



GRAVERS DIG: PROLOGUE

EPISODE 300

V. 3/12/22

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Based on CHALDEA by
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PREAMBLE

INSERT MAP OF SOMARRIA

In the dark days following the Claw Hammer War, Leinth an Etruscan soldier traveled to the northern shores of Sommaria. He with family and friends landed on what is now the city of Sheol.

Like all Etruscans, Leinth brought with him the *culture of tombs*.

INSERT MAP OF DBU WOLD NECROPOLIS

Etruscans envisioned artistic tombs as homes for their dead. They carved structures of rock and volcanic stone--meant to last for eternity--and filled them with their most valuable and precious belongings.

INSERT LEINTH BURIAL SITE

Later in life, at incredible expense, Leinth constructed burial tombs for his dead wife, his children, future offspring and descendants.

EXT DBU WOLD NECROPOLIS - ESTABLISHING - NIGHT

During the Dark Times and beyond and even now, the Necropolis at Dbu Wold grew and evolved into, A NECROPOLIS.

A vast elaborate tomb city.

EXT. DBU WOLD NECROPOLIS - MAIN ENTRANCE

INSERT STONE GATEPOST: Necropolis

Leaning on this gatepost--

MASTER, (Ogre and "Dog Merchant extraordinaire"). Beside him, bound to a hulking steel chain lies UNROOLY, (an Annwn Hound, an Ogre's best friend).

	MASTER	
1	Oh, sure. Hurry up and wait. (Mimes perky servant)	1
2	Happy to oblige, mistress. Take your time.	2

Unrooly stands and barks, suddenly excited.

3 MASTER (CONT'D)
 No. No. We just returned from a hunt. 3

Unrooly growls angrily.

4 MASTER (CONT'D)
 And it didn't go well. Brighthwyna was angry, she sounded-- 4

5 BRIGHWYNA (O.S.)
 Sounded like what? 5

BRIGHWYNA (demigoddess of Arawn and notorious leader of Gravers Dig), *magically appears*--traveling via divine teleport.

In her wake, a Celt human, TEULYDDOG, (VISUAL DESCRIPTION), her executive clergy lapdog and "current" high priest.

6 MASTER
 (grumbles)
 I've been waiting for thirty-six days. 6

7 TEULYDDOG
 I dinnit know you could count that high? 7

8 BRIGHWYNA
 And you'll wait longer, if that is my desire. 8

9 MASTER
 I've a business to run, Brighthwyna. Tracking that itinerant witch is a waste of time. 9

Teulyddog scoffs.

10 TEULYDDOG
 Ffycin mensa Ogre you got here. 10

11 BRIGHWYNA
 Now, now Teulyddog. I can't have ignorance in my employ. Hmmm, can I? I recall gifting you one of those mensa potions, too. 11

Brighthwyna laughs gaily at the priest's brief irritation.

12 MASTER Orddu Fab's been wandering around 12
the graveyard since the Dark Times.
Why do we give a crap--

13 BRIGTHWYNA Two-hundred years, or thereabouts. 13
(reveals a black staff,
twirls it at graveyard)
14 It was I who cursed her behind 14
these walls.

15 TEULYDDOG Why? 15

The goddess exhales a deep melancholy sigh.

16 BRIGTHWYNA Sometimes we hold on to things we 16
cherish, or often as not, things
that brought us misery.

17 MASTER She's endured agonies of loneliness 17
and misery.

18 TEULYDDOG The witch or Brighthwyna? 18

19 BRIGTHWYNA The world is changing and we're 19
being inextricably drawn and
quartered. We may look at life
through rose-colored glasses,
believing that we are immune to
imperial politics. That somehow
Somarria is an uncivilized distant
land no one cares about.

Brighthwyna stops, her face downtrodden.

20 MASTER What's wrong, mistress? 20

21 BRIGTHWYNA Our last hunt was a, *guh...* 21
mistake. It drew the wrong kind of
attention. GODS DAMN IT!!

22 MASTER Saratof? 22

23 TEULYDDOG
Emperor Kordaava is dead. 23
Imperials be damned. Nothing can
stand up to your immutable power?

Brighthwyna whirls, anger and fury building.

24 TEULYDDOG (CONT'D)
You could rule Chaldea, couldn't 24
you... if you chose?

Red anger flips to ashen... fear?

Brighthwyna grabs the priest by the throat pushing him against
the gatepost.

25 BRIGHWYNA
Shut your fool mouth. Kordaava was 25
just the curtain that hid the
performers.

26 TEULYDDOG
Performers? You mean, entertainers 26
and musicians?

27 BRIGHWYNA
Figuratively, you bloody idiot. 27

She releases him.

28 TEULYDDOG
I'm sorry, Mistress Brighthwyna. I, 28
I don't understand.

29 BRIGHWYNA
No. You don't. 29

30 MASTER
There is always a bigger alpha dog. 30

Brighthwyna snaps an accusing finger at Master.

31 BRIGHWYNA
(to Teulyddog)
You hear that? High count wisdom 31
from an ogre.

Master shrugs, smirking at the priest.

32 MASTER
What does Orddu Fab have to do in 32
all of this?

33 TEULYDDOG 33
 Isn't she just some crazed elder
 witch?

Brighthwyna considers the staff deeply for a beat.

34 BRIGTHWYNA 34
 When you combine crazed and witch,
 you can get some pretty
 spellbinding results.

35 TEULYDDOG 35
 Where is she?

36 MASTER (PRE-LAP) 36
 Interrogating a bone pile.

EXT. DBU WOLD NECROPOLIS - INGELRII BONE PILE - NIGHT

If all the bones of hell emptied out onto one spot, it
 couldn't rival this STACK OF BONES.

A dark figure dressed in black filth slowly shambles around
 the perimeter searching and gathering bones.

ORDDU FAB, a Celt Dynion Mwyn witch, paces in front of a
 large wood and steel interrogation chair, and on it--

A human skeleton sits casually propped up.

The witch points an accusing femur at the chair.

37 ORDDU FAB 37
 Where did you hide it? C'mon,
 chinwaggle. Tell me!

Silence from the skeleton.

38 ORDDU FAB (CONT'D) 38
 It's here, I can smell its marrow.
 Denying the truth doesn't change
 the facts.

The skeleton stares off into space, ignoring the witch and
 her line of questions.

39 ORDDU FAB (CONT'D) 39
 I know you saw what happened. You
 were in his honor guard.

If the skeleton knows anything, its refusing to fess up.

ORDDU FAB (CONT'D)
 40 You believe, just because you're 40
 dead, you cannot be held
 responsible, you traitorous
 swindling Sweeney.

A raven lands on a nearby tree and squawks loudly.

ORDDU FAB (CONT'D)
 41 Brenhinol Brân fell, his death 41
 rattle here.
 (pointing accusingly)
 42 He was your liege. You his 42
 protector. You must have seen
 something, damn your eyes.

A shallow wind whistles, singing past the witch. The skeleton's skull lulls and turns, staring back in defiance.

In an explosion of exasperation, Orddu Fab drags the skeleton from the chair and dumps it onto a huge pile of corpses.

ORDDU FAB (CONT'D)
 43 I will break this conspiracy of 43
 silence.

She waddles back to the largest of large piles, grabs a corpse missing an arm and leg and drags it onto the chair.

She lifts it's chin, staring into it's dark vacant sockets.

ORDDU FAB (CONT'D)
 44 I'll have the truth from you. 44

The corpse lulls sideways in defiance.

ORDDU FAB (CONT'D)
 45 When your master's body exploded, 45
 did you see where his head went?
 Huh, speak up. I can't year you.
 Do you remember anything unusual?

BRIGTHWYNA (O.S.)
 46 This whole bloody place is unusual, 46
 you'll need to be a little more
 specific in your questioning.

The witch spins.

ORDDU FAB
 47 Brighthwyna. 47
 (voice dripping with
 scorn)
 48 Back from exile. 48

60 BRIGTHWYNA
Aye, I do. 60

The witch shrugs.

61 ORDDU FAB
Pardon me, my huntress. It's 61
proving a wee bit difficult finding
a bone in a pile of bones.

62 BRIGTHWYNA
About that. I have some ideas in 62
terms of aid.

The goddess picks up a skeleton hand and pantomimes with it.

63 BRIGTHWYNA (CONT'D)
Many hands make light work. 63

Orddu Fab's eyes narrow, calculating. Her gaze first to Teulyddog and then Master.

64 ORDDU FAB
You and the riffraff? 64

Brighthwyna laughs revealing the BLACK STAFF.

65 BRIGTHWYNA
Think you can speed up the search 65
with your blood returned?

Upon SIGHT OF THE STAFF, greed and insatiable desire overwhelms the witch--

She POUNCES, gnarly fingers extended.

Master backhands the witch, sending her sprawling.

Brighthwyna steps close, looming above the witch.

66 BRIGTHWYNA (CONT'D)
Bring me Brân... and his army. 66

The witch hisses fury and venom.

67 ORDDU FAB
What is this army for? 67

68 BRIGTHWYNA
(presents the staff)
Deliver it and I'll tell you. 68

Orddu Fab's eyes flash iridescent green. She waves her hand summoning THE SPELL FOCUS.

Brighthwyna releases it, allowing it to return to its owner.

Orddu Fab cackles as green smoke pours from the staff.

FADE TO GREEN

A beat... we hear bones rattle and low moans.

ON A SKELETAL HAND - it clenches a rusty sword

ON A SKELETAL FOOT - it takes a step.

A skeleton moves eerily through green fog followed by others.

ON ORDDU FAB in silhouette, backlit by illuminous green

	ORDDU FAB	
69	It's time I turn a setback into a comeback.	69

Brighthwyna watches amused.

	BRIGTHWYNA	
70	No more excuses. And... bring Brân to me, alive.	70

	ORDDU FAB	
71	Alive?	71

Brighthwyna hands the witch a white potion vial.

	BRIGTHWYNA	
72	White lotus will return life, no matter how long dead. Even your son.	72

Orddu Fab cradles the vial like its the most precious substance in the universe.

	TEULYDDOG	
73	You're giving her white lotus?	73

	BRIGTHWYNA	
74	Just the one, best not waste it.	74
	(turns to Master)	
75	Stay here and keep a wary eye.	75

	MASTER	
76	Aye, Mistress.	76

Brighthwyna and Teulyddog disappear in a teleport's wake.

ON ORDDU FAB, waving her staff like a orchestra puppet master animating the dead.

WIDE ON NECROPOLIS

More and more undead answer her summons, digging themselves out of the dirt, stepping forth from crypts, mausoleums or wherever they were laid to rest.

	ORDDU FAB (O.S.)	
77	Find my son.	77

Somewhere off in the night our attention is drawn to FOUR ZOMBIES.

	ORDDU FAB (O.S.) (CONT'D)	
78	Search everywhere.	78

CLOSE ON FOUR ZOMBIES -- TIME STOP