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600 words

# ESHRAQ اشراق

manuscript

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**EXT. SKY - UNKNOWN TIME**

A vast, empty sky. Still. Pale. As if waiting for something to emerge.

SUPERIMPOSED TEXT (ARABIC)

باسم نور  
نور الأنوار

ENGLISH TEXT FADES IN BELOW:

IN THE NAME OF LIGHT,  
THE LIGHT OF LIGHT.

Silence stretches.

A breath of wind moves the clouds imperceptibly.

A low, resonant tone begins to swell -- the sense of something descending.

AUDIO: Low, ambient tonal drone -- something between breath and vibration

**END SCENE**

**EXT. SKY - SUNLIT VOID - TIMELESS**

A screen of blinding warm white light. The sound of deep wind, modulating slowly into tonal frequencies.

From the brightness, SHAPES EMERGE -- AIRSHIP CONSTRUCTS.

Dozens glide in V-FORMATIONS, like flocks of divine machines. They pass through the sun, their silhouettes wrapped in gold.

Their heads resemble the HUMA BIRD -- modeled after the double-headed column of Persepolis. Ancient. Angelic.

**EXT. DESERT CANVAS - CONTINUOUS**

Below: a VAST, EMPTY DESERT. A blank CANVAS.

Suddenly, from beneath the airships, OBJECTS FALL one by one.

We TRACK a single object as it falls downward.

It is aerodynamic, shell-like, shaped like a military rocket.

MOMENTS BEFORE IMPACT MIDAIR (SLOWMOTION) -- The shell of the rocket opens up, releasing a small spherical core inside it. The core continues falling downward and during the fall becomes luminous.

The core becomes blinding bright as if it swells up with the air. The core's light fills the screen.

As the light clears, a MODULE stands where the object landed. A segment of WALL.

More fall. Each impact spawns another ARCHITECTURAL PIECE, a STAIR, a BEAM, a GATE.

These are not bombs. They are SPAWNERS.

CLOSE ON -- A SHELL CRACKING OPEN. LEAVING A GLOWING SPHERICAL CORE.

The empty and opened rocket shell now appears like a flower, slowly floating back upwards towards the sky.

On Screen we see a bit of hot air dissolve effect, as the camera stares at these shells.

We hear the sounds of impacts on the ground.

WIDE SHOT -- THE DESERT.

The Canvas is no longer blank. A PATTERN is emerging.

It is the ZIGGURAT OF UR -- An ancient sacred site resurrected through descent and light.

Above, the airships continue their silent flight. More spawner-shells fall.

**END SCENE**

**EXT. SKY ABOVE THE ZIGGURAT - UNKNOWN TIME**

Dark, slow-moving clouds part to reveal several PODS drifting downward in silence.

They rotate slowly, geometric and simple -- not dropped, but placed with precision.

Each pod emits a faint hum, trailing a thin line of light. From a distance these light rails look like a long spiral centering around the location of impact on the ground.

**EXT. ZIGGURAT PLATFORM - CONTINUOUS**

The pods land with deep, echoing thuds across the surface of the ziggurat.

Dust ripples outward. The ground resonates faintly beneath them.

They sit motionless. Waiting.

**EXT. ZIGGURAT PLATFORM - MOMENTS LATER**

The outer shells of the pods begin to unfold -- pieces shifting outward in precise mechanical movements.

Stair-like segments emerge from each pod, connecting them to the Canvas.

**INT. POD INTERIOR - CONTINUOUS**

Inside each pod: a bright glowing agent of light hovers gently, suspended above the pod.

It pulses, dimly at first, then more intensely as it prepares to cross the threshold.

As the pod opens, the light of the agent starts to dim until it becomes non-luminous and fully material.

The agent suddenly drops down on the floor of the POD like a ragdoll.

The agent seems dead - but in fact it's only waiting for a soul to possess it and become alive.

**END SCENE**

**EXT. ZIGGURAT OF UR. AFGHAN DESERT - CONTINUOUS**

We see a view of the desert with around 50 pods on the ground with agent walkers on them. These pods are placed in a grid like formation like soldiers marching.

After a few pan shots, the agents wake up and start marching towards the ziggurat in rows.

**END SCENE**