



TALES OF THE INCANDESCENT: BLACKPOINT: EIGHT AND NINE

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Raves and Penguins. Who doesn't love raves and penguins? All we have to say about this episode is that everything is wonderful.

EXT. THE MIDDLE OF THE DESSERT - EGYPT - NIGHT

HIGH ANGLED ESTABLISHING SHOT OF A RAVE IN PROGRESS IN THE DESERT, MUSIC BUMPING, CROWDS OF PEOPLE DANCING AND WAVING GLOW STICKS AROUND ALL OVER.

A CLOSER IN SHOT OF SOME OF THE RAVE-GOERS AS THEY PARTY.

AND Y, GLOW-RINGS WRAPPED AROUND HIS TORSO, NECK, FOREHEAD, FOREARMS, AND LEGS, AND HES DANCING LIKE ONE OF THE REGULAR RAVE-GOERS.

X is watching him as he dances, shes making a scrunched up raised brow sort of concerned, mocking, scowl at him,

X
You certainly seem to fit right in here.

Y
The desert?

X
This ... strange party.

Y
Its called a rave. You should grab a glow-stick or two and have some fun.

X
No thank you.

Y
Don't enjoy dancing?

X
Not like a wild imbecile.

Y smirks almost wickedly at her and then,

SPINS AROUND IN A CIRCLE AWAY FROM HER AND DANCES OFF LIKE A WILD IMBECILE!

X, watching for a moment and then

Y'S FOOT KICKS UNDER THE WIRE ON THE GROUND AS HE DANCES!

X
Hey! Watch out, you're going to --

BACK TO THE FIRST HIGH ANGLED ESTABLISHING SHOT, AND THE LIGHTS AND MUSIC ALL GO OUT! PITCH BLACK FOR A MOMENT AS WE HEAR A CROWD OF RAVERS GO "AAAAAWWWW" AND "HEY WHO SHUT THE LIGHTS OUT!" AND "YEAH WHAT GIVES!?" AND "MY GLOW-STICKS RAN OUT OF BATTERY?" and then A RANDOM SPOT IN THE DARKNESS LIGHTS UP AND STARTS TO GLOW, ITS Y'S GIANT LIGHT-BULB!

BRIGHT LIGHT FADES SCENE OUT PER USUAL:

TALES OF THE INCANDESCENT ILLUMINATION NUMBER EIGHT PLAYS

BRIGHT LIGHT FADES SCENE IN:

EXT. ANTARCTICA - DAY

WE START ON EXTREME CLOSE UP Y, his eyes are closed and hes meditating, and then

BIRDS EYE VIEW OF THE LARGE CHUNK OF ICE AMIDST A DESOLATE ARCTIC SEA, AND THE THOUSANDS OF PENGUINS THAT STAND IN HUGE CROWDS A FEW YARDS BEHIND WHAT LOOKS LIKE A SMALL CANOPY AT THE FRONT OF THE ICE PLATE, A THIN WARM LOOKING TRAIL OF SMOKE LINGERS UP FROM THE CANOPY.

NOW UNDER THE CANOPY, with Y as he continues to meditate, the thousands of PENGUINS visible behind him, and in front of him is his SMALL FIRE AND EASTERN STYLE KETTLE OF TEA, he also has INCENSE STICKS burning and VARIOUS HERBS laid out in SMALL DISHES around himself.

NOW OVER WITH THE PENGUINS FOR A MOMENT AS THEY ALL WALK AROUND DOIN' CUTE REGULAR PENGUIN STUFF THAT PENGUINS DO.

Then

Back to UNDER THE CANOPY with Y, and and we watch him meditate another moment, and then he blinks his eyes open a few times, then he takes a deep breath, and he reaches for his TEA KETTLE,

and a little CUP from beside himself and pours himself some tea.

Then he sets the kettle back onto its holder above his little fire, and

Y, smells his tea deeply before he then takes a sip.

Aaaah, refreshing, type peaceful smile as he sets the cup down in front of himself.

AND NOW BACK ON THE PENGUINS FOR

SOME MORE PENGUIN FUN.

NOW BACK UNDER THE CANOPY WITH Y AND WE TAKE A MOMENT TO GAZE OUT INTO THE VAST ARCTIC OCEAN WITH HIM.

And then

CUT TO:

X, asleep, is laying flat on her back, surrounded by PENGUINS, and the CANOPY is small in the distance at the other end of the iceberg.

X starts to open her eyes, she winces as the sunlight from above meets her waking pupils through her still shut fluttering eyelids.

X starts to get up, and then she sits up into a ball holding her own knees at her chest all at once because she notices the COUPLE HUNDRED PENGUINS WALKING ALL AROUND HER!

X, looking around at all the PENGUINS, wide eyes, shes not scared, just surprised,

X
Um ... hello, penguins.

THE PENGUINS, JUST BEIN' PENGUINS!

X looking around at them, and then

She turns to notice and we PULL FOCUS TO LOOKING AT IT WITH HER, Y'S LITTLE CANOPY OFF WAY AT THE OTHER END OF THE ICEBERG.

CLOSE ON X for a moment, her staring still towards the canopy and PENGUINS ALL AROUND HER

CUT BACK TO:

UNDER THE CANOPY, Y is sipping his tea and we can see X walking up to us, hundreds of PENGUINS still on mostly the other half of the iceberg where she left them.

Y'S ARMS, setting his CUP down in front of his crossed legs

X (O.S.)
There are a lot of strange birds here.

X (CONT'D)
And it is very cold.

Y
(turning to her with a
smile)
Come, come. I have a fire.

X peers in at the little fire suspiciously,

CLOSE UP ON THE SMALL CAMPFIRE, BURNING RIGHT ON THE ICE!

X
How is it that it does not melt the
ice?

Y
There's countless films and stuff
that I could quote to answer you
with a witty response, but we best
stick to our own stories.

X
What is that supposed to mean?

X
(as she comes in and sits
down beside him)
Some kind of fourth wall break
intended for the audience you seem
to pretend to have?

Y
Well I have you, don't I?

X
I suppose.

X turns to look back over her shoulder at all the PENGUINS.

X
Where is the bulb?

Y
(as he pours a second CUP
of tea)
Don't worry about the bulb for now,
lets take a break and have some
tea.

Y
(handing X the CUP)
Here.

X taking the CUP and enjoying the warmth of it on her HANDS, she CLOSES HER EYES and inhales a deep breath of the WARM STEAM rising from the rim, then

BACK OVER AT THE PENGUIN CROWD AGAIN NOW FOR A LITTLE BIT MORE PENGUIN VOYEURISM, AND

Y (O.S.)
So, have you been enjoying the stories?

NOW BACK UNDER THE CANOPY, CLOSE ON X, shes lowering her CUP from her face with it in both hands like she had just finished taking a sip, then

X
What can I say, its been, a trip, for sure.

Y
The penguins are pretty cute too, right?

X
Yes.

Y
And the tea? Good?

X
Yes, a bit bitter, but, warm.

X (CONT'D)
Where is this place we find ourselves in this time?

Y
Its called Antarctica, its at the bottom of the world.

X
What world?

Y
Eh, doesn't matter, meditate with me here for a little while?

X
Is there a particular reason that you choose to meditate in a place as cold and barren as this?

Y
 Nope. I don't choose where we go,
 we just end up there.

Y (CONT'D)
 And I just go with the flow.

X
 I see.

Y
 Come with me.

Y closes his eyes and resumes his perfect meditative posture, takes a deep breath of cold air.

X, just watching him, then she looks down into her hands at

HER CUP OF TEA, WARM STEAM STILL RISING UP FROM WITHIN,

CUT TO:

OVER WITH THE PENGUINS AGAIN, WHO DOESN'T LOVE SOME MORE PENGUIN TIME, RIGHT?

then,

A SHOT OF THE ANTARCTIC WAVES SMACKING UP AGAINST THE BASE OF THE ICE SHEET.

