

TYR

By

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CHARACTERS

Odin

Garth

Vali

Frigga

Fiske

Sigrid

Baldr

Guard

Thor

Giant

Loki

Vidar

Creature 1/2/3

Mimir

Tyr

Heimdall

SETS

ASGARD

BALCONY

BIFROST BRIDGE

FOREST

GREAT HALL

PALACE FRONT

TERRACE

KITCHEN

TYR'S ROOM

MIDGARD

BASE OF YGGDRASIL

FOREST

FOREST CLEARING

GRASSFIELDS

NONDESCRIPT FOREST

SKY

VILLAGE

HELHEIM

CANYON PIT

EXT. ASGARD - AFTERNOON

The crystal-like city is suspended high up in the air, above the sea, above the clouds, and above any mortal consortium.

Despite the blinding Sun, we can see the outline of other planets and stars in the sky. It is unnaturally beautiful.

This is Asgard: a fortified home for Aesir gods and goddesses.

INT. ASGARD, HALLWAY - AFTERNOON

A row of rooms are sorted in a marble hallway. Gold-plated weapons and paintings line the walls.

We see a boy close the door to his bedroom, careful to avoid the wind that often slams it shut.

The reflection on a shield encourages him to ruffle his long dark hair.

This is TYR; just turned 17, the youngest of the royal Aesir family. He is built like a war god but thinks more so like a naive, misunderstood teenager.

Guards, maids, and commoners greet him as he walks down the hall. He doesn't pay much attention to them. He looks like he's in a rush.

CUT TO.

EXT./INT. ASGARD, KITCHEN - AFTERNOON - CONTINUOUS

Tyr is running up a hallway illuminated by light fixtures. At the end of it is a guard sleeping at his post. He is slouched over on a chair. Tyr puts his ears against the wooden door behind him.

We can hear the CLANKING of metal and the SWISHING of boiling liquids, as he creeps the door open.

A chef is slicing up a carrot on a cutting board. We see floating knives and spatulas tend to other foods without people wielding them. This is GULLIN, Asgard's culinary magician.

Tyr tries his best to make as little noise as possible. Tyr eyes the mounds of meat on the table.

He hides behind the counter as Gullin stops abruptly to look

behind his shoulder.

Nothing there.

As Tyr peaks over the counter the second time, the guard barges into the kitchen. Tyr swiftly takes two mounds of meat wrapped in twine, and books it towards the exit.

Gullin notices this time.

As Tyr runs down the hallway, we see Gullin's enchanted utensils point towards him, but he is already a good distance away.

CUT TO.

INT. ASGARD, PALACE DUNGEONS - AFTERNOON - CONTINUOUS

The place is cave-like but generously lit with torches.

A guard is posted in front of a large bronze door. He wears gold-plated armor and wields a tall spear. He is a peppy, and jittery type.

As Tyr makes his way down the spiral staircase, the guard can see his shadowy figure approach.

GUARD

Ah! Who's there!

The guard points his spear as Tyr reveals himself.

GUARD

(dramatic)

Halt there, you naysayer, you outlaw,
you wench!

TYR

It's me.

GUARD

Tyr? I mean, your majesty! My
apologies. I almost didn't recognize
you.

TYR

Did you just call me a wench?

GUARD

No. Well, yes. It's part of my speech.

TYR

You prepared a speech for the intruder?

GUARD

Yeah! I thought I'd be prepared in case an intruder came along and tried to get through. You don't mind going over it with me, do you? It won't take up too much of your time!

TYR

Actually, I-

GUARD

(dramatic)

Halt there, you naysayer, you outlaw, you wench!

TYR

No, you really don't have to-

GUARD (CONT'D)

(dramatic)

Halt there!

TYR

I really don't have much time-

He looks up at the entrance, hoping that Thor isn't too close behind.

GUARD

(dramatic)

You naysayer, you outlaw, you wench; villain with a serpent's tongue. I am stationed here on Odin's orders and bound here by my own blood. I guard this door with my life, for the future of Asgard rests beyond it. I will not falter, and I will not have you coerce me into darkness. May the old gods help me so I may cast you away once and for all. Shall you never come back to this wretched place! Go! Go now!

GUARD (CONT'D)

(normal)

How was that?

TYR

You're new here, aren't you?

GUARD

Well, ever since a certain someone started bribing prison guards, we alternate pretty much every hour now.

TYR

The speech was fine. It could do without the wench part though.

GUARD

Too strong, eh? I get that.

Tyr reaches into his pocket for some gold.

GUARD (CONT'D)

Hey, you wouldn't happen to be the person who's bribing everyone out of their jobs, are you?

As he says this, Tyr is pulling his hand out of his pocket.

TYR

No.

GUARD

Okay, good, because it would take a lot to bribe *me* that's for sure. Maybe about 10 gold pieces.

TYR

Would 5 do?

Tyr reaches into his pocket again for five gold pieces. The guard is mesmerized by the jingle.

GUARD

Yes, that would do nicely.

TYR

Quickly. I need to get ready for the ceremony soon.

GUARD

Ah, yes the ceremony! For your birthday! Of course. Happy birthday, your majesty.

The guard bravely scrapes his hand on the sharp edges of the

gate, as if his blood was the key that opened it.

TYR

Thanks.

He grabs a lit torch from the wall and makes his way in. The door slams shut behind him.

INT. ASGARD, FENRIR'S DEN - AFTERNOON - CONTINUOUS

As Tyr enters the den, he is engulfed by its darkness. The torch only reveals a good five feet in front of him. Rotting foliage is scattered on the ground. Multiple holes have been dug and abandoned.

TYR

They really do just pick any guard for the job, don't they?

A growl can be heard RUMBLING in the space. It's close.

TYR

Fenrir? I've brought you breakfast!

As Tyr turns to face the darkness, his torch blows out from a big HUFF.

CUT TO.

EXT. ASGARD, AFTERNOON - CONTINUOUS

An east-facing terrace sits high on Odin's palace. A plethora of plants decorate the space. The entrance to it is wide open.

FRIGGA; a fair-skinned lady, Queen of Valhalla, sits on a chair enjoying a glass of wine. She is enjoying the view.

ODIN; King of Valhalla sits next to her. He is 5,000 years old but looks no older than 50. His face is only weathered down by years of war. Frigga is hand-feeding him grapes.

BALDR; God of light; The oldest and wisest of the Aesir brothers. He is large and brawny. He is feeding a bird on the ledge.

VIDAR AND VALI; are identical twins. They share much of their features with each other. The brawn, the beard, and the one brain cell. They are fighting over the last big turkey leg on

the platter.

FRIGGA

Enough you two! There will be more
food at the party later!

Vidar and Vali look at each other, still clamping onto the
leg for dear life.

VIDAR

Well, you heard the lady! There will
be more food at the party later!

VALI

Yeah, you're right. You go on and wait
it out. I'll just hang on to this.

Vidar and Vali continue to fight, as Frigga looks to Baldr
for help.

FRIGGA

Baldr, dear.

ODIN

Oh, Frigga. Let them be. It's good to
have a little noise around the palace.
Especially on a day like today.

A loud horn is being blown in the distance. Frigga is
startled by the sound, choking on a sip of her wine.

ODIN (CONT'D)

Speaking of which.

Frigga looks out from the terrace. Even Vidar and Vali stop
to look at the flood of people coming in.

EXT. ASGARD, BIFROST BRIDGE - AFTERNOON

A lightning strike hits the end of the bridge. From the
terrace, we can see guests crowding at the Bifrost Bridge. A
multicolored platform used to transport between worlds.

A mass of mythical beings are rushing in from the
transporter. Elves, dwarves, magicians, and of course their
animal familiars. They all come in a variety of shapes and
sizes, carrying balloons, and presents.

THOR; God of Thunder, son of Odin, is amongst them. He is
disheveled and dirty; although he still manages to look
badass. He looks up at the terrace and waves at Baldr.

CUT TO.

EXT. ASGARD, TERRACE - AFTERNOON - CONTINUOUS

Baldr waves to Thor.

FRIGGA

I didn't know our guests would be coming so soon! Oh, the decorations, the catering, the mead! Where has the time gone!

ODIN

Frigga please, sit down, relax. You are worrying yourself too much. It's a celebration remember? We are supposed to be *celebrating*.

Odin rests his hand on Frigga's.

FRIGGA

With all due respect, my love. Don't tell me to relax.

She holds Odin's hand tightly.

FRIGGA (CONT'D)

It's our son's 17th birthday. And not to mention his inauguration. Today is the day he becomes a man. Everything must be perfect.

BALDR

Don't worry, mother. that's all been taken care of.

Thor lands onto the terrace with ease. He is carrying a severed troll head in one hand, and his hammer in the other.

THOR

I'm back!

FRIGGA

Thor!

It's hard for Frigga to look away from the troll head.

FRIGGA

Thor, not here, please. It's distasteful.

THOR

You know, I had a woman at the entrance look at me the same way. With the same disgusted look.

VIDAR

So nothing new then?

Vidar and Vali bump fists and laugh at their own mediocre joke. Immediately, they cease, when Thor shoots them a death glare.

THOR

What's wrong with everyone? I thought you'd be happier to see me after so many months apart.

FRIGGA

We are happy to see you, dear. It's the troll head that's distasteful. Now go inside and get cleaned up for the party! Quickly.

THOR

A party? For me? You shouldn't have!

He throws it to the floor. Frigga makes a face at it.

BALDR

Of course you'd think this party is for you.

THOR

Well, what in Valhalla is it for then?

BALDR

It's Tyr's 17th birthday. Have you really forgotten?

THOR

I must've lost track of time.

Baldr rolls his eyes.

BALDR

What could you have possibly been doing?

THOR

Troll hunting obviously.

BALDR

Is it really that difficult to
remember your brother's birthday?

VIDAR

For Thor, it might be.

THOR

What's that supposed to mean?

VIDAR

Nothin.

ODIN

Enough! Enough. One of you be useful
and fetch your brother for the
ceremony. Tell him his guests have
arrived.

FRIGGA

Good idea, dear.

VIDAR

Not it!

VALI

Not it!

BALDR

Not it.

THOR

Not i- Shit.

ODIN

Go on.

FRIGGA

He should be in his room. I let him
sleep in a few more hours.

THOR

Seriously?

FRIGGA

I thought we'd have more time! Best
you go with him, Baldr. Make sure
those two don't kill each other.

THOR

As if he'd be any match for me.

Thor and Baldr exit into the hallway.

FRIGGA

Oh, and make sure he wears that velvet cape that I like!

Beat.

FRIGGA

And those brown leather boots! On second thought maybe I should come with.

ODIN

Frigga. Let them handle it. Have some more wine.

CUT TO.

INT. ASGARD, HALLWAY - AFTERNOON - CONTINUOUS

Thor and Baldr begin to walk down the halls.

THOR

What's so special about a little birthday anyway? We have thousands of them.

BALDR

If I'd known any better, I'd think you were jealous.

THOR

Me? Jealous? Of Tyr?

BALDR

Oh, just admit it. You wanted this day to be all about you. And your troll hunting mission. You're jealous.

Baldr laughs.

THOR

Troll hunting is a hard thing to do. What has Tyr accomplished in these past few months? A bit of training?

BALDR

Like I said. Jealous.

THOR

Well, one thing hasn't changed. You still *baby* him. I'm sure Tyr's gotten soft since I've left.

BALDR

And you're here to roughen him up. Is that it?

THOR

If not me, then who?

They both smile.

BALDR

Actually, I've had to break some bad news to him recently.

THOR

Like what? No more sweets at the dinner table?

BALDR

We're having to put his dog down tomorrow.

Thor is struggling to recall any dog.

BALDR (CONT'D)

Fenrir?

THOR

Ah. The one that nearly bit off Vali's head.

BALDR

That's the one. Tyr's convinced Odin to keep him in the dungeons for now, but we're moving him to Helheim tomorrow, along with the other prisoners.

THOR

Good. All of those freaks can make friends with Loki while they're down there.

BALDR

But don't you think it's a bit cruel?

THOR

For the prisoners? Or for Loki?

BALDR

For Tyr. He's made good friends with Fenrir.

Baldr and Thor stop at a corner.

THOR

There you go again. Fenrir is no friend. He is a four-legged abomination that could very well bite your arm off if he had the chance. Besides, we have plenty of things to worry about already. I mean, have you noticed the population of giants and trolls closing in on Midgard this week? I don't know who taught them how to fuck like wild rabbits, but my point is- People are dying, Baldr. And you're here caring about a teenager's feelings. Don't you think *that's* a bit *cruel*?

Baldr looks deflated.

BALDR

Does Heimdall know what's going on there?

THOR

I asked him about it when I arrived. Seems as though there are some blind spots to his power.

They turn a corner.

BALDR

Look, Thor. All I ask is that you give Tyr some sympathy. He didn't take the news well. So just for today, can't you give him a bit of respect?

They stop at Tyr's bedroom.

THOR

I will give him my respect once he can properly get his ass out of bed.

KNOCK. KNOCK. KNOCK.

BALDR
He's still your brother you know.

KNOCK. KNOCK. KNOCK.

THOR
You're setting the bar way too low.
Loki's our brother too. Should we give
him our respect?

BALDR
That was uncalled for. Tyr's nothing
like Loki.

EXT./INT. ASGARD, TYR'S ROOM - AFTERNOON

Thor and Baldr enter Tyr's bedroom. It is a spacious white and gold-themed studio. Clothes are carelessly scattered on the floor. A few weapons decorate the space above his bedframe.

Tyr is climbing into his window.

THOR
You were saying?

TYR
Thor! Back from your trip so soon?

THOR
(mockingly)
Back from your trip so soon?

THOR
(normal)
Shut up. Where have you been?

TYR
N- No where.

Tyr is sifting through his clothes, trying to occupy his nerves. Thor approaches him.

THOR
Now that smells like bullshit.

BALDR
Thor. Go get cleaned up. I will handle
this.

THOR

But Baldr.

BALDR

Do you want mom to freak out even more? We'll see you at the party later.

THOR

Whatever.

Thor rolls his eyes and leaves.

BALDR

So where *have* you been?

Tyr goes behind a changing screen.

TYR

No where. I was just... on a walk.

BALDR

And you had to sneak through the window to get back from your walk?

TYR

It's faster that way.

Tyr comes out from behind the screen and checks himself in front of a mirror. He's changed into his Asgardian attire; a pair of good quality shirt and trousers. Baldr helps put on his cape; the one that mother likes.

Baldr notices a piece of fur stuck in his hair. He makes a mental note of it, but says nothing.

TYR (CONT'D)

How do I look?

BALDR

Handsome as always. Come on. Your guests are waiting.

CUT TO.

INT. ASGARD, GREAT HALL - AFTERNOON - CONTINUOUS

Dozens of guests convene in a large space. The bard is working up a tune as the royal family engages the crowd in

small talk.

Thor is seen courting a group of women; two light elves, and a Vanaheim goddess.

Odin brings Thor to the side.

ODIN

I thought I told you to fetch him.
Where is he?

Thor's gaze gravitates towards Baldr, who doesn't seem to be of any help.

THOR

I'm sorry father. I think he's...

ODIN

Spit it out, boy.

THOR

He's-

Thor is interrupted as the doors swing wide open. A wave of praiseful gasps sweeps the room as Tyr walks in wearing his Asgardian attire. Silver and blue armor with black accents. A silk cape hangs from his right arm. He is breathtakingly handsome; evident by the way people stare at him in awe.

The Aesir family takes their place at the front. They stand in front of their respective thrones. Odin and Frigga are in the middle. Vidar and Vali sit at their left. Thor and Baldr are at their right. One throne is left empty. They stand in front of their thrones, as Tyr walks down the aisle.

ODIN

I must apologize to our esteemed guests for the long wait. I know many of you must be famished after your long journey here, but before we feast, we must first honor Tyr Borson; a good son, a loyal brother, but most importantly, a formidable warrior of Asgard.

He holds up a golden cuff. It shines beautifully in the light. As Tyr kneels down, Odin puts it on his wrist.

Everyone cheers and claps in celebration.

He stands and greets his family. Vidar and Vali happily give him a hearty handshake. Frigga, with refreshing enthusiasm, hugs, and kisses her son on the forehead.

FRIGGA

Happy Birthday, my son.

ODIN

Happy Birthday, Tiwaz.

BALDR

Happy Birthday.

THOR

Happy Birthday, Tyr.

Thor and Tyr shake hands. As Thor's grip becomes tighter, so does Tyr's. They break off at a standstill.

ODIN

Now, let us feast!

The cheers grow louder. A line of servers make their way down the aisle with colorful foods and drinks. A table is set for the Aesir family in the front, as they settle into their seats.

TYR

It's good to have you back, Thor.

THOR

It's good to be back.

CUT TO.

INT. ASGARD, GREAT HALL - NIGHT

Deities and magicians alike gather around long mahogany tables. They are drunkenly singing, dancing, and boasting over their own heroic tales; like an unhinged frat party. Even the band of bards have had a few to drink; obvious by the way they carry a tune.

Thor is surrounded by beautiful Aesir women. He pridefully discusses his battle scars.

Vidar and Vali are on a table scarfing down mountains of food.

A PAINTER is reproducing the scene on canvas. His strokes are fast and precise. Finished pieces are stacked next to him.

A corner of the hall has accumulated a crowd of people. In the center of it is Odin, already a bit tipsy. Standing next to him is his youngest son, Tyr.

ODIN

So how bout it? A game of axe throwing with your old man.

TYR

Are you sure? Haven't you had plenty to drink already, dad?

ODIN

I had to make it even.

TYR

In that case, I won't be going easy on you.

Despite his drunken stupor, Odin manages to swing an axe and hurl it dead center into the target.

ODIN

Neither will I!

A roar comes from the crowd. Odin raises his eyebrows at Tyr as if to mock him.

CROWD

Drink! Drink! Drink! Drink!

Tyr gulps down a good pint of mead and hurls it carelessly onto the floor.

Loki smiles.

TYR

I'll show you!

He grabs and throws an axe in one swift motion. Bull's eye.

EVERYONE

Drink! Drink! Drink!

Odin drinks.

Multiple rounds go by with ease. By the 8th round, they are both visibly drunk.

ODIN

What's wrong? Finished already? You haven't even started your first day on the job.

Odin and Tyr laugh.

For a brief moment, we can see Thor scoffing at the sight. He seems jealous.

Tyr stumbles onto a table, finally feeling the nauseating effects of the alcohol all at once. The sound around him is almost drowned out, and his vision is blurred. His eyes get drowsy, and then-

CUT TO.

EXT. ASGARD, BALCONY - NIGHT

Tyr is hunched over on the railing. He's throwing up half of his stomach. He is absolutely hammered.

He is looking up at the stars for a moment of clarity. He pukes again.

BALDR

How much have you had to drink?

TYR

Four. I think.

BALDR

Four mugs or four barrels?

TYR

A lot.

BALDR

I should have warned you. The older they get, the more they can drink.

TYR

You don't say? I thought it was the other way around.

Baldr laughs.

BALDR

You are brave, I'll give you that. But there's a thin line between being brave and being stupid. Maybe it's

time you learn how to pick your battles.

Tyr pukes again.

BALDR (CONT'D)
A lesson for another day, perhaps.

He pats Tyr's back as he spits over the railing.

BALDR (CONT'D)
Maybe this will sober you up.

Baldr hands Tyr a gift wrapped in cloth.

TYR
What's this?

From the cloth, he unveils a sword. Sure enough, Tyr's eyes widen as if he's gained a clear conscience.

BALDR
I know this is more of a human tradition, but I thought it would be useful for tomorrow.

TYR
Where did you get this?

BALDR
Forged in Nidavellir. Enchanted in Alfheim. It's got balance, strength, and light magic. In case you find yourself somewhere dark.

TYR
How did you get the best forgers, *and* the best magicians to make this? It must've cost you a fortune.

BALDR
I cashed in a few favors. It was no big deal.

It was a pretty big deal.

Tyr is admiring the attention to detail.

TYR
Thank you, Baldr. I will make good use of it.

He puts it back in its sheath after taking one last look at it.

BALDR
I know you will.

TYR
You were right. My head is much clearer now.

Tyr laughs.

BALDR
Will you be okay tomorrow?

TYR
Yes, I think I threw up much of the alcohol...

BALDR
I meant here.

Baldr points to his chest.

BALDR (CONT'D)
I wouldn't ask you to come along, but you're the only one who can do it.

TYR
My heart has no part in this. I am an Aesir warrior now. I know what has to be done. I promise.

BALDR
(laughing)
You sound like Thor.

Tyr is taken aback by Baldr's sheer bluntness.

BALDR (CONT'D)
Do you think a good warrior is defined by his lack of heart?

TYR
Isn't that how he does it?

BALDR
Does what?

TYR
Come on. Don't make me say it. He's

the perfect soldier, the perfect leader, and not to mention dad's favorite.

Tyr looks up at the sky fondly, almost admiring Thor without admitting it completely.

BALDR

Thor may not wear it on his sleeve, but his *heart* is the very force that drives him to be as perfect as you say. Although there is no such thing.

Baldr coughs.

BALDR (CONT'D)

But, that never made it any easier. He cried the first time we went on a hunting trip.

TYR

That doesn't sound like him.

BALDR

Just because it's our job, doesn't mean it's always right. Fenrir is dangerous, yes, but he's also your friend. It's okay to feel guilty... It's okay to feel anything.

TYR

How did you know I was down there today?

BALDR

Call it intuition. Partly my fault though. We should really pay those guards a higher salary.

A loud BOOSH is heard from the great hall.

OFFSCREEN

THOR

Baldr! Get in here! I'm in need of a drinking partner! NOW!

ONSCREEN

BALDR

I'll see you inside. I have to make

sure Odin doesn't drink anyone else to
to their grave. Are you sure you're
ok?

TYR

Yeah.

Baldr walks back to the great hall.

We zoom in on Tyr's hand. He rests it on the hilt of his
sword.

CUT TO.

EXT./ INT. ASGARD, BIFROST BRIDGE/ TRANSPORTER - NEXT DAY

A clean-cut on Tyr resting his hand on the hilt of his sword.
It is attached to his waist. He WHISTLES for others to follow
him. He is being watched carefully by Thor and Baldr. A line
of Aesir warriors accompanies them.

Prisoners walk tiredly towards Tyr. They are blindfolded and
attached by a string of chains. What follows is a large white
wolf, standing six feet tall. It treks out from the darkness.
This is FENRIR.

A large door opens. Prisoners march into the transporter room
attached by a long line of cuffs and chains. Behind them
follows Tyr mounting a large white wolf, standing eight feet
tall. It treks out into the transporter room with caution.
This is FENRIR.

THOR

Hang on, Tyr is going with you?

BALDR

He's the only one who could convince
Fenrir to come out of his cell.

THOR

Maybe I should come along?

BALDR

Now, who's babying him?

THOR

Baldr...

BALDR

Line up!

The prisoners line up in front of a circular platform. It glows with swirling reds; representative of Helheim.

BALDR (CONT'D)

We'll be in and out before you know it. No pit stops.

THOR

Heimdall and I will wait here for your return. Let us know if you need a quick exit.

HEIMDALL

Make sure you yell to the heavens. Helheim is way down there.

Fenrir wavers uncomfortably. He is growling and whimpering.

TYR

It's okay, Fen. We'll be in and out before you know it. All of us.

Baldr and Thor are impressed by Fenrir's obedience. Although it was an obvious lie to them. Fenrir isn't coming back, and they all know it.

THOR

Tyr.

Tyr looks at Thor.

THOR (CONT'D)

Good luck.

TYR

See you soon, brother.

Baldr prompts the prisoners onto the platform. They disappear with a flash of light. Tyr and Fenrir follow.

CUT TO.

INT. HELHEIM

Tyr, Baldr, and the prisoners are transported to a concave of tunnels. Everything is red, and muddy, like blood.

BALDR

This way. We'll drop them off at the base.

Tyr follows Baldr to the entrance of a canyon. Baldr looks over a cliff, revealing a suspicious scene.

BALDR (CONT'D)

Get down.

The demons of Helheim are digging holes into the walls and the ceilings. They are in lines, hurling rock and dirt downward.

BALDR (CONT'D)

What in the hell?

LOKI

What in the *Hel*, indeed.

Towering behind them is LOKI; god of mischief. He is in the form of a fire giant. He reaches for Baldr's face.

BLACKOUT.

CUT TO.

INT. HELHEIM - CANYON PIT

Baldr and Tyr are being held by demon minions. In front of him is Loki, still towering over him as a giant.

TYR

Baldr!

BALDR

Loki, I should have known.

Loki stares in disbelief. He thought his facade was fool-proof. Too bad, Baldr is no fool.

LOKI

I'm not... Loki. Who's Loki?

BALDR

I've seen enough of your tricks to know it's you. Now get down, and show yourself. You coward.

Loki rolls his eyes. He's been had.

LOKI

When you live in a place like this, you're bound to pick up a few new tricks. It would be a shame if I

didn't use them every now and then.

Beat.

LOKI (CONT'D)
Come on. Tell me you aren't impressed
with my shapeshifting.

He transforms into Baldr. Only a larger version.

LOKI (CONT'D)
Teleportation!

Loki teleports to a distant mound of rock and dirt.

LOKI (CONT'D)
How about my favorite...

Loki teleports back and doubles himself into two clones of
Baldr.

LOKI (CONT'D)
Illusion. OOoooOooh.

Baldr doesn't look very impressed.

LOKI (CONT'D)
You are insufferable, you know that?
For centuries, you've left me in the
dark. No visitations; not even a
raven. And now you come prancing into
my territory, with demands and
insults!

TYR
Do you two know each other?

BALDR
No.

LOKI
Oh, we are close. Blood-related even.

TYR
What do you mean? Like family?

LOKI
Yes, that's what blood-related means.

TYR
Brothers?

BALDR

I wouldn't go *that* far.

LOKI

Oh, come on, Baldr. After all, we've been through together? Do you remember how you used to make me run your stupid little errands? How about that time you stole my girlfriend when you thought I wasn't looking.

BALDR

What a petty grudge. Are you really still angry about th-

LOKI

Oh, I know! What about that time you banished me to Helheim for all eternity! Do you remember that?

Loki's mirage twirls within a swarm of black magic. As he shrinks to Baldr's level, we can finally see his true form. His face is scarred and lightly burned.

LOKI (CONT'D)

Because I do.

Baldr is visibly uncomfortable by his face. Perhaps it was best that Loki stayed a fire giant.

BALDR

I have no quarrels with you, Loki. I'm just here to drop off some prisoners. That's all.

The prisoners are released of their handcuffs. One of them jumps into a pool of blood and yells something along the lines of "I'm free".

Fenrir on the other hand is still on his lead, being held down by multiple giants and trolls.

LOKI

Gifts won't get you anywhere! You think I would just let you leave after you left me here to rot! I will make you pay.

BALDR

You did this to yourself. You practiced dark magic within our walls.

You put people's lives in danger. You betrayed *us*, not the other way around.

LOKI

Now who's holding grudges. It's easy for you to say that when you were always mother's favorite. I'm sure she still coddles you and Thor. Isn't that right, Tyr?

TYR

How do you know my name?

LOKI

Baldr and I are brothers, which makes you and I brothers too. Keep up!

TYR

That still doesn't explain-

LOKI

News travels fast here in Helheim. Dead people are always coming in with the best and worst secrets. Speaking of which, Happy belated birthday. I hope it was good. Because it'll be your last.

TYR

Heim-!

Loki gestures to his minions. Tyr's head is pushed into the floor.

LOKI

I'm not finished.

BEAT.

LOKI (CONT'D)

For years, I have been silenced by your kind. It's time you listened to me! Me. Me! Me! ME!

Baldr looks towards the minions who are still digging.

LOKI (CONT'D)

While you have been freeloading in mom and dad's castle, I have been making something out of myself. I'm the king of Helheim now, and while you are

here, you will abide by MY rules.

BEAT.

LOKI

My friends and I have decided to work together to break down the walls of Helheim. Trust me, it's been difficult! Most of these souls have less than half a brain cell. Vidar and Vali could manage to fight them. But, I'm not worried. Soon we will all gain our much-deserved freedom, and splatter all the nine realms with blood. I will take my rightful throne in Asgard, and you... well, I could care less what happens to you.

Loki pulls out a sharp weapon; it looks like a wooden shiv.

BALDR

So you want revenge.

LOKI

Only the purest kind.

Tyr tries to scream again, but he can't.

BALDR

HEIMD-

Loki stabs Baldr in the chest without hesitation.

He tabs Baldr, digging into his rib cage. He holds him in the air.

LOKI

May you never reach Valhalla.

As Loki pulls the shiv from Baldr's torso. He laughs. While he is in his own little world, we focus on Tyr.

Everything quickly becomes muffled. Tyr is still struggling to get off the floor.

He closes his eyes and takes a deep breath. One look at Baldr sparks a fire in him.

He pulls his captors down with him. With one swift motion, he unsheaths his sword, swings, and leaps. He hovers over Baldr's body and screams towards the heavens.

Loki is shocked. He was a little too distracted by his accomplishment.

TYR
HEIMDALL!

LOKI
Stop them!

A flash of light.

CUT TO.

INT. ASGARD, TRANSPORTER - AFTERNOON - CONTINUOUS

Tyr and Baldr teleport on the platform, along with a troll, whose left side had been cut off by the blast of the light.

Thor rushes to take care of it. He falls easily with a THUD, destroying the teleportation device.

HEIMDALL
Goddammit. Not again.

Heimdall is slow to realize something worse has happened.

THOR
BALDR!

HEIMDALL
How did this happen?

Tyr is out of breath. He's trying frantically to put pressure on Baldr's wound, but he is already dead.

THOR
Tyr! What happened!

Thor grabs his arm a little too forcefully.

TYR
It was Loki. He captured us. H-he killed Baldr saying something about revenge. He plans on escaping Helheim And-

Heimdall blows a horn, alerting everyone in Asgard.

HEIMDALL
He's hysterical. Best we bring them in.

Thor looks at Baldr with wide eyes.

CUT TO.

INT. ASGARD, GREAT HALL - CONTINUOUS

Baldr is being carried out by two servants. Frigga follows them out as she weeps silently.

Odin is standing in front of his throne. Before him kneels Thor, Tyr, and Heimdall.

The door shuts.

TYR

We were ambushed.

THOR

And you did NOTHING to stop it. Baldr is dead because of y-

ODIN

Enough! If there is anyone to blame, it is his murderer. And my own past mistake.

Odin looks distressed.

TYR

Why didn't you tell me about Loki? My brother.

ODIN

He is no such thing. We were right to banish him. He's too unpredictable.

TYR

Then why send us there? If he's so dangerous?

ODIN

I sent him there to die. I didn't know he would thrive in such an ugly place. If what you say is true. Loki is back.

TYR

He's gathered an army of the undead. He plans to advance North, to Asgard.

Odin stays silent, allowing it to sink in.

Heimdall can't help but weep loudly, and obnoxiously.

HEIMDALL

I can't believe he's gone. Just like that.

THOR

What are your orders, father?

ODIN

I have business in the enchanted forest. I know someone who might be able to help.

HEIMDALL

I will prepare the horses.

ODIN

Thor, you will take my place, while I'm gone. Make sure your mother is well taken care of.

THOR

Yes, father.

ODIN

And Tyr. The humans will need someone's protection. Make your way to Midgard, and bring any of them to Yggdrasil.

THOR

But father- He-

ODIN

There is no time for discussion. Do as I say.

HEIMDALL

The teleporte-

ODIN

Go!

Odin exits the great hall.

Thor pulls Tyr in by his collar. He tries to find words to cut him with.

TYR

I'm sorry, Thor.

Tyr grabs Thor's hand gently.

TYR (CONT'D)

I'm sorr-

THOR

I know. I know. Just don't fuck this up, okay.

Thor turns his back, holding his tears.

TYR

I won't let you down.

HEIMDALL

There's just one problem. The teleporter's broken.

TYR

How long will it take to fix?

HEIMDALL

A day at most. But no worries, I know another way you can get to Midgard.

Tyr looks at Heimdall skeptically.

CUT TO.

EXT. ASGARD, EDGE OF VALHALLA - AFTERNOON

Tyr looks down a ledge. There's nothing but clouds and nothingness.

TYR

Is this really the only other way?

HEIMDALL

It'll bring you straight down. Keep your body relaxed. Try not to fight the winds.

Tyr shakes his head and without a second thought,

HEIMDALL

Oh, I forgot to tell you-

He sprints and jumps.

HEIMDALL (CONT'D)

Embrace for impact! That's going to

bruise.

CUT TO.

EXT. MIDGARD, SKY - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

As Tyr begins to fall, the world around him turns. The orange cream sky spins slowly into a dark blue.

A myriad of stars cover the night sky. A few clouds hover amongst them, but the storm is completely gone now. It is clear that we are no longer in Asgard.

Tyr falls through a cloud high up in the air. He is falling rapidly, still managing to grip the sword that flies from his sheath.

Tyr looks beneath them. We can see the outline of the hills, the trees, and then the flowers.

BLACKOUT.

EXT. MIDGARD, FOREST CLEARING - NIGHT

A council of undead creatures gather around a campfire with light-hearted enthusiasm. About 70-80; all in different sizes, shapes, and species. Every beast, cryptid, and monster imaginable.

A band of them beat on drums, while the others sing and dance in unison.

EVERYONE

Ooga ooga ooga chaga. Ooga ooga ooga
chaga.

On a throne made of thorns and dead foliage, sits a giant.

He holds up a severed head of a man. He places it on a stone slab.

GIANT

TONIGHT WE FEAST!

A man's severed head is placed roughly in front of the camera. His cold, dead stare pierces through the screen, forcing our attention to the ruggedness of his face, and the scars on his cheek.

The camera zooms out to reveal the two heads beside him. Towering over them is GARTH and FISKE. Two trolls.

FISKE

Aren't you going to have a taste?

Garth looks wearily at the heads. They look disgusting and absolutely dreadful.

GARTH

Yeah. No. No thanks. I think I'm good.
No. Nah.

FISKE

Why not?

GARTH

Actually, I've been meaning to tell
you, but...

Garth gestures Fiske away from any nosy bystanders.

GARTH (CONT'D)

I've decided to become a vegetarian.

FISKE

What?

GARTH

Yeah, I've changed my diet. I only eat
plants now.

Fiske makes a face as if he's never heard the term before.

Garth grabs a decorative leaf from the stone slab and begins chewing on it, delicately.

GARTH (CONT'D)

Like you know. Things that grow from
the ground. Nothing with a face, or a
heartbeat.

FISKE

Yeah, I know what vegetarian means. B-
but why!

GARTH

(whisper)
Sh. Shh. Shh. Pipe down. Will ya?

FISKE

(whisper)

You can't just *decide* to be a vegetarian. We're meat-eaters. Everyone here is a meat-eater.

GARTH

Actually, we're omnivores, so technically we could eat both.

FISKE

That doesn't mean you should choose a leaf over a spleen.

Fisk slaps the leaf out of his hand.

GARTH

It's healthy!

FISKE

We haven't had human meat in over a century! We didn't escape Helheim, so you could delicately munch on leaves. We are meant to fight gods in a war. We can't do it on foliage alone, Garth. Eat something.

GARTH

Well, that's also another thing. Ever since I've stopped eating meat, I've felt so much more zen. I'm only saying this because you're my friend, but I don't really feel like going to war either.

FISKE

What's gotten into you?

GARTH

Plants have gotten into me.

FISKE

Shut up. You shut up right now. If anyone hears you speak like that, we'll be in a world of hurt, understand?

GARTH

Don't you feel feral every time you eat human meat?

FISKE

Feral?

GARTH

Like aggressive? Vicious?

FISKE

I know what feral means!

GARTH

Alright. No need to shout!

FISKE

(sarcastic)

Us trolls? Being feral? Well, boy.
It's unheard of!

Fiske smack Garth in the back of the head.

GARTH

Look you just did it now! You can't
tell me that wasn't the meat.

FISKE

It's not the meat that's making me
mad. It's you! Now shut up before I
show you what real feral means.

Fiske grabs Garth earlobe.

GARTH

Ow! Ow! Stop that!

We pan over to a small cave close by.

INT. MIDGARD, FOREST CLEARING, CAVE - NIGHT

A girl; 16, blonde, sits in a cage, watching the two trolls
bicker nonchalantly about her friends being eaten. This is
SIGRID.

She looks up at the sky, whispering softly to herself.

SIGRID

Hail

Protectors of Midgard

Gods of Strength

Sons of Odin

You who resides in Asgard
 You defender of mankind
 Protector of farmers
 Slayer of Jotuns and Trolls
 You who wields the mighty Mjolnir
 I honor you
 Hail

She closes her eyes tightly this time, hoping that someone out there would hear her cries for help.

BLACK SCREEN

SIGRID (CONT'D)
 Hail... any god that's listening.
 Please help me.

GARTH
 What is that?

END BLACK SCREEN

Sigrid opens her eyes.

FISKE
 What-

From a distance, we see what looks like a meteor shooting down towards Earth.

Sigrid's eyes grow wide. Maybe her prayers have been answered after all.

Curious whispers are being exchanged.

We see the other creatures look up in awe in the same way. Except for the giant, who is looking agitated by it.

CUT TO.

EXT. MIDGARD, GRASS FIELDS - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

A crowd of creatures stand above Tyr. They are prodding at him with a burning curiosity.

Tyr is laying on the ground, unconscious. He is covered in blood and dirt.

A crater has formed beneath him from the impact.

CREATURE 1
I think he's still alive!

GARTH
There's no way.

Fiske and Garth look up.

FISKE
Where did he come from?

GARTH
From the sky.

FISKE
That's obvious enough, isn't it?

CREATURE 1
Hey boss! I found something!

He picks up Tyr's sword and hands it to the giant. He seems to recognize where it comes from.

GIANT
Bring him back to camp.

CUT TO.

EXT. MIDGARD, FOREST CLEARING - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

GIANT
Gently!

Tyr; still unconscious, is thrown into the same cage as Sigrid. She abruptly gets up to check on him.

GIANT (CONT'D)
What did I just say!

CREATURE 1
Sorry, boss!

They huddle around the campfire. The giant is looking at the sword more closely.

FISKE

So uh what is he?

CREATURE 2

He looks like a normal human to me.

FISKE

Last time I checked, normal humans can't withstand a simple blow to the head. How does he survive a plunge through the atmosphere?

CREATURE 1

Super human then?

GIANT

Or... he is a god.

The space grows quiet.

FISKE

Well, this makes it easier, doesn't it? They're coming to us, instead of us having to come to them? I say we kill him and eat him for dinner. I heard you can absorb his power that way.

GARTH

Fiske!

FISKE

Garth, shut up. I won't say it again.

CREATURE 3

What? Like super strength or somethin'?

FISKE

Depends on the god I think.

GIANT

These gods. Are parasites. They have been trespassing on our territories for far too long now. It's time that we end it, starting with him.

The giant looks back at the cage. Sigrid is looking at him wearily.

CREATURE 1

Then we should kill him now while he's unconscious.

FISKE

Hang on. There's still a matter of who's gonna eat him.

CREATURE 2

Well, it should obviously be... the boss, right?

The others don't seem to agree.

CREATURE 3

We can share it? I call dibs on the leg.

FISKE

That's hardly enough limb for all of us. He's like this tiny.

Fiske puts his index and thumb close together.

CREATURE 2

We can feed him. Until he grows?

FISKE

He'd have to be awake to eat, idiot. Are you going to fight him into the fire?

CREATURE 1

Oh, I know. We should draw straws.

FISKE

I'm not leaving it up to chance.

GIANT

Then we will fight for it. The last one standing will cook him for dinner.

All the creatures stand in unison. They all start to fight with a ROAR.

It seems to be a fair brawl despite the differences in size.

We focus on Sigrid and Tyr.

SIGRID

Come on. Wake up. Wake up. Wake up.

Please wake up.

Tyr is in a deep sleep.

EXT. ASGARD, ENCHANTED FOREST - NIGHT

Odin is led by a carriage of armored horses. They stop at a forest of tall large trees. They twist and turn in odd ways. There is a faint sound of thunder in the background.

ODIN

Mimir! Are you here?

No response.

ODIN (CONT'D)

Mimir!

MIMIR

Odin.

Odin follows the disembodied voice to a man stuck in the trunk of a tree. His body is enclosed in its bark. He doesn't seem to mind it.

MIMIR

Odin. I have been expecting you.

ODIN

Then you must know why I'm here.

MIMIR

Straight to the point as usual! You Aesir folk have always been so impatient. Always asking for help, but never asking if Mimir needs help.

ODIN

Mimir, I don't have time for this.

MIMIR

Oh, poor Mimir!

Odin sighs. He takes out a vine of grapes from his cloak.

MIMIR

Who do you think I am? Some kind of animal? Give it here!

Odin throws him the vine of grapes. He pops one in his mouth.

ODIN

Loki plans to escape Helheim, along with every other nefarious creature, we've banished there.

MIMIR

I know. I know! I'm a seer remember. It's what you can give me in return that is important to me.

Odin offers another vine of grapes from his cloak.

MIMIR (CONT'D)

Grapes aren't enough you fool! You think just because I am all-knowing, I give my knowledge out for free. It just won't do. Besides even if I told you Loki's next move, you would not be able to stop it. And even if you did, something uglier will take his place. I assure you!

ODIN

I will give you anything. Gold? Women? Power?

MIMIR

What in the world would I do with gold? No, no, no. I want your eyeball.

ODIN

Okay... May I ask why.

MIMIR

No.

ODIN

Okay.

MIMIR

It's just the way it is!

ODIN

Can you help me or not?

MIMIR

You think this will help you? Prophecies have never helped anyone. They have only prolonged the inevitable. I mean, look at me! All this power and I can't even feel my

own feet on the grass. Knowing is both
a blessing and a curse.

ODIN

My sons are risking their lives. I
can't just do nothing.

MIMIR

The answers you seek are by the spring
over there.

He gestures towards the spring by his tree.

MIMIR (CONT'D)

Don't forget your right eye! Or left.
Your choice.

They make their way to the spring. Odin sits and stares at
his reflection in the water.

With his right hand, he reaches for his right eye.

CUT TO.

INT. MONTAGE

Quick montage of Tyr's nightmare.

Fenrir howling.

Loki laughing.

Baldr dropping dead on the ground.

Frigga

Thor.

Vidar.

Vali.

Giants rushing into Asgard.

CUT TO.

INT. MIDGARD, FOREST CLEARING, CAVE - NIGHT

Tyr wakes up with a jolt. He gasps for air, as if his body
was still experiencing the impact of his downfall.

The crowd of monsters is heard offscreen.

TYR
Where am I?

SIGRID
You crash-landed on Midgard. Do you
remember anything before that?

Tyr has flashbacks of Baldr, Loki and Thor.

TYR
Midgard. You're human.

SIGRID
You're not from here are you? What's
your name?

TYR
Tyr. I am from Asgard. I was sent here
to help.

SIGRID
So much for help. My family has
already been...

Sigrid pauses.

SIGRID (CONT'D)
The trolls, or whatever they call
themselves, will have us next.

Tyr looks at the mess. It's dying out now. The champion came down to the giant. Fiske and Garth had conceded a long time ago, seeing as they're much more intact than the others.

Tyr and the giant make eye contact.

The giant makes his way to the cage.

GIANT
You're awake. Well, no matter. I like
to hear my food scream.

The giant opens the cage and begins to reach in.

Tyr resists with a powerful kick to his chest. He flies into the cave wall.

TYR
(To Sigrid)
Stay here.

The giant laughs.

GIANT
So, you ARE a god. I was starting to
think I fought all these fools for
nothing.

Tyr looks at the severed heads on the table.

GIANT
Careful, or you'll end up like those
puny humans.

The giant uprooted a tree from the ground and begins smashing
in Tyr's direction. Almost like a game of wack a mole.

Tyr grabs the tree along with the giant, who is hanging on to
it. He swings it around and around and around, creating
enough momentum to shoot it into the sky.

Friske, Garth, and Sigrid stare in awe. They had never seen
someone with a small stature do that before.

He finds his sword on the ground. He takes a long look at it
before putting it back into its sheath. The memory of it is
too painful.

He looks towards Fiske and Garth.

FISKE
You know what. I've just decided I'm
never eating human meat ever again.

Fiske and Garth run into the dark forest.

Tyr reaches his hand out to Sigrid.

TYR
Come on. It's not safe here.

She's shaking.

TYR (CONT'D)
Get up. If you want to live.

Sigrid takes his hand. She's immediately enchanted by him.

TYR

You should close your eyes.

He guides her through the half-dead, half-unconscious bags of flesh. It's everywhere.

CUT TO.

EXT. MIDGARD, NONDESCRIPT FOREST - NIGHT

Tyr leads them down a hill. They walk and walk without letting go of each other's hands.

Tyr is constantly looking up towards the sky. The stars are there as his guide.

Until they come across a village.

It is completely decimated. Much of it is in ruins.

CUT TO.

EXT. MIDGARD, VILLAGE - NIGHT

Sigrid's emotions all come crashing down on her once she sees the destruction of her village. Her family, her friends, her life, all gone within a few days.

TYR

Did *they* do this to your village?

SIGRID

They kidnapped us in the middle of the night. We were completely defenseless.

CUT TO.

Sigrid is by a narrow stream laying handmade boats in the water. They are fashioned with sticks and leaves.

Tyr contributes with his own. This one is for Baldr.

CUT TO.

EXT. ASGARD, FOREST - NIGHT

Thor, Frigga, and Odin stand with flowers. Odin now wears an eyepatch on his right eye.

Shot of Baldr's body being cascaded into a body of water. Flowers float around the surface.

At first, he is floating and then slowly he drifts down, deeper and deeper into the darkness.

CUT TO.

EXT. HELHEIM - NIGHT

Baldr's body resurfaces in a pool of blood. Loki is seen smiling over his dead body.

Baldr opens his eyes.

LOKI

You thought you'd end up in Valhalla with the valkyries? I wouldn't allow it.

Loki laughs.

CUT TO.

EXT. MIDGARD, NONDESCRIPT FOREST - MORNING

Sigrid is looking through the brushes. We see a wild deer eating berries.

With one misstep, the chase is on. The deer starts trodding away in full speed. Sigrid is close behind it.

They come up to a bend, where Tyr swiftly comes down from the trees, sword already pointed downward.

The deer is dead.

CUT TO.

EXT. MIDGARD, NONDESCRIPT FOREST CLEARING - MORNING

Sigrid and Tyr are around a fire, eating deer meat. Sigrid is staring intently at him.

They share a long silence between each other until Sigrid decides to break it.

SIGRID

So, are you really a god?

TYR

Is it that hard to believe? Did you forget the part where I launched an 800-pound giant into the air?

Sigrid laughs.

SIGRID

You just don't really look like a god.

TYR

And what is a god supposed to look like exactly?

SIGRID

I don't know. Taller maybe.

Tyr laughs.

TYR

You must not know many gods then. We don't look much different from humans. Except we're not human. And occasionally we have a cool weapon that does stuff.

SIGRID

Is that yours there? How'd you get it?

TYR

It was a gift. From my brother.

SIGRID

I'm sorry.

TYR

We should go.

Tyr stands, chucks the bare bone onto the dirt.

SIGRID

Where are we going?

TYR

I'll bring you to the base of Yggdrasil. You'll be safe there. At least once this war blows over.

SIGRID

The war. You mean between you gods and those things.

TYR

Them and everyone else. It's complicated. My family has angered a lot of people.

SIGRID

And we have to be in the crossfire? That's unfair.

A strange fog begins to creep up on the forest ground.

TYR

Stand behind me.

SIGRID

What's happening?

The land here is dark and dreary. The plants and the trees are almost black in color, and there is an awful stench that surrounds it.

TYR

Did you just hear that?

SIGRID

Hear what?

There is a moment of eery silence. It lingers in the air like cold death. We can see it on his face. He has grown absurdly pale

TYR

It sounded like...

BALDR

Tyr!

Baldr is sounding very distorted as if it's not really him.

TYR

Baldr. But that's impossible.

SIGRID
Who's Baldr.

TYR
My brother. Dead brother. Or so I
thought.

SIGRID
What's that supposed to mean?

BALDR
Tyr!

TYR
You heard that too right?

SIGRID
Yes, but I don't think that's your
brother.

In the fog, we see a familiar figure. Only for a split second
and then it disappears.

We hear something rustle past the foliage. Something is
moving around them, getting faster, and closer.

Tyr unsheaths his sword.

A driving force pins him against a tree.

It's Baldr. But he's not entirely alive. He grips the blade
tightly.

Sigrid grabs a stick and tries to whack him with it. It does
nothing but distracts him.

Tyr eventually kicks him away.

TYR
Baldr! Who did this to you?

LOKI
Take a little guess.

We can hear Loki's voice in the distance.

TYR
Loki.

Loki comes out of the fog mounted on Fenrir. He is much
bigger than before. Sigrid falls to the ground from the

shock.

LOKI
Ding ding ding!

SIGRID
Loki?

LOKI
And you've got yourself a little
girlfriend since we last met? How
cute.

Tyr readies his sword, standing in front of Sigrid.

LOKI (CONT'D)
Relax. I'm not here to fight.
Actually, I'm here to make peace.

TYR
I don't have time for your tricks.

LOKI
I want you to join me.

TYR
You haven't been very convincing.

LOKI
We both know you're not like your
brothers. They think too little of
you, and too highly of themselves.
Thor wouldn't have let you on Midgard
if it was up to him.

Tyr considers for a moment.

LOKI (CONT'D)
Don't you get it? Odin's only kept you
in Asgard for this long because you're
weak. Because you're no threat to his
throne. Besides, he never really cared
about saving humans. They're just
blood-bags for us giants.

BEAT.

LOKI
But I know your true potential. Join
me and you would have all the nine
realms to rule over. A god and a

giant. Peaceful. What do you think?

TYR

I think you talk too much.

Tyr throws his sword like a spear. It knicks Loki on the arm, tearing his cape. It recalls back to him.

Loki sighs. He is disappointed.

LOKI

So be it.

Loki gestures Baldr to attack.

LOKI

Baldr!

TYR

I'm not letting you go. Not again.

In one swift motion, he pins Baldr to the ground.

TYR

Forgive me, brother.

He drives the sword into his head.

He throws his sword at Loki again.

It hits Loki again, but barely.

LOKI

Fenrir!

Fenrir strikes Tyr, without hesitation.

TYR

Fenrir. You're not like yourself!

LOKI

He is exactly what he's supposed to be. Powerful. Unhinged, and unleashed.

Fenrir continues to bite at him. Tyr slowly losing the fight, stepping back as he dodges.

He loses his grip on his sword and drops it.

Finally, he is pushed against a tree. He is trying to pry Fenrir's mouth open enough to unhinge it, but he is too

strong.

He bites down on Tyr's right arm, tearing it away.

Sigrid picks up Tyr's sword and stabs Fenrir's eye. She continues to swing at him.

He lets out an ear-splitting ROAR.

A loud horn from Asgard is heard.

LOKI

We don't have time for this. Fenrir,
let's go.

Loki and Fenrir ride away, leaving Tyr bleeding out on the ground.

He doesn't hesitate to get up, although he is not in the shape to do so.

TYR

We have to hurry.

SIGRID

Stay still.

Sigrid pushes him back down against the tree. Tyr is bleeding heavily out of his right arm.

With shaking hands, she rips a piece of cloth from her dress and wraps his wound.

He looks her in the eyes, while she is frantically trying to keep it together.

SIGRID

What? What is it?

TYR

It's nothing. I've just never been
saved by a-

SIGRID

A girl?

TYR

A human. Your species aren't usually
so brave.

SIGRID

Well, you haven't met many humans
then, have you.

TYR

Just the one.

BEAT.

TYR

I'm sorry that you had to get caught
up in this. I take full responsibility
for what my family has done to your
people.

SIGRID

It's not your fault. Family can be
difficult.

The sky begins to turn dark.

TYR

We should get going. Yggdrasil
shouldn't be far.

Sigrid finishes up Tyr's hand.

CUT TO.

EXT. ASGARD, NIGHT

A loud horn goes off.

MONTAGE

Aesir warriors are preparing for battle.

Armor.

Swords.

Shields.

On the other side-

Giants

Trolls

Dragons

Draugr/ Souls of the undead.

And finally the gods of Asgard.

END MONTAGE

THOR

Father. What are your orders?

ODIN

You need to help Tyr.

THOR

Tyr? But he's back in Midgard. I trust that he'll be okay.

ODIN

Not without your help. He's crossing the river now.

THOR

Jormungandr.

ODIN

Go!

ODIN

As for the rest of us...

He touches his eyepatch. He has seen their future and it looks grim but-

ODIN (CONT'D)

We will have to change our own fate.

EXT. MIDGARD - FOREST - NIGHT

The stars take over the Norway skies.

We see two bloody hands intertwined, moving fast down the hill of trees. They are pushing through harsh thorn bushes and low-hanging branches.

We hear the frantic pitter-patter of a Tyr and Sigrid running frantically. Their breath is heavy and violent.

They run and run until they can't anymore.

SIGRID

Tyr.

They stop at the base of a river.

A jagged line of dark rocks form a bridge across the river.

TYR

There.

The tree of Yggrasdil is poking out through the forest. It towers above all the others.

TYR (CONT'D)

Just beyond those rocks.

Tyr is falling dangerously asleep.

SIGRID

Tyr.

SIGRID

Get up.

Sigrid stands, facing Tyr.

TYR

Sigrid. I-

SIGRID

I said. Get. Up.

She reaches out her left hand. He looks at it.

SIGRID

Sorry, wrong hand.

She lends out her right hand instead. Tyr takes it.

TYR

It's too dark. We need light.

As he says that, his sword begins to glow. He takes it from its holster, but he's too weak.

SIGRID

I got it.

She leads them onto the rocks.

EXT. MIDGARD, RIVER - NIGHT

We see them traverse across the river, slowly but surely.

Suddenly, the rocks begin to move. They are not really rocks after all. In fact, it is an ancient sea serpent: JORMUNGANDR. Its size takes up most of the river.

Tyr and Sigrid are knocked into the water by just its slight movement.

Underwater, everything becomes muffled. A perfect place for panic to set in.

Sigrid is struggling to bring Tyr to the surface.

We hear subtle sounds of thunder and lightning in the distance. Perhaps not the best place to be during a storm.

She manages to swim them above the surface.

Standing over them is Thor. He wastes no time to bring them to shore.

Tyr coughs violently, before realizing Thor's presence.

TYR

Thor. You came to save us.

THOR

Tyr, there's no time. You have to get to Yggdrasil. If any of the giants find you, they'll kill you too... Besides, we need someone to repopulate the Earth when we're gone.

TYR

Thor.

SIGRID

Gross.

TYR

You're not going to die. Don't say that!

BEAT. The sea serpent is getting impatient. It thrashes wildly in the water.

THOR

I just want to say. I'm sorry. I didn't mean what I said about Baldr. It wasn't your fault.

Beat. Thunder strikes.

THOR (CONT'D)
And if I never see you again... I'm
proud of you.

BEAT.

THOR (CONT'D)
But in case we do see each other
again. Let's not mention I ever said
that.

Tyr smiles. They put their heads together as a brotherly
gesture.

THOR
Now go! Get out of here.

Sigrid and Tyr continue to run into the forest.

CUT TO.

EXT. MIDGARD - BASE OF YGGRASDIL - NIGHT

We see the base of Yggrasdil; the tree of life.

Sigrid is barely holding Tyr with her right shoulder. She
puts his sword back into his holster and places him in the
large opening of the tree.

She covers it with the surrounding foliage and sits with him.

In the distance, we see mountains being destroyed. The war
has finally started.

All Tyr can do is watch.

MONTAGE

The giants and the Aesir gods are charging into each other.

Individual battles ensue.

We see giants throwing trolls into the mountains, knocking
over groups of fighters. They have no regard for what side
they kill, whether it be gods or their own kind.

Thor is in a fight with Jormungandr. He is summoning a swirl
of blue clouds over its head. With a roar, he brings down a
smite of lightning into the serpent's head. The electricity

moves through its body and through the water.

The sight is blinding.

BLACKOUT

CUT TO.

EXT. MIDGARD - BASE OF YGGRASDIL - SUNRISE

The sun rises. Sigrid wakes up to the light rays. She looks to her right, but Tyr is nowhere to be found.

She almost panics but notices someone watching the Sun.

She joins him.