

She screams, runs, though she cannot see. Her left shoulder collides with a gnarly tree trunk. She falls, tearing her cloak. She is gashed and bloody.

SOLTEIRA

My worthiness has been nulled by
your countenance. I will give myself
to you, but only if you lead me to
Nyallon.

Solteira gets up, turns and sees the malevolent shadow figure.

SHADOW FIGURE

You have no love to give. Instead,
you selfishly guard your entitlement
like a captured butterfly whose body
is pricked merely for display. Come
one, come all, see the pitiful beauty
as she stands for no one, except a
horse who already lies dead because
you had to be free! But there is no
fire left in the color of your wings.

SOLTEIRA

Continue if you will. I know what I
have done. I will die knowing of
it. But he is not dead. He is not!

Solteira finds her rage and backfires.

SOLTEIRA (CONT'D)

I will no longer listen to you. I
cast out my dreams to the blackened
wind upon my face.

Solteira strips off her cloak, drops her bundle and runs.

SHADOW FIGURE

Your violation is eminent, your
darkness marked by your own insolence.
Go ahead, DIE! It is what you want.

SOLTEIRA

I will not take thee on.

SHADOW FIGURE

You will see me through the rest of
your life.

Shadow Figure swoops away like a disintegrating vampyre.

SHADOW FIGURE (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Run into the forest... see what waits
for you there. You think you will
not see me, too? Let the forest eye
your loathsome fettle.

Solteira trips over a fallen tree trunk, plummets down a steep incline, and rolls to a stop. Unmoving. Solteira's shadow rematerializes nearby, only not with malignancy, but one of benevolent beauty, cloaked in sparkles, as if an angel.

LIGHT SHADOW FIGURE

Will ye even recognize love when it
hastens to you?

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. GLACÉERE FOREST -- MORNING

Solteira lies motionless, a soft blanket over her. Filtered sunlight through the canopy illuminates the dew of this strange new terrain. There is a hush about this place.

SOLTEIRA (V.O.)

I find myself lost in despair, knowing
I cannot take form in any significant
life, for I have had but only one
fixation -- escape. And now that I
have attained my liberation, there
is nothing left of me, not even the
heart stone that bore my future.
Could it be that all there ever was
of my dreams was fantasy?

Nearby, Nyallon stumbles out of a thicket, his wounds severe. Yet, mud and grass poultices cover patches of dried blood on his neck and flank. His long mane has been meticulously braided. He nuzzles Solteira's face, a private call. But she remains still.

A dark HOODED FIGURE steps out from between TWO LEANING TREES. He is large and statuesque, and carries Solteira's bundle.

HOODED FIGURE

(to Nyallon)

She has lost her glace stone.

His wildly masculine voice resembles a human whisper infused with cricket wings. He approaches Nyallon. His hand, its skin swirled in colors of green and autumn brown, caresses.

HOODED FIGURE (CONT'D)

And her glace, her heart, is wounded.

He stoops to Solteira, lifts her into his arms, and carries her lifeless form back through the leaning trees GATEWAY.

HOODED FIGURE (CONT'D)

Here we hold future's beaconing light.

Nyallon follows the hooded figure through the tree gateway.

CUT TO:

EXT. SACRED CLEARING IN GLACÉERE'S INTERIOR -- MORNING

A GROWN BOY (19) lies still under the ancient YEW TREE. Inside the large hollow, his head rests in shadow. Draped next to him is an OLD WOLF with disheveled fur.

Beyond the clearing, spirals of golden grasses swirl in ever-changing patterns as the breeze glistens their feathery tips.

Angled streams of sunlight saturate sprawled bodies of HÖELE and CAREW, Höele is covered with deer hide, his feet wrapped in rabbit fur. One foot kicks off the cover, revealing bare muscular legs that converge where a soft fabric forms a girth between his legs, and covers a large bulge underneath.

HÖELE

Carew, waken, it is day now.

Höele sits up abruptly and hits his head on the tree hollow.

HÖELE (CONT'D)

Ow! My canta botha misery I waken to again.

Höele puts his hand to his bulging groin and caresses it.

HÖELE (CONT'D)

What tis my desire? I cannot fathom oh-fah-tah. I need relief beneath my constant yearning. I am in agony!

Carew slowly gets up and paces the perimeter of the clearing, a ritual that is rote, but now more struggle for him.

HÖELE (CONT'D)

You do nothing. I fight to take keep oh-fah-tah mara whey. No one commeha and I feel empty... desire never satisfien.

Höele strips himself of his girth and deer hide overgarment. He stands naked and faces the tree, one hand in his groin, the other hammering against the tree.

HÖELE (CONT'D)

I am done with you. I stay here long enough. Ohhh!!

Höele screams into the forest. The earth stirs beneath him. He runs out of the clearing into the forest. MOMENTS LATER, Carew is startled by rocks being hurled into the clearing.

HÖELE (O.S.) (CONT'D)

What is this light I saw in the womb nigh before nigh? Answer me!

WINDS HOWL. A SOLAR ECLIPSE begins, the moon's shadow darkens the skies. Höele runs back towards his tree, but a swirling cacophony of leaves, grass and bark assault him. He lunges toward the tree, enraged. He trips on a protruding root, falls, cracks his head on the lower trunk, goes unconscious.

Carew lies down next to Höele, keeping him warm. He licks the blood streaming from Höele's head. The skies turn black.

EXT. SACRED CLEARING IN GLACÉERE'S INTERIOR -- FULL ECLIPSE

A bluish WAND OF LIGHT shimmers through the black canopy from a single bright star near TOTALITY. It beams to a nearby thicket and grows. A multiplicity of shimmers curve to form the lightbody of Glacéere's forest goddess, TERRESTINIGH.

She exudes both supple sensuality and ancient wisdom. She is timeless, but presents herself in middle years. She walks to the unconscious Höele and Carew and sits beside them. She lifts Carew's head into her lap and caresses his fur.

TERRESTINIGH

Your soul doth cause me to weep. I
cherish your life, now at its end.
You have lived more than most of
your gecynd. You were a good
companion to the boy, now a man. By
your accord I now take you with me.

Terrestinigh scoops Carew into her arms and stands. She cradles the dead wolf like a child. She looks down on Höele.

TERRESTINIGH (CONT'D)

You are not forgotten. Ye have made
a promise, and I know you will honor
it, though your spirit braves
unbearable sorrow...

Terrestinigh levitates the deer hide blanket near the tree. It floats to Höele's naked body until it gently covers him.

TERRESTINIGH (CONT'D)

I never left, though I was forbidden.
I know your name, Höele, and your
heart I cherish without favor.

Terrestinigh carries Carew back to the thicket where she had emerged, and evanescences back into the WAND OF LIGHT.

CUT TO:

INT. MERRIS CASTLE'S MAIN HALL -- FULL ECLIPSE

The moon's shadow has darkened the skies outside. The wind's eerie whine infiltrates window cracks. Queen Prella and Father Siarous (late 50s) stand before a THRONG of SOLDIERS.