

Fear and Fenrir

By

James Blanchard

Copyright (c) 2014 James
Blanchard

james.blanchard97@gmail.com

This screenplay may not be used
or reproduced without the
express written permission of
the author

1. INT. EGYPTIAN TOMB - CORRIDOR #1

ELIZA is kneeling by the the wall of the tomb. It's dark - she has her torch in her mouth, using the light to illuminate the hieroglyphs. She's in her forties, hair just starting to grey. Experienced - she's been playing this game a long time.

In one hand she has some kind of measuring device, and a pencil in the other, occasionally jotting things in a notebook beside her. She's wearing a forensic suit and latex gloves.

ELIZA
(reading, mumbling through torch)
Wolf...

She jots the word down in big, capital letters.

More torchlight appears from the corridor.

VOICE
You're missing all the good stuff
up here.

Eliza takes her torch and shines it in the voice's direction - the illuminated face belongs to ROBERT (also wearing forensic suit and gloves). He's much younger, just starting out as a post-grad.

ROBERT
(covering eyes) Ouch!

ELIZA
This isn't Indiana Jones, Robert,
try doing some actual work for
once.

She stands up, heads towards him.

ROBERT
'Indiana Jones and the Slow
Searching of the Tiny Tomb'
doesn't sound very romantic,
though.

ELIZA
Probably because we're not on a
date.

Robert pulls a strained face as she passes him. He follows her as they round the corner.

2

2. INT. EGYPTIAN TOMB - CORRIDOR #2

Eliza leans against the wall.

ELIZA

So what's got you so excited?

Robert points his torch at some hieroglyphs beside her head. She turns to look at them:

They depict a young girl in a white dress, kneeling, surrounded by flowers. Behind her, an alter in the shape of a wolf sits, seemingly surrounded by chains. Other, nondescript figures shield their eyes from the girl.

ELIZA (cont'd)

That's...weird.

ROBERT

Isn't it just? If we had found this tiny boring tomb outside Chichen Itza I wouldn't bat an eyelid. But...

He moves over to the hieroglyphs, gently touches the picture of the girl...then spins around to face to Eliza.

ROBERT (cont'd)

(cont'd)

We're not.

ELIZA

Could be a family tomb? It's small enough; personalisation wasn't uncommon.

ROBERT

There's customisation, Eliza, and there are non-sequiturs. And don't bother making a social-networking joke, I've thought of them all already.

Eliza moves in closer to the picture of the girl. She shines her light at it, studying it closely.

ELIZA

Have you dated the paint?

ROBERT

Not yet. The isotopic techno-whatsit's at the entrance.

Robert waits for a response. He gets none.

(CONTINUED)

ROBERT (cont'd)
Would you like me to go and get
it?

ELIZA
(absent) M-hmm.

Robert shakes his head, then heads off around the corner.

Eliza tilts her head, perplexed by the hieroglyphs. She holds up her notebook, 'WOLF' sat right next to the girl and the alter.

ELIZA (cont'd)
(mouthing silently) Wolf...

INSET: Sunlight. Bright sunlight. Brighter than anything. A YOUNG GIRL in a white dress walks towards a hole in-between two large rocks. It's the entrance to the tomb. Two men guard it. The girl looks petrified.

Eliza takes a step back. Then a step forward. She measures the height of the girl. She steps back again.

ELIZA (cont'd)
Wolf...

She scans the light over more hieroglyphs. She settles on one of a chain, with flowers dotting the links, reaching all the way from floor to ceiling.

INSET: Young Girl walks down Corridor #1, flanked by two men. Flaming torches line the walls. There are slaves painting the walls as she passes through. They all watch her walk, but none look her in the eye.

Eliza bends down, peering closer at the chain. It's not made of metal, but instead, skeletons, locked together, shielding their eyes with their arms. She scans down, and sees a patch of floor entirely obscured by dust and cobwebs.

INSET: Young Girl rounds the corner into Corridor #2. A LUPANI PRIEST is standing there, dressed in teal robes - antiquated, ornate, yet tattered. His face is obscured by a large hood, shaped like a wolf's head. Young Girl walks up to him, head bowed. She's crying. Lupani Priest reaches out, lifts her chin so she looks at him, and nods. She smiles, reassured. They hold hands, and walk off down the corridor.

Eliza wipes the dust away, to find runes, chiseled into the floor. She looks even more confused.

ROBERT (OOV)
Everything about this place is
odd. The more I think about it,
the odder it gets.

(CONTINUED)

Robert comes back from around the corner, holding a black, functional briefcase. He sets it down, opens it up.

ROBERT

(cont'd)

The wolf thing is just strange. I mean, we're not in Norway, and you're not going to find many things that get anywhere near something like a wolf around here. So what's it all about?

He pulls out a a phial of liquid, followed by a thin, metal needle. He begins to shake the phial.

ELIZA

Robert, come and look at this.

He comes over to her, still shaking the phial. He peers at the runes.

ROBERT

Alright, weirder still.

ELIZA

They have to be Nordic. They can't be anything else.

ROBERT

Maybe some vandals did it? Colonials, maybe.

ELIZA

There aren't any villages for miles around. Never has been.

