

ABOUT FIGHTING
THE FEAR
(of The World)

— Script —

25 min

————— Prologue —————

SCENE 1 - Prologue - 1 min

(Mirror : Person swimming in the stars)

————— Title —————

(Camera fades to: Person swimming in the stars)

(Camera: Green Landscape)

“About Fighting the Fear (of the World)”

narrated by

Janosch Bela Kratz

with voices of

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Eva Lín Halldórsdóttir,

and music by

Thomas Stankiewicz

————— Story —————

SCENE 1 - Introduction - 2 min

(Camera: Person at the campfire)

STORYTELLER

You are born a nomad, child of the soil, the air and the water.

You have been told that after the big mass extinction, all borders, nations, and states had broken apart and people subordinated themselves to the world again, at least those who couldn't leave Earth. The idea of humanity hasn't existed since, only stories passed through generations. You and the life of your caravan are determined by storms, thunder and lightning, waves, rain and floods, drought and sand, and fire. All the old beasts have returned, the world is a frightening place again.

You never had a solid home like your ancestors once. Maps have been long lost, so ever since you grew up you have learned to navigate by memory, to feel the landscape, to listen to stories, and trusting your body.

At day you travel along the seaside, across vast plains, or between mountain chains. At night you take shelter in caves, in the warmth of the bonfire. Your caravan is on the way to the next temporary settlement. You don't know what awaits you out there in the world. You have never had a connection and barely meet anyone on your travels.

On your skin, they drew a map of the stars, for you to navigate in all lands and at all seas. The sky is your mirror of the world. It's the only map you know.

Why would people fight the fear of the world? You have decided to gather as much knowledge about what has been.

When you were born they wrote your name on the surface of a shell and dropped it in the ocean, so if you feel lost you know that your name was lost long before:

SCENE 2 - I - The Great Whale (About the Brake of Vessels) - 5 min

(Water scene)

(Camera: Trees and bushes)

STORYTELLER

You are afraid.

Between two bushes by the shore, you hear it rustle.

Incapable of laying your eyes upon the contrast of the landscape, you expect each and every shape to be a monstrosity, capable of ripping you apart.

A voice, as unfamiliar as the lands on which you have laid down, whispers to you. You crawl over to hear what it has to say.

(Camera: Crawling through bushes into water)

STORYTELLER

Willingly, you crawl through the leaves and follow the voice to the shore and through the surface of the water. As if you were born a whale, surprisingly, you can breath without Gills. You follow the being far away from the mainland, deep into the dark water...

...until it stops not far from the surface, under the hulls of two ships.

(Camera: Following the Great Whale)

GREAT WHALE

EN

Men, once thought they could claim the world I rule: the seabed and the water it holds with all its beings and plants. So, they made stories to send out their fight-thirsty men to hunt us, and their adventurous scientists to make maps and lists, and they produced technology to decide, and they fought wars on the surface and underwater to maintain what they had decided.

Don't be afraid. I am the great whale. They once said that I am as big in size as an island and that I prey upon ships and men. But I am not here to feed on you, as you are no sailor, but to tell what I once read in a letter I found deep in the dark on the ground of the sea, wrapped in a bottle...

IS

Menn, einu sinni héldu þeir að þeir gætu tekið yfir heiminn sem ég drottna yfir: sjávarbotninn og vatnið sem hefur að geyma allar verurnar og plönturnar. Þeir sömdu sögur til að senda blóðþyrsta menn að veiða mig og létu vísindamenn teikna kort og skipa hlutum í flokka. Þeir þróuðu tækni til ákvörðunar og fóru í stríð á yfirborðinu og neðanborðs til að halda fast við það sem þeir höfðu ákveðið.

Ekki vera hrædd. Ég er hvalurinn mikli og ég hef snúið aftur. Þeir sögðu eitt sinn að ég væri eins stór og eyja og að ég myndi herja á bæði skip og menn. En ég er ekki hér til þess að éta þig, þar sem þú ert enginn sjómaður, heldur til þess að segja þér sögu úr bréfi sem ég fann...

(Camera: The Great Whale on the Seabed, underneath two ships, between crashed rovers)

GREAT WHALE

EN

Dear Fishermen,

I am worried. I heard about your situation and I can't help but feel for your trouble, to be imprisoned on a ship. I imagine your male bodies on long winter nights dressed in thick jackets, walking around the ship, with a view on the mainland where you cannot set foot. I recall the taxi driver telling me that you have been trapped on your vessel since the war started and that the only way to reach medical care for you is to be escorted by her to the doctor, with her patiently waiting in the waiting room as if she was your mother and you were a little boy. She said that you have no water for showers and the food is getting short from time to time. How do you survive out there? What are you doing all day long to stay sane, I wonder? Do you tell each other stories? Are you afraid?

The Taxi driver told me she is sometimes called to drive you to the airport. You are crying and shaking out of fear in the backseat because you have to go to war. She is suffering with you, she said. Only because this is your body.

IS

Kæru veiðimenn,

Ég er áhyggjufullur. Ég heyrði um stöðu ykkar og get ekki annað en að finna til með ykkur, þið eruð fastir á skipi. Ég ímynda mér karlmannslíkama á löngum vetrarnóttum klædda í þykka jakka, gangandi um skipið, með útsýni yfir land sem þið megið ekki stíga fæti á. Ég man eftir því þegar leigubílstjórinn sagði mér að þið hefðuð verið fastir í skipinu ykkar síðan að stríðið braust út og að eina leiðin fyrir ykkur að fá læknishjálp væri í fylgd leigubílstjórans til læknisins, í biðstofunni beið hún með þolinmæði eins og að væri móðir og þú værir lítill strákur. Hún sagði að það væri ekki nægt vatn á skipinu til að fara í sturtu og stundum væri maturinn af skornum skammti. Hvernig lifið þið af þarna úti? Hvað gerið allan liðlangan daginn, til að halda sönsu? Segið hvorum öðrum sögur? Eruð hræddir?

Leigubílstjórinn sagði mér að stundum þurfi hún að keyra einn ykkar á flugvöllinn. Þið grátið og skjálfið af ótta í aftursætinu því þið voruð kallaðir heim í stríð. Hún þjáist með ykkur, sagði hún. Vegna þess eins að þetta er þinn líkami.

STORYTELLER

The Fish reaches down to the ground and pulls out a glass bottle with a piece of paper inside. She hands it over to you because she has no use for it. You can make out that it is a map and begin your ascent back to the surface.

SCENE 3 - II - Day (A Strange Cave) - 5 min

(Camera: Cave with research images)

Scene 4 - III - Hekla (About the Woman in the Castle) - 5 min

(Camera zoom: Vördur in fog)

STORYTELLER

Overnight, a strong wind has wrapped you in thick fluorescent white fog. Close to you, you can hear voices whisper. When you squeeze your eyes you can vaguely see a pile of stones. As you come closer you can hear the voices speaking to you:

(Camera moving around: Vördur/Pile of stones)

VÖRÐUR

EN

Follow us. We guide you and guard you safely on your way up the mountain. It's not far. They expect you, hurry.

DE

Folge uns. Wir führen und bewachen dich sicher auf deinem Weg den Berg hinauf! Es ist nicht weit! Laufe! Sie erwarten dich schon, beeile dich.

(Camera tracking shot: Along Vördur up a volcano)

STORYTELLER

You hike and hike up the mountain until you can make out a red light far away, deep in the fog. You can sense the temperature rising and you start to sweat. Despite the loss of orientation, you continue your journey.

(Tracking shot end: red light in the fog, crashed satellites)

(Camera: Circles around Volcano)

HEKLA

EN

Don't be afraid! I mean you no harm...

Our Name is Hekla and once they called us the gates of hell. Men were afraid of the powers we held in our body, so they told each other stories and they claimed we were evil because we could destroy their houses, where they would rest in safety. Those men also announced all bodies of beings to be machines and declared those who wouldn't function to be as malicious as we. Then, two climbers conquered our cliffs, so they returned as heroes and celebrated men. Our body has no wheels, no tubes, no engines, our body is the ground you walk on and all inside.

Let us read you a letter we once found dug deep down in the earth:

DE

Hab keine Angst, wir werden dir nichts antun...

Unser Name ist Hekla und einst nannte man uns "die Pforte zur Hölle". Männer hatten solche Angst vor der Kraft, die wir in unserem Körper trugen, sodass sie sich Geschichten erzählten, in denen sie uns zum Ebenbild des Bösen erklärten. Sie fürchteten um ihre Häuser, in denen sie sich in Sicherheit wägen. Die selben Männer beschlossen, dass alle anderen lebenden Körper Maschinen sind und erklärten all diejenigen als böse, die nicht funktionierten. Dann erklommen zwei Bergsteiger unsere Schluchten und kehrten als Helden und gefeierte Männer zurück. Unser Körper jedoch besteht nicht aus Zahnrädern, nicht aus Röhren, nicht aus Motoren, unser Körper ist der Boden auf den du trittst und alles in ihm.

Erlaube uns Dir einen Brief vorzulesen, den wir einst tief eingegraben unter der Erde fanden:

(Camera static: Zooms on Volcano)

HEKLA

EN

Dear woman in the castle,

If I think of you, I think of your castle as if you two are the same. You stand still on the ground as much as the stone it is built of breathes and feels. Despite the

movements of the ground which would break and tear the walls apart, you would stand by them as they shielded you from what was out there. About us, who would enter your world from the outside, you would worry and always fear what possibly could happen to us.

I sometimes picture the world you imagined as a land of pulverizing stone giants, lava streams, thorns, and ever-lasting thunder. But most of them all you feared what people could do to us. The world at your castle on the other hand, covered behind fences and gates, was paradise to you, and you would have preferred to keep us there. But instead of placing your castle on top of a Rock to oversee the skies and lands you own, you preferred to shut your view with flowers and trees, befriend the birds, and only care about our wellbeing out there, not about yours.

Strictly separated from the reality of the world, you would only enter it in full armor, to guard you from the light this world would reflect on you. As a child I would wonder, what has happened to you? Why are you so afraid?

Now, I know you had thousand fights to fight within your own body, so abstract to everyone that not even a child could solve them. The world out there had somehow let you down and so it was that you would end the days so early, that you could wake in the early night to exist on your own terms, while the rest of the world around you would sleep peacefully within their walls, in safety, and all fear was gone, for a while at least.

DE

Liebe Frau im Schloss,

Wenn ich an dich denke, denke ich unumgänglich an dein Schloss, als ob ihr beide eins ward. Du standest unbewegt auf der Erde, so wie der Stein aus dem es gebaut wurde, atmen und fühlen konnte. Trotz der starken Bewegung des Bodens, welche die Wände zerbrach und auseinander riss, bliebst du ihnen treu, denn sie schützten Dich vor dem was da draußen war. Um uns, die deine Welt von außerhalb betraten, hast du dir große Sorgen bereitet und gefürchtet, was uns womöglich dort zustoßen könnte.

Manchmal habe ich mir die Welt, die du dir ausgemalt hast, als Land pulverisierender Steingiganten, Lavaströme, Dornen und ewig schlagender Blitze vorgestellt. Am meisten jedoch fürchtestest Du was uns andere Menschen antun könnten. Die Welt in deinem Schloss, hinter Zäunen und Toren, war wie ein Paradies für uns und du hättest uns am liebsten dort behalten. Anstatt dein Schloss auf dem

Rücken eines Berges zu errichten, um deinen Himmel und dessen Landschaften zu überblicken, bevorzugtes Du deinen Blick mit Blumen und Bäumen einzuhüllen, dich mit den Vögeln anzufreunden und dich einzig und allein um unser Wohlergehen zu kümmern, nicht um deines.

Strikt von der Realität der Außenwelt getrennt, konntest Du sie nur in voller Rüstung betreten, um dich vor dem Licht zu Schützen, das die Welt auf dir reflektieren würde. Als Kind habe ich mich gefragt, was dir zugestoßen sein musste, sodass Du so viel Angst hattest.

Mittlerweile habe ich verstanden, dass Du tausend Kämpfe mit dir selbst zu führen hattest, so abstrakt, dass nicht einmal ein Kind sie lösen könnte. Die Welt da draußen hatte dich verletzt und so kam es, dass Du jeden Tag so früh zu Bett gingst, dass Du in der frühen Nacht wieder wach warst und in der Ruhe der schlafenden Welt auf deine Weise existieren konntest. Und all deine Angst war verflogen, für einen Moment.

(Camera: Moves up to the sky)

STORYTELLER

Before the volcano returns to prepare for an eruption, it sends a small bird to hand you a strange map; one you have never seen before. You turn your back to the red light and let yourself drag down the mountain until you reach the low ground again.

SCENE 5 - IV Day (A Strange Map) - 5 min

(Camera tracking shot: In Cave to Map)

(Camera: Map appears on screen)

STORYTELLER

The map you are holding in your hands seems strange to you. The beige-colored areas remind you of the deserts that have spread across your world, overrunning all vegetation. The grey surfaces, on the other hand, remind you of the mountain ranges you had to cross. Nevertheless, the shapes, and the transitions, seem unlike any landscape you have ever seen. If you look closely, you recognize letters and numbers in white all over the map. These numbers must have meant something to the cartographer of this land. 93 or 39 is written in large stencil letters. The name "Teddy" is noted, but you can't put a face to it. Teddy may be the creator of this map or he may own the country it depicts. Another number catches your eye and reminds

you of a serial number, perhaps there are many more cards of this type that come together to form a whole large one. You almost overlook them, but then you recognize notes in small letters. "Battery Cell", "Engine Access" and "Radiator Access", you deduce that it must be some kind of energy cell that either generates, converts, or uses electricity.

Then you notice lots of red indicators scattered all over the map. You can't clearly decipher their shapes, arrangements, and positions. You are unsure of their function, perhaps they emphasize important places or they are red features in the landscape. What you are sure of, however, is that they must be important.

You are looking for a unit of measurement to visualize the dimensions of the land and you notice many footprints that have been marked in certain areas. A sign of human influence, but you ask yourself why only in these specific areas? To visualize the size, you place a footprint next to the map.

You notice another important detail. A row of yellow objects that you only seem to find in one place. They remind you of ammunition and when you compare them to the sole of the footprint, you realize that this map is a war zone.

You notice that there are many places on this map where you can recognize strong physical influences. Scratches, indentations, and dirt make you aware that the conflict must have already begun when this map was created.

You summarise all your observations and you realise that this map cannot be a landscape and that it scares you about what it must have done in the past.

You decide to burn the map in the campfire and forget everything you have learned. Maybe you don't want to know why people had to fight fear after all. You'd rather live with it.

(Camera: Map burns in campfire)

————— Credits —————

written/recorded/modeled/special effects/edited by

Janosch Bela Kratz

—————
Storyteller

Janosch Bela Kratz

—————
as the Great Whale

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as Hekla
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Support
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Font used
ExHexHex by Mona Mayer

in-game material captured in
Arma 3
by Bohemian Interactive

music by
Thomas Stankiewicz

————— Epilogue —————

SCENE 1 - Epilogue - 1 min

(Mirror : Person swimming in the stars)