

THE SUN

By Maya Ilsøe

EXT. MOUNTAIN / SCENERY IN DARKNESS – NIGHT

Grainy coal-black darkness, rustling in the darkness.
The sound of a film spool whirring.

SHE (V.O.)¹

We can feel the darkness in our
bodies when we see a darkness.

Throat cleared in the darkness.

SHE (V.O.) (CONT'D)²

That isn't so strange – there's no
light in there.

Clattering.

SHE (V.O.) (CONT'D)

There's a woman here.

More clattering, loud, someone bumps into something.

SHE (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Ow!

Then the sound of a switch, CLICK, and a yellowish,
dusty cone of light picks out the top of a mountain.

SHE (V.O.) (CONT'D)

That's it...

We can see the outline of a woman seated, leaning
against a ship that sticks up, half buried in the
earth.

Around the ship lie bones that come from two hamsters,

¹ Voiceover

² Continued

a dog, a cow and a large bird. The skeletons lie arranged around the ship, as if they have just lain down to sleep after a long voyage.

SHE (V.O.) (CONT'D)

She thinks only of coming home. There isn't so much she can remember, but that's all she's thinking of now.

The woman by the ship picks up a stone and throws it out into the darkness. It bounces with hard THUMPS down the steep mountain slope. A couple of animals that have approached run away.

A bird flaps up towards the night sky. The woman follows it with her eyes and sees the first sunbeams that trace a luminous line on the horizon under her.

SHE (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Home —

The woman stands up. Her skin is glistening, her hair sticks to her face. She is sweating.

SHE (V.O.) (CONT'D)

That is because what she came for keeps changing places: the place she strains away from / the place she strains towards. The place she strains away from / the place she strains towards. So she can't find her way around any more.

The camera has zoomed in, and we can now also see a stage-set apartment at the top of the mountain. There are gaping cracks in the joints of the sets, and the scenery merges at the edges with the windswept mountain terrain.

Scattered on the floor of the scenery lie maps, sketches, a compass, calculations and drawings.

The woman walks towards the stage set, in over its wooden floor, which has a hollow sound, and moves the

maps around a little.

SHE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
And that's why she can't read
the maps any more...

The woman lifts a sketch up, turns it over and lays it down again. She wipes her brow. She is sweating.

Another woman lies on a plank bed in the corner. She lies still. Her body is stiff and pale.

WOMAN
(calling)
Judith?!

No answer.

SHE (V.O.)
There's another woman too, but
she hardly ever wakes up any more.

The woman goes over to the sleeping woman and strokes her brow, which is pale and chilly.

WOMAN
(whispering)
Judith??

SHE (V.O.)
She can sleep for days in a row.
Then she wakes up and mumbles, but
you can't understand any of it. Then
she lies back down again and sleeps.

The woman goes over to an old camera standing in the corner of the scenery and rolling, She lifts it up and carries it over to the sleeping woman.

SHE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
She has filmed her every day since
they came.

For a moment the sleeping woman lifts her head without

opening her eyes.

The woman stiffens with her gaze fixed on the sleeping woman, who lays her head back and once more lies completely still.

The woman turns the lens towards the slope and adjusts the camera. She wipes her face, scowls down towards the sun, which is now harsh and blinds her. She rubs her eyes and then looks directly at the burning sun.

She staggers a little as if she is dizzy from the light, turns around and leans over the sleeping woman.

A drop of sweat trickles down over her brow. It drops off and hits the face of the sleeping woman.

SPLASH!

A new drop of sweat is on the way. It runs down over the bridge of her nose and drops.

SPLASH, against the forehead of the sleeping woman.

She shakes the sleeping woman, but she can't wake her. She tips the plank bed, first a little cautiously, then violently. The sleeping woman tumbles out and hits the floor hard, but goes on sleeping.

The sleeping woman is clasping something in her hand.

The woman bends down and works it loose from the tight grip of the sleeping fingers. It's matches.

Now the sleeping woman raises her head. Her eyes are wide open. She spreads her lips and emits a high, shrill note.

THE SLEEPING WOMAN
(High SHRILL NOTE)

The woman backs off towards the edge of the scenery at the sound of the shrill note, which becomes more and more piercing. She turns her face. LIGHT. The sun

blinds her.

She strikes a match, FLARE. She looks at the maps and sketches on the floor and lets the burning match fall down on them.

All quickly catches fire, for the wood of the stage set is thin and cardboard-like.

Within a few seconds there's an intense blaze.

The shrill note stops. The woman stiffens.

WOMAN

JUDITHHHH!!!

She tries to run towards the woman on the floor, who is hidden behind the flames, but can't get through. The flames are too high.

She is forced back by the fire, out over the edge, out onto the ground, towards the ship. She crawls up over the side of the ship, on the part that sticks up from the ground.

We zoom in on the old camera, which stands alone amidst the scenery and runs and runs. We zoom all the way in to into the lens, and see POV through the old camera, which is pointing out towards the slope.

The image texture is different. It crackles, the red and green colours are intense.

In the camera the woman sails away on the edge of the sea, which first washes over the prow of the ship, then swallows it. Away from the mountain, which is burning.

The woman stands on the ship and looks at the burning mountain.

The other woman appears in the picture. She runs out of the flames, down the slope, all sooty, and her hair is burnt at the back. She plunges into the water and swims after the ship.

The woman in the boat reaches for her in the water. She gets hold of her at the second attempt and hauls her up over the edge of the ship. She is in a bad state.

They embrace on the ship, which sails off to sea.

SHE (V.O.)

Now they must go home. They can't remember so much, but what they can remember is bright and clear.

The camera pans over the ship, up towards the sky, directly into the sun, which dissolves the picture and FADES to WHITE.

SHE (V.O.) (CONT'D)

It's the darkness that has exposed it like that.

THE END