

PSI

Written By

Andrew Lightfoot

INT. WOODS- DAY

A soft summer breeze gently moves the long branches of an ancient oak tree, it creaks and groans with every sway.

A young man KIRREF (20) leans back against the thick wrinkly trunk of the tree with eyes closed and body still.

His skin is very pale and bears many scars, his head hairless and naked.

KIRREF

Why do they do this to me father?

Faded voices from somewhere unknown start to yell, scream, and cry.

KIRREF

I want to be like them, be normal.

The voices get louder and louder, etching into to Kirref's mind.

KIRREF

Why have you given me this!

CUT TO:

EXT. KIRREF HOME-NIGHT

A crowd of evil looking people stand facing the front door of the house. Torches ablaze light up most of what's going on.

The front door bursts open and out walks two robed priests. Both drag away a small boy, cloths tied around his hands.

The boy cries out into the jet black night as he is moved closer to the now cheering crowd.

BOY

Mother! Mother help me!

A woman runs through the open door way. Her husband's arms clamp around her preventing her from going further. She cries out helplessly.

WOMAN

Let him go, he is not a creature! He does not deserve to be treated like this!

A little girl with long black hair watches by her mother's side. She looks terrified and uneasy.

The crowd now chants and jeers as the boy is dragged through it.

EXT. WOODS-DAY

Kirref remains seated by the oak tree. A single tear rolls down his face.

KIRREF

I am nothing but an outcast, a creature, a demon.

The wind picks up but still Kirref does not move.

KIRREF

At first they thought they could break, cut, or burn it out of me.

INT. DUNGOEN-NIGHT

Four men stand around a table in the centre of the stone dungeon. Black masks conceal their faces.

On the table is the same boy writhing with pain. He looks a few years older. His half naked body is blistered and bloody.

A priest ALKBURE walks to the table gazing over the body without any signs of disgust. He raises a dagger to waist height.

ALKBURE

In the name of our Lord I demand you leave this body and take your witchcraft with you!

The boy squirms trying to get free but the chains holding him are all too strong for his weak efforts.

Alkbure brings the knife tip to a blistered area of the boy's body causing him to scream.

EXT. WOODS-DAY

The wind now has turned into a powerful gust. Branches from the oak tree snap and fall to the ground with a thud.

Kirref remains still even though branches fall all around him. His chest heaves with every powerful breath.

An orange glow appears to be coming from his hands. He doesn't pay attention to it, his breathing quickens and so does the wind.

KIRREF

Why me!

He bolts upright in anger. The red glow from his hands now burst into softball sized fireballs.

Like a pitcher he hurls the fireballs every which way. They grow in size and strength like a flame thrower until they dissipate into a cloud of smoke.

Feeding off his anger he smashes both hands together and sends out long stream of fire. He watches it as the end curls with the direction of the wind.

The flames stop completely. Kirref now notices the strange wind. It's not him that's doing that!

He looks up to the sky expecting to see storm clouds, nothing but blue skies.

He takes off through the woods desperately wanting to find the source of the wind.

EXT. WOODS EDGE-DAY

The woods are on the outskirts of a large town. Winding roads seem to aimlessly snake around the town. On a hill in the middle sits a gray stoned church.

Kirref breaks through the woods and into a grassy area.

He looks to the town hoping for any signs of the source.

Suddenly a large burst of wind appears almost knocking him down. It causes hundreds of leaves to fly up into the air.

All of them rocket towards the church. Kirref is fascinated by the phenomena.

KIRREF

If this isn't me or the weather,
then...

His eyes snap back towards the town as if hearing the answer he doesn't dare think. He takes off in the direction of the town.

EXT. GRAY STONED CHURCH-DAY

A crowd of people stand by the entrance to the leaf covered church grounds. All watch as a crying girl LYATHRA (19) is dragged towards it. Her long black hair drags on the ground.

Four guards stand around her, two holding her feet while the other two hold her hands.

Alkbure walks in front of them, his face expressionless. A hand holds a small silver cross of his necklace.

They walk up the stone steps of the church and are about to walk in when a fireball whizzes over their heads. Alkbure turns to see Kirref storming through the crowd.

He produces another fireball in his hands threateningly.

KIRREF

Let her go!

Alkbure smiles and without fear walks down the stone steps towards Kirref. The fireball increases in size.

ALKBURE

You dare attack a priest boy?

KIRREF

If you did not take it out of me then you cannot take it out of her!

Everyone is silent. Only the cries from Lyathra are heard.

ALKBURE

Stand down boy or I will send you back to the dungeons!

KIRREF

I will not stand down!

Alkbure walks closer to Kirref.

ALKBURE

I gave you freedom. I gave you a home, a job. I gave you life!

KIRREF

My job is to rid this town of evil. My home is nothing more than a dungeon, my freedom is that of a man bound in chains, what life do you see in that?

Alkbure turns around and strides back to the church doors.

ALKBURE

If you do not like the life you are given then you are welcome to accompany this girl in the dungeons!

Kirref now controlled with anger sends a massive fireball directly at Alkbure's back. The blast smothers him with flame and knocks him through the church doors.

People scream and run in fright. The guards leave the girl and with swords drawn move towards Kirref.

Two fireballs fly towards the guards, it swishes past them.

KIRREF
You're free, run!

All guards look back to Lyathra. Both her cloths lay burning on the ground. She looks back at them unsure of what to do.

KIRREF
Run!

Two guards approached her with weapons raised. She hesitates till the last second. With a raise of her hands a strong wind picks up.

All leaves rise in the air creating a brown sea. Kirref is amazed. He watches the thousands of leaves fly around with a smile.

A small archway of leaves forms in front of him. Lyathra runs through them just as amazed.

She grabs Kirref's hand.

KIRREF
Wait.

She stops and looks at Kirref questionably.

LYATHRA
For what?

KIRREF
One last thing I need to do.

EXT. WOODS-DAY

On the hill in front of the church spins a huge vortex of leaves. From within it sparks a blinding light. The vortex slowly catches flame.

The grey stoned church is no match for it. Chunks rip off
and anything that can burn does.

THE END

