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THE LIGHTSMITH OF ASTERION:

AWAKENING LIGHT

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ACT I - AWAKENING THE LIGHT
 PROLOGUE + SEQUENCES 1-9

PROLOGUE: THE WOUNDS OF WAR

Starlight was tamed. The first Lightsmiths forged sun-fire into blades. Empires and guilds rose. Power bred hunger. The Great Celestial War tore constellations down. Gates shut. Worlds burned. Survivors fled. They found Asterion – scarred, alive.

Domes over craters. Forges in god-bones. Desperation made Houses. Unity stayed brittle – treaties signed, pilgrimages traced, betrayals recurring. Scars on planet and people. Asterion: half refuge, half tomb. Void-storms. Vaults of dead. Cities caged by law.

A century of Quiet falters – forges dim, engines groan, caravans vanish, constellations twist. Dreams repeat one sigil: Two Dragons – fire and shadow. Year 931 SC: peace breaks. Shadow stirs. Awakening strikes where Houses won't look.

SEQUENCE 1 – SHADOWS OF ASTERION

The Age of Quiet – 930 SC (Stellar Calendar Year)

1 EXT. CITY OF ASTERION – MORNING

Vein-lit domes. A world of shine and scars. Cities sit under glass. Craters mark the Great Celestial War. The Council Spire rises at center. The Grand Chamber tops it.

Life hums under glass: lanes, trams, markets. Vendors sell prism fruit warm from the forges. Laughter, prayers, and old stars.

Old stories stay close: Draevan's line was sent to the Outer Realms; cultists tried to kill the Engines in the Eclipse Uprising; and the long quiet now feels thin. Above, the artisan yards. Discipline rings: blades, mechs, drills. House banners hang.

Recruits push through drills. They train for a war they did not choose. Each day starts the same. Drills. Sims. War in

the bones. I still ask if this is all, or if the Houses won't see past it.

2 INT. TRAINING YARD - ARTISAN DISTRICT - DAY

Noise fills the court. Blades clash. Sims hum. Recruits work through sets. Sweat and forge ozone hang in the air.

Center ring: NOVA squares with KAI. His moves are raw. Hers are clean.

Kai lunges. Nova turns. He hits stone, then laughs. Kai and Nova spar; supervisors observe from a balcony.

KAI (wry)

You teaching me or flooring
me?

Nova offers a hand, then pulls it back with a small smile.

NOVA

Growth hurts. Prefer their
gentleness?

Kai groans and circles. Hands up.

KAI

They just might hit softer
than you do.

NOVA

Then stop leaving your guard
open.

He feints and swings wide. She ducks and taps a jab an inch from his cheek. They share a quick laugh.

Around them, recruits hit pylons, run mech drills, count strikes. The pace doesn't drop.

NOVA (V.O.)

They say order keeps us
alive. When the noise stops,
it's just quiet. I don't know
if quiet is living.

Nova blocks, turns Kai's arm, drops him to a knee. He looks up, panting, still game.

KAI

(mock surrender)

Okay. You win. Again. You hit
like a wall.

NOVA

(flat, slight smile)

Tell the infirmary that
tomorrow.

A laugh; then they feel eyes and it dies.

3 EXT. TRAINING YARD – BALCONY OVERLOOKING THE YARD – DAY
AVA stands at the rail. Banners behind her show old wins.
She scans the yard. Measures. Sets marks.

LYRICK stands with her. Ember eyes low and steady. He
watches Nova and Kai without moving.

Ava clocks the laugh.

AVA

(quiet, to Lyrick)
Cracks start small. Find them
before they split a line.

Lyrick nods once. The mouth almost smiles.

DOWN BELOW

Nova feels the eyes. Her face tightens. Kai feels it too.
Stance resets. The laugh is gone.

Drills pick up. Louder. Tighter.

The yard stands empty under a bruised sky. The barracks
breathe quiet. A shadow gathers at the edge of the court,
then separates from the wall. Elira steps out.

SEQUENCE 2 – THE MENTOR

4 EXT. TRAINING YARDS – ARTISAN DISTRICT – AFTERNOON

The yard empties under a bruised sky. Blade noise fades.
Conduits hiss.

Nova lingers, sweat cooling. She looks up at the Council
spires – stone and glass holding old scars.

ELIRA steps from shadow. Steady. Composed. The yard quiets.

ELIRA

(soft)

You doubt the path they set.

Nova turns, hands up on instinct.

NOVA

Everyone doubts. So, we train
harder. That's how we live.

Elira studies her. Then she moves.

They trade. Elira blooms thread-light binding, not
burning.

Nova's guard drops.

NOVA

You had me. Why stop?

Elira lowers the staff; threads rise from her palms, light
like cloth.

ELIRA

There are other ways. It
binds. It holds. When the
Engines went dark, it kept
people together.

NOVA

If it works, why not use it
on raiders – or the Council?

ELIRA

It doesn't cut. It doesn't
burn. The Houses praise what
kills. Light that holds
outlasts their wars.

A promise, and a weight.

ELIRA

(low)

Pack for first light. The
mountains – outside House
lines. Your real training
starts there.

She glances up to the balcony AVA watches; a small nod.
 Lyrick stands beside her.

ELIRA

Rest. Tomorrow, you step past
 what you know.

The crystal dims. Threads fold away. The yard is quiet;
 sleep feels far.

SEQUENCE 3 – JOURNEYS BEYOND THE DOME

5 INT. SPARRING BARRACKS – ARTISAN YARDS – DAY

Stone walls tremble with sound. Blades clash. Mech
 simulators groan. Instructors shape silence into a weapon.

The barracks: discipline as doctrine.

Nova ends her drills, sweat slick. Breath slows. Her gaze
 drifts –

THROUGH ARCHWAYS...

6 EXT. THE COMMONS – MARKET VEINS – CONTINUOUS

A different rhythm: barter on cobbles, prism-fruit glowing
 in baskets, artisans at benches, children chasing glass-
 orbs through Forge-heat. Shrines hum in alcoves where
 pilgrims whisper to the constellations.

Above: the Grand Council Spire at center; the Five Great
 Houses ring the city, crowned in their own light. The Night
 Hawks wheel in crimson orbits between House and Council
 airspace.

Nova steps into this pulse. Her nerves unravel-creation
 over combat.

Across the plaza, Kai waits, grinning, two steaming plates
 in hand.

KAI

(easy, covering worry)
 Figured you'd forget to eat
 if I didn't drag you here.

They sit beneath lanterns. Steam rises; a fragile normal.

7 EXT. MARKET VEINS - COMMONS PLAZA - CONTINUOUS

A low-walled courtyard inset from the stalls, marked by iron stanchions and faint warning sigils: RESTRICTED PRACTICE ZONE.

A shout splits it. Kai's siblings cut through the crowd and step into the marked circle.

SHAIYA

(anger masking hurt)

You still clinging to the
fairy tale, Kai? They vanish,
return, vanish—and you'd
rather lie to yourself than
admit they chose everything
but us.

TYLAN

(hard, already grieving)

Wake up. The Council keeps
them gone. Duty decided for
them.

Kai stiffens, fists trembling. His eyes flick to the warning sigils at his feet.

KAI

(raising, raw; forcing control)

It isn't fair. But they serve
like the rest of us. (beat)
We're lucky to have love left
to miss.

Shaiya's jaw tightens. Tylan steps deeper; his gauntlets hum.

TYLAN

(grief sharpening)

No father. No mother. No
word.

KAI

(holding, thin)

Balance is what we build—with
each other.

Shaiya flicks a crescent—"practice" low—but frost skitters, rimming a sigil line.

KAI

(warning, open hands)

Keep it inside the circle,
Shaiya.

TYLAN

(stepping past Kai's hand)

Our grief is all the Council
left us.

He drops both gauntlets—controlled, but hard. Void-metal ripples spiderweb the cobbles; sparks lick the boundary. Vendors yank tarps. Children are pulled back. Pressure builds.

Nova steps to the edge, torn.

NOVA

(calling, steady)

Shaiya. Tylian. You're not
alone. Don't let them make
you proof of their policies.

Shaiya looks between Nova and Kai—hurt curdling.

SHAIYA

(to Kai; a wound)

You'll run with her too? Keep
secrets. Leave like they did.

KAI

(stung; blurting)

I'm here—now. I'm not—

SHAIYA

(over him; breaking)

Not enough.

She surges. Tylian braces. Kai intercepts. A contained flurry within the sigils: moonlight checked, void-metal pulled, Kai absorbing and redirecting—turning blows into breaks, trying to bleed the heat. A shard nicks a post; a tarp flares and is smothered. The warning sigils blaze crimson.

RENN NIGHTHAWK
 (from the rim; calm, final)
 Enough!

A whistle-felt more than heard. Air tightens.

ABOVE — WINGBEATS THICKEN THE AIR.

Three Night Hawks descend, armor etched with crimson glyphs. Talons scrape stone. Red sigils flare like wounds.

At their head: Commander Ava. Lyrick lands a half-step behind-silent, watching.

AVA
 (command cutting clean)
 Restricted area. Endangerment
 of citizens. Violation of
 Council code. (eyes on Shaiya
 and Tylan; a verdict)
 Restrain them.

Hawks move like rips in shadow. One locks Shaiya's wrists mid-cast; lunar shards die on his gauntlet. Another twists Tylan's arms, void-metal forced aside with practiced inevitability. Crimson glyphs flare—and with a burst, both are bound and gone to the Council vaults.

Silence-fear hanging like ash.

AVA
 (to the commons; order as balm and
 threat)
 They will be judged. Order
 will hold.

Her gaze finds Nova—measured, weighing potential against risk.

AVA
 (low, deliberate; testing)
 Your journey begins tonight.
 You carry more than yourself
 now. Carry it well.

Cloak snaps. Wings shriek. The Hawks rise.

Kai staggers, the fight still raw in his chest.

KAI
(reeling)
You're leaving?

Nova searches for words; they fail.

KAI
(voice splintering)
You didn't even tell me.

NOVA
(honest, pulled between callings)
Elira told me—just before you
came. I was going to—

KAI
(cuts; hurt to anger)
There's always almost.

He turns into the crowd. Nova reaches—late. Steam curls
from the plates as appetite dies.

8 INT. SKYWAY TRAM — NIGHT

A glass capsule hums along radiant veins. Pilgrims,
artisans, apprentices press in, faces holding the Age of
Quiet's shadow. Through the walls Asterion unfurls:
barracks spitting forge-light, the commons still rattled,
Kaelith's crystalline dome of moonlight, Morvain's smoking
east forges, shadow warrens below, and highest—her
heritage—House Solenor, wings of Radiant crystal like
dawn.

9 INT. HOUSE SOLENOR — RADIANT SANCTUM — NIGHT

Halls breathe starlit veins; murals drift with Pilgrimage
constellations. The air hums with living resonance. In her
spare dormitory, she collapses onto her bed, journal
trembling.

NOVA (V.O.)
(writing)
Goodbyes never happen right.
I feel hollow—but tomorrow
presses warm against the
hollow's edge.