

The Light

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PITCH BLACK

Slow FADE IN on a candle flame.

LOUISE (O.S.)
The light will soon come.

INT. FARMHOUSE - NIGHT

A farmhouse main room. All the windows are barred with planks.

Lighted by high flames from the fireplace, JANE (51), long greasy red hair, cooks a stew in a large cauldron.

LOUISE
The light will soon come.

She stirs the boiling stew with a large spoon.

On her back is PETER (55). Bold, scarred, and two missing fingers, he pours lead and powder in handmade cartridges.

Lighted by the candle on the table, his moves are precise though he has fingers missing.

PETER
I do not believe in those stupid tales anymore.

LOUISE
The Oracle sent us the message yesterday.

Peter seals the cartridge and puts it by others.

PETER
He is as mad as sick.

Louise nods.

LOUISE
The light will soon come.

In the semi darkness, a young woman hums quietly a song. MARIANNE is blind. Her blond hair falls down on her elbows.

She stops humming.

MARIANNE

Did you hear?

Louise listens.

LOUISE

Hear what, Marianne?

MARIANNE

A whisper.

PETER

(shrugging)

Probably the wind.

They all listen.

Not a sound can be heard except the crackling fire.

PETER

Only the wind.

He spits on the floor.

Louise puts bowls on the table and pours some stew.

With the wave of the hand, Peter pushes the cartridges aside and puts an old shotgun on the table by him.

Louise walks to an old radio. She turns it on.

ONLY STATIC.

She turns the station button, but the static goes on.

PETER

Why do you keep trying? Told you
there was no one left but us.

LOUISE

It has to be someone somewhere.

Out of spite, she switches the radio off.

LOUISE

By the way, we're running out of
wood.

PETER

I'll chop the last bed tomorrow.

He takes a switchblade out of his trousers pocket, opens it, and sticks it into the table.

LOUISE

You'll have to go out one day.

She sits at the table.

As Louise and Peter starts to eat, Marian eats where she was sitting before.

MARIANNE

Did the Oracle say anything about Thomas, Mother?

LOUISE

No Marianne.

PETER

I have no son anymore.

MARIANNE

I miss my brother.

On the fireplace mantle, a framed faded photo with broken glass shows Peter, Louise, Marianne and a YOUNG MAN smiling happily.

LOUISE

Three years is a long time.

MARIANNE

Do you think he's still alive? I mean, they were so many young men who died during that war.

LOUISE

It was a holy war. If he died, he's by Our Saviour's side.

PETER

He was a coward.

MARIANNE

He was courageous enough to stand
against the Dark Lord.

PETER

He left his family. And I'm too
old to defend you all.

LOUISE

No one can enter the house if
he's not invited in.

All around the front door are painted with blood cabalistic
signs.

Marianne raises her hand.

MARIANNE

Listen.

They stop eating, staring at the door.

Peter's hand lays slowly upon his shotgun.

PETER

What?

MARIANNE

This time, I'm sure I --

A KNOCK on the front door resounds in echo.

They all freeze.

Peter grabs the shotgun and loads it.

A second KNOCK.

Marianne turns to Peter. He nods. She gets up.

LOUISE

Who's there?! No answer.

The knob of the front door blocked by a large beam starts
to turn slowly.

Peter gets up and aims at the door.

Another KNOCK --

A VOICE resounds outside.

THOMAS (O.S.)

Mother! It's me! Thomas!

Moved, Marianne lets her bowl fall on the floor. She smiles.

Louise is about to walk to the door.

PETER

Wait.

Marianne stops and stares at him with wet begging eyes.

PETER

Can you prove it?! Louise, Peter,
and Marianne wait for the answer.

PETER

Get away! I have a shotgun aiming
at the door!

THOMAS (O.S.)

You lost your eye when I was
three. You fought a bear!

Reassured, Louise is about to walk toward the door.

PETER

(to Louise)

No! There's something wrong.

THOMAS (O.S.)

My sister Marianne was secretly
in love with Calvin, the inn
owner's son.

Happy, Marianne gets up.

MARIANNE

He's my brother!

Without paying attention to Peter anymore, Louise walks to the door and takes the beam out.

Marianne slaps her hands, happy like a little girl.

Peter is ready to shoot.

Louise opens the door and faces a young man with a thick beard. The young man from the photo: THOMAS.

THOMAS

Mother!

LOUISE

My son!

They hug on the threshold. They face again and Louise sizes him up, happy.

LOUISE

What happened to my little boy?

Peter eases off.

THOMAS

Is my little sister here?

MARIANNE

I'm here Thomas!

She takes one step out of the semi darkness. Thomas steps aside.

THOMAS

Please, come in.

A white glow appears by Thomas.

LOUISE

The light --

A tall man with yellowish skin and long grey hair, wearing a long black coat appears by Thomas. The DARK LORD.

The white glow comes from the wand he holds firmly in his hand.

Louise's face wears a look of dawning horror.

The Dark Lord brandishes his wand and throws a white lightning toward Peter.

Peter is suddenly blasted across the room, slammed against the wall by some invisible force. He collapses on the floor, his neck broken.

Marianne cannot understand what is going on.

She panics --

Thomas turns to Louise.

PETER

I'm sorry Mother.

Horrified, Louise starts to step back but the Dark Lord's wand produces another with lightning. The invisible force hits Louise's face, blasting her head off.

The head rolls on the floor like a bowling ball and reaches Marianne's feet.

MARIANNE

(scared)

Mother? What's happening?

THOMAS

Don't be scared, my sister. I'm here.

MARIANNE

Thomas? What's going on? Where's Mother?

DARK LORD

You'll soon join her.

Marianne is about to talk back when the wand force lifts her in the air and throws her into the fireplace. Her body knocks against the cauldron and bounces against the wall.

Under the shock, the cauldron spills over the fire.

The fire dies.

The candle flame sways under the assaults of the wind.

THOMAS

The whole country is yours now,
Master. Every single soul.

DARK LORD

No, Thomas.

THOMAS

What do you mean Master?

DARK LORD

Don't you know who I am? Never
take my word for granted.

The Dark Lord thrusts his hand into Thomas' chest and rips
his still beating heart out.

Thomas moans and collapses at his feet.

DARK LORD

Now, the whole country is mine.

As he turns his back and disappears into the night, a last
draft blows the candle out.

PITCH BLACK

FADE OUT: