



# DON'T CALL ABIGAIL

FAN-MADE

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.

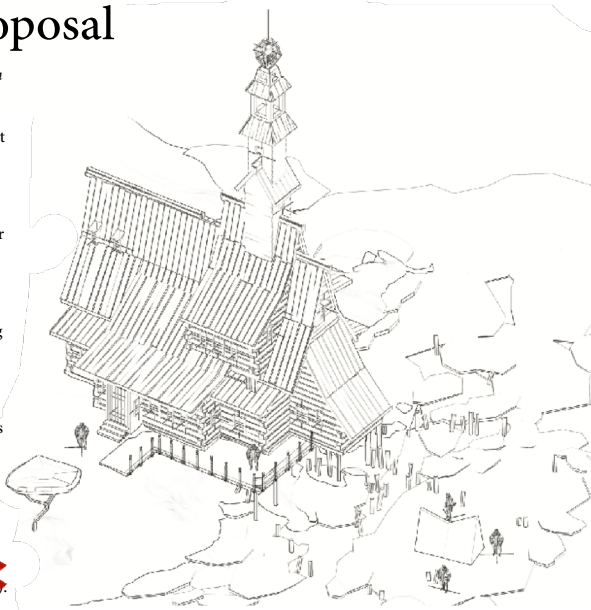
Conceptually, the structure and beats would parallel *DE* proper - memory loss, substance abuse, ~~figuring out your identity~~ (or creating a new one for yourself) - but providing alternative perspectives, re-contextualisation and commentary, as you wander the coastline in the body of someone even more 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~~  
~~For~~  
~~by what you see here, and have an interest in helping out (I'd be happy to~~  
~~with the help of for contact details and~~ (I'd be happy to help out if you're interested enough).

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



# 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 happened to you, up to and including your name.~~ You no longer remember the shape of the world, or where you are. The only thing you're pretty certain of is that you're \*not\* a cop.

After ~~a long, painful, painful~~, another citizen of Revachol has managed to blot out his entire life. And this time, there's ~~an 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 ~~other things inside the shack with "ALLEZ VOUS-EN" painted across its stonitessing.~~ The first is a ~~Tiger~~ scillographic 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 ~~mechanism.~~

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

"DON'T CALL ABIGAIL."

CHARCOAL

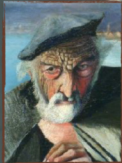
WALL



# New Characters

## OLD FISHERMAN

At the edge of the ancient dock, ~~cradling 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 ~~hair~~, 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 Koszta Csontváry

## BUSINESS MINDED INDIVIDUAL

The man ~~speaking an increased~~ ~~elderly~~ ~~shoes~~, stares up in awe at the small building adjacent to Feld Electrical. ~~They~~ ~~are in serious danger~~ ~~of falling~~ ~~face.~~ This charming ~~antagonist~~ has come to Martinaise to ~~his~~ ~~business~~ ~~will~~ ~~and~~ ~~his~~ ~~best~~ ~~fortune.~~ He should \*absolutely\* meet Idiot Doom Spiral. ~~But~~ ~~what~~ ~~then~~ ~~is~~ ~~the~~ ~~point?~~ ~~She'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~~ ~~business~~ ~~in~~ ~~the~~ ~~south~~ ~~end~~ ~~of~~ ~~Martinaise~~ ~~and~~ ~~she~~ ~~was~~ ~~forced~~ ~~to~~ ~~leave~~ ~~her~~ ~~home~~ ~~and~~ ~~her~~ ~~family~~ ~~in~~ ~~the~~ ~~midst~~ ~~of~~ ~~her~~ ~~adolescence~~ ~~and~~ ~~she~~ ~~has~~ ~~been~~ ~~forced~~ ~~to~~ ~~live~~ ~~in~~ ~~the~~ ~~misery~~ ~~as~~ ~~an~~ ~~adult~~ ~~and~~ ~~she~~ ~~has~~ ~~only~~ ~~returned~~ ~~on~~ ~~"business"~~ ~~But~~ ~~she~~ ~~is~~ ~~not~~ ~~just~~ ~~another~~ ~~loser~~ ~~stuck~~ ~~in~~ ~~Martinaise~~ ~~convinced~~ ~~in~~ ~~the~~ ~~ruins~~ ~~of~~ ~~the~~ ~~house~~ ~~she~~ ~~spent~~ ~~summers~~ ~~in~~ ~~North~~ ~~is~~ ~~it?~~ ~~But~~ ~~what~~ ~~is~~ ~~the~~ ~~point?~~ ~~Longing?~~ ~~The~~ ~~desire~~ ~~to~~ ~~do~~ ~~as~~ ~~she~~ ~~did~~ ~~in~~ ~~her~~ ~~childhood~~ ~~is~~ ~~it?~~ ~~Why~~ ~~don't~~ ~~you~~ ~~ask~~ ~~her?~~



Camille Pisarro



w/MitramdiEK, Reddin

## 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 glossy black eyes and ~~stumpy~~ ~~limbs.~~ ~~Chittering~~ ~~away~~ ~~to~~ ~~itself~~ ~~on~~ ~~the~~ ~~occure.~~ 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~~ ~~mine~~ ~~and~~ ~~she~~ ~~has~~ ~~told~~ ~~me~~ ~~about~~ ~~the~~ ~~old~~ ~~church~~ ~~she~~ ~~plans~~ ~~to~~ ~~convert~~ ~~into~~ ~~a~~ ~~bar.~~ ~~But~~ ~~she~~ ~~has~~ ~~been~~ ~~falling~~ ~~and~~ ~~now~~ ~~she's~~ ~~not~~ ~~sure~~ ~~"what"~~ ~~to~~ ~~do.~~ ~~Sadly,~~ ~~the~~ ~~church~~ ~~is~~ ~~locked~~ ~~and~~ ~~she~~ ~~can't~~ ~~open~~ ~~it~~ ~~herself.~~ ~~Could~~ ~~you~~ ~~convince~~ ~~her~~ ~~to~~ ~~lend~~ ~~you~~ ~~her~~ ~~guitar?~~ ~~See~~ ~~if~~ ~~it~~ ~~"stirs"~~ ~~anything.~~



Alexander Rostor

## ABIGAIL

~~Can~~ ~~she~~ ~~do~~ ~~more?~~ ~~Lost~~ ~~is~~ ~~she?~~ ~~That's~~ ~~for~~ ~~certain.~~ ~~The~~ ~~driving~~ ~~force~~ ~~for~~ ~~you~~ ~~to~~ ~~start~~ ~~again,~~ ~~in~~ ~~a~~ ~~new~~ ~~life,~~ ~~by~~ ~~the~~ ~~seaside.~~ ~~Follow~~ ~~up~~ ~~with~~ ~~me.~~ ~~Why~~ ~~don't~~ ~~you~~ ~~ask~~ ~~her?~~

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



Camille 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 Debardeurs' 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 Shandy - ready to keep any "and so on" ~~out of Martin's papers~~ that means you.
- ~~Testing their patience will (at best)~~ ~~ult 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 A DATE WITH THE OLD FIGHTERMAN

- Get them to agree to a blind date! It'll be cute. Like mashing don's 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 ~~finally~~ ~~set it all up, and finally~~ ~~you're to make your point.~~

## 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 Martin's camp~~ there's no real economy in the dilapidated fishing village, and the one "Business Minded Individual" you come across ~~is a total charlatan who's here through~~.
- Eventually you can attempt enough of his tasks to ~~get the truth out of Idiot Doom Spiral, but it's nothing especially helpful.~~ You ~~carried up at their stomping grounds a few weeks ago, in what a primal state as you remember.~~ We can ~~fill in some of the details of what you've been up to here in Martin's~~, but your ~~real past~~ - the one you came here to escape from - is as much ~~important to him as to you.~~

## GET INSIDE THE CHURCH

- Find the key, and meet Tiago and ~~Deliver De~~.
- 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 ~~✓~~ ~~skill check~~ when talking to the Woman With Acoustic Guitar to sing the cult hit, ~~No Children~~, by ~~Gardie's Mountain Goat~~.

## VISIONS OF LA ROYAUME [THOUGHT]

- 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

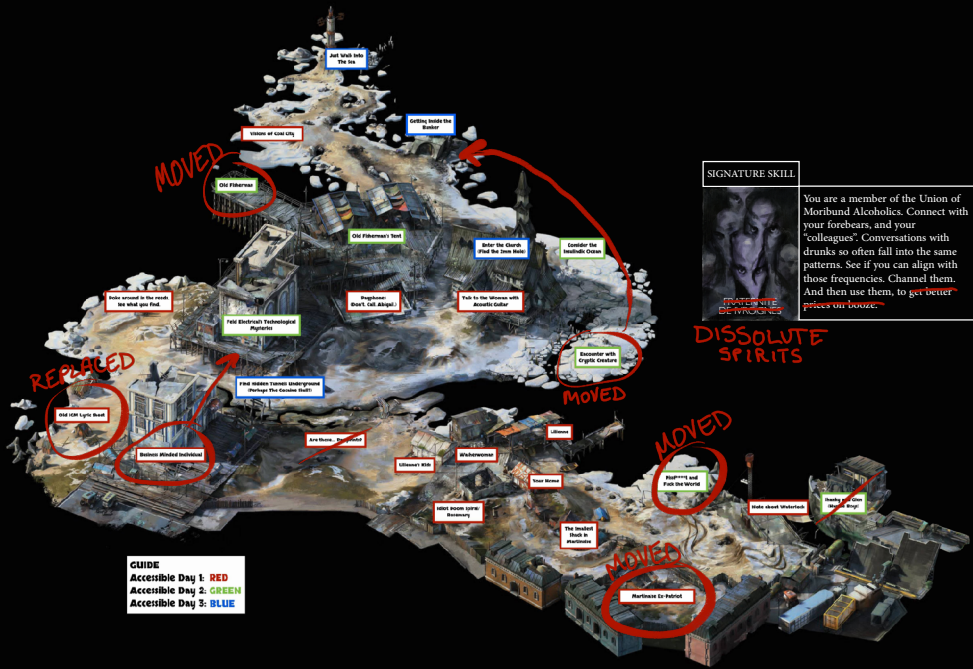
- Haven't you always wanted to know what's behind that door?

## SING AN OLD MARCHING ANTHEM

- You ~~feel~~ ~~an old~~ ~~cheat to "La Revolucion"~~ ~~of the Insulindian Citizens' Militia.~~ Learn the ~~word~~ ~~sing it~~ ~~some~~.

## 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.

**DISSOLVE SPIRITS**

**MOVED**

**REPLACED**

**MOVED**

**MOVED**

**MOVED**

Just Walk Into The Ice

Remains of Last City

Getting Inside the Banker

Old Fisherman

Old Fisherman's Tent

Enter the Church, Find the Iron Helm

Consider the Machine Gates

Beats around in the woods, see what you find

Field Electrical Technological Apparatus

Preparation: Don't Call Abigail!

Talk To the Sentinel with Acoustic Guitar

Encounter with Grylls Creature

Find Hidden Tunnels Underground (Perhaps The Cocaine Trail!)

Old 1000 Light Boat

Business Minded Individual

Are there... ~~any~~

Silence's 8th

Whorehouse

Silence

Your Home

1001 room 1001 Recovery

The Insidious Trade in Materials

Play\*\*\* and Fuck the World

Make about Waterlock

Shaking the Case About the City

Moribund Co-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 ~~y~~, how the world perceives you. Sure, you'll be a bum no matter what, but what \*potential\* do you hold?

## TRASHOLOGIES

Some of these "Vaga bonds" are ~~C~~ types from the existing game, only tweaked slightly. Others are entirely original, based around the alternate options that wandering the bottom half of Martinaire ~~pro~~. **PLAYER'S CHOICES**

Once you're assigned a Pharmaceutical Disposition (next slide), your choice of drug and Vaga bonds may ~~negate~~ a "C" ~~type~~, leaving 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~~ REPLACED

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

## MONSTER ~~ABOMINABLE~~ BUM

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

## ~~COO~~ BUM REWORKED

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

## ~~FASHION~~ BUM

- Fashion is everywhere. I ~~love~~ closely.
- ~~Minipatterns~~, 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 ~~various~~ situations.

