



TALES OF THE INCANDESCENT: BLACKPOINT:ONE

Written by

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After the first scene fades us in, a character is introduced and she experiences her reality through a series of interpretations of lights and sounds. Oh, there's also another character and he has a Giant Light-Bulb. Together, they set out on a journey across the multi-verse. Care to join them for this anthology of modern and classical folklore, Mother Goose for demons?

SCREEN IS FLAT BLACK, and we hear

X (V.O.)
I want to be something.

And then, from her P.O.V., we start to see the sand beneath X'S pale, skinny fingers, dusty, blurry as the darkness fades away, replaced instead by the blurriness of the dusty environment, we STAY ON HER HAND, with just the dust and sand around it,

X (V.O.) (CONT'D)
What is something? I feel like I'm listening to a story, or telling one maybe?

BLACK SLOWLY CREEPS THROUGHOUT HER FINGERNAILS, DYING THEM FLAT BLACK

X (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Where do I wanna be? Is that how I figure out who I am? Figure out first ... the setting, yeah.

We slowly look up as we continue to hear her

X (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Am I speaking to myself or thinking to myself?

We can see nothing in front of us but dust and blur,

X (V.O.) (CONT'D)
What do I remember?

THE TOWN AROUND US BEGINS TO COME INTO FOCUS,

X (V.O.) (CONT'D)
A town?

EXT. HOLLYWOOD WESTERN TOWN AND SALOON - DAY

People dressed the part for the set all walk around oblivious to each other and going about various cliched acts associated with their cookie-cutter western characters.

WE WATCH SOME FILMING CREWS AS THEY MOVE EQUIPMENT AROUND AND ACTORS CONVERSE.

then

X, standing up, slowly, Shes pale but has beautiful, delicate European features, long black hair, slender, but with broad shoulders and hips, she wears a beautiful Victorian top with a mid-length Lolita skirt and fishnet stockings,

X

What is *myself*?

She looks around the village, trying to make sense of herself and her surroundings, everyone and everything seems weird and confusing to her to look at, and then,

her eyes fixate on something a good distance away,

X (CONT'D)

What is ... that?

PAN UP from the base of a WOODEN CRATE slowly, and up Y'S feet and legs and eventually to his face, as we hear him,

Y

(shouting)

Come one, come all, come whoever the hell, bare witness to a sea of information, stretching ominously before you and behind you! For what wonders to behold beside the light of things illuminated by the shine of thine own bright eyes!

hes dressed in tight black pants, and wears a Victorian style black and white leather tunic with a lavish purple overcoat that comes down to his ankles, his coat is adorned with gold trim and his features and whole vibe is that of a demonic, elfish Willy Wanka. His ears are pointed and his hair is scraggly and white, not short but not past his ears either, he seems like the kind of guy who should be wearing a top hat, but he doesn't.

Y (CONT'D)

Come and see, gather as I illuminate here for you my incandescent light bulb, producing shadows to streak across our three dimensional world, causing thus the images with which you see to seem to dance and wiggle as if moving! Come! Come to life! An expression of all things!

INTERCUT:

Beside the crate and his outstretched, long skinny fingered HAND and purple nails, we see that he has a giant LIGHT BULB CLOSE UP and it is not yet lit,

Y (CONT'D)
 (on his face now, he
 grins)
 Behold!

X, pacing up to Y, and

Y stares strait down at her from atop the crate as she approaches, we also get to see the LIGHT BULB and its BASE, a big METALLIC GOLDEN CUBE, ADORNED WITH RECESSED CARVINGS OF DOVES, OLIVE BRANCHES, SERPENTS, GEOMETRICALLY PATTERNED TREE BRANCHES, images of MEN AND WOMEN EXCHANGING CUPS, ANGELS BLOWING TRUMPETS, THE DEAD, RISING FROM GRAVES, essentially a whole tarot deck worth of random esoteric imagery, with a metallic pole, also decorated, protruding out the top and sticking up a few inches to holding the GIANT BULB itself, which remains unlit.

Y (CONT'D)
 Who here will look with me and see,
 what is to experience both within
 and without, the illumination of my
 giant bulb?

