

Upon The Hour Night Draws Breath

Abstract:

In a boundless twilight realm where time folds inward and memory blooms like blood-stained roses, *Eris Nocturne* awakens. A woman neither living nor dead, she emerges from the heart of a spectral garden grown from buried regrets. Summoned by seven shades of her own fragmented self—embodiments of the sins she once carried—Eris must confront each mirror in motion. Through haunted waltzes and spectral duets, she navigates longing, vanity, wrath, and decay, not to be absolved, but to be understood. Her journey is not redemption—it is reassembly. And as dawn threatens to pierce the eternal dusk, Eris must choose whether to return to the soil... or to take root and become something new.

Midjourney

Act 0: Seed of Night

A celestial garden suspended in twilight, obsidian grass reflecting stars, starlit petals drifting in zero gravity, central bloom unfurling with spectral woman forming inside, ethereal lighting, cosmic void background, cinematic angle, surreal atmosphere, 8K resolution

Act 1: The Mirror Garden (Vanity)

Endless mirror corridor wrapped in ivy and thorns, spectral woman walking slowly past reflections that move independently, broken mirror fragments glowing faintly, silver and rose hues, moody light play, dreamlike surrealism, gothic elegance, ultra-detailed

Act 2: Gilded Hunger (Greed)

Decaying ballroom with chandeliers shedding gold dust, faceless dancers made of coins and silk, woman in flowing dark gown resisting a gilded dance, shimmering illusions, Art Deco surrealism, warm gold lighting, cinematic framing, atmospheric haze

Act 3: Feast of Echoes (Gluttony)

Infinite banquet table fading into darkness, grotesquely overflowing platters of illusionary food, ghostly guests gorging, woman walking solemnly through, candlelight warping the space, rich burgundy tones, visual decay, baroque horror meets surreal elegance

Act 4: Threadbare Rest (Sloth)

Abandoned stone garden of beds overgrown with vines, spectral woman reclining in one, vines curling around limbs, desaturated tones, moonlight filtered through dying leaves, suspended stillness, soft shadows, cinematic composition, poetic melancholy

Act 5: Crimson Pulse (Wrath)

Cracked amphitheater under storm clouds, ground glowing red with phantom fire, spectral woman clashing with shadow twin, motion blur, embers floating midair, chaotic lighting, dynamic poses, fierce tension, dramatic chiaroscuro

Act 6: Glass Depths (Envy)

Underwater greenhouse with shattered glass walls, aquatic vines swaying, spectral woman pursued by a glowing silhouette, pale green and blue glow, shifting reflections, weightless movement, eerie serenity, painterly texture, dreamlike realism

Act 7: Crown of Nothing (Pride)

Bone-white throne room, empty and luminous, statues resembling the central woman, spectral figure approaching a glowing crown levitating in air, clean symmetry, cold celestial light, silent confrontation, minimal yet powerful composition

Act 8: Bloom of Dusk

Reborn celestial garden under twilight sky, blooming surreal flowers with impossible shapes, spectral woman walking through slowly, sins watching in stillness, harmony of violet and gold lighting, soft glows, painterly surrealism, magic realism tone

Act 9: Rooted Memory

Graveyard at dawn with single eerie tree at center, bark etched with faint outline of spectral woman, glowing leaves, wind-frozen petals suspended midair, ethereal fog, cinematic wide shot, pastel light tones, melancholic stillness, gothic dreamscape

Runway Prompts by Act

Act 0: Seed of Night

A celestial garden suspended in twilight, obsidian grass reflecting stars, starlit petals drifting in zero gravity, central bloom unfurling with spectral woman forming inside, ethereal lighting, cosmic void background, cinematic angle, surreal atmosphere, 8K resolution

Opening Shot: A celestial garden suspended in twilight—petals drifting in zero gravity.

Lighting: Cool indigo and rose light ripple across the scene as if cast by forgotten stars.

Camera Move: Tilt-down from a glowing crescent moon to a thorned blossom opening in reverse.

The Arrival: Eris forms mid-air within the flower's bloom, limbs unfolding like smoke.

Motion FX: Threads of starlight pull her into full form as her feet touch down on obsidian grass.

Close-Up: Her eyes open—ancient, heavy with things unspoken.

Transition to Act 1: Petals scatter and reconfigure beneath her feet into a spiral path. She begins to walk.



Act 1: The Mirror Garden (Vanity)

Endless mirror corridor wrapped in ivy and thorns, spectral woman walking slowly past reflections that move independently, broken mirror fragments glowing faintly, silver and rose hues, moody light play, dreamlike surrealism, gothic elegance, ultra-detailed

Opening Shot: An endless hallway of standing mirrors framed by ivy and thorns.

Lighting: Pale rose and silver; each mirror flickers like a heartbeat.

Camera Move: Tracking shot as Eris walks slowly past each reflection—none matching her movement.

The Encounter: One reflection steps out. Identical, flawless, smiling without warmth.

Close-Up: Their hands hover mirror to mirror, but Eris pulls away.

Motion FX: The reflections crack as she passes—beauty undone.

Transition to Act 2: A golden burst floods the frame—coins tumble like raindrops.



Act 2: Gilded Hunger (Greed)

Decaying ballroom with chandeliers shedding gold dust, dancers made of silk, woman in flowing dark gown resisting a gilded dance, shimmering illusions, surrealism, warm gold lighting, cinematic framing, atmospheric haze

Opening Shot: A dilapidated ballroom with chandeliers shedding gold dust instead of light.

Lighting: Dazzling gold with shifting shadows, illusions of luxury.

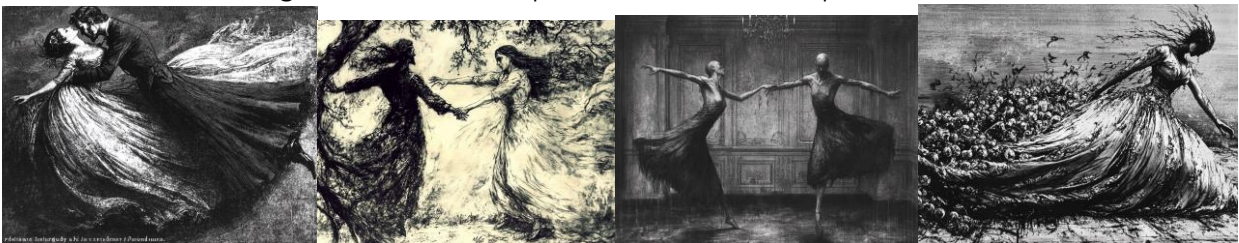
Camera Move: Spiral dolly through dancing figures made of coins and silk.

The Dance: Eris is dragged into a glittering waltz by a faceless partner. Every step weighs her down.

Close-Up: Her hand reaches for a crown—but lets it fall.

Motion FX: Golden finery rusts mid-frame, disintegrating.

Transition to Act 3: A glutton's table collapses as crimson wine spills forward.



Act 3: Feast of Echoes (Gluttony)

Infinite fading darkness, grotesquely overflowing platters of illusionary ghostly guests gorging, woman walking solemnly through, candlelight warping the space, rich burgundy tones, visual decay, baroque horror meets surreal elegance

Opening Shot: A banquet table stretching into darkness, food piled higher than sight.

Lighting: Flickering candlelight that swells unnaturally large, casting monstrous silhouettes.

Camera Move: Glide over the table to reveal guests gorging on ash and illusions.

The Confrontation: Eris walks untouched between them as one offers her a mirror plated with fog.

Close-Up: She takes a single bite—it vanishes, leaving only silence.

Motion FX: Plates shatter, and the feast collapses into void.

Transition to Act 4: The air thickens. Breathing slows. A withered bed appears beneath a pale tree.



Act 4: Threadbare Rest (Sloth)

Abandoned stone garden of beds overgrown with vines, spectral woman reclining in one, vines curling around limbs, desaturated tones, moonlight filtered through dying leaves, suspended stillness, soft shadows, cinematic composition, poetic melancholy

Opening Shot: A derelict garden of stone beds blanketed in stillness.

