

# **The Legends of Sir Bevis**

*By Matt Beames*

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2<sup>nd</sup> Draft

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## 1 - Sir Bevis and the Great Boar

Storyteller: Bevis had many strange adventures after leaving England, until he found his way to the court of King Ermyn of Armenia.

Storyteller: Now 16 years old, Bevis had become a brave and noble young man, and was liked by many people in the palace.

Storyteller: It was here that Bevis met Princess Josyan, King Ermyn's only daughter.

BEVIS AND JOSYAN ENTER

Josyan: Hello.

Bevis: Hello.

Josyan: What's your name?

Bevis: Bevis. And you're the Princess Josyan.

Josyan: You always seem to be watching me.

Bevis: I'm sorry. It's because... Well, I think you're beautiful.

Josyan: Thank you. I think you're very handsome too.

Storyteller: Uuuurgh!

Storyteller: What?

Storyteller: You're making it all soppy!

Storyteller: They fell in love! It's part of the story!

Storyteller: It wouldn't be if I was the only one telling it!

Storyteller: But you're not, silly. Now hush!

Josyan: You're not from this land, are you?

Bevis: No, I come from England, but I... I had to leave.

Josyan: Why?

Bevis: It's a long story.

Josyan: Won't you tell me?

Storyteller: So Bevis told Josyan of his home.

Storyteller: How his own mother had plotted to have his father killed.

Storyteller: And had then banished Bevis from his home, his country.

Storyteller: Soon Bevis and Josyan became very good friends, spending as much time together as they could.

Storyteller: Until eventually they realised that they loved each other very much.

Storyteller: And they promised that one day they would be married.

BEVIS AND JOSYAN EXIT.

Storyteller: But King Ermyn was worried about his daughter.

KING ERMYN ENTERS

Storyteller: He wanted her to marry a great lord, not some lowly servant!

Storyteller: So he set some of his guards to watch Josyan and Bevis, and tell him of everything that passed between them...

GUARD 1 AND GUARD 2 ENTER

Guard 1: My lord, we have news of your daughter!

King Ermyn: What is it?

Guard 2: The Princess Josyan has sent for Bevis, telling him to meet her in the royal stables this morning!

King Ermyn: The stables? What is that girl up to?

Guard 1: She said that she has a gift for Bevis.

King Ermyn: A gift? I don't like it! To the stables!

THEY EXIT

Storyteller: So King Ermyn rushed off to find out what his daughter was planning.

BEVIS ARRIVES AT THE STABLES

Storyteller: Meanwhile, Bevis had received Josyan's message, and had arrived at the Royal Stables...

Bevis: Hello.

Josyan: Hi.

Bevis: You sent for me, my lady...?

Josyan: Yes, Bevis. I care for you very much, and I have a gift for you...

Storyteller: Josyan went to one of the stalls and led out the most beautiful horse Bevis had ever seen.

Josyan: His name is Arondel the Swift. He is the fastest of all horses, and will carry you safely wherever you wish to go.

Bevis: Carry me?

Josyan: He is yours now.

KING ERMYN AND GUARDS ENTER, UNSEEN.

Bevis: But Josyan, he is too great a gift for me! What would your father say?

King Ermyn: What indeed!

Storyteller: The King had heard everything, and was furious!

King Ermyn: You! Hovis, or whatever your name is! How dare you! What do you have to say for yourself?

Bevis: I have nothing to say, my lord, except that I love your daughter.

King Ermyn: What! Even worse! Guards! Execute him!

Josyan: NO! Wait father, you mustn't!

King Ermyn: Why not?

Josyan: I love him too.

King Ermyn: What!?!

Storyteller: The King was astounded, and even more horrified. But suddenly he had a clever idea...

King Ermyn: Very well, young Hovis--

Bevis: Bevis.

