

THE TIMELESS YARN ART BOOK

Written by Kevin Focke

Peace & flourishing has long been fought for..

ABSTRACT

The main over-arching idea is this: Humans have an eternal craving for more, which leads to unhappiness, which leads to war. Only happiness with mere satiety, not longing for more, can lead to peace & flourishing— Pax Eudaemonia. But will there be happiness then? Is to desire *more* to be Human?

The premise takes place in a timeless liminality; it seamlessly combines the old and the new. Throughout the art book, there is a strong sense of events and characters blurring into each other, out and into the present, relapsing constantly to the past, and longing with hope for an unreachable idyllic future. It weaves a story told countless times in endless varieties; a fate bound to humanity:

The Timeless Yarn.

Note

Quotes are often abridged to suit the story.

COVER DESCRIPTIONS:

Based on:

"Here, said I, once flourished an opulent city; here was the seat of a powerful empire. Yes! These places, now wild and desert, were once animated by a living multitude; a busy crowd circulated in these streets now solitary. Within these walls, where now reigns the silence of death, resounded incessantly the noise of the arts, and the shouts of joy and festivity: These piles of marble were regular palaces; these fallen columns adorned the majesty of temples; these ruined galleries traced the public palaces." – Volney's Ruins

Cover quote:

Peace & flourishing has long been fought for..

Front Cover Idea 1

The cover shows a huge egg with a yarn thread woven tightly around it. The egg is engraved with the vision of a beautiful and prosperous city. On top of the huge egg sits a small bird.

The egg + bird is a reference to supernormal stimulus; if given the choice, some birds sit on oversized dead egg instead of a lively small egg because they believe that the bigger egg will lead to better results. Similarly, humanity pursues abundant grandeur instead of learning to be happy with what already is. We overstuff ourselves with bad quality food, manipulate our appearance to become more 'attractive', racing to build the tallest towers and rockets... It's endless... to what end does it suit us?

Back Cover Idea 1

The huge egg is cracked open wide and reveals a sordid grey reality where pleasure is pursued endlessly, and satisfaction remains ever out of reach.

Back Cover Idea 2

The ruins of a once great civilization. Abandoned & dead.

Front Cover Idea 2

The same shot of the great civilization, when it was still bustling with life and dreams.

INTRODUCTORY POEM

Ode (Based on Arthur O'Shaughnessy)

We are the music makers and we are the dreamers of dreams,
wandering by lone sea-breakers, sitting by desolate streams—
world-losers and world-forsakers on whom the Pale Moon
gleams—yet we are the movers and shakers of the world for
ever. It seems...

With wonderful deathless ditties, we build up the world's
great cities, and out of a fabulous story, we fashion an
empire's glory...

OPUS - GRAND VISIONS

"To my soul: Are you ever going to achieve goodness? Ever going to be simple, whole, and naked—as plain to see as the body that contains you? Know what an affectionate and loving disposition would feel like? Ever be fulfilled, ever stop desiring—lusting and longing for people and things to enjoy? Or for more time to enjoy them?" Marcus Aurelius
(Meditations: A New Translation)

The two-page spread has 4 quadrants. In each quadrant is an idealized grand vision the character has for themselves. It also features their names in big & bold letters as a form of introduction.

Top left is a vision of Theseus, champion of the arena, looking at the stars. He has overcome his past as slave-running pirate scum, and redeemed himself for failing his daughter.

Top Right is a vision of Mars in his glory days. He has gone on a quest to defeat the invading pirates and is bringing back victory to his beautiful wife.

Bottom left is a vision of Icho, who started as a peasant daughter and who, through wits & cunning, became an elegant queen and harsh but just mother of the people.

Bottom right is King Gregor, sitting in the large shadow of his father Mars. Gregor is lost in love, looking at Icho.

