

Written by

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> Based on, CHALDEA by Peter Adkison

Copyright (c) 2021, Challdea LLC Padkison@worldofchaldea.com 206-778-8836 EXT. SOMARRIA - GRAVERS DIG - DAY - ESTABLISHING

On the edge of the sun kissed Great Sea on the northern tropical coast of Somarria resides a fast-paced frontier town full of opportunity and passion.

GRAVERS DIG

A violent resort for graver types, hunters, felons, troublemakers and entrepreneurs. All here for money, prestige and rambunctious good-times.

Recently, one of Brigthwyna's star-studded "Hunts" concluded. Streets and businesses are bustling with gravers and hunters looking for their next job.

Brigthwyna, of course, the demigoddess of Arawn who operates this town likes to keep the place prosperous and lively.

There are always new jobs for those who are inspired.

EXT. TEMPLE OF SET - DAY

A large sandstone pyramid in the heart of Gravers Dig, stands as a stark warning to all that Set is the official religion of Chaldea and he reigns supreme.

EXT. THE TEMPLE OF SET - MAIN ENTRANCE

A steady flow of ethnic diversity, a fusion of Chaldean humanoids, (and even some off worlders) push and shove their way through the Pyramids main stone portal.

If Set reigned supreme here, at one time, no longer.

The once ominous fear inducing Temple of Set is home to a rowdy GRAVER BAR called--

INT. THE PYRAMID BAR

It's filled to overflowing with gravers, hunters, felons, power drinkers and trustees of supernatural concoctions.

NEAR THE FRONT DOOR, WAR-BUR, (a female, dwarven outcast warrior), chisels her name next to hundreds of others on the HERETICS WALL in open defiance to Set.

Satisfied, War-bur joins two friends at a nearby table.

CAMILLE Welcome to the Heretics.

	WAR-BUR We need a job. Posthaste. Preferably killing something. Postmarked. Post-whatever.	2
	(a female, Marn-elf), her fresh youthful appe d by marn enchantments, is anything but youth	
	CAMILLE Posthumously?	3
	S as she considers the struggling kleptomania e dwarf an outcast.	c that
	CAMILLE (CONT'D) Whatever job comes through that door next, we take it. Agreed?	4
Two weeks bur in a s	without a job, doing nothing but drinking ha sour mood.	s War-
	WAR-BUR Sure. As long as it ain't going back to Marn. I ain't doing Marn again. Not after last time.	5
	ANAN You're gonna wish you hadn't agreed to that.	6
	Ma'at priestess of Osiris), motions to a GEKK no just flew into the bar.	ON mail
The cute f a scroll.	flying reptile circles the bar, lands and han	ds Ana
	WAR-BUR Shit. You two had that planned.	7
	CAMILLE Yah, we did.	8
Anan takes	s the SCROLL and opens it:	

(MORE)

		ANAN (CONT'D) Others are also searching. Signed FEATHERS.	
10		WAR-BUR So long as we keep the flail?	10
11		CAMILLE Of course we keep it and anything else we find.	11
12		ANAN I'm on a mission from god.	12
13		WAR-BUR I hate it when she says that.	13
			FADE OUT:
	FADE IN:		

3.

A FEW DAYS LATER

The Somarrian Hunting grounds are vast and the Star Gazer Ruins lay deep in the southern jungle.

War-bur, the newest Heretic, leads the way smashing thick undergrowth with "CHUMMY", her sizeable warhammer

Having spent two days hacking their way through thick jungle, Camille, Anan, and War-bur finally arrive at--

EXT. STAR GAZER RUINS - ESTABLISHING - DAY

Blocking the horizon are unnaturally smooth rock formations towering thousands of feet above the jungle canopy. Mountainous though they be, they aren't exactly mountains.

14	WAR-BUR Them be some biiig stones.	14
15	CAMILLE Meteorites, actually	15
16	ANAN Huh?	16
10	null:	10
17	CAMILLE The gazers peered into places not meant to be seen and	17
18	(waves at mountainous boulders) Well, the Celestials dropped these on their city.	18

	War-bur whistles between her teeth, impressed.	
19	CAMILLE (CONT'D) Legend says, the gazers built a tower so tall they could touch An, home of the Anumians.	19
20	ANAN Up close and personal, huh? Let me guess. They didn't appreciate that.	20
21	WAR-BUR And went bowling for towers.	21
22	(Winds up a bowling ball) Strike!	22
23	CAMILLE (giggles) This way, I know the path.	23
	For the next few hours the three slowly snake their way through narrow, one person tight ravines.	
	FINALLY	
	They emerge from a crack onto an open rocky ledge overlook a vast IMPACT CRATER.	ing
24	CAMILLE (CONT'D) Star Gazer City, my friends.	24
	The three enjoy the panoramic view of this ancient city in ruins. The remnants of the sky tower's impressive superstructure lies in broken hunks upon the crater floor.	
	Stunned by the fractured beauty, Camille stumbles into	
	FINNIAN, (Dorian, human male), well-seasoned by the look o his heavy pockmarked armor and master artisan blade.	f
	The warrior rises slowly out of a hidden grotto, haloed by surly band of roadside cutthroats.	a
25	FINNIAN Where you be think'n you'r going?	25
	War-bur yanks Chummy waving it menacingly in his face.	
26	WAR-BUR We are going anywhere we want to go. Out of the way, sir. Or would that be cur?	26

	Finnian laughs uproariously.	
27	FINNIAN You wish. 2	7
	Finnian eyes each of the three in turn and finally stops on Camille. Surprise shifts to anger.	
28	FINNIAN (CONT'D) This is no place for a child. It's 23 highly irresponsible.	8
	Camille stiffens.	
29	CAMILLE I am not a child. I've got one of 29 these.	9
	She holds up her sickle so that the sun's radiance dances across it's fine razor edge.	
30	FINNIAN Careful you'll cut yourself, child. 30	0
31	ANAN More than likely she'll cut you. 31	1
32	CAMILLE Step aside. 32	2
33	FINNIAN The entrance is closed. By order 33 of Safiya. Be off with ya.	3
	Camille steps closer to Finnian.	
34	CAMILLE Here's the thing. I really don't 34 like it, when people tell me what to do. You're gonna have to step aside, begg'n your pardon.	4
	Finnian maintains a wary eye on the scary sickle and the even scarier tiny elf-thing wielding it.	en
	He stands his ground, sword raised.	
35	FINNIAN The only way you're gett'n past me 31 is dead and stuffed.	5
36	CAMILLE Time to get Chummy. 30	6

37

Camille druid animates a WAVE OF STONE and rides it quickly in retreat, taking up defensive posture behind War-bur.

War-bur flexes Chummy and screams a taunt in defiance.

WAR-BUR

ARGHHHH....

37

38

Anan mirrors War-bur's enthusiasm with religious zeal of an Osiris true believer.

ANAN

Stand down. I'M ON A MISSION FROM 38 GOD HERE.

Finnian and his comrades aren't intimated one iota by either a mad screaming dwarf or an over zealous priest.

FINNIAN CHARGES. Sword and hammer collide, high impacts echo loudly off the towering meteorites.

Outnumbered by the cutthroats, War-bur is soon covered in wicked gashes kept alive by Anan's timely heals.

Camille's bouncing animated ground levels the battle field, giving the sure footed dwarf advantage.

Driven to their backsides by shaky ground, four enemies are soon three and then two and finally...

FINNIAN stands alone.

39	FINNIAN We were once like you, one of Brigthwyna's heretics.	39
	WAR-BUR	
40	So?	40
41	FINNIAN Before Safiya and her curse?	41
	Derere barrya and ner carse.	
4.0	WAR-BUR	4.0
42	I can remove curses.	42

War-bur kicks Finnian off the ledge into the crater.

The three heretics watch as Finnian splatters like a tomato.

AN	AN
T 7T A	<u> </u>

(ye	lls into	o the	void	d)	
Idiot.	Always	kill	the	cleric	
first.					

43

44

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

LATER

War-bur leads the others down a steep path into the impact crater and to the ruins.

Where our heroes arrive at --

THE ELEPHANT CAGE

Not exactly a cage per se, but instead a ruinous cataract. Like a deep savage wound encircling the city center.

Trapped inside the wound, like maggots feeding upon the festering corpse of Star Gazer city is a HERD OF CARNIVOROUS ELEPHANTS.

As our gravers arrive, they witness the herd finishing off *something*? Something very large, or many somethings.

WAR-BUR

44 Gosh. That's a bad day.

ANAN

Who said, when elephants fight, 45 it's the grass that suffers?

The cage is a hideous animal graveyard with the remains of many things having been lured, trapped and killed.

WAR-BUR

46

47

48

45

That dorian fella, mentioned 46 something about a curse. You think this be part of it?