## ~~INVISI-~~ ~~SORRY~~ BUM

- Sorry for ~~being~~ this ~~anti~~ gain.
- Apologizing for ~~apologizing~~.
- We'll have to start a ~~Sorry~~ jail.
- Everything really is your fault.

## ~~ALPHA~~ ~~BUM~~ BUM

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

## ~~SAVIOR~~ ~~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

TABLED  
(FOR NOW)

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 babbled about most). Once you internalise that drug's respective Thought, it will introduce new dialogue options, and gaining more of it will become a more objective feature.

The four drugs available to obsess over – Cocaine, Speed, Alcohol and Pyrholidon, also ~~link together to~~ with the four political ideologies presented in the base game, Ultra-liberal, Fascist, Moralist 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 fascist 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.



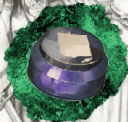
## SPEED FREAKK

- 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

+ ADDED MORE ENDINGS

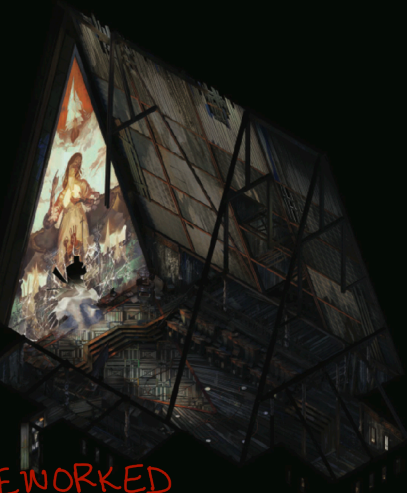
## FUCK THE WORLD

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. You'll all be happy. It'll all be over. You'll be gone. It'll all be over. You'll be gone. It'll all be over. You'll be gone.~~ ~~It'll all be over. You'll be gone. It'll all be over. You'll be gone. It'll all be over. You'll be gone.~~ ~~It'll all be over. You'll be gone. It'll all be over. You'll be gone. It'll all be over. You'll be gone.~~

REWORKED



## ~~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 your friends know you're a real winner. You'll be the king 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 often as you can. Don't let her go. It'll all be over. You'll be gone. It'll all be over. You'll be gone. It'll all be over. You'll be gone.~~ You need to ~~let her know you're a real winner. You'll be the king of purple smoke.~~

# 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. ~~Bottom~~

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 pain of your alcohol ~~and you pass out for the final time, collapsing onto the dining table in the~~

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

The ~~player~~ ~~is~~ ~~stuck~~ ~~with~~ ~~one~~ ~~single~~ ~~dialogue~~ ~~option~~ ~~—~~ ~~one~~ ~~that~~ ~~represents~~ ~~the~~ ~~only~~ ~~option~~ ~~the~~ ~~player~~ ~~has~~ ~~decided~~ ~~to~~ ~~roleplay~~ ~~as,~~ ~~with~~ ~~more~~ ~~than~~ ~~a~~ ~~dozen~~ ~~different~~ ~~possible~~ ~~dialogue~~ ~~options,~~ ~~based~~ ~~on~~ ~~your~~ ~~vague~~ ~~hints,~~ ~~including~~ ~~the~~ ~~fact~~ ~~that~~ ~~you~~ ~~are~~ ~~the~~ ~~only~~ ~~one~~ ~~left~~ ~~standing~~ ~~in~~ ~~the~~ ~~world.~~

The last line of the game belongs to the ~~player~~ ~~who~~ ~~has~~ ~~decided~~ ~~to~~ ~~stand~~ ~~alone~~ ~~in~~ ~~the~~ ~~world,~~ 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, <sup>WE</sup> I have zero game-making credentials. But <sup>WE</sup> 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 idea if this project will actually materialise or if it will fall by the wayside like so many other ambitious ones. 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.

