

PROLOGUE

Title: “When Iron Meets Wind and Arrow”

(Based on Yoruba and Afro-Atlantic traditions: Ògún, Òyá, Òxóssi — primary sources include the Ifá corpus, oral narratives, and studies from scholars such as Pierre Verger and Juana Elbein dos Santos.)

PAGE 1–2

FADE IN:

EXT. COSMIC VOID – NIGHT WITHOUT TIME

A dark expanse. No ground, no sky—only water. From the depths, voices whisper.

VOICE (elderly, resonant)

“Before land had name, before men had breath, there was only water—and those who dreamed upon it.”

Lightning illuminates faint outlines—celestial beings forming from mist.

PAGE 3–4

INT. CELESTIAL FORGE – UNKNOWN DIMENSION

ÒGÚN strikes a red-hot bar of iron upon an anvil the size of a mountain. Sparks rain like meteors.

He works alone, sweating fire. A dog sits nearby, tail thumping against molten ground.

OGUN

“Iron bends to those who dare. I am the path. I am the hand that cuts the way.”

(According to Yoruba myth, Ògún is the path-clearing orisha, the first to open the road between heaven and earth.)

PAGE 5–6

EXT. FOREST ABOVE THE WATERS – MORNING LIGHT

A forest begins to form atop the water’s surface. Green vines unfurl.

ÒXÓSSI emerges silently among the trees—bow drawn, eyes sharp. His movements are graceful, deliberate.

He listens—not for prey, but for imbalance.

OXOSSI (whispering)

“The forest breathes. The forest hungers. What comes must come in harmony.”

(Òxóssi: orixá of the hunt, provider, symbol of wisdom and intuition.)

PAGE 7–8

EXT. RIVER CROSSING – AFTERNOON

Wind stirs. Clouds twist into a spiral.

ÒYÁ rises from the river, wearing nine colored scarves that dance like serpents in the air. Her eyes flash lightning; her voice rolls like thunder.

OYA

“The dead speak in the storm. Change comes, whether the world wills it or not.”

(Òyá/lansã: goddess of wind, storms, transformation, and guardian of the cemetery gates.)

PAGE 9–10

EXT. SKY STAIRS – BETWEEN WORLDS

The orishas descend upon a shining chain (àjà). The world below churns with water and potential.

Ògún stands first. Òxóssi and Òyá follow.

The elder orisha, **OLÓDÙMARÈ**, watches from beyond the stars.

OLÓDÙMARÈ (voice like thunderclouds)

“You shall forge the path. You shall guard its balance. You shall stir its change.”

PAGE 11–13

EXT. EARTH – DAY

Ògún lands, driving his iron blade into the watery ground.
Steam hisses. Land forms around it.
He cuts trees, shaping open paths; his sweat becomes rivers.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

“Where his ax struck, roads were born. Where his blood fell, iron grew from stone.”

The forest trembles; Òxóssi watches from the shadows.

OXOSSI

“Every path takes from the forest. Every road devours green. Who guards what remains?”

PAGE 14–16

EXT. FOREST DEEP – DUSK

Òxóssi draws an arrow from his quiver—wood carved from sacred tree, tip forged by Ògún’s own hands.
He kneels, listening to unseen movement.
Out of the mists, **a spectral beast** emerges—half-metal, half-root, born from imbalance.

He looses the arrow.
It strikes—but the beast dissolves into ash and iron dust.

OXOSSI (alarmed)

“The forest bleeds metal... this is not our way.”

PAGE 17–18

EXT. RIVER BANK – NIGHTFALL

Storm gathers. Òyá senses the disturbance.
The river darkens; spirits rise as silver mist.

OYA

“You cut too deep, path-maker. You burn too bright, hunter. The dead wake restless.”

Lightning strikes a nearby hill, revealing a half-forged iron gate emerging from the ground.

OYA (to herself)

“Something new is being born—and something old is dying.”

PAGE 19–21

EXT. SACRED CLEARING – NIGHT

Ògún’s forge stands between forest and river. The three orishas meet.

Wind swirls ash and embers; tension crackles.

OGUN

“Without roads, no life may flow.”

OXOSSI

“Without the wild, no life may grow.”

OYA

“And without change, no life endures.”

They circle one another—iron, bow, and storm—testing, challenging, understanding.

PAGE 22–23

MONTAGE – THE MAKING OF BALANCE

— Ògún reforges tools from fallen trees and iron veins.

— Òxóssi replants the forest with seeds dipped in iron dust.

— Òyá sends cleansing storms to cool the forge and water the new growth.

The world takes shape—roads winding through forest, rivers tracing paths of lightning.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

“Thus Earth took breath. Thus balance began.”

PAGE 24–26

EXT. NEW LANDSCAPE – DAWN

Humans appear: the first tribes walking on Ògún's roads, hunting under Òxóssi's canopy, praying to Òyá's thunder.

The orishas watch.

OGUN (softly)

"They will learn to wield iron."

OYA

"They will learn to command wind."

OXOSSI

"And they will forget the forest if we do not guide them."

They agree to remain—present yet unseen, guardians of equilibrium.

PAGE 27–29

EXT. MOUNTAIN OVERLOOK – TWILIGHT

A faint tremor. Far below, humans mine too deeply, burning the land.

Ògún frowns. Òyá feels an ill wind. Òxóssi senses prey turning to predator.

OYA (ominous)

"Change comes again. And this time, it bears man's mark."

The sky reddens. Lightning cracks the horizon—foreshadowing conflict.

PAGE 30

FADE OUT.

TEXT ON SCREEN:

"The gods made the path. Now man must walk it."

MUSIC: Distant drums and iron striking stone blend with rustling leaves and rolling thunder.

END OF PROLOGUE

ACT I — “The Path of Man”

(From the screenplay: “When Iron Meets Wind and Arrow”)

PAGE 1

FADE IN:

EXT. SAVANNAH – DAWN

Golden light spills over new land. Tall grass sways where once there was only water.
A small village breathes — clay huts, smoke curling into the pink morning sky.

VO (NARRATOR)

“When the gods withdrew into mist, man rose from clay — and forgot whose hands had shaped him.”

PAGE 2

EXT. VILLAGE – CONTINUOUS

A young blacksmith, **ADEWALE (20s)**, hammers a glowing piece of iron. His forge glows crimson.

He whispers a prayer:

ADEWALE

“Ògún, lord of iron, guide my hand.”

The hammer sparks. The metal sings.

But beneath the sound — a faint rumble, almost a growl.

PAGE 3

EXT. FOREST EDGE – MORNING

Trees whisper secrets. A hunter, **ANAYA (20s, female)**, daughter of the woods, steps lightly with bow drawn.

Leaves swirl around her ankles — the wind playful, like a spirit's breath.

ANAYA

(softly)

“Òxóssi, grant me sight.”

She releases an arrow — perfect aim — the prey falls.

But she hesitates, sensing unseen eyes watching.

PAGE 4

EXT. RIVERBANK – LATE MORNING

A group of villagers wash clothes. The water darkens suddenly — wind rises.

A storm gathers without rain.

Lightning flashes — briefly revealing a shape of a woman in the current: ÒYÁ.

The villagers scream and scatter.

PAGE 5

INT. VILLAGE SHRINE – DAY

Adewale kneels before wooden carvings of the orixás: Ogun, Oxossi, Oya.

Elder priest **MAMA DELE** chants softly, tracing chalk sigils.

MAMA DELE

(in Yoruba)

“Èṣù má se, Ogun wà. The crossroads remain open, and iron remembers.”

She looks at Adewale gravely.

MAMA DELE

“You dream of fire and thunder. The gods are stirring.”

PAGE 6

INT. ADEWALE’S HUT – NIGHT

He wakes from a nightmare: fire raining from the sky, forests burning, iron gates rising.

He gasps.

In the dark corner, a faint ember glows — the same shape as Ògún’s forge mark.

PAGE 7

EXT. FOREST – NIGHT

Anaya walks deeper into the woods.

Whispers surround her: voices of the dead, stirred by Òyá’s wind.

A shadow moves — part beast, part metal.

She draws her bow — but it vanishes into mist.

PAGE 8

EXT. SACRED CLEARING – NIGHT

Moonlight cuts through. The air shimmers.

ÒGÚN, ÒYÁ, and ÒXÓSSÌ appear — translucent, like spirits between worlds.

OGUN

“Man shapes what he does not yet understand.”

OXOSSI

“And hunts what he cannot feed.”

OYA

“Change comes again. We must choose who among them will hear us.”

PAGE 9

INT. ADEWALE'S DREAM – FIRESCAPE

Adewale stands inside a dream-forge of molten rivers and black skies.
ÒGÚN materializes behind him, eyes glowing with iron light.

OGUN

“You carry the spark, son of clay. The hammer is your test.”

Adewale reaches for the hammer — it burns his hands — wakes screaming.

PAGE 10

EXT. VILLAGE – MORNING

Adewale runs to the elders.
Anaya is there too, shaken, describing the “iron beast.”

ANAYA

“It walked like a man, but its skin was metal.”

MAMA DELE

“The old stories return. When gods quarrel, men bleed.”

Thunder rolls.

PAGE 11

EXT. FOREST PATH – DAY

Anaya leads a group of hunters. The forest feels sick — vines blackened, animals silent.
She touches a tree — sap runs red like blood.

ANAYA

(to herself)

“Òxóssi, show me what hunts the hunters.”

PAGE 12

INT. FORGE – DAY

Adewale strikes the iron again — but this time, sparks twist unnaturally, forming shapes — arrows, trees, storms.

He drops his hammer.

Whispers fill the air: Ògún's language — ancient Yoruba prayers.

PAGE 13

EXT. FOREST – SAME TIME

Anaya finds footprints: human... but with metal impressions.

She follows — leading to a **clearing filled with scorched earth.**

PAGE 14

INT. FORGE – CONTINUOUS

The hammer flies off the anvil — embeds itself in the doorpost.

The mark glows — an ancient sigil.

The forge bellows as if alive.

ADEWALE

“Ògún... what are you asking of me?”

PAGE 15

EXT. FOREST CLEARING – CONTINUOUS

Anaya kneels beside blackened soil — finds an arrow fused with iron.

A low rumble behind her.

A figure emerges — a massive creature of vines, metal, and bone.

ANAYA

“In the name of the hunter, stay back!”

It roars — the wind picks up — ÒYÁ's presence trembles through the trees.

PAGE 16

EXT. FOREST BATTLE – NIGHT

A furious clash. Anaya fires arrows — they splinter against iron hide.

Wind whips violently — ÒYÁ intervenes.

The creature collapses into dust.

OYA (whisper, in wind)

“The path opens. Find the blacksmith.”

PAGE 17

INT. ADEWALE'S HUT – NIGHT

Adewale sketches symbols from his dreams.

Anaya bursts in — dirt, fear, conviction.

ANAYA

“The forest burns from within. You've seen it too.”

ADEWALE

“The gods... they're calling us.”

PAGE 18

EXT. SHRINE – NIGHT

Mama Dele prepares offerings: palm oil, iron blade, feathers.

She chants:

MAMA DELE

“Ògún ò ní bàjé. Òyá má sẹ̀ mi. Òxóssi, mo bè o.”

(“May Ogun not destroy. May Oya not break me. Oxossi, I beg you.”)

A storm swirls — offerings ignite without flame.

PAGE 19

INT. TEMPLE – NIGHT

The orishas manifest within the shrine, invisible to most — except Adewale and Anaya.
Wind, metal, and shadow converge.

OGUN

“You are our hands.”

OXOSSI

“Our eyes.”

OYA

“And our change.”

PAGE 20

EXT. VILLAGE – NEXT MORNING

The village awakes to strange signs: trees turned to metal, rivers running backward, the sky tinted red.

Children cry. Elders pray.

PAGE 21

INT. COUNCIL HUT – DAY

Leaders argue. Some want to abandon the land.

Adewale and Anaya speak up.

ADEWALE

“Leaving won’t save us. We must mend what’s broken.”

ELDER

“You speak as if gods still listen.”

ANAYA

“They do.”

Silence.

PAGE 22

EXT. FOREST ROAD – DAY

Adewale forges new tools — spears and charms.

Anaya gathers hunters.

They prepare for a journey to the **Mountain of Smoke** — the heart of the disturbance.

PAGE 23

EXT. RIVER CROSSING – DAY

The river now black with ash.

They cross under furious wind — ÒYÁ's storm guiding but testing them.

ANAYA

(shouting)

“Why help us if we may die?”

OYA (V.O.)

“Because death feeds change.”

PAGE 24

EXT. FOREST PASS – DUSK

Strange hybrid statues rise — half-human, half-metal.

Adewale recognizes them from his dreams.

ADEWALE

“These were once guardians.”

The statues' eyes flicker open.

PAGE 25

EXT. FOREST BATTLEFIELD – DUSK

A brief fight — the statues come alive.

Adewale's hammer glows — he channels Ògún's energy.

Anaya's arrows burn green — Òxóssi's blessing.

Together they destroy the constructs.

PAGE 26

EXT. AFTERMATH – NIGHT

Exhausted, the group camps.

Wind rustles through trees — gentle now.

Anaya gazes at the stars.

ANAYA

“The forest breathes again.”

ADEWALE

“Then why do I still feel watched?”

A silhouette in the distance — metallic, silent.

PAGE 27

EXT. MOUNTAIN OF SMOKE – DAWN

The group approaches colossal volcanic peaks. The ground hums — part forge, part living entity.

Whispers echo: “Ogun... Oya... Oxossi...”

PAGE 28

INT. MOUNTAIN CAVE – DAY

Ancient carvings depict gods at war.

A massive iron gate pulses like a heart.
Adewale touches it — symbols flare to life.

ADEWALE

“This is what I saw... the gate that ends the world.”

PAGE 29

EXT. CAVE ENTRANCE – SUNSET

ÒGÚN appears in the flames of the forge.
ÒYÁ’s winds rise. ÒXÓSSI’s spirit merges with the trees.

OGUN

“Man’s creation must be tempered.”

OYA

“Or it will consume both earth and heaven.”

PAGE 30

EXT. MOUNTAIN PEAK – NIGHT

Lightning, fire, wind converge.
Adewale raises his hammer. Anaya aims her arrow at the gate.
A storm rages — divine and human forces intertwined.

FADE OUT.

TITLE CARD:

“INTERLUDE — The Fire Between Worlds”

ACT II – “The Fire Between Worlds”

PAGE 1

FADE IN:

EXT. MOUNTAIN OF SMOKE – DAWN

A storm still churns overhead. The ground glows faintly where lightning struck.
Adewale and Anaya stand at the rim of a crater, breathless, weapons lowered.
The world is silent except for a low hum, as though the earth itself were breathing.

ANAYA

(softly)

It's alive.

ADEWALE

No — it's waking.

PAGE 2

INT. CRATER – CONTINUOUS

They descend carefully. The soil pulses with dim orange veins.
At the center: shards of the iron gate half-buried, still hot.

Adewale touches one; visions flood him — flash cuts: ÒGÚN's forge, ÒYÁ's storm, ÒXÓSSI's forest.

VOICE (OGUN V.O.)

Temper the fire before it consumes all.

Adewale staggers back, gasping.

ANAYA

What did you see?

ADEWALE

A warning... or a command.

PAGE 3

EXT. MOUNTAIN RIDGE – DAY

They hike toward higher ground. Mist curls around them, forming vague human shapes that dissolve in the light.

ANAYA

The spirits follow.

ADEWALE

They're drawn to the iron... to me.

A gust of wind whips through — whispering in Yoruba.

OYA (V.O.)

Ìyí yí yí... the change begins...

Adewale looks skyward — clouds spiral into a vortex.

PAGE 4

INT. MOUNTAIN CAVE – LATER

Inside, tunnels glow with molten seams. They find carvings of men kneeling before the orixás.

ANAYA

They built temples in stone, not wood.

ADEWALE

Because they feared fire more than gods.

A tremor shakes dust from the ceiling. Far off, a metallic screech echoes — something moving in the dark.

PAGE 5

Adewale ignites a torch; the flame burns blue. Shadows retreat to reveal **a giant effigy** — half man, half machine — dormant.
Symbols of Ògún carved into its chest.

ANAYA

What is it?

ADEWALE

His first tool... or his last weapon.

The effigy's eyes flicker — faint red light.

ANAYA

We should leave.

ADEWALE

We woke it. We can't turn back now.

PAGE 6

EXT. VALLEY OF ASH – DAY

The travelers emerge from the cave into a dead valley. Trees reduced to metal skeletons.
A caravan approaches — wanderers led by **IFEDAYO**, a healer wrapped in white cloth, carrying a gourd of shimmering water.

IFEDAYO

You walk the path of gods. Few survive it.

ANAYA

We don't seek death.

IFEDAYO

Then seek balance.

He offers them water that glows when it touches the air.

PAGE 7

EXT. CAMP – NIGHT

They rest around a faint fire. Ifedayo chants softly, a song in old Yoruba:

“Ọmọ ará ilé, fi irin ẹ àtẹ...”

(Children of earth, forge your path with iron...)

IFEDAYO

The orixás whisper again because men's hearts have turned hard as their tools.

ADEWALE

Then what softens them?

IFEDAYO

Loss.

Thunder mutters in the distance.

PAGE 8

INT. ADEWALE'S DREAM – FIERY FORGE

He stands before ÒGÚN again, surrounded by molten rivers.

OGUN

Your hands shape both life and death. Which will you choose?

Adewale looks down; every strike of his hammer creates either a flower or a weapon.

ADEWALE

I don't know anymore.

OGUN

Then learn.

He wakes drenched in sweat.

PAGE 9

EXT. VALLEY EDGE – DAWN

Anaya scouts ahead. She spots a group of armored figures — **the Forged**, humans fused with metal, remnants of past worship gone wrong.

Their leader's face half-masked in iron.

LEADER OF THE FORGED

The gods abandoned us. We forged ourselves anew.

They surround her.

PAGE 10

EXT. VALLEY – CONTINUOUS

Adewale hears her cries and charges forward, hammer blazing. Sparks leap from each swing.

