

Astra Upon Illunis

Written by

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Based on the story concept "Astra Upon Illunis"

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

Light filters in from all sides of the tall palace walls held up by huge pillars, the architecture simple in its posh design. PHILOTHEOS, appears just under 20 and dressed in a white and gold-embellished toga-inspired robe, is led down the hallway by two GUARDS. His arms peek out from his robes and his wrists are bound in a golden, glowing rope held in one of the guard's grips.

It's a long hallway, and Philotheos's brows are furrowed the whole way down. Eventually they reach the...

INT. THRONE ROOM - DAY

The guard holding the rope stops to open the doors, the other shoving Philotheos by the back of his neck next to him and onto his knees.

Philotheos GROANS.

Before him sits an enormous man, old and wisened and bored, his eyes a shining gold like Philotheos's. He sits on a dais in a throne big enough to rival his size.

PHILOTHEOS

What have you done with my brother?

Philotheos's expression is fierce, but there are tears welling. Ilios barely acknowledges him.

ILIOS

Him? He's dead!

Ilios looks at him and smiles, genuine.

PHILOTHEOS

Liar!

Philotheos pulls at the rope holding him.

PHILOTHEOS (CONT'D)

I can still feel him. But it's faint.
What have you done?

Philotheos holds his hand over his heart.

ILIOS

Hm. You know, even in one as lowly as you, the connection you two hold is not something to be ignored. It makes

you unique, even. I wonder, what use
can we make of such an ability, hm?

PHILOTHEOS

You know of our connection. Then what
have you done with him?

Ilios stands from his throne.

ILIOS

I have not "done" anything with your
brother. What was his name again?

PHILOTHEOS

Gideon!

Ilios nods, remembering.

ILIOS

Ah, Gideon. I wonder, could you find
him, if you tried? He has committed a
grave crime, stealing the arrow that
you gave to the humans. It really
should have been destroyed eons ago.

Ilios slams his hand against the arm of his throne.
Philotheos startles.

ILIOS (CONT'D)

What kind of Astrum keeps around
arrows specifically designed to kill
an Astrum? We thought they were safe,
but we were the fools, truly.

Ilios LAUGHS.

PHILOTHEOS

I don't know where he is any more than
you do.

ILIOS

Ah, I'm sorry. It must hurt feeling
the connection fade. But, you know, I
think I know what would make you feel
better about it. Soon, someone will
help you through it, help you out of
the connection that you share with
Gideon.

PHILOTHEOS

What could you possibly mean?

ILIOS

We'll sever that tie. It will come at the cost of your memories, of course, but it's a risk I think you should take. You're better off without that pain.

Philotheos' eyes widen.

On each side, the guards lean down and take one side of the golden laurel crowning Philotheos's head.

Philotheos catches the wrist of one of them, catching their eye for the first time from beneath his helmet. The guard meets Philotheos's gaze, catching it.

PHILOTHEOS

Don't, not yet.

The guard removes a hand from the laurel, hitting him hard across the face. Gold blood pools at the corner of his mouth.

ILIOS

You really think after all you've done to endanger us, you deserve the halo that our people bear?! You are no longer one of us, and you no longer hold the same privileges, Philotheos!

Ilios takes the crown from one of the guards, shattering it in his enormous hands. Philotheos cries out, the guard pulling him up and out of the room. He blinks, tears streaking his cheeks, his eyes no longer the glowing gold that matched Ilios's.

INT. CELL - NIGHT

The guards shove Philotheos into the cell, closing the door behind them. The cell has no windows, and is dark save for the light of the rope tied around Philotheos's wrists and the dulled gold of his eyes.

A close up of Philotheos's hands as the rope is untied. It hovers there. The light illuminates the guard's face, his eyes obscured by his helmet.

GUARD

You have never been one of us. And now you will never even come close.

PHILOTHEOS

Bold of you to assume I wanted to ever
be like you. High in the clouds,
alone, and worthless. Not even the
humans need you anym-

The guard spits on him.

The dull glow of his eyes slowly disappears as he shuts them.
The guards leave the room and the door is shut. The room is
pitch black.

INT. BLACK VOID

PHILOTHEOS

Are you there, Gideon?

Philotheos stands in a blank space, empty, but he is visible
within it.

He begins to walk, his expression calm.

He keeps walking, a heart beat echoing on the ground like
ripples. The further he walks, the stronger the ripples
become.

PHILOTHEOS (CONT'D)

Gideon? They have me here. I don't
need your help, we both knew this
would happen. But I need to know
you're safe.

Something begins to take shape far ahead of him in the
darkness, the shape of a person. It's faced away from
Philotheos.

Philotheos approaches it, his footsteps increasing in speed.

Facing away from him is GIDEON, kneeling on the ground. He
looks identical to Philotheos, but his eyes give off a
stronger light.

There is even a twin splash of gold at the corner of his
mouth.

PHILOTHEOS (CONT'D)

What's wrong?

Gideon doesn't seem to hear him.

Philotheos leans forward, placing his hand on Gideon's

shoulder. He smiles down at his twin, but Gideon looks worried.

Gideon places his hand over Philotheos's.

PHILOTHEOS (CONT'D)
Are you okay?

GIDEON
Are either of us okay?

PHILOTHEOS
Don't do too much without me, I want
to be there too.

Philotheos follows Gideon's gaze, but nothing is there. He turns back to Gideon just as he's struck by something Philotheos can't see.

PHILOTHEOS (CONT'D)
Gideon? Gideon!

As Philotheos goes to reach for Gideon, a hand yanks his shoulder away, pulling him back into the dark cell.

INT. CELL - DAY

There is a light slicing through the darkness from the doorway now, the door open.

Philotheos is visibly scared. He pushes the hands that hold the golden rope away and stands. There are two figures beside him.

Philotheos takes the arm of the guard holding the rope, a ripple effect emanating from his hand. The guard drops the rope and begins to cry.

The other guard shoves Philotheos to the ground.

GUARD
Get away from him!

Philotheos's grip breaks from the guard's arm. The guard wipes the tears from beneath his helmet, kicking Philotheos in the gut. Philotheos cries out.

Another figure enters the room, a bored-looking and mature WOMAN, curvy, somewhat disheveled, and almost as tall as Ilios. She is dressed in dark robes adorned with various trinkets and loose ribbons and scraps of fabric.

WOMAN

What are you doing? Bind his arms. I don't want to be crying like you. Embarrassing. I'm just trying to do my job. Sympathetic powers are just an annoyance.

She looks down at Philotheos.

WOMAN (CONT'D)

Bind his feet too, while you're at it.

She smirks.

Philotheos kicks one of the guards that approaches him, latching both his hands on the sides of the other's face. The guard he catches cries out, his eyes wild in his skull. He's trying desperately to get away, looking around the room frantically.

The woman rolls her eyes.

WOMAN (CONT'D)

Ugh, let me do it, for Gods' sake.

The woman shoves the guard out of Philotheos's grip, catching his hands effortlessly with her strong arms and binding them.

WOMAN (CONT'D)

Your powers make it easy for you to get caught up in the emotion you're projecting, and that's what makes you so weak. So easy to overpower.

PHILOTHEOS

That's not what they're meant for. I was never meant to fight anyone.

WOMAN

And yet here you are. I'll keep you awake for this. It'll be a once-in-a-lifetime experience.