

(Printed with the demonstration version of Fade In)

Third Day Lights

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Episode 1

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EXT. CASTLE IN A DESERT - DAY

Fade in to a sweeping view of a medieval-style CASTLE in a desert. The structure is surrounded on all sides by a thick white MIST with patches that glow luminescent.

The mist yields just feet before the edges of the castle. Zooming in on the midnight-black sand at these edges, we see the discomfoting movement of large, glowing MAGGOTS. They squirm aimlessly around each other in some perpetual dance, some burrowing deeper into the sand, others emerging; all glowing brightly with light that dances in the mist itself.

Panning far in one direction, located in the middle of the mist and black sand, is the MAW: a massive mouth. It's a round pit of teeth, depth unknowable, and otherwise featureless. The innumerable teeth shift and squirm within the mouth like individual beings.

Pan over the desert mist. Within its density, we see the vague shapes of disembodied arms and hands which seem to lunge and grasp menacingly at nothing in particular.

As the focus pans, there's movement disturbing the mist. Slowly we come upon the image of a man (ISRAPHEL) riding a great black deer. Focus is on parts of him before we see the whole: his bare feet straddling the deer, muscular legs and scarred skin. His eyes of brilliant jade, which appear to have a depth to them. His bald scalp with pale fuzz. His nose, broken in multiple places but healed and scarred over. His skin is pale white, in stark contrast to the sand. The shapes within the mist--the apparent arms and hands--grasp angrily at his body, but do not make contact.

NAEVE (V.O.)

He was my first supplicant in over
thirty cycles.

The whole figure comes into view through the mist. The great black antlers obscure the man's face, the glowing maggots squirm away from the deer's hooves, and the mist-arms continue to miss the man's body.

NAEVE (V.O.) (cont'd)

He was too beautiful. I did not
believe it. Oh, I had, in my travels,
seen men far more attractive than he.
Men who had eagerly accepted me in
whatever form I chose, and had
momentarily pleased me. But I had
never seen this kind of beauty, that
of hard edges and chipped flakes of
jade.

Israphel, on his mount, continues to move toward the castle through the mist as Naeve speaks. We see him from different angles as the mist arms and glowing maggots continue to thrash toward him, yet yield before contact.

NAEVE

That aura of bitterly mastered power, and unspeakable grief subdued but somehow not overcome. He gave me the impression that he was a man to respect, a man who would understand my own loneliness despite my family, a man who might, perhaps. after so many cycles...

Beat.

NAEVE (V.O.)

But I have not lived for so long away from my Trunk by believing in such things.

Israphel, on his deer, emerges from the mist and approaches the large door of the castle.

NAEVE steps outside the castle. Her current form is naked but sexually ambiguous with pitch-black skin that matches the sand, covered in thousands of tiny thorns.

NAEVE

Why do you stand before my gate? Tell me your purpose.

Israphel does not speak but gently pats the neck of his great black deer. It bows, lowering its body, and Israphel dismounts. He simply stares at Naeve, face emotionless.

Naeve's eyes dart to his bare feet, now upon the sand. The thorns on her body swivel in unison with her gaze. Her eyes widen in shock as the maggots squirm away from the feet. Her gaze lands next on Israphel's eyes, sparkling with depth.

Beat.

Israphel watches Naeve's shock with amusement: he does not laugh, but his body bounced with humor.

Indignant at this, sulfur gas streams from Naeve's skin. She turns around and storms angrily back into the castle.

Cut to black as the door slams.