ROBERT

I don't know, does Egypt have rural Tory kids?

Robert stops shaking and removes the lid of the phial. Carefully, so not to spill any of the colourless liquid. He takes the needle, plucks off a tiny amount of paint from a hieroglyph. It drops into the phial. Robert puts the lid back on.

He raises his torch to the phial (Eliza comes to look at it too). The liquid fizzes and turns a green colour.

ROBERT (cont'd)

About 4000 to 3000 BCE.

ELIZA

So it's pre-dynastic.

(CONTINUED)

ROBERT
Has to be.

ELIZA
So now we're back to where we
bloody started!

She throws her torch to the floor in frustration, puts her hand over her mouth as if to hold it in.

ROBERT
Hey, hey! It's only a tomb,
there'll be some reasonable
explanation. Maybe you could
write a paper on it and do tours
and stuff. You've been doing this
for twenty-five years, Eliza,
this isn't going to be your Curse
of Tutankhamen.

Eliza buries her face in her hands - pausing to think for a while.

ROBERT (cont'd)
(cont'd)
Eliza...don't get-

ELIZA
Get what? Confused? Annoyed?
Curious? Maybe you're happy to
sit and not do anything all day,
and because you're young you
think nothing's worth bothering
with, but some of us want to do
the job we're paid to do.

For a minute, they sit in stony silence, cold towards each other. Robert's look is steely. At last, Eliza speaks:

ELIZA (cont'd)
I'm sorry.

ROBERT
No you're not.

ELIZA
Yeah.

Eliza snatches up her torch and heads off, further down the corridor.

ROBERT
Where the hell are you going?!

ELIZA
To find out what's wrong with
this tomb.

(CONTINUED)

ROBERT

We don't know what's down there
yet!

ELIZA

Then let's find out.

Eliza disappears into the darkness further down the
corridor. Robert curses, then follows her.

3

3. INT. EGYPTIAN TOMB - ANTECHAMBER - FLASHBACK

Lupani Priest leads Young Girl into the antechamber. The
archway over the door is of Nut (goddess of the sky - a
great woman, patterned with stars who leans across the
sky. She makes up the doorframe). She is shielding her
eyes. Young Girl releases Priest's hand and looks at the
archway.

YOUNG GIRL

(Sumerian, subtitled)

Why does she look away?

LUPANI PRIEST

(Sumerian, subtitled)

Because non wish to see what must
be done. Even a goddess.

In the centre of the antechamber is a shrine, in the shape
of a wolf. Flowers surround it. Priest places his hands
upon it.

LUPANI PRIEST

(Sumerian, subtitled)

And now my girl, your rest has
come.

YOUNG GIRL

(Sumerian, subtitled)

I'm frightened.

LUPANI PRIEST

(Sumerian, subtitled)

As am I. But know that you're
sleep will keep at bay the fear
of a thousand nations, for all of
time.

YOUNG GIRL

(Sumerian, subtitled)

It did not last for all of time
before.

LUPANI PRIEST

(Sumerian, subtitled)

No, it did not. But she, my dear,
was not frightened.

(CONTINUED)

FADE TO:

4

4. INT. EGYPTIAN TOMB - ANTECHAMBER - PRESENT

Eliza enters the antechamber. It's dark, the only light comes from her torch. She looks up, scans the Nut archway.

Robert enters.

ROBERT
What's this place?

ELIZA
I don't know...

She turns, and the light of her torch catches the Wolf-shaped shrine.

ELIZA (cont'd)
(cont'd)
But I think we've found our wolf.

She heads towards it, but Robert grabs her arm.

ROBERT
Eliza, listen to me. I know you think I'm lazy, but I know when to leave things. And I know when things aren't good for people. And, right now...right...

He trails off - he's looking at something over Eliza's shoulder.

ELIZA
What? What is it?

He can't speak. Slowly, she turns around, to see...

Young Girl. She's sat by the shrine, surrounded by flowers. head bowed and eyes closed, like she's praying. She seems to be bathed in a strange glow.

ELIZA (cont'd)
Oh my God!

She runs over to her, places a hand on her face. She tries to pull her up.

ELIZA (cont'd)
She's still warm! Help me carry her out of here!

Eliza looks back to see Robert has backed out of the doorway. He's staring at her.

(CONTINUED)

ELIZA (cont'd)
(cont'd)
What?! What on earth are you
doing?!

ROBERT
Eliza...look...

Eliza looks back to Young Girl in her arms...

She's a skeleton! The bones collapse to dust in Eliza's hold, and she falls on her back. The flowers have dried to dust.

A rumbling noise begins - a boulder is sliding down over Nut's door, about to trap Eliza inside.

ROBERT (cont'd)
Eliza!

But he's too late. The doors seals shut.

Eliza is alone, trapped in the dark (her torch offers hardly any light). She closes her eyes, and buries her face in her hands. But...

She pulls her hands away, and the darkness is gone. She looks down: she's wearing a white dress, just like Young Girl's. The flowers are back.

She looks up, to see Priest, standing with his hands on the shrine.

LUPANI PRIEST
Tell me, Eliza, are you afraid?