

Apollo Alone

(Part 1)

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## INTRO

### INT. APOLLO'S VISION

Distant whispers in Greek, quiet and too many to distinguish what they're saying, echo through a throbbing blue and gold mist that fades in and out from view. The player, from the first person perspective, is directed to make a choice: Left or right?

Player Choice:

- (1) Left (dim golden rain seen through the fog)
- (2) Right (dim red rain seen through the fog)

### INT. APOLLO'S VISION - CONTINUOUS

There is a flash of light as the player steps through the fog in a flash of light into the vision.

(IF THE PLAYER GOES LEFT)

A hyacinth flower is seen planted in the darkness, wilted, drying out, and dying. The player's hand reaches out, hands filled with ambrosia, trying to feed it, but the shining liquid spills off the petals and into the darkness, their hands glowing with the unrestrained power of an immortal as they light the vision ablaze.

(IF THE PLAYER GOES RIGHT)



A hyacinth flower, glowing gold, is seen planted in the darkness. The stem is covered in thorns like a rose. The player reaches out to pluck it and a thorn jabs their finger, the tear splitting up their hand and arm until the camera pulls back and Apollo lays, covered in blood, nectar weeping from the openings of the flower. The vision snaps to black.

There is a gasp, and the golden ring of Apollo's glowing eye, opened wide is revealed.

CUT TO BLACK.

INT. HOME OF HYACINTHUS - EDGE OF NIGHT

Hyacinthus sleeps peacefully on a bed of furs, the upper half of him uncovered. Apollo's hands gently grab the edge of the fur at his waist, pulling it up to cover Hyacinthus up to his shoulder. Hyacinthus grumbles, but is quickly soothed by Apollo, kissing him on the forehead.

APOLLO

Good morning, my mind.

EXT. OUTSIDE OF HOME - CONTINUOUS

Apollo steps out into the dark, a faint glow gracing his skin. He places his fingers in his mouth, blowing out an ethereal whistle. Immediately, the sun begins to rise.

Hyacinthus emerges sleepily from the doorway, yawning.

HYACINTHUS

Show off.

APOLLO

Would you still love me if I were anything else?

HYACINTHUS (TEASING)

Good question, let me think on it?

APOLLO

You're terrible!

HYACINTHUS

And would you love me if I were anything else?

APOLLO

Always.

The pair laugh and embrace, kissing as the sun rises between them, balanced in frame.

HYACINTHUS

Another vision?

The player, as Apollo, must choose Apollo's response.

Player Choice:

(1) Be honest. (Hyacinthus trusts Apollo more)

APOLLO

Yes, another. They're becoming more frequent, and I'm not able to distinguish their meaning anymore.

HYACINTHUS

Would you like to tell me about it? Maybe I can try my hand.

APOLLO

(laughing)

That's not for Spartan princes love. Not even the oracles at Delphi are any good at deciphering the will of the Fates.

HYACINTHUS

Yes, but your connection with the oracles is only one way, not a conversation. We could work together, you and I.

APOLLO

Not on this. Visions that I can't decipher tend to have something to do with me.

HYACINTHUS

All the more reason for me to help!

APOLLO

(amused)

You know I do adore it when you don't take no for an answer...

(2) Lie. (Hyacinthus worries more)

APOLLO (CONT'D)

No. No more visions. I just haven't had ambrosia in awhile is all.

HYACINTHUS

Perhaps you should take a trip back to Olympus then? I'm sure your family has been missing you-

APOLLO

(suddenly, frightened)

No! I mean, no. Not right now. I'd much rather stay here with you.

HYACINTHUS

You know I'm not going anywhere.

APOLLO

Do I?

Apollo wraps around him from behind, pressing playful kisses at the arch of his neck. It lingers and Hyacinthus laughs, playfully pushing Apollo away.

HYACINTHUS

Let me get properly dressed before we play, alright? Why don't you go off and hunt for breakfast?

Apollo rolls his eyes, but grabs his bow and arrows from beside the door, bowing in playful respect.

APOLLO

As my prince commands!

HYACINTHUS

And he does!

TRANSITION TO GAMEPLAY

The Player (as Apollo) searches the surrounding forest for an animal to hunt and bring home for Hyacinthus.