OPUS – THE MEANDERING MEDLEY

"Were I to wish for anything I would not wish for knowledge, glory, love, nor power, but for the passion of the possible, that eye which everywhere, ever young, ever burning, sees possibility. Pleasure disappoints, not possibility. And what wine is so sparkling, so fragrant, so intoxicating!"
 Either/Or: A Fragment of Life (Penguin Classics)
 (Kierkegaard, Soren) (abridged)

PAGE 1

THE ENDLESS DESERT – DAY

A figure is soaring with a glider through the sunny sky above the golden sands. In the background hangs a purple-black hole. Ever looming. Ever encroaching.

Page 2

The figure, Capriche, stares at the black hole in total awe. She's sitting next to her glider, jotting down notes.

CAPRICHE

What was before?

CAPRICHE

A question I hum in my sleep.

CAPRICHE

What is presented?

CAPRICHE

A vast, endless collage. Putting the pieces together is only a matter of time...

CUT TO:

PAGE 3

THE CITY OF PAX EUDAEMONIA - DAY

"Here, said I, once flourished an opulent city; here was the seat of a powerful empire. Yes! These places, now wild and desert, were once animated by a living multitude; a busy crowd circulated in these streets now solitary. Within these walls, where now reigns the silence of death, resounded incessantly the noise of the arts, and the shouts of joy and festivity: These piles of marble were regular palaces; these fallen columns adorned the majesty of temples; these ruined galleries traced the public palaces." - Volney's Ruins

We give an overview of the city; a collage.
From small to big.

Shot of a little bird.

Sitting on a luxurious, desolated throne.

In a massive empty room. (After the city has fallen.)

Page 4

In a massive marble-pillared palace. (bustling with life)

The palace sits on a Mountain above a massive city.

And the city sits atop a colossal roaming giant.

PAGE 5

We return from big to small.

The eye of the roaming giant has a reflection in it.

It's watching a silhouette emerging from the endless desert.

PAGE 6

A ship from the Pax Eudaemonia Empire, returning from an expedition.

Mars has captured a troublesome pirate, Theseus.

In chains.

Page 7

We intercut between characters, continually blurring time & space.

Good King Gregor sits on his throne.

GOOD KING GREGOR
I never chose to be the king.

Icho is by his side; she's the one in control, smirking.

QUEEN ICHO
They had no other choice.

Gregor tears up.

GOOD KING GREGOR
Where has father gone?

A roar bellows from the depths. It's the voice of Gregor's father, Mars, the conqueror-turned-orator.

MARS
(orating)
The world has gone to hell!

Page 6

Mars, looking down on Gregor and worrying about the future.

MARS
(orating)
Gregor's an impotent sod.

GOOD KING GREGOR
(crying out of
desperation)
They pushed me into the lion's den...

MARS
(orating)
We're all beasts, you see. We speak
of civility...

Theseus battling with great vigour in the arena.

THESEUS
Ha haaaaaa!

MARS
(orating)
Are Humans not the biggest threat
to Humans? How can one make a pen
and govern it by beasts?

PAGE 7

CAPRICHE

A scientist gathers knowledge
whilst hungering for more..

GOOD KING GREGOR

...Blood. That's the prize of
war.

QUEEN ICHO

...Power. That's the prize of
war.

GREGOR/ICHO

(in unison)

That's all it's good for.

MARS/THESEUS

..Glory. The Gods are musicians,
their melodies our lives.

PAGE 8

Composition of giants roaming the endless desert, the purple-
black hole as backdrop.

TEXT BLOBS

Rumble. Rumble. Rumble. Rumble.
Rumble.

OPUS – HOW LIFE BEGAN, AN AZTRANIAN SONG

"For ages, when philosophers talked about the core of man they referred to it as his "essence," something fixed in his Nature, deep down, some special quality or substance. But nothing like it was ever found; man's peculiarity still remained a dilemma. The reason it was never found, [...] was that there was no essence, that the essence of man is really his paradoxical nature, the fact that he is half animal and half symbolical." The Denial of Death (Becker, Ernest), Abridged.

PAGE 1

Shot of Theseus' pirate ship. He is Capriche's father.
Important detail: The ship has slaves on it.

Theseus is reading the book 'The Aztrian Song' to his young daughter Capriche.

THESEUS NARRATOR

In the beginning, there was but one
God, and God was alone.

God contained the aspects of all
those to come: God was male and God
was female.

God was anxious and God was calm.

God was the great duality.

And so God was.

Complete black. emptiness.

THESEUS NARRATOR (CONT'D)

Alone.

PAGE 2

THESEUS NARRATOR (CONT'D)

Surrounded by naught but darkness.

THESEUS NARRATOR (CONT'D)

All God wanted was a friend.
Someone who God could live with...

THESEUS NARRATOR (CONT'D)

And so a blessing it was, twins in
the womb of God.

THESEUS NARRATOR (CONT'D)
 A brother and a sister, two parts
 to a greater whole..

THESEUS NARRATOR
 Creation is never without toil.

PAGE 3 OF THE AZTRANIAN SONG

Full page drawing of the two Gods. They connect at the text.

MIDAL'DRAM, THE GOD OF	KAKHKRAL'DRAM, THE GODDESS OF
VOLCANOS	FROST
Twins intertwined in the womb.	
Our incestuous damnation.	
A vestige of creation.	

PAGE 4 OF THE AZTRANIAN SONG

THESEUS NARRATOR (CONT'D)
 Once the Twins were born, the three
 were equally strong..

THESEUS NARRATOR (CONT'D)
 Though the bond of the Twins
 strongest of all..

THESEUS NARRATOR (CONT'D)
 An unfair match, two against one..

THESEUS NARRATOR (CONT'D)
 God banished wherewithal.

PAGE 5 OF THE AZTRANIAN SONG

THESEUS NARRATOR
 All our dreams are pale puffs of
 smoke in the struggle eternal.

THESEUS NARRATOR
 Liminality is the fundamental
 reality.

THESEUS NARRATOR
 Contradictions torn in endless
 directions.

THESEUS NARRATOR
 The constant shift of infinite
 multitudes.

THESEUS NARRATOR

What hope have we mortals when even
God was torn apart?

THESEUS NARRATOR (CONT'D)

The Twins bore six children in a
common womb.

Each child represents a crystal. Haltor (Hydrogen), Agon (Auraxium), Ruby (Rubinnium), Excelsior (Exallium), Necta (Necranicum), Geranium (Gelléamun). Together these elements form H A R E N G E, the name of the fantasy universe. An idea is to use the fitting colour per character. E.g. Theseus is both balanced, a protector, and seeks glory. So his colour scheme is light & dark blue + yellow-orange.

THESEUS NARRATOR (CONT'D)

Haltor, the Balanced One.

THESEUS NARRATOR (CONT'D)

Agon, the Protector.

THESEUS NARRATOR (CONT'D)

Ruby, the Desired One.

THESEUS NARRATOR (CONT'D)

Excelsior, the Glorious One.

THESEUS NARRATOR (CONT'D)

Necta, the Clever One.

THESEUS NARRATOR (CONT'D)

Geranium, the Trickster.

PAGE 6 OF THE AZTRANIAN SONG

THESEUS NARRATOR (CONT'D)

The Sixfold Concord spawned the
world as we know.

THESEUS NARRATOR (CONT'D)

Life prospered, the Gods no longer
powerful.

THESEUS NARRATOR (CONT'D)

And so people longed for power, for
they had once had it all, when all
were one.

OPUS - A LIVELY CONCEIT, AN AZTRANIAN SONG

'What do we live for?
 For life, to eke out the time to seek out the worthwhile?
 For love, to long and miss or grow weary of bliss?
 For greed, to covet and never be complete?
 For lust, successions of pleasurable temporalities?
 For power, the pleasure of a temporary succession?
 For science, to always know you know nothing for sure?
 For glory, that Mountain so gory?
 For possibility, so fragrant with lack?

Is it all so fleeting? Is it all so incomplete?' -Del Amro

PAGE 1

Theseus continuing to read the mythology book.

THESEUS NARRATOR

Life is precious, so we know, yet
 God's children took it for
 granted—and nothing more.

