



STONE SOUP (TALES OF THE INCANDESCENT ILLUMINATION NUMBER TWO)

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Three traveling alchemists teach a small impoverished village how to make soup from a single stone.

BRIGHT LIGHT FADES SCENE IN PER USUAL:

EXT. COUNTRY DIRT ROAD - DAY

We see bare, early spring time tree branches blowing in the wind gently. Then,

We see three middle aged alchemists walking together, each in a different color robe. Green-SAMSON. Blue-BARTHOLEMUL. Purple-RUBALLARD.

SAMSON

It grows dark soon.

BARTHOLEMUL

Aye. Though a village lay ahead of us, if we keep pace we can make it by nightfall.

RUBALLARD

Oh pray this be a fruitful village. I am so very week of hunger.

SAMSON

Aye! Second that!

RUBALLARD

Have any of ye any knowledge of this village we come upon?

BARTHOLEMUL

Aye sorry but I've not.

SAMSON

Nor I, we'll just have to deduce upon arrival ... the comparison of intelligence to wealth.

We see the men continue along the road.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. IMPOVERISHED VILLAGE - DAY

We see two sickly looking sheep. A sickly looking donkey, and complete lack of vegetation. No one is outside.

Then we see the alchemists walking. They look at all the sickly animals.

BARTHOLEMUL

It seems fortune smiles not for us on this night.

SAMSON

Even with all the coppers in our pouches I fear the people of this village incapable of sparin' even the wee'est drop a Mede, if such a thing is even to be had in a place such as this.

BARTHOLEMUL

Aye. A very unfortunate village indeed.

RUBALLARD

You speak of coppers brother, but I doubt the people of this village would have any use for our foreign currency. Villages such as these tend to focus on maintaining what little they call their own. Foreign trade is of no value when you've nothing of value to trade.

SAMSON

Aye, especially that of the sort that three alchemists such as we would be offering them.

RUBALLARD

Be these things all as they may --

Ruballard looks at a wheezing donkey.

RUBALLARD

-- it's too far to the next settlement to simply pass on through here. We must make camp for the night and find sustenance.

BARTHOLEMUL

If there's any to be found.

RUBALLARD

There are always the resources a man needs for anything, he need only look.

SAMSON

Aye. And be even more cunning than that of the wolf, the flock, and even the field.

All three nod and laugh.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. IMPOVERISHED FARMHOUSE - DAY

A skinny WOMAN in a dirty bonnet is digging through dry dirt.

The alchemists are scene walking up behind her.

They stand behind her.

SAMSON
Fair soil?

The woman turns around startled and stands up, almost trips over the basket at her side.

SAMSON
Apologies for startling thee fair lass.

WOMAN
(shakes timidly)
It ... it is alright.

SAMSON
We are traveling alchemists.

The woman says nothing just trembles looking at the men.

Samson sighs. Then he turns to his brothers.

SAMSON
Two hand in hand but there's also a fourth to be had.

His brothers nod.

WOMAN
What ... what of a third?

Samson looks at her and raises an eyebrow.

SAMSON
A third what, lass?

EXT. DIRT TRAIL - DAY

The men walk and we see the woman's small farm in the background behind them.

RUBALLARD
Poor fields.

BARTHOLEMUL
Poorer heads.

SAMSON

No need has it they over they own
minds or bodies ... nay, meat.

RUBALLARD

Aye, shame for they, the arrival of
three alchemists such as we.

Bartholemul reaches down and picks a rock up out of a puddle
and holds it up and shows his brothers.

BARTHOLEMUL

Stone soup tonight, anyone?

EXT. IMPOVERISHED VILLAGE - EVENING

The village is still empty other than the sickly animals.

We see each of the alchemists knocking on door after door.
In a series of intercuts.

Then the brothers reconvene.

RUBALLARD

What is it that these people are so
afraid of?

BARTHOLEMUL

Travelers are often feared, it is
understandable in a place with such
poverty.

Samson climbs on top of a small well in the middle of town
and stands on top of it's arched roof and thrusts his
clenched fist into the air and shouts

SAMSON

Behold! We are alchemists who have
come from lands far away from here
bringing with us great magicks! We
have arrived in this starving
village to offer the fruits of our
sorcery!

The town remains empty. We hear the donkey wheezing.

SAMSON

Is no one here brave enough to
learn the secrets of our great and
mighty power?!

A door slowly creeks open to a shabby house.

Samson smiles and hops down off the well.

A young MAN emerges from the shabby house.

The alchemists have their hands on each others shoulders in a circle now.

BARTHOLEMUL
Valiant work brother Samson.

Bartholemul nods and pats his brother's back.

SAMSON
Thank you brother Ruballard,
brother Bartholemul.