King Ermyn: What? Oh, yes, Bevis. I will give you a chance to prove yourself. In the Great Forest there is a huge wild boar, which has been terrorizing the kingdom. If you can slay this beast, then I will make you a knight of my court, and perhaps then you shall be worthy enough to marry my daughter.

Storyteller: Bevis agreed, though he had little choice, and Josyan was very afraid for him.

Storyteller: But Bevis was a brave young man, and he put on a leather tunic and helm, took up the long spear he had been given, and set off for the Great Forest.

Storyteller: The Great Forest was dark and scary, and Bevis began to feel afraid, though he tried to ignore it...

Bevis: I would much rather be walking through my father's woods... I wonder how big the wild boar will be?

- Storyteller: Just then there was a great snorting and growling and rumbling in the bushes ahead of Bevis...
- Storyteller: And suddenly the great boar burst out of the darkness, charging!
- THE BOAR APPEARS AND CHARGES AT BEVIS.
- BEVIS LEAPS OUT OF THE WAY, DROPPING HIS SPEAR.
- Storyteller: The boar disappeared into the trees, but Bevis knew that it would be back. He shouted out a challenge.
- BEVIS PICKS UP HIS SPEAR.
- Bevis: Come on then, you great monster! I'm right here! Come and get me if you can!
- Storyteller: This time, as the boar charged Bevis stood his ground. He crouched low, the spear out in front of him, and met the boar head on...
- BEVIS AND THE BOAR CLASH, AND FINALLY BEVIS IS VICTORIOUS
- Storyteller: Bevis cut off the boar's head—
- Storyteller: Yuck!!
- Storyteller: Brilliant!!
- Storyteller: --and carried it back to King Ermyn's Palace as proof of his victory.
- Bevis: Your Majesty, I have slain the ferocious wild boar from the Great Forest.
- King Ermyn: Blimey! Er... I mean, well done, brave young man! Clearly there is more to you than meets the eye, and you shall not be put to death.
- Josyan: And what about the rest of your promise, father?
- King Ermyn: What? Oh! Yes, of course. Kneel, young Hov-, ah, Bevis.
- Storyteller: And Bevis knelt before King Ermyn, who knighted him there and then. More than this, King Ermyn gave Bevis a precious gift as a sign of his gratitude.
- King Ermyn: Arise, Sir Bevis, and accept of me this sword, named Mortglay. It is said the blade cannot be broken. May it serve you well.
- Bevis: My thanks, Great Majesty, for this kind gift.
- Josyan: So father, now that Bevis has proven his worth, will you let us marry?
- King Ermyn: What? Marry? Goodness me, daughter, you are both young yet! There will be time enough for things like that, don't be so hasty! For now, we must celebrate young Bevis' triumph!

- Storyteller: And so there was a great feast, with music and dancing and songs and stories.
- Storyteller: All the palace celebrated.
- Storyteller: Well, almost all the palace.
- Storyteller: King Ermyn was not pleased. He had expected the boar to kill Bevis, as it had killed so many other knights.
- Storyteller: Then he could have made his daughter marry whoever he chose.
- Storyteller: But the King hid his frustration, and did his best to join in with the celebration.
- Storyteller: Meanwhile, Bevis thought of all that had happened to him.
- Storyteller: He had fought a terrible monster, and had defeated it.
- Storyteller: The King had rewarded him with a powerful sword, and had made him a knight.
- Storyteller: And Josyan had given him Arondel, the magnificent horse.
- Storyteller: And more than this, she loved him, and he loved her.
- Storyteller: Finally, it seemed, he had found a place where he belonged.
- Storyteller: Happier than he had ever been, Bevis couldn't stop smiling.

## 2 - Sir Bevis and the Great Serpent

- Storyteller: Following his battle with the monstrous boar and becoming a full knight, Sir Bevis became famous throughout the Kingdom of Armenia.
- Storyteller: All the people in the land loved him.
- Storyteller: Well, nearly all.
- Storyteller: King Ermyn, the ruler of Armenia, was very worried about Sir Bevis.
- Storyteller: For you see, Sir Bevis was deeply in love with Princess Josyan, King Ermyn's only daughter.
- Storyteller: More than this, Josyan loved Bevis just as much, and they wished more than anything to be married.
- Storyteller: But King Ermyn wanted Josyan to marry someone else, Lord Ivor of Mombraunt.
- Storyteller: And in order to make this happen, he needed Bevis out of the way.
- Storyteller: So he thought for a very long time, and finally came up with a plan.
- Storyteller: One morning Sir Bevis returned from a ride on Arondel, the magnificent horse that Josyan had given him.
- Storyteller: As he rode through the palace gates, he found King Ermyn waiting for him.
- SIR BEVIS QUICKLY DISMOUNTS AND DROPS TO ONE KNEE BEFORE THE KING.
- Sir Bevis: How may I be of service, my King?
- King Ermyn: Sir Bevis, you are one of my bravest and most noble knights. I have a very important task for you; are you willing to undertake it?
- Bevis: I will do as you command, my Lord.
- King Ermyn: Take this letter to the King of Damascus. We have often been at war, but if he follows the instructions in this letter, there will be lasting peace between our kingdoms.
- Storyteller: So Bevis took the letter, but as he turned to mount Arondel, the King spoke again.
- King Ermyn: Hang on a moment, young knight. You cannot go to Damascus in your knightly finery, for that would seem an act of war. No, you must leave your fine horse, and the great sword Mortglay here. They will be waiting for you when you return.
- Storyteller: Just then, to the amazement of all present, Arondel spoke!
- Arondel: You speak true, scheming King, for I know this young knight to be brave and true, and I will not be ridden by another.

Storyteller: A talking horse?

Storyteller: That does seem a bit far-fetched.

Storyteller: It's a story!

Storyteller: Anyway, perhaps Arundel only spoke to himself.

Storyteller: But either way, that great horse did not entirely trust the King of Armenia.

Storyteller: Neither do I, he seems well dodgy.

Storyteller: So Sir Bevis rode off to Damascus. Almost as soon as he had left the Palace, the King turned to his daughter and smiled...

King Ermyn: Now that young upstart has been dealt with, it is time for your true husband to appear.

LORD IVOR ENTERS.

Josyan, meet Lord Ivor of Mombraunt.

Lord Ivor: Milady.

Storyteller: Now Ivor was old and ugly and cruel; almost the opposite of Sir Bevis in every way.

Josyan: No father, this is not fair! I will marry no-one but Sir Bevis!

King Ermyn: You will marry whoever I choose you to marry, insolent child! Now Ivor, as a wedding gift, please also accept this great sword, Mortglay, and this noble steed, Arondel the Swift.

IVOR TAKES THE SWORD, AND APPROACHES ARONDEL.

Storyteller: But try as he might, Ivor could not draw Mortglay from it's scabbard, and Arundel, true to his word--

Storyteller: Or thought!

Storyteller: -- would not allow Ivor, nor any other rider, to mount.

Storyteller: But Ivor still accepted the gifts, and Josyan was bundled into a carriage with the sword, and with Arondel tied up behind, the cruel lord took his bride to be back to his castle.

Storyteller: Meanwhile, Sir Bevis eventually reached Damascus and handed his message to the King.

BEVIS HANDS THE LETTER TO THE KING OF DAMASCUS

Bevis: My Lord, King Ermyn of Armenia, sends you this letter.



Damascus: What for?

Bevis: My King has said that if you follow his instruction in this letter, there will be peace between Damascus and Armenia.

Storyteller: The King of Damascus read the letter, and could barely contain his surprise.

Damascus: Young knight, do you know what this letter says?

Bevis: No my Lord.

Damascus: I see... Guards, seize him!

SOME DAMASCAN GUARDS DO SO.

Bevis: Hey!

Storyteller: This was all part of King Ermyn's plan to get Bevis out of the way.

Storyteller: The letter said that if the King of Damascus wanted peace with Armenia, he must put Sir Bevis to death.

Storyteller: Blimey!

Storyteller: I KNEW he was dodgy!

Storyteller: But the King of Damascus could see that Bevis was a man of honour, and also he didn't really like the King of Ermyn very much, so he said...

Damascus: Sir Bevis, you have clearly upset your King, for he writes in this letter that I should put you to death.

Bevis: What?!

Damascus: It seems he wants you out of the way so he can marry his daughter to Ivor of Mombraunt.

Bevis: What?!

Damascus: But fear not, brave Sir Bevis, for I will not kill you.

Bevis: Thank you...

Damascus: Instead I shall throw you into a dungeon, where you may stay forever.

Bevis: Oh.

Storyteller: So despite Bevis' protests, he was thrown into a deep, dark dungeon and left there to rot.

Storyteller: It was a terrible place of corridors and pits and dead ends.

Storyteller: There was barely any light, and the walls were dank, dripping stone and the floor was mud and dirt.

- Storyteller: There was little to drink, and much less to eat.
- Storyteller: And when he slept, it was on the cold ground, without a bed or a blanket.
- Storyteller: For a long time Bevis wandered in the darkness, seeking a way out, but without success.
- Storyteller: And as he wandered, he heard a strange scraping, slithering, scratching noise...
- Bevis: I don't know what that noise can be, but I don't like it. If only I had my sword Mortglay with me...
- Storyteller: As Bevis spoke these words, he felt a change in the air about him, and he became aware of a strange glow before him.
- Storyteller: He had come to a place in the dungeon he had not found before.
- Storyteller: Before him was a pool of water, which glowed faintly, casting out a blue-green light...
- Storyteller: He could see that he was in a huge cavern with wet stone walls and floor, with the pool at the centre.
- Storyteller: As Bevis was looking about him in wonder, the noise returned, much louder than ever before.
- Bevis: I feel sure I am not alone down here.
- Storyteller: And then, by the light of the strange pool, Bevis finally saw what creature it was.
- THE SERPENT APPEARS
- Storyteller: It was a great serpent.
- Storyteller: A terrible adder, grown huge and monstrous thanks to dinners of rats and the other foul creatures that lived in the dungeon.
- Storyteller: Complimented now and then by a nice fresh prisoner or two...
- Storyteller: Even as Bevis saw the serpent, it saw him too, and it let out a terrible hiss and lunged toward him.
- THE SERPENT ATTACKS.
- Storyteller: Bevis barely managed to dodge out of the way, and ran.
- Storyteller: He wondered how he could hope to fight the huge snake.
- Storyteller: He had no armour, no weapons, and the monster was so quick.
- Storyteller: As he turned to look back, his foot caught on something on the ground, and he fell.

Storyteller: Even as he did, the serpent lunged again!

Storyteller: Bevis had been saved by pure luck!

Storyteller: He looked at what had tripped him, and saw that it was an old sword.  
BEVIS PICKS UP THE SWORD AND FACES THE SERPENT.

Bevis: Come on then, you great worm! Come and fight!  
BEVIS AND THE SERPENT DO BATTLE, AND FINALLY BEVIS IS VICTORIOUS, SLAYING THE SERPENT.

Storyteller: As he looked down at the slain serpent, Bevis heard footsteps.

Storyteller: The guards at the door of the dungeon were coming to investigate the noise.  
BEVIS HIDES AS THE TWO GUARDS ENTER.

Guard 1: Blimey!

Guard 2: Who killed the Great Serpent?  
BEVIS JUMPS OUT OF HIDING.

Bevis: ME!!  
BEVIS AND THE GUARDS FIGHT, BEVIS QUICKLY KNOCKING THEM OUT.

Bevis: Now, to escape!

Storyteller: Bevis found the key on one of the guards and made his way to the entrance of the dungeon.

Storyteller: Then he went to the stables and stole a horse, and rode as fast as he could away from Damascus.

Storyteller: He wondered what his next move should be.

Storyteller: He thought of Josyan, and wondered if she was already married.

Storyteller: But Bevis knew that she would not have abandoned hope.

Bevis: I know what I must do. I will go and rescue Josyan, and we shall both go back to England!

Storyteller: So Bevis set off to rescue his beloved, and reclaim Mortglay and Arondel.

Storyteller: And he promised himself that, once they were reunited, they would find someplace to call home, together...

### 3. Sir Bevis and the Giant

Storyteller: After his escape from the dungeon in Damascus, Sir Bevis set out to rescue Princess Josyan and reclaim his mighty sword Mortglay and his great horse, Arondel.

Storyteller: As he reached Armenia he heard that Ivor had taken his sword, his horse and his beloved to Mombraunt, where they were being held prisoner. Soon enough he arrived at Ivor's castle.

BEVIS ENTERS.

Bevis: Ivor of Mombraunt! You have things of mine, and I want them back!

JOSYAN ENTERS.

Josyan: Bevis?

Bevis: Josyan!

Storyteller: Josyan ran down to the courtyard where Bevis stood and threw herself into his arms.

Storyteller: Yuk!

Storyteller: So romantic!

Josyan: You have been so long...

Bevis: I was... delayed.

Storyteller: Bevis told Josyan of her father's plotting and of his imprisonment, and she in turn told Bevis of her time in Ivor's castle.

Josyan: He kept on pressuring me to marry, but I have refused. I do not think he will wait, not if he learns you are free.

Bevis: Ha! I'd like to see him try and marry you, now that I'm here! Where is he?

Josyan: He has gone out hunting for the day. Please, let's flee, let's leave this land far behind us!

Bevis: You would give everything up to come with me?

Josyan: You are all I need in the world.

Storyteller: Aww!

Storyteller: Eeurrgh!

Storyteller: What?

Storyteller: Is it all going to be so.... Sopyy?

Storyteller: Oh shush.

- Storyteller: So Josyan quickly gathered her things. Her loyal servant Boniface would go along with them, and soon they were almost ready.
- Bevis: I must reclaim Arondel and Mortglay. They were given to me before Ivor, and I will not give them up.
- Josyan: Arondel is in the stables, chained in his stall. Ivor will not even allow him out to exercise, poor thing.
- Boniface: And also, when Ivor realised he could not draw Mortglay, he sent the sword to the stables to be kept with the horse.
- Bevis: Then we must go to the stables right away! Come on, we'll free poor Arondel and then we shall be on our way.
- Storyteller: So Bevis, Josyan and Boniface went quickly to the stables and found Arondel, a chain tied to each leg.
- Storyteller: The noble horse was overjoyed to see Bevis, his rightful master, again after so long.
- Storyteller: Mortglay hung from a hook on the stall wall, and Bevis took up the sword and drew it easily.
- Storyteller: With one swipe of the mighty blade he cut the chains binding Arondel, and jumped to the horses back.
- Storyteller: He pulled Josyan up behind him, and Boniface took another horse from the stables.
- Storyteller: Bevis and his companions rode out of Mombraunt as fast as they could.
- BEVIS, JOSYAN, BONIFACE AND ARONDEL EXIT. AS THEY GO, IVOR ENTERS FROM THE OPPOSITE SIDE.
- Storyteller: When Lord Ivor returned, his servants told him of Bevis' arrival and his and Josyan's flight.
- Lord Ivor: Gone! How dare they! They won't get away with this! Bring me the giant!
- Storyteller: So the guards went to fetch Ascupart the Giant.
- Storyteller: Ascupart was Ivor's slave, and when he had no jobs to do, Ivor kept him locked in a prison.
- ASCUPART ENTERS, ESCORTED BY GUARDS.
- Lord Ivor: Now then, Ascupart, I have a job for you. Bevis, a villain from England, has stolen my bride from me. I want you to follow them and bring Josyan back to me.
- Ascupart: What about this Bevis?