Player Choice:

- (1) Hunt white deer  
(WILL ANGER ARTEMIS)
- (2) Hunt golden hare  
(WILL ANGER APHRODITE)
- (3) Hunt pregnant swine  
(WILL ANGER DEMETER)
- (4) Hunt screeching owl  
(WILL ANGER ATHENA AND HADES)
- (5) Hunt wild boar  
(WILL ANGER ARES)

TRANSITION TO CUTSCENE

EXT. OUTSIDE OF HOME - LATER

Apollo returns to Hyacinthus with his kill.

(1)(IF THE DEER IS HUNTED)

HYACINTHUS

How beautiful! And big... you really only needed to get enough for the two of us you know.

APOLLO

I know your appetite darling, you'll eat the back today and swallow the front-

HYACINTHUS

You're so crude!

APOLLO

Well I am the most Greek of the gods...

HYACINTHUS

Ah, that explains it all. You'll have to take in more of my Spartan charm then.

The two enter the house with the deer on Apollo's shoulder.

(2)(IF THE HARE IS HUNTED)

HYACINTHUS (CONT'D)

That's it? When you brought all those arrows I'd expected a little more... well, more.

APOLLO

Beggars can't be choosers Hyacinthus.

HYACINTHUS

And choosers can't be upset when the soup is thin.

APOLLO

I can go back-

HYACINTHUS

Too late! It's delicious rabbit stew for breakfast. Come along love.

The two enter the house with the rabbit on Apollo's shoulder.

(3)(IF THE SWINE IS  
HUNTED)

HYACINTHUS (CONT'D)  
By the gods! I asked you to get us  
breakfast, not a whole bloody  
feast!

APOLLO  
You love when I give you more than  
you've asked for.

HYACINTHUS  
I don't exactly have a safe-word  
for this one.

APOLLO  
Hm... not to worry, you won't need  
one.

HYACINTHUS (WINCING AS HE GETS A  
CLOSER LOOK)  
She's pregnant Apollo...

APOLLO  
Oh... I hadn't noticed.

HYACINTHUS  
Well, the deed is done. Let's  
decide what to do with her.

The two enter the house with the swine on Apollo's shoulder.

(4)(IF THE OWL IS HUNTED)

APOLLO  
Breakfast is served!

HYACINTHUS  
You shot an owl? From the sky?

APOLLO  
More from a branch, but if it  
sounds more impressive, then yes,  
from the sky.

HYACINTHUS  
The poor thing was sleeping?!

APOLLO  
Would it have been more noble to  
have woken it up before I shot it  
down?

HYACINTHUS  
Just... bring it inside.

The two enter the house with the owl on Apollo's shoulder.

(5)(IF THE WILD BOAR IS  
HUNTED)

APOLLO  
A little help here?

HYACINTHUS  
By the gods! What a beast!

APOLLO  
I thought you'd like it.

HYACINTHUS  
It's a lot for just two people.

APOLLO  
When I'm with you, my appetite  
grows.

HYACINTHUS  
Oh hush you.

Hyacinthus blushes, elbowing him in the side as he helps  
Apollo carry the boar into the house.

END INTRO



INTERRUPTING VISIONS

INT. HOME OF HYACINTHUS - NIGHT



Apollo sits draped on his side on a sort of chaise lounge chair, playing his lyre while Hyacinthus sits on the floor beside him, his head leaned back to rest tenderly on his lap. (Should look referential to the above painting by Nicolas-Rene Jollain but with a more relaxed and pleasant vibe)

The player will use QTE's to play an ancient Greek ballad (Perhaps the first delphic hymn to Apollo?)

When the song ends, Hyacinthus reaches up to hold Apollo's hand.

HYACINTHUS

You make it look so easy.

APOLLO

(smiling)

I've had some time to practice...  
Would you like to try?

HYACINTHUS

Oh, absolutely not! My Spartan  
ancestors would absolutely revolt.

APOLLO

All the more reason to put on a show! They ought to be bored down there waiting for your brother to have his legion of heirs.

HYACINTHUS

Ah, that's right, your said it was 10 right? 10 little brats to be ordered about?

APOLLO

Actually, it was 15 little pups, to be precise. That one was easy to discern, your brother's mug was quite distinguished, even as a dog.

HYACINTHUS

You've no idea the gold I'd have paid to see that one.

APOLLO

And you've no idea the songs I'd have played to un-see it.

They both laugh, curling further into each other until, finally, Hyacinthus stands and moves to lay next to him. Apollo wraps his arm around Hyacinthus' waist, the other reaching up to delicately play with his hair.

HYACINTHUS

You know you can talk to me, right? When things are bothering you?

The player, as Apollo, must choose Apollo's response.  
Player Choice:

(1) Of course. (Hyacinthus grows happy)

APOLLO

Of course. Hyacinthus, you're the only person in the universe that I can talk to about such things.

HYACINTHUS

Then why don't you?

APOLLO

It's not in my nature. Or rather, the nature of the gods.

(2) I can't. (Hyacinthus grows upset)

APOLLO (CONT'D)

I can't, you know that.

HYACINTHUS

I don't know that. You act as though the Fates would smite you themselves for daring to share their plans, but what have the Fates ever done to you?

Apollo tenses, his jaw clenching in silent, hurt memory.

HYACINTHUS (CONT'D)

Sorry, I didn't mean...

APOLLO

I know.

There is a moment of painful silence before Hyacinthus continues.

(CONTINUED)

HYACINTHUS

I often forget you are one.

APOLLO

A god?

HYACINTHUS

Yes.

Hyacinthus turns towards Apollo, peeking up from chest level.

When I was a child, I saw the statues and I prayed at the altars, but you all felt so... distant. So far away.

APOLLO

That's by design, I suppose.

HYACINTHUS

But why? Why not walk among us? Why not know your people?