THESEUS NARRATOR (CONT'D)

So God made life visible, for all
 to see, how precious life is, how
 precious peace can be.

THESEUS NARRATOR (CONT'D)

And they lived, for a time,
 alongside without stride, until one
 found gold in a mine.

THESEUS NARRATOR (CONT'D)

Look how precious! Look how
 brilliant it shines!

THESEUS NARRATOR (CONT'D)

It is mine!

THESEUS NARRATOR (CONT'D)

It is mine!

PAGE 2

THESEUS NARRATOR (CONT'D)

Many died for gold and so they
 realized: Life is precious.

People are fighting over the green life crystals.

THESEUS NARRATOR (CONT'D)
It is mine!

THESEUS NARRATOR (CONT'D)
It is mine!

OPUS – GRAZIOSO, HER GRACE

"Far away, from a distant street, I hear a man crying shrimps. The air is so warm, yet the whole city seems dead. - Then I am reminded of my youth and my first love - I longed then, now I only long for my first longing. What is youth? A dream. What is love? The dream's content." Either/Or: A Fragment of Life (Penguin Classics) (Kierkegaard, Soren)

PAGE 1 OF GRAZIOSO

The page shows different pictures of Young Icho dancing.

YOUNG GREGOR
(Looking at Icho dancing)
My love. My one. My only.

YOUNG GREGOR (CONT'D)
There she is emanating with grace
as if an elegant dance had echoed
into eternity and spawned from the
manifold a perfect oeuvre.

PAGE 2 OF GRAZIOSO

More shots of Young Icho dancing.

YOUNG GREGOR (CONT'D)
She has a name, surely.

YOUNG ICHO
Names are signifiers without much
significance. I could be called
anything and I would still be me-

YOUNG GREGOR
-and I would still be in love with
her, surely.

PAGE 3 OF GRAZIOSO

Gregor, lost in love, smiles at her. She's a plebeian with big dreams and he's the future king. His father Mars does not approve of their flirtations.

YOUNG GREGOR (CONT'D)
Everyone knows I fancy her and, for
destiny is ever kind, father said I
could marry her..

MARS

If her filth washes off—but I
wouldn't count on it.

Icho notices Gregor staring—

—And smiles back at him.

YOUNG ICHO

We're both counting the days...

PAGE 4 OF GRAZIOSO

Icho walks up to Gregor, elegantly.

YOUNG ICHO (CONT'D)

Gregor?

YOUNG GREGOR

(shy)

Yyyyes?

YOUNG ICHO

Let's be honest, you and me. We
want to grow old, together. We want
to build a grand kingdom, together.
To better the world. Together.

Mutual fascination and excitement for the future.

YOUNG ICHO (CONT'D)

And fortuitous our fate...

YOUNG GREGOR

For destiny is ever kind..

PAGE 5 OF GRAZIOSO

YOUNG ICHO

Our most beauteous dream is willing
itself into reality.

YOUNG GREGOR

Our reign will bring peace &
prosperity forever, my love.

YOUNG ICHO

There is nothing I want more,
Gregor. Not a thing.

The two stare intensely into each other's eyes.

PAGE 6 OF GRAZIOSO

MARS
(celebratory)
I, Mars, the Warrior Conqueror...

Mars, in full control of his weapon, furiously slashes his sword towards Icho-

-And cuts off her hair.

MARS (CONT'D)
...crown this beautiful marriage.

MARS (CONT'D)
(charmfully addressing the audience)
I prefer the spear, but it's awfully impractical..

MARS (CONT'D)
(joyous)
Kiss now, rejoice! Love is the most beauteous emotion!

MARS (CONT'D)
(under his breath)
...sultry are its ashes..

Idealized romantic drawing of Gregor and Icho embracing in the loveliest kiss.

OPUS - ARIA DEL AERO, SONG OF THE WIND

"There, for the first time in my life, I truly felt the wind.
 There, the breeze unravelled the fragments of my core and
 carried the shards where it blew.
 There, for the first time, I felt alive.
 There, standing on the shoulders of giants..." -Del Amro

PAGE 1-2

THE ENDLESS DESERT - NIGHT

Double-page composition. The purple Hum crystals under the
 island of Aero shoot up into the night's sky.

THESEUS	CAPRICHE
(left page)	(right page)
Stars, my hopes & dreams.	Twinkles, winking with wonder.

PAGE 3

THESEUS' SHIP - DAY

Capriche is sitting on the ship, studying a little bug's
 flight, jotting down its movements in her notebook.

THESEUS
 (asserting)
 The world is a dangerous place,
 Capriche.

She looks up. Not content to be talked down to.

CAPRICHE
 Danger does not scare me.

THESEUS
 (strongly asserting)
 Capriche. It was the Protector who
 saved the world from certain
 destruction.

He points to his mythology book. In it, the protector (blue),
 creates a giant shield against the Hum (purple) in the sky.
 (Continuation of "The purple Hum crystals under the island of
 Aero shoot up into the night's sky.")

CAPRICHE
 (retaliating)
 Father. How can a bird that never
 falls fly?

PAGE 4

Full-page composition of Theseus pirate ship ablaze,
 barreling down the sky. In the smoke, amongst the clouds, we
 see a silhouette using a flyer à la Da Vinci.

CAPRICHE (CONT'D)
 (pedantically)
 It can't, father. A bird *must* fall
 to fly.

THESEUS
 And a captain must go down with his
 ship—but I'd rather keep it afloat.

CAPRICHE (CONT'D)
 All I ask for is the freedom to
 spread my wings of inquiry and
 chase the Truth.

THESEUS
 Truth is so fleeting, Capriche,
 what is true today may be disproved
 tomorrow and—

CAPRICHE
 (assert)
 —And so we learn. Falling, we fly.

OPUS - LEIDMOTIF, THE LEADING MOTIVE OF SUFFERING

"Hold in view how quickly everything is forgotten and the abyss of infinite time in the past and the future, and the emptiness of applause, and the fickleness and lack of judgement of those who seem to praise you, and the narrowness of the scope in which this fame is confined. The whole earth is a mere point, and how very small a part of it is this corner in which we have our home, and here how many and what sort of people will sing your praises?" - Marcus Aurelius - Meditations (Translated by Christopher Gill)

Beautiful drawings of different times of day, focused on the same scenery. In each drawing there stands a statue of Mars. From top to bottom, it deteriorates.

PAGE 1

MARS
Miserable dawn.

MARS (CONT'D)
Miserable noon.

MARS (CONT'D)
Miserable dusk.

MARS (CONT'D)
Miserable night.

PAGE 2

Dawn.

MARS (CONT'D)
Glorious past, why have you
forsaken me?

MARS (CONT'D)
(looking at his statue)
My image lacks the ultimate
glory—that of dieing in combat gory
at the prime of being—not to
succumb to vanities & decline.

MARS (CONT'D)
Why have I become but a sack of
soggy skin?

MARS (CONT'D)
(angry)
I had something to live for then.

MARS (CONT'D)
(looks up at the night's
sky)
Oh, forever her heaven' resplend
touches me barely.

MARS (CONT'D)
It was a miracle she died that way.

MARS (CONT'D)
Who dies that way nowadays?

MARS (CONT'D)
What hellspawn hath wrought it?

Close-up of Gregor's beautiful blue eyes.

MARS (CONT'D)
A fat weak ginger with her blue
eyes!

PAGE 3

Noon.

MARS/ICHO
Gregor's an impotent sod..

MARS/ICHO
In all senses of the word..

MARS/ICHO
An utterly pathetic loser.

MARS/ICHO
T'is mockery by the Gods! To want,
to love..

PAGE 4

Dusk.

MARS (CONT'D)
Oh, do I ever long for those
beautiful times of struggle when
the dust of the battlefield swirled
all around.

MARS (CONT'D)
When men were strong and women
fair.

MARS (CONT'D)

Oh, glorious days, glorious,
glorious days.

MARS (CONT'D)

Who knows if the Gods will add
tomorrow to today? I shall bide my
time for but another taste of that
nectar so sweet. So sweet it is to
love, to want...

Night.

MARS (CONT'D)

Oh, glorious days, glorious,
glorious days. Why must I be
crushed with such paltry perdition?

OPUS - AMBITUS CON AFFETTO, THE CRIME OF AFFECTION

"Children of the future Age,
 Reading this indignant page;
 Know that in a former time,
 Love! Sweet Love! Was thought a crime." -William Blake

PAGE 1

ADULT ICHO

What good is love when two of soul
 can't become a new whole?

ADULT GREGOR

What good is love when the people
 around you denounce it all?

THESEUS

What good is love if born out of
 bare necessity?

MARS

What good is love if the days turn
 for ever black instead of rosy?

PAGE 2

ADULT GREGOR

What good is love if the one you
 love does not love you back?

ADULT ICHO

What good is love when the one you
 loved is no longer dear?

MARS

What good is love when the one you
 loved is no longer?

GREGOR

What good is love if all must end
 in tears?

MARS

What is good love if not tragedy?

OPUS - THE GLORIOUS STRUGGLE

"Go, ye heroes, go to glory,
 Though ye die in combat gory,
 Ye shall live on in song and story,
 Go forth—to immortality!" (I think it's from **The Theater of War by Bryan Doerries**)

PAGE 1

A collage.

A catapult launches a smouldering rock into the air. The catapult is standing under the bronze statue of Talos.

A Young Mars, before he became Gregor's father, leads an assault onto the Hellenistic giant.

Mars kisses his pregnant beautiful wife goodbye. They are lovers destined to be together, their separation the greatest hardship.

MARS

I will be back, my love.

VENUS

You will be back, I do not doubt
 it. I only doubt if you'll still be
 the same man—not the beast,
 unleashed.

MARS

(stern)

I will break the chains of
 slavery—and no more. War ought
 always be abhorred!

VENUS

(with the greatest care)

Is that a promise?

PAGE 2

A loaded, pregnant silence.

Another silence beat.

They move in closer—

—and kiss.

PAGE 3

MARS

What is one man's life compared to
an empire's glory?

MARS (CONT'D)

(cocky)

Depends entirely on the person...

PAGE 4

THE ASSAULT ON THE CITY

Soldier cocks gun. Mars puts his metal hand in front of the
pistol firing.

MARS (CONT'D)

No guns. You put a bullet in the
giant's head and we're all dead.

MARS (CONT'D)

Forth we go men! You have nothing
to fear for death is nothing, if
not glorious!

MARS (CONT'D)

For love! For freedom! For glory!

PAGE 5

Circles in the sand.

Camera pans up. Archimedes confronts Mars.

ARCHIMEDES

(to Mars)

Do not disturb my circles.

The circles get walked over. Circle status: Disturbed.

PAGE 6

Archimedes status: Dumbfounded & pierced by a spear.

PAGE 7

Mars is giving a victory speech.

MARS (CONT'D)
 We came, we saw, and we conquered...

Mars pumps up his chest before the big speech.

MARS (CONT'D)
 (orating)
 In life we struggle with our merit
 in felific hope. Henceforth, it
 shall be recognized we all
 struggle, but that we do not
 struggle equally.

PAGE 8

MARS (CONT'D)
 (orating)
 From this day onward, we are all
 given a fair chance.

MARS (CONT'D)
 (orating)
 From this day onward, rich or poor,
 young or old, ugly or pretty, mixed
 or pure...

Composition of a captured Theseus, next to his charred ship.
 His ship's figurehead (the Winged Victory of Samothrace) is
 still smouldering, broken.

MARS (CONT'D)
 (orating)
 ...Pirate scum or citizen, all can
 prove their mettle in the arena.

MARS (CONT'D)
 (snarky)
 So then, without further ado, let
 the games begin—may the victors
 win!

OPUS - CAPRICCIO, THE MAKESHIFT GLADIATOR

"The greatest hazard of all, losing one's self, can occur very quietly in the world, as if it were nothing at all. No other loss can occur so quietly; any other loss - an arm, a leg, etc. - is sure to be noticed." Either/Or: A Fragment of Life (Penguin Classics) (Kierkegaard, Soren)

PAGE 1

THE ARENA

THESEUS

My destination is ever within my reach...

Looks up.

THESEUS

My destiny written on the great parchment of the sky.

THESEUS (CONT'D)

You are already among the stars, Capriche. In the falling of your light, I take flight.

PAGE 2

THESEUS (CONT'D)

Down in the arena, I steer clear of predictability.

THESEUS (CONT'D)

I proclaim myself the commander of this here rudderless rudder!

THESEUS (CONT'D)

Ya ha haaaaaaa!!

THESEUS (CONT'D)

En garde!

PAGE 3-4

THESEUS

What say you, legendary warrior?

The legendary warrior stands strong, heavily clad in armour, wielding a humongous spear.

THESEUS
 Shall plight o' past feed once more
 my fire o' heart?

THESEUS (CONT'D)
 Or die I today?

PAGE 5

Among the stars.

THESEUS
 I treasure life for without it, I
 would be naught.

THESEUS (CONT'D)
 I treasure my body, my vessel upon
 which reality drifts, for my body
 is a temple.

THE LEGENDARY WARRIOR
 (under his breath)
 A temple of decay.

THESEUS
 Yet I shan't give in to the dismay!

PAGE 6

THESEUS (CONT'D)
 I shall push myself for greatness,
 seize each and every moment to
 ascend to the greatest beauty and
 strength my body is capable of.

THESEUS (CONT'D)
 I must be vigilant to my daemon.

THE LEGENDARY WARRIOR
 For despair comes naturally.

Image of a gory Mountain, made of countless hands.

THESEUS (CONT'D)
 In the face of inevitable death, I
 rally bravely towards the apex
 where glory awaits me.

PAGE 7

Theseus is climbing the gory Mountain, his own decapitated hands grabbing at him.

THESEUS (CONT'D)

Those who have fallen from the heights of aspiration will try to drag me down to their depths.

THESEUS (CONT'D)

But I shan't ever give in to it. I shall keep my eyes peered on the goal!

PAGE 8

Full-page composition of Theseus climbing the Mountain.

THESEUS (CONT'D)

The games of glory beckon once more. My mindset—GO!

Cut-out of Icho with crown presiding over the arena, her thumb held sideways.

QUEEN ICHO

(past, introducing the arena match, see cup artifact inspiration picture)

Life is a dance for the Gods. Whoever dances and plays the most gracefully of all, may they take the cup.

PAGE 9

Theseus' opponents go into the arena. Theseus is still talking to Icho while fighting his enemies.

QUEEN ICHO (CONT'D)

May Fortune be with you, Theseus.

THESEUS

Courteously decline, dear Icho. Fortune is a heathenous construct!

ICHO

And Lady Luck is not?

THESEUS

Lady Luck and more are all built
into God-

Theseus sneezes, narrowly dodging a sword attack.

THESEUS

Hatch-ooo

Taking advantage of the situation, Theseus mortally wounds
his opponent.

THESEUS

(megalomaniacally)
-and God is by my side.

Theseus looks up at the tribune, awaiting Icho's judgment.

THESEUS (CONT'D)

(mocking Icho & Gregor's
inability to conceive a
child)

What about you, dear Icho? Does the
'Good Goddess' still detest you?

Composition of Icho thumbs down on the tribune, next to fat
Gregor gobbling grapes.

THESEUS (CONT'D)

Ya ha haaaaaaaaaaa!

PAGE 10

Icho, lonely at the top.

ICHO

To sum up my life in two words...

Capriche is sitting in the endless desert with a notebook,
next to her flyer.

CAPRICHE

(jotting down notes on the
purple-black hole)
It sucks. That's for sure.

Opus – Gory Glory

"The best proof adduced of the wretchedness of life is that derived from contemplating its glory." Either/Or: A Fragment of Life (Penguin Classics) (Kierkegaard, Soren)

PAGE 1

Full-page composition of the smouldering rock heading towards Theseus' pirate ship.

