

The Legend of Ascalon

By

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SCENE 1 - THE STORM AND THE MAZE (Prologue - Dreamworld)

EXT. BURNING CASTLE WALL - NIGHTMARE REALM - DUSK

(Alt: Establishes epic tone and ancient battle; conveys mythic scope)

A storm rages over an ancient citadel. Flames curl from arrow-split stone. Torn banners whip in the gale.

FRANKIE (20s) stands on a high wall. Sword gripped in both hands. Simple armor, cracked. Breath fogs the air.

Below: a shadow-army roars. Countless. Nameless.

FRANKIE (V.O.)

(echoing, hollow)

I never asked for this. The storm just... came. Again, and again... until I stopped waking.

He lifts his sword. Wind coils around it. Runes flicker. He slashes.

A tornado of light and fire obliterates the battlefield.

Silence follows. Hollow.

FRANKIE

(whispering)

Did I win...?

The wall groans. Stone rearranges.

The MAZE forms.

INT. MAZE - BEYOND THE WALL

(Alt: Surreal dimension; reveals deeper metaphysical mystery)

Walls of glass shimmer. Behind them: future versions of Frankie.

VOICE (V.O.)

Ascalon never died. It dreamed.

A floating prism hovers. Frankie reaches.

CHILD'S VOICE (V.O.)

Don't forget us.

His reflection becomes a child wrapped in stars.

WOMAN'S VOICE (V.O.)

It is what you were. And what you must become.

The maze shakes. Light floods in.

INT. FRANKIE'S CABIN - DAWN

Frankie wakes. Breathless. Empty hands. No blade. No flames.

Birdsong outside. But in his eyes—the maze still lives.

SCENE 2 - THE DRUDGERY OF HOPE (Post-Dream: Daily Life)

INT. FRANKIE'S CABIN - CONTINUED

Frankie stares at the ceremonial blade. Silent.

VANESSA (O.S.)

You stare too hard at things you can't control. Come back to bed.

He turns. No one there.

EXT. FARMYARD - MORNING

(Alt: Contrasts dream with grounded rural labor)

He picks up a shovel. Mist rolls across the

field. VANESSA (V.O.)

You promised me you'd rest today.

MONTAGE - FARM LIFE

- Milks goat. Chops wood. Tills soil. Falls to one knee.
Breathes.

INT. STORAGE ROOM - LATE MORNING

Opens chest. Hairpin. Leather journal. Boots—her size.

VANESSA (V.O.)

One day we'll leave all this, love. Not just to run. To
stay.

EXT. VILLAGE CENTER - MIDDAY

Carries bucket. Villagers nod. Children

swordplay. CHILD 1

I'm the Guardian of the Sky!

CHILD 2

Your sword's broken!

Frankie freezes. Stares at his hands.

EXT. HILLSIDE - MIDDAY

Whittles falcon. Soft wind.

FRANKIE

Do you ever feel it too?

EXT. VILLAGE MARKET - FLASHBACK

Vanessa drags him through crowd.

VANESSA

You're brooding again.

FRANKIE

I'm reflecting.

VANESSA

You're hiding. Come on. I want honeycakes.

She kisses him. Light fades.

INT. BARN - SUNSET

A gift wrapped in ribbon: 'For the Harvest Moon.'

FRANKIE (V.O.)

I meant to surprise her. Now I forget why.

EXT. FIELD - NIGHT

Frankie lies in grass. Falcon in hand. One star pulses above.

FRANKIE

Take me with you.

VANESSA (O.S.)

You're still chasing the storm.

FRANKIE

No. I'm waiting for it to come back.

SCENE 3 - THE OFFER

(Frankie receives a mysterious visitor who will alter his fate)

INT. BARN - EARLY MORNING

The barn is hushed, lit only by slats of moonlight. Frankie brushes the mule's coat—slow, rhythmic, distant.

A soft creak. The door opens.

CROMWELL (O.S.)

You're up early for a dead man walking.

Frankie freezes. Doesn't look back.

FRANKIE

You bring news or curses?

CROMWELL

A bit of both. Depends who you think you are.

Frankie turns. The man who enters is not what he expected.

Old CROMWELL—shaggy-bearded, wrapped in ragged robes embroidered with forgotten sigils. His eyes: bright. Burning. Unblinking.

He steps closer. The mule doesn't flinch.

CROMWELL (CONT'D)

I've seen that look. Eyes full of smoke. Hands still dreaming of swords.

FRANKIE

You talk like someone who lost something.

CROMWELL

I did. My youth. My name. And the first hero I tried to save.

EXT. PATH TO THE WOODLINE - SUNRISE

They walk side-by-side. Birds stir, but none sing. A quiet before knowing.

FRANKIE

You were the apothecary. Before the fires.

CROMWELL

Before the fire, I was a coward. Now I'm a memory with a pulse.

FRANKIE

Why me?

CROMWELL

Because you were born beneath the Veil. Same as me. Same as the One before you.

FLASH: INT. ASTRAL CHAMBER (VISION/MEMORY)

- Stone ring of floating relics—armor pieces, a crown split in half, a glowing sword hilt without a blade.

- A child's laughter. A wolf's howl. Wind spinning through a broken star-map.

EXT. FIELD CROSSROADS - CONTINUED

FRANKIE

I don't know what you think I am.

CROMWELL

That's the problem. You've forgotten what the sky remembers.

He pulls a worn parchment scroll from his robe. It pulses faintly.

CROMWELL (CONT'D)

This is yours. If you want it.

Frankie takes it, slowly. His hands shake.

INT. CROMWELL'S SANCTUM - ECHO FLASH

Quick, eerie flashes of alchemy, prophecies etched in metal, a globe split into two rotating halves—Ascalon and its mirror.

INT. FRANKIE'S CABIN - NIGHT

Frankie stares at the parchment. Next to him: a candle, the falcon carving, and Vanessa's ribbon tied to a jar of honey.

VANESSA (O.S.)

What did he offer?

FRANKIE

(softly)

A grave. Or a gate.

The candle flickers violently. Then stills.

SCENE 4 - THE RELUCTANT FLAME

(Frankie resists the call; Ben remains unseen but foreshadowed)

INT. FRANKIE'S CABIN - EARLY MORNING

Frankie sits at the table, unrolling the parchment slowly. The candle is a stub, trembling in its own wax.

CLOSE ON PARCHMENT:

A strange map. Two worlds: one of sky-fire, one of roots and dark water. At their center: the Spiral.

Etched in curling, Fae-like script:

"One will burn. One will rise. One must choose."

Frankie traces the ink with a fingertip. It glows faintly.

EXT. EDGE OF VILLAGE - MIDDAY

Frankie walks alone. No Ben. Just wind and memory. Villagers pass him by—some nod, others glance with worry. He's become strange to them.

He pauses at the old boundary stone. Someone's left a circle of feathers on it.