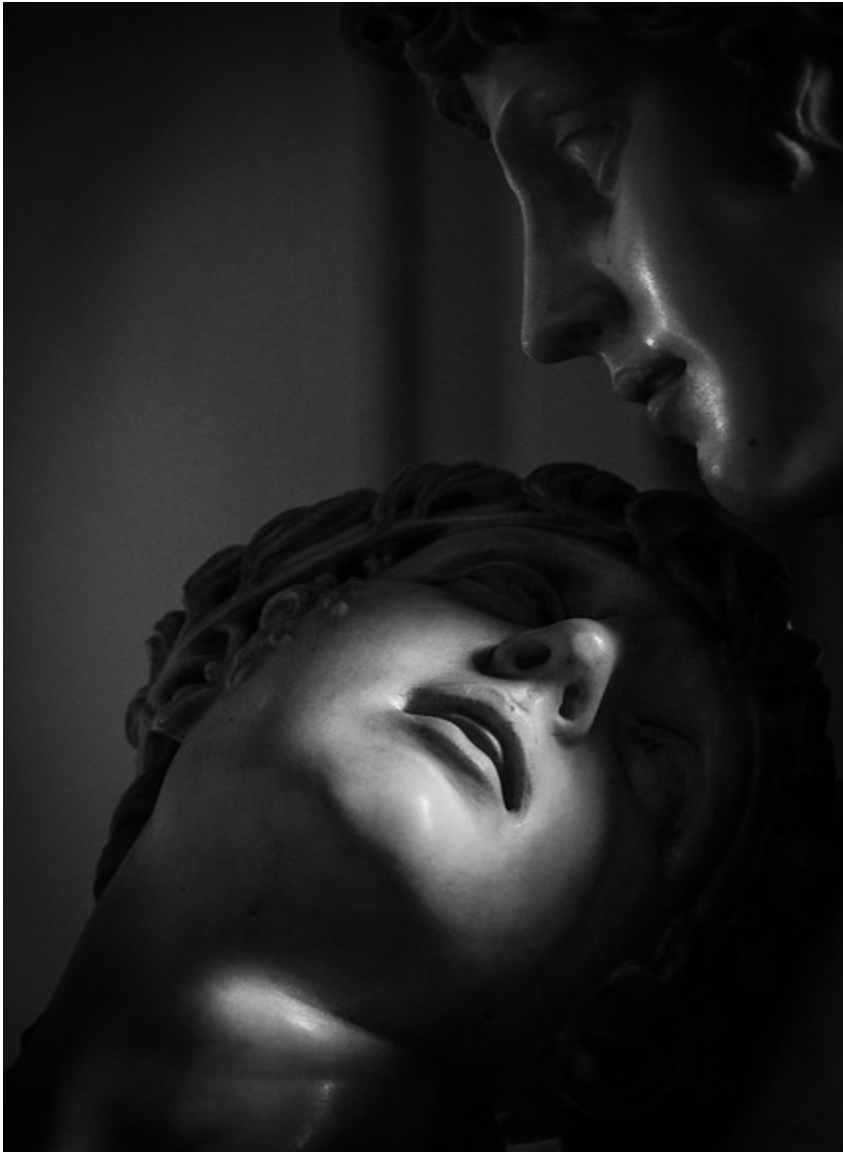
APOLLO

Because, in case you haven't learned yet, every time we interact with mankind, we... we harm them. In one way or another, accidental or purposeful.

HYACINTHUS

You haven't hurt me.

There is a sharp intake of breath, Apollo and Hyacinthus' eyes meeting. (Should look reminiscent to the below artwork by Stefano Ricci)



Player Choice:

(1) Kiss him

Apollo leans in, eyelids narrowing as he prepares to kiss him.

(2) Look away

Apollo turns himself away, opening his mouth to say something.

(Continued)

Apollo's eyes glow in a shock of blinding light, the camera pulling in quickly to reveal another vision.

INT. APOLLO'S VISION

The whispers in Greek are now screams, terror and desperation and horror and agony. The mist now further resembles smoke.

The player, in the first person, must stumble through a dark vision filled with Greek fire, visions of crying and dying people made of ash, and burning Hyacinths. The stars in the "sky" begin to fall, growing larger and brighter as they cascade like asteroids from the heavens down towards the Earth. The player's hand reaches up, as if to touch the stars, and their hand is covered in blood.

INT. HOME OF HYACINTHUS - MOMENTS LATER

Hyacinthus is crying, shaking Apollo from his vision with manic desperation as the light begins to fade from his eyes.

HYACINTHUS

(whimpered)

They're getting worse... Someone must be able to help you Phoebus. Someone!

APOLLO

(Voice rough and weak)

Not yet...

HYACINTHUS

(confused)

What?

APOLLO

You were right... I haven't hurt you yet.

Apollo sits up, panting from exertion as he runs a hand back through his golden curls.

APOLLO (CONT'D)

Not yet...

PLAYING DISCUS

## TRANSITION TO GAMEPLAY

EXT. THE MEADOW - LATER

Apollo and Hyacinthus ride a horse together into the meadow, shoving at each other and having fun. Laurel and cypress trees frame the meadow as they enter. When they reach the center, Hyacinthus pushes and Apollo falls off, acting like he's terribly injured.

HYACINTHUS

By the gods, are you alright?!

He hops off the horse, hurrying to where Apollo lays, groaning and rolling around in "agony".

HYACINTHUS (CONT'D)

W-what can I do? What do I do  
Phoebus?! Do I need to get you  
uh... ambrosia? Something?!

The player, as Apollo, must choose Apollo's Response  
Player choice:

1) Reassure him

Apollo relaxes, smiling and reaching up to cup Hyacinthus' cheek.

APOLLO

I'm alright love, I was only  
playing.

HYACINTHUS

Oh thank the gods...

APOLLO

I'm not sure my family had much of  
anything to do with it.

HYACINTHUS

I know, I know, it'll-

BOTH (IN SYNC)

Take more than that to take me/you  
out.

HYACINTHUS

Come now, let's throw the discus. I  
want to practice a little more  
before you have to run off and take  
care of your duties.

APOLLO  
Yes, my prince.

He bows teasingly, and Hyacinthus messes his hair.

TRANSITION TO GAMEPLAY

2) Take Advantage of the Moment

Apollo wheezes, clutching at his hip and stomach.

APOLLO (WHISPERING)  
Come... come closer love...

Hyacinthus leans in closer, brows furrowed with worry.