The Forged retaliate with crude iron weapons.

ADEWALE

Stand down!

LEADER

Never again will flesh rule iron.

Clash — steel against spirit. Adewale's hammer shatters a sword; molten energy ripples through the valley.

PAGE 11

The ground splits — fire jets upward.
Ifedayo calls on ÒYÁ, scattering the Forged with wind.

IFEDAYO

Back to the dust that birthed you!

When the dust settles, only scorched armor remains.

ANAYA

That wasn't war. That was a warning.

PAGE 12

EXT. PLATEAU – LATER

The trio climbs toward a plateau overlooking the world below.
Rivers glimmer like veins of silver. Smoke spirals from distant villages.

ANAYA

They're burning the forests.

ADEWALE

Trying to smelt what they don't understand.

He looks down at his hands — faint iron patterns spreading under his skin.

PAGE 13

INT. ANCIENT TEMPLE RUINS – SUNSET

Columns carved with scenes of gods and mortals intertwined.
A central mosaic depicts **a circle of balance** — forest, forge, and storm.

IFEDAYO

Here the first covenant was sworn.

ADEWALE

Between gods and men?

IFEDAYO

Between creation and restraint.

A rumble deep below answers — the covenant cracking.

PAGE 14

EXT. TEMPLE COURTYARD – NIGHT

Rain begins — not water but molten droplets that hiss on stone.

ÒYÁ's voice rides the storm.

OYA (V.O.)

The line between worlds thins. Guard your hearts.

Lightning illuminates figures emerging from the rain — spirits of the dead seeking warmth in human flesh.

PAGE 15

INT. TEMPLE – CONTINUOUS

A spiritual battle: Anaya fires arrows of light; Adewale's hammer emits sonic booms;

Ifedayo's chants weave barriers of air.

When silence returns, dozens of glowing souls float peacefully upward.

ANAYA

They only wanted to be remembered.

ADEWALE

And we almost destroyed them again.

PAGE 16

EXT. DESERT THRESHOLD – DAY

Beyond the plateau lies a red desert — scorched earth where no forest grows.
They must cross it to reach the “Heart Forge,” the source of the disturbance.

Ifedayo traces symbols in sand; a breeze shapes them into glowing footprints.

IFEDAYO

Follow these and you will not burn.

PAGE 17

MONTAGE – DESERT JOURNEY

- Heat mirages reveal ghosts of cities consumed by their own machines.
- Adewale collapses; Anaya drags him forward.
- Night winds howl with ÒYÁ’s laughter, half warning, half blessing.
- Iron dust storms form and dissipate like living things.

PAGE 18

EXT. OASIS OF MIRRORS – NIGHT

They stumble into a shallow lake reflecting stars perfectly.
Each reflection shows a different version of themselves: hunter, smith, spirit.

ANAYA

Is this what we could be?

ADEWALE

Or what we already are.

He touches the water — the images merge into one.

PAGE 19

EXT. HEART FORGE ENTRANCE – DAWN

A chasm yawns before them, pulsing with inner light.
A voice echoes from below — deep, mechanical, ancient.

VOICE

Return the gift or be consumed by it.

The air smells of iron and rain.

PAGE 20

INT. HEART FORGE – DESCENT

They climb down ladders of twisted metal.
Massive gears turn slowly; streams of molten energy course like blood.
At the core: a beating orb — the Heart of Iron.

ADEWALE

This is where the gods first forged the world.

ANAYA

And where it will end if it keeps beating like this.

PAGE 21

A figure steps from the shadows — **THE FORGED LEADER**, rebuilt and glowing.

LEADER

You brought the flame back. Now all shall burn.

Battle ignites. Sparks fly; the orb pulses faster.

PAGE 22

Adewale fights savagely, channeling ÒGÚN's might; Anaya darts between blasts, guided by ÒXÓSSI.

Ifedayo raises a wind shield, invoking ÒYÁ.

ADEWALE

You twist the gods' gift!

LEADER

I perfect it!

They clash near the orb. A shockwave knocks everyone down.

PAGE 23

The orb cracks — molten light spills out, forming a spiral portal.

Through it, glimpses of the divine realm flash: forests of lightning, rivers of stars.

IFEDAYO

The worlds are merging!

Adewale hesitates — caught between awe and dread.

PAGE 24**INT. HEART FORGE CORE – CONTINUOUS**

The Forged Leader dives into the portal.

Adewale follows, dragging Anaya with him.

They tumble through a corridor of flame and wind — half physical, half spiritual.

PAGE 25**INT. LIMINAL REALM – TIMELESS**

They land on a floating platform of molten glass.

Above, ÒGÚN, ÒYÁ, and ÒXÓSSI appear, immense and radiant.

OGUN

You stand where creation began.

OYA

And where it tests itself.

OXOSSI

What you forge here will echo forever.

Adewale kneels. Anaya steadies him.

PAGE 26

The Forged Leader rises behind them, body breaking apart.

LEADER

If gods made man in fire, then man shall burn like them!

He lunges at the Heart-flame. Adewale blocks him; both are engulfed.

PAGE 27

In the blaze, visions intertwine:

- Ogun's hammer,
- Oya's storm,
- Oxossi's arrow.

Adewale channels all three forces through his body. The Forged Leader screams as his form disintegrates into pure light.

PAGE 28

The light subsides. Adewale floats, glowing faintly, changed — veins of molten gold under his skin.

The gods watch.

OGUN

You have tempered the fire.

OYA

You have endured the wind.

OXOSSI

Now find balance in the hunt of your own heart.

They fade.

PAGE 29

EXT. HEART FORGE – DAWN

Adewale and Anaya awaken at the chasm's edge. The Heart has cooled, beating steady. Ifedayo approaches, smiling through tears.

IFEDAYO

The breach is sealed. The gods rest again.

ADEWALE

Not rest. Wait.

He gazes at the horizon — new green shoots piercing burnt soil.

PAGE 30

EXT. MOUNTAIN OF SMOKE – SUNRISE

The sky clears. Birds return. The wind carries a whisper — part storm, part blessing.

OYA (V.O.)

Change never ends. It only breathes anew.

Adewale raises his hammer; Anaya plants her bow beside it — symbols of union between forge and forest.

FADE OUT.

TEXT ON SCREEN:

INTERLUDE – “When the Gods Dream of Man”

END OF ACT II

INTERLUDE – “When the Gods Dream of Man”

PAGE 1

FADE IN:

EXT. MOUNTAIN OF SMOKE – DAWN MIST

Silence.

Only the crackle of cooling stone and a faint breath of wind.

Adewale sits alone on a ridge, hammer beside him.

Anaya sleeps under a tree reborn from ash — its leaves faintly silver.

He gazes at his hands. Faint traces of light pulse beneath his skin.

ADEWALE (whisper)

Ogun... did I forge peace or another weapon?

The wind answers with the distant roll of thunder — a heartbeat of the gods.

PAGE 2

INT. DREAM PLANE – TIMELESS

Adewale drifts into sleep.

He awakens standing in a void of shifting color — flame, forest, storm, ocean — blending endlessly.

From each element, a figure emerges: ÒGÚN, ÒXÓSSI, ÒYÁ.

They no longer tower over him; they stand *with* him.

OGUN

The forge cools. The metal remembers the fire.

OYA

The wind sleeps only to rise again.

OXOSSI

The forest listens — waiting for man's next step.

Adewale bows.

ADEWALE

I fear what we've become. We touch divinity, yet forget mercy.

OGUN

Fear tempers courage.

OYA

Mercy tempers power.

PAGE 3

EXT. FOREST OF MISTS – DREAMSCAPE

The void resolves into a vast forest shimmering with dew and fireflies.

Anaya appears at a distance, hunting a phantom stag of pure light.

OXOSSI

She carries the arrow of memory.

ADEWALE

Will it strike truth?

OXOSSI

If the heart guides the bow.

Anaya releases the arrow; it flies into darkness — and transforms into a falling star.

PAGE 4

INT. SPIRIT RIVER – CONTINUOUS

The falling star splashes into a wide river that glows from within.

The souls freed in Act II drift here, singing softly — a lullaby of rebirth.

CHORUS (V.O., ancient Yoruba)

“Aiye atúnse, orun gbó, omi mọ...”

(Earth remade, heaven hears, waters remember.)

Adewale steps into the river. His reflection shows him as a child, hammer made of clay.

CHILD ADEWALE

You wanted to build bridges, not break them.

ADEWALE

I still can.

He reaches out — ripples carry his image away.

PAGE 5

EXT. RIVER BANK – SAME

Anaya joins him. Her bow has turned to living wood; tiny shoots sprout from it.

ANAYA

The gods spoke to you too.

ADEWALE

They always do. We just never listen long enough.

A gentle laugh — ÒYÁ materializes behind them, veiled in mist.

OYA

Listening is not stillness. It is movement inward.

Lightning flickers, revealing her face both young and ancient.

PAGE 6

OYA'S REALM – BETWEEN STORM AND CALM

They find themselves atop clouds swirling like oceans.

Below them, continents of light — each pulse a mortal dream.

OYA

The dreams of men feed the pulse of gods.

When men forget wonder, even we fade.

Adewale gazes down — visions of villages rebuilding, smiths forging plows instead of weapons, children laughing in rain.

ADEWALE

Maybe they're remembering.

OYA

Then the wind may rest... for a time.

She vanishes into lightning.

PAGE 7

EXT. ANCIENT FORGE OF OGUN – DREAM REALM

Adewale stands inside a colossal forge.

The anvil glows faint blue. Tools hang in the air, humming.

OGUN

Fire is neither good nor evil. It is will.
What you forge next decides the age to come.

Adewale lifts a lump of molten metal; shapes it with bare hands.
It cools into a ring — not for power, but unity.

ADEWALE

For balance.

Ogun smiles, vanishing into sparks.

PAGE 8

EXT. FOREST THRESHOLD – DREAM REALM

Anaya walks through towering trees.
Leaves whisper her name. A white stag steps out — eyes bright as moons.

OXOSSI (V.O.)

The hunt never ends; it only changes its prey.

ANAYA

What do I hunt now?

OXOSSI (V.O.)

Understanding.

She kneels; the stag lowers its head, touching her forehead — a blessing.

PAGE 9

INT. SHARED VISION – MERGING REALMS

The dreamscapes merge — forge, storm, forest all folding into one luminous sphere.
Adewale and Anaya stand at its center, surrounded by flowing images of humanity:
birth, love, greed, laughter, sorrow, creation.

ANAYA

Maybe the gods dream of us as we dream of them.

ADEWALE

Then we are each other's memory.

The sphere contracts, pulsing like a heart — then dissolves into light.

PAGE 10

EXT. REAL WORLD – PRE-DAWN

They awaken beside the mountain again.

The sky glows faint violet.

Ifedayo sits nearby, meditating, surrounded by floating embers that move like fireflies.

IFEDAYO

You walked between breaths of creation. What did you bring back?

ADEWALE

The memory of balance.

ANAYA

And the promise to guard it.

He nods solemnly.

IFEDAYO

Then the age of silence is over. The third dawn begins.

PAGE 11

EXT. MOUNTAIN SLOPE – DAWN RISES

A new wind sweeps across the land. The air smells of rain and metal — fertile, alive.

Below, villages begin to stir; smoke rises not from war, but from cook fires.

Children play in the runoff streams, tracing symbols in mud that resemble ancient sigils of the orixás.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

When gods dream of man, rivers remember their source.

When man dreams of gods, fire forgets to burn.

PAGE 12

INT. TEMPLE OF BALANCE – DAY

Weeks later — Adewale, Anaya, and Ifedayo oversee the construction of a new shrine.

Half stone, half living tree. At its heart lies the cooled Heart of Iron, now pulsing gently.

ANAYA

So it ends?

ADEWALE

No. So it begins again.

A single leaf falls onto the anvil. It bursts into a tiny flame — green and gold.

FADE OUT.

TITLE CARD:

ACT III – The Reforging of the World

ACT III – “THE REFORGING OF THE WORLD”

PAGE 1

FADE IN:

EXT. TEMPLE OF BALANCE – DAWN

Adewale stands before the new shrine — hammer in hand.
The Heart of Iron glows faintly, synchronizing with his pulse.
Anaya and Ifedayo work beside villagers rebuilding homes.

A rumble shakes the earth. The glow flickers.

ANAYA

The Heart trembles again.

ADEWALE

Then something still stirs below.

PAGE 2

EXT. SKY ABOVE THE MOUNTAIN – CONTINUOUS

Dark clouds coil into a spiral. Lightning cracks in purple arcs.
From within the storm emerges a colossal silhouette — **E SHU**, the trickster messenger,
half-light, half-shadow.

E SHU

Balance invites imbalance. You mend one world and wake another.

ADEWALE

We seek peace, not chaos.

E SHU

Chaos births change. Will you deny what made you?

Thunder answers for him.

PAGE 3

INT. TEMPLE OF BALANCE – CONTINUOUS

The Heart of Iron pulses violently, cracks spreading like veins.
Molten symbols crawl along the walls.
Ifedayo chants desperately, drawing protective sigils.

IFEDAYO

The covenant strains. We must renew it — or it will break!

Adewale places his palm on the Heart; the light surges up his arm.

PAGE 4

INT. VISION PLANE – SIMULTANEOUS

Adewale is thrown into a blinding expanse — fragments of past and future colliding:
the old wars, forges blazing, forests burning, rivers drying.

He sees mortals worshipping machines, forgetting the sacred names.

OGUN (V.O.)

The forge remembers all who misuse its gift.

ADEWALE

Then let me remake it right.

He hurls his hammer into the void — it erupts into a thousand sparks that become stars.