The Ma'at Crypt and the focus of their quest: "Find and secure the Flail", was somewhere on the other side.

CAMILLE	
---------	--

Stay focused people. W	le need to	47
get to the other side.		

ANAN

Osiris will	protect us.	48
-------------	-------------	----

Anan raises her arms and eyes to the sky, chanting a hymn.

49	ANAN (CONT'D) Praise be unto thee, Osiris, lord of eternity. The great god who dwellest within Abtu, thou king of eternity, thou lord of everlastingness, who passest through millions of years in the course of thine existence. Protect me, your humble servant.	49
	With divine faith Anan walks unafraid toward the elephants	•
50	WAR-BUR She's doing that religion thing again.	50
	AT THE SAME TIME	
51	CAMILLE (off Anan's blind faith) Quick. We need a distraction.	51
	War-bur prepares Chummy for action.	
52	WAR-BUR I'm a weapon of mass distraction.	52
53	CAMILLE Not that kind of distraction.	53
	Camille traces the delicate tattoo on her cheek projecting the power of the Marn enchantment outward.	
	Sound waves manifest, ripple like heat waves, painting the elephants blood stained hide with intricate Marn tattoos.	
	In the distance a CRYSTAL PING resonates drawing the herd'attention. Slowly all but one turn and follow the ping, la carrot on a stick.	
54	WAR-BUR Nice. But you missed one.	54
	The largest of the bull elephants, however, attention rema on the invaders. He STOMPS the ground thunderously, while swinging it's massive tusks, preparing to charge.	
55	CAMILLE You're welcome to do better.	55
	War-bur cups her hands, bellowing a deep guttural ELEPHANT MATING SONG. Louder than should be dwarvenly possibly.	

	Answering the call, a female elephant returns, nudges, caressing the bull with her long tusks.
	The bull stares for a beat at War-bur groaning like a love sick cow.
	War-bur growls seductively.
56	WAR-BUR Yeah baby, I want to be naughty 56 with you.
	The power of love overwhelms the beast and he slowly turns, follows the female deeper into the ruins.
	ON ANAN filled with her own ecstasydevotion to Osiris.
57	ANAN See, my god protects us. 57
	War-bur fakes a grin and gives a thumbs up.
58	WAR-BUR He's tremendous. 58
	The elephants distracted and bemused by other things, the gravers quickly get to work, searching.
	With in the Elephant Cage cataract, our heretic gravers find the foundation of the ruined Sky Tower.
	They enter.
	INT. SKY TOWER - MOMENTS LATER
	Inside the ruins are wide gaping holes leading into the dark depths.
59	CAMILLE (clapping hands) Yeah. Crypts and dead things. 59
60	WAR-BUR And pharaonic treasures. 60
61	ANAN We're here for the flail, remember. 61
	They steady their eagerness and slowly climb down vines and debris into Ma'at tombs.

Beneath the tower branch out a vast subterranean network of chambers and hallways.

On every wall and surface hieroglyphic murals depict scenes of pharaonic gods.

WAR-BUR	
(to Anan)	
Family portrait?	62

62

63

ANAN Why do you think I received the

scroll. Smart ass.

63

Slowly our graver infiltrators led by War-bur and Chummy progress through the dark innards.

They discover many burial chambers. Most boring, ransacked and empty.

EVENTUALLY...

A faint glow leads them to a large undisturbed chamber.

THE TOMB OF UATCHIT

The resting place of a once powerful Ma'at pharaoh.

War-Bur closes her eyes and inhales a deep chest full of subterranean aged-to-perfection rich atmosphere.

WAR-BUR
(reciting poem)
Stone above me.
Stale air around me.

Home becomes me.

64

65

Anan covers her nose and mouth.

ANAN The vile reek of infidels.

65

64

Strewn about the chamber lay corpses of dead humanoids of all species, most long dead, while others appear more recent.

