Ship Watchman: At first, there was a beam of light. Shortly, as the ship approached it, the glowing Leviathan revealed itself. It stood in the middle of the ocean, sending shifting beams of darkness into the horizon. The shadows are not morse but they go round and round. They look like people! Aye, they are the ghosts of the Concordia! The guardians warn us of the shallow waters ahead. Warn the captain! Approach with caution!

Lighthouse Visitor: My husband perished on the Costa Concordia sinking exactly three years ago. I began by ascending the staircase, almost endlessly, as I reflected upon our memories of bygone days. I kept on marching forward, climbing the spiral faithfully, stoically, with purpose. At last, I am here. The view is incredible. In the tower, I see shadows. Shadows of my younger self, shadows of us. In this enormous void, I see him.

Lighthouse Operator: I run this place. Strange, one would think that today's electronic GPS systems would have made lighthouses obsolete. Not in this universe. My always-dark eye can detect motion. Even more strange, humans. They always think they can defeat nature. Even the pyramids housing the immortals will one day be ground to sand. Even the biggest ships, the Titanic, even Concordia sunk in the same void. It is but a matter of time before this glass phallus crumbles too and the transient memory of men fades to darkness.