PAGE 5

EXT. MOUNTAIN SUMMIT – DAY

Reality shatters. Lightning strikes the shrine.

A portal opens — swirling light revealing the **Heart Below**, an inverted realm where molten rivers flow skyward.

E Shu steps between worlds, grinning.

E SHU

The gods built the gate. Man built the key.

Now tell me, smith — do you lock it or open it?

ADEWALE

Neither. I reshape it.

He leaps into the portal.

PAGE 6

INT. HEART BELOW – CONTINUOUS

A vast cavern lit by vertical rivers of flame.

Each drop of molten metal carries visions of human history.

Adewale lands on a floating platform, hammer reforming in his grip.

An echoing roar — the **Forged Leader**, reborn once more, now fused with shards of divinity.

LEADER

You tempered me in god-fire. Now witness perfection.

PAGE 7

They clash. Each strike resounds like thunder; sparks become meteors falling through the molten sky.

ADEWALE

This ends here!

LEADER

Nothing ends! Fire only feeds!

The Leader swings a blade of living iron; Adewale counters, channeling Ogun's flame.
Shockwaves ripple outward, collapsing pillars of magma.

PAGE 8

EXT. SURFACE – SAME TIME

Anaya and Ifedayo feel tremors; fissures open, spilling light.

ANAYA

He's fighting below — he'll die alone!

IFEDAYO

Then the gods will watch a mortal teach them courage.

Anaya tightens her bowstring, chanting Oxossi's prayer.
She fires an arrow straight into the Heart of Iron — light bridges the realms.

PAGE 9

INT. HEART BELOW – CONTINUOUS

The arrow pierces the air beside Adewale, forming a path of energy.
Anaya sprints down it, spectral, bow blazing green.

Together they stand against the Forged Leader.

ANAYA

Two fires burn brighter than one.

ADEWALE

Then forge with me.

They synchronize — hammer and bow in rhythm — each blow and arrow carving sigils of unity in the molten air.

PAGE 10

The Forged Leader falters. His iron skin cracks; molten tears spill.

LEADER

You pity me? I became what gods feared!

ADEWALE

You became what men forgot — the will to change.

A final hammer strike drives the Leader into the molten core.

A column of light erupts — *a pure, blinding boom* — shaking the entire world.

PAGE 11

EXT. MOUNTAIN OF SMOKE – DAY

The explosion bursts from the mountain's peak — not destruction but rebirth.

Clouds scatter; rain falls as molten drops that cool into seeds of gold.

Villagers watch in awe as greenery spreads instantly across scorched valleys.

IFEDAYO (softly)

Fire remembers mercy.

PAGE 12

INT. REALM OF LIGHT – TIMELESS

Adewale drifts amid calm radiance.

Ogun, Oya, Oxossi appear once more, joined now by E Shu, smiling shyly.

E SHU

So the smith reforged the world and the trickster kept his balance.

OGUN

He forged humility.

OYA

And tempered it with change.

OXOSSI

Let it breathe — as forest, as flame.

They fade, leaving Adewale alone with a single glowing ember.

PAGE 13

EXT. TEMPLE OF BALANCE – DUSK

Adewale awakens beside Anaya.

The shrine stands intact, surrounded by new trees and streams of silver water.

Children run, laughing; blacksmiths craft instruments instead of blades.

Music fills the air.

ANAYA

Did we win?

ADEWALE

We learned.

He opens his palm — the ember becomes a small bird of fire that flies into the sunset.

PAGE 14

MONTAGE – THE NEW AGE

— Women forging plowshares inscribed with Ogun's runes.

— Hunters releasing arrows of light to guide the rains.

— Winds carrying whispers of Oya through harvest fields.

— Forests growing in spirals, echoing Oxossi's bowstring.

— A child hammering copper beside his mother, smiling at sparks.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

The gods dream still — but now man dreams with them.

PAGE 15

EXT. MOUNTAIN RIDGE – SUNSET

Adewale, Anaya, and Ifedayo stand watching the horizon.
Three colors wash the sky: green (forest), blue (storm), gold (forge).

IFEDAYO

What will you do now?

ADEWALE

Teach them to listen to metal — before it shouts again.

ANAYA

And hunt not beasts, but truth.

They clasp hands — unity of forge, wind, and forest.

PAGE 16

The horizon flares — one final echo of the Heart Below rising into the heavens as a comet.
Its tail paints symbols of the orixás across the night.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

In the age after fire, memory glows brighter than flame.
When the hammer falls again, it will be upon a world reborn.

FADE OUT.

ROLL CREDITS OVER:

Drums, chants, wind, and birdsong intertwine — a living symphony.

THE END