CAMILLE

66 Infidel as in a non-believer, or a 66 self-serving tomb robber? And I'd be careful how you answer.

A large limestone SARCOPHAGUS inlaid with precious metals stands enshrined on the far side of the chamber. And ... remarkably undisturbed. Whereas the tomb and sarcophagus suffered from centuries of decay, a golden nimbus from a pristine weapon beckons. WAR-BUR 67 67 Seems too easy. CAMILLE (re: corpses) 'Tweren't too easy for them, I'll 68 68 reckon. Our heroes move close, apprehensive, fearful yet eager. ANAN 69 Careful. 69 (sotto) 70 One bad turn results in another. 70 The dusty sarcophagus held a beautiful golden FLAIL with chains made of long sharp feathers. WAR-BUR 71 I take dibs. 71 Boo-yah! ANAN 72 I think not, this is my heritage. 72 WAR-BUR 73 Thumb wrestle you for it. 73 CAMILLE 74 You two can wrestle later. Let's 74 infidel this shit out of this place. Camille was right, the chamber was loaded with treasures. Everything required to sustain the pharaoh in the afterlife. War-bur pockets a fist sized EMERALD SCARAB BROOCH. CAMILLE (CONT'D) 75 How is it that no one has 75 successfully pilfered this place? A ghostly apparition materializes in front of the sarcophagus. ANAN (pointing) 76 Might be because of her. 76

SAFIYA, (Ma'at female priestess of Set) surveys the room, taking note of first War-bur, then Camille and lastly Anan. Her eyes linger on Anan's religious trappings and then her eyes narrow to slits seeing the symbol of Osiris.

77	SAFIYA Welcome and salutations. I am Safiya, high priest and concubine of Set. Supreme god of evil, chaos and storms.	77
78	ANAN And snakes. (wrinkles nose in distaste)	78
79	Not really a fan.	79
Safiya la	ughs.	
	SAFIYA	
80	You are not allowed here. (to Camille and War-bur)	80
81	These two however are welcome.	81
	lowly reaches out, swiping her hand through Safiy s ghostly visage.	ya's
	SAFIYA (CONT'D)	
82	Please don't do that it it. (she titters)	82
83	it tickles.	83
84	CAMILLE War-bur have you ever seen the like in all your pilfering days?	84
War-bur s	hakes his head.	
	WAR-BUR	
85	Nothing like this. (to Safiya)	85
86	You are incredibly friendly for a ghostly apparition.	86
87	ANAN A little too friendly.	87
88	SAFIYA It can become terribly lonely, cursed down here, far away from the land of the living.	88

Safiya glides eerily forward.

89	SAFIYA (CONT'D) So, so lonely.	89
	War-bur retreats, careful to stay out of her reach.	
	Anan scans the room and the many corpses, hundreds dead accumulated over the decades	
90	ANAN Did you kill these people?	90
	Safiya shifts irritably, annoyed by the line of questioning	ng.
91	SAFIYA Why have you come here?	91
92	WAR-BUR (points to the Sarcophagus) For the flail. Duh! We'll gladly take it and be on our way.	92
	Her white translucent face shifts dark gray, then black.	
93	SAFIYA No, no, no, no. You can not have the flail.	93
94	ANAN We're gonna need that flail. We're on a mission from god.	94
	Safiya, who had been doing a good job ignoring Anan turns angrily.	
95	SAFIYA I'm on a mission from god too. My mission is to not let you have the flail.	95
96	ANAN My god wants it more than your god wants to keep it.	96
	Camille steps in front of Anan, in an attempt to deescala hostilities.	te
97	CAMILLE Are you literally just stuck here because of this flail?	97

98	SAFIYA I think that's what happened. I came to get the flail much like you.	98
	She points to a set of black plate armor covered in thick dust and dirt, the corpse inside long past ripe.	
99	SAFIYA (CONT'D) I defeated him long ago and instead of receiving the flail, here I remain cursed for all time, its protector.	99
	Camille eyes spark wide with inspiration.	
100	CAMILLE Here's an idea. Instead of staying here and protecting the flail, why don't you come with us. Continue to be it's protector. Win-win.	100
101	ANAN We get the flail and you can be free of this cursed place.	101
102	CAMILLE Travel abroad, see the world. How about it?	102
	War-bur performs a Chaldea salute.	
103	WAR-BUR Who can argue with that logic?	103
	Safiya thinks	
	While the ghostly priestess considers Camille's offer, Wa bur launches into a historical retelling of how dwarven ghosts often protect clan valuables.	r-
104	WAR-BUR (CONT'D) Dwarven ghosts, ancestors of my ancestors, you see, aid in the protection racket. It began with Hallamaul. Hallamaul begat Craggdelver, who in turn begat Craggdeep, who begat Hallakeel.	104
105	ANAN Is there a point to these begats?	105

