

DARK SOLSTICE

Written by

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BLACK SCREEN

SUPER: "Bjelbog's Spear, Bjelbog's Spear. Sinks to the heart of the drunk Earth, Which-with a sign of holy mirth. A lone rose bloom. Within the womb. Of the darkest desire dips.' ~ Clemens Brentano"

FADE IN:

INT. LODGE COMMON ROOM - AFTERNOON

SUPER: "North Pole"

A roaring fire flickers in a massive fireplace, the flames illuminate a vast room in an old, somewhat decrepit, wooden structure.

In one corner of the room a grizzled, wrinkly ELF, HEINRICH, 60s, plays a lute and sings with a high, melodic voice.

HEINRICH
When Sleipnir rides in the crimson
skies, the hunt of the one-eyed god
do rise. When Yuletide comes --

SINTERKLAAS, 70, flowing white beard and obese, sits at a table and drinks from a large tankard -- liquid from it spills into his beard and onto his worn, red, lace-up shirt.

SINTERKLAAS
-- Heinrich! Cease that
insufferable rambling!

Sinterklaas picks up a piece of moldy bread on a plate in front of him, throws it at Heinrich.

Heinrich dodges the bread, sneers at Sinterklaas.

He puts his lute down and moves to a table near Sinterklaas' where FOUR ELVES -- ELFSIGE, 50s, SNORRI, 60s, WALDHAR, 70s, and THIEMO, 60s -- sit. They laugh at Heinrich as he approaches their table.

Sinterklaas returns to his drink, mutters something to himself.

SINTERKLAAS (CONT'D)
One-eyed cun --

Sinterklaas passes out, snores loudly.

Elfsige frowns at Sinterklaas' snoring.

ELFSIGE
Sounds like a thousand Hreinn
trampling on a rooftop...

Snorri guffaws, spits out some of his drink.

Heinrich takes a seat, Waldhar claps him on the back and hands him a flagon of something.

WALDHAR
Drink my boy...honor...the
solstice!

The five Elves all raise their drinks, clink cups and take heavy swigs.

EXT. OUTSIDE THE LODGE - SAME TIME

In the snowy woods that border the lodge TWO RAVENS sit on a large tree branch -- they stare intently at the lodge.

They caw loudly as they look up in the sky, fly off quickly as if beckoned somewhere.

INT. BEDROOM - LATER

A large bedroom with sparse furnishings. A giant bed sits in the middle of it.

Sinterklaas lies asleep on the bed, he tosses and turns and grumbles incoherent utterings.

BEGIN DREAM SEQUENCE

EXT. BATTLEFIELD - DAY

On an ancient battlefield SCORES OF DEAD COMBATANTS lie on a flat, snow-covered ground.

Sinterklaas scans the killing ground -- he has a longsword in one hand and a spear in the other.

A few hundred meters from Sinterklaas' position a GIANT WOLF clad in shiny, golden armor snarls and stares at Sinterklaas. It licks blood off of one of its large paws.

Sinterklaas clangs his sword and spear together -- a large flash emits from the contact.

The Giant Wolf charges at Sinterklaas.

Sinterklaas yells MOS, lunges forward towards the animal.

BACK TO SCENE

Sinterklaas springs up in the bed, gasps for air. He grabs the tankard on a nightstand near the bed and drinks deeply.

SINTERKLAAS

Ficker...

Sinterklaas sits on the edge of the bed, holds his head in his hands.

EXT. REINDEER PEN - NIGHT

Adjacent to the lodge a large animal pen resides -- it contains twenty or so reindeer. Torches light the area.

Thiemo walks around inside the pen with a grain bucket and disperses the contents around the pen.

One of the reindeer jumps up onto Thiemo and humps his back. Thiemo drops the grain bucket, pushes the reindeer off of him.

THIEMO

Birgir, ye old bastart! Get to
feeding one of your four stomachs!

The sound of wolves howling emanates from the dark woods. The reindeer all retreat to the fence farthest away from the howls.

Thiemo spins toward the sound, worriedly.

THIEMO (CONT'D)

Aistulf...

Thiemo runs toward the pen door.

Two sets of glowing eyes appear in the darkness a short distance from the pen entrance.

Thiemo pulls a dagger from his waistband.

Two LARGE WOLVES emerge from the dark.

Thiemo backs away from the fence door, points his weapon towards the wolves.

THIEMO (CONT'D)

Interlopers...komm!

The wolves charge the pen, break through it with ease.

INT. LODGE COMMON ROOM - SAME TIME

Elfsige, Snorri, Heinrich, and Waldhar eat -- they all look up from their plates as screams ring out from outside the lodge.

WALDHAR

Thiemo!

The four Elves scramble to a door close to the fireplace. Heinrich opens the door and hands the others an assortment of green armor and golden weaponry.

INT. BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Sinterklaas sleeps.

Loud raps at the door wake him. He sits up, groggily.

SINTERKLAAS

Scheisse.

Sinterklaas gets off of the bed, moves towards the door.

Elfsige bursts through the door, breathes heavily. Sinterklaas stumbles backwards.

ELFSIGE

Thiemo...outside...wolves!

Sinterklaas' eyes go wide -- he springs to a large wooden chest at the foot of his bed.

SINTERKLAAS

Wir kommen Thiemo!

Elfsige races back out the door.

Sinterklaas dons battle armor that includes a helmet with red wings on the sides -- pulls out a longsword and a spear. He exits the room hurriedly.

INT. LODGE FOYER - MOMENTS LATER

Elfsige, Snorri, Heinrich, and Waldhar stand ready in full battle dress -- they position themselves around the lodge entrance, the door remains closed.

Sinterklaas walks into the foyer area. He raps his spear on his chestplate. The Elves follow suit. Sinterklaas nods, opens the door. He exits and the Elves follow.

EXT. OUTSIDE THE LODGE - MOMENTS LATER

Sinterklaas moves away from the lodge as he looks around. The Elves follow in a V formation -- all with their heads on a swivel.

Sinterklaas moves towards the reindeer pen. He stops abruptly as he sees blood splatter and Thiemo's detached head in the snow a few meters from the pen door.

SINTERKLAAS

Thiemo!

Sinterklaas clenches his jaw. He spins towards the sounds of growling.

The Two Large Wolves appear, blood covers the fur around their mouths. They bare their teeth.

Sinterklaas drops his spear, raises his longsword. He runs an index finger along the blade.

SINTERKLAAS (CONT'D)

Licht!

His longsword's blade bursts into flame.

The Two Large Wolves shriek and retreat back into the darkness of the woods.

Sinterklaas snickers.

SINTERKLAAS (CONT'D)

Schwach.

From the black of the woods a spear hurtles -- it strikes Sinterklaas in his left shoulder, passes through his arm and embeds itself deeply in the lodge wall.

Sinterklaas drops his sword and grasps his shoulder with his right hand.

The Elves raise shields and weapons.

One burning eye appears in the darkness.

SINTERKLAAS (CONT'D)

Wotan...

ODIN, 60s, eyepatch over one eye, emerges from the dark on a massive, black warhorse with eight legs. Two ravens sit atop each of his armor-plated shoulders.

ODIN
Belobog...

Sinterklaas winces. He raises his flaming sword towards Odin.

SINTERKLAAS
Thiemo will be avenged.

Odin grins.

ODIN
The dwarf?

Sinterklaas picks up his spear with his wounded arm, grimaces.

ODIN (CONT'D)
Gungnir!

A spear appears in Odin's hands, it glows brightly.

Odin whispers to each of the ravens -- they launch from his shoulder perches and make a beeline for the Elves.

The Elves strike at the attacking birds with their weapons. Heinrich lands a cudgel blow to one of the birds, it shrieks in pain and clumsily attempts to flap away from the Elves.

Odin dismounts, spins his spear with lightning speed.

Sinterklaas yells out a battle cry, leaps towards Odin with both weapons raised.

Odin thrusts his spear towards Sinterklaas.

Sinterklaas' sword contacts Odin's spear in a blinding flash of white light -- his spear continues to move and drives into Odin's chest. Both men rocket backwards from the impact, fall to the ground violently.

Odin gasps, grabs at his chest wound.

QUICK FLASH - ODIN MENTAL IMAGE

INT. LIVING ROOM - EVENING

In a wooden cottage space TWO CHILDREN, 6 and 10, male and female, place hay and carrots in pairs of boots that sit by the fireplace. They giggle as they fill the shoes.

BACK TO SCENE

Odin's eye goes wide.

Sinterklaas rises, with some effort, and approaches Odin who bleeds a sort of white gas from a wound to his chest.

SINTERKLAAS
Worry not Bruder...I will make
restitution to your victims...

Sinterklaas raises his flaming sword and lops Odin's head off.

The Elves look on in awe, the ravens' bodies lie bloody around their feet.

Sinterklaas raises Odin's head to the sky, grins widely.

The Elves raise their weapons and rejoice.

EXT. REINDEER PEN - THE NEXT DAY

Sinterklaas feeds reindeer calves from the grain bucket.

SINTERKLAAS
Ye wee greedy --

Heinrich, Snorri, Waldhar, and Elfsige pull up to the pen in an ornamented sleigh led by four reindeer, one in the lead sports a bruised, red nose.

The Elves grin from ear-to-ear.

Sinterklaas smiles widely and nods.

SINTERKLAAS (CONT'D)
Onward.

FADE OUT.