X, curiously looking at the bulb,

Y, looking down at her as she steps closer to the bulb,

Y hops down from the crate, startling X a little,

Y (CONT'D)
 Excuse me, madam, are you
 beautiful?

X, puzzled, pensive stare,

Y (CONT'D)
 Sorry, I meant to say, madam,
 aren't you beautiful?

X
 (still fully pensive)
 Whats your name?

Y
 Y.

X
 Y?

Y
Correct. Y, like the letter.

X, pensive, probably even more so now,

Y (CONT'D)
And scene as you're the only other
character here, why don't you be X?

X
I don't remember what my name is.

Y
So, X is fitting!

X
I suppose.

Y
Well, aren't you going to ask me
about my giant light bulb now?

X only glances at the light bulb once very quickly, then she
looks right back at Y,

X
Yes, what on earth is it?

CLOSE UP, THE BULB,

And CLOSE UP, THE CUBE,

Y (O.S.)
(on the CUBE/BULB)
A giant, incandescent light bulb!
One that when I disconnect it from
its plug into reality, it shines
myriad illumination, and
hallucination across thine eyes and
mine ...

Y (CONT'D)
Allowing us fortune to see around
and inside of worlds alternate and
parallel to that of ... well ...

he gestures around, BROAD SHOT

Y (CONT'D)
... wherever this is that we are
now.

X, very pensive and now twice as inquisitional as prior,

X
Yes, where is *here*, anyway?

Y
Who what when where why and how?

X
Yes that too, *what*? What do you
gain by doing all this?

Y, devilish grin as he turns his gaze slowly away from her,
and to the bulb itself,

Y
You know, you have an aura of
boredom about you.

X
Boredom? Yes, I would use such an
adjective to describe myself, I
suppose. Also weary, of strangers
who offer alleviation from boredom.

Y
I am rather strange, I will admit.

Y prances around X and on over to the ground beside the BULB
and retrieves a wire from the dirt that leads back to the
CUBE,

he stands and holds it up, tugs gently on it,

Y (O.S.) (CONT'D)
(on THE PLUG IN AN OUTLET
WHICH IS ON A WOODEN
BARREL OF WATER)
Tell me something, who are you? Not
your name but ...

Y (CONT'D)
... who are you?

X
... I ...

Y
Identity confusion and boredom.
Sounds like a good fit.

X
Excuse me?

Y
 (holding up the wire)
 Please, I offer you, peer into my
 light bulb.

X
 And I ask you again, what do you
 gain from all of this? Who in fact,
 are you?

Y
 Well ...

Y (CONT'D)
 I get to play with my giant light
 bulb!

Y (CONT'D)
 Please, you've nothing to fear. I
 am here only to illuminate, I would
 never deceive a woman as beautiful
 as yourself, I would much prefer to
 shine a light upon her, that I may
 then be able to see that of her
 full beauty.

X, still very pensive, but also very curious,

Y (CONT'D)
 I assure you, you allow my light
 bulb to shine upon your face, and
 you will gain more than
 understanding and adventure. You
 will see beauty, as will I. That is
 what we each gain.

X, ever pensive, ever curious,

X
 ... You are indeed a curious
 character, let us hope that that is
 all that leads you to behaving such
 as you do.

X (CONT'D)
 (still pensive, but)
 I will trust you.

Y smiles like a giddy school-boy, gripping the wire
 obnoxiously now with both hands, ready to unplug it,

X (CONT'D)
(slightly mocking him)
You say I can find identity,
adventure, beauty, and life ...
okay ...

X (CONT'D)
... show me.

Y GRINS EAR TO EAR and GIVES THE WIRE A GENTLE, ALL AT ONCE
CARTOONY TUG AND

THE PLUG POPS OUT OF THE OUTLET IN THE BARREL, WATER POURS
OUT AND

THE LIGHT BULB LIGHTS UP!

X (CONT'D)
Its very bright!

It begins to hum very loudly too,

Y, smiling and giddy,

X (CONT'D)
What happens now!?

THE BULB'S LIGHT GROWS EVEN STRONGER ENVELOPING THE ENTIRE
SCREEN, AS DOES THE LOUD HUM AND,

CUT TO WHITE:

TALES OF THE INCANDESCENT: ILLUMINATION NUMBER ONE PLAYS