FRANKIE (softly)

You're watching, aren't you?

EXT. BARN - EVENING

Frankie loads tools with a heavy heart. One satchel is packed. One is not.

Inside, the falcon carving glints beside a broken ribbon.

He picks it up, hesitates.

FRANKIE (V.O.)

I can't leave her. Not yet.

INT. FOREST EDGE - NIGHT

Cromwell stands cloaked in shadow. A faint glimmer follows him—barely visible: a shimmer, like laughter behind mist.

He turns to it.

CROMWELL

He's not ready. You were always the soft one.

The shimmer flickers. No voice. But something ancient lingers.

CROMWELL (CONT'D)

You still follow him. Even after all these years.

The shimmer fades—like a goodbye that never ends.

CROMWELL (quietly, to the flame he cups in his palm)

Then I'll do what you can't.

INT. FRANKIE'S CABIN - NIGHT

Frankie lies awake, eyes wide, staring at the rafters.

Outside, the wind shifts direction.

Inside the parchment, the ink stirs.

Something old begins to wake.

SCENE 5 - THE QUIET FIRE

(Cromwell's final push; the fire of blood and fate)

EXT. HILL ABOVE THE FARM - NIGHT

Cromwell stands under a blackened tree, watching the cabin below. His cloak rustles. In his hands: a pouch of old ash and a stone carved with a spiral.

He kneels. Presses the stone into the

dirt. CROMWELL (softly)

Forgive me, child. I have no other way.

He sprinkles the ash. Murmurs words not heard in centuries—

A glow rises. Soft. Reluctant. The earth pulses once.

EXT. BARN - LATER THAT NIGHT

The wind shifts. Straw on the floor stirs though no one walks there.

A single candle left on a shelf flickers... then bends, flame stretching toward the rafters.

A creak. A breath. A soft, ancient sigh.

Then the fire begins.

INT. FRANKIE'S CABIN - SAME TIME

Frankie dreams.

Vanessa's laughter. The smell of smoke. A cradle burning.

He bolts upright.

FRANKIE

Vanessa?

But she's not there. The dream is gone. Something else is wrong.

EXT. FARM - CONTINUOUS

The barn is smoldering. Flames crawl up one beam. Then another.

But it does not roar. It eats. Slowly. Hungering.

EXT. HILL ABOVE - CONTINUOUS

Cromwell watches, eyes full of grief.

CROMWELL (V.O.)

He has your eyes, Evra. Your fire. But not your will.

He turns. Behind him: a broken gravestone. The name worn away. The Spiral etched deep.

EXT. FARM - LATER

Frankie runs out. Sees the barn, glowing like a sun under the earth.

He tries to run in. Smoke pushes him back.

He falls to his knees.

Beside him: the falcon carving. Scorched. But whole.

He stares at it, breath shaking.

FRANKIE

What am I supposed to do...?

The wind carries a voice. Distant. Faint. Fae.

BEN (O.S.)

Get up, boy. The Spiral's turning.

SCENE 6 - THE ASHEN THRESHOLD

(The fire continues; Vanessa returns; Cromwell intervenes)

EXT. FRANKIE'S CABIN - NIGHT

The fire has reached the eaves of the house. It's slow—but persistent.

Frankie throws open the door, rushing inside.

INT. CABIN - CONTINUOUS

He grabs what he can—blankets, the carved falcon, old journals, jars of herbs.

Smoke curls in around the windows.

FRANKIE

Come on, come on, come on—

EXT. CABIN - MOMENTS LATER

A figure runs up the path. VANESSA.

She's out of breath, eyes wide.

VANESSA

Frankie?!

FRANKIE

Here! I'm here! Help me with the trunk!

Together they heave a trunk out the door and into the grass. Frankie stumbles. Vanessa steadies him.

A new figure appears at the edge of the field.

CROMWELL.

CROMWELL

You must come with me. We have much to discuss.

FRANKIE (still hauling a satchel)

I'm a little bit busy right now.

CROMWELL (quietly)

I understand.

He kneels beside the trunk. Begins helping—carefully removing heirlooms, jars, a locket.

MONTAGE:

- Frankie and Vanessa loading a cart.

- Cromwell gently lifting the falcon carving and wrapping it in cloth.

- Vanessa pausing to look at Cromwell, confused—but saying nothing.

EXT. WOODED PATH - LATE NIGHT

The cart rolls forward, creaking. Frankie, Vanessa, and Cromwell walk beside it. The fire fades behind them.

Ahead: a crooked roof, faint candlelight. The apothecary's hut.

CROMWELL (to Frankie, soft)

You stepped into the Spiral the moment you were born. This is just your first turn.

FRANKIE

And the fire? That was just a little nudge, right?

Cromwell says nothing.

Vanessa looks between them. Suspicion blooms.

They reach the door. The candle inside flickers—like a breath held.

SCENE 7 - THE BONDING OF BEN

(Inside Cromwell's apothecary, Ben is revealed, and the rite begins)

INT. CROMWELL'S APOTHECARY - NIGHT

The door creaks open. Candlelight spills over bottles, herbs, and books stacked like ancient ruins.

The walls are curved, wooden, living. Every surface holds glass, crystal, stone.

Frankie and Vanessa step inside. Cromwell follows, shutting the door behind them.

VANESSA

You live in this?

CROMWELL (smiling

faintly)

I sleep in it. Living is another matter.

A soft breeze flutters a curtain. Then—

A sudden blur of wings. A shimmer of light. Something small zips around Frankie's head.

FRANKIE (ducking)

What the-?!

The shimmer pauses midair. A figure with wings, sharp eyes, and an impossible grin.

CROMWELL

Frankie, this is Benthamuzia. He goes by Ben.

BEN (bowing midair)

Benthamuzia the Ever-Flickering, Flame-Winged, Keeper of the Grove of Glass and Moss. But yes—Ben will do.

FRANKIE

He's... faerie?

CROMWELL

Fae. Older than the words we're speaking. He was once my bonded twin, long ago.

Ben circles Frankie, sniffing.

BEN

You smell like ash and regret. Perfect.

CROMWELL

For the journey ahead, you will need to bond him.

FRANKIE

Do I have a choice?

CROMWELL

You have nothing left to return to, and your sister is in peril.

VANESSA (softly)

He's right,

Frankie. CROMWELL

(CONT'D)

You must go to the castle for the wedding. The appointed time draws near. And you will need aid.

BEN (hovering at Frankie's shoulder)

I'm excellent aid. Also fond of cheese.

*Cromwell steps forward, drawing a spiral with chalk
between them.*

CROMWELL

CROMWELL

CROMWELL

These words are older than flame, deeper than silence.
Repeat them after me.

