

TALES FROM THE QUARANTINE
CASSANDRA

Written by

Joonatan Itkonen

The layout is three panels at the top, then four panels for two rows, and two at the bottom (though one large works if you split the dialog half to each side.) It's a bit talky, so feel free to play around with the blocking and layout as you find best suited for your style.

PANEL 1.

Caption: ELYSIAN FIELDS (The lettering should be stately, but worn down, like eternity itself is on its way out.)

The fields were once beautiful. Now they are endless meadows of withering things. A dark, starlit night stretches into the horizon. The moon is pale and distant. Snow is idly falling.

A PERSON stands by a withered tree. Her features are ageless, neither young nor old. (Think **Tilda Swinton** in **Orlando**.) Time has passed her by eons ago. Now, she simply exists. She is **Cassandra**.

Cassandra: Zeus!

Cassandra: All-Father!

Cassandra: Whatever damn thing you call yourself now.

Each call into the void is smaller. The last one is a mutter.

PANEL 2.

A tall, statuesque man strides out from a tear in space-time. He's at least two heads taller than Cassandra and broader in every direction. He is **Zeus**, The All-Father, and everything. The deity of deities. He's masculine past the point of silliness.

All-Father: There is snow in the month of harvest. The rivers run dry.

All-Father: What is happening, Cassandra?

PANEL 3.

The two silhouetted against the vast of night.

Cassandra: I have no more answers left, All-Father. I have given you all that I know, and you've ignored it for eons.

Cassandra: There is no more **time**.

PANEL 4.

The All-Father has turned away from Cassandra, arms crossed, actively ignoring her.

All-Father: You're hysterical.

Cassandra: The Aesir have already fled the coming winter.

Cassandra: They call it *Gudar Skymning*.

Cassandra: Twilight of the Gods.

PANEL 5.

Cassandra looks at the night sky. She sees beyond time. Everything that even the All-Father cannot.

Cassandra: For three millennia I have known what was, what is, and what will become. You decreed that.

Cassandra: Just as you cursed all others never to believe my truth.

Cassandra: Except for yourself. You **chose**.

PANEL 6.

She points her finger at The All-Father, and he defiantly stares it down.

Cassandra: Even as you allowed me in Elysium, you left me this way. Even as you returned to seek knowledge of what was to come.

Cassandra: You called me a liar and a fool.

Cassandra: For telling the truth.

PANEL 7.

The All-Father has his arms outstretched. Like he's the victim.

All-Father: That's not how it happened. You're overreacting.

All-Father: I must know, what is coming?

PANEL 8.

Cassandra stretches, tired, knowing this is her final play.

Cassandra: On one condition. This is my last prophecy, the one that will set me free.

Cassandra: My rest for the future of the Ageless.

Cassandra: You **owe** me.

PANEL 9.

Defeated, the All-Father waves his hand. He must know.

(MORE)

(CONT'D)

All-Father: Yes, fine. As you've
seen it.

PANEL 10

Cassandra begins to fade (she's already half gone in this panel). Her expression like she's falling into the most comfortable bed after a long, long day.

All-Father: You promised!

Cassandra: It is what it always was
going to be.

Cassandra: Our end, and the
beginning of something new.

All-Father: What? What is coming?

PANEL 11.

Her face almost faded, curved in a smile mixed between relief and mischief.

Cassandra: I don't know.

PANEL 12.

The All-Father, alone, staring at the air.

All-Father: The Twilight of the
Gods?

All-Father: No. It can't be.

PANEL 13.

He's tiny in the field. The incredible expanse of existence before him, now disappearing before his eyes.

All-Father: The stars...

All-Father: They're going out.