

BEORN

Written by

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Based on, Beorn from The Hobbit

EXT. GRANT PASS - NIGHT

A small eerie town sits on the outskirts of what would become known as Paradise, Washington. The legends of a great beast steer outsiders in the opposite direction.

Snow billows through the village for 10 months out of the year. Small and rundown, it's hay-day has passed since the railroad was completed several years prior.

Now only founding families and a few courageous outsiders remain in the town. Houses are split up across the mountain range, with the village center at its core.

Tree's tower above, rendering it almost completely hidden from the train tracks.

Villagers crowd around the center plaza of the town yelling and shouting in unison. Their voices ringing into the night.

VILLAGERS

Hayes! Hayes! Hayes!

VILLAGER 1

You finally fucking did it!

VILLAGER 2

We're saved!

GARRET HAYES (mid 40s) stands atop a barrel over looking the crowd, BEAMING with absolute joy. He's a large, thick, aggressive man, with blood splattered across his face. You can't tell if it's his or not.

BEORN lays dead pillied in front of him. The creature is like nothing ever seen on earth. The ancient beast takes the shape of a black bear the size of a Chevy truck. Standing on his hind legs, he could touch the tip of a street lamp.

His paws the circumference of the LID on a trash can, are burned and charred. His lower jaw is unhinged and pulled to the side, his enormous front fangs pushed into the dirt.

There's a stark contrast between the scars running up and down his back and the fresh wounds at the side of his face, where the villagers took turns stabbing into him.

GARRET HAYES

This is a day we've all been
waiting for. The great beast lays
dead before us.

BEAT.

The crowd cheers.

GARRET HAYES (CONT'D)
No longer will your wives go to
sleep scared their children will be
snatched from their beds. No longer
will our livestock and hunting
grounds be slaughtered..

CLOSE- VIOLET'S FACE PANTING

VIOLET NIGHTINGALE (13) SHOVES her way through the crowd of
people. She is a naturally beautiful girl with bold features
and deep forest green eyes. Compassionate and kind, she puts
others above herself constantly.

VIOLET
(to OLDER LADY)
Excuse me? Have you seen my father?

BEAT

Villagers ignore her as she wanders through the crowd.

VIOLET (CONT'D)
Excuse me lady, have you seen my
father Peter? He's been missing for
5 days now.

OLDER LADY
Get lost, I'm trying to listen to
the speech.

GARRET HAYES
(continues loudly)
I am beyond grateful for this duty
to protect our village..

Violet makes her way to the center of the plaza, panting and
frustrated that no one was listening to her. The crowd
continues to chant and cheer.

She locks eyes with Beorn's MUTILATED corpse lying in front
of her.

BEAT.

She falls to her knees and in unison she SCREAMS and CRIES
out in pain.

The plaza goes silent, you can hear nothing but the sound of
her wails piercing the sky.

BEAT.

FADE TO:

INT. VIOLETS ROOM - EARLY MORNING

SUBTITLE: 3 years later

VIOLET (now 16) wakes up suddenly in her bed. She sits up quickly, fully awake and immediately looks to the photograph of her father leaning against the wall next to her bed.

Smiles softly, then abruptly wipes the look off of her face and throws the blanket off of her. Time to start the day.

MONTAGE: VIOLETS MORNING ROUTINE

- Brushes her long brown hair and pulls it tightly into a top knot.
- Changes, wearing at least 5 layers. She throws on her favorite grey thick winter coat.
- Brushes her teeth with a broken toothbrush and stares at herself briefly in the broken mirror.
- Slides on her snowshoes.
- On the way out the door she grabs her favorite knives, the last apple in the bowl, and her bow and arrow. She's ready for her morning hunt.

EXT. KOOTENAI FOREST - MORNING

The forest is calm and peaceful, morning light shines across the snow. It's filled with thick heavy trees, and mysterious large worn paths snake through the forest. Anyone who hunts here knows that the animals tend to be drawn to these paths.

Crisp winter air moves through the trees, making them dance and sway, snow occasionally falling to the ground.

The fresh fallen snow twinkles as if thousands of sparkles had fallen from the sky the night before.

