

Claw and his Madness:  
Episode 1, Claw and his family

by

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BLACK.

The found of footsteps on a stone floor.

INT. HALL, MANSION, EVENING

FADE IN:

A young man in front of a closed door in a long hallway, breathing, preparing himself. This is CLAW (20). His fist raised, ready to knock. Laughing from inside. Claw enters.

INT. DINING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

At a table - Claw's father and one of his brothers. The other brother pours himself wine at a sideboard. This is AUKE (26). Their father stops laughing.

AUKE

(putting down the wine)

Well, look, who honors us with his presence tonight.

CLAW

(slightly smiling)

The honor is all mine, brother. To get the chance to eat dinner with such a legendary warrior. What place did you make at the tournament today? The twelfth?

AUKE

(coming up to Claw)

The tenth.

CLAW

(ironically)

Oh, I'm sorry.

AUKE

I would've done better, if it wasn't for Lord Furniks daughter.

AUKE looks to his other brother for approval, who nods. This is KARLSHER (24).

AUKE

She smiled at me, every time our eyes met. Someone was quite flattered by meeting a high-born.

(CONTINUED)

CLAW

Didn't you fight her elder brother?  
Just a strange coincidence, I  
reckon.

Claw sticks his tongue out and smiles.

KARLSHER

(to Claw)

What place did you make at the  
tournament?

AUKE

(to Claw, gaining confidence)

And when did any women ever smile  
at you? For whatever reason?

CLAW

(to the camera)

As you could imagine, not the first  
time my brothers are going against  
me with joined forces. But one  
time...(he lifts one finger)...they  
went a little further.

FLASHBACK, EIGHT YEARS AGO. EXT. AT A RIVERSIDE - DAY

Younger Claw sitting on a grass covered riverbank. In the  
background, a forest. Claw looks at his feet.

TEENAGER'S VOICE

Hey! Claw!

Claw looks up: In the river, young Auke, waving his arms.  
Next to him in the river the younger Karlsher. Between the  
two, a girl, beautiful. This is Frida, daughter of the  
equerry. She smiles at Claw. He blushes.

AUKE

(smiling)

Come here, little brother.

Claw gets up, starting to remove his clothes.

MOMENTS LATER

Claw makes his way through the water. The three of them  
laugh at the side of him struggling with the weak current.  
He joins their laughter, nervous.

Auke gives him a helpful arm and pulls Claw towards him.

(CONTINUED)

AUKE

Let me help you. (His smile freezes)  
Fucking bastard.

Auke grabs Claw by the neck and pushes him into the water.

UNDERWATER - CONTINUOUS

Claw, taking it as a joke, not doing much. Then panicking more and more with every passing second. Air bubbles leaving his mouth as he screams.

OVER THE WATER - CONTINUOUS

Karlsher and Auke join forces to keep Claw under water. Frida's hysterical laugh in the background (O.S).

UNDERWATER - CONTINUOUS

Frida's laughter is hearable under water. The air bubbles become less and Claws eyes close as he glides into unconsciousness.

EXT. A FEW MILES DOWN THE RIVER, MINUTES LATER

The blue sky and branches of riverside trees.

Claw, dead pale, lifts his upper body and coughs water out.

ROUGH VOICE

(O.S)

You alright?

Claw turns to see a wrinkled fisherman next to him.

FISHERMAN

(worried)

Pulld yo out the river. Thought ye were dead.

(pays him a grief look)

Still look dead.

Claw sticks his tongue out and starts to smile, still slightly coughing. The fisherman looks at him, worried.

FISHERMAN

Shouldn't smile. Should thank the gods for keepin yo alive.

(CONTINUED)

CLAW

(looking up, still smiling)  
Know what kept me alive? The looks  
on my half-brothers faces when I  
return to the castle. Alive. And  
the laughter I heard.

INT. BACK IN THE DINING ROOM, MANSION, EVENING - PRESENT

FATHER

(cold eyes)  
Did you come here with the  
intention to cause trouble, Claw?  
You succeeded.

CLAW

(bitter)  
Well, at least this time I lived up  
to your expectations, father.

FATHER

Shut up. Sit down, Auke. Claw, pour  
me some more wine.  
(Holding out his glass)

Claw takes the carafe from the cupboard and returns to the  
table. With a frozen smile, he pours wine into the glass.  
When he's about to stop -

FATHER

Keep going.

Claw fills entire rest of the wine into his fathers glass.  
There is nothing left for Claw. Whith a contended smile, the  
Lord takes a sip. As Claw turns to return the empty bottle,  
he recognises big smiles on his half-brother's faces.

CLAW

(to the camera, putting the  
empty bottle on the sideboard)  
You see, my father has always been  
such a genuine, loving man. But one  
time, he managed to top it all. My  
mother was the one who received his  
love that night.

FLASHBACK, SEVEN YEARS AGO, INT. SMALL LIVING ROOM, MANSION  
- NIGHT

Young Claw, ear at a leant door. Voices from inside.

MOTHER  
(furious, O.S)  
You are weak!

FATHER  
(drunk, mumbling, O.S)  
Shut up, woman.

MOTHER  
(O.S)  
You are to spineless to lead an  
entire island. Make concessions to  
every little lord who threatens you  
a bit.

FATHER  
(Shouting, O.S.)  
Shut your mouth! Dont talk about  
things -

MOTHER  
(O.S.)  
You are weak. Weak as a man, as a  
lord, weak as a father.

Bang. A hand lashing a cheek. Claws mother screaming and  
shortly after a body hitting the floor. Claw, open mouth and  
tears on his face, winces and runs towards the next door.  
His father hears the fast steps and shouts through the leant  
door.

ONE DAY LATER, INT. CHURCH-LIKE HALL - DAWN

Young Claw sitting on stairs, his back leaned against a  
stone-podium. Watery eyes, signs of tears on his cheeks.

On the podium, a woman's corpse (his mother, woman in her  
forties). The hall is open to two ends, letting wind and  
light in.

A few meters away, Claws father has a urgent talk with a  
priest. The Priest is wearing a colorful Vestment, in  
opposite to the hall that is devoid of any ornaments.

FATHER  
She slipped. You know, the balcony  
was slippery after the storm and  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

FATHER (cont'd)  
 the balustrade has always been quite small. We always had to forbid the children to come close to it.

(leaning towards the priest, whispering)  
 To be honest, she also had one or two glasses of wine. She...

PRIEST  
 I know Lord Rupnik, I know and the gods do, too. Sometimes, we don't understand their ways. But there is always -

FATHER  
 Yes, yes. Tragedy.  
 (Resting his hand on the priest's shoulder, dangerous smile)  
 I would be very thankful if you could spread the news about what happened. We don't want any false rumors, do we?

The priest hesitates for a brief second. Lord Rupnik pays him a grief look.

PRIEST  
 (nervous)  
 No, no, no. (Short pause) We don't.

The Lord nods and turns to Claw. As Claw looks up, their eyes meet. Claw's are still filled with tears.

INT. BACK IN THE DINING ROOM, MANSION, EVENING - PRESENT

Claw looking in the camera for a moment, his hands still on the empty bottle. Then turning back to the dinner table.

CLAW  
 (going to the door)  
 I'll just order a new bottle.

Claw sticks his head out of the door.

CLAW  
 (to the guards outside)  
 Order more wine from the kitchen. I want Nelf to bring it. Tell him...  
 (short pause, sticking his tongue out)

(CONTINUED)

...to take the good one.

Claw nods contended. He takes a seat at the table, investigating the silver cutlery, fork and knife on each side of the plate.

FATHER

(placing his hands on his belly, very pleased with himself)

All of you know about my meeting with Lord Ludshap next week.

KARLSHER

(eager to know his knowledge) Concerning the conflicts on Rawland?

FATHER

I'll give him our holdings on Rawland. The scramble for it has been going on for too long.

(sighing)

I would prefer it if the Strongleaves just took back what used to be theirs.

AUKE

They still hold their Fingerpass -

FATHER

Yes. We hold the North. Lord Ludshap expands from Radanien across Rawlands West and Lord Fadgem placed his troops in the Southeast.

(snorting)

As if he wasn't busy with pushing his claims on Tide's tongue.

(taking a sip)

Anyways. Once Ludshap receives our holdings on Rawland, he won't have problems defeating the Strongleaves. Also, he will have the better position in negotiations with Fadgem.

KARLSHER

Meaning the scramble for Rawland is about to come to an end.

(CONTINUED)



FATHER

Yes. Which gives us the chance to deal with the damn Northeners who keep invading our beloved Greatrun. For a certain payment, they'll raid different Islands. They're primitive. See something glitter at the bottom of a cliff - and jump.

CLAW

(ironically)

Yes. So primitive. You offer them holdings, cities or money to keep them away and they accept - what a glorious victory for Greatrun. No one will ever forget -

FATHER

Enough.

(pointing his plump finger at Claw, threateningly)

The Lord takes a deep breath, moves his finger up and down while his mouth opens and closes again. Auke pays Claw an angry looking. He licks his lips.

AUKE

What does Lord Ludshap owe us for receiving our holdings? A favour?

FATHER

A daughter. His only one, Lucif.  
(looking at Karlsher)

Sudden Silence.

KARLSHER

(nervous laugh)

As a prisoner or what?

FATHER

(dead serious)

As a wife. For you Karlsher.

KARLSHER

(pointing at himself,  
thunderstruck)

For me?

(looking around)

Why me? Why Luzif? Aren't there better...candidates?

(CONTINUED)

CLAW

How about Ruk? If you considerate how your friend from child days keeps visiting you from night to night you two should hurry up with the wedding. You know how fast rumours spread through chambermaids mouths.

Karlsher sends him a hateful look, blushing. Claw gets up. Standing behind Kerlsher, he rests his hands on his half-brothers shoulders, smiling.

CLAW

But our father wants you to marry Lucif. Maybe you can keep Ruk as your lover. Depends on Lucifs tolerance I guess. Or...

(leining in)

...you keep your unnatural affections under control.

Claw gives Karlsher a clap on the cheek, sticking his tongue out. He watches Karlsher's insecure attempts to find an excuse. The hate in his brother's eyes answers Claw with a wink.

CLAW

(to the camera)

I planned to stay calm, to not interfere tonight. But it was just too tempting.

(smile dying)

My mother used to call me impulsive when I had an...

(ironically)

'emotional outburst'.

FLASHBACK, SIX YEARS AGO, INT. STABLES, DAY

Young Claw hiding behind a wooden wall. In the room, horses in their boxes, thatch on the floor, in the middle: Frida, from behind, filling a trough. She is humming a folk song.

A smile builds on Claws face, he sticks his tongue out. In his hands: a rusty horseshoe. Claw sneaks up behind Frida who turns when she hears his steps. She looks exhausted, hair behind the ears, sweat on her forehead.

Frida manages only a short scream before the horseshoe hits her temple. She staggers a few meters, then falls.

(CONTINUED)

Claw calmly strolls after her, weighing the horseshoe in his hand.

CLAW  
(dangerous smile)  
Well, hello hello.

Claw ties her hands behind her back with a leather strap. Frida stirs. Pulling her on her knees, Claw eventually manages to lift her upper body on the horse trough.

FRIDA  
(whispering, dazed)  
Please...

CLAW  
(hissing)  
I'm sorry...

His hand on the back of her head, he pushes her into the dirty water.

CLAW  
(louder)  
...but I just cant understand you.

Frida starts to fight, trying to free herself from his hands. He gasps, but holds on to her. After a while, the air bubbles leaving her mouth get less, her resistance drying out -

CLAW  
(enjoying it)  
Aaaahhh...

He keeps pushing her underwater. After a few moments he breaks into laughter.

He finally lets go of her. Clicking his tongue, he grabs her by the armpits.

Thoughtfully, he looks around - a boy standing in the stables entrance. He watches Claw, interested; pale face, curly mane of hair. This is young Nalf.

Claw puts his finger to the lips, pleading. Nalf hesitates. After a few moments, he nods.

INT. BACK IN THE DINING ROOM, MANSION, EVENING - PRESENT

A knock on the dining room's door.

FATHER

Come in!

The door opens. Nalf on the threshold.

FATHER

(waving his glass)

There you are Nalf. Pour me some wine.

Nalf puts wine into all of their glasses. When he puts the bottle on the cupboard, close to the door, Claw coughs, drowning the sound of Nalf turning the doorknob.

Nalf nods in Claw's direction, imperceptible. His family doesn't notice.

Lord Rupnik looks at his three sons, one after another.

FATHER

You three. Stop all those accusations. Especially you, Claw. Filled with hatred and greed towards everyone and everything.

Claw points a finger at himself, questioningly.

FATHER

Don't act around. Your mother always used to.

(Karlsher snorts)

I'm solving the conflicts of our islands - it's time for you to do the same.

Peace for Greatrun, well once we've dealt with those Northmen; and peace for my family. This is what I want to raise my glass to.

CLAW

(smiling)

Peace.

Claw agrees in raising his glass. His half-brothers follow shortly after. Claw taps his foot on the ground, nervously. He drinks, wiping his mouth with his sleeve.

Father coughs, multiple times. Auke touches his throat, more pale than before. Kalsher draws his eyebrows together, Claw smiling into his cup.

FLASHBACK, FOUR WEEKS AGO. INT. IN A BEDROOM - DAY

Claw in front of a window inside his bedroom. He looks over the shoulder as the door behind him opens. Nalf steps in, closing the door only a heartbeat later. He breathes heavily, exhausted. Immediately, he turns the key.

CLAW  
(calm)  
Did you get it?

Seeing the sweat on Nalf's forehead and temples, Claw smiles.

CLAW  
Come on. Don't make a fool of yourself.

Looking at Claw, Nalf crosses the room and pulls out a white phial. He puts it on the desk.

NALF  
(indignantly, pointing the finger at Claw)  
That...was a torture.

CLAW  
(imitating Nalf)  
That...was wildly exaggerated. As you always do. I bet nobody even looked at you suspiciously, neither guard nor chamberlain.

NALF  
I'll tell you something not exaggerated...

He takes the phial, holding it in front of Claw's face.

NALF  
This is Whiteveil. One of the most toxic substances in the world. If the guards would have found that in my pockets, entering the mansion, they would not even have waited for the executioner.

(CONTINUED)

CLAW

(snorting)

The mansion's guards would even let a blonde, blue-eyed Northmen-giant through their gates if he just put on a friendly smile. And they've known you for, what? Nine years, is it?

(resting his hand on Nalfs shoulder)

You were simply frightened. And thats alright, I mean -

NALF

(loud, indignant)

You were frightened! Or why didn't you go to meet this...shady trader?

Claw's hand goes from Nalfs shoulder to his chin, his fingers squeezing his cheeks.

CLAW

It was a trader from Wetwood. You are from Wetwood. See any connection?

He pushes Nalf away, abruptly. At the table, Claw fills two cups with water from a carafe. In one he pours a few drops of Whiteveil. Nalf touches his turned-red cheek, watching him.

NALF

What is this supposed to be?

Turning back to Nalf, Claw exchanges the cups a few times behind his back. Smiling, he offers both of them to Nalf.

NALF

(ironic look)

Come on, I saw you putting the poison in one of them.

CLAW

(with feigned indignation)

I don't want to kill you, old friend. Just a little game.

(nodding at the glasses)

Pick one.

NALF

What? No! Have you lost your mind?

(CONTINUED)

CLAW  
 (shrugging his shoulders,  
 smiling)  
 Once again, you're frightened.

NALF  
 (ironic)  
 Oh, am I? How about you?

He takes the glasses from Claw, exchanging them behind his back. Holding them up to Claw now, he looks at him expectantly.

NALF  
 Here. Choose one. Show me your  
 bravery.

Claw lets his hand wander from one glass to another, smiling, entertained. After a few moments, he take the right glass. He pays Nalf a look as he raises the glass to his lip. Nalf looks afraid, fearing that Claw would actually drink.

CLAW  
 I've only been afraid one time in  
 my life.

Insert cuts of young Claw beeing held under water by is brothers as Claw empties the glass with quick gulps. Nalf grabs the arm that holds the glas to Claw's mouth, hesistant. As he is finished, Claw sticks his tongue out for a second, smiling at Nalf. He puts the glass down. Nalf looks at him, worried.

CLAW  
 What are the symptoms?

NALF  
 The...I think...Blood. From nose,  
 mouth and...different openings. But

-

CLAW  
 How long after?

NALF  
 Only moments.

Claw nods. He waits for a brief moment. Expectantly.

NALF  
 Well the trader told me that every  
 body reacts different...

(CONTINUED)

While Nalf keeps talking Claw gets a wine glass (transparent, in opposite to the water glasses) from the shelf. He fills it with water, then spits in it. There is no sign of blood in it. Nalf breathes out, he is relieved. Claw brings his lips forward.

CLAW  
Disappointing.

He offers Nalf the other glass of water (in which the poison must be). Nalf, pale, shakes his hand. Claw sighs. he empties the glass out of the window.

INT. BACK IN THE DINING ROOM, MANSION, EVENING - PRESENT

Karlsher coughs in his fist. Then, his hand goes to the tabletop, grabbing it tensely. With every cough little drops of blood spray on the table.

Auke watches his smaller brother with a lack of understanding, eyes wide open. Drops of blood leave his nose, he notices them once they reach his upper lip.

Karlsher falls off his chair, on all fours, vomiting blood.

Father wipes his mouth a couple of times with a napkin, which is soon bloodstained. Looking at his two bleeding sons, he gets up, starting to walk towards Claw. He raises a finger, accusing.

Blood spills over Claws bottom lip. Seeing it, his father changes direction, now moving towards Nalf.

FATHER  
(to Nalf)  
You...

Father's leg shakes and he trips over. He lays on the ground, eyes closed, motionless. Blood runs from his mouth.

Claw winks a few times. He spits blood to the floor and smiles at Nalf - blood all over his teeth.

FLASHBACK, THIS MORNING. INT. IN A BEDROOM - DAY

Claw sits at the table, reading a book. Nalf leans on the sideboard, watching his friend, worried.

NALF  
Are you sure we should do it today?

(CONTINUED)



CLAW  
(reading, absent-minded)  
Mhm.

NALF  
Claw! This is important, you know?

CLAW  
What is important?

NALF  
That everything...works out.

CLAW  
(shrugging his shoulders)  
The plan is simple.

NALF  
What if the guards enter the room?  
You and your family ly on the  
floor, with blood everywhere? With  
me standing there, the wine bottle  
in my hand? What if they don't  
hesitate to kill me?

CLAW  
(closing the book)  
Remember to send the two guards  
away as you arrivre. And I don't  
think they will kill you. They  
don't have any proof.

NALF  
(mimicing Claw)  
*They don't have any proof...*

Claw breathes heavily in and out a few times, with closed eyes, trying to stay calm.

CLAW  
(dangerous)  
Don't ever mimic me again. You  
stand there as the guards enter.  
Try look frightened and shocked and  
tell them to get the doctor. I'll  
arrange everything else, alright?

NALF  
Would you mind being a bit  
more...concrete about how I'm not  
going straight to the executioner?

(CONTINUED)

CLAW

(sighing)

I've hidden the silver phiole with most of the poison in kitchen maid Remuras chambers.

NALF

(doubtful, biting his lip)

What if they don't find it?

CLAW

I'll be the Lord by then, Nalf. They will receive the order to search all the kitchen maid's chambers. And if the guards still suspect you, after all - I can free you - because I'll be the Lord of this damn Island.

NALF

(broken voice)

Good.

(clearing his throat, then with more conviction:)

Good. You have the antidote, right?

Claw pulls a few brown bulbs out of one desk drawer, showing them to Nalf.

CLAW

Here.

NALF

Do you know how much you need?

Claw puts them back, closing the drawer.

CLAW

I'll take enough to survive and still be harmed by the poison. The guards need to see me bleeding. My survival will be a miracle and no one will even dare to suspect me. And enough of those questions.

He goes over to the cupboard, pouring himself a glass of wine.

NALF

No, Claw! It's not enough. My life depends on it. And by the way...

(gesturing towards the glass)

...it's not even noon.

(CONTINUED)

CLAW

(waving his glass)

Oh, are we pointing out the obvious now? Here's one for you: You're annoying.

Nalf shakes his head.

NALF

(pointing towards Claw)

You always seem so casual, spontaneous, like nothing ever bothers you. But know what?

(Claw raising his eyebrows)

It's all a mask. You want to hide your fear.

Claw opens his mouth. Nalf quiets him in advance with a quick gesture.

NALF

Don't say anything. I'll play my role tonight, will pour the wine, your loyal servant.

Nalf nods a few times, then leans forward.

NALF (CONTINUOUS)

Just don't forget: I know everything. And not even you Claw, not even you are mad enough to underestimate that.

Claw looks at Nalf for a brief moment, studying him. Then he smiles.

CLAW

Trust me. I won't.

INT. BACK IN THE DINING ROOM, MANSION, EVENING - PRESENT

Claw gets on his feet, one of the meat knives in his hand. Nalf turns his head as he hears the approaching steps. It takes too long for him to react. Claw (lips and chin covered in blood) pulls Nalf's hair back, baring his throat.

CLAW

And I thought you knew me better. I hid the poison in your chamber. You shouldn't have challenged me, Nalf.

(CONTINUED)

As he speaks, Claw drills the knife into Nalf's throat. He twists it, watching Nalf's pain with shining eyes of curiosity.

Claw drops the twitching body. He walks over to his father, his legs shaking, the knife still in his hand. Nalf coughs and gargles behind his back.

CLAW  
(looking around the room,  
smiling thoughtfully)  
I am in blood.  
(sticking out his tongue)

Knocks on the door, voices outside. Claw falls to his knees next to his father.

CLAW  
Father...

His father stirs a little bit. No clear words come from his mouth.

CLAW  
(slapping him)  
No, no. Listen. I know what my  
mother told you. In the night she  
*fell from the balcony*. She said:  
*You are weak. Weak as a man, as a  
lord, weak as a father.* She was so  
right.

Father looks at him in hate and agony. Then he stops breathing. Claw, sticks his tongue out for a second, blood comes with it. Heavy breathing, he goes down next to his father, losing conscience.

As we hear the door being kicked down and the quick steps of approaching guards...

FADE OUT