

# Qhipu

by Connor Wall

Issue: 1

draft: 2

characters: NARRATOR, THE DIVER, THE ARTIST, PRIEST 1, PRIEST 2, TIWANAKU  
PRIEST 1, TIWANAKU PRIEST 2

vocabulary: Qhipu, Spondylus, Sapo

## PAGE 1 (5 panels)

**Panel 1:** Soft white clouds that glow with sunlight, filling the thin top horizontal panel. A series of horizontal panels reveal a variety of environments inhabiting the area, with mountain frame in background.

NARRATOR:

At a time when before the Andean region became called Peru...

**Panel 2:** Wide shot - Waves crash on the shore of a steep dark rocky cliffside.

1. NARRATOR: When gods of moon and sun watched night and day...

**Panel 3:** Wide shot - bulk of page. Mysterious lush green covered mountains peak through the abnormally dense mist. Miles of agricultural terraces and aqueducts in the middle ground and loma\* are dwarfed by this grand green mountain range. (\*areas of fog-watered vegetation in the coastal desert + garúa).

2. NARRATOR: Colossal technologies use geography as a tool..

**Panel 4:** Medium shot - A study building is visible. It stands out from the its surroundings.

**Panel 5:** Top-down shot - long panel bottom. Inside the stone temple. Despite the ambient glow of mist outside, sharp angles of light and shadow cut across the smooth stone floor and across a circle of silhouettes. Priests surround each other, and are surrounded by organic sharp angles. All are dressed in variations of heavy black, white, and indigo cotton robes (Greybeards Skyrim robes).

3. PREIST 2: Success?

4. PRIEST 1:           It seems the Spondylus is stable material for the latest Qhipu prototype (a type of deep sea shell).
  
5. PRIEST 1:           Our research has stagnated for far too long. It is imperative we collect any Spondylus appearing on land before the solstice.

## **PAGE 2** (6 panels)

**Panel 1:** Long short - from behind, a young man, 17, wearing a small rucksack and black and blue clothing -practical for movement- walks toward a town in the distance. The ground is dirt, dry and flat. Grey mountains in background.

**Panel 2:** Big close up - front facing, THE DIVER a childhood memory. A rose gold-tinted sub panel of with soft borders reveals images of a simpler time. Close-up of the boy's hands. He's examining shells and rocks on his lap while sitting in the rocking boat.

**Panel 3:** Suddenly, a man, 30s, pop out to the surface of the water with an arm full of rocks and shells.

**Panel 4:** Suddenly, THE DIVER's sister pops out of the water with shells.

**Panel 5:** The boy throws the shell back back into the ocean. End of flashback sequence

**Panel 6:** Close up - side facing, THE DIVER's expression freezes, eyes still and ears on edge. The house is empty.

1. THE DIVER:                   silence

**PAGE 3** (7 panels)

**Panel 1:** medium long shot - THE DIVER walks to a house made of beige wood and white smooth stone. He walks behind the house. A dark hole in the ground is visible. A pile of rubble lays in stark contrast the the otherwise smooth nearby ground. Bones and mummified remains litter the ground; teeth and corn are scattered over the cloth he left there as a gift last week. A piece of black and red checkered cloth also lays on the rubble, a cloth he doesn't remember placing

**Panel 2:** close up - the aftermath of grave robbing. Realization sets in as THE DIVER internalizes the situation.

**Panel 3:** close up - THE DIVER sits down slowly, burdened by the weight of his loss, crying.

1. THE DIVER:                   Mother, Father, sister. [pause]

2. THE DIVER:                   I'm sorry.

**Panel 4:** Medium shot - THE DIVER hears a noise

**Panel 5:** Medium shot - THE DIVER follows the sound inside the house

**Panel 6:** Medium shot - the air seems to become static. PRIEST 1 is dressed in the same strange red checkered pattern in his mother's desecrated grave. The robes are heavy and over PRIEST 1 shoulder to toe.

**Panel 7:** In a blur of movement, distinct hands movements are visible. Fragile and sharp instruments dance delicately in the air.

3. SFX:                           Clatter, srke, whwep...

**PAGE 4** (3 panels)

**Panel 1:** medium shot - slow motion, THE DIVER breathes in slowly

1. THE DIVER:                    \*breathe in\*

**Panel 2:** close up - inside Panel 3, a split second. As if debating whether to provoke to starved jaguar THE DIVER entertains idea and visualizes the resulting feeding frenzy.

**Panel 3:** medium shot - with a subtle expression of surprise THE PREIST moves impossibly again, more visibly this time. They're sliding knots and and flipping spindles of colors between the color of the sky and moon he's never seen before. Then runs after PRIEST 1.

## **PAGE 5** (6 panels)

**Panel 1:** Medium shot - THE DIVER is looking ahead him, PRIEST 1 is making another portal

**Panel 2:** Wide shot - diver jumps after the portal but misses and lands into ocean from the cliff

1. SFX: SSPLASSSHHH!

**Panel 3:** Medium shot - underwater, surrounded by a blue-black void.

**Panel 4**

2. THE DIVER(INTERNALLY): My... lungs... are... shrinking

My ears are popping

**Panel 5:** THE DIVER resurfaces, only the figure that was on the cliff is gone and the sun is now on the horizon reflecting on the water.

**Panel 6:** THE DIVER swims to shore. Standing on the beach.

## **PAGE 6** (4 panels)

**Panel 1:** long shot - THE DIVER sits inside his house, this time wearing a simple black tunic. Only inside is more chaotic. Pottery, pans, tools, and pigments litter the floor and shelves visible inside.

**Panel 2:** medium shot - THE ARTIST, a woman in her 30s sits inside the house, wearing dark indigo with gold highlights and a maze of parallel yellow lines, in a delicate fabric cloak. She wears a necklace with a circle, a Lapis encrusted moon.

1. THE ARTIST:                   Come inside

**Panel 3:** Still depressed and in mourning, THE DIVER stands up to see THE ARTIST, with a slouch

2. THE ARTIST:                   I came as soon as I heard!

### **Panel 4**

3. THE DIVER:                   Stop living in your fantasy world! If you lived in reality maybe they would still be alive. I don't have anything to remember them by.

## **PAGE 7** (3 panels)

### **Panel 1**

1. THE ARTIST: I never had the family diving gift like the rest of you! But I do know memories live in our hearts! And that makes them live eternally. Painting creates vitality in each object I paint. It's heart of this design process.

2. THE ARTIST: Painting heals the soul

**Panel 2:** Close up - THE ARTIST hammers away at small gold figurine.

3. THE DIVER: I have an empty soul and cracks in my heart. And tiny infinite voids that fill those cracks.

**Panel 3:** Extreme close up + an abstract interpretation -

4. THE DIVER: What happens to the soul after hitting the ground. After it's already crumbled at the impact from impact from the leap. After loosing interest to fly.



## **PAGE 8** (2 panels)

**Panel 1:** Close up shot - THE ARTIST thinking. THE DIVER is not impressed.

1. THE ARTIST: I see. Wow, you really share my brother's darkness sometimes. It must be hereditary.

2. THE ARTIST: Let's try something. I want to help you.

**Panel 2:** Close up - THE ARTIST takes THE DIVER's hand and paints a line (the thickness of two fingers) from his index finger along the curve of his arm to his elbow.

3. THE ARTIST: If you can try relax your breathing you may feel a bit better. It is past time you've learned about **camay (cah-my)**. Let us create something to remember our family by. Something with real meaning, not just stones or shells.

4. THE ARTIST: Neither your father nor your sister understood this. They reveled in the fame of diving and collecting shells for the wealthy while I was forced to find other paths in life.

## **PAGE 9** (4 panels)

**Panel 1:** THE DIVER sits beside THE ARTIST at the oversized half-painted vase.

THE ARTIST is straddling a 2-foot vase, and is painting it indigo.

1. THE DIVER:                   The paint, clay, and creation process – together they make her real, radiating energy and life.
2. THE ARTIST:                Perhaps Si the Moon Goddess guided me away to shield me from this violence.

### **Panel 2**

3. THE DIVER:                Why would Si leave father and sister to die? And in that way?
4. THE ARTIST:                Camay only exists where we make it. Muyu alone offers no protection from harm. I have heard talk of droughts in Tiwanaku and elites searching for Muyu. No more than usual. Perhaps the priests of Tiwanaku they're not as benevolent and isolated as they claim to be.

**Panel 3:** THE ARTIST resumes painting.

Close-up shot of THE ARTIST.

5. THE ARTIST:                Give me your other arm. I'm going to paint on you. You will feel the difference.
6. THE ARTIST:                Camay is the vital energy in all things. You are now a vessel of Camay.

**Panel 4:** THE DIVER looks to his arm and inspects how the blue details change color as the paint dries on his forearm.

## **PAGE 10** (3 panels)

**Panel 1:** Fragile and sharp fragments and pottery tools float delicately with tense weightlessness. The air seems to flicker as the first encounter with PRIEST 1. A liquid static permeates the air, rippling outwards from the wall.

**Panel 2:** First, a hand appears. The hand is soon followed by shimmering black and red robes.

**Panel 3:** Soon two priests are visible inside THE DIVER's house.

1. THE DIVER:                   What do you want?
2. PRIEST 2:                   Settle down.
3. PRIEST 2:                   On behalf of the priests of TIWANAKU, I apologize.  
They have some unfortunately violent habits. I  
assure you we come in peace.

**PAGE 11** (4 panels)

**Panel 1**

1. PRIEST 2: I see you have a healthy source of in camay. A curious source of energy indeed.

2. THE ARTIST: It appears your call has been answered.

**Panel 2:** THE DIVER looks back at THE ARTIST for help.

3. THE ARTIST: You are now a vessel. Who am I to interfere with your Camay? This is your decision.

**Panel 3:** Close-up shot of THE DIVER, he looks around and follows reluctantly.

**Panel 4:** Medium shot - All three walk up to the doorway which is now a watery veil of yellow light.

## **PAGE 12** (2 panels)

**Panel 1:** Medium shot - A sturdy stone building is visible. It stands out from its surroundings.

1. THE DIVER:                   Where are we?

2. PRIEST 2:                   This is Tiwanaku. This is our marvel, centuries in the making. You will meet who you must.

**Panel 2:** Medium shot - All three walk up to the stone building doorway. PRIEST 1 pulls out a petite, dull, flimsy, crocheted cloth and shakes it, an old quipu

**PAGE 13** (1 panel)

**Panel 1**

1. PRIEST 2:                   When the ocean birthed you to our beach...

2. PRIEST 1:

...our magic was born again. It is strongest. At its peak.

3. PRIEST 2:

Come wind, come rain, and rain again.

4. PRIEST 1:                   You'll be with us until times end.

**PRIEST 1 (CONT'D)** All day sun shines and blinds with light.

5. PRIEST 2:                   He fades to black and sleeps at night.

6. PRIEST 1:                   But moon she shines forever bright.

7. PRIEST 2:                   She sees songbirds and jaguar fights.

8. PRIEST 1:                   Sun's strength eclipsed many fortnights.

9. PRIEST 2:                   By Moon's sweet grace and placid might.

## **PAGE 14** (1 panel)

**Panel 1:** Top-down shot - Inside the stone temple. Despite the ambient glow of mist outside, sharp angles of light and shadow cut across the smooth stone floor and across a circle of silhouettes of who seem to be other priests.

All are dressed in variations of heavy black, white, and red robes with similar checkered patterns (Greybeards Skyrim robes).

1. PRIEST 2 (O.S.): So you are a diver?