

Opening Scene Dialogue 2, Rough Draft for Storyboard Purposes

The great golden fields of the East welcomed civilization, offering forth rich soil and grazing land. They settled the land and, once attuned to the gentle roll of the seasons, began to search for ways to feed the their growing settlement.

Great machines were constructed to raise the East's bounty. The machines fed the settlers, and by effect expanded family lines more than they could have ever seen in the Old Land. The new machines were fixed, improved, altered, and released into the great golden fields at a pace faster than any innovation seen by the settlers. The machines were a miracle, their tireless work a cause of Eastern utopia. But their growing complexity was met with burden, for the land could not sustain them. The people of the East, and the great lords that oversaw them, felt obligated to feed the machines evermore so as to maintain the luxury of production they provided.

As decades bled into centuries, the presence of the machines became more important than the wild blue sky and the endless fields. Golden land began to draw yellow, and both heaven and lung were touched grey from the exasperated breath of the machines.

The machines had grown such a hunger for the land, and when they had finished eating, very little was left for the people of the East. Yellow fields wilted brown, for the land could not support the hunger for the East any longer. Hungry years were met with an angry Earth, one that rained rust onto scorched, ungiving soil.

It became so that only the lords of the people of the East were safe from the punishing Eastern world. The souls below held upon their shoulders the vengeance the East had brought upon the machines. They felt it unfair- for was it not those in the sky who had fed the machines?

Who had garnered their riches, sold the food they sowed? The groundfolk had their homes destroyed, their families lost ... but the skyfolk, in their unflinching might, saw to it that the brutal machines kept eating and eating.

The settlers (—skyfolk?) had destroyed the promise of the East, had angered the soul of the Earth that housed them. Many of the groundfolk had but a few pounds of items, just enough to eat and clothe themselves. Hope now laid to the West, where the lords and the machines could not follow. The indomitable strength of the Memble-kind tramped Westward, away from the terribleness of their old lives, to the place where the grass is greener.