NOW BACK UNDER THE CANOPY, AND X IS STARING OUT AT THE OCEAN

and Y continues to silently meditate.

X
 (as she keeps her stern
 contemplative focus out
 on the water)
 Y, where did you get the light-
 bulb? Have you always been its
 operator?

Y
 (eyes stay shut)
 I think so.

X
 Did you build it?

Y
(eyes still shut)
No.

X
So it wasn't always in your
possession then.

Y
Correct.

X
Well then who is its creator?

Y
Its creator was a man named Nikola
Tesla.

X
And how did you come to acquire it?

Y
Remember that castle we were in
recently?

X
Where you said there were a
sleeping king and queen, yes.

Y
He looks after them there, hes sort
of like, the curator of the castle.

X
He lives there all by himself?

Y
Sort of. He comes and goes betwixt,
like, the angel Lucifer in the
early days and secret doctrines.

X
Lucifer? Like, the devil?

Y
Sort of. The allegory is old and
muddied up.

X
Your answers tend too often to boil
down to vague ambiguity, you are
aware?

Y
I am.

X
So you are intentionally dodgy?

Y
Sort of. On occasion, it all depends.

X, glaring at him,

Y, sipping his TEA,

then X looks away from him and she looks down at

THE CUP OF TEA IN HER HANDS IN HER LAP, THE LIQUID IS SWIRLING IN A VORTEX SO WE CAN'T REALLY SEE IT TOO WELL BUT THERE SEEMS TO BE SOMETHING DARK AT THE BOTTOM OF THE CUP!

NOW WE'RE LOOKING UP AT X FROM INSIDE THE CUP, SUBMERGED UNDER THE TEA, AND SHES RAISING AN EYEBROW AT US,

AND NOW WE'RE ON A NORMAL CLOSE UP WITH HER, and shes still staring down into the cup with her brow raised at it, then

X
Y?

Y
(meditating again)
Yes, X?

X
I ... I believe there to be something at the bottom of my cup of tea.

Y
Score, nice.

X
Nice?

Y
Yeah, you got a thing, that's great.

X rolls her eyes and looks away from him like shes giving up with him and turns her attention back fully onto the cup in her hands, and

OVER THE CUP, AS X PUTS ONE OF HER HANDS INTO THE CUP AND
ON X, as she does this, and then

FROM INSIDE THE CUP AGAIN LOOKING UP AT X AS SHE GRABS AT US
 WITH HER FINGERS AND THEN

X
 (tugging at whatever it
 is inside the cup)
 Is this the --

Y, grinning but still meditating, and we see A STATIC
 DISCHARGE COME FROM OFFSCREEN RIGHT BESIDE HIM WHERE

X is sitting and holding the WIRE with the PLUG in her
 hands, its dripping wet with tea, and X looks extremely
 puzzled, both brows raised now and twice as high, then

X
 Where then --

and we see that the WIRE LOOPS BACK INTO THE CUP,
 and X looking even more confused now still holding it,

X
 Where is the bulb?

Y
 (eyes still closed)
 Check the cup.

X, slowly turning from Y's strange response to gazing back
 down into the cup in her lap,

OVER-TOP OF THE CUP NOW AS THE LIQUID SEEMS TO GLOW AND THEN
 A FLASH OF BRIGHT LIGHT SHOOTS UP FROM THE LIQUID AND

LAST SHOTS OF THE PENGUINS,

AS THEY OBLIVIOUSLY AND ADORABLY KEEP DOIN' THEIR PENGUIN
 STUFF, THE BRIGHT LIGHT GROWING STEADILY BRIGHTER COMING
 FROM THE OTHER END OF THE ICEBURG

AND THEN, STILL ON SOME LAST MINUTE PENGUIN VOYERISM,

BRIGHT LIGHT FADES SCENE OUT PER USUAL: