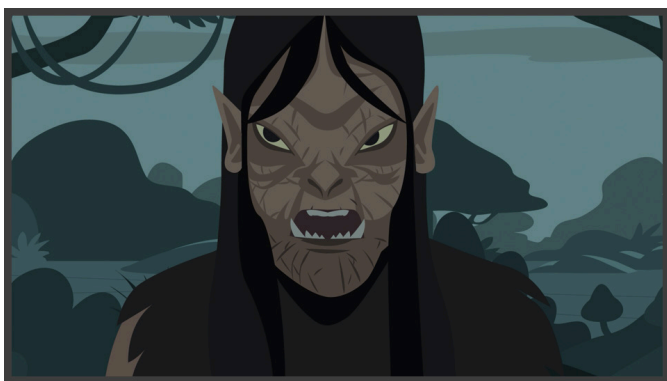


BEOWULF - EPISODE 3



Storyteller: You have heard how Beowulf defeated Grendel with his bare hands and how the Danes nailed Grendel's arm above the door. But, as they celebrated, the Danes didn't know that another monster was making for Heorot. A monster seeking vengeance: Grendel's mother.

Grendel's mother: Who killed my son? Who killed my son? I will kill the man who killed my son. See. The lights of Heorot!



Hrothgar: Tomorrow Beowulf will return to Geatland with our gratitude and our love. We will sleep well tonight friends, for at last we know that we are safe.

Grendel's mother: The lights go out in Heorot. I am ready.

Storyteller: Grendel's mother smashed down the door of Heorot.

Grendel's mother: Who killed my son?

Storyteller: With one hand she grabbed a Danish thane, with the other she pulled down Grendel's severed arm. Then she ran out into the night and was gone.



Storyteller: In the morning Hrothgar inspected the damage.

Hrothgar: I thought all this was finished. What was it? What was it that did this?



Thane: My Lord, Grendel has a mother. They say she lives in a cave under a lake. It was she who came last night.

Hrothgar: And all our thanes are safe?

Thane: No, my Lord. One is missing.

Hrothgar: Who?

Thane: My Lord - I cannot say it.

Hrothgar: Say it! Who did she take?

Thane: Ashhere, my Lord.

Storyteller: Ashhere was Hrothgar's closest friend. The two were like brothers, so the king's eyes filled with tears. He knew that he would never see his friend again.



Hrothgar: Bring me Beowulf. Bring me Beowulf now!

Storyteller: When Beowulf heard about the attack he wasted no time.

Beowulf: My Lord, I will find Grendel's mother and defeat her.

Hrothgar: It won't be easy; they say she lives in a cave at the bottom of a lake.

Beowulf: My Lord, I will find her. I promise.

Storyteller: That night the Danes and the Geats rode together, searching, hunting. All night they rode and at daybreak they came to a deep lake. By the shore they saw huge footprints, each one splashed with blood.



Hrothgar: Ashhere. My poor friend...

Beowulf: Have no doubt, my Lord, I will avenge Ashhere's death.

Hrothgar: Beowulf, they say this sword has magical powers. Take it now - it is yours.

Beowulf: Thank you my Lord. With this sword I will kill the monster or die trying. Pray for me.

Storyteller: And with that, Beowulf dived into the lake and swam down into the deep.



Storyteller: In a cave at the bottom of the lake, Grendel's mother was waiting.

Grendel's mother: He is coming. The one. The one who killed my son. I know it. I can feel it. He is swimming towards me. Keep swimming, I am ready for you!

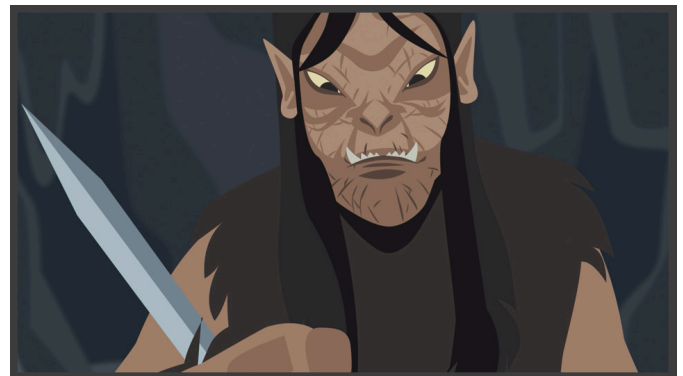
Storyteller: Suddenly, the monster grabbed Beowulf in her vicious claws. Beowulf tried to use his sword but he was trapped in the monster's grip. He couldn't breathe. He was starting to drown.

Beowulf: So this is how it ends? Drowned in the grasp of a sea monster.



Storyteller: The monster dragged Beowulf into her cave and suddenly there was air. Beowulf could breathe and the air gave him strength. He wrestled free from the monster's grasp but Grendel's mother leapt on Beowulf again, slashing at him with a short sword. Now it was Beowulf's turn to strike. He swung Hrothgar's sword at the monster's head...but Grendel's mother laughed...

Grendel's mother: Your sword cannot hurt me. No weapon can break my skin!



Storyteller: Then Beowulf saw a massive sword in the corner of the cave. It looked like it had been made for a giant. It was too huge for any ordinary person to lift, but Beowulf gripped the handle. He swung the sword through the air...and struck at the monster.

Hrothgar and the others waited on the shore of the lake.

Hrothgar: Let us go back to Heorot. Beowulf is dead.

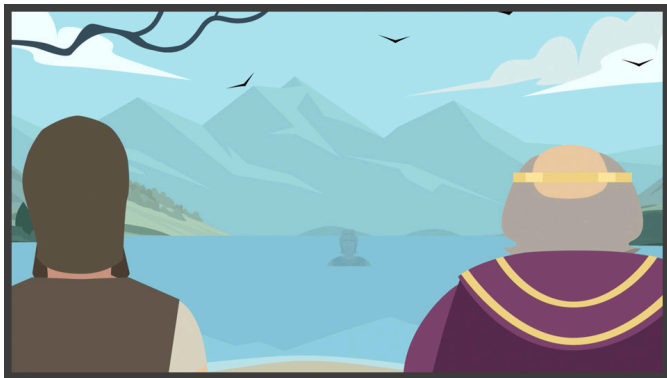


Thane: Don't give up hope, my Lord.
Let us wait a little longer...

Hrothgar: There is nothing to wait for.
No one could stay under water for that long!
Beowulf has been killed.

Storyteller: Then a sound broke from the surface of the lake, the sound of someone gasping for air.

Hrothgar: What is it? I can't see...

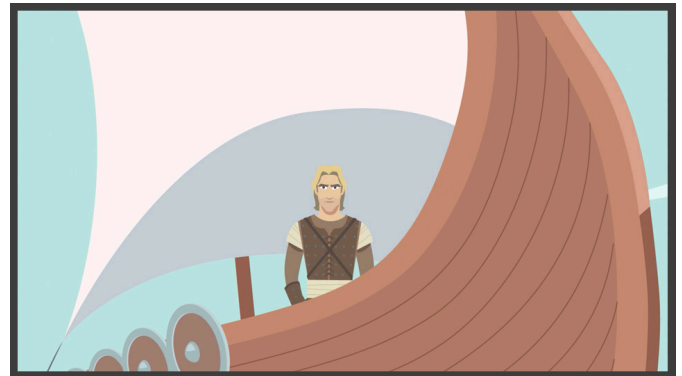


Thane: My Lord, it is...Beowulf!

Storyteller: Beowulf! Back from the deep. And he had won. The monster was dead.

That night there were celebrations in Heorot and then the following day Beowulf and his men boarded their ship and said goodbye to Hrothgar and the Danes.

Storyteller: And so Beowulf sailed for Geatland, where one day he would be king, and his brave deeds would be told in stories around the fire, on dark winter nights.



the end