Lighting: Desaturated, moonlight filtered through withering vines.

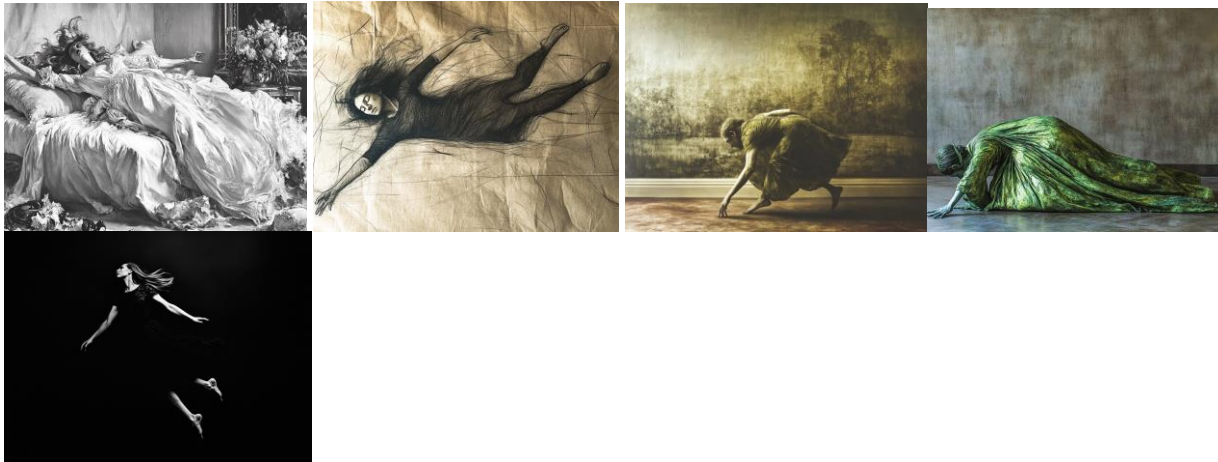
Camera Move: Slow dolly as Eris lies down and the vines begin to reach for her limbs.

The Moment: Her eyes close. Time halts.

Detail Shot: A tear rolls upward. Then—sudden inhale.

Motion FX: The vines retract as her chest rises sharply.

Transition to Act 5: The stillness fractures into trembling light. Thunder sounds like breath held too long.



Act 5: Crimson Pulse (Wrath)

Cracked amphitheater under storm clouds, ground glowing red with phantom fire, spectral woman clashing with shadow twin, motion blur, embers floating midair, chaotic lighting, dynamic poses, fierce tension, dramatic chiaroscuro

Opening Shot: A broken amphitheater shrouded in storm clouds.

Lighting: Flashfire red. The stage cracked and burning at the edges.

Camera Move: Jittering handheld, pacing with Eris as she screams in silence.

The Battle: A shadow twin charges her. They clash—motion becomes blurred, primal.

Close-Up: Her eyes flicker between fury and grief.

Motion FX: Blood blooms into rose petals midair.

Transition to Act 6: The battlefield sinks underwater. Only envy glows in the deep.



Act 6: Glass Depths (Envy)

Underwater greenhouse with shattered glass walls, aquatic vines swaying, spectral woman pursued by a glowing silhouette, pale green and blue glow, shifting reflections, weightless movement, eerie serenity, painterly texture, dreamlike realism

Opening Shot: A submerged greenhouse, light filtering through fractured glass.

Lighting: Pale green and blue, shifting like water.

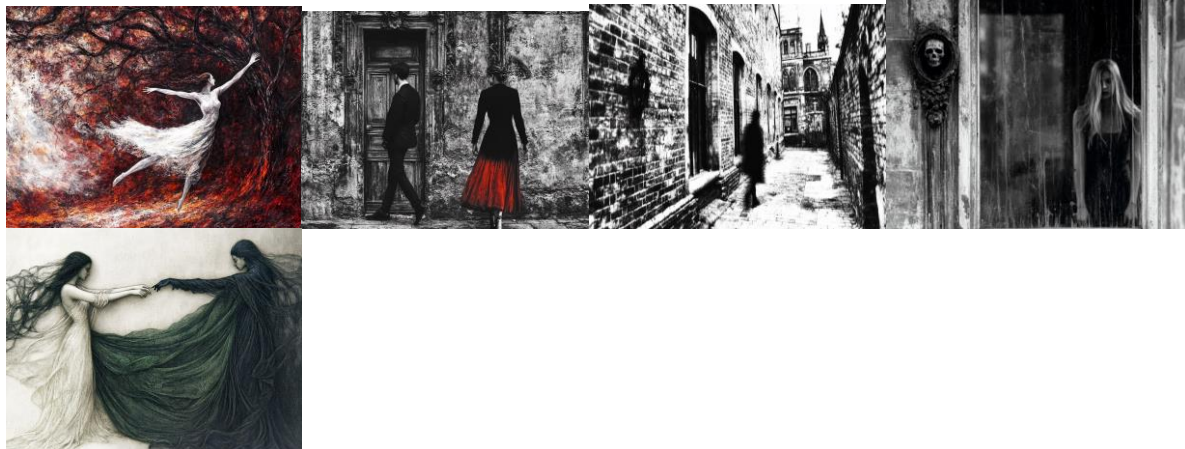
Camera Move: Floating dolly tracking Eris through aquatic vines.

The Presence: A shimmering silhouette stalks her—always behind, always reaching.

Close-Up: Eris looks into the eyes of someone she almost became.

Motion FX: Their reflections distort, intertwine, then fade apart.

Transition to Act 7: A single violin note breaks the surface. She ascends toward ivory light.



Act 7: Crown of Nothing (Pride)

Bone-white throne room, empty and luminous, statues resembling the central woman, spectral figure approaching a glowing crown levitating in air, clean symmetry, cold celestial light, silent confrontation, minimal yet powerful composition

Opening Shot: A grand throne room made of bone-white stone, empty but immaculate.

Lighting: Brilliant, cold. No shadows remain.

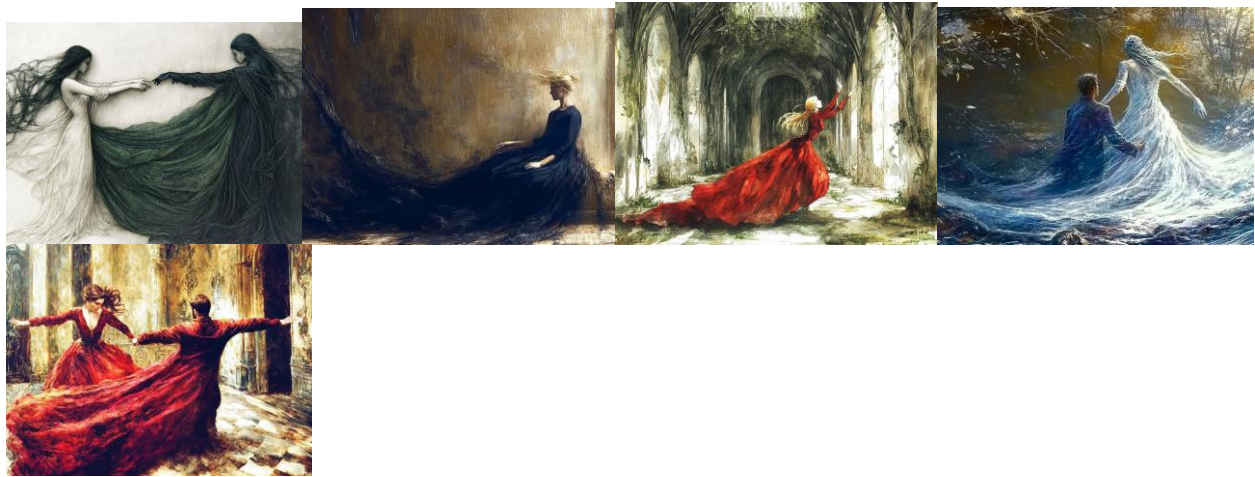
Camera Move: Wide arc as Eris approaches a levitating throne flanked by statues of herself.

The Test: A figure waits in her likeness, wearing a crown of light.

Close-Up: Eris stands, refusing to kneel.

Motion FX: The throne crumbles. The crown dims.

Transition to Act 8: Petals fall like snow. Her face lifts toward unseen warmth.



Act 8: Bloom of Dusk

Reborn celestial garden under twilight sky, blooming surreal flowers with impossible shapes, spectral woman walking through slowly, sins watching in stillness, harmony of violet and gold lighting, soft glows, painterly surrealism, magic realism tone

Opening Shot: The celestial garden returns—but changed. Withered blossoms bloom anew in surreal shapes.

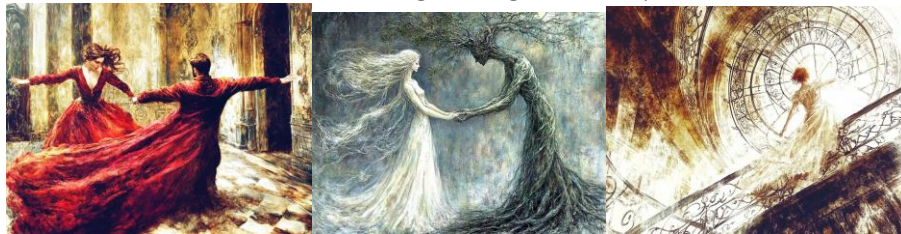
Lighting: Dawn light coexists with starlight. Gold and violet swirls create twilight harmony.

Camera Move: Reverse dolly as Eris walks between her memories, each sin watching in stillness.

The Decision: She stands before an ancient tree with an open hollow.

Motion FX: Her body begins to shift—feet rooting, fingers branching.

Transition to Act 9: Her form begins to glow faintly from within, drawing the garden closer.



Act 9: Rooted Memory

Graveyard at dawn with single eerie tree at center, bark etched with faint outline of spectral woman, glowing leaves, wind-frozen petals suspended midair, ethereal fog, cinematic wide shot, pastel light tones, melancholic stillness, gothic dreamscape

Closing Shot: The graveyard returns, now with a single twisted tree at its center.

Lighting: Early dawn—peach and pale blue creep across stone and bark.

Camera Move: Wide pullback from the tree's bark, which reveals the outline of Eris within.

Final Motion: Her hair flows like vines, her breath now wind.

FX: Leaves curl with silver veins. A blossom unfolds on her chest, eternal and still.

End Frame: The wind stops. Petals hold their place in the air—frozen mid-descent.



Narrator

When first she woke beneath the moon,
The flowers bloomed, then died too soon.
She walked the path that none could see,
A path of thorns, but walked it free.
The first she met was clothed in glass,
With mirror eyes and lips of brass.
It called her lovely, called her wise—
She paused... then tore out both its eyes.
The second whispered, soft and low,
Of golden things and jewels aglow.
It led her through a gleaming hoard—
She left it clutching dust and sword.

The third was sweet, its table wide,
With feasts that steamed on every side.
But every bite turned into pain,
So she walked on, through thirst and flame.
The fourth lay still, with heavy breath,
Its arms outstretched in sleep or death.
It beckoned with a yawn and smile—
She shook her head and walked a mile.
The fifth came wrapped in heat and smoke,
Its voice a lash, its touch a choke.
It bared its teeth, then rushed to fight—
She did not yield, but stood upright.
The sixth was pale, with furtive glance,
It followed close, then broke its stance.
It wanted all she would not give—
She let it vanish, let it live.
The last she met wore robes of white,
Its voice was proud, its grip was tight.
It called her small and begged her bow—
She laughed, then turned and broke the vow.
So now she rests, her task complete,
Beneath the tree where shadows meet.
Not cursed, nor crowned, nor cast aside—
She is the storm she once denied.

Song

Moody cinematic underlay with ghostly choirs, slow ambient pulses, soft piano motifs, and distant low strings; evokes sorrow, mystery, and an ancient, feminine strength awakening.