

FADE IN:

EXT. TANGLE FOREST - DARKNESS

A dense forest is light by three moons in the distant horizon. Vines and forest tangle the archaic remains of society.

A silhouette moves through the forest.

We get main titles.

Small dots of blue bioluminescent plant life sway in the wind. We focus in on a small glowing bottle that is half-stuck in the dirty ground.

The silhouette pushes into a clearing that overlooks a ridge. The shape is human with long antennas that extend into the air.

REDIGOST

EXT. TANGLE FOREST CAMP - NIGHT

There is a small camp. Everything is old and worn down.

REDIGOST boils water in a beaten up tin pot, resting on a metal stand that looks like it's about to collapse, which holds the tin pot over well worn, but futuristic device that appears to be radiating heat.

REDIGOST looks gritty and tired. His clothing is a mishmash of worn leather, rusted metal, and pitted plastic.

He holds the remnants of a tea box With old advertising.

REDIGOST

Barry's Tea was founded in 1901 by James J. Barry, grandfather of our Chairman, Peter Barry. From the very beginning, quality was at the heart of our family's business...
Hmm... I guess we'll see Mr. Barry.

Underneath his leather jacket he has on a vest with dozens of different objects attached to it.

He has a backpack made of tooled leather sitting on the ground next to him. He has three long metal bars sticking out of the ground on the other side of him.

On the front of his jacket, just above his heart, a strange, alien looking symbol is stitched.

Redigost is looking over a topographical map.

The teapot starts to whistle.

Redigost turns off the heater and attaches it to a latch on his vest. He opens his backpack and removes a small, hard box, as he does, a postcard falls out of the pack.

Redigost lifts the card. We see the front of it, a picture of an idyllic landscape with "AETHER" written on it. He flips the card over and we see, in perfect penmanship, "I'll wait for you until the last star burns out."

Redigost Tucks the postcard back into his pack and focuses his attention on the box. He opens it carefully and reveals two fragile china cups sitting in foam that has been cut to their shape. He removes one of the cups, closes the case, and sets the cup on top.

Moving very carefully, he pours himself some tea, blows on it, and takes a sip.

His eyes close and, for a moment, a look of peace settles over him.

The moment passes. Redigost opens his eyes, lifts his map, and goes back to examining it as he sips his drink.

EXT. TALL GRASS GRAVEYARD - DARKNESS

Redigost walks through an old graveyard, his eyes on the horizon. Tall grass moves like it's alive.

A crow is perched on a tall grave marker and shrieks at Redigost.

Redigost continues his journey. There is crunching beneath his feet. He looks down.

We see that he has stepped on and crushed a human skull. He looks around.

We see that the area is littered with skeletal remains, half buried in the dirt. As if the once proud graveyard is now just a dumping ground.

FLAP FLAP FLAP

A bioluminescent raven flutters through the tall grass.

Redigost spots something of interest. He approaches one of the bodies. We see that, unlike the rest, this one is fresh.

The clothes are still more or less intact, and it has a satchel with it.

He rifles through the bag, finding a smaller bag inside near the top. He opens it revealing tobacco, including a few pre-rolled cigarettes. He pulls a lighter out of one of his vest pockets and lights up, then closes the tobacco bag and hangs it from one of the clips on his vest. Then he turns his attention back to the bag.

After a few more seconds of searching, he stops, his eyes widening.

REDIGOST

I wandered everywhere, through
cities and countries wide.

Redigost pulls a small vial out of the bag, it contains a softly glowing liquid.

REDIGOST

And everywhere I went, the world
was on my side.

Redigost turns the vial slowly in his hands, examining every millimeter of it for cracks or fissures.

When he's satisfied that it is undamaged, he pulls his backpack off, opens it up and pulls out a small box, similar to the one that contains his teacups, but smaller.

He opens it and we see that it also has foam which has been cut to protect its contents. There are seven vials carefully spaced in the container. One of the vials contains a glowing liquid like the vial Redigost just found, the rest are empty.

He removes one of the empty vials and places the new vial inside. He closes the container, latches, and inserts it back into his backpack.

EXT. RAVINES - DARKNESS

Redigost traverses a small ravine that borders the tall grasses of the graveyard.

The long metal rods on his backpack wobble through the air.

The landscape changes with stalky thorn trees that stretch high into the air.

BEEP. BEEP. BEEP.

One of the devices hanging from his vest sounds. He pulls it off its latch, silencing it with the press of a button, and examines the readings.

He moves a few paces to his left and checks them again, then a pace to his right.

He pulls back his jacket and takes a small pouch from where it hangs on his belt.

Redigost opens the bag and looks inside. We see four golden acorns in a container that could hold dozens.

Redigost's expression is grim.

He takes the device that just beeped at him, and double checks the readings.

He pours the four acorns into his hand.

Holding four of the acorns in his left hand, he lifts the fifth up, kisses it, then lowers his hand and rolls it across the ground.

The golden acorn bounces and skips across the ground, as it moves it fades from gold into black until it comes to a stop and seems to dissolve into a black puddle on the ground.

Redigost grimaces, takes a second acorn in his hand and bowls it slightly to the left of the first.

The same thing happens.

The third turns black and collapses as well.

Redigost swallows nervously as he lifts the fourth up, closes his eyes and offers up a prayer, then rolls it.

The fourth acorn rolls and bounces across the dirt, growing darker and darker.

Suddenly, it stops rolling. It starts twisting, spinning like a top. The dirt twists around it and the acorn buries itself in the sand.

A thin stalk shoots up out of the ground. It thickens, leaves sprouting.

Redigost smiles as he watches.

In a few short moments the acorn becomes a small tree.

Redigost takes off his backpack and removes his three metallic poles from the pack and approaches the tree.

He removes a small speaker from his vest and clicks the side.
OLD SPANISH MUSIC BEGINS TO PLAY.

He looks up, siting the sun, and orienting himself in a specific direction. He takes two steps and jams the first metal rod into the ground.

He returns to the tree, checks the sky and positions himself facing another direction. He takes two steps and jams the second pole into the ground.

He repeats the process for the third pole

REDIGOST

Great whisperer, let those who come
after us release our souls to you
as we release these.

He places protective glasses over his eyes.

Redigost pulls a device from his pocket and presses a button. The three poles crackle with electricity.

He reaches deep beneath his jacket and pulls out an odd shaped knife, which he holds up, as though offering it to the heavens.

Redigost approaches the now golden tree, brings back the knife and takes a deep breath.

He stabs the knife into the tree, and is nearly taken off his feet as a giant, shadowy spirit shoots up out of the ground and into the sky.

As it passes, the golden tree fades to brown, except for a bunch of golden acorns hanging from it.

Redigost carefully picks the acorns from the tree, depositing them into the sack he just emptied.

That done, he walks to his backpack and opens the box with the vials. He returns to where the knife is buried in the tree, and presses a release in the hilt. The back of the hilt slides away and the golden liquid we've seen before dribbles out of the hilt of the knife and into the vial.

EXT. EDGE OF RAVINES - EVENING

Redigost exits the ravine into a clearing of tangled woods. He stops dead in his tracks. In the distance we see another harvester.

He looks like a plague doctor. He is twice as tall as a human. The alien has a long beak nose and carries a staff with a glowing scepter.

The stranger raises his fist into the air.

STRANGER
Ghhualla, Nai. Yech Nai Shallath!

REDIGOST grimaces.

REDIGOST
(to himself)
How the hell does this go again?
(louder)
Yech Stahl Datoyaon!

STRANGER
Datyoan? Datyoan, Nith Thollus!

The stranger lowers his stance, pulling a large blade out.

REDIGOST
Oh hell.

Redigost sorts through the chaos hanging from his vest before coming up with a small notebook clipped closed.

Redigost flips through the pad. We see a variety of rough sketches of alien creatures, with nonsense words and phrases next to each.

After several seconds of searching, he comes to the page with a picture similar to the stranger. He reviews it for a second, then looks up.

REDIGOST
Yech Stahl Datoboboyan!

The alien creature tilts its head for a moment, then lowers its swords and makes a heavy coughing sound that can only be laughter.

STRANGER
(teasing)
Datoyaon, schlia boboyan, Nich
Taious?

REDIGOST
(sighing)
Yes, nearly killing each other over
poor pronunciation is hilarious,
I'm sure.

(MORE)

REDIGOST (cont'd)
 (turns attention to
 booklet)
 Now, how do you say 'tea' in
 Grythalla?

EXT. SMALL CAMP - NIGHT

Redigost sits across the fire from the stranger. His tin pot is sitting on top of the metal platform, and the stranger is turning the teacup over in his hands.

Redigost is holding a small electronic gizmo in his hands, fiddling with some knobs.

After several seconds he pulls his hand back and smacks the crap out of the thing.

It buzzes and lights up for a moment, then dies down.

He smacks it again. This time the device lights up and says lighted.

Redigost fiddles with the knobs for a few seconds. Nods in approval, and sets it on the ground next to the fire.

REDIGOST
 How goes your harvesting, friend?

The device cackles to life.

TRANSLATOR
 K'Kaya shabrah, na-Shlah?

The stranger turns his attention to the device for a moment, then reaches into his cloak and pulls out a vial of the strange glowing liquid.

STRANGER
 Shabrah tik goada. Shabrah Loosh
 ghallin nai shryk. Tash Krooga me
 loat topsa?

TRANSLATOR
 Harvesting is good. Harvesting in
 the far-land east wasn't easy.
 How have you found these lands?

REDIGOST
 Dry. But not barren.

TRANSLATOR
 Shooshla. Ko ni hoshatta.

STRANGER
 (points at symbol)
 Toola tay. Syptha corra neel soat.

TRANSLATOR
 I see you are of the old faith. I
 was the same when I began.

REDIGOST
 What changed?

TRANSLATOR
 Koaso Traphta?

STRANGER
 Toostata parnath. Krowla sparr.
 Krowla t'tephan Li. Kosta rah,
 kosta parran.

TRANSLATOR
 I met a man/creature/entity. It
 told me otherwise. It told me what
 we really do. Darkness that we
 release. Darkness our work is
 given to.

REDIGOST
 (shrugs)
 I prefer the old faith to theories.

The translator begins to translate, but it is drowned out as Redigost pulls out his speaker and plays some music.

He also lifts the tea kettle from the fire and begins to serve tea.

EXT. OLD CITY RUINS - MORNING

Bombed out ruins of an old downtown smolder over a glowing moon. Redigost heads towards a building.

He places his hand on a secret door.

BEEP. CLICK. SHOOMP.

Redigost checks around to make nobody is going to slip in after him before he opens the door and slips in.

INT. COLLECTION BUILDING - MORNING

Redigost stands before an old bank stall. The place is in ruins. An old man writes in a book. THE COLLECTOR looks like a proper gentlemen.

THE COLLECTOR
I'll be right with you.

A moment passes, the collector looks up.

THE COLLECTOR
Ah, Redigost. Good to see you again. To what level are you filling my coffers today?

REDIGOST
(smiles)
Not breaking any records, but a good haul - all things considered.

Redigost pulls out three vials and places them on the counter.

THE COLLECTOR
(whistles)
You know, most harvesters consider it a good haul when they come back with two vials of sap. You're something special, my friend. A real harvester. You want it in gold, credits, or acorns?

REDIGOST
Gold.

The collector pulls out a set of scales and begins weighing out bullion.

THE COLLECTOR
It'll be quite little haul, my friend.

Redigost fills out a ticket as the old man works.

REDIGOST
It's getting more dangerous out there. The stuff is harder to find.

THE COLLECTOR
So, are you still set on leaving? I could use a harvester like you in collections.

Redigost works silently. He shuffles through some papers. We see he has set his post card on the table beside him. As he works, he glances at it.

THE COLLECTOR

It's a good career, collections.
Better than that pipe dream, what
is it these days - Aether? I know
what you think. It looks pretty in
the pictures. But life isn't any
better there than it is here. And
you already have a place here.
This is your home. Every dimension
has gone dark.

REDIGOST

I've come too far. Transfer all of
it to my account.

The collector sighs, but stamps the papers Redigost puts in front of him.

THE COLLECTOR

You're the last of the old faith,
kiddo. The things that come out of
the ground are all that matter now.

He waves one of the vials of sap in front of Redigost's face.

Redigost puts the papers away and tips his hat.

REDIGOST

Thank you old friend.

EXT. COLLECTION BUILDING - DAY

Redigost exits the building. The shot holds for end credits