Violet makes her way through the dense forest, stepping across the freshly fallen snow. She locks eyes on a SQUIRREL sitting up in a tree just ahead of her.

In one quick seamless movement she reaches behind her head pulls out an arrow and loads her bow.

SHWINGGG! SQUEAK!

An arrow darts through the trees and flies through the center of the squirrels head. A perfect shot.

She smirks and listens, waiting for the rustle of squirrels moving near by after the sound of the fallen animal. Spots one not 6 feet from her. Reaching for her belt, she pulls out a knife and flings it at the squirrel.

ZING! SQUEAK!

Another perfect shot.

VIOLET

Wow, it's gonna be a great day-

PETER NIGHTINGALE

(ghostly whisper)

V. V. V.

Violet turns and looks around the forest, puzzled.

VIOLET

Dad?

BEAT.

She waits. She hears nothing but the sound of snow falling from the tree branches. She's the only soul within miles.

CUT TO:

EXT. VILLAGE PLAZA

Violet carries her catch through the village market. The market is lively and loud. Stands are packed close to one another. She's known all of these people since she was born.

Most of them selling game, clothes, or items produced by the towns blacksmiths: the Hayes family.

She walks in a trance like state, zero expression on her face.

CUT TO:

INT. NIGHTINGALE DINING TABLE- FLASHBACK

Her and her father sit at the dinner table in their home.

PETER NIGHTINGALE

V? V? How many times do I have to
tell you, no weapons at dinner.

VIOLET

(focused on sharpening her
knife)

What? Oh, sorry sorry I know.

END FLASHBACK

RENE STONE (18) grabs Violets arm, bringing her out of her dream like trance. Rene is Violets absolute best friend, and the village supermodel people call her. She's stunning, and tall with long auburn hair and gentle hands.

Her aura is very attractive and warm, loving and mature. A natural born leader, no one in the village dislikes her.

RENE STONE

(laughing)

Hey! What are you doing? You look
like you just saw Mrs. White hang
drying her delicates again.

VIOLET

(starring past Rene)

No, what? God, why would you put
that back in my head.

RENE STONE

Well, what's up? You seem more
tense than usual.

They continue walking through the village center, making their way up the road to Violets home.

VIOLET

I don't know. I. When I was out
this morning, I thought I heard my
dad calling my name.

Rene stops walking.

RENE STONE

You thought you heard your dead dad
calling your name?

They continue walking.

VIOLET

Obviously I know that's insane, but
I swear to god it was like he was
using the wind to whisper to me.

RENE STONE

I don't know what to say V. Maybe you're just missing him ya know? It is the anniversary of his disappearance.

VIOLET

(softly)

Yea I guess.

RENE STONE

I'm sure it's that I can't imagine-

Violet cuts her off abruptly, clearly over the conversation.

VIOLET

So, are you excited for your birthday tomorrow? 18 is a big one. Joe will finally let you have a drink at the pub.

RENE STONE

Yea I am! I mean, I love birthdays. But I don't know I've been feeling weird lately.

VIOLET

Still having those nightmares?

RENE STONE

Yea, and it's like they get worse each night.

They've reached Violets home.

VIOLET

I'm sorry, try making some tea before bed or something.

RENE STONE

Yea I could try that. Okay, I'll see you tonight yea? Joe's at 9?

VIOLET

Cool, I'll see you there.

They hug and part ways. Rene lives just half a mile down the road from Violet.

I/E. VIOLETS HOME - 9AM

The Nightingale residence has been in the family for over seventy years, the quaint cabin sits firmly above the plaza, peering down into the village. The wrap around porch is withered and drooping.

Violet walks up the front porch of her house and leans her bow and arrows up against wall next to the front door. Hangs her belt holding her knives above it.

Walks into the house and closes the door behind her.

The family space and kitchen are conjoined in one giant room, a small hall way directly across from the front door leads to the three bedrooms.

Violet sets the squirrels down on the table, walks across the room and into the door across from hers.

DEAN NIGHTINGALE (8) is sound asleep in his bed. He's quite small for his age, with deep chocolate brown skin and golden caramel eyes. He's rambunctious and spirited, as any 8 year old is. He has a knack for cooking and loves trying new things.

