

A Spark Ignites the Fire

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2 INT. KRAD'S HOUSE - DAY ECLIPSE: JUST BEGUN

Krad, a young adult in his late teens, is sitting at his kitchen table, in a beam of light. He is surrounded by dozens of melted candles and torches. All windows are open, letting all the sunlight into the wooden cabin. Lit torches and candles are spread around any area not directly immersed by sunlight. On the walls hang banners embroidered with sun motifs.

A small breeze brings out the rustling of the trees, before dying down. The light coming from the windows starts to fade ever slightly. Krad lifts his eyes up and looks through the window. The light continues to fade. He stands up abruptly but moves cautiously to the window. The hundreds of solar eclipse reflections are now scattered on the floor catch his eye. He looks at the sun outside, his face glistening in dying light. The Crescent of the eclipse starts darkening is frozen face looking at the sun, grasping at the light. He starts panicking. He falters back, grabs a hand drawn map on which the sun forest is marked and stuffs it into his backpack. He grabs three torches from the wall and bursts out of the door into the dying light.

3 EXT. TOWN SQUARE - DAY ECLIPSE: HALFWAY

Krad darts out of a branching road and into the town square. Medieval style buildings line the paved streets. Crowds have started to gather, streaming out of the buildings and avenues into the square. Krad doesn't notice them and narrowly misses a father and daughter, his head fixed upwards at the waning sun. He doesn't hear his labored breathing. He reaches the fountain at the center of the square, the most unobstructed area in town. He mindlessly steps into the water, his eyes wide open as if to catch the most light possible. As the Eclipse reaches its climax, Krad's expression becomes more and more terrified. His slender body almost folds into itself, as an expression of petrified terror distorts his face.

4 EXT. TOWN SQUARE - DAY ECLIPSE: HALFWAY

A rugged man in his 60s stands at the edge of the town square, towering over the crowd. **Venan** is wearing his traditional hunting clothes, as head of the Hunters. He looks around intently, but the fading sun makes it harder to find what he is looking for. His gaze locks onto Krad shivering in the fountain. His expressions alternate between confusion, pity, before finally settling on worry. He notices the backpack and the map coming out of it. His gaze is harsh, creases of age and worry traveling his face. The Eclipse reaches its Apex, darkness drapes the town square, everything falls silent.

5 EXT. TOWN SQUARE - NIGHT FLASHBACK

Venan's face is younger, kinder. The town square is empty save for Venan and a hooded figure. The frenzied young woman is dragging a small child behind her, her gaze darting up every few seconds and muttering incantations under her breath. She violently grabs the kid, and holds him above the fountain and plunges him.

Venan dashes towards her, and snatches little Krad from her hand and into breathable air. He looks at her with fear and disgust, Krad's cries filling the air.

VENAN

What have you done Ora? What have you become ?

The woman twists her head slowly to meet his gaze, her eyes white and sun-filled.

ORA

I am saving him from a life of darkness. I am saving us all. The sun must return! I will bring it back.

She then flashes a quick smile to her incredulous father, tightly holding his crying grandson. She looks back up, as if realizing for the first time that it is night out and the sun is nowhere to be seen, and is frozen in fear of the dark.

6 EXT. TOWN SQUARE - DAY ECLIPSE: ENDING

Back to Venan's same worried look a few years later. The Eclipse is in its last seconds. Krad is still frozen, his head tilted upwards, his body twisted with fear and anguish. The sunlight slowly regains its potency, illuminating the town square again with its full might. As if in sync with the sun, Krad's face lights up again. He regains composure, his face now showing unbreakable determination. He scans the horizon. He sees Venan, now flanked with a dozen hunters. Venan's frown deepens as they lock eyes. In a flash, Krad pivots and launches into the street from where he came.

7 EXT. STREETS OF THE TOWN - DAY

Krad uses his diminutive figure and slender physique to dodge the crowds now gathered on the streets. Venan and his hunters are in pursuit, stomping the ground with their massive footsteps. They shout at him to stop. Venan's voice booms.

VENAN

KRAD, STOP THIS MADNESS RIGHT NOW.
IT'S NOT TOO LATE. JUST STOP AND LET
US TALK ABOUT IT, THE ECLIPSE IS OVER.

Krad is seemingly unphased by the yells. He visibly avoids shady areas, tracing a path alongside the sun-lit pavement. He arrives at a fork in the road. It only takes him a second to decide on taking the well-lit one over the one in the shade.

8 EXT. OPEN FIELD - SAME

A patch of soil and grass, on which a lone flower is moving gently in the wind. Tens of solar eclipse reflections are scattered on its petals and the ground. A distant voice screaming "KRAD" can be heard getting closer. The first pair of running feet destroy the flower, followed by another.

VENAN

KRAD! STOP THIS RIGHT NOW! IT'S JUST
AN ECLIPSE, THE SUN WILL BE BACK

Krad continues his run. He has a backpack with two lit torches on his back. His eyes are wide open. Behind him, in the sky, the sun is half eclipsed. Krad forges a path in the tall grass, the town in the background. His determined gaze, always looking forward fixes the 1m high Prayer-wall at the edge of the field, separating it from a massive green forest. A rock hits Krad in the shoulder. He stumbles but continues running, never looking back. The hunter to the left of Venan picks up another rock and throws it. Venan shoots a worried look at the hunter, winces, and doubles his effort while running.