Lord Ivor: I don't care what happens to him. Kill him, eat him, whatever you wish!

Ascupart: Very well.

ASCUPART EXITS.

Storyteller: And so Ascupart set out to follow the runaways, and try to bring Josyan back to Ivor...

Storyteller: Meanwhile, Bevis and his companions had found their way to a deep forest, and had decided to stop for the night.

Josyan: This cave will be a good place to shelter.

Boniface: I think you're right.

Bevis: You stay with Josyan while I find some firewood.

Boniface: Yes, Sir Bevis.

Storyteller: But what none of the travellers realised was that the cave in which they had decided to camp was home to two ferocious lions!

Storyteller: And almost as soon as Bevis was out of sight in the woods, the lions returned!

TWO LIONS ENTER.

Josyan: Look out!

Boniface: Don't worry, I'll protect you!

BONIFACE FIGHTS THE LIONS, BUT IS NO MATCH FOR THEM.

Storyteller: But Boniface was a servant.

Storyteller: Not a great warrior like Sir Bevis.

Boniface: Aargh!

BONIFACE IS SLAIN.

Josyan: Bevis! Help!

Storyteller: Josyan knew she could not fight the beasts, so she hid in the cave, hoping Bevis had heard her cries.

Storyteller: She did not hope in vain. Bevis had heard her, and very soon he came rushing back.

Storyteller: The lions took one look at Bevis, and leapt to attack him.

Storyteller: But in a moment Mortglay was in his hands...

BEVIS FIGHTS THE LIONS, AND IS VICTORIOUS. JOSYAN RUSHES OUT TO HIM.

Storyteller: But Bevis and Josyan had no time to grieve for Boniface, or to rejoice at Bevis' victory.

Storyteller: For just then, Ascupart the Giant caught up with them!

Ascupart: Ha! Caught you!

Bevis: Who are you?

Ascupart: I am Ascupart, and Ivor of Mombraunt is my master. I've come for Josyan.

Josyan: I'm not going with you!

Ascupart: That's what you think!

Bevis: You'll have to kill me first, giant!

Ascupart: That's the general idea, shorty!

Storyteller: And with that, Ascupart attacked!

ASCUPART AND BEVIS FIGHT. AFTER MUCH BACK AND FORTH, BEVIS HAS ASCUPART ON THE GROUND, WITH MORTGLAY POINTED AT HIS THROAT.

Ascupart: Go on then, do it! If I don't take Josyan back, Ivor will kill me himself.

Josyan: Wait! Bevis, show him mercy!

Bevis: But he's a monster!

Josyan: He's no monster. Tell me, Giant, do you love your master?

Ascupart: Ivor of Mombraunt? Ha! He's wicked and cruel. I hate him!

Josyan: Would you follow a master who is brave and noble?

Ascupart: I would.

Josyan: Then pledge yourself to Bevis!

Bevis: Me?

Ascupart: Him?

Josyan: Yes. He is brave and noble, and fortune will favour you if you become his squire.

Storyteller: Ascupart thought long and hard.

Storyteller: Bevis and Josyan wondered what the giant would say.

Storyteller: And then, finally...

Ascupart: I'll do it!

Storyteller: So Ascupart the Giant became squire to Sir Bevis, and swore to serve and obey him.

Storyteller: They rested in their camp for the rest of that night, and in the morning Bevis and Josyan mounted Arondel once again.

Storyteller: They rode through the forest, with Ascupart following behind.

Storyteller: They were a strange sight indeed!

Storyteller: But Bevis was filled with hope; he was reunited with Josyan, and had reclaimed Arondel and Mortglay.

Storyteller: More than this, he had gained a powerful ally in Ascupart.

Storyteller: As the companions drew near to the coast, Bevis smiled to himself.

Storyteller: He felt sure that, with his friends by his side, no challenge could be too great...



#### 4. Sir Bevis and the Dragon

- Storyteller: Over the years Sir Bevis had travelled far, through many strange lands, having many adventures, and had finally come back to England.
- Storyteller: He had left his homeland with nothing, banished by his wicked mother.
- Storyteller: She had murdered his father so that she could marry another.
- Storyteller: But Sir Bevis returned a noble knight, with the beautiful Princess Josyan at his side, and the great Giant Ascupart as his squire.
- Storyteller: Not to mention the ancient and powerful sword, Mortglay.
- Storyteller: And Arondel, the fastest horse in the world.
- Storyteller: So, as his feet touched the shores of England for the first time in years, Sir Bevis felt sure that he could face whatever challenges might come.
- Storyteller: He would find a place for himself and his companions, and when the time came he would reclaim his rightful place as Lord of Hampton.
- Josyan: So this is England?
- Ascupart: It's very green.
- Bevis: Yes. It feels good to be home again.
- Storyteller: Sir Bevis and his companions had landed some miles from the city of Hampton, not wishing to attract attention.
- Storyteller: There was a long way to travel, through forest and over hill, before they could find a place to rest.
- Storyteller: Sir Bevis and Josyan rode Arondel, with Ascupart following behind them.
- Storyteller: As they rode, each of them noticed a strange silence and stillness in the air.
- Josyan: There are no birds singing.
- Ascupart: No sounds of animals either.
- Josyan: Is this how you remember it?
- Bevis: No. And I don't like it.
- Storyteller: Just then, they heard a terrible noise.
- THE DRAGON ROARS.
- Storyteller: It was like nothing any of them had heard before.
- Storyteller: As they wondered what on earth it could be, a farmer and his wife came down the road towards them.

THE FARMER AND FARMER'S WIFE ENTER, EACH CARRYING A BAG OF THEIR BELONGINGS.

Bevis: Excuse me, but what was that noise just now?

Farmer: Why, that's the dragon of course!

Ascupart: Dragon?!

Farmer's Wife: Yes, a huge and terrible one. It arrived here three months ago and has been causing havoc.

Farmer: It burns all the crops and has set fire to half the town!

Bevis: Has no one tried to fight it?

Farmer's Wife: Some have, brave sir knight, but they have all been killed.

Farmer: The monster spits foul poison when they come close, or burns them, or crushes them with its great claws...

Farmer's Wife: We've had enough, we're moving on. We'll find another place to live, and start over.

Farmer: There's no one brave enough or strong enough to defeat the monster.

THE FARMER AND HIS WIFE EXIT.

Storyteller: Bevis thought of the dragon burning the town, his home, and he was filled with anger.

Bevis: This dragon must be defeated!

Ascupart: But who's going to do it, if all the knights have already tried and died?

Bevis: I will fight the monster.

Ascupart: I was afraid you'd say that.

Bevis: We will make camp tonight, and in the morning we'll face the dragon.

Ascupart: We?

Josyan: You're a great and powerful giant, Ascupart. Bevis will need you at his side.

Ascupart: I suppose so...

Storyteller: So they made camp for the night, and tried to sleep.

Storyteller: But each of them lay awake for long hours, wondering what the next day would bring...

Storyteller: Soon enough, morning came, and the companions made their way through the quiet countryside toward the town of Hampton.

THE DRAGON ROARS AGAIN, LOUDER THIS TIME.

Storyteller: Soon they came in sight of the town walls.

Storyteller: And in sight of the dragon, too!

Storyteller: He was enormous!

Storyteller: He lay still, his great body curled against the town wall.

Storyteller: From the tip of his nose to the point of his tale he reached halfway around Hampton.

Josyan: Look at the size of it!

Ascupart: How are we supposed to fight that?!

Bevis: We will do all we can, and if fate is with us, we will succeed.

Storyteller: Sir Bevis prepared himself for battle.

Storyteller: He gave Arondel's reins to Josyan, and asked them both to wait where they were.

Storyteller: And then, with Mortglay ready in his hand and Ascupart at his side, the brave knight strode toward the city of Hampton.

Storyteller: As they came closer to the dragon, the monster heard the creak and clanking of Bevis armour, and the giant's thumping footsteps.

Storyteller: He reared his great head up and looked at them with burning red eyes.

Bevis: Wyrm!! You have ravaged this town for long enough! Come and fight us, if you dare!

Storyteller: Then the dragon let out a terrible noise, worse even than it's roaring...

THE DRAGON LAUGHS, A FEARSOME, TERRIBLE SOUND.

Storyteller: Then the dragon stood up and took a step toward them.

Storyteller: It towered over Bevis.

Storyteller: It even towered over Ascupart the Giant!

Storyteller: But Bevis was brave, and knew what he must do.

Storyteller: He let out a battlecry and ran toward the dragon, Mortglay raised to strike.

Storyteller: But before he could reach it, the monster spat a ball of poison at him.

BEVIS CHARGES AT THE DRAGON, BUT THE DRAGON SPITS POISON WHICH HITS HIM, AND THEN IT KNOCKS HIM AWAY WITH A SWIPE OF IT'S CLAW.

Storyteller: Thinking his master had been killed, Ascupart lost what little bravery he had left, and ran back to Josyan and Arondel.

Storyteller: But Bevis hadn't been killed.

Storyteller: The poison burned his body, and the blow from the dragon's claw sent him sailing through the air.

Storyteller: But fate or destiny was on Bevis' side that day, for when he fell to earth again, he landed with a splash in a pool of water.

Storyteller: The pool lay in a sheltered glade not far from the town walls.

Storyteller: It was said to be a place of magic, and that the waters had healing properties.

Storyteller: Sure enough, when Bevis rose from the water, all his wounds were healed, and he felt as fresh as if he had slept for a week!

Storyteller: Grateful for his good fortune, Bevis ran back toward the dragon, sword raised once more to strike.

BEVIS RUNS AT THE DRAGON AS BEFORE, AND IS ONCE AGAIN POISONED AND KNOCKED AWAY.

Storyteller: But again the dragon spat it's poison and knocked him back.

Storyteller: And again he landed in the magical pool, and was healed.

Storyteller: So he rose and attacked again.

BEVIS ATTACKS, IS POISONED AND KNOCKED BACK.

Storyteller: And again.

BEVIS ATTACKS, ETC, AGAIN.

Storyteller: And again!

BEVIS ATTACKS, ETC, AGAIN.

Storyteller: On and on they went, until at last the dragon had no more poison to spit.

Storyteller: Then they fought and fought.

BEVIS AND THE DRAGON FIGHT.

Storyteller: Around and around the town they fought, until at last...

BEVIS MANAGES TO KILL THE DRAGON.

Storyteller: Bevis was victorious.

Storyteller: Hearing the dragon's final cry, Josyan, Arondel and Ascupart came running up to Bevis.

Josyan: You're safe!

Ascupart: You won!

Bevis: I'm fine.

Storyteller: Then, with a final blow from his ancient sword, Bevis sliced through the dragon's neck.

Storyteller: The people of Hampton had heard the terrible noise of the battle, and now they came out to see what was happening.

Storyteller: As they saw the dragon lying dead, they all began to cheer.

Storyteller: Sir Bevis raised his sword high, and with Josyan at his side, he walked through the crowd to the gates of the town.

Storyteller: And for the first time since he had set foot on the shores of England.

Storyteller: For the first time in a very long time.

Storyteller: Bevis felt that he had finally come home...