CROMWELL

By the twin moons

FRANKIE

By the twin moons

CROMWELL

Of days long gone

FRANKIE

Of days long gone

CROMWELL

By the blood that

FRANKIE

By the blood that

CROMWELL

Once was sung

FRANKIE

Once was sung

CROMWELL

By the words I carry now

FRANKIE

By the words I carry now

CROMWELL

By the invocation, the vow

FRANKIE

By the invocation, the vow

CROMWELL

I bond you Fae in fire in light

FRANKIE

I bond you Fae in fire in light

CROMWELL

I bond you Fae in grim twilight

FRANKIE

I bond you Fae in grim twilight

CROMWELL

That you might light a way to see

FRANKIE

That you might light a way to see

CROMWELL

The ever-present darkness in clarity

FRANKIE

The ever-present darkness in clarity

CROMWELL

For what once was said

FRANKIE

For what once was said

CROMWELL

Is said anew in this hell

FRANKIE

Is said anew in this hell

CROMWELL

In this time unglued

FRANKIE

In this time unglued

CROMWELL

I bond you Benthamuzia

FRANKIE

I bond you Benthamuzia

CROMWELL

I bond you, Ben, like the first bell

FRANKIE

I bond you, Ben, like the first bell

CROMWELL

On dawning awakening

FRANKIE

On dawning awakening

CROMWELL

And twilight steeped

FRANKIE

And twilight steeped

CROMWELL

I bond you now

FRANKIE

I bond you now

CROMWELL

While the world's asleep

FRANKIE

While the world's asleep

CROMWELL

Come into this waking

FRANKIE

Come into this waking

CROMWELL

Dream of mine

FRANKIE

Dream of mine

CROMWELL

And be born anew

FRANKIE

And be born anew

CROMWELL

Within my mind.

FRANKIE

Within my mind.

A pulse of blue light surrounds them both. Ben glows—then settles on Frankie's shoulder.

BEN (V.O., deeper, only for Frankie)

"You've made the vow. Now keep it. The path of truth is not straight, but it is strong.

The bond is magic—but truth is power. The more honor you wield, the brighter I'll shine."

The air hums faintly. The world's sound dims. Frankie nods, quietly.

BEN (smiling aloud)

Well, I suppose I belong to you now. Lucky boy.

Well, I suppose I belong to you now. Lucky boy.

Vanessa watches in awe. Cromwell's expression is unreadable.

CROMWELL (quietly, to himself)

And so it begins again...

SCENE 8 - THE ROAD BEYOND THE SPIRAL

EXT. CROMWELL'S HUT - EARLY MORNING

The forest is hushed. Pale light streams through leaf-laced mist. Birds begin their songs—but softly, as if the day itself is unsure of its place.

Frankie stands beside the cart, his pack already strapped to his back. He stares into the woods beyond, where the path curls like a question.

The door creaks open. Cromwell steps out, staff in hand, cloak trailing behind him.

CROMWELL

The Spiral turns, whether we walk it or not.

Frankie doesn't turn yet. Just breathes.

FRANKIE

So I walk it, then.

CROMWELL

You were born to.

From behind Cromwell, Vanessa appears, wrapped in a shawl, carrying a cloth bundle of bread, dried fruit, herbs, and a small wooden box.

VANESSA

These are for the road. And this...

She opens the box briefly—inside, a lock of hair, a dried rose, and a tiny vial of rainwater.

VANESSA (CONT'D)

It's nothing. It's everything.

They embrace. The silence says more than words.

Ben flits down, stretching his wings, then lands on Frankie's shoulder with theatrical flair.

BEN

If we're leaving, let's leave. I've counted seven squirrel disputes already this morning and frankly, that's my limit for domestic drama.

FRANKIE (half-laugh)

You're a real comfort.

BEN

I specialize in sarcastic emotional support.

Cromwell approaches with an ancient staff, its spiral inlaid with slivers of bone and shell.

CROMWELL

This belonged to the last one who made it past the Thorns. Keep it close.

Frankie takes it, surprised by the warmth in the wood.
Almost alive.

FRANKIE

What happens if I turn back?

CROMWELL

The Spiral ends. And so do you.

A long beat.

CROMWELL (CONT'D)

But go forward... and you'll find what the world forgot it
needed.

Vanessa steps forward, cupping Frankie's face in her hands.

VANESSA

Don't just survive. Remember what makes you you. Promise
me.

FRANKIE (softly)

I promise.

BEN (V.O., only to Frankie)

You'll be tempted to lie. To take the easy road. But truth is the only sword that cuts the dark. And honor... is the only shield that holds.

Frankie nods, faintly—his soul feels the weight of the words.

He climbs onto the cart. Cromwell gives the mule a gentle tap. The cart rolls forward.

As the wheels crunch over dew-wet grass, Frankie looks back one last time.

Cromwell lifts a hand. Vanessa doesn't wave—she just holds her heart.

The forest swallows the path. The Spiral turns.

And the real journey begins.

SCENE 9 - THE CHOICE MADE TWICE

EXT. CROMWELL'S HUT - MOMENTS LATER

The cart is gone. Only silence remains.

Vanessa stands at the edge of the woodline, one hand still clutching her shawl, the other trembling slightly—whether from cold or memory, it's unclear.

Cromwell leans on his staff nearby, watching her. Not with judgment. With something closer to sorrow.

CROMWELL

You let him go.

VANESSA

No. I let him begin.

A long pause. She doesn't look at him, not yet.

CROMWELL

You used to say beginnings were illusions. That everything was return.

VANESSA (softly, still distant)

Maybe I was wrong. Or maybe this time... it's both.

Cromwell approaches slowly. His voice drops.

CROMWELL

Does he know who you are?

VANESSA (quietly)

He knows who I am to him. That's enough for now.

She turns. Their eyes meet—for the first time in what feels like centuries.

CROMWELL

You once ran from me.

VANESSA

No. I ran from what you became.

CROMWELL

Still cruel.

VANESSA

Still honest.

A beat. Pain flickers beneath Cromwell's composed expression.

CROMWELL (gently)

This world will burn before it bends. You know that.

VANESSA (finally smiling)

That's why he needs me. Not as a bride. As a balance.

She adjusts her cloak, steps toward the woods.

CROMWELL

The Spiral doesn't make room for two.

VANESSA (without turning)

Then we'll make room. Together.

She walks into the misted trail. The forest stirs. The Spiral turns.

SCENE 10 - A BOND IN MOTION EXT.

FOREST PATH - SHORTLY AFTER

The cart rolls slowly through a narrow glade. Frankie looks ahead, distant. Ben is perched lazily on the cart's edge, wings shimmering.

A rustle behind. Hooves. Footsteps. Frankie glances back—and sees her.

FRANKIE

"I thought you were staying."

VANESSA (climbing up beside him)

"I thought we were getting married. Don't you remember?"

FRANKIE (half-laugh)

"You plan on marrying this Ben guy instead?"

BEN (grinning wide)

"You mean Ben Gay?"

Frankie blinks. Vanessa's face softens into the faintest smile.

VANESSA

"This Ben guy... seems alright by me."

Ben bows grandly in midair.

BEN

"Accepted by royalty. Again."

FRANKIE

"Don't let it go to your wings."

BEN

"Too late."

The three ride on, together now—each with secrets, each with purpose, and none willing to say yet just how deep the bond goes.

SCENE 11 - THE LIGHT CIRCLE AND THE MAZE RETURNS

MONTAGE - TRAVELING THROUGH THE WILDERNESS

- The cart winds through dense forest, overgrown roots forcing the wheels to bump and jolt.
- Frankie and Vanessa walk beside it at times, talking, sometimes not.
- They cross a shallow stream—Vanessa barefoot, balancing with calm grace; Frankie nearly slips, and Ben laughs.
- Ben flits ahead, then returns, announcing imaginary dangers.
- They pass a stone monument overgrown with moss—strange sigils pulse faintly as they walk by.
- Dusk falls. Their shadows lengthen. The Spiral seems to watch from the trees.

EXT. FOREST CLEARING - NIGHT

A ring of stones surrounds a small fire. Frankie sets down his pack. Vanessa stretches. Ben flits upward, tracing a spiral in the air.

BEN

This place will do. Safe, quiet, mildly haunted. Perfect for a romantic campfire or a dream-warping spiritual awakening.

FRANKIE

Not sure which I'm in the mood for.

Vanessa draws a circle in the dirt with powdered herbs. A soft golden light hums around the clearing.

VANESSA

No beasts will cross this. Not unless they forget what fear is.

BEN (V.O., muttering)

Or unless they're really hungry...

Frankie takes first watch. Stars blink overhead. Vanessa sleeps, wrapped in her cloak. Ben snores, curled in a petal.

Frankie's eyes grow heavy. The fire flickers—then flares. The world dims.

INT. MAZE - DREAM REALM - UNKNOWN TIME

He is running.

Corridors stretch in impossible directions. Mirrors bend his reflection into monstrous shapes. Whispers claw at his ears.

CHILD'S VOICE (V.O.)

This way! Hurry!

He turns corner after corner—each one tighter, more suffocating. A door appears. He opens it—

INT. ASTRAL CHAMBER

Empty throne. Burned pages. On the wall, the Spiral bleeds.

FRANKIE

Show me the way out!

A woman's shadow rises from the dark. Her voice is familiar. Gentle. Alien.

WOMAN'S VOICE (V.O.)

You already chose. You just haven't lived it yet.

INT. FOREST CLEARING - DAWN

Frankie jolts awake. Sweat-soaked. The fire's nearly out. Vanessa watches him with knowing eyes.

VANESSA

Was it the maze again?

FRANKIE

This time... I was almost through. But something pulled me back.

BEN (sleepily)

That's because you're not done being lost yet.

A beat. Frankie breathes deep.

FRANKIE

Then let's keep walking.

SCENE 12 - THE LEGEND REMEMBERED

MONTAGE - THROUGH THE FINAL STRETCH OF THE FOREST

- Morning dew steams from the leaves as they walk in silence.
- Ben circles above, weaving between trees like a ribbon of light.
- Frankie spots a totem carved into a tree—he touches it gently.
- Vanessa hums a tune low and ancient, and the trees seem to quiet in response.
- They pass through arches of root and vine, growing tighter with each step.
- The forest thins...

EXT. EDGE OF THE FOREST - DAY

A clearing opens before them. At its center: an ancient stone shrine, cracked but standing. Moss creeps over its steps. Lanterns sway though there is no wind.

A monk, robed in faded gold and gray, sits cross-legged at the base of the shrine. His eyes are closed.

The trio approaches cautiously. The monk speaks before they reach him.

MONK

You've come far. You're not the first.

FRANKIE

We're just passing through.

MONK

No one ever just passes through Ascalon.

A beat. Vanessa's gaze hardens.

VANESSA

You know the name?

MONK (opening his eyes)

I keep its memory.

A slow inhale. Then, he begins the tale.

MONK (CONT'D)

Long ago, a man fell from the stars.
He wielded light and shadow in equal measure.
He built a kingdom not with war, but with
will.

A pause. He looks toward the shrine.

MONK (CONT'D)

At his side sat the Golden Queen.
A being of balance, both fierce and kind.
Together, they shaped the world.

BEN (quietly)

What happened?

MONK

He saw too much suffering. Too much cruelty.
His heart, once soft, turned iron.
He decided to begin again. Not mend, but erase.

VANESSA (softly)

He started a war.

MONK

And lost.

A silence falls. Even the wind holds its breath.

MONK (CONT'D)

He vanished. They say he sleeps now,
waiting for the stars to call him
home. But prophecy says he shall rise.
Not to rule—but to choose.
And the world will change again.

Frankie stares into the shrine's dark doorway. Something in
him trembles.

FRANKIE

And if he chooses wrong?

MONK

Then may the Spiral have mercy on us all.

SCENE 13 - THE TRUTH AND THE TRICK

EXT. DUSTY ROAD - AFTERNOON

The shrine fades into memory. The hills stretch wide, the road winding like a question. Frankie, Vanessa, and Ben walk in silence, each lost in thought.

From both sides of the road—bandits emerge, rough and ravenous. Weapons drawn. Greed in their eyes.

BANDIT LEADER

Your coin or your corpse. Makes no difference to us.

VANESSA (tense)

We don't have to fight you.

BANDIT #2

That's the fun part.

Frankie glances at Ben. A flicker of desperation.

FRANKIE

Can you do something?

BEN

Only if you feed the bond. I need a truth. One you haven't told anyone. Not even her.

Frankie hesitates. Blades rise. Time slows.

BEN (CONT'D)

Now. Say it.

A breath. A wound breaks open.

FRANKIE

I love my father, deeply. I miss him every single day.

And how we left things... how we parted...

I carry it with me, like a blade in my own chest.

A pause. Even the wind stills.

BEN (softly)

Truth accepted.

Ben lifts his hand. A pulse of magic—subtle and shivering—ripples from his fingers. The air bends. Light fractures.

A haze of illusion settles over the bandits. They blink, dazed. Their eyes fill with sudden paranoia.

BANDIT #3

You lied to me!

BANDIT #4

You were gonna sell me out!

Blades flash. Shouts explode. They turn on one another in a frenzy of misplaced rage.

Frankie and Vanessa walk straight through the chaos, untouched.

FRANKIE

What... was that?

BEN

Just a little illusion. But powered by your honesty.

VANESSA

Truth is stronger than fear.

BEN

And a lot more useful when people are trying to stab you.

SCENE 14 - THE WINDING PATH

EXT. LUSH MEADOW TRAIL - LATE AFTERNOON

The trio walks quietly. The chaos of the bandits fades into memory, replaced by the golden hush of twilight. Birds call out in pairs. The wind moves gently through wildflowers and tall grass.

VANESSA

That was dangerous. Clever... but dangerous.

FRANKIE

I didn't know it would work.

BEN (hovering sideways)

Most truths are risky. That's what makes them magical.

A pause. Frankie looks to Vanessa.

FRANKIE

Do you think less of me now?

VANESSA (softly)

No. I think I understand you better.

They continue on in silence.

EXT. WOODEN BRIDGE - EVENING

A rickety bridge spans a quiet stream. The water beneath is dark and slow.

Frankie leads. Halfway across, he pauses. Looks down. Sees a flicker of himself—a reflection—but older, wearier, staring back.

FRANKIE (quietly)

Do you ever feel like someone's watching... but it's just you? From the future?

BEN (perching on the bridge rope)

Or from the past.

Vanessa places a hand on Frankie's shoulder.

VANESSA

Let's keep moving. The light's falling fast.

EXT. ROAD TO THE CITY GATES - NIGHT

Torches flicker ahead. In the distance, the faint silhouette of castle walls looms. The city of Elarion glows dimly beyond them.

A road marker reads: "Elarion - 3 leagues."

BEN

And so the path leads home. Or somewhere very much like it.

FRANKIE

Let's hope it's friendlier than the last stop.

VANESSA (under her breath)

Hope is a fragile shield.

They keep walking. Together. Into the dusk.

INT. STONEHAVEN TAVERN - NIGHT

Warm lamplight. A piano plays softly in the corner. Locals laugh with tired lungs. Frankie sets down coins at the bar.

BARTENDER

What'll it be, traveler? Ale? Something stronger?

FRANKIE

You wouldn't happen to have some milk... maybe green tea? A touch of honey or berries? Something sweet and warm.

BARTENDER

Milk and tea? Not your usual request, but... I'll see what I can do.

Moments later, the bartender sets down a steaming mug of something pale, fragrant, and comforting. Frankie takes a sip.

CROMWELL

(smirking)

What's this? You drinking bedtime stories now?

FRANKIE

(quietly)

No... tastes like memory.

A thief watches nearby. Curious, he steps closer.

THIEF

What is that?

FRANKIE

It's called Tàì-Téa. Something from another life.

THIEF
(grinning)
Mind if I
try?

Frankie hands the mug over. The thief tastes it, surprised by its warmth and softness.

THIEF (CONT'D)
Tastes like home.

SCENE 16 - STONEHAVEN MARKETPLACE - MORNING

EXT. STONEHAVEN MARKETPLACE - EARLY MORNING

The streets of Stonehaven are just waking. A pale sun filters through narrow alleys as wooden stalls creak open and townsfolk shuffle about with baskets and sleepy children.

Frankie adjusts his cloak as he walks beside Vanessa. Ben perches on his shoulder like a glimmering bird of light, occasionally pointing out wares.

BEN
You'll need dried rootbread, two sacks of stormmeal, and—oh! Don't forget the tartberry jam. It makes grim rations taste less like chalk.

VANESSA (smirking)
You sound like you've done this before.

BEN
Once or twice. With less agreeable company.

They pass a butcher, a seamstress, and a fruit stand where Talin haggles like a seasoned gambler. Cromwell lingers at the edge of the crowd, silent, watching the ordinary world with something like longing.

TALIN

(to the merchant)

Four coppers for that rope? It's frayed! I'll give you two, and not a pebble more.

MERCHANT

(frustrated)

Three and you get the sack to carry it in.

TALIN

Done.

He tosses the sack to Frankie, triumphant.

TALIN (CONT'D)

You're lucky you've got me. This town would've fleeced you blind.

They move on. A soft-eyed old woman at a small stand of trinkets catches Frankie's gaze. She holds out a worn silver locket on a leather string.

OLD WOMAN

For you, young seeker. For what lies ahead.

FRANKIE (hesitating)

I don't have—

OLD WOMAN (smiling)

A gift.

He takes it, nodding. Something stirs in him—like the memory of a song once sung by someone he loved.

SCENE 17 - ROADSIDE AND WOODED PATH - LATE AFTERNOON

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - DUSK

A long dirt road stretches before them, flanked by golden fields now dulled by twilight. A slow wind rustles the tall

grasses as the sun begins its descent.

Frankie walks near the front of the group, the leather locket clutched in his hand. His eyes flick to the horizon, but his mind is clearly elsewhere.

FRANKIE (quietly, to himself)
Where are you...?

Vanessa walks beside him, brushing her fingers lightly along the tall wheat stalks. For a moment, neither of them speaks. Then—

VANESSA
You're always scanning the horizon.

FRANKIE
Old habit. Maybe I'm still hoping to see her—before I'm ready.

VANESSA
Or maybe... you're already more ready than you think.

A few paces behind them, Talin throws a small stone at a tree. It ricochets with a satisfying thunk.

TALIN
One copper says I can hit that stump up ahead.

BEN (hovering midair)
You're gambling with imaginary money again, aren't you?

TALIN
Is there any other kind?

Ben rolls his glowing eyes. Cromwell trails behind, half-lost in thought. He watches the interactions but says nothing. His hands remain behind his back, fingers gently moving, as though counting something unseen.

The golden fields give way to tangled underbrush. The wind

stills. Shadows lengthen. A silence settles—so complete it seems to press inward from the trees.

BEN

We're close.

FRANKIE (alert)

To what?

BEN

To the veil.

They follow a deer trail, narrow and winding. A hush falls over them. Every birdcall, every creak of twig beneath boot, echoes louder.

CROMWELL (solemnly)

The veil between worlds is thin here. It has always been. This path wasn't made by men—it was remembered by magic.

Frankie slows. The hairs on the back of his neck rise. The trees grow older here—massive oaks and ash with bark like runes, roots like sleeping dragons.

VANESSA (whispering)

I know this place...

BEN

You should. This grove remembers you. It remembers what you were.

They pass beneath two intertwined trees—twisted like lovers or twin serpents. As they cross beneath the arch of bark and branch, a shimmering sound echoes—a soft chime, like wind through crystal.

BEN (turning to Frankie)

Welcome... to the edge of the Fae.

They stop. Ahead lies a glade untouched by time, glowing

faintly beneath moonlight not yet risen. The road behind is gone. The air smells like rain and old laughter.

The Legend of Ascalon - Scenes 18 to 20

SCENE 18 - THE VEILED GLADE

EXT. EDGE OF THE FAELANDS - NIGHT

The party steps through the arch of the intertwined trees. At once, the forest falls silent. Even the wind seems to hold its breath.

As they walk forward, a shimmer ripples the air like heat over stone—and then the veil drops.

Before them lies a glowing kingdom hidden in the heart of the forest: crystalline towers built into trees, lights like fireflies strung between branches, and flowers that sing softly when touched by the breeze.

A path of floating stones leads them to a clearing surrounded by towering mushrooms and glowing willow trees.

A procession approaches—FAE GUARDS with silver leaf armor. At their front, a tall, androgynous figure with eyes like twin stars—PRINCE THELANI, the herald.

THELANI

By order of the High Sovereigns, the Grove welcomes He Who Carries the Fire.

Ben bows midair with flourish.

BEN

They mean you.

FRANKIE (softly)

I don't carry any fire.

THELANI (smiling)

That's never been yours to decide.

They are led deeper into the glade.

SCENE 19 - THE FEAST OF GIFTS

INT. FAELAND HALL - NIGHT

A grand table stretches beneath a vaulted canopy of living crystal. The FAE KING and QUEEN—ancient, beautiful, terrifying—sit enthroned at the far end.

The guests dine on glowing fruit, spiced bread, and nectar served in cups grown from living vines.

Music plays, light and wordless.

The Queen rises. Her voice is melody.

FAE QUEEN

You walk a path long spoken of. We see the burden you carry, and the bond you have begun.

She gestures. Fae attendants step forward with gifts.

- A cloak of woven moonlight for Frankie.
- A ring of remembering for Vanessa.
- A curved dagger of starlight for Talin.
- A shard of the old tree for Ben—who gasps, recognizing it.

FAE KING

You will find no armies here, but you will find refuge. And one truth: only the fire of truth can forge the blade needed for what lies ahead.

Cromwell watches from the edge. Silent. Burning with memory.

SCENE 20 - LEAVING THE FAELANDS

EXT. FAELAND GLADE - DAWN

Soft mist blankets the forest. The group stands at the arch once more.

THELANI hands Frankie a sealed scroll.

THELANI

The queen said it will open only when most needed.

BEN (fluttering beside Frankie)

Don't ask me what that means. They do this all the time.

FRANKIE

Thank them for me.

THELANI (bowing)

She hears your heart. That is thanks enough.

Frankie turns. Vanessa meets his gaze.

VANESSA

This part feels real.

FRANKIE

That's because we're leaving it.

They step through the veil.

As the last of them exits, the glade behind vanishes like a dream remembered only in echoes.

FADE TO BLACK.

SCENE 21 - APPROACHING ELARION

EXT. ROAD TO ELARION - LATE AFTERNOON

The golden haze of dusk lays a soft mantle across the open road. In the distance, rising like a dream against the sky, the city of Elarion reveals itself—ancient, immense, radiant.

Wide, winding aqueducts shimmer with flowing water from the hills above. Bridges of pale stone arch over canals, where wooden gondolas and merchant boats drift beneath ivy-clad arches. A network of waterways veils the city like silver veins through marble.

Frankie pauses at a rise in the road. Behind him, the others come to a slow halt. Even Cromwell looks momentarily hushed.

VANESSA (softly)
By the Spiral...

ELARION stands beyond them—encircled by towering walls and flanked by twin river gates that open like ancient arms. Tiered stone houses rise from the inner rings, each with tiled roofs and smoke curling gently from chimneys.

In the highest circle: the Castle of the Crowned Flame. Its spires climb the heavens like frozen fire. Bells ring from a cathedral to the left, their echoes floating across the air like birdsong.

FRANKIE (awed)
I never knew a place like this could exist outside a story.

BEN (grinning)
Some say it doesn't. Only those who dream remember it.

TALIN (sarcastic)
Well, we're wide awake. And still walking.

CROMWELL (quiet)

It remembers you. All of you.

A company of guards patrol the outer gate, banners fluttering in the wind—blue and gold, bearing the sigil of the phoenix.

Frankie takes a breath. A strange calm descends. He steps forward.

FRANKIE

Then let it remember me rightly.

They descend the road together, toward the gates of myth.

SCENE 22 - WITHIN THE GATES OF ELARION

EXT. ELARION - OUTER DISTRICT - EARLY EVENING

The city gates creak open beneath the golden hour. The group enters a world caught between ancient elegance and living motion.

Inside, cobbled streets wind between timbered row houses and stone bridges spanning narrow canals. Children dart between doorways. Market vendors pack up silk banners, exotic fruit crates, and books of poetry still echoing with the day's voices.

A procession of masked revelers dances down the street, part of the Festival of Lights—an annual celebration honoring the rebirth of Elarion after the Great Fire centuries ago.

CROMWELL (low)

They still celebrate it. All these years later.

TALIN (to Frankie)

Keep your hood up. Royal eyes are never far.

BEN (invisible to most, whispering)

Magic lingers here, old and half-asleep.

The city breathes around them: glowing lanterns, distant chimes, whispers between lovers. A bard sings in a corner by a fountain. Every sound is music, every step a memory unfolding.

FRANKIE

Where do we go?

VANESSA

The inn. Then the castle.

CROMWELL

The old inn near the aqueduct. It'll still be safe. For now.

They move as shadows through twilight. The gates
behind them close with a deep echo.

As they vanish into the winding city, we linger on a
FLICKER in the alley—two golden eyes watching. Silent.
Knowing.

FADE OUT.

SCENE 23 - DESCENT INTO THE SEWERS

INT. CATHEDRAL OF ELARION - RESTROOM - NIGHT

The cathedral's stone arches soar overhead, glowing in candlelight. Frankie slips through the side entrance, nodding briefly to a priest sweeping the vestibule.

INT. CATHEDRAL RESTROOM - MOMENTS LATER

A dim chamber with flickering torchlight and stained stone walls. Water trickles in the background. Frankie closes the door behind him and locks it.

He checks his pocket—pulls out a worn scrap of paper. It shows a rough map, a network of tunnels beneath the castle, drawn with shaky hands and marked with a red X.

FRANKIE (muttering)

"Through the pipe behind the cistern. Right at the junction. Left at the flow-split. Into the throat of the castle."

He kneels down behind the ancient stone basin. The pipe there is just wide enough.

INT. SEWER ENTRANCE - CONTINUOUS

Frankie drops into the darkness. He lands in muck with a sickening splash.

The smell hits first—rank, damp, alive with rot. He gags, but steadies himself, wiping grime from his coat. The tunnel is low and arched. Brickwork crumbles above and moss clings to the sides.

FRANKIE (low)

You wanted adventure...

He moves forward, crawling, sliding, scraping through narrow passages slick with filth. Rats scurry away. Water flows slow and dark.

Each junction is a test of memory—he consults the paper again under torchlight.

As he rounds a bend, distant sounds echo—chains, a scream, footsteps above.

He's getting closer.

FRANKIE (V.O.)
Vanessa... hold on.

He disappears into the black, torch flickering.

FADE OUT.

SCENE 24 - THE INVISIBLE PATH

INT. CASTLE SEWER TUNNELS - NIGHT

The tunnel narrows. Frankie crouches low, torchlight dancing along damp walls carved centuries ago. Up ahead—a sliver of stone stairs rising into silence.

A rusted grate blocks the path. He slides it aside with a shuddering creak and steps through.

He's beneath the castle now.

Whispers echo—distant clinks of armor. Torches line the far wall, their firelight dancing beneath the dungeon's outer gate. Frankie ducks behind a pillar slick with mildew.

FRANKIE (V.O.)

You're almost there. Don't lose the flame now.

He reaches into his coat, feeling the worn scrap again. There's one more turn, one final corner—just past this gate. But he'll never make it unless they don't see him.

BEN (V.O., whispering in his ear)

One truth. No lies. Give it freely, and the shadows will blind them.

Frankie swallows. The words rise, fragile at first—then fierce.

FRANKIE

I still love my mother.

Even though she left when I was very small.

I forgive her.

Because she saw in my father what I saw later on.

And now that I'm here..

I understand why she had to go.

A pulse.

The air ripples like heat off stone. Ben appears at his

shoulder, glowing faintly.

BEN (softly)

Truth accepted.

Frankie vanishes.

The torchlight passes over where he stood—nothing. Only a faint shimmer, like a mirage in the rain.

Invisible, he steps forward.

One hand on the wall, heart pounding, he rounds the final turn—into the throat of the dungeon.

SCENE 25 - THE DUNGEON AND THE TRUTH

INT. DUNGEON CORRIDORS - NIGHT

Frankie moves silently, breath shallow, heart loud.
The cells stretch endlessly in both directions—cold
stone, locked iron. Echoes haunt every corner.

He checks each cell.

A hunched prisoner.

A vacant bed.

A chained old man who stares at nothing.

Then—

****ELINDRA (soft sobbing)****

Please... someone...

Frankie freezes. He approaches the cell, eyes filling.

ELINDRA (cont'd, weeping)

I found him... I didn't do anything, I swear... I found Father
lying there... I tried to help him... They came so fast... I
didn't know what to do...

She curls into herself. A child. A prisoner. A daughter
abandoned by justice.

Frankie places a hand on the cell bars.

****FRANKIE****

Elindra... It's me.

She gasps, startled—terrified.

****ELINDRA****

F-Frankie? How...?

He draws a key from his coat, whispering to Ben.

****FRANKIE (to Ben)****

She didn't do it. I did.

Ben glows faintly, hovering near.

****BEN****

But... why?

Frankie stares down. A moment of silence.

Then—FLASHBACK—

INT. FARMHOUSE - NIGHT (FLASHBACK, FRANKIE'S MEMORY)

Father drunken, stumbling. Vanessa crying. His hand tight on her wrist. Her dress torn.

Frankie bursts in—rage incarnate.

He grabs a fireplace poker. The moment slows—every breath thunderous.

A scream.

The crack of metal on bone.

The fall.

Back to the present—

INT. DUNGEON - NIGHT

Frankie's face is raw. Elindra stares, her hand trembling over her lips.

****FRANKIE****

I had to stop him. He was going to hurt her. I didn't mean to... but I couldn't let it happen.

Ben floats in solemn silence. A shimmer passes over his face.

****BEN (softly)****

Then it was love. Not wrath. Not vengeance. Love.

Ben places his hand over Frankie's chest, and the air pulses—wound closed, guilt eased.

Frankie enters the cell. Elindra backs away—but stops. Her eyes, wild with fear, see something deeper.

****FRANKIE (gently)****

It's true. I did it. But I came to make it right. To bring you home.

Elindra sobs. She wraps her arms around him.

****ELINDRA****

I missed you so much...

They weep together.

Frankie turns to Ben once more.

****FRANKIE****

Doing the right thing means owning the truth. And accepting the weight. I did this to save her. And now, to save Elindra, I have to do it again.

Ben nods slowly. Glows brighter.

****BEN****

Truth accepted.

He turns to Elindra, murmuring a spell. She shimmers—vanishes.

****BEN (to Frankie)****

Now, go. While the spell holds.

Frankie takes her hand in his, invisible fingers locking. They vanish back into the tunnel, the light of their bond guiding them home.

SCENE 26 - THE RIVER AND THE VOW

EXT. ESTUARY RIVERBANK - EARLY MORNING

The sky is washed in violet hues. The river glistens with moonlight and the first blush of dawn. A narrow outflow gurgles with runoff—stone walls weeping the residue of the dungeon.

Frankie emerges first, mud-caked and breathing hard. He helps Elindra up beside him, both invisible still, until—

****FRANKIE (to Ben)****

Undo it. She deserves to see the world again.

Ben nods solemnly and whispers an incantation. A shimmer of light surrounds them both, and Elindra gasps at the fresh air and open sky.

****BEN****

The veil is lifted.

Frankie takes his sister's hand and they climb the rocky bank.

Moments later—

Vanessa is there, waiting by a moss-covered tree, cloak wrapped tight. She runs to them, eyes wide, heart full.

****VANESSA****

You found
her!

Frankie nods, tears fresh again.

****FRANKIE****

It's all okay now. She's safe. It's done.

Vanessa touches Elindra's face, then looks into Frankie's eyes.

****VANESSA (softly)****

It was always okay. Because you protected me. You loved me enough to do the undoable. The unthinkable. The unconscionable.

She places a hand over his heart.

****VANESSA (cont'd)****

But you did it for love. To protect the innocent.

Frankie can't speak. She kisses his forehead.

****VANESSA (smiling, resolute)****

That's why we're going to get married now.

Frankie nods, overwhelmed. Elindra holds both their hands, the triangle complete—grief, love, and hope restored.

They walk away from the river, the light of dawn following them.

SCENE 27 - FIRE AND LIGHT

EXT. ELARION - NIGHT

A stillness—then chaos.

BOOM.

A fireball erupts from the heart of the city—the royal palace. One wall bursts into dust and flame as infernos bloom through the roof. Screams fill the streets.

CROMWELL walks through the smoke. His cloak trails like living shadow. Staff in hand, he hurls arcs of flame into the air, scorching GUARDS and PASSERS-BY without mercy. His face is rage—his eyes void.

****CROMWELL (shouting)****
You will remember my name!

His fire climbs the cathedral spires. He lays ruin like a force of vengeance.

Suddenly—

INT. DREAM REALM - UNKNOWN PLACE

Frankie stands again in the corridors of memory. The storm swirls, the same maze—but something has changed.

He is no longer afraid.

He closes his eyes. The gifts of the Fae pulse within him. His hand rises—not in fear, but purpose.

****FRANKIE****
No more.

From his heart, a surge of pure light bursts forth—a brilliant pulse of white-gold. It sweeps through the dreamworld, banishing shadow, fire, and nightmare.

The corridors collapse in silence. Peace returns.

EXT. ELARION - NIGHT

Frankie opens his eyes.

He steps toward the flames. Toward Cromwell.

The final confrontation has begun.

SCENE 28 - THE NAME OF DAWN

EXT. BURNING PLAZA - NIGHT

The plaza before the palace is a wreck of flame and ruin. Statues cracked. Flagstones scorched. Citizens flee in chaos. In the center: CROMWELL, surrounded by a ring of fire, stands alone. His eyes—no longer mortal—glow with celestial fury.

CROMWELL (booming)

I am ASCALON , Flame-Born. I have come to end the age of suffering. The world must begin again!

FRANKIE steps through the veil of smoke, hand clasped tightly with VANESSA, the faint shimmer of Fae magic still trailing behind them.

FRANKIE

Then end yourself, not the innocent.

CROMWELL

You think your love can save the spiral? This world was broken before you breathed!

VANESSA steps forward, defiant.

VANESSA

And yet, even then, you were defeated. Because you mistook pain for purity. And now the Bringer of Dawn has come to finish what you started.

CROMWELL raises his staff. Flames swirl, forming the shape of a burning phoenix.

CROMWELL

So be it. Let light contend with fire.

FRANKIE takes a step forward. His voice shakes with emotion, but grows stronger with each word.

FRANKIE

I love her.

(beat)

More than breath. More than blood. More than every
fire that ever lived.

He turns toward VANESSA—then back to CROMWELL.

FRANKIE (cont'd)

And I would die for that truth.

A moment of silence.

Then—his heart glows.

Light pulses from his chest—first soft, then blinding. The
gifts of the Fae ignite. The cloak of moonlight flares. The
scroll unfurls in his pack without touch, burning with
symbols.

CROMWELL

No—

FRANKIE

Truth. Love. Dawn.

He places a hand to his chest—and a beam of pure light
erupts outward. A column of white-gold soulfire pierces the
air and strikes Cromwell directly.

The fire-armor shatters. The staff burns to ash.

CROMWELL (screaming)

I only wanted to remake it—

FRANKIE (softly)

Then you should've started with yourself.

The light consumes Cromwell.

He explodes into golden dust. The fire vanishes.

All is still.

BEN floats down, eyes wide, reverent.

BEN

That was no spell. That was... a vow kept.

VANESSA steps beside Frankie, takes his hand. The city begins to stir around them—flames fading, stars returning.

FRANKIE

It's over.

VANESSA

No. It's just beginning.

FADE OUT.

SCENE 29 - THE REVELATION AND THE CATHEDRAL

EXT. CITY PLAZA - NIGHT - MOMENTS LATER

Ash still floats in the air like snow, drifting gently to the stone beneath. The people of the city begin to emerge from hiding. Guards—bloody, bruised, dazed—step forward toward FRANKIE.

They kneel.

LEAD GUARD (awestruck)
You are the one who was foretold.

SECOND GUARD
The true bearer of dawn. The flamebreaker.

THIRD GUARD (hushed)
And now... you reign.

FRANKIE stands, humbled. He looks around at the broken city, the smoldering remnants of a throne not yet claimed.

LEAD GUARD
Who will be your consort, my liege?

FRANKIE glances to VANESSA. Her eyes—strong, radiant—meet his. She gives the smallest nod, a smile only he can understand.

FRANKIE
This woman.

He steps forward and takes her hand.

FRANKIE (cont'd)
Vanessa. The light that has guided me from the first step.
My love. My truth.

The guards bow deeply.

LEAD GUARD

Then let it be done. At the Cathedral of Light.

FADE TO:

EXT. CATHEDRAL OF LIGHT - PRE-DAWN

A massive structure rises from a mount overlooking the sea. Glass spires catch the early light. Bells chime faintly as the stars begin to yield to dawn.

A procession begins to form. Torches line the stairway. The people gather.

VANESSA and FRANKIE walk together, side by side, up the steps—toward fate, toward the dawn, toward the vow.

FADE OUT.

And Thus Let It Begin...

SCENE 30 – THE WEDDING IN THE CATHEDRAL

INT. CATHEDRAL OF LIGHT – DAWN

The golden dawn spills through stained glass. The cathedral, a beacon of hope, is filled with people dressed in soft silks and glowing lanterns. The scent of wildflower garlands fills the air. Music plays—soft, sacred.

FRANKIE stands at the altar, wearing the cloak of woven moonlight gifted by the Fae. VANESSA walks down the aisle—radiant, crowned in wildflowers and light. The HIGH CLERIC raises his hands.

HIGH CLERIC

This union is witnessed by the Spiral, the Flame, and the stars that remember.

FRANKIE

(softly, to Vanessa)

With every heartbeat, I choose you. Not as destiny decrees, but as my soul insists.

VANESSA

And I, in every breath, remember you. Not as legend demands, but as the one who saw me truly and loved me still.

HIGH CLERIC

Speak your sacred vows.

FRANKIE

In all the worlds we wander,
In all the time we traverse,
I vow to protect you,
To lift you when you fall,

To see your soul, even when shadow hides it.

VANESSA

I vow to walk with you,
To never turn from
truth,
To shine light into your darkest nights,
And to cherish you beyond the end of
stars.
The HIGH CLERIC blesses them with light.

HIGH CLERIC

Let no veil part them. Let love reign.

They kiss, and the light in the cathedral blazes—warm,
bright, eternal.

BEN (V.O.)

So the vow was spoken. And the flame remembered.

SCENE 31 - THE SHIP IN THE PALACE

INT. ROYAL PALACE - THRONE ROOM - DUSK

The throne room is quiet. FRANKIE and VANESSA walk hand-in-hand through the smoke and light. The walls shimmer faintly, and DAN—once small—now appears as a full being of light, his form crystalline and radiant.

DAN

You are ready for the truth.

They pause.

DAN (CONT'D)

You came from the stars. From before time was counted. You are echoes of a people not of this earth.

He gestures to the heart of the throne dais. The stones

part, revealing a hidden stair.

DAN (CONT'D)

Beneath the palace lies a ship. Not one that sails the sea—
but one that sails the heavens.

FRANKIE

A starship?

DAN

The vessel that carried your ancestors here. And now
it calls to you—to return.

VANESSA

Why us?

DAN

Because your love has lit the way. And the heavens must
know—must see—that in the dark, there burns still a light
worth following.

They descend the steps, hand-in-hand. The Spiral shines
beneath their feet.

FADE TO WHITE.

Letters appear against the white screen, scrolling
from left to right across the frame, reading:

“Thus, Let It Begin...”

This fades after the entirety is on screen for 10 seconds,
then the screen still white.

Then more words appear the same way:

"Frankie and Vanessa will return...one day..."

The words disappear after 10 seconds, the screen still white.

FADE TO BLACK

SHOW GALAXIES, NEBULA, CONSTELLATIONS MOVING EVER THROUGH THEM AS CREDITS ROLL

AT THE END OF CREDITS, DISPLAY THE "LOVE IS PATIENT, LOVE IS KIND..." VERSE FROM THE BIBLE ONSCREEN IN RED FOR 20 SECONDS, THEN FADE TO BLACK.

THE END.