9 EXT. EDGE OF THE SACRED FOREST - SAME

Krad leaps over the prayer wall and the thousands of talismans and candles adorning on it. In front of him, the edge of the sacred forest, its trees forming a barrier of their own. The inside of the thick forest is inscrutable. He pauses for a moment, blood streaming down his battered face.

He runs towards it when suddenly an arrow grazes his cheek and violently plants itself in the trunk next to him. He looks back.

Venan, behind the wall, looks beggingly at him, bow drawn. Tears are streaming down his face, terrible sadness emanating from his eyes. The hunters next to him look at Krad with a mixture of anger and terror as they draw their bows. The shouting subsides, replaced by a harrowing silence.

VENAN

Don't do this, Son. "Calamity befalls
the desecrator of the sun trees". IT
HAS BEEN SAID!

Krad's face is lit by the eclipse crescent.

KRAD

We need a new sun, Dada. I'm sorry.

Krad turns his gaze forward once again and pushes on. He is swallowed whole by the darkness of the forest, dozens of arrows following suit.

10 EXT. SACRED FOREST - DAY/PENUMBRA

Krad forges on, visibly tired from the battering he just got. An arrow is firmly planted in his right arm, blood gushing from his wound. His face is bruised and bloodied.

He is surrounded by massive trees reaching upwards into the sky. The thick canopy blocks all sunlight. Twirling sounds and murmurs fill the thick air. Huge networks of entwining branches and leaves form the ceiling of the forest. The only sources of light are his three torches. Behind him, his footsteps glow in a faint green light, fading out over time. Long stark shadows are formed by his torches, dancing to the tune of their flames.

Krad's eyes widen. He starts looking around frantically and grabs his three torches tight against his chest. The flames come dangerously close to his face, searing it a bright red, but he doesn't seem to notice.

11 EXT. SACRED FOREST - FOREST PENUMBRA

Krad is still walking in the forest. His right hand is limp and leaving a glowing trail of blood on the ground, next to his glowing footsteps. His battered face is covered in a cocktail of blood, sweat, and soot.

A rustling sound starts in the forest, slowly turning into a rumble. Krad looks in the direction of the sound, eyes still wide with terror but also mired with pain.

A strong gust of wind surges out from the trees in front of him and hits him violently. He locks his feet on the ground to avoid being thrown back. Krad notices the flames starting to die down. Terrified, he lets out a scream and pivots suddenly to shield the torches using his back. This rotation causes him to lose his anchor on the ground, and he is projected a few meters into the air and hits the ground violently, losing consciousness.

12 EXT. SACRED FOREST - FOREST PENUMBRA

Krad is lying on his back. He wakes up, wincing as he props himself up. Next to him, only one torch is still lit with a waning light. He gestures wildly looking for the other torches, but they are nowhere to be found. His breathing becomes heavier and more erratic. His vision begins to blur and the trees start shifting and twisting.

A soft angelic voice calls his name.

SPECTRAL MOTHER

Krad!

He is frozen in place. The long shadows cast from his torch start moving, turning wisps of shade, agglomerating together.

They form the ghostly body of a woman in her 40s, wearing clothes embroidered with sun symbols. Her cheeks are hollowed out, and she seems tired. She calls Krad again.

SPECTRAL MOTHER-ORA

Krad, my sweet sweet little boy. My
sunshine! The light of the world...

She walks until she is a few centimeters in front of him. She reaches down, Krad still frozen on the ground. Her hands go through his chest, and come back out holding a 4-year-old Krad. She cradles him and starts singing in an echoing voice.

SPECTRAL MOTHER

Come little boy, the world has ended.
The light is gone, the dark extended.

COUGH

She is coughing as she sings, with each cough sending a shockwave through the forest, the ground shaking.

SPECTRAL MOTHER

Thousands upon thousands dead.
If they had saved the light instead.

COUGH

They wouldn't be gone, there wouldn't
be dread.

A thousand children wouldn't be dead

COUGH

Her last cough projects the lone torch far back, the light shifting and immediately dissipating the apparition.

He looks back, shaking, the torch looking farther than ever. The darkness seems to be gaining on him, the shadows growing longer.

A soft hum starts in the distance. He looks towards it and sees a soft yellow glow far behind the trees. Successive expressions of bewilderment and understanding cross his face. Re-energized, he launches himself in this direction.

13 EXT. SUN FOREST - DAY-VERY BRIGHT WARM GLOW

Krad is running at full speed towards the light, and the gloomy Sacred Forest suddenly leaves way to a dazzling forest made of massive trees reaching to the heavens, at the top of which sit majestic suns radiating warmth and light. Krad is mesmerized by the sun-forest, a massive grin shaping his soiled face. He wanders around, arms open, and closes his eyes, soaking in all the light. A big sun-tree stands proudly just before him. He approaches it gently, his left hand reached out. He touches it.

A massive sound of glass breaking resonates throughout the forest. Suddenly, tendrils of darkness spread out of his hand, snaking upwards towards the sun on top of the tree, extinguishing everything in its path. This sun is soon consumed by this disease, the tendrils of which start spreading out to the other sun trees.

Krad's face slowly distorts into unspeakable terror, as he looks up at the macabre spectacle. The sun trees extinguish one by one, plunging the world into darkness. One last world-ended petrified look is frozen on Krad's face before it sinks in black.