

Screenplay

EXT. PLAINS-DAY

The land is aplenty with hills, its summer and the grass is dead from the sun's luminosity, giving it a golden honey hue. For miles and miles its all we can see, except one hill in particular stands out from the rest.

A grand tree is firmly planted at the top, it stands as a sharp contrast to the valley plains, its flourished with green, and its shade towers the area of the hill.

In the shade, we a see cat like eyes glow in the darkness. A lion-like growl follows soon after.

We see a caravan consisting of 4 fit, Nordic men ROLLI (roll-E), ERIK, KNUT (newt), and SKOR (score) trek through the plains. They show signs of exhaustion and dehydration from the sun's unforgiving heat.

The creature sports its fangs in excitement.

The men, to escape the heat, stop the caravan in front of the base of the same hill the creature lays. They pull out canteens and begin to drink as if their life depended on it.

ROLLI

The Gods are cursing us! Damned to relentless hellfire.

ERIK

Nonsense.

KNUT

I don't know Erik, have you ever felt such a discomfort?

ERIK

The Gods bless us with the sun, Knut. They bless us with the crops that come with it, they bless us with light to see all and beyond, and more importantly, they bless us by keeping the beasts away.

ROLLI

Did the Gods bless poor old Wolfgaard, when they found him butchered in these same parts?

ERIK

Those could have been bandits for all we know. They roam these lands with cruelty and malice in their hearts.

(CONTINUED)

ROLLI

But even man has its limitations in evil.

GRENDEL (O.S)

Oh, if only they knew...

ERIK

Say there was a beast, we're at an advantage.

KNUT

Swords as sharp as Hveðrungr's  
(ve-o-run-gar) wit, and shields as  
tough as Tyr's (tear) mind

SKOR

Well how about the hunger of  
Fenrir? I thought I saw some apples  
grow in this tree.

ROLLI

You've been out in the sun too long  
Skor, you're afflicted with slight  
madness.

SKOR

Madness, my nethers. Be as wit as  
your tongue allows you, but I saw  
apples.

ROLLI

Swear to the Gods?

SKOR

I can swear to anyone who could  
bless me with food.

ROLLI

Then climb that hill you fool, no  
one here will stop you.

KNUT

We won't, but if those bountiful  
fruits are there, be merciful,  
yeah?

SKOR

I'm no beast.

GRENDEL (O.S)

But I am.

(CONTINUED)

SKOR, starts climbing up the hill, not realizing what lays for him at the top.

ERIK

So what exactly did happen to old  
Wolfgaard?

ROLLI

No one knows for sure, but it  
wasn't bandits, and it was no mere  
animal that did him in. An envoy  
coming back from Gotar, found poor  
old Wolfgaard missing his chest and  
everything inside it. His ears  
stuffed with a finger each, and a  
foot shoved in his mouth.

ERIK and KNUT wince in disgust.

ROLLI

But the strange part, was that  
right next to him was a sack of  
gold containing all his life  
savings, enough gold to buy out all  
our families, laying perfectly  
untouched in the grass.

Their faces show confusion.

ROLLI

If the Gods don't curse us with the  
sun, they'll curse us with what  
took poor old Wolfgaard.

ERIK

Not if they're kind.

ROLLI

When have they ever been?

Skor reaches the top and sees a perfectly round luscious red  
apple served right before him. He grabs the apple and is  
about to bite it, when he sees GRENDEL, a seven foot  
bearlike humanoid behemoth. Skor drops the apple in a stun  
of fear.

Grendel tackles him, sending them both to the bottom, with  
Skor breaking their fall. He quickly rips into his throat,  
gnawing and gashing, and blood quickly splashes into the  
monster's face. Skor's fist, flattens into an open palm, and  
its clear he's dead.

Grendel quickly addresses his attention to the remaining three and smiles at them, as they in cower in fear, Rolli goes for his sword.

EXT.PLAINS-A FEW SECONDS LATER

We're back to the open golden plains, its quiet and peaceful, but then we hear the sounds of screaming, and a few seconds later a howl.

EXT.GRENDEL'S CAVE.DAY

GRENDEL's lair is a large towering cave with darkness oozing out of it. Its a black hole in the middle of a serene evergreen forest, a shallow pond divides the cave from the forest, almost like a moat.

Near the entrance of the cave, is Grendel looking upwards with scathing rage at the ram standing inert and stupid at the peak of the rock slides to the right of him.

GRENDEL  
(hissing)  
Scat!

The old ram is unmoved by this, and looks on.

GRENDEL (cont'd)  
Go back to your cave! Go back to  
your cowshed--whatever it is!

The ram cocks his head like an elderly slow-witted man, considering the angles, but ignoring Grendel.

Grendel irritated by this slight, stamps and hammers the ground with his fists, and he picks up a skull size stone laying about and hurls it at the direction of the ram. He does not a budge.

Grendel shakes his fists at it and howls.

GRENDEL (O.S)  
I let out a howl so unspeakable  
that the water near my feet turns  
to sudden ice, and even myself am  
left feeling uneasy.

Grendel's rage calms.

(CONTINUED)

GRENDEL (O.S) (cont'd)  
But the ram stays; Spring is upon  
us. And so begins the twelfth year  
of my idiotic war. The pain of it!  
The stupidity! my senses numb from  
it all.

Grendel sighs, and trudges through the pond and disappears  
into the forest.

EXT.FOREST/DIRT PATH-LATER

The animals scatter in panic, when they see Grendel walking  
along the dirt path.

He walks silently, getting lost in his thoughts.

From the ravines a group of armed men lie in the shadows.

GRENDEL (O.S)  
Spring is upon us. I haven't gotten  
a fill since last Summer. I hunger  
for something with more of a  
challenge. The ram, presents itself  
as more of a dilemma than an  
obstacle. Spring is here, and so  
brings a slight heat.

The woodland animals look at him from the ravines, and  
Grendel takes notice.

GRENDEL (O.S) (cont'd)  
Stupid animals, no shame  
whatsoever, ignorant to their  
urges. The slight heat amplifies  
that tenfold. The ram never stares  
at me, he stares for the nearest  
spraddle-legged ewe he can mount.  
And you can tell his hunt is  
coming to a close, when his hind  
parts shiver in excitement when he  
sees that rosy cunt. Why can't  
these creatures discover a little  
dignity?!

Grendel vengefully looks into the sky.

GRENDEL  
Huh?!

BEAT--

(CONTINUED)

GRENDEL (O.S)

The sky says nothing predictably.  
Forever unimpressed.

He raises his fist and flips off the sky and makes an obscene kick

GRENDEL (O.S) (cont'd)

I hate the sky, I hate these creatures, I hate these brainless budding trees, but I hate "Him" the most. The one who set Cain against his brother I mean, if its too vague.

The creatures have disappeared from the ravine, men's shadows are seen instead.

GRENDEL (O.S) (cont'd)

I don't fool myself with thoughts that I'm more noble. I'm a meaningless, ridiculous monster crouched in the shadows stinking of dead men, murdered children, and martyred cattle.

The men (about 4-5) follow Grendel, cautiously, looking for the perfect moment to strike.

GRENDEL (O.S) (cont'd)

I am neither proud nor ashamed, understand. They're just one more dull victim leering at the seasons that never were meant to be observed. And speaking on that note...

The sound of swords being unsheathed is heard, and the men charge like a cavalry towards Grendel.

GRENDEL (O.S) (cont'd)

Foolish curs...

Grendel quickly slashes the throat of the first man to reach him with his claw.

Two of the men swing their swords simultaneously at Grendel, and he moves out of the way. One sword penetrates the tree bark, and the swordsman struggles to get it out. Grendel shoves his claw at his jugular and rips out his throat.

An arrow flies out from the archer's bow and hits Grendel's arm, he doesn't react at all.

(CONTINUED)

The other swordsman takes another swing, but Grendel avoids it, he plays with him, laughing at him. The archer can't get a clear shot, the swordsmen is in the way.

Another swing, but nothing, the swordsman's face is swelling in anger. He wildly swings at Grendel, he avoids each one, and quickly grabs the swordsmen arm when he tires and he rips it off.

He screams in pain, the archer finds a shot and takes it, but Grendel grabs the swordsman and uses him as shield. The arrow strikes his heart killing him.

Grendel throws the lifeless body at the archer, pinning him to the ground. He walks toward the archer, but before he does, he quickly avoids the sword-swing of the 5th man that was hiding in the bushes, and swiftly gouges out his eyes with his claws. The man screams in agony, but passes out shortly after from the blood loss.

Grendel walks to the pinned archer, he tries to hide his fear for the beast.

GRENDEL

You know how many men have tried to fool me with paper thin stoicism?

ARCHER

I fear no death.

Grendel slightly chuckles.

GRENDEL

Aye, they also said that. But I'll show you the fear.

Grendel's shadow towers over the man, and his eyes widen in fear.

GRENDEL (O.S)

Blood cakes over my face, his life escapes at every gnaw. I'm full, and fat with satisfaction. Its getting late, mother will worry.

INT.GRENDEL'S CAVE-NIGHT

The cave is pitch black, a crack of moonlight enters throughout small openings in and around the cave.

Snakes hiss, animals growl menacingly, and creatures lurk around the surface water in the cavern floor. We can't see any of them, just sounds.

(CONTINUED)



The light somehow finds its way towards Grendel, and we follow him, as he treks through the seemingly long cave.

GRENDEL

Not the most hospitable of homes,  
and I loather it myself, but for  
better or for worse this is  
Grendel's homestead.

He reaches his den, a realm that is gargantuan in size, a prehistoric grand ballroom, furbished with blood-stained rocks, moss and dead vines. The cave den has no roof, a ring-size hole encircles the top, which is about 30 feet high. Grendel sighs.

INT.GRENDEL'S CAVE/DEN-NIGHT

The water is slightly submerged, paper thin at best. The sound of Grendel walking about is heard through a sludge here and there. The moonlight reflects on the water, making it look like Grendel is at the center of a spotlight. He looks at the moon.

GRENDEL (O.S)

This cavern is a reminder of my  
birthright, it is my reason for  
hating "Him". And It is my reason  
for hating "Her".

Grendel directs his attention to his mother laying in the dark corner to right of him.

GRENDEL'S MOTHER is a fat, grotesque, foul bulk that borders on being slug-like. (Jabba The Hutt meets human) with long ratty, disheveled black hair.

She moves around restlessly, like trying to shake off a bad nightmare that has become lucid.

GRENDEL (O.S) (cont'd)

Have you ever seen something so  
ugly? Something so useless and  
meaningless? She wallows in her own  
filth, making herself equal to dirt  
surrounding her. She makes no  
attempt to differentiate herself.

His mother awakens, revealing small black beady eyes. Her skin is pale and cracked from years of harsh abuse. She shrills as if she is trying to Grendel something.

(CONTINUED)

GRENDEL (O.S) (cont'd)  
Stupid cow, God knows how long I  
have had to endure her voice. Her  
shrills, her shrieks, her fucking  
incoherent words.

The light reveals a large black pool standing before  
Grendel, he sucks up some air and his mouth balloons. He  
jumps head on into the water and disappears.

INT.GRENDEL'S CAVE/UNDERWATER-A FEW SECONDS LATER.

Grendel treks through the water, passing through rocks, pond  
scum, and elongated weeds.

GRENDEL (O.S)  
I swim to my den- as mechanical as  
anything else- fists clenched  
against my lack of will, my belly  
growling for more, as it is with a  
perpetual appetite, mindless as  
wind, for blood. I'm passing the  
firesnakes, any minute now.

EXT.PIT-NIGHT

Grendel emerges from the water and reveals he has come out  
through a large 30 foot pit. He swims towards the vines and  
begins to climb.

Reaching the top he turns around looks down the cliff to see  
the magnitude of depth he just climbed.

He grinds his teeth and his face swells in anger.

GRENDEL (O.S)  
I stare down the cliff, and once  
again I am aware of my potential: I  
could. I cackle with rage and suck  
in breath.

He addresses the abyss below.

GRENDEL  
Dark chasms! Seize me! Seize me to  
your foul black bowels and crush my  
bones!

His voice echoes in throughout the pit.

(CONTINUED)

GRENDEL (O.S)

I stand there shaking from head to  
foot, moved to the deep-sea depths  
of my being, like a creature thrown  
into audience with thunder.

He waits for a response, nothing happens and he sighs.

GRENDEL (O.S) (cont'd)

I am secretly unfooled. The uproar  
is only my own shriek, and chasms  
are, like all things vast,  
inanimate. They will not snatch me  
in a thousand years, unless, in  
lunatic fit of religion I jump.

He looks at the pit again.

GRENDEL (O.S) (cont'd)

I want to scream again, louder,  
harder, and more trembling. I want  
to play coy and say "missed me".  
but it won't change the abyss'  
nature.

He looks behind him and sees glowing lights from a far  
distance.

GRENDEL (O.S) (cont'd)

Hrothgar awaits, his fens and moors  
await to be sullied by the blood of  
heroes and would bes.

He makes his way towards the source and disappears into the  
darkness.

INT.HROTHGAR'S MEAD HALL-DAY

Several men hut around a massive fire that is burning the  
corpses of the men that ambushed Grendel earlier in the day.

The men, all battle-hardened warriors slumping by each other  
side to side. Drinking and singing songs to honor their dead  
comrades.

They're cheerful, their noses are rosy red from their  
drunken stupor, like Santa Claus. All of a sudden the sound  
of the clash of sword and shield is heard in the background.

The men shift their attention to MAL, a tall, white, gauntly  
looking man.

(CONTINUED)

MAL

5 men are dead, and we're merry?!

The men lower their mugs, and their faces shift to sadness, assessing the reality of the situation.

MAL

Look at us! We're drinking mare piss, while a monster freely runs through the shadows, savoring for our next kin. He laughs at us brothers. He mocks our heroes and our kings, and we idly stand with our thumbs up our arseholes.

MAN IN THE CROWD 1#

Well what are we supposed to do?

MAN IN THE CROWD 2#

Yeah, Mal what are we to do?

MAL

We throw him with the might of every sword and arrow that we have. Enough with small hunting parties, we only give him sport when we do so. If we scour the forests with the numbers by tenfold, we will slay this beast.

MAN IN THE CROWD 1#

We'll only give him more of what he wants, we'll be cattle to slaughter.

MAL

Aye brother, many will die. I will not illusion any of you with the thought that our blood won't be shed.

Mal grabs the nearest quiver arrows that he get ahold of. He grabs an arrow, and throws it to TOR, a giant of a man, with a heavy muscular built.

MAL (cont'd)

Break it Tor.

Tor laughs at the silly request, and easily breaks it.

TOR

Would you like to like me to lift a feather next?

(CONTINUED)

The men laugh in unison.

MAL  
Not a struggle at all, right Tor?

TOR  
Not at all.

He pulls out all the arrows, about 25 and passes the stack to Tor.

MAL  
Break them all right now.

He tries to break all of them in one single bend. Nothing. He struggles to break all of them, but alas he cannot.

MAL (cont'd)  
You see where I am at brothers?

They nod in their understanding.

MAL  
We will not bend, and we will not falter! How many of you have lost kin to that monster? Mother, brother, child? I lost my brother Skor, I make no secret of it. He was taken by that monster last Summer, and he better man than most of us. How many will we have to lose before we become unified like those arrows Tor is still struggling to destroy?

The men redirect their attention to Tor still struggling to destroy the arrows.

MAL (cont'd)  
The time is now my brothers! We march for greater glory, much more than the bards can describe in their silly songs. Who's with me?!

The men in unison shout in agreement, the speech has riled them into a glory seeking frenzy.

Every weapon and shield is taken from the racks and walls, and the men suit up for battle, readying to march to Grendel's home.

MAL (cont'd)  
The night is ours!

MAL leads them to the 10 foot entrance doors, ready to face Grendel.

All of a sudden Grendel bursts in, and the doors collapse on Mal, crushing him instantly.

GRENDEL  
Nay, tis' is mine!

MAN IN THE CROWD 1#  
Quick douse the fires.

Men quickly scatter and turn off all the fire with buckets of water.

As the fire wanes, Grendel quickly covers his eyes, and screams as if he was in pain.

GRENDEL  
No! How did you know my weakness?!  
The dark! Oh how pitiful! How  
woeful!

MAN IN THE CROWD 1#  
Strike him!, Strike him now!

The men begin to hack away indiscriminately, swinging their swords wildly and violently. We hear the sounds of men screaming not soon after.

MAN IN THE CROWD 3#  
My arm! Someone chopped off my arm!

More screams are heard, the sound of sword penetrating flesh is increasingly being heard in the back ground.

Grendel idly stands by the corner, spectating the men as they unknowingly attack each other.

GRENDEL (O.S)  
My enemy knows no bounds in their  
stupidity. I sit by watching as  
they butcher themselves  
slowly through their own tactical  
prowess. I'm amused by this, they  
really are fools to believe that I  
fear the dark. I have basked and  
bathed in it since I left the womb,  
and to me it is just as clear as  
day.

(CONTINUED)

Grendel starts stretching his bones, he sees the sharpness of his nails, and prepares himself for battle.

GRENDEL (O.S) (cont'd)  
I grow tired of this, the mead hall  
requires its annual coat of blood.

GRENDEL  
All right you curs, you wanted to  
be songs and stories? Well here's  
your chance!

EXT.CLIFF SIDE-LATER

Grendel sits at the edge of the cliff overlooking the town.  
His face is caked in blood, and the moonlight reveals this.

He stares on emotionless, assessing the damage he's caused  
below.

GRENDEL (O.S)  
I feel comfort. I am comfortable.  
The blood warms my face, that's why  
I never clean it off. Blood is the  
only language we can ever speak, it  
shows our hatred for one another.  
My communication with humans is  
blood, when I speak to them, all  
they hear are atavistic responses,  
growls and such.

Singing is heard coming from the town.

GRENDEL (O.S) (cont'd)  
Songs to bring assurance, that God  
will bring good fortune to them one  
day. Fools. I can comprehend  
everything they say, they think of  
me as a brain-damaged oaf, but they  
don't know that we're kin in some  
way. Bound by blood, in kin and  
language.

Fires start in the village below, the villagers are burning  
their dead.

GRENDEL (O.S) (cont'd)  
I am cursed with no language to  
share with. Humans and creatures  
alike cannot comprehend me. My own  
mother cannot comprehend me. She  
shrills and shrieks, in a way I

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

GRENDEL (O.S) (cont'd)  
cannot understand. That itself is  
rare, maybe every year or so I hear  
something slipping out of her  
mouth. But its mute every other  
day, like the water I swim through.

Ceremonious horns are heard.

GRENDEL (O.S) (cont'd)  
She worries for me, my mother. But  
she sees me also as if I was a  
shameful reminder of an act done  
eons ago. She is wracked by guilt  
for some unnamed, secret crime,  
that is all I have come to  
conclude.

A moan is heard, and Grendel turns around revealing a pile  
of corpses behind him.

He sees that Mal has survived the incident, but barely.

MAL  
You will fall beast, one day you  
will meet your end.

Grendel takes in the comment, but then he laughs maniacally.  
He grabs Mal's head and rips it out and throws it all the  
way to the center of the funeral pyre. Screams are heard  
soon after.

GRENDEL (O.S)  
Oh how I look forward to that day.

He reaches for a dismembered leg and begins to eat.

GRENDEL (O.S) (cont'd)  
I shouldn't eat this, my belly will  
soon sour if I do. But now that I  
come to think of it, eating is also  
a language.

FADE TO BLACK--

CHAPTER 1 CONCLUDED.