

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.

(CONTINUED)

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.