

THE SEMINAR

©

An Original Story
and Screenplay

by
Alan Taylor

Final Draft 19th April 2018

Email: a.taylor@oxon.org

Web: about.me/kinowords

BLACK SCREEN IN THE CAVE OF THE CINEMA

The SOUND of a howling wintery wind,
then echoing waterdrops...

SUPER: Isovaria, Macedonia, 334 BC
2 kilometers from present-day Naoussa.

SLOW FADE UP:

1.INT. THE ISOVARIA CAVES, MIEZA, MACEDONIA, 340. B.C - PM

From the blackness of the cinema screen to darkness then to shadows. In time we are moving forward and awkwardly through the rocky, uneven dark passageway. A maze of uncertainty. Who is this moving?

Now with LANGARUS, 45, fully bearded, a sturdy, reliable presence, pushing with some urgency through the passageway, a fiery torch in one hand. Snowflakes linger on the worn gripsack across his shoulders and his head. His thick leather boots stomp against the uneven rocky floor.

LANGARUS (V.O.)

Philip the King was still alive.
Fighting the Thracians to the north.
And here I was to look after his
son - our new Regent!

Behind LANGARUS - the cave opening, a circle of light.

LANGARUS (V.O. CONT)

And we had to deal with the great teacher.
The wise one. He had been 20 years at
Plato's Academy. Down there in Athens.
A fat lot of good.

LANGARUS steps through puddles, under the low craggy ceiling.

LANGARUS (V.O. CONT)

Some said he had a big future.
Biology. Astronomy. Poetry.
Something called literary theory.
To us he was just another teacher.
Who could have guessed his future?

2. INT. THE GUARD'S HOVEL, ISOVARIA CAVES - PM

With an ancient soldier, ANTIPATER 65, peering through a wooden door, breathing cold air, a battle scar across one closed eye, his working eye ablaze with anger. His mumbling is not good news.

Behind ANTIPATER is LANGARUS, coughing, already taking measure of the miserable hovel - a few leading torches spray their light over wine flasks, shabby carpet, worn blankets, drab cushions, discarded fruit and baskets of unused candles.

LANGARUS steps into the hovel around stank puddles.

LANGARUS

(with authority)

So, Antipater!

I see things have improved.

ANTIPATER

Time!

ARISTOTLE (distant OFF)

No. No. No!

And raising your eyes won't help!

ANTIPATER shakes his head, swipes the torch from LANGARUS, waves it like a sword...his cracked eye up into LANGARUS's weathered face.

ANTIPATER

Wasting time Langarus.

We are losing the borders!!!

ANTIPATER spits into the water of the upper bowl of a klepsydra/waterclock.

ARISTOTLE (OFF)

Tragedy? Or Comedy?

Following the voice, LANGARUS angles towards an opening in the shabby wooden door. Breathing cold air LANGARUS touches the gate. It wobbles and creaks. He coughs.

LANGARUS

You fixed this? When?

ANTIPATER

I'd rather cut the old guy's throat first!
The King is cutting off heads in Thebes.
But you know the Maedians are revolting!
Just up the road!!!
Get him on his map or we'll all
wake up dead tomorrow!

LANGARUS opens the gate - the CREAKS echo through the cave -
and he steps into the inner sanctum.

ANTIPATER spits again into the waterclock.

ANTIPATER

Maedians!

3. INT. CAVE SEMINAR ROOM - PM

The door creaks open. DIMNUS, 25, is seated by the gate,
holding the blanket tight, biting his lips, scratching his
thinly bearded chin.

LANGARUS closes the door behind him. Its creaking is so
painful to HEAR. He places down his helmet and gripsack and
parks his sword against the wall, beside DIMNUS's own sword
and helmet.

LANGARUS sits alongside DIMNUS, his fellow bodyguard.

A waterclock - this one is more ornate - is at his side.

LANGARUS

(deep whisper)

Antipater must stop spitting into
the waterclock. It upsets the timings.

Before them taking centre stage is ARISTOTLE, 44, with his
back to us. Only heavy water droplets - plonk! - are HEARD.

LANGARUS (V.O.)

So, yes, after two years
Aristotle was still with us.
The young Regent's Special Tutor

To our left is ALEXANDER, 16, seated at a long table and
wrapped in a thick Royal tunic.

LANGARUS (V.O.)

Alexander was just sixteen.
And we had more wars to fight.

ALEXANDER - his hands cup around the golden light from the candle. He is almost envious of its lively glow.

LANGARUS (V.O.)

Never easy. But then one
winter's afternoon - well,
it changed everything.
For all of us. Even me.

We have time to note the cave as seminar room, sometime sleepover, a library of stacked scrolls, candles, torches, and always cold. The uneven rockface gives way in places to thick darkness.

SLOW SUPER - THE SEMINAR-

The second waterclock announces the slow passing moments...PLONK - PLONK - PLONK.

ARISTOTLE

No, no, no. Alexander, my boy.

ARISTOTLE - bearded and resolute - turns and puts down the parchment/essay on the broad wooden table. We notice in the mess a worn copy of Homer's *The Iliad*.

ARISTOTLE bears down on ALEXANDER's brown and green eyes. His breath warms the cold air. He is of sturdy marble.

ARISTOTLE

My Lord. How long have we worked
on this? But I could not make it any
simpler. Maybe that's my problem.

ARISTOTLE steps to a scratched diagram etched on the wall - stick figures with words scrawled on the wall around the diagram can include -

ἀναγνώρισις, κάθαρσις, Περὶ ποιητικῆς, κωμῳδία
(*recognition, cleansing, poetry, comedy*)

It is the ancient equivalent of a flip-chart, a mapping of what in eras to come would be called a three-act-structure.

ARISTOTLE (CONT'D)
But it is so...natural!

ARISTOTLE turns back to the room.

ARISTOTLE (CONT'D)
Discovery! To go beyond!

ARISTOTLE thumps the essay/parchment in his hand.

ARISTOTLE (CONT'D)
A whole is something that has
a beginning. Middle. And...

He places it carefully, with emphasis, on the table, looks to
ALEXANDER in hope. But nothing comes back.

ARISTOTLE opens his third finger.

LANGARUS
(slowly, under his breath)
End.

DIMNUS checks his senior comrade whose gaze remains steadfast.

ARISTOTLE (OFF)
End!...End! Everything in real time.
And the agents? Us? - it is
because of their actions that
they succeed or fail in the drama.
In life!

ARISTOTLE finally raises his arms to the rockface ceiling.

ARISTOTLE (CONT'D)
(as if swearing to himself)
Peripeteia!

ALEXANDER smiles to himself as DIMNUS slides another
bewildered look to LANGARUS.

ALEXANDER
So? The beginning can be at the end!
Can't it!

ARISTOTLE
It IS a very good essay, sir.
It has a very good beginning,
middle and end!

Then from behind the gate.

ANTIPATER (OFF)

Oh the Gods save us!!!!

The choral yell from the old soldier is heard but ignored.

ARISTOTLE closes down his arms, looks again to LANGARUS and DIMNUS, but they cough and wrap their blankets around their weary bodies. They seem to agree with the King's son.

ARISTOTLE returns to his table. Choices are there, official documents, manuscripts, teaching aids, a grubby Terracotta kylix winebowl, a large blazing candleholder, and a handy bust of Homer.

DIMNUS

(whispering)

Perip...?

LANGARUS

(whispering)

Schussh!...Ironic reversal.

ARISTOTLE (OFF)

A whole week wasted!

Then suddenly ARISTOTLE releases his battle knife as if from nowhere, brandishing it towards ALEXANDER. LANGARUS and DIMNUS duly sharpen up, loosen their blankets.

ARISTOTLE (CONT'D)

I wonder what your good father
Philip the King will say when he
gets back!

ARISTOTLE turns a sharp caustic eye to LANGARUS and DIMNUS.

ARISTOTLE (CONT'D)

If he lives that long!

LANGARUS and DIMNUS get that zinger. They start up. ALEXANDER smiles, shakes his head slightly, they relax.

ARISTOTLE (CONT'D)

Beginning, middle and end!
This is not...a game.
What will become of you, Sir?
What will become of us?

ALEXANDER reaches for something inside his own tunic.

An exasperated ARISTOTLE tosses his knife to the table, looks to DIMNUS and LANGARUS, sighs, nods.

ARISTOTLE (CONT'D)

Ah, well, enough drama for one day.

ARISTOTLE pivots and steps back towards his inner sanctum.

LANGARUS

Maybe some geography, sir?

ARISTOTLE pauses. DIMNUS is shocked. ALEXANDER smiles. ARISTOTLE then continues into the darkness.

