

BASTARD

Written by

BCL

FADE IN:

EXT. SNOWY BATTLEFIELD - DAY

BRANDR, 40's, covered in blood, wears Viking warrior armor, lays in the snow.

Bodies lay around him, the whole snowy mountaintop blanketed in blood and body parts.

Slowly he opens his eyes.

BRANDR (V.O.)  
The gods have abandoned me.

He closes his eyes, lets the cold take him.

BJORN (O.C.)  
Help! Help me!

His eyes shoot open.

Brandr reaches for his broadsword. It's stuck in the belly of one of his enemies.

Slowly and painfully, he gets to his feet.

BRANDR  
Bjorn!

A giant stab wound has pulled his belly apart. He shoves snow into the wound, trying to stop the bleeding.

Clumps of snow collect in his long beard and dirty blond hair.

He pulls his sword out of the corpse, heads in the direction he heard the call for help.

EXT. SNOWY FOREST - DAY

Brandr stomps through the forest, dragging his giant bloodstained sword behind him.

Crows fly off as he stumbles past them.

He's stopped in his tracks. A dead horse lays in his path. Its insides have been pulled out. Crows pick at the intestines.

BRANDR  
Bjorn!

His voice echoes through the emptiness.

He keeps moving, past the dead horse.

EXT. VIKING VILLAGE - DAY

Brandr reaches a village on fire. The homes have all but been demolished. The villagers massacred.

BRANDR

Vendel!

He drops his sword on the ground, stumbles over to some burnt bodies laying in the snow.

He drops to his knees.

HRÓKR walks up behind him. He's in his 30's, wears the skin of a wolf, carries a battle axe.

HROKR

Brandr!

Hrokr runs at him with the axe. Brandr quickly dodges the attack, grabs his broadsword.

BRANDR

Hrokr! Why!

HROKR

You brought death to us!

BRANDR

Where is my son?!

HROKR

With the gods!

Hrokr runs at him, readies his giant battle axe.

Brandr shoves his sword into his belly, spilling his guts out onto the snowy ground.

Hrokr falls to his knees. Brandr runs over to him.

BRANDR

My son, Hrokr. Who has him?

He coughs up some blood.

HROKR

Osvaldr.

BRANDR

Osvaldr is dead. I cut him in two.

HROKR

The gods have given him new life to  
take his revenge on you and this  
land.

BRANDR

Do not lie to me, Hrokr! Where is  
my son?!

Hrokr takes his last gasp of air and dies.

Brandr pulls his sword out, grabs Hrokr's battle axe.

BRANDR (CONT'D)

Bjorn!!

EXT. TRAVELED ROAD - DAY

Brandr follows some footprints in the snow. Up ahead we see  
smoke.

He stops and looks around.

The road is empty, but the sun is dropping fast.

He continues his journey.

INT. VIKING HUT - NIGHT

OSVALDR, 40's, has a giant scar on his face that goes all the  
way down to his chest.

On the floor shivering is BJORN. He's just a boy, 12 years  
old.

Osvaldr tosses a severed limb into a fire. The flames get  
bigger.

OSVALDR

Loki likes my offering, little one.

BJORN

Is that why you burned down my  
village?

OSVALDR

It was my village first. Your  
father took it from me.

Bjorn stares at his disgusting scar.

Osvaldr takes notice and laughs.

OSVALDR (CONT'D)  
He also gave me this. Do you like  
it?

BRANDR (O.C.)  
Osvaldr!

Osvaldr smiles.

BJORN  
Father!

Bjorn runs for the door, a blade flies across the room and sticks in his leg.

He screams out in pain.

We hear yelling outside, swords hitting each other.

The door swings open. Snow flies in.

STÍGR runs in. He's blanketed in snow and blood.

STIGR  
He's here.

OSVALDR  
Good. Attend to this boy's wound.

Osvaldr grabs his helmet and broadsword off a table.

EXT. VIKING HUT - MOMENTS LATER(SNOWING)

A snow blizzard has picked up. Brandr stands by the giant bonfire the Vikings started to keep warm.

The bodies of Osvaldr's warriors lay dead at Brandr's feet.

He breathes heavy, holding his two bloodsoaked weapons of death.

Osvaldr steps out of the hut and walks over to him.

BRANDR  
My son.

OSVALDR  
Is that you, Brandr?

BRANDR

My son!

OSVALDR

Don't you recognise your old friend, Brandr?

He removes his helmet.

OSVALDR (CONT'D)

I'm glad you survived the battle, my friend. It was a glorious killing.

He tosses the helmet in the bonfire.

OSVALDR (CONT'D)

The gods have granted me my return! Loki is by my side, he gives me strength. All he asks for are limbs for his flames. Your son will make a great sacrifice, Brandr.

BRANDR

No!

Brandr runs as fast as he can towards him, he jumps through the flames, hair and beard on fire.

He yells a battle cry, the two viking warriors SLAM their weapons together.

Brandr's sword splits in two.

OSVALDR

The gods are on my side!

Osvaldr headbutts him. He staggers back and knocks the battle axe out of Brandr's hand.

He kicks Brandr in his belly wound. He falls to his knees.

OSVALDR (CONT'D)

The great warrior has fallen!

He lifts his sword high above his head, ready to cut Brandr in two.

Brandr holds his stomach in pain. He feels around in the snow, finds the broken end of his sword. He quickly shoves it in Osvaldr's belly.

He spits out blood, drops his sword down on the ground. He falls to his knees. His eyes meet Brandr's.

OSVALDR (CONT'D)

How?

BRANDR

The gods have abandoned you.

Brandr pulls out the broken blade and slits Osvaldr's throat. Blood spays out over Brandr's face, baptized him in blood.

Brandr gets to his feet and heads for the hut.

INT. VIKING HUT - CONTINUOUS

The door swings open. Brandr slowly steps in holding his battle axe.

Stigr has Bjorn held hostage, a knife to his throat.

STIGR

Stay back, Brandr.

BRANDR

Stigr, Loki needs a sacrifice.

Brandr throws the battle axe, hitting him in the chest. He flies across the room, into the fire pit.

Brandr runs to Bjorn, embraces him.

BJORN

Father!

BRANDR

Bjorn!

EXT. VIKING HUT - MORNING

The sun is rising, the bonfire has died out. Bodies from Brandr's rampage scatter the ground.

Bjorn stands by his father.

BJORN

Where do we go?

BRANDR

Now we find a new place to call home.

Bjorn puts his hand into his father's giant bloodied paw.

FADE TO BLACK.