The young MAN walks up to them.

MAN
I ... am brave.

SAMSON
Aye that you are son that you are.

MAN
Please, my child, he is very sick,
what sorcery is it you offer?

SAMSON
The boy needs but a good meal I am
sure.

MAN
We have not but tack and lard.

SAMSON
(holding out the stone)
Being that we are alchemists such
as we are, our Magick is capable of
any transmutation. With this single
stone, we can show thee how it is
possible to make soup enough to
feed you and your boy.

MAN
Soup ... from a stone?

SAMSON
Soup from a stone indeed, m'boy!

Samson pats the MAN on the back very hard.

SAMSON

Come to our encampment just outside
of the village tonight, and come
alone, and we shall impart our
secrets upon thee.

MAN

Thank you, thank you so much!

The alchemists smile and nod warmly.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. THE ALCHEMISTS' CAMPFIRE - NIGHT

Samson is sitting on a log chanting 'Aug Vastas' to himself.

Bartholemul is tending to the fire throwing logs in.

Then Ruballard hoists a large cauldron over the fire.

Then we see the MAN from the village emerge from the
darkness of the woods.

The alchemists look at the MAN.

SAMSON

(patting spot next to his
own)

Ah! Boon boon! Sit lad sit, and
praise be to thee for ye brave
arrival.

MAN

Thank you, all of you. Truly.

The MAN sits down next to Samson.

We see the other two alchemists continue to throw logs in
the fire and,

SAMSON

Tell me boy, have yee the ability
to see the way that the trees'
leaves each individually be blowin'
in a single gust o' wind all from
behind ye? Without even lookin'?

MAN

I ... I'm afraid I don't understand
the nature of the question, sir.

Samson laughs hardy. And we see Bartholemul getting more
logs from the woodpile behind Samson.

SAMSON

You're brave indeed for venturin'
out here like this.

MAN

I must. I must learn the secret of
your power. I must save my son, and
perhaps my village. I again thank
you, sir. Oh how I thank you.

Samson raises an eyebrow. Then we see Bartholemul pick up a
large stone instead of another log.

SAMSON

Do ye wish to be knowin' how it is
possible to be makin' soup from a
single stone boy?

Now Bartholemul emerges standing behind the MAN from the
village and holding a large stone.

MAN

Oh yes sir please share with me
your mighty secrets!

TWACK! BARTHOLEMUL SMACKS THE MAN ACROSS THE BACK OF THE
HEAD WITH THE STONE AND THE MAN FALLS OFF THE LOG ONTO THE
GROUND!

SAMSON

That's how lad, that's how.

EXT. THE ALCHEMISTS' CAMPFIRE - LATER

We see the smoke from the fire rise through the trees. Then
we see the kettle full of a dark red stew bubbling. Then,

PROFILE SHOT OF SAMSON AS HE SLURPS THE MEAT OFF OF A FINGER
BONE

SAMSON

Ahh. All life is created equal!

The alchemists each have a bowl of soup in their hands and
sit on the log eating.

AN EYEBALL FLOATS IN A BOWL. A SPOON SCOOPS IT OUT.

BARTHOLEMUL

Human eyes are certainly my
favorite!

He puts the eye in his mouth and chews and rolls his eyes back and groans in pleasure.

BARTHOLEMUL

(chewing)

They just see so much they're packed with, mmmmmnnnn! Everything!

RUBALLARD

There is one thing that does trouble me though.

The other two alchemists look at Ruballard.

RUBALLARD

The mentality surrounding the village. It doesn't add up to me still.

SAMSON

What do you mean, brother Ruballard?

RUBALLARD

I realize their land impoverished and their bodies famished but they had about them an aura of fear that seemed heightened for that of average weariness toward strangers.

The men furrow their brows and make pondering 'hmn' sounds as they go back to enjoying their bowls of soup.

Then we see

THE SOUP IN SAMSONS BOWL IS RIPPLING IN STEADY INCREMENTS.

SAMSON

What is that?

And then,

A GIANT ROCK GOLEM EMERGES FROM BEHIND THE TREES! IT STEPS ON THEIR FIRE AND GRABS BARTHOLEMUL AND PUTS HIM IN HIS MOUTH AND SWALLOWS!

Ruballard and Samson scream and drop their soup bowls and run but,

The Golem grabs Ruballard and rips him in half and throws each half to either side as he stomps after Samson.

Then the Golem picks Samson up in one of its hands. It brings him to its face and we see Samson's trembling head and shoulders sticking out of the Golem's closed hand. They are looking back at each other.

Then the Golem bites Samson's head off. Then it chews for a little bit and throws the body into the woods and stomps away.

END.