HYACINTHUS  
What is it love? What can I do-

Apollo reaches up, tugging Hyacinthus down into a kiss.  
Hyacinthus' eyes widen, and he slaps his chest hard enough to make Apollo let go, laughing.

APOLLO  
Come on Hyacinthus, it was only a joke!

HYACINTHUS (SARCASTIC)  
Ha ha. I'm so glad you find such mortal fears so entertaining!

APOLLO  
Don't be like that, you know I was only-

HYACINTHUS  
I know. I know. Let's just... throw the discus. I want to practice a little more before you have to run off and take care of your duties.

TRANSITION TO GAMEPLAY

3) Play Dead

Apollo shudders and goes utterly still, his head rolling to the side. Hyacinthus rushes to his side but starts to cry when he sees he's not breathing.

HYACINTHUS (CONT'D)  
Nononono, Apollo! My love, my sun, my darling! Please, please wake up! Please!

Apollo peeks one eye open, before realizing Hyacinthus is actually crying.

APOLLO  
H-hey, it's alright...

Hyacinthus flinches back, looking at Apollo with a mixture of relief and fury.

HYACINTHUS  
That isn't funny! I thought you were dead!

APOLLO  
It's ok, it's alright, I'm a god love. I'm not going anywhere-

HYACINTHUS  
That's never mattered! Not to me.

Apollo sits up, and Hyacinthus takes his hand, kissing the bow of his wrist.

HYACINTHUS (CONT'D)  
Please... please don't do that again.

APOLLO (SOFTLY)  
I won't. I promise.

Hyacinthus wipes away his tears, getting up from his spot knelt beside Apollo.

HYACINTHUS  
Thank you. Let's just throw the damned discus.

#### TRANSITION TO GAMEPLAY

The mechanics of this scene involve throwing the disc closer or further away. The mechanics should mimic that of Apollo's archery, allowing the players to gain more experience with the mechanic.

It gets increasingly difficult the further Hyacinthus gets from Apollo, until he's on the other side of the meadow.

HYACINTHUS (CONT'D)  
Come on then! You throw like a nymph! Show me how a real god throws!



The player should throw the discus as hard as they can.

TRANSITION TO CUTSCENE

EXT. THE MEADOW - CONTINUOUS

The disc flies wildly into the sky, disappearing into the blue.

HYACINTHUS

(Laughing)

And there she goes! By the gods  
Apollo, could you throw a little  
harder next time? I think it's  
going to fall just short of Mount  
Olympus.

The shot focuses on Hyacinthus, smiling and beautiful as he squints up at the empty air. He turns back to face Apollo, his grin turning inquisitive.

HYACINTHUS (CONT'D)

What is it my mind?

HARD CUT TO APOLLO

Apollo's eyes glow, the edges of the screen burning gold until they collapse into a vision of Hyacinthus, his eyes glassy and body pale with death.

When Apollo returns to himself, Hyacinthus is casually strolling towards him. He speaks, but Apollo can't hear him for the ringing in his ears. Apollo's face contorts with fear, running towards Hyacinthus as fast as his feet can carry him...

But it's too late. The focus is on Hyacinthus, completely unawares as a sharp wind rustles his hair forward. There is a loud, thunderous CLAP, the sun reflecting off the discus as it connects with his head.

APOLLO

(Screaming)

NO!

As Hyacinthus' knees begin to give, Apollo reaches him, catching him in his arms. He is in shock, cradling his face and holding him close like if he doesn't look he'll still be there. (use Jean Broc's The Death of Hyakinthos for inspo)



They remain like that for a moment that lingers painfully, before Apollo finally opens his eyes, collapsing with Hyacinthus still in his arms, wailing out his grief so that it echoes across the vast expanse. (Use Malcolm Lidbury's Apollo and Hyacinth for inspo)



As he cries out, head arched to the sky, the sky darkens, blood red fading slowly but surely into black as the sun disappears from the heavens.

Shaking, he presses a hand to the wound on Hyacinthus' head, murmuring ancient Greek as he tries and fails to heal him. This continues on, fading in and out to show the length of time passing as he tries and tries again, the color and heat draining from Hyacinthus' body.

END ACT 1