

BEOWULF - EPISODE 2



Storyteller: Beowulf and his warriors sailed across the sea and when they landed in Denmark a lookout saw them arrive...

Lookout: Who are you, strangers?

Beowulf: My friend, we are Geats and we come in peace. I am Beowulf and I wish to speak with your king, Hrothgar.

Lookout: If you are truly the famous Beowulf then I know my king will be honoured to meet you.

Storyteller: The lookout took Beowulf and his men to Heorot, where the Geats stood in front of the great hall and stared in wonder.

Geatish Thane: My Lord Beowulf I have never seen a building so huge...so beautiful.

Beowulf: Yes - but see too how the great door is splintered...and those ugly scars in the walls.

Thane: They look like marks made by giant claws, my Lord.

Beowulf: They must be the work of Grendel.

Hrothgar: Beowulf - I am Hrothgar! You are welcome in our land but you have come at a sad time. We are under attack! Our people dying; we have a terrible enemy.



Beowulf: Great King of the Danes, we have heard of Grendel and that is why we have come. I pledge that I will fight this creature and defeat him. I will not go home until Grendel is dead!



Hrothgar: People say you have the strength of thirty men, but even you cannot defeat Grendel. If you try to fight him he will destroy you and your men. Your swords and spears will not help you.

Beowulf: I won't need swords or spears when I fight the monster. Is it true the monster carries no weapons when it attacks?

Hrothgar: It is true.

Beowulf: Then I will fight with just my bare hands. Will the creature come tonight?

Hrothgar: Grendel comes every night.

Beowulf: Then this night will be the last.

Storyteller: That evening there was a feast to honour Beowulf. Most of the Danes were happy that Beowulf had come to help them but some were jealous of the famous prince.

Dane: So Beowulf, you think can defeat Grendel with your bare hands?

Beowulf: Perhaps.

Thane: What makes you so special? What makes you think you can succeed where our warriors have failed?

Beowulf: Perhaps I won't. Perhaps I will fail too.

Thane: Yes, you will fail like all the others. Enjoy the food. This will be your last meal.



Storyteller: When the feast was over the Danes left the hall. Heorot was empty, apart from Beowulf and his men. The young prince took off his armour and lay down his sword.

Beowulf: Our time has come. By morning either we will be heroes or our bones will litter the floor of Grendel's cave. We must have courage everyone!

Storyteller: Out on the dark moors Grendel was creeping towards Heorot...



Grendel: They may lock their doors but they can't keep me out. They may hide in the darkness but I will always find them...



Storyteller: Once again, Grendel ripped open the great door of Heorot and snatched up one of the Geats. Then Grendel reached out an arm to catch his next victim...but something gripped the monster's arm. Some force stronger than the creature had ever felt before. Grendel struggled to free his arm but he felt the grip tightening...

Grendel: What is it that holds my arm so tight?

Beowulf: It is I, Beowulf, who grips your arm and I will never, ever let it go!



Grendel: Fool! I will crush you like all the others and eat you!

Storyteller: Grendel thrashed and writhed but Beowulf would not let go of the monster's arm. The other Geats tried to help the prince, but their swords couldn't even scratch Grendel's skin. The monster struggled but he could feel Beowulf's grip tightening...

Grendel: Let me go!

Storyteller: ...and now for the first time, Grendel felt fear. Beowulf twisted the creature's arm with all his strength, harder and harder, until finally...Grendel's arm was torn from his body, and with a terrible cry the wounded monster ran off into the darkness...to die.



Thane: My Lord Beowulf. You've done it! With your bare hands you've destroyed the monster!

Beowulf: Call Hrothgar. Call all the Danes. Tell them that Heorot is safe again!



Storyteller: When the Danes heard what had happened they were overjoyed. Grendel's arm was nailed above the door of Heorot and a great feast was held to celebrate. Hrothgar gave Beowulf gifts of gold, jewels and the finest armour.

Hrothgar: Our people thank you, Beowulf! We will never forget you!

Storyteller: That night, laughter rang out from Heorot for the first time in many years. But that happiness would not even last the night, for another monster was stirring in the darkness. Another monster was making its way to Heorot...

