Screenplay
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 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--
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.
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.
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.
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?
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)
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)
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.