ALEXANDER releases his hands from underneath his tunic, takes ARISTOTLE's knife. Against the candle, he shapes it to his animation play on the ceiling. Sword fighting.

DIMNUS sighs, checks after where ARISTOTLE disappeared - a cave hole into blackness - then slips into tiredness, his eyes drooping.

ANTIPATER (OFF)

The bloody Thebians are watching this!
Loving every minute!

ALEXANDER reaches over to his discarded essay, opens it, begins to read more carefully.

LANGARUS stands, stretches. He looks about, nobody watching, reaches with hope to the ceiling. But - nothing there. Just damp walls.

He then looks down to the waterclock beside his chair.

Mythic action figures are etched on the side of the bowl.

A water drop plonks! The wintery wind seeps through the cave.

DIMNUS scratches his chin.

And then a streak of light pierces through the water.

LANGARUS follows the light beam over towards ALEXANDER - and beyond him, to the light piercing through the holes in the rockface walls. They strike across the inner cave and create a rare moment of wonderment...and even hope.

ANTIPATER (OFF)

What's going on? Where is he?

DIMNUS turns to the gate

DIMNUS

Shush! You'll be killed!

6. INT. THE GUARD'S HOVEL, ISOVARIA CAVES - PM

ANTIPATER, eyes and ears to the gate. He hits the gate.
It rattles.

ANTIPATER

Don't shush me pumpkin!
Where is he?

DIMNUS (OFF)

He's in his own cave.
He's doing his special thinking.

ANTIPATER

Then get him! Now!
Get him in the dark!
You're a soldier, eh?
Supposed to be! Eh?

Pause

DIMNUS (OFF)

Langarus says you must stop
spitting into the waterclocks.
It upsets the timings.

ANTIPATER

Timings! Dimnus you are just
a toy soldier. Always was,
always will be.

ANTIPATER pivots away and spits again into the waterclock.

And now some jolly HUMMING is HEARD OFF.

ANTIPATER turns back to the gate.

ANTIPATER

What now? The map? Yes!

6. INT. CAVE SEMINAR ROOM - PM

ARISTOTLE quickly reappears from his gloomy darkness with some vigor, carrying a large scroll parchment of papyrus.

The cave is suddenly alive.

ARISTOTLE

Let's try a little, eh, geography!

DIMNUS looks to LANGARUS as they quickly drop their blankets and step up to assist ARISTOTLE.

Sudden fuss as the table is cleared - *The Iliad* goes to the floor, and DIMNUS passes the bust of Homer to LANGARUS.

DIMNUS

Langarus

...and LANGARUS quickly passes the winebowl to DIMNUS.

LANGARUS

Dimnus...

...who grimaces at the dusty mouldy fruits inside.

But a greenish apple stands out.

LANGARUS grasps the bust of Homer.

ARISTOTLE

That should keep us out of trouble. Um?

ALEXANDER smiles and pulls up to the table as ARISTOTLE struggles with the scroll...a large expensive parchment.

ARISTOTLE (CONT'D)

Ah, now I always forget which way
this goes. Now be very careful
...papyrus!...expensive!

It is a map of radiant colours, especially greys and blues, with warm reds for the lands, rich golds for the cities. These stunning colors we have not seen.

ARISTOTLE (CONT'D)

There we are. Woops!

The bust of Homer is falling...but LANGARUS catches it as it speeds towards ARISTOTLE. A disaster is avoided.

ARISTOTLE nods carefully to LANGARUS.

ARISTOTLE (CONT'D)

Homer!

LANGARUS grips more carefully the bust of Homer.

LANGARUS

Homer

A weighty pause as ARISTOTLE looks to the bust. ALEXANDER is already impatient at the table.

ARISTOTLE

You listen well, Langarus.

On LANGARUS - he pauses like never before - and then back to the table where ARISTOTLE, DIMNUS and even ALEXANDER are marvelling at the map.

ARISTOTLE flicks a grain of muddy earth from the gold of Italy. LANGARUS considers the bust of Homer in his hands. It is a major responsibility.

A warm golden glow now suffuses the cave.

ALEXANDER

Great!

ARISTOTLE (CONT'D)

Now. We know where we are? Umm?

As if from nowhere, ALEXANDER flourishes ARISTOTLE's knife and places its glistening tip on Macedonia - muddy brown.

ARISTOTLE

(mockery or truth?)

Learning is delightful.

Now. Where is...

The knife moves across the map.

ALEXANDER

Rome?

ARISTOTLE nods as ALEXANDER stands, with knife in full use.

ALEXANDER (CONT'D)

I think this...is Thrace.

ARISTOTLE

Your good father is there.
A true war hero.

There is some nodding from LANGARUS and DIMNUS.

The point has paused the young Regent.

ALEXANDER

And this...this...is Rome.

Then with some authority down the map South to...

ALEXANDER (CONT'D)

Spain.

The knife now passes confidently across the known world.

ALEXANDER (CONT'D)

Malta. Here. Anatolia? Here.

Smiles from LANGARUS and DIMNUS, and even ARISTOTLE.
And now the knife further down, across the bluest of seas.

ALEXANDER (CONT'D)

And this..this is Egypt. Egypt!!!

But then - PUNCH! - the knife tip cuts through the map.
LANGARUS and DIMNUS smile, but ARISTOTLE grimaces.
And suddenly ALEXANDER places the knife down on the map.

He sits, sighs. ARISTOTLE sits too, mirroring his student.
DIMNUS, still with the bowl, sits again by the door.

But LANGARUS, still holding the bust of Homer, steps behind
ALEXANDER the Regent - a forbidden space - and into the
lightbeams that pierce through the wall and onto his face.

Plonk, plonk, plonk - the drips from the waterclock.

ARISTOTLE (OFF)

And Babylon? Where is Babylon?

LANGARUS smiles, turns back to the seminar.

ALEXANDER thinks, his eyes switching madly, suddenly alert.

ALEXANDER stands again, quickly darts an eye behind him - LANGARUS is there - then back to the table he picks up the knife.

ALEXANDER
Not far. Not far at all.

LANGARUS turns back to the holes in the cave wall, the incoming light crosses his tired but hopeful face.

ALEXANDER (OFF)
This is the Euphrates

7. PINHOLE VIEW POV LANGARUS

LANGARUS POV - passing through the hole in the wall - an Ancient Macedonian tableau - a wintry panorama comes gradually to life...in animated form.

ALEXANDER (OFF)
And here...here is Persia.

8. INT. CAVE SEMINAR ROOM - PM

On LANGARUS looking in growing wonder through the pinhole and the faint SOUND of horses galloping...getting LOUDER, with cries of battle. His face reflects back a warm glow.

ALEXANDER (OFF)
There is much to do there.
Dionysus! Gold!! Ivory!

We HEAR the faint SOUND of film clicking through a projector as we share his dreamscape.

9. PINHOLE VIEW POV LANGARUS

An animation. From the Wintry panorama we shift to a desert battle after *The Battle of Issus* by Philoxenus of Eretria - battle SOUNDS and the film clicking thru an unseen projector...

And up comes LANGARUS, now as an animated warrior - a heroic Commander, calling to his off-screen troops.

A bloodied scar marks his rugged face.

10. INT. CAVE SEMINAR ROOM - PM

Sunlight pierces the small gap in the cave and falls on the smiling face of LANGARUS, admiring his exotic and tempting Dreamscape.

We still HEAR the SOUND of film clicking thru a projector.

ALEXANDER (OFF)

Babylon!

And the SOUND of a roaring CROWD...and the thundering SOUND of more horses and cries of battle.

On LANGARUS, his face radiant with thoughts of battle.

ALEXANDER (OFF)

Fantasy! Let's not pretend.

The SOUNDS of battle quickly fade and now the SOUND of the clicking film winds down, stutters, and suddenly STOPS.

LANGARUS turns sharply back to his comrades.

A lowering silence.

ALEXANDER lets out a dramatic yawn.

ALEXANDER (CONT'D)

It won't happen.

It can't happen.

Not with me.

He tosses the knife to the table, and sits. He now picks away at he edge of the expensive map.

ALEXANDER (CONT'D)

This Regent has better...

11. INT. THE GUARD'S HOVEL, ISOVARIA CAVES - PM

With ANTIPATER at the gate.

ALEXANDER (OFF)

... things to do.

ANTIPATER hits his own face in disbelief.

ANITPATER

(to himself

Oh really? Kill the two of 'em!

Let his mother rule!

More balls than the lot of 'em!

12. INT. CAVE SEMINAR ROOM - PM

ALEXANDER winks to DIMNUS who still holds the winebowl.

LANGARUS, unhappy, remains behind, close enough to the Regent's exposed neck.

ARISTOTLE remains intact.

LANGARUS now gripping the bust of Homer. In the hands of a professional soldier, even an artwork can be a weapon.

ALEXANDER notes the silence around him, then the PLONK, PLONK...of the waterclock.

ANTIPATER (OFF)

Wasting bloody time!!!

The waterclock...PLONK...then stops. There is an exchange of looks across the cave. Finally on ALEXANDER - there is a SOUND of movement in the cave - he looks over to DIMNUS who scratches beneath his cloak. There is a glimpse of his bare thigh. His third scratch.

ALEXANDER blinks, assembles himself, stands, checks behind him to a barely smiling LANGARUS. The passions are now controlled. The first signs of an Emperor.

ALEXANDER

Very well, gentlemen.

Enough. It is time.

They all smile. LANGARUS relaxes his grip on Homer.

With swaggering confidence ALEXANDER takes ARISTOTLE's knife and steps from behind the table. We see now his own knife that hangs from his waist - and he now takes command of the center stage. He steps to ARISTOTLE who stands.

ALEXANDER hands back to the Master his own knife.

ALEXANDER

So *natural*...Umm?

Student and Master exchange knowing smiles. LANGARUS and DIMNUS align themselves behind ALEXANDER.

ARISTOTLE

That's the idea.

So, DIMNUS, LANGARUS, and ALEXANDER now stand together as one.

ARISTOTLE (CONT'D)

You will always be my best...eh?

ALEXANDER

Actor?

ARISTOTLE nods in agreement. ALEXANDER shakes his head.

ARISTOTLE

A little here? A little there?

ALEXANDER still shaking his head.

ARISTOTLE (CONT'D)

You might need it.

ALEXANDER pauses on what might be the day's real lesson. He looks down, picks up *The Iliad*, then turns to knock dust from DIMNUS's shoulder.

ALEXANDER

Babylon. India.

ALEXANDER then checks eye-to-eye on LANGARUS, thumping his chest, knowing his man.

ALEXANDER (CONT'D)

But first to Maedia.

ANITPATER (OFF)

Maedia!

ALEXANDER takes the bust of Homer and raises it to ARISTOTLE. In his other hand is *The Iliad*.

ALEXANDER

I will write!

ARISTOTLE

Athens calls me.

ARISTOTLE dutifully lowers his head.

ALEXANDER raises *The Iliad* and bust of Homer to the Gods.

ALEXANDER

Unbeatable!

ALEXANDER, LANGARUS, DIMNUS

Invincible!!!

Their call echoes through the caves.

ANTIPATER (OFF)

Unbeatable! Invincible!

ALEXANDER pivots to the door. But he stops.

From behind, DIMNUS rushes ahead, opens the door.

There a smiling, loyal ANTIPATER is waiting in the dark hovel, sword ready, his helmet is already squeezed onto his head.

DIMNUS

Antipater! Orders!

It's war! Discovery!

ALEXANDER strides manfully out, past DIMNUS and then past ANTIPATER who collects his gear and follows his leader. He disappears out of frame.

ANIPATER (OFF)

Then Babylon! India! Discovery!

The CLANKS of his sword echo and fade through the caves.

Emboldened and smiling, DIMNUS also starts after ALEXANDER. But he pivots, looks behind to ARISTOTLE and LANGARUS. He steps to LANGARUS.

DIMNUS

Langarus...

LANGARUS takes the dirty winebowl from DIMNUS.

DIMNUS nods to ARISTOTLE, then pivots to follow ALEXANDER.

But DIMNUS stops again - quickly turns to snatch his helmet and sword from the wall. Then he is quickly out, knocking the gate as he disappears into the darkness of the hovel.

But here, in the inner seminar cave, ARISTOTLE waits on LANGARUS who is anchored to his winebowl. The green apple is still there inside.

LANGARUS turns to ARISTOTLE, places the grubby and cracked winebowl at the master's feet - we catch sight of the side view showing Theseus battling the Minotaur.

LANGARUS backs away...takes his own busted helmet and worn sword from the wall. Then he is out through the gate.

ARISTOTLE
(politely)
Langarus? The door?

LANGARUS is stopped once more.

He nods, smiles and eases his way respectfully out of the cave...pulling the creaky door in his wake, eye-to-eye with ARISTOTLE.

13. INT. THE GUARD'S HOVEL, ISOVARIA CAVES - PM

LANGARUS hooks the door closed. He peeks through the crack into ARISTOTLE's sanctum while WAR SOUNDS continue OFF.

14. INT. SEMINAR CAVE, - PM

ARISTOTLE now alone - his breath against the chilly air. He HEARS the SOUNDS of horses, yells, war's alarum. ARISTOTLE places his knife in his own hidden belt.

ARISTOTLE strides across the chamber. He stops at the rockface, peering through the hole and into the late winter light that touches his face.

He then turns, stalks across the room, then stops at his precious map.

He fingers the broken hole that ALEXANDER made in the art work.

Manic SOUNDS of war continue to resound in the cave.

Then splash!- a large water droplet lands perfectly in the blue Mediterranean Sea. A slight smile and then a knowing nod from ARISTOTLE - tragedy and comedy in one.

Now in single action, ARISTOTLE covers the Mediterranean Sea with the parchment essay, he reaches down and places the winebowl on the essay to catch the waterdrops. ARISTOTLE then takes the apple from the bowl, checks the ceiling, and looks to the gated entrance.

ARISTOTLE glimpses a shadowy human figure on the other side of the wooden slants - LANGARUS?

ARISTOTLE smiles, turns from his table, and steps across the cave towards his inner sanctum - the cave walls are enlivened by his great mythic shadows.

15. INT. THE GUARD'S HOVEL, ISOVARIA CAVES - PM

LANGARUS turns from the gate, then pivots to go.

LANGARUS (V.O.)

Off! To war!

But LANGARUS pauses, places down his sword and helmet, and sits down in the filthy hovel, easing into his moment.

LANGARUS (V.O, CONT'D)

But then? Then I changed my mind.

LANGARUS holds his trusted sword. He fingers its damaged edge, we note the the notches of killings. He then raises his helmet - battered and marked by incoming hits. Death was close then.

He pauses with the SOUND of familiar war all around him.

16. THE INNER SANCTUM, CAVES, LATE PM

ARISTOTLE eases onto a grassy mattress in a corner of his cave - lit by a flickering candlelight, scrawl marks on the wall, piles of parchments at his bedside.

He stretches his hands towards us and the ceiling, creating his own shadow-play with the apple.

War SOUNDS continue as we return via INTERCUTS to:

- MS, the broken planks in the first passageway
- MS, the torn edges of the map
- CU, the chalked stick figures and wall charts
- CU, the winebowl - Theseus and the Minotaur

17. INT. THE GUARD'S HOVEL, ISOVARIA CAVES - PM

Battle SOUNDS fade as LANGARUS pours the last drops of water from a flask into the upper bowl of the waterclock.

He sighs with relief.

18. THE INNER SANCTUM, CAVES, LATE PM

ARISTOTLE continues his animation play with the apple, capturing his thoughts as they turn, turn, turn.

ALEXANDER (distant, OFF)

What will become of us!?
A whole year wasted!
Maedia! Then Babylon!

CHORUS OF SOLDIERS (distant, OFF)

Babylon!!!!!!!

ANTIPATER (OFF and defiant)

Cut their bloody throats!

ARISTOTLE grasps the apple to his heart, his face, almost a mask, disappearing then reappearing in the golden light.

And now - with perhaps a slight smile - the face of ARISTOTLE vanishes into the blackness of Time...

19. INT. THE GUARD'S HOVEL, ISOVARIA CAVES - PM

Still surrounded by the SOUNDS of war, the veteran LANGARUS is now cupping the golden candlelight with his own hand, turning the glow through his wounded and grubby fingers.

LANGARUS (V.O.)

And soon the King was assassinated.
By his own bodyguard!
And Alexander now King himself
took his army to Persia and then India.
With Homer in his backpack.

LANGARUS's fingers play with the glowing candlelight.

LANGARUS (V.O, CONT'D)

So, yes, this. Was my reversal.
I had learnt where the
action really was to be.
Then it was to Athens. Athens!

The cinema screen is dominated by a rainbow of colours.

ALEXANDER (fading, OFF)
Wasting time!

FADE to BLACK

CREDITS

The closing soundtrack is soft ancient
Macedonian music that, in time, can sound
like WAR! by Edwin Starr.

At their end we are surrounded by cinema
walls of darkness, and the SOUND of the
wintery wind.

Inside our very own cave.

END

ALAN TAYLOR - April 19th 2018