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 withe 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: