

# **Folkvangr**

Revised Trailer Script 7/3/2017

Written by

Jason Conger-Kallas

EXT. FOREST - MORNING

A forester is seen venturing into the woods. A static shot of shadows falling on the treeline indicates time passes. The forester is not shown leaving the forest.

FADE.

EXT. FOREST - NIGHT

ESTABLISHING SHOT. The camera pans over LIGHTS moving about in the trees.

There is a group of silhouetted figures holding torches. The VILLAGE SEARCH PARTY members' identities are concealed by shadows. They are only seen from afar, and are not the focus of the story.

The forester's sister REGIN stands apart facing them in a better lit area. She holds a PACK and LANTERN. She is arguing with the group and gesturing angrily.

Several stragglers in the back of the group start to leave. After a brief discussion among themselves, the rest of the group turns around and heads out of frame.

One of the searchers lingers behind to put a consoling hand on Regin's shoulder. The figure then follows the rest of the group.

Regin stares despondently after the search party. Then she turns around to face towards the heart of the forest.

TITLE MUSIC PLAYS.

OVER BLACK:

TITLE CARD:  
FOLKVANGR

EXT. FOREST

MONTAGE. Transition through several quick montage scenes depicting the protagonist struggling through the forest. In each scene she is calling out and searching for someone.

She is seen wading through streams of brackish water, huddling miserably next to a small campfire, and pushing through difficult terrain. However, she does not find the person she is searching for.

Darkness falls and the sun rises again. The cycle repeats. Time passes.

The scenes start to speed up, repeat, and swirl, suggesting she is lost and going in circles.

The scenes start to blur together. The background fades out of focus. She becomes noticeably distraught and disheveled,

and increasingly desperate.

She begins yelling and throwing things angrily in a semi-delirious state.

The last scene cuts to her sitting down with head bowed to her knees, either sleeping or sobbing.

SLOW FADE OUT.

EXT. FOREST TREE - EARLY OR MID DAY

SHARP CUT TO MID RANGE SHOT. Regin is resting with her back propped against a tree. Her pack and lantern are thrown to the side. She looks exhausted and probably hasn't slept in days.

It is implied she is at her lowest point and has given up the search.

She hears a RUSTLING NOISE, and brushes a strand of tangled hair out of her eyes. She tilts her head trying to peer around the tree, but doesn't have enough energy to expend on the effort. She slumps back against the tree. Her head lolls to one side as she seems to be drifting back asleep.

A second heavier CRASH of a small sapling snapping and bushes rustling sounds close by.

She is startled and wearily staggers to her feet. Her legs are still weak from walking for days. She leans heavily against the tree.

Something large is clearly moving in the trees a short distance away. She cannot make out what it is, but it is heading straight towards her. She crouches back behind the tree and slows her breathing.

SFX: THE SOUND DESIGN SHOULD CONVEY THE SENSE OF SLOW MOVING WEIGHT, SHUFFLING AND DRAGGING ACROSS FOREST FLOOR LEAVES.

She presses her back against the tree, listening as a large ETTIN lumbers past.

It doesn't seem to be aware of her presence, taking its time foraging in the ground leaves for roots and acorns. It keeps sniffing the ground and using its two snouts to burrow in the ground after scraping out hollows with very long blunt claws.

Regin is struggling to remain perfectly still, trying to hold her breath. Her heart is racing from a mixture of fear, adrenaline, and lack of sleep. She grips the hilt of her DAGGER tightly.

After a few long seconds, the ettin trudges past. The creature's back is now towards her.

She breathes out, shifting her weight on her heel ever so slightly. A twig SNAPS.

The beast slowly turns one of its heads towards her and looks straight in her eyes. The second head turns its full attention towards her, rotating the body and rising on its long hind legs to face her.

For an excruciating few seconds, it doesn't attack; it just stares down at her. An uncomfortable silence lingers in the air. Even the birds have stopped their mournful songs. A low GROWL seems to emanate from somewhere deep in the creature's chest, growing in volume. It takes a step forward.

Thinking quickly, she drops the knife and hastily ruffles through a pouch to procure a handful of egg-sized round clay beads. She throws the spheres at the ground in front of the ettin. They flash in a powdery cloud and blind the creature temporarily.

She grabs her knife and lantern and backs away, keeping her eyes trained on the creature. The ettin is still writhing and clawing at its eyes, but the effect will not last long. At a safe distance she turns and sprints into the woods.

TRANSITION CUT.

EXT. FOREST - CONTINUOUS

She is running through the forest. Branches and thorns claw at her cloak and dress, slowing her down.

She moves to duck under a tree overhang, but glances back over her shoulder and hits her head on a branch. She is forcefully knocked down and slightly stunned. She reaches up and feels wet blood. Curses.

The creature can be heard behind her getting closer.

Her path is blocked with more dense underbrush. She frantically scrambles to try and go a different route. Her movements are unsteady as she hit her head quite hard.

She doesn't know where she is going, but the creature is directly behind her. She does not have time to think, only run.

EXT. FOREST RAVINE - CONTINUOUS

She bursts out of the treeline, and suddenly finds her feet treading empty air.

She tumbles down a rocky slope, bouncing off boulders along the way. She lands heavily at the bottom of the stream. The wind is knocked out of her, and she feels a sharp pain in her wrist. It is either broken or sprained.

She can hear the sound of the creature behind her. She crawls away desperately, still gasping and trying to regain her breath. She might have broken a few ribs.

The ettin grabs her leg and tries to drag her over the rocks. She kicks and breaks loose, but can't get to her

feet before it knocks her over again with a sweep of its claws.

She tries to draw her KNIFE, but her wrist is burning like fire. Her numb fingers wrap around the handle clumsily but refuse to retain hold of the grip. She fumbles and drops it.

The fight becomes more desperate as she tries to keep out of the creature's grasp. It is a futile effort since she is unarmed and the creature is far stronger and larger.

She breaks free again and reaches the knife with her left hand. She lashes out at the creature and injures it. Now it is even angrier.

She cannot possibly defeat the beast with just a knife. She needs to find some other way to outsmart it. Looks around.

Starts climbing a tree trunk that is hanging over the edge of the ravine, barely supported by a few roots. The creature reaches out and tries to reach her, but she kicks the clawed hand away. She continues slashing at the mass of stringy roots to weaken them, hacking frantically. She cuts a thick root and the tree jerks underneath her and shifts down a few inches.

The log's weight snaps from the remaining roots and tumbles straight down into the creature's midsection, knocking it back. She reaches the top of the ravine and looks back. The ettin is agitated from its injuries and after circling around a few times and roaring, seems to have lost interest in pursuing her further. She does not linger and takes off into the treeline.

EXT. FOREST CLEARING - SUNRISE

Time passes.

She staggers up a hillcrest into view of a clearing with tall golden brown grass. The sun is rising over the treeline, indicating yet another day has passed without success. She looks at the sun and slumps down in defeat.

At the moment when she has practically given up all hope, she sees the a figure moving through the underbrush across the edge of the opposite side of the clearing. She rises to her feet. The figure notices her and stops.

They just stand and stare across the clearing for a long time.

Closeup shots. They are both haggard and clearly struggling to not break down. Lots of emotions in eyes. Corners of mouth twitch.

She breaks into a sprint down the hill. He limps towards her. They embrace in the final shot.

CUT TO CREDITS.

EXT. FOREST - POST CREDITS

Brief clip of characters climbing the crest of a hill and encountering abandoned ruins. This ties into the main story for the video game.