

The Boy and the Wolves:

A Reimagining

Originally compiled by Andrew Lang

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FADE IN:

EXT. FENRIR HOUSE - DRIVEWAY - EVENING

A police car backs out, drives away.

SUPER: DULUTH, MINNESOTA

INT. FENRIR HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

MOM, 45, tears streaming down her face, stands with DAD, 50, large and athletic, arms wrapped around each other.

On a sofa, JIMMY FENRIR, 9, thick blonde hair, sits covered by a blanket, shivering.

MOM

A wolf? Seriously?

DAD

It could have been a dog...we don't know, but we need to get him a Rabies shot, either way.

Mom pulls away, looks over to Jimmy.

MOM

I can't believe Matt would leave him like that. And who was that girl?

INT. FENRIR HOUSE - MATT'S BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

MATT FENRIR, 17, lies on top of his bed, a scowl on his face. Dried tears run down his chiseled cheeks.

The door opens violently, Dad storms in, eyes fierce.

Matt sits up immediately, like a scared puppy.

MATT

Dad, I'm so sorry. It'll -

DAD

You're damned right it'll never happen again! Consider yourself grounded.

MATT

Dad...c'mon. Seriously?

Dad approaches the bed, finger pointing directly at Matt.

DAD

Don't speak, Matt...just listen.
You're officially grounded and you
will not have access to your car,
our cars, or any car.

MATT

Dad!

Dad raises his finger in a silencing gesture.

DAD

What did I tell you before you two
left for the lake this morning?

Matt lies back down, rubs his eyes.

MATT

To keep an eye on Jimmy.

DAD

I told you not to leave him alone
for any reason. I told you to NEVER
ABANDON your brother, and what did
you do? You ran off with some girl.

Tears fall from Matt's eyes, as he nods his head.

DAD (CONT'D)

I'm gonna tell you a story that may
or may not hit home. It's an old
fairy tale, actually, and it takes
place right around here.

Matt rolls his eyes.

DAD (CONT'D)

You roll your eyes one more time,
Kid, I might do something we're both
gonna regret. You get me?

MATT

Yes, Sir.

Dad sits down on the bed, looks up to the ceiling.

DAD

In the 1800's, our Scandinavian
ancestors settled in this area. It
was a wild place, full of Native
Americans, the Dakotas...and wolves.

EXT. CLEARING IN THE WOODS - DAY

A log cabin sits peacefully, smoke wafting up from a stone chimney. The front door opens, PA, 50, bald and pale, exits, a large pack on his back with furs spilling out.

ASMUND, 17, long and lean, follows.

ASMUND

Pa! Can I go too?

BERGREN, 9, thick head of white blonde hair, follows Asmund outside, watches inquisitively.

Pa turns, shakes his finger at the boy.

PA

Asmund, I've told you many a time, you will stay with your brother, watch over him and never abandon him. When I am gone, you are all he will have.

ASMUND

But Pa, I want to see the village...my friends...Gerda...it's been so long.

Pa turns, walks away into the deep woods.

PA

I'll return in a fortnight. Stay with Bergren.

DAD (V.O.)

The father had moved his two sons away from the village when he caught his wife with another man. In his mind, women were evil and he wanted to protect his sons from the pain he had felt.

INT. LOG CABIN - DAY

Asmund paces back and forth, as Bergren prepares dinner in the small kitchen.

BERGREN

I'm worried about Pa...

ASMUND

He will return as he said.

DAD (V.O.)

But all was not well...

EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

It's dark in the dense trees. Birds call out and take flight, as Pa approaches on a well worn trail.

He stops suddenly, as a RABBIT scampers out from the foliage in front of him.

Behind him, a large white WOLF slowly pads towards him.

In an instant, the wolf is on him, and an instant later, the canine jaws are locked around his neck, as thick red blood stains the forest floor.

Several other WOLVES scurry out of the underbrush and the feast is on. They savage his body, tear his intestines out, and drag the carcass deeper into the woods.

A chorus of howls echo into the moonless night.

EXT. CLEARING IN THE WOODS - MORNING

Bergren pulls at his brother's britches.

BERGREN

You can't just leave me here! Pa said so.

Asmund pulls away, turns.

ASMUND

I have to go get help. It's been over a fortnight, and you're too small...you'll be safer here. I will return with help.

Tears stream down Bergren's little cheeks.

BERGREN

NO! Let me go with you. Please!

ASMUND

You have enough food for days. Stay inside and I will be back for you. I promise.

Bergren watches through tear filled eyes as Asmund trots off, into the woods.

DAD (V.O.)

Asmund broke his vow to his father and left his brother alone, not knowing the horrors he would experience.

INT. LOG CABIN - NIGHT

Bergren sits at the kitchen table, a bowl of porridge in front of him.

Outside, the cries of wolves start up...and grow in intensity until it's a full on cacophony.

EXT. CLEARING IN THE WOODS - CONTINUOUS

The pack of wolves dine on a freshly killed deer. A blood geyser shoots from its ruined neck.

Through the front window, Bergren watches in terror.

The Alpha Wolf, snow white coated in bright red gore, locks eyes with the child. He opens his mouth wide, lets out a guttural howl.

INT. LOG CABIN - MORNING

Bergren stands glued to the front window, as the sun's rays creep through the trees.

EXT. CLEARING IN THE WOODS - CONTINUOUS

The deer carcass remains intact. It's quiet, except for the constant chirping of the birds and sounds from small critters who scamper through the forest.

The wolves are gone...or at least appear to be gone.

The front door opens...slowly. Bergren peeks his head out, looks around. The coast looks to be clear.

Knife in hand, he cautiously approaches the deer carcass.

He looks around, wide eyed, plunges his knife into the chest cavity, cuts out a large piece of meat, runs back inside.

The white wolf watches from the trees, licking his snout.

EXT. VILLAGE - DAY

Asmund enters, sweat dripping from his brow.

The front door of a nearby cottage opens and GERDA, 17, exquisite Nordic beauty, watches, fawn eyed.

GERDA

Asmund? Asmund...is it really you?

Asmund turns his head, takes off at a full run, into her arms. They kiss passionately, arms locked tightly around each other.

ASMUND

Gerda! It's been so long! I've...

GERDA

I've missed you since the day you left and longed for your sweet kisses.

Asmund pulls back, admiring her beauty.

ASMUND

You look...uh...

GERDA

Different? Aye, I am a woman now and have much to show you! Let's go to the lake...you look exhausted.

ASMUND

I need help from the village elders. Pa left to trade furs weeks ago and never returned. I left Bergren at our cabin.

Gerda watches him, perplexed, a twinkle in her eyes.

GERDA

All the men have left to kill off the wolves. They won't be back for days. You need to rest...then we'll go back.

ASMUND

But, he's all alone. I promised...

Gerda flashes a smile, gently caresses her breasts.

GERDA

He'll be fine. Come with me to the lake...

EXT. WILD RICE LAKE SHORE - DAY

Asmund and Gerda walk hand in hand, playfully touching each other, eyes locked. Gerda stops, looks down at herself, then back into Asmund's eyes.

GERDA

I am a woman now...let me show you.

She slowly undoes her top, exposing her bare breasts.

Asmund watches, completely mesmerized, mouth agape.

ASMUND

Gerda...

GERDA

You like?

Asmund reaches out nervously.

ASMUND

Can I...

She takes his hands, places them on her breasts.

GERDA

Of course, Silly.

They embrace, kiss deeply.

GERDA (CONT'D)

You're sweaty. Take off your clothes...let's swim.

They both strip their clothes off, head into the water.

INT. LOG CABIN - NIGHT

Bergren sits at the kitchen table, eating deer meat.

From outside, the cacophony of howls starts back up. His eyes go wide, as he swallows hard.

EXT. CLEARING IN THE WOODS - CONTINUOUS

The pack of wolves tear into another deer. Claws and fangs dig deep, as blood shoots out in spurts.

The white wolf tears out a huge chunk of flesh, staring directly into the window, as Bergren watches, frozen in place.

INT. LOG CABIN - MORNING

Bergren stares out the window at the ravaged carcass.

He walks to the door, opens it, peers outside.

EXT. CLEARING IN THE WOODS - CONTINUOUS

He approaches the mutilated deer, knife in hand, looking left and right, as birds fly overhead.

He cuts out a piece of meat, turns toward the cabin, sees the white wolf panting quietly only feet away.

Frozen in place, knife outstretched in a defensive posture, he waits...until the wolf advances suddenly, nips his arm, and bounds away into the woods.

Bergren looks down at his wrist, as blood droplets leak onto the grass.

INT. GERDA'S COTTAGE - BEDROOM - MORNING

Asmund and Gerda lie in bed together. Gerda opens her eyes, smiles mischievously.

GERDA

Let's go to the lake. It looks like a beautiful morning.

She caresses his hair, goes in for a long kiss.

DAD (O.S.)

It's impossible to understand the power women hold over men. Although Asmund truly intended to get help for his brother, he completely forgot and was beguiled by Gerda's womanly charms...and weeks passed...then months...

EXT. CLEARING IN THE WOODS - MORNING

Bergren, now looking quite different...feral, torn clothes, wild white hair, blood smeared face, feeds with the wolves on a freshly killed deer.

The white wolf, by his side, licks his cheek, as they feast together.

The pack pulls away, heads into the woods.

Bergren looks into the Alpha's blue eyes, and almost knowingly, licks the animal's snout. Together, they both let out a thunderous howl that shakes the birds from the trees above.

They bound off into the woods together.

EXT. WILD RICE LAKE SHORE - DAY

Asmund and Gerda play together in the water, both naked.

Gerda's stomach protrudes and is very tight.

She looks down at herself, then up into Asmund's eyes.

GERDA

Our boy will come soon and we will
protect him from all the evils of
the world.

Asmund shakes his head in disbelief.

ASMUND

Bergren! My brother! I forgot my
brother all this time.

Gerda takes his hand in hers.

GERDA

He is fine. We'll go for him after
our baby is born.

INT. GERDA'S COTTAGE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Asmund and Gerda lie asleep together.

Outside, there's a loud BANG from a gun, followed by a blood
curdling SCREAM.

They both jolt awake in bed, as the sound of the front door
violently splintering rings out.

GERDA

My Papa!

Asmund jumps up, but is immediately knocked back onto the
bed by the great white wolf, fangs bared.

Gerda SCREAMS, but is silenced as the wolf rips open her
pregnant belly with uncanny ease.

Asmund watches in horror and disbelief as Bergren slithers
into the bedroom on all fours.

The creature is no longer Bergren in his human form, but a
sick amalgamation of wolf and child, snow white...and angry.

EXT. VILLAGE - CONTINUOUS

Asmund's screams are cut short by retorts of rifles, howls,
and other screams, as the pack dismember the villagers.

FADE OUT

FADE IN:

INT. FENRIR HOUSE - MATT'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Matt watches Dad, shaking his head.

MATT

Dad...seriously? That's a fairy tale? That's some twisted shit.

Dad stands up, smacks the bed with his hand.

DAD

Fairy tales change with each telling, but there's always a lesson to be learned...hope you've learned yours.

Dad walks to the door, opens it, and turns.

DAD (CONT'D)

Now, don't get me wrong...I'm not suggesting your brother's going to turn into a werewolf and eat your scrawny ass, but...you owe him a big apology, and it may take some time.

As Dad walks out, Jimmy appears, pale, red eyes, and shaking.

DAD (CONT'D)

Hey Bud, you feeling OK? We need to get you over to the hospital still.

Jimmy stares ahead at Matt, lips quivering.

DAD (CONT'D)

Go on in and talk to your brother...he wants to apologize to you. Your Mom and I will get the car ready.

He leaves, closes the door behind him.

Matt watches as Jimmy slowly approaches the bed.

MATT

Little Bro, I'm so sorry and...

INT. FENRIR HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

A horrific SCREAM emanates from upstairs, as Mom and Dad lock eyes.

FADE OUT: