



THE VILLAGE

LIBRETTO



3-6 CHARACTERS

7-8 THE WORLD

9-12 NARRATION

13-49 ARIAS

14-21 Episode 1 - Meet the Residents

22-28 Episode 2 - The Election

29-35 Episode 3 - Reflection

36-43 Episode 4 - Revelations

44-49 Episode 5 - The Inevitable



CHARACTERS

Character Designs by Lee Scott and Ben Jeffs
Illustration by Bao Anh Le



Harill - The Hermit

Tired of the trapping of community living and of love failing him, Harill walked away from the village to build a stone shelter by the sea. Here he spends his days, growing shoots and harvesting oysters. Harill leads a melancholy life, longing to find the inner strength to once again live harmoniously alongside others.

Voiced by Keith Anthony

Music by Lee Scott



Roso - The Inventor

A pioneer, visionary and leader. Roso chairs The Academy, an institute devoted to the advancement of material science and communication technology. Some find the professor coarse, pompous even (Snout), yet others worship the ground upon which he walks. Roso's suspicion of foul play towards Hecaceres has grown of late.

Voiced by Jim Lavender

Music by Sabrina Pena Young



Snout - The Artist

Roll up my friends come check out Snout, vegetarian butcher pig. This anarchic little swine resides at Store Sixteen, and is renowned across the village as master protein handler and meat sculpture. Snout holds a satirical friendship with Roso despite their anatomical difference and the relentless fun-poking.

Voiced by Chloe Gardiner

Music by WeiWei Jin



Aletheia - The Guardian

Tasked to protect the mysterious and mystical woods found on the mythological hemisphere. Aletheia sings of the fate of the village, as described by the pages of a prophetic book. The revelations within cause her to fear for the wellbeing of all creatures in her care.

*Voiced by Emmy Willow
Music by Lee Scott*

Unseen

Harmony - The Alchemist

Who is this potion master in the South? May she be forgiven for past mistakes? Harmony is amorphous, gliding freely between water and earth. Her voice provides pure comfort, yet her words reveal a deep regret.

Voiced by Adreambeam (ASMRtist)



Soter - The Hero

Adorned with beautiful white wings, Soter sits high above the clouds within a majestic floating courtyard. This stallion is sworn to protect the people below, and often sings of his audacious quests. He is altruistic to a tee, yet wears finery embossed with 'Soter Fortis' (valiant). It seems our protector is a little boastful in his duty.

*Voiced by Dave Gunner
Music by Phil Zammit*

THE ANOMALY



Hecaceres - The Provider

Sunken under dust and dirt lays the glow of the mill. This subterranean powerhouse is operated by Hecaceres. An earth mother, or a malicious spirit? The village is torn. She provides power and grain to those above, but such toil it seems comes at a price. What occurs underfoot is largely unknown, but food is abundant and energy flows.

Voiced by Catrin Young

Music by Samuel Sturtivant



THE WORLD



The Clocktower

Harill's Bunker

The Academy

Soter's Courtyard

The Subterranean Mill

The Magic Woods

Stall Sixteen

The Font

A stylized, light gray illustration of a landscape. A winding path leads from the bottom center towards a lighthouse on the left. There are three signs on the path: one at the top center, one on the left side, and one on the right side. The word "NARRATION" is written in white capital letters on a dark gray rectangular background, positioned in the center of the path.

NARRATION

Narration voiced by Serena Dunlop
Words by Lee Scott

Ep. 1 - Meet The Residents

Good morning/afternoon to you and a warm welcome.
We're all so pleased you're here.

I thought I'd invite you into our village for a little while, to meet those that reside here. They certainly are a weird and wonderful bunch, and I can tell already that you'll get along.

If you like it here, you can stay. Our community needs someone like you.

Anyway, I should let you go. I know everyone is excited to see you, and I'm sure our paths will soon cross again.

Ep. 2 - The Election

Hi, it's so good to see you again.

It's election day in the village and our candidates are preparing their campaign speeches. Roso, Harill, Hecaceres and indeed our frantic piggy friend Snout will all take the grace the podium today.

All residents and visitors are encouraged to vote, so please do spend a moment to help us figure out who is best to lead our little village.

Ep. 3 - Reflection

Last week's election appointed Hecaceres as village mayor.

Truth be told, a few residents are reluctant to embrace the news. Ross is especially disturbed and worries about what the future might hold for us.

A quiet unease extends across the village, and you should be aware that this is a delicate time for all concerned.

But please know, you are always welcome here, and frankly we would benefit from your perspective on things. By now, I'm sure you've figured out how to talk to us.

Ep. 4 - Revelations

There is clearly something wrong here. I feel it, the residents feel it, perhaps you do too.

And the clocktower; it used to be such a beautiful setting for people-watching. A place to sit and think. But now, I don't know, it just seems threatening.

Too many question remain unanswered, not least of which is why Hecaceres has vacated the mill. Has she fled? What has she to hide? I mean, the grindstone still turns without her, but something just isn't right.

It seems the longer YOU are here, the more that changes. Maybe you have the answers. If you do, please help us understand.

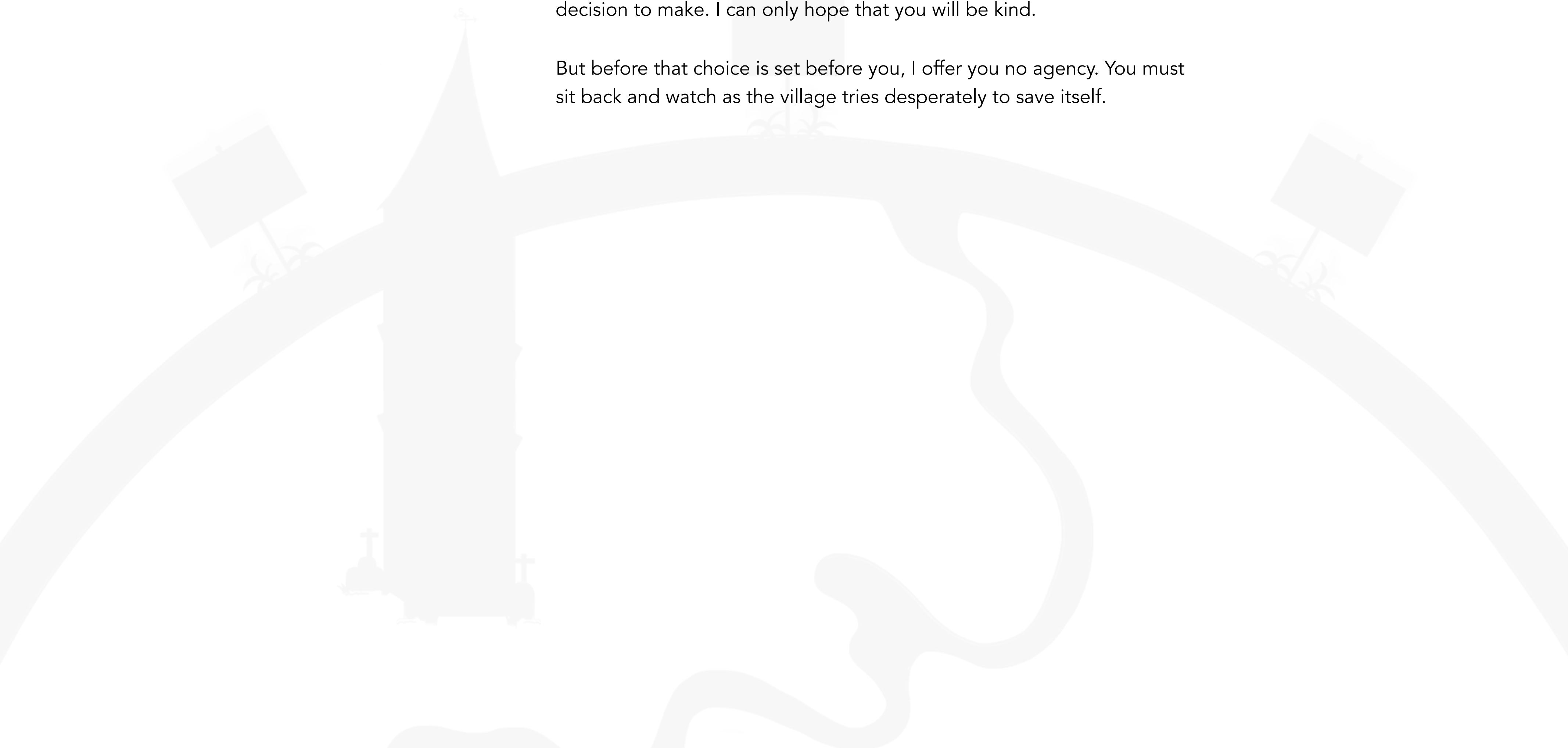
Ep. 5 - The Inevitable

For weeks you've designed our lives, set each word we sing and encoded how we feel.

We know as little about ourselves as we know about you. This must change, and our story must end.

But how it ends is in your hands. What becomes of the Village is not our decision to make. I can only hope that you will be kind.

But before that choice is set before you, I offer you no agency. You must sit back and watch as the village tries desperately to save itself.





ARIAS

HARILL

"Over a year has passed since Harill chose a life of solitude by the sea. The contemporary hermit reveals his journey..."

Ep. 1 - Meet The Residents

Affection mends hearts, but can also break spirits.
To leave it all behind was the easier way.
It's not for me.
Village life is expectation and worry.
Too weak to confront it, I walked away.

And journeyed for what seemed,
a lifetime to me.
Past tracks, through the breeze,
to the edge of the sea.

Then stone, by stone, by stone,
I built a life all alone.

Solitude makes for new beginnings.
The past is less vivid, memories seem quieter.
And life isn't bad here, it's peaceful, untroubled.
I eat well on oysters; the jewels of the sea.
For people connection,
I gaze on the world by keyboard and screen.
Distance is safer.
Distance is kinder; kinder to me.

But sat under starlight, I can't help but wonder,
what could be, what could be, if I, if I, could cope better.
How healthy is a life alone?
Does this shelter feel like home?

Remember me as Soter, protector.
Watching the world, on standby,
from a modest courtyard in the sky.

See my feather-fine silken wings,
endowed to me by one most devoted.
Clean. Elegant.
So striking, so pure.
Flight is granted only to the well-deserved;
to vital members of this world!

Resolute I soar,
soar to ground to make things right.
But nobody celebrates my continued sacrifice.
Audacity and bravery goes unnoticed.
Where is the gratitude?
Where are the gifts?
From all of the people,
I breathe to protect?

Remember me as Soter, protector.
watching the world, on standby,
from a modest courtyard in the sky.

SOTER



"We encounter Soter high above the clouds within his gleaming sky castle. He celebrates another day of being Soter..."

Ep. 1 - Meet the Residents

ROSO



"[Current date] is hereby proclaimed as the most innovative, scholarly and splendid of days..."

Ep. 1 - Meet The Residents

I direct your gaze towards the gable,
adorned with cogwheels, trusses and cables.
Manipulations made in tribute,
to our most illustrious institute.
It operates thus:

Cog number 1 puts tension upon...
a helical spring that causes to swing...
the pendulum left toward a gear train...
which limits the strain on cog number 2...
which shimmies the shoe of brake 1 and 3...
that we opt to depress, to firm the process.

Cogs 3, 4, and 7 made entirely of gold...
are linked to a flywheel set to control...
the heat of a boiler that when reaches amber...
is quickly released and thus superheats...
the fluid to drive all pistons but 5.

Here, the system develops a fault,
impetus wanes and it grinds to a halt.
To solve the issue we figured it prudent,
to draw on some principles set out by Newton:

cont.

All bodies exist in a plain state of rest...
or move evenly in a straight line unless...
compelled to change course by a new force impressed.
Forces exist not alone but in pairs...
and set out to meddle in each other's affairs.
The law indeed states that for every one action,
there's an equal and opposite counter-reaction.

In simpler terms, consider this fact:
If A pushes B, then B pushes back.
Back to the roof, this all simply means,
more power is needed to serve the machine.

Friction and torque arresting the system...
are countered with butter for greasing the pistons.
The energy derived spins cogs 6 and 5,
reversing the fly to hoist out flag high!

ROSO

Ep. 1 - Meet the Residents

HECACERES



"Deep underfoot below gravel and sand looms the subterranean water mill. Its keeper, Hecaceres sings of her disdain for the cruel black terrain..."

Sunken under dust and dirt,
lays the glow of the mill.
Where homely flavours of the past,
are blackened and blemished by slurry and ash.

Waters cascade, the millstone revolves,
so grain is abundant and energy flows.

Deep down here the dusk endures.
Fires flare high and smog lays low.
The rhythm of industry, so entraining,
oscillates today, today and forever.

The gloaming of the mill eternal,
supplies a life to those above.
The people are warm.
The Village is lit.
No one is hungry.
No one is sick.

What occurs underfoot is largely unknown.
But grain is abundant and energy flows.

Delicate are the woods I care for.
Subtle, warm, yet fragile.
And beautiful are the things that dwell here.
Their tender hearts divine.

But I fear for the creatures, in air,
underground, in the water.

Above the shelter of the trees,
lies darker shadows, a growing unease.

Will these troubles skies compromise their tiny breaths?
Does this mystical twilight portend life or death?

Delicate are the woods I care for.
Subtle, warm, yet fragile.
And beautiful, are the things that dwell here.
Their tender hearts, divine.

I fear for them.
I fear for us.
I fear for each and every little one,
Helpless, so helpless.

ALETHEIA



"Aletheia, guardian of the magic woods, fears a growing darkness that threatens the purity of the creatures in her care..."

Ep. 1 - Meet the Residents

HARMONY



The Village knows little of Harmony. In fact you are among but only a few to hear her words. She is the unseen alchemist; a skilled potion master. Today, Harmony speaks of a terrible mistake in her past...

To taste the waters of the fountain, grants vitality.
Hearts beat a little faster.
Minds delve that bit deeper.
Sleep is more gentle.

A meeting of the font and river,
yields a wholesome life for all.
But for me, undiluted, the waters are poison,
the river is cruel.
For purity to be widespread,
I must take my one last breath.

With the lady of the mill, a pact was sadly made:
To sully the river, pollute the streams,
and strip the Village of its dreams.
My choice was narrow.
And I'm ashamed.

Fear aside, I must turn the tide.
I must undo past mistakes.

I'm Snout, vegetarian butcher.
Each day and night I'm trimming fat,
or carving fine meat sculptures.

I chop, I make damn sharp,
the tools I need to shape my art.
I cut, debone and cleave,
to feed my creativity.

So shout old Snout if you're in town,
need art advice or a partridge crown.
Roll up my friends, come check me out,
your trusty neighbourhood butcher!

Welcome all I'm Snout,
renowned butcher pig.
Although it sounds queer, I've been veggy for years,
I'll take rhubarb and roots over rump steak and ribs.

I don't eat the stuff but find it tough,
to resist the lure of a flank or chuck.
Cuz cuts like these make tasty pies,
and exquisite art supplies.

So drop on by to stall sixteen,
for theatrics, fun, and 'grade A' protein.
For you my friends I'll serve till the end.
Your trusty neighbourhood butcher.

SNOUT

*"Meet Snout; resident vegetarian butcher pig,
renowned meat sculptor and proprietor of Store
Sixteen. Watch this one, he is a slippery fellow..."*

Ep. 1 - Meet the Residents

HARILL

"Harill musters the courage to address the entire village. He worries that residents are emotionless, as if they have been stripped of their dreams. Offering to help people reopen their hearts, he runs for office..."

Ep. 2 - The Election

In the West, few weep for one another.
Few value the sunrise or are fearless in love.
I'm the same, and I understand.

For much too long we've stifled our passion.
Shunned our emotions,
for fear of pain, for fear of pain.
Scared to be lost in a place,
we ought to know well.

If I could change just one thing today,
we'd not point to the stars and pretend it's ok.
Pretend we're ok.

We'd outlive our lives, not bitter, not cold,
but warm in the knowledge that we can grow old,
at peace with our failings, permitting the tears.
For, all of these years, beneath bone, under skin,
we longed for much more than our hearts could let in.
Than my heart could let in.

But today, and together, we can tread a new path.
Revived and inspired,
to live out our days in the moonlight.

If dreams can bring love to this place,
I know we'll do well.

Called upon once again,
to make a difference.
The potion master in the South heads to the mill,
to head its downfall.

Called upon once again,
to make a change.
I cannot tell you why she does the things she does.
Her deeds are frightful.

She doctors the grindstone to deny,
all those above a healthy life.
Cool waters, tonic free will stream,
absent of all vitality.
Reversing madness I will fly,
down from the clouds to make things right.
Reinstating life into the machine,
the rivers flow, the village dreams.

Back to the court to lay out a feast,
of cheese and truffles and succulent meats.
With the finest of wines we will dine,
we'll dine in my honour.

No matter what sins or evils become,
know Soter fights for your survival.

SOTER



"Soter hears of Aletheia's intention to visit the great mill. Although the potion master journeys to remove toxins from the river, our hero suspects foul play..."

Ep. 2 - The Election

ROSO



"Roso makes his case for mayor. Will his strategy of intense digital innovation steer the village into an era of prosperity...?"

Ep. 2 - The Election

Down at The Academy,
we're exchanging knowledge constantly to design,
novel technologies that make the world think differently.

This village needs a plan to kickstart a better way.
We need ideas for life that inspire the next,
to empower the people so they too invent.

So I propose innovation in earnest.
A rapid expansion of science and progress.
With bits and bytes and computation,
we'll roll out joy across the nation.

[Supporter]
Vote the academy with Roso at the helm.
A digital democracy with....

[Sceptic]
Roso the mindless pioneer,
spouting this nonsense for want of a cheer.
More and more tech is not a solution,
Gadgets deal happiness? You endorse an illusion.

Life can't be lived just by launching an app,
and sharing a heartbeat needs more than a tap.
Forgive me dear Roso but I think we're fine,
with wearing a watch that tells only the time.

Deep underfoot, below gravel and sand,
the cogs of industry turn.
Where the souls of the dead,
are reborn to make bread,
and the louring sky darkens the steam as it churns.

Yet way up above man is healthy and free.
The stone grinds for you,
so you vote for me.

In the penumbra I carry on,
enduring the heat and forgoing the sun.
The noise is relentless.
The smog grey and thick.
Yet no one is hungry.
No one is sick.

Yet way up above man are healthy and free
The stone grinds for you,
so you vote for me.

HECACERES



*"The keeper of the mill makes a claim to be mayor.
Yet her song masks a chilling ultimatum: vote for
Hecaceres or the village supply lines will be cut. Why
does she commit to such a dire strategy...?"*

Ep. 2 - The Election

ALETHEIA



"Aletheia consults a prophetic book found deep in the forest. The pages within speak of a dangerous new presence situated at the clocktower. Feeling she must investigate for the sake of all creature in her care, she struggles with a decision..."

Ep. 2 - The Election

Alarming truths revealed by these pages;
the heavens part in the West.
Locked within the clocktower,
is a route to somewhere else.

This book spells change.
Foul shades above the tree line,
grow dimmer by the day.
This book spells change.
But nothing is certain,
so a journey must be made.

Should I leave the forest?
Leave them all behind?
Will I abandon balance,
and risk all woodland life?

I call upon the eagles,
to be my sight, my touch, my judgement.
Ascend sweet explorers,
rise bravely through the gloom,
and course towards the enigma.
Be mindful, be safe.

The journey here was long and forlorn.
Beyond granite and steel, into murk, into dawn.

The lady of the mill withdraws,
so I refine the waters.
Amongst scorched trees,
and the hum of machines,
I'll abolish the toxin that sours these steams.
Only then I will sleep.
Only then will they dream.

Hecaceres is poison, her business rancour.
A bitterness lingers in her blood.
The people have doubts,
they greet her with silence.
For the gloom of the mill is no scene to trust.
Her cruelty must end and my debt will be paid.

Upon the fallen lady's return,
her grindstone will spin,
and then shatter to exile the spell bound within.
This moment in time will be marked only by my death.

HARMONY



"Last week, Harmony revealed a regretful past. Many years ago she accepted an offer, proposed by the mill owner, to pollute the great river in exchange for eternal life. The effects of this pact stripped the village of its dreams. Today she heads underfoot to undo past mistakes, but can we forgive her...?"

Ep. 2 - The Election

SNOUT



"Snout has no desire to chair the village. Instead, he uses the election to promote a competition to all villagers. Send him a mugshot, and he might just reproduce your face in meat..."

Ep. 2 - The Election

I have to confess,
I'm the wrong kinda piggy to run for office.
Instead I present an artistic event,
to get your juices flowing, to spark your interest:
Snout's 'Annual Meat Market Portrait Contest'.

All should compete for it's easy to do.
Just upload a little whimsical photo of you.
And for the winner I'll generously make,
a bust of your likeness in lamb chops and steak!

- 1) Pull a face..
- 2) Take a pic...
- 3) Laugh out loud...
- 4) Submit it.

It's all too real, sat still under crumbling stone.
Kissed by daylight, yet basked in shadow.

I really did try,
to connect to the people whose minds felt as complex as mine.
But in the end, with my words brushed aside,
the lonely went on their way.
They went on their way.

Gentle waters lead me from here.

This icy view brings solace.
An overdue relief.
Tonight I sleep soundly in the arms of the deep.

[Candles]
You may well be lonely, but you're never alone.
The people, they listened to more than you know.
Your words, pure comfort, reawakened their dreams.
For this they adore you.
They hope you'll come home.

[Harill]
The waters are ebbing.
I'm breathless and sunk to my knees.
As shadows dissolve by the moonlight,
I find I'm at peace.

HARILL

"Harill's defeat at the election drives him back into isolation. He does not realise that his poignant plea to villagers to open their hearts in fact worked, and regardless of the pollutant in the streams, all residents can once again dream. Blinded by grief, Harill contemplates taking his own life...."

SOTER



"Soter realises that his reversal of Harmony's mill sabotage was a grave mistake. After all these years, he begins to understand that being a hero isn't about charging into danger. With sorrow in his eyes, he grounds the great sky courtyard and gives up his father's white wings..."

Ep. 3 - Reflection

Laid down low within a citadel of false realities.
A fractured sword, two tainted wings,
lost in remorse and memory

I misjudged Harmony and cast the first stone.
I acted before I could know why she journeyed below.

The truth is, these wings were gifted by my father;
a humble creature, kind of heart.
Him I long to be.

Suddenly the air tastes acrid.
Aloft the breeze becomes too biting.
The heavens are for the angels and birds,
not for pretenders like I.

The castle shall be grounded,
these wings pulled from my skin.
It's not for me to mind the world.
That privilege died with him.

The vaults of the academy,
lay far beneath the marble.
We access via a spiral spine,
with steps that number eight-seven-nine.

A quarter mile into the pit,
I stumble on a dusty script,
that speaks of a clairvoyant spirit,
who roams freely across the village.

Dread overwhelms, I fail to speak;
no man can pass from West to East.
A devious, undying spell,
patrols the winding paths to hell.

A little further down to climb,
reveals an etch forgot in time,
In waxy brass and blemished silver,
is scratched a scene of laughing children.

They gather round a giant wheel,
their faces white and bright with zeal.
The young rejoice with tools in hand,
While locked as one by tin wristbands.

This ghostly past vibrates my bones,
for in the dark and moody gloam,
rests a sight, both bold and still:
the looming turrets of the mill.

ROSO

"The appointment of Hecaceres as village mayor has left a bitter taste in Roso's mouth. Today he heads down to the vaults of The Academy to research the origins of the self-proclaimed 'provider'. What horrors are revealed...?"

Ep. 3 - Reflection

HECACERES



"The sounds of industry ring out across the village as loudly as ever. Yet, Hecaceres is nowhere to be seen. She should be far more visible after her victory at the election, so why does she hide...?"

Ep. 3 - Reflection

No aria.

They were seen laid to rest,
in the smallest of graves.
Sound asleep in the shade,
of the cruel, black terrain.

Part of me died with them.

How can I remain,
what I swore then to be.
A shield from all odious things,
and a home from the raw, bitter heat.

It should be, me who fell, that day.

[Forest Animals]

By now we'd all be lost,
forlorn and lifeless.
But our nights are still and warm,
from your unending kindness.
You did no wrong.

[Aletheia]

Their images committed to these pages,
to glide eternally.
In time I'll forgive, but I'll never forget,
the eagles ill-fated journey.

ALETHEIA



"Devastating news reaches the guardian of the magic woods. Her eagles, sent to investigate strange goings-on at the clocktower, have fallen. They are found in the shadow of the great mill. Aletheia questions her role as protector..."

Ep. 3 - Reflection

HARMONY



"Harmony is unsure how the village can once again dream despite her failed attempt to sabotage the grindstone. She reminds us all that the subterranean mill is no scene to trust..."

Ep. 3 - Reflection

My journey underfoot was undone.
But yet it seems the people now dream.

A new warmth pervades.
Hope and memory drift on gentle winds,
as the village begins to express what's within.
But as life is partnered with death,
such joy floats hand-in-hand with fear and distress.

For them, with eyes now open,
the mill seems much louder.
Drones and rhythms ring out to remind,
the people above, just how much they rely,
on the food and power the grindstone supplies.

As I sit by the fountain, kissed by the breeze,
that's both sweet with love and cool with unease,
I promise myself that before I let go,
the people above will be freed from the horrors below.

I'm sat with my cleaver and scalpel in trotter,
with a premium pale ale and an anxious reporter.
For today is a day marked with grub and success;
the result of Snout's 'Meat Market Portrait Contest'.

And the winner is: Sam.

One or two unusual features,
but I think I can work with this.
OK, here goes.

First for the chin, I think maybe a chop.
Goat would be best, but lamb s'all we've got.
Two sausages for lips and medallions for cheeks,
I'll use stew beef for one and a nice pork and leek.

The nose is quite large so lets go for a bird.
A bill from a toucan or duck is preferred.

For eyes, I have turkey or goose in the shop,
but the peepers are cute on this giant fuzzy lop.
Add ears from a pig and we're practically there.
Just finish with mince beef for eyebrows and hair.

Bon appetite, Sam.

SNOUT

"The great day has finally arrived: Snout has selected a worthy winner of his annual portrait contest, and now stands poised to craft his finest meat sculpture to date. Looks like Lamp Chop and Cow Head's time might finally be up?!"

HARILL

"Scores of villagers gather at Harill's Bunker by his request. He emerges from the shadows of his stone shelter, more confident and determined than we have ever seen him. Standing tall before the crowd, he proposes an attack on the great mill..."

Ep. 4 - Revelations

You've much to fear and far to go.
This day you're cradled by coal clouds.
That may crush in a moment, that press and restrain.
So bury your heads in the sand and be ruled,
by the cruel dark terrain.

Take heed, take back your village,
from the pale hands of the damned.
Restore what is yours for she's darkened your door,
with the beat of the ph-an-tom band.

The millstone grinds for you,
but your bones belong to her.
Our dreams were reclaimed from the smog and the flames,
yet the wheel continues to turn.

Its only a matter of time,
until that gruesome day.
When the sentinel leads to the hand that feeds,
then in embers and ashes you'll lay.

So people stride with me;
take up arms and march on the mill.
For the witch has chastised all those children who died,
back in time, but their suffering still.

[Soter]

My years of elation were founded on lies.
Reality ebbed by a life lived too high.

So please forgive me.
even though my mistakes are many.
I'm faithful and kind but I got caught up in the sky.

[Harmony]

My dear Soter, don't dwell on past flaws.
For from ours errors we grow.
To counter your failings, to confront imperfection,
shows depth of character and true valiance.

And resolute we both must be,
for the village slips close to ruin.
Underfoot echoes the forging of steel;
what harrowing ploy does Hecaceres conceal?

I have mixed an elixir, a fluid that casts,
eyes on the mill, so sombre and vast.
It floats on the river, encased in a ball
that renders away, in the pool of the great waterfall.
But the vessel is weak, so when set on the stream,
the potion breaks free and is washed out to sea.

SOTER

HARMONY

"Soter visits The Font to beg forgiveness for his actions. Harmony bears no grudge, and instead asks him for help. The alchemist intends to spy on the mill using a complex elixir held in a magical orb, however the vessel is extremely fragile and shatters when released into the river. Knowing the village is in great danger, Soter hatches a plan..."

Ep. 4 - Revelations

SOTER

HARMONY

Ep. 4 - Revelations

cont.

[Soter]

The delicate shell is torn by the tide.
Is battered by waves on its path to the caves.

But perched on a feather the orb will float free,
Cushioned and safe as it heads out to sea.
As light as the air.
Softer than silk and more gentle.
The wings that my father gave me,
I give to thee.

[Harmony]

The elixir departs from the base of the font,
to circle more than half of the world.
Cradled by feathers the ball navigates,
past rubble to the starless cascade.
Upon kissing the crest, the sphere descends,
to pierce the pool and burst on the bedrock.
The waters, anoxic, devour its potency,
sweeping its gaze to all corners of industry.

Alchemy witnesses deep in the gloam,
barrels of fire powder, set in a row.
And ranks of grey figures built with coal, clay and ore.
Expel any doubt that the mill primes for war.

[Roso and Snout] Go go go up the clocktower, fast as a fox.
[Snout] I'll build a meat ladder...
[Roso] ...and I'll pick the lock.
[Roso] What cretin scales walls using brisket and ribs?
[Snout] My my, what a sharp tongue...
[Roso] ...your methods foolish.
[Snout] First up, bags these pork chops. You fancy that wager?
[Roso] Oh, I'm haunted by meat, when the menu reads danger.

[Roso and Snout]
Gotta get in, gotta get in by ladder or lock.
Gotta get in, gotta get in by hook or by luck.
The markers of time mask the darkest of evils,
before it creeps down we must climb to the steeple.

[Roso] Now, now, now, to the chain...
[Snout] ...pretty sturdy those links...

[Roso]
...do be quiet Madame pork pie, I'm trying to think.
A tax on my brain is this blasted alliance.
Snout acts on sheer luck, whereas I apply science.

To conquer the lock he'd pick up a rock,
and charge an upswing to bash open the thing.
But the stone can't connect for the dark arts reflect,
the brunt of the blow, till the motion plateaus.

ROSO

SNOUT

"Residents have reported sightings of Hecaceres entering The Clocktower. Roso immediately recruits Snout to help him climb to the steeple and uncover, once and for all, the sorceress's foul game. Time is of the essence. But how on earth will they get in...?"

Ep. 4 - Revelations

ROSO

SNOUT

Ep. 4 - Revelations

cont.

[Roso]

The device will unlatch given a modicum of patience,
a stethoscope, some taps, and the right combination.

A 3x3 sequence, will uncover the secrets,
other-worldly and dire, at the base of the spire.

To start the ball rolling, 9 digits of pi.

I try: thirty-one-four fifteen-nine-two-six-five.

The spindle rotates, discharging a shriek,
with a threat it resets, with a crack and a creak.

[Snout]

The prudent professor is clutching at hope.

To enter the tower drop logic use goat.

Parts of the beast from the thurl to the bladder,
are integral parts of the perfect meat ladder.

Succulent tendons join udders and veins,
twisted together to fashion a frame.

The chassis is frail so I strength the rail,
with pin bones and hips to shore up the steps.

The ladder looks slick inclined against brick.

Poor Roso looks stunned as I shimmy up quick.

Yet ego and pride is resigned at the clock face,
For the horrors I spy make my pig heart race.

cont.

[Roso]

The gut of the tower, 90 feet wide,
is taller and deeper than on the outside.
Thin is the air, and to breathe pulls a chill,
to the heart of our bones.
We stand still until a piercing blue light,
cuts the gloom like a scythe,
it bends and refracts and erupts into life.
Images, sonics of type electronic,
dance and en-trance the butcher and I.

But the beauty sublime distracts from a sense,
that our destiny is set and our past is a pretence.
Confused and alone, we sink to the stone,
and trouble that maybe our futures are known.
As if directed, we cast our eyes right,
to encounter a figure first masked by the light.
Two horns and two hoofs lay still up ahead,
This quartet reveals Hecaceres is... (dead).

ROSO

SNOUT

Ep. 4 - Revelations

HECACERES

"Another week goes by without glimpse of Hecaceres. Chilling noises emanate from the mill, and our access is forbidden..."

Ep. 4 - Revelations

No aria.

Sights and sounds unknown,
flood through a portal in the sky.
Flickering, flickering, hot and ablaze,
The images grow more vivid by day.

Another world, another world a different world,
behind steep glass,
Controls us all, controls us all,
directs the future, rewrites the past.

It sculpts the land,
It tunes the aether.
Forms water and sand,
by pen and by paper.

Like marionettes we dance by the string.
Living by numbers, forced into song.
And carried along by strangers that watch,
our lives take shape by the hand of the clock.
Like marionettes we sway by the wire,
each a small part of the puppet choir.
Who sing loud and true, for most do not know,
the things that they feel are all part of the show.

Do we rise, do we fight?
Do we rebind the sky, or allow it to fall?

[Choice of 'Rebind the Sky' or 'March on the Mill' presented]

ALETHEIA

"Aletheia reveals the secrets of The Clocktower. High in the steeple exists a portal to another world; one that dictates the fate of the village and the movements of all who reside within. Like marionettes, we dance by the string..."

Ep. 4 - Revelations

HECACERES



"An apparition of Hecaceres materialises before a dazed Roso. The history of the mill is revealed. We learn of the origins of the provider and the fallen children, and discover how a portal to our world came into existence..."

Ep. 5 - The Inevitable

Three centuries ago my mother roamed the land.
As necromancer ruling water and sand.
She enslaved the children and fed them the dreams,
of the people above by polluting the streams.
With this they felt joy, vital and alive,
and assembled the mill by the blade of the scythe.

Soter's late father, an elegant stead,
flew down from the clouds to duel with the beast.
He saved so many with the lady erased.
But the children had fallen as slaves.

Overwhelmed with the suffering of years,
the children formed daggers by freezing their tears.
Slashing the sky, they lay claim to a place,
of flickering light and fate foreordained.

The damned of the mill, awaited control,
of all of the creatures whose stories are told.
But with limited power they were only to watch,
the village unfold just ahead of the clock.
Clairvoyance extended deep into the woods,
through branches and bracken to reside in a book.

With the gift of foresight the children could see,
that by Harill's hand the great mill would be sieged.
They prepared for war by casting a thousand clay soldiers.
Undaunted the villagers ready a stand,
but their ruin is sealed by the beat of the phantom band.

[Roso]

What's the best way to wake up a pig?
When the fool doesn't know her life is at risk.
Not a poke, or a shake.
What will it take to pull this slumbering lump,
out of her dreams and off of her rump?
Not a prod or a shake.
What will it take?

[Snout]

What's your deal?
I was happy asleep.
Frolicking with farmers;
waltzing with sheep.
What do you want you odd little man?

[Roso]

Well sausage fodder, we're in need of a plan.
While you dance with livestock, which is frankly insane,
Harill is leading a star-crossed campaign.
To prevent his attack from turning sour,
we must reach the mill within minutes not hours...

[Snout] ...may I suggest an idea or two?

[Roso] ...I dread to think.

ROSO

SNOUT

"It is clear that the pig and professor must hatch a plan to intercept Harill's mob, before they enter an ill-fated skirmish at the gates of the mill. This is a war they cannot win. After Roso finally manages to wake up Snout, the pair argue over the fastest mode of transport..."

Ep. 5 - The Inevitable

ROSO

SNOUT

[Snout]

Rapid propulsion via ballistic device,
an onager or trebuchet may just suffice.

[Roso]

As much as we need to avert the assault,
your plump ass won't budge with a wood catapult.

[Snout]

What if like Rozier we took to the skies,
in a swift thermal airship the clouds could disguise?

[Roso]

Discounting the fact that's from some cartoon,
we've no wicker, no rope, and oh yes, no balloon.

[Snout]

Why not build a rocket, and launch into space,
and re-enter precisely where the siege will take place?
You know what, that sound pretty fun.

[Roso]

It's absurd my pink friend,
Just forget it, we'll run.

Delicate are the things that dwell here.
Under tear-torn skies.
As beautiful as your world may seem,
it cannot guide our lives.

Without free-will our dreams have no meaning,
no warmth, no importance.

Its not that you are not like us.
We know sinners and sorrow, heroes and love.

But your people are programmed to build, to create;
to author such stories that hold us as slaves.

Delicate are the things that dwell here.
Under tear-torn skies.
As beautiful as your world may seem,
It cannot guide our lives.

You can set us free with one last scene,
of peace, and of hope, where our voices belong only to us.
Only to us, only to us.

ALETHEIA



“Aletheia utters her final words. She gives YOU one last opportunity to prevent the bloodshed. Will you rebind the tear in the sky and agree to leave this place, or commit Harill's forces to conflict and seal the fate of the village...?”

Ep. 5 - The Inevitable

HARILL



Presented ending - 'All Things Come to an End'

"Your collective decision has sent Harill's army into a confrontation that they had no chance of winning. Perhaps this was inevitable. Our hermit sits amongst the ruins of his world and thinks back to more beautiful days..."

Ep. 5 - The Inevitable

All things come to an end.
Shattered and broken are the people I learned to call friends.
Life, this life draws dim.
We suffer the moment simply waiting for dusk to close in.

What more, what could be done?
You've set our graves and dissolved what your people begun.

But as time, it falls away,
Know we're not angry instead we look back on our days.

Those bloody great battles we lead were at first,
A fictitious cruelty, unknown to the earth.
From the woods to the skies and the banks of the sea,
we lived gentle lives, in warm company.

Mornings were hopeful and evenings were shared,
by people who sang without worry or care.
And although I struggled to be part of this dream,
I saw love in them, they looked out for me.

But all things come to an end.
Shattered and broken are the people I learned to call friends.
All things, all things must end.

What's left to say?
We accept its over.
The the world has changed.
We wait to fade away.

When escaping to places, within and alone,
the river of time abandons its flow.
A stillness takes hold and conquers all discord,
freeing your mind to make choices, it could not make before.

My body and soul, I commit to the streams.
Not for clairvoyance, nor to restore dreams.
But to lay rest to a battle that's not yet begun,
between creatures of darkness and those under sun.

I submerge slowly to bind with the water.
All of me becomes a part of it.

A wild sky brews as I heighten the swell,
and quicken the current as I surge towards hell.
A maelstrom expands and embraces the mill.
Waves thrash and crash in the darkness until,
the ranks of grey figures, carcassed in clay,
are caught one by one in the torrent and carried away.

The children hold hands by the waters edge.
Eyes laden with tears, much beyond their young years,
they flux to and fro between living and dead.

Their faces forgotten, but shackles now broken.
Calmly, the fallen descend.

HARMONY

Alternate ending - 'Rebind the Sky'

Ep. 5 - The Inevitable