PAGE 2

THESEUS
My death has been a long way
coming.

THESEUS (CONT'D)
It is inevitable.

THESEUS
Why do I keep eluding it?

PAGE 3

The Legendary Warrior with his massive spear and massive armor rushes at Theseus like a bull.

PAGE 4

Theseus dodges, and dodges, and dodges, while slightly wounding the legendary warrior each time with a tiny dagger.

PAGE 5-6

Fight continued. Theseus dodges and wounds...

PAGE 7-8

Dodges and wounds continues...

Page 9

The Legendary Warrior suffers from his many wounds and falls on his back, defeated. Theseus looks to the tribune awaiting Icho's orders.

Meanwhile The Legendary Warrior opens his visor with his last strength—it's Mars. Gregor isn't watching the arena, instead he is looking at Icho for her judgment. Icho nods, and Gregor thumbs down.

THE LEGENDARY WARRIOR

(muttering)

I have loved you, Gregor.

Theseus lifts his tiny dagger ceremoniously—

MARS

You with your mother's eyes.

—and pierces Mars' throat, to the shock of King Gregor.

The tip of Theseus' dagger extends into a falling star.

Theseus looks through the bars of a dark prison cell towards the falling star. Is this the past or the present?

OPUS - THE TIMELESS YARN

"Ah Love! Could you and I with Fate conspire
 To grasp this sorry Scheme of Things entire,
 Would we not shatter it to bits- and then
 Remould it nearer to the Heart's Desire!" - Edward
 Fitzgerald's translation of Omar Khayyam

PAGE 1

On Theseus' pirate ship. Before the smouldering rock. Back
 when Theseus and his daughter were still together.

THESEUS

(to Capriche)

As long as there is wonder, as
 wonder you do, there remains hope.
 Hope that one day the present will
 forever be lit a-bright glossing
 with pure transcendent delight in
 the ever effervescent light.

Composition clearly shows the slavery on the ship.

THESEUS

But the more I try to change the
 way things are, the more I start to
 think it is simply the way of
 things. I hope, wholeheartedly, we
 will change our ways one glorious
 day...

CAPRICHE

When?

THESEUS

When the time is right, Capriche.

CAPRICHE

The time is right *now*.

THESEUS

Right now we merely survive-by the
 skin of our teeth.

The smouldering rock is seen faintly in the background. It
 approaches.

CAPRICHE

Then we will never all thrive.

The smouldering rock impacts Theseus' ship.

PAGE 2

Theseus' ship is burning ferociously, his ship barrelling down the clouds. In the smoke, a figure escapes on her glider.

PAGE 3

We are watching Theseus' charred ship in the endless desert. There is no sign of life anywhere.

THESEUS NARRATOR

My destination is ever within my reach...

THESEUS NARRATOR

With each fire stoked, my hope burns the brighter...

THESEUS NARRATOR

We will build ourselves stronger...

THESEUS NARRATOR

We will conquer unimaginable challenges...

THESEUS NARRATOR

We will redefine what it means to be Human...

PAGE 4

THESEUS NARRATOR

It is in our very spirit to long-for a better world. To wonder what could be-better. To make it so.

THESEUS NARRATOR

No matter the challenge, we will flourish. And if our light ever does fade, we mustn't go out with a whimper, but with a blaze of grand glory!

THESEUS NARRATOR
Life is folly, may it echo into
eternity!

Emanating from the rubble, a swirling chant:

THESEUS NARRATOR
Ya ha haaaaaaaaa!

PAGE 5-6

The aaaaaaaaa forms a melodical trail to the right that
crosses pages.

THE ENDLESS DESERT - NIGHT

..All stars are consumed by the black hole.. except one. A
bright beacon, a twinkle of wonder & hope.

The trail of 'aaaaaaa' continues forever on the right, through
the back cover and the front cover. An endless loop.
Finishing touch detail: The aaaaaa-trail forms a yarn which
goes around the cover, the grand vision, and forms the trail
of Capriche's glider, at the very beginning of the story.