



SHOVEL OF THE DEAD

EPISODE 303

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Written by

Steve Conard

The Roleplayers

BanzaiBaby, Lexi the First,  
Jenn Godwin, Rich Kaalaas

Based on CHALDEA by

Peter Adkison

EXT. FEY CEMETERY - DAY

A CHAMELEON LIZARD sun bathes lazily on a tombstone.

A gentle human hand slowly caresses it's crest and is gone.

The wizard known today as TENACIOUS paces eager and impatient in a infinity symbol pattern looping around two tombstones.

A title card: THE FEY CEMETERY

The lizard suddenly shifts the color of gray stone and disappears startled by--

FOUR ZOMBIES stumble awkwardly near.

1	CASS	1
	Hey, boss, man.	
	Archibald plops down on a memorial and wipes his sweaty brow.	
2	ARCHIBALD	2
	It's hot as the devil.	
3	TENACIOUS	3
	Report. Be quick about it. Did you find anything of interest?	
4	CASS	4
	We found ourselves in a right sticky situation.	
5	BAHATI	5
	For which we should be paid double.	
6	CASS	6
	Twice alive. Can you manage that?	
7	TENACIOUS	7
	Ah-huh, and, how would that work?	
8	ARCHIBALD	8
	(draoi + -acht = magic) Use some of that fey draíocht, you're famous for.	
9	SAOIRSE	9
	Bankroll a couple of bonus lives.	
10	TENACIOUS	10
	You survived. Since you are here and apparently no worse for wear.	

11 ARCHIBALD Only because of that, erm, annoying kid you sent. 11  
 (snaps fingers at  
 Tenacious)

12 What's his name? 12

13 TENACIOUS Who? 13

14 SAOIRSE Billy the Kid. 14

15 ARCHIBALD That's right. Billy the Kid. 15

16 CASS I still think he led us into that trap. 16

17 TENACIOUS Trap? 17

18 BAHATI Giant bloody spiders, that's what. We were poisoned and cocooned. 18

19 CASS I wasn't. 19

20 BAHATI Was too. 20

21 CASS Was not. 21

CLOSE ON TENACIOUS, arms crossed, feigning interest as the Nearly Departed launch into their verbal AFTER ACTION REPORT.

We watch a TIME LAPSE of Tenacious painfully enduring endless minutia, as bits of vocal information fade in and out--

22 SAOIRSE (V.O.) Some kinda freaky flesh monster. 22

23 ARCHIBALD (V.O.) A shit shack. 23

24 BAHATI (V.O.) A basement lair. 24

25 CASS (V.O.) The décor had a pagan sophistication. 25



	BAHATI	
36	We couldn't risk the sword giving away our secret to the witch.	36
	CASS	
37	She's a mouth breather, you know?	37
	BEATRICE (O.S.)	
38	<i>I am lonely. It doesn't mean that I am alone. It means that I do not have the proper company.</i>	38
	TENACIOUS	
39	Sheath that thing.	39
	(to everyone)	
40	We can't risk Orddu Fab getting that skull. But I have a plan.	40
	INSERT MAP OF GRAVERS DIG	
	TENACIOUS (V.O.)	
41	Somewhere in Gravers Dig is a shovel.	41
	BAHATI (V.O.)	
42	Ohhh, a magical shovel?	42
	TENACIOUS (V.O.)	
43	Yes, a wondrous item.	43
	CUT TO: Archibald pointing.	
	ARCHIBALD	
44	This thing?	44
	TENACIOUS	
45	No. That's a Tunnel Terror.	45
	Archibald taps his finger on the Gravers Dig title treatment.	
	ARCHIBALD	
46	This shovel. Here with the skeletal hand? Is that where the shovel is?	46
	The fey wizards heaves an exasperated sigh.	
	TENACIOUS	
47	No. That is the shovel.	47
	CASS	
48	It covers ten acres at least.	48

49 ARCHIBALD  
Probably built by giants. 49

Tenacious shakes his head with disbelief.

50 TENACIOUS  
Gravers Dig is named after this shovel. It's a real shovel. 50

Bahati scrutinizes the map.

51 BAHATI  
How big is this thing? That's like what, three leagues long? 51

52 TENACIOUS  
You are brain dead. That's a stylized logo treatment... 52  
(spikes camera, winks)

53 Created by a wonderfully talented cartographer who illustrated the map. 53

54 BEATRICE (O.S.)  
*Faith can move mountains, but don't be surprised if destiny hands you a shovel.* 54

55 SAOIRSE  
Do you know something, come on, spill it, Beatrice? 55

56 ARCHIBALD  
Maybe if we give her cheese and wine. 56

57 CASS  
What if I serenade you while you eat and drink. 57  
(singing)

58 *You are quite a mighty fine blade, indeed. Beatrice. Beatrice. The mightiest of blades.* 58

Suddenly the world comes alive with magical RAUCOUS APPLAUSE. Everyone looks, searching for the loud, but invisible audience.

59 BEATRICE (O.S.)  
*Everything dropped away and there was... was the music. Bravo, monsieur.* 59



We hear a bunch of vague grunts.

67                                   BAHATI                                   67  
                                   Could use that Billy kid about now,  
                                   huh?

68                                   SAOIRSE                                   68  
                                   Finding a shovel in this one-horse  
                                   town ain't gonna be easy.

69                                   ARCHIBALD                                   69  
                                   You mean like that?

All heads rise, following his finger--

THE SKELETAL SHOVEL hangs on SIGN: "Welcome to Gravers Dig"

70                                   BAHATI                                   70  
                                   That was easy.

71                                   CASS                                       71  
                                   What about that one?

Heads swivel--

ACROSS THE THOROUGHFARE.

"GRAVERS DIG EMPORIUM" graces the side of a large commercial center.

Three HOMELESS KIDS dart past. The tallest lad wears a shirt -- READS: "Gravers Dig. Know what's below. Before you dig."

The NEARLY DEPARTED stand back-to-back, heads turning, necks careening.

The world comes alive with golden shovels as if illuminated by faerie fire. The shovel is prominently displayed on signs, made into travel souvenirs and whimsical tchotchkes.

INSERT COLLAGE OF SHOVEL SOUVENIRS.

72                                   SAOIRSE                                   72  
                                   Ffycin Annwn. It's like finding a  
                                   shovel at a farmers convention.  
                                   Beatrice, you have any insight?

Archibald coaxes Saoirse out of the street.

73                                   ARCHIBALD                                   73  
                                   Careful having an open conversation  
                                   with a sentient sword.

They move discreetly to a nearby building.



SAOIRSE  
 (to the sword)  
 74 Information, not a poem would be nice. 74

BEATRICE (O.S.)  
 75 Non. Non. It's a poem or nothing. 75

A couple of towners passing by LOOK, and then SNIFF and lift their noses disapprovingly.

Cass salutes awkwardly with his ladle forcing a tight grin.

CASS  
 76 We're drawing the wrong kind of attention. 76

BEATRICE (O.S.)  
 (Loud and proud)  
 77 *"The great Ma'at pyramid,  
 within a maze, a twisted grid  
 ancient rulers inside are hid  
 From mortal's plain sight."* 77

PEOPLE STOP, watch, and listen.

ARCHIBALD  
 78 Do something. 78

Archibald pushes Cass.

BAHATI  
 79 Behold! Cass the ventriloquist of... crass. 79

Cass stumbles into the center of unwanted attention. He gulps, raises his hand, projecting bravado -- LIP SYNCs:

BEATRICE (O.S.)  
 80 *"Yet many still dare explore  
 The inside of this land of yore  
 So venture on, prop up that door  
 And travel through the dark of  
 night."* 80

People toss CASINO CHIPS at his feet.

Cass yanks Archibald this time, to a group hug.

CASS  
 81 Can we sheath her mouth. Please, I beg. 81

Saoirse tries to sheath Beatrice, but the blade just won't go, dragging Saoirse in an erratic dance-like circle.

82                                   SAOIRSE                                   82  
Get in there.

83                                   BEATRICE (O.S.)                                   83  
Non.

84                                   SAOIRSE                                   84  
Ffycin get in there.

The sword definitely has a mind of it's own.

85                                   BEATRICE (O.S.)                                   85  
                                  (channeling Glenn Close)  
I will not be ignored.

86                                   BAHATI                                   86  
                                  (whispers)  
People are looking.

Indeed, people are looking. Bahati waves grinning like an idiot.

87                                   ARCHIBALD                                   87  
This map shows a pyramid. You think that's what she's referring to?

88                                   BEATRICE (O.S.)                                   88  
*Deep within the pyramid brig,  
A tomb under Gravers Dig.*

Cass looks around, scanning the streets and buildings.

89                                   CASS                                   89  
Huh, I wonder where the pyramid is?

A Targonian man in monk robes suddenly stops and points.

90                                   AGGEE                                   90  
It's across from the shopping district on the main drag. Can't miss it.

91                                   CASS                                   91  
Much obliged, friend.

A foul funk catches in the monk's nose and throat. Coughs.

92                                   AGGEE                                   92  
And there are bunkhouses on the green, if you desire a bath.

## EXT. THE PYRAMID BAR - DAY

An elaborate Ma'at stone Pyramid juts up in the middle of town a monument to the gods for which it was constructed.

The temple turned tavern doing a brisk lucrative trade by the multitudes coming and going.

	SAOIRSE	
93	Wait. I remember this place. I signed it's Heretics Wall.	93
	CASS	
94	Heretics Wall? That sounds ominous.	94
	SAOIRSE	
95	After the emperor was killed, Brighthwyna said, "screw you" to the Priests of Set, killed 'em and turned their holy ground into a graver roadhouse. Folks can show solidarity by signing her Heretics Wall.	95
	BEATRICE (O.S.)	
96	<i>Beware of gods throwing bones.</i>	96
	ARCHIBALD	
97	Beatrice, you said something about lifting the door, and a dark hallway?	97
	BEATRICE (O.S.)	
98	I shall gladly repeat the verse.	98
	BAHATI	
99	Can we wait for a more secluded spot?	99
	BEATRICE (O.S.)	
100	No. The show must go on.	100

THEY RUSH THE DOOR, her voice trailing, drowned out by the heightened energy pulsing from inside the--

## INT. PYRAMID BAR - CONTINUOUS

A concussive concoction of sound, exotic smokey flavor, and the immensity of ancient stone assault the new comers.

	CASS	
101	It's loud enough to wake the dead.	101

ARCHIBALD

102                   Ironic, given that pyramids are the                   102  
                          glorification of life after death.

The cavernous innards of the once sacred Temple of Set, is crammed with boozy hunters, graver fortune seekers and beer-swilling barflies.

BAHATI

103                   Who is up for day drinking?                   103

The tavern hostess, THE PYRAMID ALEWIFE busy delivering drinks gives the newcomers a scant once over before motioning with a head jerk to an empty table.

The four follow the nod to NATASHA SHMIRNOFF, (Rooshen, somewhere in her medieval middle years), clears a shabby heavily weapon scarred table.

ARCHIBALD

104                   We'll, aren't we ever upper class                   104  
                          high society.

The warlock plops into a rustic chair as the others follow suit.

CASS

105                   God's gift to ballroom notoriety.                   105

The two perform a bodacious Bill & Ted air guitar riff.

NATASHA SHMIRNOFF

106                   What's your pleasure?                   106  
                          (sniffs irritably)

107                   Ve have strict rooles 'gainst                   107  
                          hunters bringing in dead prizes.

The Nearly Departed don't deign a response.

SAOIRSE

108                   May we still sign the Heretics Wall                   108  
                          for a potion?

NATASHA SHMIRNOFF

109                   Da, new heretics are always                   109  
                          velkome. Bevare of the pyramid  
                          kurse. It don't take kindly to  
                          cheaters signing twice.

SAOIRSE

110                   Once is good enough for me, mine is                   110  
                          up there.

NATASHA SHMIRNOFF

111 Velkome back, heretic. Today's 111  
 drink menu is Dvarf on the Rocks,  
 Sweet Venom, the Barking Ale, and  
 my favorite, The Drasil Sour.

Cass, Bahati and Archibald place a drink order, before  
 running off to sign the wall.

NATASHA SHMIRNOFF (CONT'D)

112 Any food? 112

BEATRICE (O.S.)

113 Oui. Brie de Meaux if you [have 113  
 it. Roquefort. Munster. Paired  
 with seared scallops, duck confit,  
 and baked cauliflower.]

Saoirse CUTS IN LOUD, over Beatrice's food order.

SAOIRSE

114 Yes, cheese. Roquefort. Munster. 114  
 (hurriedly motions Natasha  
 off)

115 Anything moldy. 115

Natasha's eyes narrow.

NATASHA SHMIRNOFF

116 Ve are used to graver shenanigans 116  
 and your toys. Niet problems, see?

SAOIRSE

117 Aye, no problems. 117

The waitress pivots, disappears into the crowd.

BEATRICE (O.S.)

118 And wine, la demoiselle. Bordeaux 118  
 Rouge. A fruity Pinot Noir.

SAOIRSE

119 (sotto) 119  
 You need to learn when to shut up.

A FEW MINUTES LATER

The newly minted Heretics return to the table.

Three POTION VIALS (stoppers color coded), suddenly and quite  
 magically shimmer solid upon the table.

Natasha arrives with drinks and cheese.

BEATRICE (O.S.)  
*(quivering excited voice)*  
 120 Wine and cheese is all I need. 120

EVERYONE at once, mimic a singing troop, performing voice warm-ups: HUMMING, TONGUE TRILLS, and VOCAL SLIDES.

Natasha's eyes narrow warily as she places the drinks around the table. Leaving the wine goblet for last.

NATASHA SHMIRNOFF  
 121 And vine for your invisible 121  
 kompanion.

BEATRICE (O.S.)  
 122 *In wine there is truth.* 122

AGAIN, the Nearly Departed launch into four-part harmony VOCAL SLIDES.

NATASHA SHMIRNOFF  
 123 I've seen everything, now I've 123  
 heard it.

She pivots and is gone.

BEATRICE (O.S.)  
 124 Cheese, if you please and wine. 124

SAOIRSE  
 125 No. You've been a very bad sword. 125

BEATRICE (O.S.)  
 126 Share food and drink and I will 126  
 share ancient secrets I know thusly  
 about Set's pyramid.

ARCHIBALD  
 127 You've been here before? 127

BEATRICE (O.S.)  
 128 Oh oui oui. 'Tis in my memory 128  
 locked.

Bahati pushes the cheese across the table.

BAHATI  
 129 Eat and spill it. 129

Saoirse cuts into the cheese as Cass pours the goblet over Beatrice.

130 BEATRICE Stop. Stop. STOP! 130  
 (Sputters. Spits)  
 131 Hessen Zwigelt! Stinky la pew! 131

Nearby tables turn. Cass holds up the goblet.

CASS  
 (announcing)  
 132 I can't drink this, pigswill. 132

BEATRICE (V.O.)  
 133 *O true apothecary! Thy drugs are quick. Thus with a kiss I die.* 133

The sword drops from Saoirse's hand, DEAD ON THE TABLE.

EVERYONE STARES, leaning close to inspect the sword.

BAHATI  
 134 Is she... dead? 134

Cass pokes it nervously.

BEATRICE (O.S.)  
 135 *Good night, good night! Parting is such sweet sorrow.* 135

Saoirse RAPS THE SWORD ON THE TABLE, HARD.

SAOIRSE  
 136 Chienne! Behave, or I'm going to return you to Orddu Fab's cellar. 136

BEATRICE (O.S.)  
 137 *Non. Whatever you do, don't throw me in the briar patch.* 137

ARCHIBALD  
 138 Get a candle, let's see if she melts. 138

Beatrice SCOFFS haughtily.

BEATRICE (O.S.)  
 (sad and hurt)  
 139 That's the thanks I get for establishing a bit of culture. 139

Saoirse RAPS THE SWORD ON THE TABLE, AGAIN!

SAOIRSE  
 140 BEATRICE! 140

141 BEATRICE (O.S.)  
 Fine. You wish access to the catatombs, oui? Go through the secret door in the wine barrel. 141

Heads swivel, searching, eyes yearning hopeful.

There are no lack of wine barrels in this place, small-medium-large stacked around the perimeter.

142 CASS  
 Which one? 142

Saoirse's arm comes alive, possessed by the sword. Beatrice points at the largest wine barrel in the room.

143 BEATRICE (O.S.)  
 Le grand. 143

144 BAHATI  
 How do you know this? 144

145 BEATRICE (O.S.)  
*In the prime of my youth.* 145

Archibald interjects excitedly.

146 ARCHIBALD  
 Before you were this sword? 146

147 BEATRICE (O.S.)  
*In love we forgive but we never forget.* 147

Cass slaps the table.

148 CASS  
 New house rule: no more Beatrice questions. 148

149 SAOIRSE  
 We need a plan. There are too many damn people. We can't just search the bar for secret tunnels. 149

150 ARCHIBALD  
 Why not? 150

151 CASS  
 (mimicking village idiot)  
 Hey everyone, we found us a secret door. Duh, wonder what's behind it? 151



152 BEATRICE (O.S.) 152  
Follow my lead. I will hypnotize  
the dirty masses with poetry  
renowned.

153 CASS 153  
Why the hell would we do that?

154 BEATRICE (O.S.) 154  
Why of course, to reenact the  
classic diversionary tactic. Ah?  
While they worship and adore me,  
you slip in and steal the kings  
jewels.

155 CASS 155  
Shit. That's actually a good idea.

156 BEATRICE (O.S.) 156  
If you would but stop and listen,  
much knowledge and experience  
possess I.

157 BAHATI 157  
Okay. But... we can't just fondle  
the wine barrel's bunghole  
searching for the postern. Pardon  
the pun. We'll be seen.

158 BEATRICE (O.S.) 158  
If only you couldn't be seen, like,  
I don't know... an invisibility  
potion.

Archibald holds up the three potions.

159 ARCHIBALD 159  
Maybe one of these?

160 BEATRICE (O.S.) 160  
Oui monsieur, warlock? It's all  
there on the table.

161 ARCHIBALD 161  
What?

Saoirse strikes the table with Beatrice.

162 BEATRICE (O.S.) 162  
Read the table.

Everyone leans close, scours the table, reading.

163                                   SAOIRSE                                   163  
 Holy smokes. All the potions are  
 here, listed by color.

164                                   BEATRICE (O.S.)                                   164  
 But of course.

165                                   ARCHIBALD                                   165  
 The gray cork is invisibility.

166                                   BEATRICE (O.S.)                                   166  
 Quaff the potion, monsieur and  
 fondle le bunghole.

167                                   CASS                                   167  
 I think I know what she has in  
 mind.

MOMENTS LATER - ON STAGE

Cass stands on stage, Beatrice gripped firmly in hand.

168                                   BAHATI                                   168  
                                   (announcing)  
 Attention: Today and only today,  
 Cass the Crass ventriloquist.

The volume in the bar lessens as people turn to the stage.

169                                   BEATRICE (O.S.)                                   169  
 Follow my lead.

Beatrice speaks loud and clear as Cass attempts to LIP-SYNC:

170                                   BEATRICE/CASS                                   170  
*Tomorrow, and tomorrow, and  
 tomorrow, Creeps in this petty pace  
 from day to day, To the last  
 syllable of recorded time; And all  
 our yesterdays have lighted fools*

With ALL EYES ON STAGE

Archibald uses SLEIGHT OF HAND on the bunghole.

CLICK!

A SECRET POSTERN DOOR opens a crack. Archibald enters from  
 the rear into a dark stinky passage.

We really do apologize for all the lowbrow bunghole cracks  
 and inappropriate innuendo. At least it's not a minotaur  
 with diarrhea



INT. PYRAMID - MA'AT CATATOMBS - DARK HALLWAY

The smooth subterranean tunnel, angles, slopping down.

The Nearly Dead with heightened undead senses slide slowly past Ma'at statues and detailed hieroglyph etched walls.

INT. CATATOMB MAZE - CONTINUOUS

Claustrophobic tight hallways widen into larger parlors, antechambers, and finally ornate halls.

INT. PYRAMID - MA'AT CATATOMBS - OSSUARY - CONTINUOUS

The main ossuary is a finely crafted dome gallery. Undisturbed by the passage of time or thieving gravers.

In the center rests a GOLDEN SARCOPHAGUS covered in intricate inlaid hieroglyphs.

BAHATI

180                   Ahhh... it's a masterpiece.                   180

They all reverently ease forward.

SAOIRSE

181                   Beatrice, what do you know of this                   181  
place? Who rests here?

BEATRICE (O.S.)

182                   My beau. Flèche Beaumont.                   182

SAOIRSE

183                   Was he a noble, a king?                   183

ARCHIBALD

184                   Flèche Beaumont is hardly a Ma'at                   184  
name.

BEATRICE

185                   Non. Non. We were cursed apart.                   185

BAHATI

186                   Is he the shovel?                   186

BEATRICE (O.S.)

187                   The shovel? Non, the shovel is of                   187  
no consequence.

Everyone gasps.

188 SAOIRSE Did you use us to find your Beau? 188

189 CASS Wait, you said the two of you were 189  
cursed. Is he a longbow? That  
kinda bow?

190 ARCHIBALD Whatever. Let's just get this shit 190  
over with, huh. Crack this thing  
open.

191 SAOIRSE Is your Beau inside the sarcophagus 191  
Beatrice?

192 BEATRICE (V.O.) 192  
(stifles tears)  
Oui.

193 CASS Archibald is right. I'm gonna open 193  
it.

194 BAHATI What if it's cursed? 194

195 CASS We're walking curses. 195

He double taps the sarcophagus lid with his ladle.

196 CASS (CONT'D) 196  
Open sesame.

THE LID GRINDS SLOWLY OPEN --

Everyone slowly leans, peering inside--

A SHOVEL WIELDING MUMMY LEAPS OUT, youthful and spry, not at  
all old and decrepit as one would expect.

197 NEARLY DEPARTED 197  
Whoa!/Shit!/Look out/Kill it.

The speed and ferociousness of the attack captures the Nearly  
Departed off guard and flatfooted.

I black diseased SKELETAL HAND tears deep into Cass, ripping  
flesh from bone.

198 CASS 198  
Aaaieeeeeee!

He reacts with his rapier, but it's as useless as a pin attacking a pincushion.

SAOIRSE

199                            POUND IT!!!                            199

The celt warrior leaps in stabbing with her halberd.

ON ARCHIBALD - He slowly pulls a WAND from his inner pocket, like Clint Eastwood drawing a pearl gripped six-shooter.

He grins at the camera, putting a finger to his lips.

ARCHIBALD

200                            Shsssh. I'm invisible.                            200

(looks at the wand)

201                            Oh, this? Right.                            201

CUT TO:

INT. CHALDEA STUDIOS - INTERVIEW SUITE

Archibald stands casually in front of a GRAVERS DIG LOGO, slapping a wand into his open palm.

ARCHIBALD

202                            See this wand. Billy the Kid found                            202  
it in Orddu Fab's house.

He gives it a FLICK and a WHIRL. Studies it's fine craftsmanship.

ARCHIBALD (CONT'D)

203                            We didn't mention it earlier,                            203  
because we were hurried. Short on  
time.

(leans close to camera)

204                            Beatrice receives all the                            204  
limelight. "It's in her contract".

(stands tall, stretches)

205                            Billy tossed it aside, so I, ahh,                            205  
picked it up. It's a wand of...

BACK TO:

MUMMY FIGHT - CONTINUOUS

ARCHIBALD

206                            FIREBOLT. Yeah!!                            206

A BOLT OF FIRE careens into the mummy.



Archibald slaps Cass on the shoulder.

213                    ARCHIBALD                    213  
                    It's good to be dead. Not so dead.  
                    Somewhat dead.

214                    CASS                    214  
                    We could be mummy slayers.

El Kabong!

The shovel sideswipes Cass on the side of the face releasing dizzybirds.

215                    SAOIRSE                    215  
                    Pay attention, it can still  
                    bludgeon you silly, silly.

She whacks the mummy with Beatrice to no effect.

216                    BEATRICE (O.S.)                    216  
                    What are you doing?

217                    SAOIRSE                    217  
                    (shrugs)  
                    I thought I'd check.

                    BEATRICE (O.S.)  
                    (outraged scoff)

Bahati parries a shovel strike.

218                    BAHATI                    218  
                    Grapple it!

219                    SAOIRSE                    219  
                    It's ON FIRE! You grapple it.

220                    BAHATI                    220  
                    Disarm it then.

She tries to disarm the shovel, but the mummy has a death grip on the Gravers Dig.

Archibald ducks, crouches onto one knee:

221                    ARCHIBALD                    221  
                    *"My heart is black, and my lips are*  
                    *cold. Mummies on flame with rock*  
                    *and roll."*

he pumps a volley of ELDRITCH BLASTS into the mummy's underbelly.



The MUMMY disappears in a sucking cloud of flame and ash.

The GRAVERS DIG SHOVEL hits the ground with a clatter.

FADE TO BLACK:

COMPLETE DARKNESS - SHADOWS OF DEATH DRAPED OVER NIGHT

Harmonic rumbles shake the ground beneath the pyramid.

We hear Heavy Breathing. Movement. Clatter of Weapons.

CASS (V.O.)  
(coughing)

222                               SAOIRSE (V.O.)  
Everyone okay?   222

223                               ARCHIBALD (V.O.)  
Warn us next time before you start                               223  
ladle tapping, eh?

LIGHTS SLOWLY RETURN

The only part of the mummy remaining is a white skeletal hand wrapped around the shovel's handle and a LAPIS LAZULI NECKLACE.

224                               BEATRICE (V.O.)  
My beau isn't here.   224

The sword erupts into sorrowful wailing.

225                               SAOIRSE  
You sure, Beatrice?   225

226                               BEATRICE (V.O.)  
He... he... he's gone.   226

Saoirse consoles Beatrice slowly stroking the blade.

227                               CASS  
(off the ridiculous sword)  
We're gravers right?   227

228                               SAOIRSE  
Your point?   228

229                               CASS  
We're alive, *mostly*. The monster's                               229  
defeated. I say we call it a day,  
loot this place, and make scarce.

Cass picks up the shovel.

230                                   CASS (CONT'D)                                   230  
                                  Time to find zat ffycin skull.

231                                   ARCHIBALD                                   231  
                                  Aye, I hear that, brother.

Archibald picks up the blue necklace.

Bahati reaches into the empty sarcophagus and pulls out a  
shiny KEEN LONG SWORD.

232                                   BAHATI                                   232  
                                  Curses be damned.

FADE TO BLACK: