheet

Business Minded Individual

Are there... Pawprints?

Lilienne

Lilienne's Kids

Washerwoman

Your Nema

Piss**** and Fuck the World

Idiot Boom spiral/Rosemary

The Smallest Shack in Martimaze

Note about Waterlock

Shanky and Glen (Hardie Boys)

Martimaze Ex-Patriot

What Kind of Bum Are You [Thought Cabinet]

Sorry pal. You're not a cop this time. Just another bum, with a thin mat to crash on and not enough change for another bottle.

But that won't stop you! You've got shit to say and people to be. Choose your options, how the world perceives you. Sure, you'll be a bum no matter what, but what *potential* do you hold?

Some of these "Vaga-bonds" are Copotypes from the existing game, only tweaked slightly. Others are entirely original, based around the alternate options that wandering the bottom half of Martinaise provides.

Once you're assigned a Pharmaceutical Disposition (next slide), your choice of drug and Vaga-bonds may merge into a "Studio-Personality", or leave you a convoluted mess. It's totally up to you! And however many dialogue options we can write.

As in the original game, there'll be unrelated thoughts in the thought cabinet, alongside the "Vaga-bonds". Some I've thought of so far include "I've Walked Le Royaume" and "Functional Game Studio".

SAD BUM

- Generally a Downer.
- Cries a lot.
- Who invited this guy?
- Won't shut up about the past.

APOCALYPSE BUM

- Fire and brimstone, *right now*.
- You seek to precipitate The Gloaming.
- Says stuff like "The end is *super* nigh."
- Life would be simpler in the ashes.

COP BUM

- Secretly an *undercover* cop.
- Not actually a bum at all.
- Wield your authority.
- This will get their respect.

FASHION BUM

- Fashion is everywhere. Look. Closely.
- Mix patterns, clash colours.
- Start your own clothing line?
- It's *post*-irony!

OPTIMIST BUM

- Incurable positivity.
- Shouldn't like life as much as he does.
- Generally insufferable.
- Bad in emotional situations.

SORRY BUM

- Sorry for making this an option again.
- Apologising for apologising.
- We'll have to start a Sorry Jar.
- Everything really *is* your fault.

KING BUM

- Turn Martinaise into your palace.
- Climb the rungs of the ladder to power.
- Good for schemers.
- King of what, exactly?

HERO BUM

- The world needs heroes, even here.
- Help people, especially if they don't ask.
- Doing good makes you *feel* good.
- You'll win them all back.

Pharmaceutical Disposition

Playing on *Disco Elysium's* "Political Alignments", here you are assigned your "Pharmaceutical Disposition". Unlike Detective Dick Mullen, your options do not contain big picture consequences for the future of Revachol. They do however, have macroscopic consequences for the future of your nervous system.

Your Disposition is developed based on which drug you consume most often (or, in the case of "Cocainum Demon", the one you babble at strangers about most). Once you internalise that drug's respective Thought, it will introduce new dialogue options, and gaining more of it will become a remarked upon objective for our protagonist.

The four drugs available to obsess over – Cocaine, Speed, Alcohol and Pyrholidon, also knit together loosely with the four political ideologies presented in the base game; Ultraliberal, Fascist, Moralistic and Communist, to provide a degree of verisimilitude with the critiques made of those worldviews. *Disco Elysium* *did* political alignments already. Let's take a stab at an alternative.

Mixing and matching your drug of choice with the forms of expression available in the Thought Cabinet should result in some interesting and unique outcomes. Are you a sad sack speed freak? A blacklight king pyrholidologist? A fiendish cocaine fashionista? Express your inner turmoil.

Sobriety is possible, but it's no fun at *all*.



COCAINUM DEMON

- Idealistic and ideological.
- Obsessive.
- Power hungry.
- Overly ambitious.

SPEED FREAKK

- The Wild Side.
- A little of the old Ultraviolence.
- Says things other people won't.
- Get territorial.

BORING OLD ALCOHOLIC

- Sad.
- Suicidal, but not interesting about it.
- Obsessed with the past.
- Trying to fall out of the world.

PYRHOLIDOLOGIST (pyr-holi-dolo-gist)

- Kind of a Space Cadet.
- The Abstract Man, man!
- Unconcerned with the material.
- Hung up on minute detail.

The Grand Finale

FUCK THE WORLD

You've made it inside the holiest of holies. The ancient Dolorian church has intrigued you for too long – it's time to uncover its secrets. Find the source of the hole in your heart, and make a bigger one. Ruin your brain forever. Stick your dick in the 2mm Hole in the World, and be done with it.

A NEW LIFE, BY THE SEASIDE

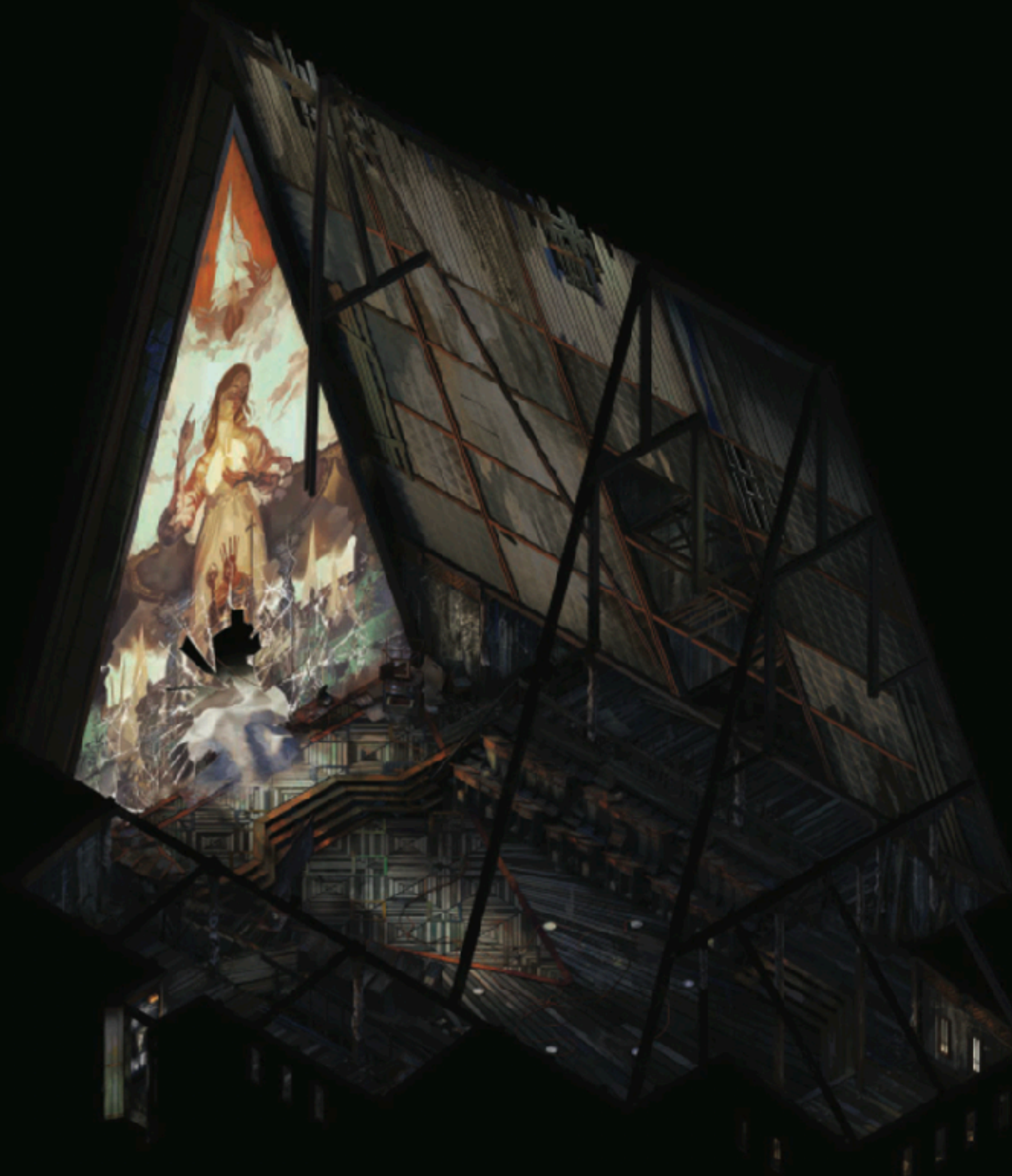
You know what it is you have to do. You've always known. Time to stop spinning that tape. Walk to the edge of the world and let yourself go. Jump into the blue water. It'll all be okay once you drift away – if the world lets you drift away at all.

HEAVY IS THE HEAD

You've succeeded where all others have failed. For decades, this miserable coastline has been torn apart by true believers, but you alone will share in the spoils of victory. Partake from The Cocaine Skull, and let yourself vanish in a cloud of purple smoke.

LOVE CALLS YOU BY YOUR NAME

You've scrounged up every spare coin and black note on this wretched coast. Now it's time to call her. Call her as many times as you can. Doesn't matter if it destroys you completely. You need to know what she was to you – what you were to *her*.



Here We Are, We Three

Once you've "successfully" completed your endgame quest, your sense of identity is annihilated to such a degree that, in every encounter, your dialogue options are reduced to variations on a single phrase. "DON'T CALL ABIGAIL." Practically everyone you can talk to quickly cuts off conversation, once they realise you're stuck in a loop.

You can't really go anywhere or do anything, thanks to the new depths of identity loss you've plummeted to. Eventually you'll be forced to make your way back to Idiot Doom Spiral and Rosemary, who take "pity" on your monosyllabic state. Rotten as they may be, they're the only friends you'll ever know again.

Take the drinks they offer and their vapid conversation, forgotten as soon as you hear it. This is perhaps, the last island of beauty in the world. The pair feed you alcohol until you pass out for the final time, collapsing onto the thin mat in the shack, where you drift into an uneasy sleep.

The player has all agency taken away, stuck with a single dialogue option... Until the very last one.

The module ends with a final conversation with your inner voices, and in its closing moment, you are presented with a **new** single dialogue option - one that represents who you decided to roleplay as, with more than a dozen different possible final dialogue lines, based on your Vaga-Bonds, Thought Cabinet and Disposition.

The last line of the game belongs to the character the player has decided to build, a culmination of all the myriad ways you've tried to reconstruct yourself since waking up in Martinaise.



The Spirit of Elysium

ZA/UM as we knew it has disintegrated. The creative minds behind *Disco Elysium* have fragmented, parting ways to start their own spiritual successors. *Disco Elysium 2* has been cancelled, as have all spin-offs in development. Court cases against ZA/UM are still ongoing, but stagnated.

For the foreseeable future, Disco appears to be dead.

We may never see anything else officially published in the world of Elysium. There'll be imitators, and I'm certain some will be great, but the world that began as a series of tabletop campaigns, led to the creation of *Sacred and Terrible Air* and finally evolved into *Disco Elysium*, may have vanished forever behind a veil of corporate meddling.

But art, once it's put out into the world, belongs to its audience, as much as any single creator or IP-hoarding corporation. I know that I'm not the only writer, artist, or designer who's been influenced by *Disco Elysium*. This is a game about idealism, collective power, the ability to take ideas and reinvent them. It's already inspired people to create their own paintings, animations, fan fiction, even an 8-bit demake. For a story so invested in how art affects our emotional experience, maybe this story's real future is with its fans.

If we want to see more from the world that you, and I, and so many others have fallen in love with, I'd make the argument that it's up to us to *steal* Elysium for ourselves. To tell stories that re-conceptualize and commentate on ideas from the original, miraculous game. Something new, to let us linger in Revachol a little while longer. It might just be a pipe dream, but I can't help but imagine a world where it could happen.

Cards on the table, I am not the person I would have envisioned attempting this. Outside of an Actual Film Degree and a couple of years DMing, I have zero game-making credentials. But I still feel inspired by the original vision of ZA/UM – bringing together a group of artists and dreamers to create something that, by all odds, shouldn't have been possible. I'm no Robert Kurvitz (for better and for worse), but I've directed volunteer creative teams before, and I care deeply about this story and world. I'm willing to bet that you do too.

I have no clue if this project will actually materialise, or if it'll fall by the wayside like so many artistic endeavours before it. But I believe that if we want to see The Return, it's something we have to make happen ourselves. I hope that you'll join me.

After all, in dark times, should the stars also go out?

Currently looking for:

- Writers
- Artists
- Programmers

To help develop this project further.