VIOLET

Bubs, it's time to get up!

Dean jumps out of bed with way more energy than Violet was expecting. She laughs and shows off her gorgeous pearly white smile. A smile only Dean sees.

DEAN

V, my dreams this morning were
CRAZY! Probably the craziest I've
ever had.

VIOLET

Oh yea? Tell me about them.

As Dean begins his story, Violet walks over to the dresser and pulls out an outfit for him. He begins to get dressed.

DEAN

Well first, I had this dream I went
swimming in the brook, you know
when it thaws in the summer time!

Violet nods her head.

DEAN (CONT'D)

Well instead of fish there were
squirrels swimming around in the
water!

VIOLET

That IS crazy! Squirrels aren't
supposed to do that huh?

Dean shakes his head giggling.

DEAN

And then, when I got out of the
brook, Dad was standing there
waiting for me!

Violet smiles softly, pushing his hair back away from his
eyes.

DEAN (CONT'D)

He pulled me onto his shoulders
like he always did and we sang his
favorite song...

VIOLET AND DEAN

(in unison)

Babbling Broke!

They laugh and Dean tackles Violet to the floor, giggling
Violet blows raspberries onto his cheeks.

Dean wiggles out of her grasp and stands, his winter coat
making him look twice the size he is.

DEAN

Can you tell me the story about how
dad found me again?

VIOLET

Again? This one has to be your
favorite huh?

Dean nods in agreement

DEAN

Mhmmm!

VIOLET

Well dad was out hunting for
rabbits one morning. I was 10 at
the time, making you only 2! He
said he heard a baby giggling
behind a tree across from him. He
thought he was going mad!

Dean giggles.

VIOLET (CONT'D)

He moved the branches at the base of the tree aside and there you were, all alone, giggling playing with the snow. He said it was one of the oddest cutest things he'd ever seen. How did a baby get out here? And how was he not only alive, but happy and giggling. A miracle he called it! And then you know what he did?

DEAN

(excited)

What did he do V?

VIOLET

He brought you home to me! One of the happiest days of my life. I'd always wanted a sibling.

Violet gets closer to Dean and kisses him on the forehead.

VIOLET (CONT'D)

Alright bubs, it's time to get you ready for lesson with Mrs. Carr.

CUT TO:

INT. - THE WHITE HART - 9PM

Violet opens the door into the pub, normally 16 year olds aren't allowed in but she's been friends with Joe since she was little, he was close with her dad.

The pub is comforting and homey. None of the chairs match, and there's pictures of locals plastered across the walls. It's crowded tonight, not unusual, but everyone came out for Rene's birthday.

JOE BARNS (mid 30s) looks up from the bar as Violet enters, an immediate smile pops up across his face. He's heavy set, with a long thick beard. The best in the business people call him.

Runs the whole bar by himself, never felt like he needed any help.

JOE
(in a thick southern
accent)
Good Evening Violet! How are you?

VIOLET
I'm good, Joe! How's the ankle?

JOE
Oh, yea know. Mary's got me on some
sort of special tea crap. Seems to
be workin alright.

VIOLET
(laughing)
Thats good! We'll have to go out
together and practice your shot.
Where's Rene?

JOE
Let's do that. Back corner as
usual.

Violet walks past the bar and turns the corner to the right,
there's a large room with more chairs, darts, chess and card
tables.

Rene sits at a corner table with a few of their friends from
town.

As Violet approaches she looks quickly to the table in the
other corner of the room. There sits CARTER HAYES (20), the
village jock if you will. He's handsome and built, charming
and witty. All the girls in the town are obsessed with him,
none more than Violet.

Violet and Carter make eye contact. He grins cunningly.

Blushing, she approaches Rene's table.

RENE STONE
Took you long enough.

VIOLET
Oh please, I'm like 5 minutes late.
Hey Jules.

JULES KRISTOFF (17) sits next to Rene. Extremely small and
skinny, she's almost completely blind. Most people in town
think she's a nuisance.

Rene and Violet disagree, and think her awkward humor is
charming.