

**MARCUS: EVERYONE
HE LOVES DIES.**



*DAYS FLIP BY LIKE AN OLD
CALENDAR IN A BLACK
AND WHITE MONTAGE.*

THE TIME PASSING TOO QUICKLY.

YOU WERE FRANTIC AND FEARFUL.

MISSING IT ALL.

COLLAPSING
INWARD.

BUT IT
DOESN'T
MATTER.

IT ISN'T GOING
TO CHANGE.

THE CURRENT IS TOO STRONG.

AND YOU CARE.

AND YOU KNOW WHAT
HAPPENS WHEN YOU CARE.

WHEN YOU STAND
UP AND FIGHT.

WHEN YOU RAGE
AT THE INVISIBLE
HANDS—

YOU MAKE
YOURSELF AN
EASY MARK.

YOU CREATE YOUR GREATEST,
MOST EXPLOITABLE WEAKNESS.

AND IT'S COZY.

YOU'RE RIGHT
AT HOME IN IT.

MARRIED TO THE VULNERABILITY.

FUMBLING AT DREAMS
OF A BETTER WORLD.

BURIED IN BONES BUT
YOU STILL IGNORE
THE HEADLINE!

THE JACKALS
ARE REAL.

HAPPY ENDINGS
ARE FICTION.

REALITY IS A SICKLY OLD
WOMAN IN A STODGY,
COLD HOUSE--



--EVERYONE SHE EVER
KNEW IS DEAD--



--LONG GONE.

REALITY IS
HOW MUCH
YOU MISS
YOUR OLD
LIFE.

AND AN ENDLESS INABILITY TO
UNDERSTAND THE PRESENT.

A HARD FOCUS ON THE PEOPLE
YOU LOVED, HOW FAR GONE
THEY ARE NOW...





...AND HOW MUCH YOU MISS THEM.

DON'T
RECOGNIZE
MYSELF...



TAKE
SHELTER
FROM THE
FALLOUT.

THE
ILLUSION
OF SAFETY
INSIDE A
MOB.

CAREFUL
THOUGH...

YOU MIGHT
ACTUALLY
HAVE TO
DO THOSE
THINGS YOU'VE
SET YOUR
HEART ON.



HOW MUCH
DOES THAT
CHOICE
COST?



ALL I WANTED WAS SOMEONE TO SIT
BACK AND HATE THE WORLD WITH ME.



INSTEAD I'M SURROUNDED
BY PEOPLE WHO DECEIVE
THEMSELVES AND POSE
AND POLITIC.



AND SOME
PART OF ME
THINKS I
SHOULD BE
MORE LIKE
THEM.



BUT I'D
RATHER BE
AN HONEST
ASSHOLE...



...THAN A BELOVED LIAR.

I WON'T
BE LIKE
YOU!

SELL IT.

WON'T JOIN
IN OR BE
COMPLICIT!

IF YOU SAY IT LOUD ENOUGH,
YOU'LL BELIEVE IT, RIGHT?



FAKE IT.

CLIMB.

QUICKLY.



THERE ARE REAL LEVELS
BENEATH THE SURFACE
STILL.

CLIMB UP.



PLACES YOU DON'T WANT TO GO.
CLIMB.



ALL THE LAYERS YOU LOOK AT ARE
DISTRACTIONS FROM THE TRUTH.



PAINTED TUNNELS.
CLIMB.

FALSE DOORS.

MANNEQUIN PROPS.

EVERYTHING YOU
THINK YOU KNOW
ABOUT YOURSELF!



A FAKE SUBURB BUILT
FOR NUCLEAR TESTING.