106	WAR-BUR Anyway, all these ghosts from 106 ancient past traveled with caravans, utilized as guardians, to protect valuable assets. Weapons and armor. Trinkets and baubles. Precious metals and	
	In the midst of War-bur's dwarven documentary, a glint from a dazzling DIAMOND catches the corner of her eye. Kleptomaniaa muscle memory overrides her brain and she nabs it.	
	Safiya who had been nodding off, driven to boredom by War- bur's droning cadence, comes to life.	
107	SAFIYA Drop it or I'll drop you! 107	
	Startled, War-bur drops the diamond.	
108	WAR-BUR (groans) Gosh darn it. 108	1
	Camille intercedes, drawing attention away from the floundering dwarf.	
109	CAMILLE I need protection. And the flail 109 needs protection. I'm real litt'l, you know?	
	Camille can't help but talk with her sickle. A bloody stained sickle from years of use.	
110	CAMILLE (CONT'D) I need some help and you can help 110 me.	
	Nope. No. Uh-huh. Not for a bloody second does Safiya buy, not even for an instant the poor little marn elf needs help.	,
111	SAFIYA Stop. 111	
112	CAMILLE Please. Help itty-bitty me. 112	
113	SAFIYA I know those marn tattoos keep you 113 unnatural young. You're older than me.	

	CAMILLE (scoffs)				
114	I will not let age define me.	114			
	The situation is going south quickly.				
	Anan prays to Osiris, taping into her DIVINE MAGIC. Re out, she touches her god directly.	eaching			
	A shining beacon, a shaft of light from the outer planes illuminates the priest in divine glory.				
	Safiya recoils as if slapped, her connection to Set cut	t.			
115	SAFIYA <u>NO</u> !	115			
	Anan moves to the Sarcophagus and takes the flail.				
116	ANAN Follow me, shade.	116			
117	SAFIYA Set! Aid me.	117			
	Anan shakes her head.				
118	ANAN No. You answer to Osiris.	118			
119	SAFIYA Set!	119			
120	ANAN Osiris. Say his name and believe.	120			
	Anan puts a hand on the shade's head. The shaft of light baths Safiya shearing away shadow and storm.	ght			
	Safiya stumbles, forced to her knees.				
	Trembling she looks up, hands lifted. Eyes wide. Team flowing.	rs			
121	SAFIYA (fearful, yet angry) Osiris.	121			
122	ANAN Rise Safiya. You are free.	122			

123	SAFIYA I may be free of this crypt, but it is you who will never be free of me as long as you carry the flail.	123
124	ANAN It is the burden my master has given me.	124
125	(to War-bur and Camille) Leave everything its counterfeit.	125

War-bur and Camille look sadly around the chamber and the once pharaonic treasures that filled the room are gone.

War-bur turns out his pocket, the emerald scarab is a lump of stone.

WAR-BUR (shrugs nonplussed) We gonna thumb wrestle for that 126 flail?

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

126

INT. PYRAMID BAR - A WEEK LATER

Anan, Camille, and War-bur are back in Gravers Dig, back in The Pyramid Bar, back at the same bloody darn table where it all started.

Except now, Safiya is with them, floating just behind Anan.

War-bur is holding court surrounded by bar patrons eager to hear tales of daring do at the Star Gazer Ruins.

127	WAR-BUR We faced a herd of carnivorous elephants!?	127
128	CAMILLE And demonic.	128
129	WAR-BUR Mad carnivores demonic elephants. Covered in blood and the foul reek	129

of death and decay.

For the last week the cock and bull story has grown more outlandish with each retelling.

130 131	CAMILLE War-bur did this weird mating call thing. I don't want to repeat it, 'cause I'm too young. We convinced this shade (waves to Safiya) "Hi". To come with us and now we got a new buddy.	130 131
	The drunk crowd gives the ghostly priestess ample room.	
132	SAFIYA (waves her hand) You have defiled this temple with your booze and philandering. Set will defeat the great infidels.	132
133	ANAN (shakes the flail) Safiya, what did I say about using that name?	133
	Safiya growls and retreats.	
134	WAR-BUR And we got that cool flail.	134
	The shade moves her ghostly hand through Anan.	
135	ANAN Stop that, it tickles.	135
	She does it again.	
136	ANAN (CONT'D) Please stop.	136
137	WAR-BUR She ain't gonna stop.	137
138	CAMILLE Like ever.	138
	FADE TO BLACK	ζ.
139	ANAN (O.S.) Please Osiris, make her stop.	139
	Safiya giggles.	
140	ANAN (CONT'D) Please. Just stop.	140

141	I'm still	SAFIYA here.	141
		ANAN	

142	Wait.	Кеер	doing	that.	That	feels	142
	good.						