

VINLAND

A Screenplay by John Richard Sullivan

From the Sagas of the Icelanders

JOHN RICHARD SULLIVAN
410-776-4108
3073 BENEFIT COURT
ABINGDON, MD 21009
johnrichardsullivan@hotmail.com

1. EXT. FOREST GLADE — NORWAY — DAY

A bright, crisp afternoon in a verdant forest glade. Small pine trees and lupines abound. A white hare sits among the brush.

OLAF, King of Norway, gazes upon the hare and smiles beatifically.

OLAF

I revel in God's creation. He has blessed us with a bounteous gift: from the mighty fjord to the timid hare. It is our duty by God to sup from this earth; and sup we shall, and profit from the divine beneficence.

OLAF turns to LEIF ERIKSSON, who stands at his side.

OLAF

That is why I have chosen you, Leif, to bring the light of truth -- the will of God -- to the edge of the world.

LEIF bows to his sovereign.

LEIF

I am humbled, sire, by your confidence.

OLAF

Come -- walk with me.

OLAF and LEIF stroll along a path lined with large stones half buried in the ground. The king's retinue follows at a discreet distance, their banners flapping in the breeze. KING OLAF is a tall slender man with a thin beard, his crown perched atop bushy black hair. Regal robes of red and purple hang loosely upon his person. Throughout this scene, both men converse in a stiff, somewhat artificial manner.

LEIF

I will miss the green glades of Norway. But it will be good to see my family again.

OLAF

You have been -- and are -- a most loyal subject of the court, Leif. I think it is time we lift your family name above that of common outlawry.

A hint of embarrassment comes over LEIF'S face. LEIF is a young man in his early twenties with a light beard and shoulder-length reddish-blond hair.

LEIF

Nothing would please me greater, your highness.

OLAF

How bodes your father?

LEIF

He has made the most of his exile. I believe he is now ready to retire to his farm, and his ale.

OLAF

His famous temper has cooled, has it?

LEIF glances off into the distance.

LEIF

Settling in Greenland has been good for him.

OLAF

And how are those brothers of yours?

LEIF turns back to OLAF.

LEIF

They are well, I think. I have not seen them for some time. It will be good to see my family again.

OLAF

Yes, good, good -- oh, and I forgot, you have a sister, too, yes?

LEIF

Half-sister, yes.

OLAF brings the procession to a halt in the midst of a clearing. He glances at the sky in thought while LEIF and the others wait.

OLAF

Mmm

OLAF turns to LEIF with a decisive look

OLAF

The old ways are finished, my friend. We will tear down the heathen temple and build upon it a new moral foundation. No longer will our people pillage and ransack and . . . fornicate.

OLAF emphasizes the last word. LEIF glances at the ground awkwardly.

OLAF

Our trade routes will be strengthened; we will bring order and stability under the crown. This is God's will.

OLAF turns to LEIF and places his hands on LEIF'S shoulders.

OLAF

And you, Leif Eriksson, will be the avatar of that bright new dawn.

LEIF alights onto one knee and bows.

LEIF

It will be my privilege, sire.

OLAF smiles upon LEIF in an arrogant, fatherly manner and places his hand on LEIF'S head.

OLAF

Go forth, and build me a church in your Greenland.

OLAF pats LEIF on the head. The king then motions for his retinue to follow as he walks on. LEIF stands and awkwardly steps back to let the king's retinue pass.

LEIF gazes after the retinue.

The retinue proceeds on its way down the path, banners flapping in the breeze.

LEIF turns his gaze skyward and squints.

The sun is a bright aura. Cue opening credits music.

2. OPENING CREDITS AND MONTAGE – VARIOUS EXTERIORS

All film credits are at the beginning. They flash, white text on black, and juxtaposed with the following images:

Icelandic and Greenlandic land and seascapes.

Various Norse vessels sailing to their destinations.

Scenes of the Greenland settlers and their farming community.

Credits and music end.

3. EXT. SHORELINE – DAY

Fade in over the sound of tides lapping against the shore, and seagull cries. A Nordic rune stick lays in the shallows of the seashore, jammed in between various rocks, the tides lapping against it. The title VINLAND fades in over this image.

Title card:

GREENLAND, A.D. 1000

4. EXT. LEIF'S CHURCH — EASTERN SETTLEMENT, GREENLAND — DAY

A small church sits in an open area along a hill overlooking the fjord. The church is made of wood with a steep arched roof. Green turf and sod cover the roof and walls. A low stone wall, also covered in green turf, surrounds the church and its attendant cemetery, which is comprised of only a few grave markers. Four tall wooden gateposts surmounted by an arched roof stand at the entrance to the church grounds.

LEIF is making minor adjustments or repairs to the sod roof.

LEIF'S father, ERIK THE RED, approaches and enters through the gate. ERIK is a middle-aged man in his fifties, with a short, grizzled beard, rugged features, and graying, red, shoulder-length hair.

LEIF looks up from his work as his father appears.

ERIK stands within the gateposts and surveys the church.

ERIK

I expected something larger.

LEIF wipes his hands on his trousers and moves to the other side of the church.

LEIF

The breadth of our love is what matters to God.

ERIK, still surveying the building, nods in silent agreement.

ERIK

Well, it's a fine piece of work. Your Norwegian king would be proud.

LEIF begins tinkering with another area of the turf wall.

LEIF

Thank you, father.

ERIK seats himself on the stone wall. There is a brief, somewhat awkward pause.

ERIK

You know, I am reminded of an old berserker confederate of mine, Gunnar Skull-Crusher. He would often brag of all the churches he had ransacked in England.

ERIK gazes out at the fjord.

ERIK

Seems a million years ago.

LEIF

We must change with the times, father.

ERIK

True. Once we fled the kings of Norway; now we build churches for them.

LEIF stops and looks at his father.

LEIF

I build this for God.

ERIK gives his son a conciliatory smile.

ERIK

Of course.

ERIK alights from the wall.

ERIK

Well, I must say, it is a fine piece of work; and a fine addition to our humble village here at the end of the world.

LEIF acknowledges his father with a quick smile and continues fiddling with the sod.

ERIK

Will you join us for supper tonight? Your siblings look forward to your company.

LEIF

Yes, father.

ERIK

Bjarni, son of my old confederate Herjolfr, is joining us as well. We'll talk of old times.

LEIF glances back at his father with a placid smile.

LEIF

I look forward to it.

ERIK THE RED smiles and nods at his son, then turns and exits through the gate. He walks a few steps before turning again to address LEIF.

ERIK

Cod, eggs, turnips, and a fresh batch of your father's ale -- your good King Olaf won't know what he's missing.

LEIF once again smiles in acknowledgement.

ERIK THE RED turns and continues on his way.

LEIF smooths out a piece of green turf along the wall and lightly presses his forehead against it.

5. EXT. LONGHOUSE — BRATTAHLID FARM, GREENLAND — EVENING

Dusk over the fjord.

The longhouse is similar in construction to the church, but longer, wider, and with a gentler slope of roof. A stone path leads up to the doorway, through which LEIF enters.

6. INT. LONGHOUSE — BRATTAHLID FARM, GREENLAND — EVENING

Inside the first chamber of the longhouse are situated rows of benches around a stone fire pit.

ERIK THE RED and LEIF'S brother THORSTEIN sit closest to the door.

Seated further back near the doorway to the next chamber are LEIF'S brother THORVALD and their half-sister FREYDIS.

A few other friends and members of the extended household sit along the benches. All are eating or preparing their meals.

THORSTEIN is slightly taller and slimmer of build than LEIF. His shoulder-length hair is closer in hue to their father's color, but his beard is somewhat fuller. THORVALD has darker shoulder-length hair. He is paunchier than his brothers, with a full rounded face clean-shaven and dotted with freckles. FREYDIS has long dark hair, is of medium height, and has a slight build. All are in their late teens or early to mid-twenties.

Flickering orange firelight illuminates the room.

As LEIF enters, everyone is eating, drinking ale from goblets and stone mugs, and conversing pleasantly.

ERIK stands up, a goblet of ale in hand, puts his arm around LEIF'S shoulders, and motions to a servant to prepare LEIF a meal.

ERIK

Sea sojourner
Voyager and builder
Returns to his home
To build a Christ-shield.

LEIF smiles and laughs uncomfortably at his father's recitation.

LEIF'S siblings and the other guests applaud and look on in amusement.

ERIK
(to LEIF)

Your brother and I were speaking of our joy at your return.

LEIF glances with a bemused smile at THORSTEIN.

LEIF
Then Thorstein has forgiven me for the torments I gave him
as a child.

THORSTEIN smirks at his brother.

THORSTEIN
Perhaps God has forgiven you.

Some of the guests react to THORSTEIN'S retort with "Oohhs" and "Aahhs". ERIK lets go of LEIF'S shoulders as the servant hands LEIF his meal and a mug of ale. LEIF glances at his father.

LEIF
I'll go and see if Thorvald needs help with his supper.

LEIF and THORSTEIN give each other a brotherly sneer.

LEIF then makes his way to THORVALD and FREYDIS. They make a space for LEIF in between them. THORVALD attempts a straight face as he addresses LEIF.

THORVALD
Your sister and I saved a place for you.

LEIF
Many thanks.

LEIF nods and smiles at FREYDIS and begins eating his meal. FREYDIS addresses LEIF in a demure manner.

FREYDIS
I saw the work you did on the church. It is very
beautiful.

LEIF

Thank you, Freydis.

THORVALD

Voyager, builder -- you begin to shame the rest of us, dear brother.

LEIF

Nonsense. I see nothing but great things ahead for our family. We enjoy King Olaf's patronage. All of us shall prosper.

FREYDIS smiles in joyful expectancy.

THORVALD takes a copious sip from his mug.

THORVALD

We certainly shall prosper by father's hops and barley. He made Yule Feast for three shiploads of Irish merchant men last winter. 'Gads, they were a noisy lot! Smelly, too.

LEIF

I lament that I was not here.

LEIF smiles and winks at FREYDIS.

FREYDIS grins at her brother.

At this point, a stout bearded man enters the chamber. This is BJARNI. ERIK exuberantly welcomes BJARNI instantly.

THORVALD

It was wretched--

THORVALD leaves off and glances up at the new arrival.

LEIF

Our guest of honor?

THORVALD

Bjarni Herjolfsson. He landed in Eriksfjord--

THORVALD turns to FREYDIS.

--what was it, a year ago? He's been staying with his father on his farm over in Einarsfjord. I hear he got lost at sea and only made it here by chance.

ERIK, meanwhile, is introducing BJARNI to THORSTEIN and the other guests.

LEIF

The sea makes playthings of us all.

ERIK points to LEIF, THORVALD and FREYDIS.

ERIK

My other children: Leif, Thorvald, and Freydis.

They all bow and wave in acknowledgement to one another. BJARNI addresses LEIF.

BJARNI

I understand you recently arrived from the court of King Olaf.

BJARNI takes a seat next to ERIK as ERIK pours BJARNI a goblet of ale.

LEIF

Yes, in the spring.

BJARNI

I hope your passage was easier than mine.

LEIF

The sea is not to be trifled with.

BJARNI

It can certainly lead one astray, I can tell you--

ERIK addresses his guests.

ERIK

Herjolfr, Bjarni's father, stayed at my side when the Althing had me chased from Iceland. His father thence followed me here to the end of the world.

BJARNI takes a voluminous draught from the goblet, licks his lips and belches.

BJARNI

Hardly the end of the world

LEIF reacts to BJARNI'S statement with a look of perplexity.

ERIK places a firm hand on BJARNI'S shoulder.

ERIK

And now, his son Bjarni has fled from the clutches of the Norwegian king to come stay with us as well.

BJARNI laughs nervously.

BJARNI

Now, Erik, please, you would see me hanged for such talk.

The guests laugh.

ERIK

Ridiculous! The king and I are on excellent terms.

While ERIK speaks this line, THORVALD leans in towards LEIF and FREYDIS.

THORVALD

With enough ale in his belly, father could have a dozen men hanged.

LEIF and FREYDIS snicker.

ERIK

Besides, good King Olaf has a marvelous sense of humor, doesn't he, Leif?

LEIF smiles, chewing on a piece of food.

LEIF

Actually, he has no sense of humor.

More laughter from the guests.

ERIK

Come, Bjarni, tell us about your voyage. There have been rumors but we have yet to hear from the captain himself.

BJARNI giggles tipsily as the guests give him an encouraging applause. BJARNI shrugs and stands, gulping down the remainder of his goblet. A servant refills it summarily.

THORVALD gives his siblings a knowing, amused glance.

LEIF sets his plate aside and leans back with a relaxed smile, one hand behind his head.

BJARNI clears his throat and begins his speech in grand storyteller fashion.

BJARNI

I was determined to spend the winter here in Greenland on my father's farm; but my men thought it ill-advised to make the voyage, since none of us had sailed the Greenland Sea before. But, I was determined, so we made ready and set sail from Norway. After three days, wind and fog set in from the north and we became, as they say, 'bewildered by the sea.'

The guests laugh lightly.

BJARNI

For many days, we had nothing to tell us where we were. It was as if the world had simply vanished.

BJARNI shudders slightly.

BJARNI

Mmm, terrible feeling

BJARNI takes another sip of ale, then pauses and stares into the goblet.

BJARNI

When, after many more days, the fog lifted, the sun finally came out, and we could find our bearings. We soon spotted land. Well, we came in close to shore to see if, in fact, we had arrived in Greenland. Now of course I knew that Erik the Red had named it Greenland precisely because it was nothing but ice and rock.

The guests giggle.

ERIK holds his hands up and grins.

BJARNI laughs tipsily but grows progressively more uncomfortable with his own narrative.

BJARNI

But . . . this was no rugged land of rock and glacier. No, it was a land of deep forests, green meadows, rolling rivers and streams. Quite beautiful. Very quiet. Strangely quiet. Sort of . . . eerie silence

BJARNI becomes distracted in recollection.

The guests glance awkwardly at one another.

BJARNI

The men wished to go ashore and replenish our water and timber supply, but I . . . decided otherwise; and so, keeping the land to portside, we made sail and angled away from shore. We had a good wind now from the southwest, and soon those strange far lands faded from view along the stern and disappeared below the horizon. Three days more and we sighted new land, topped with glacier, which I knew to be Greenland. And that's my tale.

BJARNI gives a sheepish laugh and bows as the guests applaud his recitation. He sits down and confers with ERIK.

THORSTEIN sits quietly, deep in thought.

THORVALD and FREYDIS glance at each other and then at LEIF.

LEIF sits back with his right arm over his head, tilted to the right. He is also in contemplation.

7. EXT. BRATTAHLID FARM - GREENLAND - NIGHT

A full moon illuminates the tides of the sea, and the mountains of the fjord.

The longhouse and various other dwellings are lit by torches placed variously around the vicinity.

BJARNI is chatting with a few of the dinner guests when LEIF joins them.

LEIF

Bjarni, excuse me, may I have a word with you?

BJARNI motions to the others, and he and LEIF go off together along the top of a slope overlooking the sea. BJARNI still carries a goblet of ale.

BJARNI

Your father has discovered a rare and beautiful land here.

LEIF

Indeed. We are a restless family.

BJARNI

Hmm

LEIF

(after a pause)

That was quite a story you told at supper.

BJARNI looks at LEIF and laughs guiltily.

BJARNI

Oh, well, your father's to blame. His good ale loosened my tongue.

LEIF stops and pauses with a look of bewilderment.

LEIF

You mean to say you have not spoken to anyone else of these . . . far lands?

BJARNI

No, I haven't felt the need.

BJARNI takes a sip of ale.

LEIF

And your crew?

BJARNI looks down at his goblet and bursts out into a nervous laugh.

BJARNI

I swore them to secrecy, would you believe? I suppose they would kill me now for breaking confidence

BJARNI glances off into the distance with a look of embarrassment and coughs.

LEIF

Can you tell me exactly where these . . . far lands are situated?

BJARNI finishes coughing and gestures vaguely out to sea.

BJARNI

West.

LEIF

Can you be certain?

BJARNI shakes his head.

BJARNI

No. But after I resolved not to go ashore, we returned due east, as I said, before the gale, and arrived here in one piece, thanks be to God.

BJARNI glances upwards and then takes a large gulp from his cup.

LEIF

Why did you not go ashore? You mentioned an abundance of timber along the coastline. It seems to me the profit from such a yield would be tremendous.

BJARNI nervously laughs again.

BJARNI

Funny, that never occurred to me.

LEIF

Well, it's understandable. You were lost and in unfamiliar waters.

BJARNI

Yes! Well, no, actually, there was . . . something else

There is a momentary pause. BJARNI looks at LEIF who stares back in polite expectation. BJARNI laughs again in embarrassment.

BJARNI

I'm somewhat ashamed to speak of it, really. I couldn't go ashore.

BJARNI turns his gaze out to sea.

BJARNI

There was something about that landscape. It seemed to me that if I entered into it, I would be swallowed up as if by some living thing.

Both are silent after this statement. LEIF follows BJARNI'S gaze.

The tides glimmer in the moonlight.

LEIF

(after a pause)

Do you plan to stay here in Greenland?

BJARNI

Oh, yes.

There is another momentary pause.

LEIF

May I buy your ship?

BJARNI replies by giving LEIF a curious look.

8. EXT. HARBOR — ERIKSFJORD, GREENLAND — DAY

The knar stands silently in the bay, a quarter mile from the shore, to prevent it from being stranded in the shallows. It is a clinker-built vessel over fifty feet in length with two curved ends at bow and stern. The curve at the bow of the vessel is carved into a head of fantastic design. It stands anchored in the water with a large wide square sail tied by various lines to a tall central mast. Tethered to its sides are two skerries, or rowboats. Men are in the process of rowing various goods and cargo out to the ship.

LEIF and THORSTEIN stand and watch the activity from shore.

THORSTEIN

A crew of but twenty -- will it be enough?

LEIF

It must. It was all I could assemble in so short a time.

THORSTEIN

Then perhaps . . . we make this voyage in haste.

LEIF turns to his brother.

LEIF

Word of Bjarni's discovery has already travelled throughout the settlement. Others will make this journey if we do not.

LEIF turns his gaze out to sea.

LEIF

I must stake my claim first. Should this venture prove to be as profitable as I think it will be then we must have an established settlement there to provide for future expeditions.

THORSTEIN

The northern seas are without pity. We might wander lost for an age. Bjarni was lucky.

LEIF once again turns to face his brother.

LEIF

Bjarni is a terrible sailor.

THORSTEIN replies with a stern gaze. Then they both break out in laughter.

THORSTEIN

This is true.

LEIF

Anyway, there is more luck to be had. King Olaf says we must sup from this earth, and sup we shall.

THORSTEIN

I only hope our feast will not be a--

THORVALD interrupts from behind.

THORVALD

Where is father?

LEIF and THORSTEIN turn to face THORVALD as he approaches.

LEIF

Last I spoke with him he was at the farm.

THORVALD looks at his brothers with an expression that communicates there is news to tell.

THORVALD

Father is joining us.

LEIF and THORSTEIN react in silent amazement.

THORVALD

Yes. He told me he would meet us here at the harbor. But no one can find him.

9. EXT. OPEN COUNTRY — GREENLAND — DAY

ERIK THE RED rides an Icelandic horse over moss-covered terrain dotted here and there with snow and ice. Tethered to the horse's tackle is a large wooden box.

ERIK arrives at a spot signified by a peculiar rock arrangement. ERIK brings his horse to a halt and jumps down.

ERIK detaches the wooden box and a digging tool, brings these over to the rock arrangement, and sets them on the ground.

ERIK alights to his knees, takes a key, and opens the box.

The inside of the box overflows with sundry pieces of gold and silver.

ERIK, panting from his ride, smiles, closes the box and locks it.

ERIK then takes up the digging tool and begins plying the soil next to the rock arrangement.

10. EXT. HARBOR — ERIKSFJORD, GREENLAND — DAY

LEIF, THORSTEIN, and THORVALD are in discussion as various goods and supplies continue to be loaded onto the knar.

LEIF

I thought he had done with voyaging. I wonder what changed his mind.

THORSTEIN

Father's whims are like the sea: bewildering and difficult to navigate.

The three brothers share a chuckle.

LEIF nods and glances out at their ship.

LEIF

Our father was navigating these seas long before any of us were born. We will certainly benefit from his counsel.

As LEIF speaks these lines, FREYDIS walks towards them.

THORVALD

Not if he's drunk on his own ale. We shall have to hide all spirits in a special compartment in the--

THORVALD, who has his back to FREYDIS, leaves off as LEIF and THORSTEIN notice her presence. THORVALD turns and smiles brightly.

THORVALD

Why, here's our sister! Freydis, have you seen or heard from father lately?

FREYDIS does not reply, but gazes at them with a look of remonstrance. She addresses LEIF in a quiet voice.

FREYDIS

Leif, may I speak with you a moment?

LEIF glances at his brothers, then moves off from them and steps with FREYDIS over to where they won't be heard. At first FREYDIS avoids making eye contact with LEIF.

FREYDIS

Why am I to stay? Why am I not going with you?

LEIF

We need you here. Father has decided to come with us. Should something happen you would be the only one--

FREYDIS pierces LEIF with a stare.

FREYDIS

That's not the reason.

LEIF pauses and sighs.

LEIF

Freydis, we may not come back.

A slight sardonic smile comes to FREYDIS' lips.

FREYDIS

All of us shall prosper, you said.

LEIF

And so we shall.

FREYDIS

But not the forest child.

LEIF

Freydis, that was never considered--

FREYDIS

Had our father married my mother, I would be on that ship.

LEIF shakes his head defiantly.

LEIF
Not true.

FREYDIS tilts her head slightly and gazes at her brother contemplatively.

FREYDIS
God does not forgive so easily the sins of the flesh.

LEIF affects an expression of frustration (or perhaps disgust), throws his hands in the air, and walks away.

FREYDIS glances over at her other brothers.

THORSTEIN frowns and goes after LEIF.

THORVALD comes over to FREYDIS, embraces her, and kisses her on the forehead. He cups her face in his hands and looks her in the eye with affection.

THORVALD
My sister will be on the next voyage, I guarantee you that,
Or my name isn't Thorvald the Fat.

FREYDIS replies with a bittersweet smile.

11. EXT. OPEN COUNTRY — GREENLAND — EARLY EVENING

ERIK sits atop his horse, covered with dirt and sweat. He gazes at the ground next to the rock arrangement.

The wooden box is well buried.

ERIK flicks the reins and takes off on the horse at a canter.

Canter soon turns to full gallop. Despite the uncertainty of the terrain, ERIK pushes the horse on still faster.

The horse stumbles and reels.

ERIK is thrown violently aside.

ERIK lies upon the ground for a moment, wincing in pain. He tries to sit up.

The horse continues on its way at a gallop.

ERIK lets out a cry of pain, holds his ribs, and doubles over.

12. EXT. BRATTAHLID FARM – GREENLAND – DUSK

A SERVANT is bringing a cow in from grazing as the sun begins to set. Suddenly the SERVANT hears the sound of horse's hooves. The SERVANT looks up.

ERIK'S horse canters towards the farm, without a rider.

The SERVANT gazes in wonder at the horse emerging out of the shadows of dusk.

13. EXT. HARBOR – ERIKSFJORD, GREENLAND – DUSK

The activity in the harbor has ceased for the day.

LEIF and THORSTEIN sit on a rise overlooking the knar as it sits shadowed in the fading light. They sit with their arms propped on their knees, and appear to be holding vigil.

Just then, the SERVANT approaches.

LEIF and THORSTEIN turn their heads.

The SERVANT'S face is fearful.

SERVANT

Your father's horse was found.

LEIF and THORSTEIN respond in stunned silence. They abruptly rise and run back to the farm.

14. INT. STABLES — BRATTAHLID FARM, GREENLAND — NIGHT

LEIF, THORSTEIN, and THORVALD, along with members of the household staff, stand around ERIK'S horse within a large wooden structure, resembling a barn. The SERVANT holds the horse's bridle. Stone oil lamps light the room. The scene begins in mid-conversation.

THORVALD

--and no one knows when he disappeared. He could be anywhere within fifty leagues of the farm.

THORSTEIN

He may have fallen and found refuge at one of the other farms.

THORVALD

Do we know if he even left the settlement?

LEIF

We must break into groups. Thorvald, take one group of servants and go to the other farms. Thorstein, take a second group and begin covering the west outside the settlement. I will take a third group and start north.

While LEIF is giving instructions, FREYDIS approaches the group.

THORSTEIN

It could take us days to find him.

LEIF

Then, please, by all means, what would you have us do--

FREYDIS

Leif--

LEIF stops and looks at FREYDIS.

FREYDIS

I think I know where father might be.

15. EXT. OPEN COUNTRY — GREENLAND — NIGHT

ERIK lies still amongst the rocks. A cold, gentle rain begins to fall. He holds his side and stares vacantly into space with his mouth ajar, his breath coming out like heavy clouds. Suddenly, from far off, he hears the sound of voices.

16. EXT. OPEN COUNTRY — GREENLAND — NIGHT

A large search party makes its way over the rugged and stark terrain. Torchlight flickers amidst the darkness.

FREYDIS, LEIF, THORSTEIN, and THORVALD lead the search party. They cry out their father's name. Suddenly they hear a feeble holler emanate from somewhere beyond a small hill.

The search party rapidly ascends the hill.

The other side looks out into a small valley. From somewhere in the darkness of the valley they can hear ERIK'S voice hollering for them.

17. INT. BEDCHAMBER, LONGHOUSE — BRATTAHLID FARM, GREENLAND — NIGHT

ERIK is laid upon a bed of wool and soft turf. The servants remove his shirt. Bruises cover the skin along his rib cage. ERIK winces and gasps in pain.

One of the servants begins preparing medicinal herbs and bandaging.

LEIF, THORSTEIN, THORVALD and FREYDIS assemble around the bed. ERIK speaks aloud in an exhausted voice.

ERIK

How lucky I am that I was found!

LEIF leans over the side of the bed.

LEIF

It wasn't luck, father. Freydis led us to you.

ERIK tilts his head up slightly to look at FREYDIS standing at the corner of the bed. He gives her a weak smile.

ERIK

Is my daughter a seeress?

FREYDIS replies with a look of mild discomfort.

FREYDIS

I . . . played a hunch.

ERIK smiles weakly again and lays his head back down.

LEIF

Father, the ship is laden and prepared to sail. Do you -- do you wish us to wait until you heal?

ERIK closes his eyes and shakes his head.

ERIK

I think we must recognize that God does not want me on that boat.

LEIF, THORSTEIN, and THORVALD bow their heads.

ERIK

I leave it to you, Leif, and your brothers, to find these far lands of Bjarni's, and reap whatever rewards God has prepared for you.

FREYDIS glances askance at LEIF with a frown.

ERIK

Thank you, my children, for saving my life. My blessings are many. And now, please, if you could all let me rest. Except Freydis -- I would like her to stay a moment.

THORSTEIN and THORVALD touch FREYDIS' back and squeeze her arm as they turn to leave. LEIF takes her head in hand with a gentle roughness and kisses the side of her head; FREYDIS

responds with an ambivalent look, gazing at her father. LEIF then turns to leave.

ERIK

The servants, too -- please leave us for a moment.

The rest of the servants step out.

When they are alone, ERIK addresses FREYDIS in a low voice.

ERIK

How did you know where to find me?

FREYDIS does not look him directly in the eye as she replies.

FREYDIS

I didn't. I played a hunch.

FREYDIS glances at her father.

ERIK fixes her with a stare belying his weakness.

FREYDIS sighs.

FREYDIS

I thought you might be somewhere in the vicinity of those rocks you were arranging yesterday morning.

ERIK now regards her with a look of wonder.

18. EXT. BRATTAHLID FARM - GREENLAND - DAWN

Flashback:

FREYDIS sits alone, wrapped in furs, and watches the sunrise over the fjord from a small hill overlooking Brattahlid Farm. She gazes out over the fjord in a kind of sad reverie. Suddenly she is jarred out of her contemplation by the sound of a horse's hooves. FREYDIS looks down towards the farm.

ERIK THE RED leaves Brattahlid Farm on horseback.

FREYDIS stands and walks down the hill.

FREYDIS looks around the corner of the blacksmith's workshop and watches with intense curiosity.

ERIK rides quietly away along the path that leads away from the farm.

Cross-fade into the next scene.

19. EXT. OPEN COUNTRY — GREENLAND — DAWN

Flashback:

ERIK THE RED trots along a stretch of flat open country towards his destination. The dawn light suffuses everything in a soft hue. As he trots along FREYDIS emerges from behind a hillock along the same stretch of country, maintaining a discreet distance behind her father.

Cross-fade into the next scene.

20. EXT. OPEN COUNTRY — GREENLAND — EARLY MORNING

Flashback:

FREYDIS sits once again on a rise of land, partly obscured by a hillock, and watches something in the distance.

ERIK kneels on the ground in the far distance and arranges a set of rocks in a particular arrangement, his horse tethered nearby. Once finished he leans back and looks around as if for witnesses.

21. INT. BEDCHAMBER, LONGHOUSE — BRATTAHLID FARM, GREENLAND — NIGHT

ERIK gazes at his daughter with a knowing look.

ERIK

You are the watchful one.

FREYDIS replies with an ambiguous expression and looks aside.

ERIK

Freydis, buried next to those rocks is something very important. I must know that it will be safe.

FREYDIS holds herself up straight.

FREYDIS

I will see to it.

ERIK nods and lays his head back down.

FREYDIS

Father?

ERIK

Yes?

FREYDIS

If Leif will not have me on this voyage, I . . . wish to be on the next voyage to the far lands.

ERIK once again smiles in a knowing way.

ERIK

I will see to it.

FREYDIS smiles subtly.

Title card:

FIRST EXPEDITION

22. EXT. OPEN SEA - DAY

The knar sits upon the open sea at full sail.

Its crew of twenty men, plus LEIF, THORSTEIN and THORVALD, move about on deck.

Several men guide the sail with lines to catch the wind.

Another crewman steers with the rudder from the stern.

The ship pitches on the waves.

LEIF holds his hand up with the palm facing his eyes and the fingers closed tight. He uses his hand to measure the height of the sun above the horizon.

THORSTEIN consults a sunstone.

THORVALD sits at the bow, eating a bowl of porridge, and gazes out to sea.

The horizon on all sides shows no sign of land.

The knar appears small on the open sea.

The sky grows dark with the twilight.

Fade to black.

23. EXT. SEA OF ICE - DAY

Tall icebergs surround the knar on all sides. The knar floats silently among them.

One of the crew steers as oarsmen manipulate the ship to avoid collision with the ice. The wind is calm and a strange silence pervades the sea. The only sound discernible is the creak of the ship's timbers.

LEIF, THORSTEIN, and THORVALD stand watchful and tense as the crew delicately navigates the ice. They wear furs and their breath is visible in puffs.

The icebergs are bluish-white and irregularly shaped. The sky is heavy and overcast.

LEIF, THORSTEIN, and THORVALD and their crew remain taciturn and watchful.

The icebergs are like a maze.

The ship proceeds through a narrow gap between two large pinnacles.

LEIF addresses the rowers and helmsman.

LEIF

Ease over to starboard!

The rowers move the ship to the right and slowly circumvent the two icebergs.

THORSTEIN looks up and points at a seagull.

THORSTEIN

Sea bird!

THORVALD

Land?

As the ship passes through the narrow gap, a large arched gate of ice presents itself.

The ship comes up at an angle so whatever lies beyond the arch is not immediately visible.

LEIF moves forward towards the bow with a look of both excitement and apprehension. He addresses the rowers and helmsman.

LEIF

Take us through that arch!

The crew slowly guides the ship beneath the arch. Excitement and apprehension encompass the entire crew.

As they pass through the gate of ice, the knar disappears from sight.

Fade to black.

24. EXT. COASTAL WATERS - VINLAND - DAY

As if it were a dreamscape, the coast of Vinland presents itself. The sound of chimes and strange choirs fill the underscoring. The landscape is the complete obverse of Greenland: bright, lush, verdant, green. Tall pines cover the mountains; rolling green meadows lay across the foothills. Rivers and streams empty out into the sea.

LEIF, THORSTEIN, THORVALD, and the rest of the crew stare in wonderment as the landscape fills their vision, beguiled by the sight of land, beguiled by the beauty set before them.

LEIF gazes at the landscape with a strange lust in his eyes.

LEIF

And there it lies.

THORVALD

Bjarni was speaking the truth. And I thought that drunkard dreamt it all.

THORSTEIN

Can we be certain we're not dreaming now?

LEIF grimaces at THORSTEIN'S comment.

LEIF sidles over to THORSTEIN and THORVALD and addresses them in a low but stern voice.

LEIF

We must show confidence to the crew.

LEIF steps over to the center of the deck near the mast.

THORSTEIN glances over at THORVALD; THORVALD smiles and shakes his head.

LEIF addresses the crew.

LEIF

Gentlemen -- as you see, your efforts have been repaid. Before us lies a virgin country, untouched and boundless, waiting for us to fulfill God's promise. Let us pray now to that divine power which has brought us here on the wings of the wind to engage this horn of plenty.

The brothers and their crew bow their heads and pray to their god.

The knar, carried gently by the wind, floats passed beaches and shoreline, mountains and foothills. The strange musical language of the landscape continues in the underscoring.

Cross-fade into the next scene.

25. EXT. COASTAL WATERS - VINLAND - DAY

As the knar proceeds along the coastline, the crew scans the landscape intently.

A crewman maps the coastline on a piece of vellum.

Around a bend, a large sound or bay becomes visible. The knar is a quarter mile out from the shore.

LEIF points towards the bay.

LEIF

That appears large enough. We could bring the ship in close and take the skerries over to the shore.

THORVALD

Do we know what sort of animal life we may be dealing with?

LEIF

We'll pack the weapons.

LEIF addresses the crew.

LEIF

Rowers and helmsman, bring us in to within half a sea-mile from shore.

The rowers begin to ply the water, pulling the ship towards the bay.

The water parts before them as the vague song of the land continues in the underscoring, accentuated by low but insistent percussion.

LEIF, THORVALD, and the rest of the crew remain focused on the task and the land before them.

THORSTEIN gazes with concern at the water.

The knar passes through the center of the bay.

THORSTEIN speaks aloud.

THORSTEIN

Have we considered the tide--?

The knar runs aground in the deceptively shallow waters.

As the ship becomes moored in the shallows, LEIF, THORSTEIN, THORVALD, and the crew are thrown about the deck.

The brothers and their crew rise to assess the situation.

The knar stands stiff, slightly off balance.

THORVALD

Low tide!

LEIF swings between the lines over to THORSTEIN, who gazes down over the side.

LEIF
How bad is it?

THORSTEIN
Not . . . bad. We should be able to maneuver again once the tide comes up.

LEIF looks about.

LEIF
When could that be?

THORSTEIN
God knows. However, I would suggest we send someone below to see if there is damage to the lap strake. We could be taking on water.

LEIF addresses one of the crew.

LEIF
Tykir, go below and see if the hull is breached.

TYKIR nods and goes below.

LEIF sighs heavily in frustration and rubs his hands together. THORSTEIN notices LEIF'S aggravated state.

THORSTEIN
The waters deceive.

LEIF
I blundered it. The crew has lost confidence.

THORSTEIN smiles and leans in towards his brother.

THORSTEIN
Let them go to shore. A reprieve from their labors might fan their distress.

LEIF glances back at his brother, smiles, and pats him on the arm.

TYKIR emerges from below.

TYKIR
The hull is sound.

THORVALD
Well, as we don't appear to be sinking, I suggest we go ashore and wait this business out.

LEIF and THORSTEIN share a smirk.

26. EXT. OPEN SHORELINE - VINLAND - DAY

LEIF, THORSTEIN, and THORVALD, along with the crew, row the skerries to shore.

(Since the entire crew cannot fit into both boats, return trips are able to bring the entire crew to shore to wait for high tide.)

LEIF, THORSTEIN, and THORVALD, along with the crew, wade up to shore and step upon a meadow of tall thick green grass dappled with dew.

Some of the crewmembers gather the dew in their hands and taste it, as the beguiling sound of voices and tuned percussion continues in the underscoring.

TYKIR sips the dew from his cupped hands and addresses his fellows.

TYKIR
I have never tasted anything sweeter!

LEIF, THORSTEIN, THORVALD, and the rest of the crew sample the dew.

THORVALD

I would swear there is sugar in it.

TYKIR

We have truly found paradise!

LEIF addresses everyone.

LEIF

Gentlemen, we have been given this time to rest before the tide returns. Stay close to shore -- once the tide has risen we will need to reach the ship without delay. No one will be left behind.

The men fan out into groups and lay down to lounge upon the grass.

LEIF and his brothers sit on a rise of ground where they have a good view of the ship.

LEIF stares pensively out into the bay.

LEIF

Father would have murdered me for such a maneuver.

THORSTEIN

Leif -- let it be.

LEIF sighs in frustration, lies on his back, and looks up at the sky.

LEIF'S brothers do the same.

THORSTEIN

What shall we call this land?

LEIF grimaces.

LEIF

Land of Shallow-Waters.

THORVALD smiles with satisfaction.

THORVALD
Land of Honey-Sweet Dew.

THORSTEIN
Land of Green Meadows.

THORVALD gazes up at the clouds.

THORVALD
Land of White Dragons.

THORSTEIN affects a look of alarm.

THORSTEIN
Where?

THORVALD
There! See?

THORVALD points at a cloud.

THORSTEIN studies it a moment.

THORSTEIN
It's a horse.

THORVALD
No, it isn't. You can see the dragon's wing.

THORSTEIN
That's its saddle.

The three pause a moment, and then laugh at themselves.

THORSTEIN gazes up at the sky.

THORSTEIN
I wonder what father and Freydis are doing right now.

LEIF

Knowing Freydis, probably arguing over some trifle--

THORVALD
Oh Leif--

LEIF

Well, you heard her accusation! It was wholly untrue.

THORVALD
Was it?

THORSTEIN

Gentlemen! We have had a long voyage. Let us . . . repose
awhile.

LEIF frowns and slowly closes his eyes.

THORVALD does the same.

27. EXT. OPEN SHORELINE - VINLAND - EARLY EVENING

THORSTEIN lies upon his back with his eyes closed. He slowly opens his eyes and a look of curiosity and mild concern comes over his face.

THORSTEIN sits up on his elbows and looks out at the sun.

The sun is noticeably lower in the sky.

THORSTEIN glances over to his right.

In the near distance lies LEIF. In the far distance lie members of the crew. All are slumbering peacefully.

THORSTEIN smirks and turns to his left and looks out over the bay.

The unmanned knar is drifting slowly out to sea.

THORSTEIN

Leif! Thorvald! The ship!

LEIF and THORVALD rise up sharply from their sleep and stare out at the escaping ship with wide eyes.

THORVALD

Tide's up!

The brothers leap to their feet and yell at the crew to wake up.

LEIF

Get to the boats!

A mad rush ensues as the brothers and the crew begin stumbling and running for the skerries tethered at the shore.

LEIF and THORSTEIN tumble into one of the skerries with some of the crew, laughing in spite of the situation. LEIF motions to the crew in the other skerry to begin pursuit.

THORVALD, who is heavier than his brothers and therefore not as fast, is valiantly attempting to reach the skerry, running across the meadow.

LEIF and THORSTEIN laugh and urge him on.

THORVALD waves for them to leave without him.

THORVALD slips in the mud where the water meets the shore and tumbles into the water with a large splash.

THORVALD then clumsily climbs up onto the boat, dragged on by his brothers. All three collapse in a heap of laughter as the oarsmen take the boat away from shore.

The current slowly and leisurely pulls the knar out of the sound by the current.

The oarsmen frantically race to catch up with the knar.

The crew is finally able to reach the knar at the mouth of the sound.

The first crewmembers who reach the ship climb aboard and grab the ship's oars and rudder.

Fighting the current, they slowly regain control of the ship.

By this time, LEIF, THORSTEIN, and THORVALD have climbed aboard. THORVALD is dripping wet.

LEIF, THORSTEIN, and THORVALD look back towards land.

In the far distance on the shoreline, the remaining crewmembers left behind are jumping, yelling and waving at them.

LEIF is out of breath.

LEIF

All right, let's go back for them.

Cross-fade into the next scene.

28. EXT. COASTAL WATERS - VINLAND - DAWN

The knar slips slowly through the waters a quarter mile from shore.

LEIF stands on deck, gazing intently at the land.

THORVALD comes up from below, wrapped in a heavy woolen cloak, and looking drowsy. He comes over and stands next to LEIF.

THORVALD

So, what are we looking for today?

LEIF

A way in.

THORVALD

Well--

THORVALD interrupts himself with a yawn.

--that shouldn't be too difficult.

LEIF glances aside at THORVALD and then turns back to the shore, muttering almost to himself.

LEIF

If we could find something . . . take us inside

THORVALD

(after a pause)

Well, I'm going back below for some porridge. Would you like some?

LEIF appears distracted and doesn't reply at first.

LEIF

Um -- no, thank you.

THORVALD goes back below. THORSTEIN meets him on the steps coming up. THORVALD gestures towards LEIF

LEIF stands motionless in the dawn light on the gently swaying deck, gazing towards land.

THORSTEIN

He'll drive himself mad.

THORVALD

He'll drive us all mad.

THORVALD goes below.

THORSTEIN comes on deck and goes to stand next to LEIF. They share a glance and then gaze back at the shore

The shore slowly comes to life in the morning light.

Fade to black.

29. EXT. RIVER — VINLAND — DAY

The knar's oarsmen are plowing the waters of a wide river.

LEIF, THORSTEIN, and THORVALD, along with the crew, are craning their necks to see what lies ahead. The steady insistence of voices and percussion in the underscoring drives them on.

Cross-fade into the next scene.

30. EXT. LAKE — VINLAND — DAY

Seen from a distance, the knar floats into a large tranquil lake. The lake is surrounded by rolling green meadows topped by tall, steep pine-covered hills.

Clear rustling streams feed the lake. A strange silence pervades the vicinity.

LEIF, THORSTEIN, and THORVALD stand on the deck surveying the landscape. LEIF'S expression is one of elation.

LEIF

Drop anchor.

Cross-fade into the next scene.

31. EXT. LAKE SHORELINE — VINLAND — DAY

LEIF, THORSTEIN, and THORVALD, along with TYKIR and other crewmembers, make their way once more onto land. One of the skerries remains tethered at the shore; the knar is visible off in the distance anchored in the lake. LEIF and his men stride ashore with confidence.

They come to an open flat area a little ways from the shoreline, near a stream. There are maple and oak trees nearby. The area has a feeling of pastoral tranquility.

THORSTEIN looks up and around as if listening.

THORSTEIN
It is quiet.

LEIF turns to face his men. He gestures at the ground that surrounds them.

LEIF
Here we will build a settlement to house and supply future expeditions to these lands. Others may follow us, but we will be the vanguard to this new world. God has ferried us here; let us settle and claim this land. Gentlemen, we stand upon the future.

THORSTEIN, THORVALD and the other crewmembers look up and about at the sublime landscape. In the underscoring, it faintly sings to them.

Fade to black.

32. EXT. LAKE SHORELINE - VINLAND - DUSK

Tents made of fabric and hide dot the shoreline. In the far distance, the knar sits anchored in the lake, motionless in the twilight.

Various crewmembers sit around a large fire, cooking and eating salmon. LEIF and THORSTEIN sit on a log on one side of the fire; THORVALD sits on a log opposite.

TYKIR
The streams are gorged with salmon. We simply reached into the water and grabbed them up.

LEIF
We must begin at once to build longhouses and smithies. We'll need sleeping quarters, areas for storage, an iron smelter, a kiln--

THORSTEIN

We can begin felling trees in the morning. There's more than enough timber.

LEIF

Thorvald.

THORVALD looks up from his meal.

LEIF

Thorvald, I want you to select a group of men and explore further into the country. Let us see what lies beyond these hills. Go no more than three days' walk from camp.

THORVALD

Are you trying to get rid of me?

The men laugh.

LEIF

Mmm . . . yes.

The men laugh harder.

THORVALD sets his plate down and stands.

THORVALD

Well, brother, should I uncover a tribe of full-breasted, lustful women I promise to keep them to myself.

LEIF

A just bargain.

THORVALD mockingly addresses all assembled.

THORVALD

Fare thee well.

THORVALD goes off to prepare for his assignment.

When THORVALD has gone, LEIF turns to THORSTEIN.

LEIF

They'd probably just give him the pox.

Another laugh is shared by the men.

33. EXT. WOODED COUNTRY — VINLAND — DAY

Shafts of sunlight filter down through the mist between the trees.

THORVALD and his men are combing the hillside. Some of the men carry supplies on their backs.

THORVALD looks bored. TYKIR trudges along nearby. THORVALD addresses him.

THORVALD

Tykir, my friend, do you rate yourself a servant or a man?

TYKIR

A man, though I serve.

THORVALD

Is it enough for a man to serve others?

TYKIR

I wouldn't presume to know such things.

THORVALD

Whom do you serve?

TYKIR

God, the king, and your brother Leif.

THORVALD

In that order?

TYKIR

In that order.

THORVALD laughs and shakes his head.

THORVALD

I love my brother, but he perches himself upon a higher summit.

TYKIR glances at THORVALD knowingly.

TYKIR

I have known eagles to fly higher than the tallest peak.

THORVALD pauses and turns to TYKIR.

THORVALD

Are you, by chance, currying favor?

TYKIR responds with an innocent look.

TYKIR

I, sir?

THORVALD smiles and points into the forest

THORVALD

I'm going this way.

TYKIR

Shall I follow?

THORVALD

Uh, no. I prefer solitude.

As THORVALD saunters off into the forest, TYKIR calls after him.

TYKIR

Where shall we meet?

THORVALD points ambiguously off to the side, and continues on his way.

TYKIR frowns and goes off with the rest of the group.

Cross-fade into the next scene.

34. EXT. FOREST — VINLAND — DAY

A vine with berries hangs along a tree in the forest. In the distance, THORVALD comes into view and gradually makes his way to where the berries hang. He plucks one curiously from the vine, studies it for a moment, and then nonchalantly tosses it in his mouth. At once, he is taken aback by the apparent flavor and fermentation of the fruit. He begins to pluck more from the vine, muttering to himself.

THORVALD

Mmm . . . get some more of these

Cross-fade into the next scene.

35. EXT. WOODED COUNTRY — VINLAND — DUSK

TYKIR sits upon a hill in the forest, staring out into the distance.

The sun sets through the trees. The forest has become shadowed in the dusky light.

A CREWMEMBER approaches TYKIR.

CREWMEMBER

Thorvald has not returned.

TYKIR continues to stare into the sunset.

TYKIR

I know.

CREWMEMBER

Where are we to find him?

TYKIR

He wouldn't say.

The CREWMEMBER fidgets in a confused manner.

TYKIR

We make camp here tonight. Tomorrow, if Thorvald has not returned, we go back and tell his brothers.

The CREWMEMBER acknowledges TYKIR and walks away.

TYKIR continues to stare into the sunset.

36. EXT. FOREST — VINLAND — NIGHT

THORVALD saunters along drunkenly with a handful of berries, the darkened forest illuminated fitfully by the moon. Berry juice stains cover his lips. His countenance is one of placid inebriation.

THORVALD pauses in a clearing and commences a soliloquy.

THORVALD

I am Thorvald the Fat.
 What of that?
 It is my pleasure to claim this land,
 Though a king of no nation I am.
 With its honey dew and fruitful vine,
 Fair weather and noble pine,
 I stand -- Mmm, somewhat uncertainly--
 Upon this fertile ground -- and that is my lay.

THORVALD takes an ostentatious bow and then scrutinizes a berry with bleary eyes.

THORVALD

This grape is a liquor of rare brew.
 I'll take me back with you,
 And make my fortune, garnet-seed,
 With your harvest and distillery,
 And let no scoundrel say,
 Why, that Thorvald, baby-faced fey,
 He'll be no gallant, no princely kin.

No! You, wine-grape, will make me Thin!

THORVALD tosses the berry in his mouth and chews it contentedly. He then breathes with satisfaction.

THORVALD

I am berry happy.

THORVALD pauses, his eyes glancing back and forth, and then bursts out laughing. After a moment, he frowns and then saunters on.

37. EXT. NORSE SETTLEMENT - VINLAND - EVENING

LEIF and THORSTEIN sit facing each other over a chessboard set upon the stump of a tree. Both sit on logs. In the background, timber, stone and other construction materials lay about the foundations of several structures.

Crewmen are busy cooking supper over a fire.

THORSTEIN glances up.

The reconnaissance group, sans THORVALD, comes towards the settlement.

THORSTEIN

Leif--

THORSTEIN gestures in the direction of the group. LEIF turns to look.

LEIF

They're back early.

THORSTEIN

I don't see Thorvald.

TYKIR comes up to LEIF and THORSTEIN with a grave expression, breathing somewhat heavily.

TYKIR

Your brother is missing.

THORSTEIN and LEIF share a look of bewilderment. THORSTEIN turns back to TYKIR.

THORSTEIN

What do you mean?

TYKIR

He went off on his own yesterday. He never returned to camp.

LEIF stares at the chessboard in a pensive manner.

THORSTEIN stands up and addresses TYKIR.

THORSTEIN

How far did you get?

TYKIR

A day's walk, maybe a little more.

THORSTEIN looks up and around at the darkening hills.

THORSTEIN

Brother, where the devil have you gone?

38. EXT. FOREST — VINLAND — NIGHT

An owl stares down from a tree.

THORVALD grins up at the owl, standing with a handful of berries in the middle of a clearing in the woods. Berry juice still stains his lips and mouth. He addresses the owl.

THORVALD

Hello there!

The owl stares back, occasionally blinking.

THORVALD smiles at the owl in camaraderie.

THORVALD

It's good to have company.

THORVALD looks down at his handful of berries and then holds them up to the owl.

THORVALD

Would you like some of my magic berries?

The owl stares back, occasionally blinking.

THORVALD brings his hand down and points a finger at the owl.

THORVALD

Ah, no. You're the one who catches the mice.

THORVALD pops another berry into his mouth and then screws his face up into a grimace.

THORVALD

Hmm . . . that was a tart one

THORVALD swallows the berry and resumes his conversation with the owl.

THORVALD

I say, you're a tight-beaked fellow. Will you not howl for me? Why, even the birds here are mute. This is a quiet land we've discovered. Fruitful yet stern. Fertile yet calm. Lush yet--

The owl suddenly flies away.

THORVALD hears a slight noise from behind. He slowly turns.

THORVALD

Oh my.

A masked face stares at him from the darkness. Bush shrubs conceal the rest of the figure. The mask is of white ivory.

Only the eyes of the face behind the mask are visible, and regard THORVALD inquisitively.

THORVALD

I'll be damned -- a spirit, eh? Well, you can't frighten me. I come from a land of trolls, you know.

The masked face continues to regard THORVALD with intense curiosity, its head shifting slightly.

THORVALD once more offers his handful of berries.

THORVALD

Would you like some of my magic berries?

The masked face stares without reply.

THORVALD

Ah well, if indeed you are a spirit of these woods, then I'm sure you're quite familiar with their delicate bouquet. But hear me, O sprite: I claim these grapes -- berries, whatever -- in the name of Thorvald, son of Erik! I intend to cart them back to Greenland and make my fortune. My father won't be the only distiller in this clan.

The masked face stares without reply.

THORVALD slumps his shoulders.

THORVALD

Will you not speak to me either?

THORVALD sighs.

THORVALD

Ah well. I suppose it's back to my brothers for me then. Very well -- be gone!

THORVALD gestures with his fingers for the masked figure to leave.

The masked figure does not move.

THORVALD

All right, then -- boo!

The masked figure does not move.

THORVALD shrugs.

THORVALD

Eh, suit yourself.

THORVALD glances down at his hand and takes up another berry.

THORVALD

But if you think you're pilfering my berries--

THORVALD looks up and pauses.

The masked figure is gone.

THORVALD glances all around at the pitch-black forest, and then looks at the berry in his fingers.

THORVALD

Perhaps I should stop eating these.

THORVALD pauses and then pops the berry in his mouth.

39. EXT. NORSE SETTLEMENT - VINLAND - MORNING

LEIF and THORSTEIN are organizing a search party.

LEIF

We'll leave ten men behind to watch the settlement and the ship. Thorstein and I will take ten men and make our way back to where Thorvald was last seen. And men, should this happen again -- don't wait for us.

LEIF casts a glance at TYKIR. TYKIR replies with a stoic look.

LEIF

All right, let's get started.

As they grab up their gear, THORSTEIN addresses LEIF.

THORSTEIN

Is it me, or are we cursed to be forever searching for our missing loved ones?

LEIF

We are a restless family.

The search party sets off towards the hills.

Cross-fade into the next scene.

40. EXT. OPEN COUNTRY — VINLAND — DAY

The search party is crossing a field of wild, self-sown wheat at the foot of a dense forested hill. They are calling out THORVALD'S name.

LEIF stops to inspect the wheat. THORSTEIN comes up to him.

THORSTEIN

We must stay to the task at hand.

LEIF glances at his brother and looks up and about.

LEIF

This land is astounding in its abundance. Wheat, timber--

THORVALD (o-s)

And wine berries!

LEIF and THORSTEIN freeze and look about frantically for the location of THORVALD'S voice.

THORVALD pops up from underneath the cover of the wheat a few yards from his brothers.

The search party stops and looks at THORVALD in astonishment.

THORVALD'S lips are still stained red. He regards the search party.

THORVALD

Oh my, you didn't go to all this trouble on my account.

LEIF

Where in God's name have you been?

THORVALD

Exploring, per your instruction. This is a very fruitful land we have found, gentlemen.

THORVALD takes some of his berries out of a pouch.

THORVALD

In addition to these magnificent fields of grain, planted for us by Providence, I have come upon the most exquisitely intoxicating fruit imaginable. I intend to take it home in vast quantities.

THORSTEIN smirks at THORVALD and shakes his head.

LEIF addresses THORVALD with forced patience.

LEIF

Well, dear brother, if you are quite finished with your researches, perhaps we may return to the settlement.

THORVALD

Yes, by all means.

THORVALD takes a few steps in the direction from whence they came before turning to face his brothers again.

THORVALD

If it should interest you, I have thought of a name for this region--

LEIF and THORSTEIN gaze at THORVALD with impatient stares. THORVALD grins at them.

THORVALD
Land of Wine.

THORVALD holds up the berries before depositing them once again in his pouch.

LEIF and THORSTEIN glance at each other, sigh, and motion and yell for the rest of the party to continue back to the settlement.

They walk a few paces before THORVALD turns to them once again.

THORVALD
But gentlemen, we must be wary--

THORVALD gives them a knowing look and gestures at the forests that surround them.

THORVALD
These woods are haunted.

LEIF and THORSTEIN reply with somewhat uncomprehending looks. They look up at the forested hills.

The woods are dense and impenetrable.

Fade to black.

41. EXT. NORSE SETTLEMENT - VINLAND - DAY

To the sound of drums and voices in the underscoring:

The loading of wheat tied into bundles onto the knar.

Timber is loaded into the hold.

Cloth sacks full of red berries are deposited into one of the skerries.

The settlement is complete. Longhouses and other buildings of various sizes, constructed of the same materials as their counterparts in Greenland, cover the green meadow beneath the maple trees and beside the stream.

LEIF looks back at the settlement one last time as he and his brothers alight into the remaining skerry and cast off for the knar.

Cross-fade into the next scene.

42. EXT. COASTAL WATERS – VINLAND – EVENING

As the knar sets off to sea, LEIF, THORSTEIN, and THORVALD gaze back at the lush environment.

The landscape is beautiful, majestic and mysterious in the oncoming twilight.

THORSTEIN

The best-spun tapestry could not do honor to this land we leave behind.

LEIF smiles at his brothers.

LEIF

We leave behind but for the present.

The knar continues to make its way to sea, guided by the oarsmen. Alongside the knar is the small lifeboat filled with THORVALD'S berries.

Fade to black.

43. EXT. OPEN SEA – NIGHT

The knar lists back and forth over the waves under a sky filled with constellations.

Fade to black.

44. EXT. SEA OF ROCKS — NEAR THE SHORES OF GREENLAND — DAY

The shores of Greenland are visible in the far distance.

The knar is working its way past a plethora of large rocks on the portside.

THORSTEIN and THORVALD stand at the stern.

LEIF stands in the center of the ship, giving orders to the crew.

LEIF

Watch those rocks a-portside! Keep her even!

THORVALD

It's always a few sea-miles from shore where you have the worst disasters.

THORSTEIN glances aside at him.

THORSTEIN

Be guarded in your words, brother. You might bewitch us.

THORVALD frowns slightly and peers around and over the side of the ship.

THORVALD'S boat full of berries tugs alongside the ship.

LEIF gives commands to the crew.

LEIF

Angle it further to starboard! We must be clear of those rocks!

The crewmen work the sail with the ropes.

The oarsmen and helmsmen steer.

THORSTEIN cranes his head as if listening for something.

THORSTEIN
Are those voices?

LEIF points off to port side.

LEIF
See! Do you see it?

In the far distance, a small Norse longship has jammed itself into the rocks and is sinking. People on the ship are screaming and yelling; some are endeavoring to gain the knar's attention.

THORSTEIN comes forward and gazes intently at the longship.

THORSTEIN
They were swept into the rocks. The waters are frigid -- they'll surely drown--

LEIF
If we take the knar into the rocks then none of us will survive.

THORVALD comes up behind them, gazing out at the chaos.

THORSTEIN
We can try and get to them with the skerries. We can maneuver the boats through the rocks without injury.

The expression on THORVALD'S face has gone from concern to fear as he turns to his brothers.

THORVALD
Both . . . of them?

LEIF and THORSTEIN turn to face their brother.

THORVALD replies with a hangdog expression.

LEIF
Thorvald--

THORVALD looks back and forth at his boatload of berries and off into the distance at the wrecked longship.

THORVALD

Oh -- just dump it!

LEIF and the crew set to work preparing the boats.

THORSTEIN pats THORVALD on the shoulder.

THORSTEIN

We'll go back for more--

THORVALD

I know, but--

The crew starts dumping THORVALD'S berries into the water.

THORVALD watches the berries float away with a pained expression.

45. EXT. SEA OF ROCKS - NEAR THE SHORES OF GREENLAND - DAY

LEIF and THORSTEIN are in one skerry, THORVALD and TYKIR in the other. They are navigating both lifeboats through the sea rocks in an attempt to reach the wrecked longship.

LEIF

How many are there?

THORSTEIN

It's a small ship. There can be no more than a dozen of them.

LEIF

They may have taken on more passengers than they had space. I've known rogues who sank their own ships through carrying too much weight than turn away a paying customer.

THORSTEIN

We must try

LEIF

Indeed we must--

As they come closer to the wreck, more details become visible. Some people are already standing upon the rocks that captured the longship. Some are still on the ship's deck as it tilts above the waterline. Some of the passengers are women and children.

As the skerries get closer people start diving into the frigid water.

LEIF and his brothers start yelling for them to stop.

The lifeboats are now within range of the ship.

LEIF

The rocks impede us! We can get no closer!

By this time, some of the passengers in the water have reached the skerries. The brothers and TYKIR start to drag them aboard.

Now the rest of the ship's crew and passengers start jumping into the water to reach the lifeboats.

One woman holds her screaming child above the waterline as she struggles to reach the boats.

LEIF takes the child while THORSTEIN brings the woman onto the boat.

THORVALD and TYKIR, meanwhile, are pulling wet, shivering people onto their skerry as well.

Some people have jumped into the water with their belongings. LEIF yells to them.

LEIF

No! Leave your belongings! We can't take on the weight!

THORVALD pulls people out of the water. One of them climbs over him to get into the boat.

THORVALD

Yes! That's it! Plenty of room for everyone

As THORSTEIN and LEIF continue the rescue, THORSTEIN looks out.

A young woman with auburn hair is desperately trying to reach the skerry. This is GUDRID.

GUDRID and THORSTEIN lock eyes upon one another.

GUDRID thrusts her hand out of the water at him.

THORSTEIN dives into the water.

LEIF

Thorstein!

THORSTEIN swims toward GUDRID.

THORSTEIN reaches GUDRID, grabs her arm and pulls her towards him. They share a brief look of mutual empathy and reassurance and start swimming to the skerry, carrying each other.

By this point, the other crew and passengers of the longship have been pulled onto the skerries. They include GUDRID'S parents, THORBJORN and HALLDIS. Everyone is crammed on top of each other into the boats, which are becoming precarious under the weight.

GUDRID and THORSTEIN reach the skerry. THORSTEIN lifts her up and LEIF and her parents pull her aboard.

THORSTEIN looks up at LEIF, his lips quivering.

LEIF looks down at THORSTEIN with anxiety.

LEIF

There's no more room.

THORSTEIN turns to face the longship as a cracking sound comes from behind.

The longship starts to split at the point where it jammed into the rocks. The hull of the section above the waterline begins to splinter and crack and fall into the water

Waves created by the collapsing longship put the overfilled skerries in jeopardy and threaten to drown THORSTEIN.

THORSTEIN swims to THORVALD'S skerry, struggling with the waves.

THORVALD and TYKIR manage to pull him aboard as he shivers from the cold of the water.

The rowers begin to pull the skerries away as the longship continues to break into pieces.

The skerries slowly and laboriously start to make their way to the safety of the knar.

THORSTEIN cranes his head over to the other skerry, where he sees GUDRID.

GUDRID is looking for THORSTEIN.

GUDRID and THORSTEIN see each other, and smile.

Cross-fade into the next scene.

46. EXT. ROAD — BRATTAHLID FARM, GREENLAND — EARLY EVENING

FREYDIS and ERIK THE RED are walking down the road that leads onto the farm. ERIK appears to walk with difficulty. A SERVANT comes to meet them.

SERVANT
Your sons are home.

FREYDIS and her father share a look of elation and pick up their pace; FREYDIS assists her father.

47. EXT. LONGHOUSE — BRATTAHLID FARM, GREENLAND — EARLY EVENING

LEIF and THORVALD stand outside the entrance to the longhouse with some of their men.

THORVALD sees FREYDIS and their father coming towards them. THORVALD throws his arms out wide.

FREYDIS runs up and embraces THORVALD. She and LEIF share a brief hug and kiss, and then both brothers go up to embrace their father.

ERIK

I knew my boys would come back to me.

LEIF

Thorstein's inside. We had an event, but all are safe.

ERIK sighs and looks out to sea.

ERIK

There is no way to navigate these seas without incident.

LEIF

A shipload of Icelanders got caught out on the rocks. We managed to rescue them in the skerries.

ERIK'S expression suddenly changes to alarm.

ERIK

That's Thorbjorn's ship, my old confederate. He and his daughter--

ERIK makes his way past them.

LEIF

Everyone survived--

ERIK goes and enters the longhouse.

LEIF stands a moment and stares, and then glances at THORVALD.

THORVALD shrugs.

THORVALD
Welcome home.

LEIF shakes his head, and the three siblings turn and enter the longhouse, FREYDIS and THORVALD arm in arm.

48. INT. LONGHOUSE – BRATTAHLID FARM, GREENLAND – EVENING

A large fire burns brightly in the pit as the rescued passengers huddle around it for warmth. Various servants prepare food and drink for them.

THORSTEIN sits near the front of the room next to GUDRID, THORBJORN and HALLDIS. All are wrapped in woolen blankets. THORSTEIN is engaged in quiet conversation with GUDRID and her parents.

ERIK enters and embraces THORSTEIN.

ERIK then turns to embrace THORBJORN, HALLDIS and GUDRID.

ERIK
Gudrid, you've grown into beautiful maidenhood. When I saw you last you were but a little rabbit, scampering across the moss-land.

GUDRID
I seem to have a knack for survival.

GUDRID beams at THORSTEIN.

THORBJORN
You raised your boys well, Red. They came to our aid when many would have left us to the mercy of the waves

As THORBJORN speaks, LEIF, THORVALD, and FREYDIS enter.

ERIK reaches over and tugs LEIF roughly to him with an air of pride.

ERIK

We are very lucky to have them.

By now, the passengers all have mugs of warm ale.

ERIK takes a mug proffered from a servant and raises it.

ERIK

To my son: Leif, the Lucky!

The passengers assembled shout approval and toast LEIF, who grins sheepishly.

LEIF then takes a mug and raises it.

LEIF

And I would like to toast my brother Thorstein, for his fearlessness--

THORSTEIN bows his head as the passengers cheer and toast. He and GUDRID share smiles.

--and my brother Thorvald, who gave up a skerry full of wine berries so we could employ it as a lifeboat.

The passengers cheer and toast.

THORVALD laughs but with a hint of irony.

THORVALD

Yes, it is my hope that someday God will eventually allow me to make my fortune.

LEIF laughs and embraces THORVALD, muttering in his ear.

LEIF
You'll give them guilt.

THORVALD
What--

THORVALD turns to face the group.

THORVALD
But of course it was worth it when so many lives were at stake--

THORVALD notices that FREYDIS is smirking at him.

THORVALD
What are you grinning at, squirrel?

FREYDIS
You, great bear! It's good to have you home.

THORVALD
Well . . . it's good to be home.

THORVALD reaches over and embraces FREYDIS with a warm, brotherly smile.

FREYDIS embraces THORVALD with joy, her eyes shut tight.

Fade to black.

49. EXT. BRATTAHLID FARM - GREENLAND - DAY

Some months have passed. Snows come to the Eastern Settlement.

Snow covers the sod roof of LEIF'S church.

Snow covers the various dwellings of the farm. The sky has a grayish-pink hue.

Reindeer trek over the hillsides.

50. INT. STABLES — BRATTAHLID FARM, GREENLAND — DAY

GUDRID and THORSTEIN are in the barn grooming the horses. THORSTEIN holds an Icelandic mare by the halter while GUDRID gently brushes the horse's shoulder. Both are wearing heavy woolen clothes. Small windows near the ceiling let in a diffuse, dusty light.

GUDRID

His name was Einar, and he was the son of a slave. He had made himself wealthy with trade and proposed to my father that he marry me.

THORSTEIN

You were not consulted in this transaction?

GUDRID pauses and smiles, brushing the mare.

GUDRID

Father knows my nature. He respects me well.

GUDRID glances up over the mane at THORSTEIN.

THORSTEIN

He sailed to Greenland to take you away from such a match?

GUDRID

Oh, heavens, no. Your father invited us here. My father's farm in Iceland has been on the decline.

GUDRID moves to brush the back and the rump. THORSTEIN gazes at her contemplatively.

THORSTEIN

I, and my brothers, believe the future is in exploration; the immense profit to be made by stretching our minds beyond the known horizon.

GUDRID

I, too, am a far traveler. We are well met.

GUDRID casts her eyes to him.

THORSTEIN comes around to GUDRID'S side and stands next to her. GUDRID stops grooming the mare, and gazes at the brush.

GUDRID
You saved me.

THORSTEIN pets the mare.

THORSTEIN
I heard your voice . . . calling to me.

GUDRID turns to him with a grin.

GUDRID
Perhaps the waves deceived your ears.

THORSTEIN gazes at her with a smile.

THORSTEIN
It was God's will.

GUDRID and THORSTEIN look upon each other in the dusty light.

GUDRID
We are fragile creatures, thrown together on a tempest. We must . . . carry one another.

GUDRID lightly brushes THORSTEIN'S shoulder.

Fade to black.

51. EXT. LONGHOUSE - BRATTAHLID FARM, GREENLAND - EVENING

Yuletide. Twilight illuminates the snow-covered buildings of the farm, along with various torches placed about the farm.

Wisps of smoke waft up through the chimney of the longhouse.

52. INT. LONGHOUSE - BRATTAHLID FARM, GREENLAND - EVENING

Various members of the family sit about the fire pit inside the longhouse.

ERIK sits near the front of the room, conversing with THORBJORN and HALLDIS.

LEIF and THORVALD are playing a game that comprises moving game pieces around a board. Both appear bored.

Various others sit here and there, eating and drinking ale.

FREYDIS and GUDRID sit near the back of the room. FREYDIS has a plate of food on her lap but does not eat.

FREYDIS

Our fathers are old friends. It's good that you'll be part of our family now.

GUDRID

Have you had any proposals, Freydis?

FREYDIS

No, but with the increase of the family's fortunes it's only a matter of time.

GUDRID

Well, I hope that you are not apt to meet your intended upon a shipwreck.

FREYDIS smiles in a slightly haughty manner.

FREYDIS

It's very possible. I will be sailing to the far lands soon, among other places.

GUDRID

Then we are sisters of the sea. Perhaps we shall make the voyage together.

THORSTEIN enters the longhouse with a woolen blanket draped over his shoulder and makes his way to FREYDIS and GUDRID.

FREYDIS

Of course it will take--

THORSTEIN interrupts FREYDIS.

THORSTEIN

Excuse me, Freydis -- Gudrid, it's starting.

GUDRID excuses herself and leaves with THORSTEIN.

FREYDIS eats her meal, glancing around the room with her head held high.

53. EXT. BRATTAHLID FARM — GREENLAND — NIGHT

GUDRID and THORSTEIN make their way through the snow towards the outskirts of the farm.

GUDRID

When I was a child, Yuletide was filled with great commotion on my father's farm. Here it is quiet.

THORSTEIN smirks.

THORSTEIN

The Yule Feast begins in earnest tomorrow at sundown. The entire Eastern Settlement will descend upon us to sample father's ale.

GUDRID

Heavens! I shall have to prepare myself.

THORSTEIN

Last year Irish merchants added to the mayhem. We survived mostly unscathed.

GUDRID giggles as they walk on.

GUDRID and THORSTEIN soon come to a wooden seat covered by a sheepskin perched on a hill overlooking the fjord.

THORSTEIN seats GUDRID and then alights onto the seat next to her. He drapes the woolen blanket over their legs. THORSTEIN takes GUDRID'S hands in his, and the two gaze out over the fjord.

Across the sky, the Northern Lights skitter in shades of garnet and turquoise.

Fade to black.

54. INT. LEIF'S CHURCH — EASTERN SETTLEMENT, GREENLAND — MORNING

Dim, dusty sunlight emanating from the chimney hole in the ceiling lights the interior.

At the end of the chamber opposite the door, a PRIEST stands before the altar. Standing before him are GUDRID and THORSTEIN. Both are adorned in formal wedding attire: THORSTEIN in an embroidered red cloak with a belt and ceremonial sword, GUDRID in a white linen dress and veil.

Also present are LEIF, THORVALD, FREYDIS, ERIK THE RED, THORBJORN, and HALLDIS, and other members of the household staff.

The scene begins mid-ceremony.

PRIEST

Who giveth this woman unto this man?

THORBJORN steps forward.

THORBJORN

I do.

THORBJORN comes forward and gives GUDRID'S right hand to THORSTEIN.

THORBJORN then returns to his place next to ERIK and HALLDIS.

The PRIEST brings out the rings in his palm and makes the sign of the cross over them.

PRIEST

Bless these rings, O merciful Lord, that those who wear them, that give and receive them, may be ever faithful to one another, remain in your peace, and live and grow old together in your grace, within the shade of the fig tree and vine, and seeing their children's children. Amen.

All assembled repeat "Amen."

The PRIEST gives one of the rings to THORSTEIN, who places it upon GUDRID'S finger.

THORSTEIN

With this ring I thee wed, and with my body I thee honor, and with all my worldly goods I thee endow; in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Spirit. Amen.

All assembled repeat "Amen."

The PRIEST gives the other ring to GUDRID, who places it upon THORSTEIN'S finger.

GUDRID

With this ring I thee wed, and with my body I thee honor, and with all my worldly goods I thee endow; in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Spirit. Amen.

All assembled repeat "Amen."

PRIEST

May God bless, preserve, and keep you; the Lord mercifully shower his favor upon you; and so fill you with all benediction and grace, that ye may so live together in this life, that in the world to come ye may have life everlasting. Amen.

All assembled repeat "Amen."

GUDRID and THORSTEIN turn to one another, and kiss. They turn to face their families.

PRIEST

God has blessed this union, and all here present. Go forth and be of good cheer.

GUDRID and THORSTEIN, holding each other's hands aloft, proceed forward to the door.

A servant opens the door, and all within the church squint from the bright spring sunlight.

55. EXT. LEIF'S CHURCH — EASTERN SETTLEMENT, GREENLAND — MORNING

A host of guests from the surrounding farms gathers outside. All erupt in cheers as GUDRID and THORSTEIN emerge into the almost blinding sunlight, followed by their families, servants and the PRIEST.

Orchids adorn the entrance gate to the church grounds. Various wedding guests toss flower petals upon GUDRID and THORSTEIN as they proceed, smiling joyfully, through the gate, followed by the others.

56. EXT. BRATTAHLID FARM — GREENLAND — MORNING

The wedding feast is laid out in an area of the farm overlooking the fjord. Oak chests and tables are covered with embroidered cloths. Most of the guests sit on stools, while the wedding party sits at the main table in tall-backed chairs.

The wedding party is comprised of GUDRID and THORSTEIN in the center, with THORBJORN and HALLDIS seated on one side, ERIK, LEIF, THORVALD, and FREYDIS seated on the other.

The sun shines brightly upon the wedding feast. Servants are attending to the guests.

ERIK stands and speaks.

ERIK

I knew from the time when Thorbjorn and I were confederates in Iceland that our two houses would be joined. We always

laid our booths side-by-side at the Althing; we watched each other's children grow. He fought at my side in matters of honor. The Christian faith had come to Iceland, but we were still reckless in our heathen ways.

The guests laugh.

LEIF and THORVALD listen, amused.

ERIK laughs in remembrance.

ERIK

Those were very strange times; my wife Hildie, Thorstein's mother, bless her heart, found the true faith before I did. That woman -- she was so upset with me for continuing my heathen ways she wouldn't let me sleep with her for a whole month!

The guests laugh awkwardly.

THORVALD covers his face while LEIF stares forward with embarrassment, shaking his head.

ERIK

But I loved that woman. She was a joy to live with.

FREYDIS listens with an absent look.

ERIK

And it is my dearest wish that Gudrid and Thorstein see many days together, have many robust children, and, God willing, are never alone.

All assembled toast the newlyweds.

GUDRID and THORSTEIN look at each other and laugh nervously.

THORBJORN now stands.

THORBJORN

As we have done before, my wife and I give thanks to Erik's sons for saving our family.

All assembled applaud.

LEIF, THORVALD, and THORSTEIN smile, wave and bow, somewhat shyly and awkwardly.

THORBJORN

Our sweet child Gudrid is a rare treasure.

THORBJORN lightly touches GUDRID'S head.

THORSTEIN takes GUDRID'S hand.

THORBJORN

I know that Thorstein will take care of our girl, and watch over her, and be a good husband to her. I know that . . . our girl would not be here today without his compassion and courage. Thank you, my son.

THORBJORN reaches over and kisses THORSTEIN on the head as the guests applaud.

HALLDIS stands up, comes over to THORSTEIN and kisses him as well.

HALLDIS

Such a handsome boy my girl has found.

Cross-fade into the next scene.

57. EXT. BRATTAHLID FARM — GREENLAND — AFTERNOON

It is later in the day. Guests are still eating and drinking.

Meats are sliced.

Some guests dance to the sound of drums and fifes.

Some guests play various games together.

FREYDIS wanders about, observing but not participating.

LEIF sits at a table with THORSTEIN. The scene begins in mid-conversation.

LEIF

We agree we should stay a year. We'll have livestock with us -- there's plenty of grazing land--

THORSTEIN

How many men?

LEIF grins.

LEIF

Plenty. Applicants had to be turned away. We'll have more than enough.

THORSTEIN glances over at GUDRID.

GUDRID stands nearby conversing with a guest.

THORSTEIN

And wives, too.

THORSTEIN smiles at LEIF; LEIF pats him on the shoulder.

Just then, THORVALD saunters over to their table.

THORVALD

You'll never believe who just arrived.

THORVALD draws their attention to a small group of men and women entering the feast area.

LEIF and THORSTEIN look on with quiet amazement.

LEIF

They came all the way from the Western Settlement.

THORVALD turns to THORSTEIN.

THORVALD

Look, dear brother, they came all this way just to pay their respects to you and Gudrid.

THORSTEIN gazes at the new arrivals with a stoic expression.

THORSTEIN

No, they didn't.

GUDRID comes over to the table; LEIF and THORSTEIN stand.

GUDRID

Thorstein, who are those people? Are they friends?

THORSTEIN

No. They are pagans.

The pagans are greeting and shaking hands with ERIK, THORBJORN, and HALLDIS. ERIK greets them with a forced smile and introduces them to GUDRID'S parents. ERIK then glances in the direction of his sons with a raised brow.

FREYDIS, from where she stands on the other side of the feast grounds, also observes the pagans suspiciously.

The pagans break up as all but two of them go to partake of the festivities. The two remaining pagans ask ERIK a question. ERIK gestures in the direction of his sons and daughter-in-law. The pagans acknowledge ERIK with a smile and approach the table where LEIF and the others are still standing.

THORVALD glances away.

THORVALD
Shit

The pagans come up to the table. All share forced smiles. One of the pagans, a tall thin man with long straight black hair, a slight beard, and brandishing a runic medallion on his chest, addresses THORSTEIN and GUDRID. This is THORHALL.

THORHALL
May I have the honor of conveying to the newly married couple the congratulations of the house of Egill?

THORSTEIN and GUDRID nod and say "Thank you."

THORHALL glances about and fixes his gaze on LEIF.

THORHALL
Leif, son of Erik, yes?

LEIF
That's right.

THORHALL
I am Thorhall. This is Frodi, my brother.

FRODI bows ostentatiously to the group. He is stouter than his brother but otherwise similar in appearance, with blonde hair.

LEIF
I know.

THORHALL

Ah.

THORHALL glances about again.

THORHALL

May we sit down?

LEIF motions to a couple of servants nearby to fetch some stools.

The servants bring the stools and the two pagan brothers sit down across from the others who sit as well.

There follows an awkward pause. THORHALL addresses LEIF.

THORHALL

I also wanted to extend my congratulations to you for your discovery.

LEIF

Thank you.

Another awkward pause.

THORHALL

I understand you're planning another expedition soon.

LEIF and the others share a look. LEIF turns back to THORHALL.

LEIF

Yes, that is correct.

THORHALL

Well, then, we would like to propose something which might be of interest to you.

LEIF nods and waits silently.

THORHALL shifts on his stool and clears his throat.

THORHALL

My family would like to join with you on this expedition.

THORVALD

Oh, we're sorry, but our ship is full.

THORHALL

No matter -- we have our own ship.

THORVALD

Really? How wonderful.

THORHALL

Yes, well, we intend to make the voyage regardless; however, we thought, with your knowledge of the region, and the settlement that you have already established there--

LEIF

We'd be happy to lease you the buildings.

THORHALL and FRODI glance at each other. THORHALL turns back to LEIF.

THORHALL

Of course. That is perfectly reasonable.

Another awkward pause.

THORHALL

When do you sail?

LEIF

After the wedding.

THORHALL is taken slightly aback and glances at his brother again.

THORHALL

Oh my, that is soon.

THORHALL turns to address THORSTEIN and GUDRID.

THORHALL

Will the happy couple be joining you?

THORSTEIN and GUDRID smile and nod.

THORHALL

Splendid! Well, then, is my offer accepted?

LEIF shares a look with the others. LEIF then addresses the pagans.

LEIF

If you wish, you may follow us to the far lands. You may share the settlement, should there be adequate space. We, however, reserve the right to keep all profits from our cargo.

THORHALL

Of course. From what we hear of these far lands, there is plenty enough yield for everyone.

LEIF forces a smile. The rest of the group remains silent.

THORHALL stands and extends a hand to LEIF.

THORHALL

Then it is agreed.

LEIF stands and shakes THORHALL'S hand.

THORHALL

We look forward to a most profitable adventure.

THORHALL and FRODI shake hands with THORVALD and THORSTEIN.

THORHALL kisses the hand of GUDRID and addresses her and THORSTEIN.

THORHALL

Best wishes to you both.

The pagan brothers excuse themselves and join the festivities.

LEIF and the others sit for a moment in silence.

GUDRID

Is it because they lack the true faith that you mistrust them?

LEIF glances at GUDRID.

LEIF

It is not their souls we should be concerned with so much as their casual disregard for King Olaf's edict of faith.

LEIF turns his gaze to the pagan brothers, who stand a couple of yards away chatting with the other members of their clan.

LEIF

We shall have to see if their treason becomes . . .
problematic.

Cross-fade into the next scene.

58. EXT. BRATTAHLID FARM - GREENLAND - EVENING

The sun begins to set over the fjord.

*The wedding feast is starting to wind down. Many of the guests
have departed.*

*Some of the servants are clearing the area of furniture and food
and drink.*

Torches are lit.

*THORSTEIN and GUDRID take their leave of some of the remaining
guests.*

LEIF, THORVALD, and TYKIR sit at a table in discussion.

*ERIK comes over to the table and whispers something in LEIF'S
ear. LEIF looks over at FREYDIS.*

FREYDIS sits several yards away chatting with a guest.

*LEIF nods to his father with a resigned expression. ERIK pats
LEIF on the back and wanders off. LEIF gazes at FREYDIS for a
moment and then shakes his head. He resumes discussion with
THORVALD and TYKIR.*

*The sun continues to set over the fjord. In the far distance,
the knar sits anchored in the harbor, a quarter mile from shore.
Someone somewhere is playing a fife.*

Title card:

SECOND EXPEDITION

59. EXT. OPEN SEA - DAY

*The two knars are together on the open sea at a moderate
distance from one another. They traverse the tides and climb
small waves.*

Onboard LEIF'S knar a cow stands tethered in an exposed area of the hold midway between bow and stern. It stands there nearly motionless as a crew of fifty, including ten women, moves about the deck.

The crew of the pagan ship is somewhat smaller, and includes women, as well. As before, skerries are tethered to the sides of both ships.

FREYDIS sits on deck, staring out to sea, her hair fluttering in the wind, with an expression of quiet joy.

Fade to black.

60. EXT. OPEN SEA — NIGHT

An image of the ships at night, the crews stretched out and sleeping on deck under a starlit sky.

61. EXT. OPEN SEA — DAY

Both vessels battle the swells under adverse weather.

The cow -- tethered and manacled in the hold -- wails in protest as the knar pitches back and forth.

LEIF and THORVALD give orders to the crew.

GUDRID and THORSTEIN watch the activity near the stern with FREYDIS; THORSTEIN and GUDRID hold tightly to one another.

Onboard the pagan vessel THORHALL directs the crew with FRODI at his side.

LEIF and THORHALL signal directions to one another from the decks of their respective ships.

Crewmembers are tossed about on both knars as some fall backwards into the rigging.

62. EXT. OPEN SEA — SUNSET

Cross-fade to images of relative calm on the sea:

FREYDIS and THORVALD converse on deck; the sunset behind them, they eat porridge, smiling and laughing.

GUDRID and THORSTEIN sit in a tender embrace on the deck; THORSTEIN with his eyes closed, GUDRID staring out to sea with a dreamy expression.

LEIF and TYKIR, via a wooden telescope with a crystal glass, discreetly observe FRODI on the pagan vessel carving what appear to be large ritual runes along the prow.

Cross-fade into the next scene.

63. EXT. OPEN SEA — SOMEWHERE OFF THE COAST OF VINLAND — DAY

The crews of both knars stare ahead with expectancy.

The four Eriksson siblings and GUDRID stand near the stern.

THORHALL and FRODI, along with their crew, have also fixed their gaze upon the horizon.

As expectation increases, GUDRID makes her way towards the bow, moving amongst the crew. She stands at the bow and gazes forward. After a few moments, her face lights up with joy.

GUDRID
Land!

The "far lands" once again present themselves on the horizon. The sound of chimes and voices erupts in the underscoring.

The crews of both ships let out an enormous "huzzah"-like cheer.

THORHALL and FRODI hug each other and laugh with joy.

The Eriksson siblings hug each other.

THORVALD musses the hair of FREYDIS, who laughs ebulliently.

THORSTEIN goes up to join GUDRID at the bow. They embrace and kiss.

Cross-fade into the next scene.

64. EXT. COASTAL WATERS — VINLAND — DAY

The coastline presents a different aspect than before. It is even more mountainous, majestic and green.

The two knars proceed down the coast as choirs and drums set the pace in the underscoring.

The knars pass through inlets and bays, maintaining a safe distance from shore, as the crews of both ships drink in the sights set before them.

FREYDIS stares in awe and fascination at the landscape; she turns to look at THORVALD who sits at the stern with LEIF.

THORVALD grins at her while LEIF smiles, his head cocked to the side in his cavalier manner.

GUDRID and THORSTEIN also gaze in a kind of rapture at the shimmering and towering landscape, their arms entwined.

THORHALL and FRODI share expressions of joy and excitement at the prospect before them.

The crews of both ships take in the splendor, their hair fluttering in the breeze.

Cross-fade into the next scene.

65. EXT. NORSE SETTLEMENT - VINLAND - DUSK

The two knars sit anchored in the lake a discreet distance from one another.

The settlement buildings remain undisturbed.

The skerries are tethered to the shore and a variety of trunks, wooden casks and various cloth-bound supplies litter the shore.

LEIF and his crew are on their knees, facing inland, their heads bowed in prayer.

Across the salmon stream, the pagans stand beneath a large oak tree, their hands raised in prayer to their god.

The cow is now grazing a short distance away in the grass beyond the settlement.

Fade to black.

66. EXT. NORSE SETTLEMENT - VINLAND - NIGHT

A set of large cooking fires are flaring between the settlement and the shore.

At one fire THORVALD, LEIF, GUDRID, THORSTEIN, FREYDIS, TYKIR, and other men and women from their crew, sit upon logs on one side of the fire, while THORHALL, FRODI, and members of their clan sit upon logs on the opposite side. Everyone is either eating or finishing a meal and drinking mead or ale.

THORHALL turns to his brother and addresses him in a low voice.

THORHALL

Did you remember to make sacrifice to Old Redbeard today?

FRODI

Yes, brother.

THORHALL gazes back at the fire as he continues to address FRODI.

THORHALL

We owe our safe arrival here to the might of his hammer. We must be diligent in our gratitude.

THORVALD, a bit drunk, interrupts.

THORVALD

I am curious: you brought no livestock with you -- no animals at all. How will you make sacrifice while you are here? Do you plan to sacrifice various members of your crew instead?

TYKIR and some of the other Eriksson crewmembers laugh drunkenly.

FREYDIS, seated next to THORVALD, smirks and giggles.

THORHALL replies with a placid smile, though FRODI and his fellow kinsmen look offended. THORHALL replies with a patient air.

THORHALL

It is, of course, not necessary to make blood sacrifices. If you understood the religion of your forefathers instead of mocking it drunkenly, I would not need to tell you--

THORVALD

I am not mocking you, I'm just curious. I know -- maybe you could round up some hares and carve them up and inspect the entrails--

THORVALD illustrates his remarks with grotesque parodic gestures.

LEIF'S men and their wives laugh out loud.

LEIF, THORSTEIN and GUDRID -- who do not appear to be as inebriated as the others -- watch uneasily.

The pagans begin to stand up from their seats but THORHALL raises his hand. His manner continues to be placid and controlled as he addresses his fellow pagans.

THORHALL

Kinsmen, we choose civility.

The pagans back down with reluctance.

THORVALD and his fellow crewmembers and FREYDIS continue to snicker.

THORHALL

We are grateful to our Christian hosts for their . . . hospitality.

THORHALL raises himself up but in a non-threatening way.

THORHALL

However, it is late, and as the general discourse appears to have descended into drunken oafishness, we will take our leave. Leif, son of Erik, might I have a word?

LEIF stands and he and THORHALL step to one side.

THORHALL

The oak tree across the salmon stream is to be used by us for the sacred purpose which your brother ridicules. We plan to build longhouses of our own there, as your settlement houses appear to be . . . cozier than expected.

LEIF

I will lease you the lands.

THORHALL pauses as FRODI and the other pagans approach.

TYKIR, THORVALD, FREYDIS, and some of the other crewmembers start to stand up.

THORHALL stares at LEIF a moment in disbelief.

THORHALL

How far does your claim stretch?

LEIF

At present, from the mountains at our back to the south side of the lake.

THORHALL

That is quite an estate.

LEIF

It is ours by right.

THORHALL gestures in the direction of the stream.

THORHALL

But you do not build upon it. The land sits there idle--

LEIF

I will permit you to lease it and build upon it as you choose.

FRODI

And you will own the longhouses.

LEIF

No, just the land.

FRODI

That's a tidy arrangement for you.

LEIF shrugs.

THORHALL

May we pray there?

LEIF

Yes, of course.

THORHALL throws his hands in the air.

THORHALL

Well, then, there you have it! Splendid! We feared you might be unreasonable!

THORHALL turns to LEIF'S crew and family.

THORHALL

Gentlemen, ladies, we take our leave. It has been a pleasure as always. Until tomorrow--

The pagans tramp away, sending fiery glances in the direction of LEIF and his crew and family.

TYKIR

I'm not sure how much longer I can tolerate that snide barbarian--

LEIF

We must tolerate them. The Lord teaches forbearance and forbearance we will have. Besides, we profit from their residency.

THORVALD

So long as they pay. Suppose they stop?

LEIF pauses and sighs.

LEIF

We will cross that body of water when we get to it.

THORSTEIN comes up behind LEIF and addresses him in a low voice.

THORSTEIN

That body of water is a salmon stream.

LEIF frowns and gazes at the pagans.

The pagans walk away into the darkness.

Fade to black.

67. EXT. OPEN BEACH - VINLAND - DAY

GUDRID and THORSTEIN are walking arm-in-arm along the south side of the lake, down the shore from the settlement. The sound of voices and bell chimes murmur softly in the underscoring.

GUDRID

It's strange . . . I remember the chants my grandmother taught me as a child. She told me if I learned them well, I could summon the land spirits to my aid. I think that, though I be a Christian woman, I could recall them without imperiling my soul.

THORSTEIN

Back home, the *volur* still walk among the settlements.

GUDRID

A seeress? My grandmother was no seeress, though she had illusions of such powers.

THORSTEIN

I am glad she was not. I find the *volur* distasteful.

GUDRID smirks.

GUDRID

I will be sure then to keep their spirit songs to myself.

THORSTEIN looks at her, smiles, and kisses her on the cheek.

THORSTEIN

I would not want you to silence yourself on my account.

GUDRID does not respond. Something distracts her up ahead. She points in that direction.

GUDRID

See! Do you see it?

THORSTEIN turns his gaze in that direction.

A large grayish-white object lies on the shore, the tides washing up underneath it.

GUDRID

It's . . . a whale!

THORSTEIN'S face brightens up.

THORSTEIN

Indeed it is!

GUDRID and THORSTEIN run up to the beached whale. It is a large narwhal and appears to be fresh. Seagulls and other birds circle overhead.

GUDRID and THORSTEIN look at each other excitedly.

THORSTEIN

Wait here -- I'll get the others.

THORSTEIN runs off towards the settlement.

GUDRID stands next to the beached whale, the birds circling overhead and the tides lapping the shore.

Cross-fade into the next scene.

68. EXT. OPEN BEACH - VINLAND - DAY

LEIF, THORVALD, FREYDIS, TYKIR, and a large contingent of men and women from the crew, led by THORSTEIN, approach GUDRID and the dead narwhal by both land and skerry. None of the pagans appear to be with them. Those in the skerries disembark and all come forward to scrutinize the whale.

LEIF gazes at the carcass with elation.

LEIF

Is it fresh?

THORSTEIN

It appears so.

THORSTEIN glances at GUDRID with a smile.

GUDRID gazes pensively at something behind THORSTEIN and the others. Just then, THORHALL'S voice is heard off-screen.

THORHALL (o-s)

Our prayers have been answered.

THORSTEIN and the others turn.

THORHALL, FRODI, and members of their crew approach. As they do, they inadvertently mingle with the Christians, who gradually move off on their own so that both groups face each other apart. The narwhal and GUDRID remain between them.

THORHALL

Yes, it is very true. You see before you the beneficence of almighty Thor. The religion of your forefathers, which you have chosen to abandon, has brought forth this bounty.

THORHALL turns to THORVALD with an amused sneer.

THORHALL

Vigorous prayer and sacrifice will work wonders, even without the benefit of the knife.

THORVALD

You prayed to Thor to bring you a dead whale?

THORHALL once again affects forced patience.

THORHALL

We prayed and sacrificed to Old Redbeard to bring forth provision for the coming winter, to spare us months of hunger, and despair.

THORHALL kneels down next to the narwhal and speaks with a tremble in his voice.

THORHALL

He smote this animal with his hammer and brought it to our shores.

LEIF

We will share of it what we can with you.

THORHALL stands, smiling at LEIF with ironic humor.

THORHALL

No, my dear sir, there will be no sharing with those who ridicule our gods. This beast is ours.

LEIF attempts to speak but THORHALL cuts him off with rising anger in his voice.

LEIF

See now--

THORHALL

You have taken ownership of everything here but the air we breathe. This prize is ours! We would, of course, leave

any leftover scraps for you, but, sadly, there appears to be only just enough for--

LEIF

I rescind my offer. I would not share my table with those who commit treason against the--

THORHALL

Treason? What treason -- treason against you, Leif, son of Erik? Is Leif, son of Erik, king of these lands now?

The pagans laugh in ridicule.

LEIF

Treason against King Olaf.

The pagan laughter dies down. There is a pause and a look of confusion on their faces.

THORHALL

Olaf? The sovereignty of the Norwegian prince extends this far, does it?

LEIF

His sovereignty extends to wherever we, his subjects, venture upon this earth. The king has established an edict of faith. By refusing to accept that faith, you stand as traitors to the crown.

THORHALL stares in disbelief. His face grows contorted with rage.

THORHALL

You presume to pass judgment upon us, that we would ever give fealty to a foreign king--

LEIF

I presume nothing. Your treason is your own affair--

THORHALL

Jackal! To ever think we would be at the mercy of a simpering, mindless prince and his spaniel--

TYKIR comes forward threateningly.

TYKIR

You will choke on those words, heathen--

THORHALL ignores TYKIR and continues to address his speech to LEIF.

THORHALL

--fawning bootlick, you toad! You disgrace your fathers by making peace with the princely rogues of Norway--

FREYDIS observes the discussion with a look of amusement on her face, suppressing a giggle.

LEIF

You may blaspheme and deny your God if you choose, but I will not have you slur our patron king!

THORHALL

My forefathers risked their lives, their families, their fortunes--

LEIF

Enough!

THORHALL

--to rid themselves of that damned monarchy, and now you play the girlish lapdog to a foppish imbecile--

LEIF

Pray enough, heathen! Silence!!

THORHALL pauses for a moment and then addresses LEIF in a low growl.

THORHALL

Stand aside, Christian. We claim our bounty.

LEIF

You claim nothing!

LEIF turns to his people.

LEIF

Men at arms!

The men and women on LEIF'S side draw their short swords and knives.

The pagans, with the exception of THORHALL, respond in kind.

GUDRID, who is not armed, stands aside and observes with an expression of mounting fear.

THORSTEIN, brandishing his sword, glances at GUDRID; he motions with his head for her to come to his side.

GUDRID gazes at THORSTEIN blankly.

FREYDIS and THORVALD, who stand side by side, brandish their weapons. They glance at each other with smiles of camaraderie.

The two camps face each other. The only sounds are the lapping of the tides, and the cries of the seabirds.

THORHALL remains unarmed, and assesses the situation.

THORHALL
I see.

THORHALL pauses and softens his stance.

THORHALL
You know, I actually once sat and listened to a sermon by one of your Christian priests. It was . . . very interesting, some of it.

A look of resignation comes over THORHALL'S face.

THORHALL
But now I see it was all a lie.

THORHALL turns to FRODI and his other kinsmen.

THORHALL
Children of Odin, we are outnumbered. Sheathe your swords; we take our leave.

FRODI
Brother, no! Not this time!

THORHALL replies in a commanding tone.

THORHALL
We will not sully our swords with the blood of slaves! We will make our own way. Prepare the ship -- we sail at once!

FRODI grimaces in frustration and angrily thrusts his blade back into its sheath. The other pagans do the same. THORHALL throws his hands in the air and they march off.

As he walks away, THORHALL turns and speaks over his shoulder, but addresses his kinsmen.

THORHALL

Say goodbye to the king's mistresses everyone!

Some of the pagans turn and make obscene gestures at LEIF and the others. FRODI turns and makes whining and panting dog noises.

LEIF and his siblings and crewmembers lower their weapons.

TYKIR comes up behind LEIF and mutters in his ear.

TYKIR

You let them go? They could return and ambush us while we sleep.

LEIF gazes off at the retreating pagans.

LEIF

We will let them make their own way, as he says.

TYKIR and the others sheathe their blades.

As THORSTEIN sheathes his sword, GUDRID comes up to him. They both share a look of mutual sadness as THORSTEIN puts his arm around her shoulder.

FREYDIS and THORVALD put away their weapons.

FREYDIS

Like our father, we find our way into trouble, don't we?

THORVALD grins playfully.

THORVALD

Erik's saplings are more than a match
For any heathen or villainous patch.

FREYDIS giggles and embraces THORVALD. THORVALD then turns and addresses the others.

THORVALD

Now let us take our fisherman's catch!

The others laugh and cheer.

Cross-fade into the next scene.

69. EXT. LAKE - VINLAND - DAY

Both skerries cart the narwhal across the lake. The carcass lies across both boats, which are tethered together. The oarsmen row with enthusiasm.

Cross-fade into the next scene.

70. EXT. NORSE SETTLEMENT - VINLAND - DAY

The narwhal is prepared for use by the settlement:

Strips of meat are cut, boiled, dried and smoked.

The blubber is removed, and the oils extracted.

71. EXT. NORSE SETTLEMENT - VINLAND - DUSK

The work finished for the day, the crew assembles around a great bonfire to celebrate with food, drink, and dance.

Two musicians play a bone flute and a hand drum, while some of the women and the men dance around the bonfire.

LEIF, THORVALD, and FREYDIS laugh, clap, and dance side-by-side.

GUDRID runs up to THORSTEIN and they share a long passionate kiss.

Everyone cheers and sings songs, laughing and celebrating.

Cross-fade into a view of the bonfire in the middle distance, with the dancing shapes of the people illuminated by the flames.

Cross-fade into a view of the bonfire from a far distance. The dancing shapes can still be faintly seen in the distant firelight. In the foreground, flanking the view of the bonfire, stand two figures atop a hill overlooking the settlement. They stand in the shadows of the surrounding trees and almost

disappear into the dusk. They appear to be wearing long straight hide coats with high back collars, which obscure their heads. Seen from behind, they stand and regard the Norse celebrating around the bonfire. The flute and the drum can still be heard faintly in the distance.

Fade to black.

72. EXT. NORSE SETTLEMENT - VINLAND - MORNING

Fade in. It is an early spring morning; there is a mist on the ground. The settlement is quiet. In the background, the knar, now alone, sits anchored in the lake.

THORVALD emerges from the main longhouse. Though it is spring, it is still cool. THORVALD pulls a woolen blanket about his shoulders, yawns, and looks about.

In the middle distance, the cow grazes over by a tree.

As THORVALD looks around something catches his eye on the far hill at the edge of the forest.

It appears to be a figure, whose body or clothing catches the sunlight, and reflects it back. The distant figure holds in one hand a tall staff. The figure also appears to have only one leg in the center of its body. This is the UNIPED.

THORVALD squints in amazement.

Just then, FREYDIS emerges from the longhouse. She too has a woolen garment of some kind draped about her person.

FREYDIS comes up silently behind THORVALD and taps him playfully on the shoulder. He turns suddenly, startled. FREYDIS giggles at him. THORVALD turns back with a continued expression of amazement at the UNIPED on the hill.

THORVALD

See! Do you see--

The UNIPED has vanished.

THORVALD makes an exasperated gesture. FREYDIS looks in the direction towards the hill.

FREYDIS

What? What was it?

THORVALD pauses for a moment.

THORVALD

Nothing. Never mind.

FREYDIS frowns and goes back to the longhouse. THORVALD gazes up at the forest and murmurs to himself.

THORVALD

By my faith, these woods are haunted.

THORVALD turns and follows FREYDIS back inside the longhouse. Smoke is starting to waft up from the longhouse's chimney.

Fade to black.

73. EXT. NORSE SETTLEMENT — VINLAND — DAY

Various images of people at work around the settlement:

A blacksmith fires the kiln.

A woodworker planes a piece of timber.

FREYDIS and a couple of the women prepare cheese and skyr from milk derived from the cow.

Others tie self-sown wheat into bundles.

Men stand in the salmon stream, grabbing up flailing fish from the waters and laughing.

THORSTEIN patches a section of the roof of one of the longhouses.

GUDRID works at a loom set up under a maple tree a short distance from the settlement. She is visibly six months pregnant.

74. EXT. FOREST — VINLAND — DAY

A hill in the forest a short distance from the settlement. A group of ten men is harvesting timber, chopping at trees.

One of the trees comes crashing to the forest floor.

LEIF and THORVALD are supervising the work. LEIF is giving instructions to TYKIR.

LEIF

We mustn't deplete our supply of trees in this area too swiftly. Tykir, I want you to proceed over to the north face of the hill and determine the quality of the timber.

TYKIR

How far should I go?

LEIF

No more than half a league. We will still need to transport the trees back to the settlement.

TYKIR

Right.

TYKIR goes off over the rise in the forest. LEIF turns to THORVALD.

LEIF

How goes your berry harvesting?

THORVALD

A few more weeks. They're not ripe.

75. EXT. FOREST — VINLAND — DAY

TYKIR comes to a clearing in the forest and inspects a large cherry tree. Still audible in the distance is the chopping and felling of tree. All else is quiet.

TYKIR knocks on the trunk of the cherry tree. His manner appears is somewhere between relaxed and bored.

TYKIR turns to gaze up at the sun through the trees. Suddenly a look of shock and fear comes over his face. He turns his head to the right. His breathing becomes audibly erratic.

Standing not more than twenty paces away is a group of about twenty to thirty native Thule, or Inuit, including men and women of various ages. They are tall and wear long hide coats lined with fur with high back collars and hanging sleeves. They have long dark hair, some of whom have it tied up in a ball on top of

their heads. Most of the men have beards or moustaches. Two or three carry animal hides in their arms, as if offering them. They are silent and gaze at TYKIR with an eerie serenity, or a placid curiosity.

TYKIR stares back with a look of shock and bewilderment in his eyes.

76. EXT. NORSE SETTLEMENT — VINLAND — DAY

GUDRID sits at her loom beneath the maple tree. She is weaving the warp in a kind of tranquil reverie.

Suddenly GUDRID becomes aware of a presence nearby. She turns on her stool as a shadow comes into frame.

A tall Thule woman is standing nearby, regarding her with the same eerily serene curiosity. This is FIRST WOMAN. She is garbed the same as the other Thule. Her long dark-red hair is tied in two pigtails.

GUDRID gazes at her in shock and wonder. After a moment, GUDRID slowly rises from her seat.

FIRST WOMAN notices GUDRID'S pregnancy and regards GUDRID with a look of high esteem, bowing slightly.

GUDRID smiles.

GUDRID
My name is Gudrid.

FIRST WOMAN pauses a moment before replying in a voice that sounds almost identical to GUDRID'S.

FIRST WOMAN
My name is Gudrid.

GUDRID smiles with a look of trepidation and confusion.

77. EXT. FOREST — VINLAND — DAY

A felled tree has been cut into individual sections. The men are preparing to haul them down to the settlement.

LEIF is kneeling down and measuring one of the sections with his arm. THORVALD and some of the men stand nearby and watch.

LEIF

We need no more than two ells worth of each section for stowage.

LEIF stands and looks downhill in thought. Suddenly the sound of TYKIR yelling is audible in the distance. THORVALD and the others turn to look in the direction of the sound. LEIF continues to gaze downhill distractedly.

LEIF

You know, we might be able to just roll them downhill--

LEIF leaves off and turns around as the sound of TYKIR'S yelling gets louder and closer.

TYKIR is running down the slope towards them, waving and shouting incomprehensibly. At one point, he stumbles and slides on his stomach before picking himself up again and resuming his course.

THORVALD

What's he on about?

TYKIR runs until he almost collapses into LEIF'S arms. He looks up at LEIF with a strange expression and addresses him in almost a whisper.

TYKIR

There are people here.

LEIF smiles in confusion as if in response to a misunderstood joke.

LEIF

What?

LEIF then looks up in the direction from which TYKIR has just come. LEIF'S expression turns to one of shock and amazement.

The Thule People are walking slowly, en masse, towards the Norsemen.

THORVALD gazes at the Thule with an expression similar to LEIF'S and the others.

LEIF glances over at his men.

The Norsemen are beginning to hold their axes in a defensive posture as the Thule approach.

LEIF addresses his men.

LEIF
Axes at your sides!

LEIF'S men comply, somewhat reluctantly.

TYKIR moves to a position slightly behind and between LEIF and THORVALD.

The Thule approach LEIF, TYKIR, and THORVALD and stand before them. One of the Thule men in front is a handsome man in his thirties with a slight moustache and beard. This is THULE CHIEF. THULE CHIEF turns and shares a significant look with one of the other Thule. He then turns his gaze to LEIF.

LEIF smiles in a friendly but uneasy manner.

LEIF
Are these your lands?

THULE CHIEF responds with the same placid countenance, but appears to be studying LEIF.

LEIF
This is your home.

THULE CHIEF gestures to the ones who carry the animal hides. They proffer the hides.

THORVALD turns to his brother.

THORVALD
Trade?

LEIF again smiles mechanically at the Thule and turns to address his men.

LEIF
All of you return to the settlement now.

LEIF'S men turn and hesitantly begin to make their way downhill.

LEIF turns back and addresses THORVALD and TYKIR.

LEIF

We'll lead them back to the settlement. There are more of us there.

LEIF looks and smiles at THULE CHIEF and inclines his head as if inviting them to follow.

LEIF, TYKIR, and THORVALD turn and begin to walk slowly downhill. After a few paces, LEIF addresses his brother.

LEIF

Are they following?

THORVALD turns and looks back. The Thule People, en masse, are following behind them. THORVALD turns to face forward but stumbles slightly.

THORVALD

Yes.

LEIF

What have we got to trade with?

THORVALD glances at his brother and gestures with his head back at the Thule who follow.

THORVALD

I suppose they'll decide.

78. EXT. NORSE SETTLEMENT - VINLAND - DAY

GUDRID is walking towards the settlement. FIRST WOMAN is following closely behind. The voice of Vinland sings with strange choirs and chimes in the underscoring.

FREYDIS is the first to notice. She stares at the sight of FIRST WOMAN in mystification, and not without a hint of defensiveness in her posture.

FREYDIS then turns to see LEIF'S men from the woods, closely trailed by LEIF, THORVALD, and TYKIR and the Thule People, with THULE CHIEF at the front of his people.

By now, the other Norsemen and women have become aware of the presence of the Thule People, including THORSTEIN. They all

come forward, some affecting a defensive posture similar to FREYDIS; but mostly they just stare in awe.

As they get closer, LEIF motions to everyone to back down in their defensive posturing.

THORVALD smiles in a forced manner and addresses the Norse.

THORVALD

We have guests! Smiles, everyone!

The Norse party from the woods arrives, as does GUDRID and FIRST WOMAN.

The Thule People begin to mingle among the Norse, staring with silent curiosity at the various dwellings and buildings of the settlement, and the Norse wares.

FIRST WOMAN and THULE CHIEF approach one another and share silent but significant looks, as if they are anthropologists studying a new tribe.

THORSTEIN approaches GUDRID to ascertain if she is well. GUDRID leans in and whispers to her husband.

GUDRID

She said my name.

LEIF and THORVALD come up close to their brother and sister-in-law.

FREYDIS remains a few paces away, stunned and bewildered by the Thule People, but also seemingly hostile to their intrusion.

LEIF addresses THORSTEIN and GUDRID.

LEIF

We found them in the woods. Or, rather, they found us.

THORSTEIN

Then we have not been alone here.

LEIF

It would appear so.

FIRST WOMAN points GUDRID out to THULE CHIEF. THULE CHIEF takes notice of her protruding belly, smiles, and bows to her.

THORSTEIN turns and smiles at his wife.

THORSTEIN
You are held in high esteem.

THULE CHIEF motions to the ones carrying the hides to come forward. They once again proffer the hides to the Norse.

LEIF
They wish to trade. What have we got that could be of value to them?

The Thule People offer their hides.

LEIF and his siblings are unsure what to do.

LEIF
Uhhh

LEIF smiles and makes a gesture as if giving permission to the Thule to inspect the settlement.

THULE CHIEF appears to take him up on the offer and begins to look around. He, FIRST WOMAN, and some of the other Thule begin to wander about the settlement, closely followed by LEIF, GUDRID, and the others.

FREYDIS stays at a discreet distance from the Thule, and begins to regard them with disgust.

THULE CHIEF, FIRST WOMAN, and the others approach the smithy and notice a line of short swords lined up against the side of the kiln.

THULE CHIEF'S eyes widen; he smiles at FIRST WOMAN and the others and makes a movement towards the swords.

THORSTEIN
Not the weapons!

LEIF and the others hold their hands up swiftly and shout "No" at the Thule.

THULE CHIEF looks up at the Norse but maintains his stoic manner.

LEIF smiles at THULE CHIEF but shakes his head.

LEIF
No.

THULE CHIEF turns to the other Thule with a raised brow, but maintains his placid countenance.

GUDRID
Maybe we could offer them some of the dairy.

THORVALD
Not the skyr!

GUDRID addresses some of the Norsewomen.

GUDRID
Fetch them a bowl of milk and some cheese.

Two of the Norsewomen go to get the dairy.

Meanwhile FIRST WOMAN shows an interest in the wool garments of some of the Norse.

GUDRID turns to FREYDIS.

GUDRID
Freydis, go get them some wool-spun from the longhouse.

FREYDIS silently frowns at GUDRID, disregarding her request.

GUDRID frowns and turns to one of the other women.

GUDRID
Will you bring some wool-spun for them?

The Norsewoman departs.

One of the other Norsewomen brings a bowl of milk and a block of cheese over to THULE CHIEF, FIRST WOMAN, and some of the other Thule.

THULE CHIEF and FIRST WOMAN drink from the bowl. They grin and laugh, nodding their heads to the Norse, and pass the bowl to the other Thule.

The Norsewoman brings out a pile of woolen garments from the longhouse and hands it to FIRST WOMAN.

The Thule who carry the hides hand them over to the Norse. Everyone exchanges smiles of gratitude.

Suddenly the Norse cow emerges from behind one of the buildings.

The Thule who is drinking from the bowl drops it and stares aghast at the cow.

Suddenly a complete change of behavior comes over the Thule People. They regard the cow with shock and fear and begin to move off, leaving behind the woolen garments on the ground next to the cheese and the bowl of spilt milk.

Despite the efforts of LEIF and the others to calm the Thule with gestures, the Thule People swiftly and unceremoniously move off as a group from the settlement, quickly making their way back to the woods.

The Norse stand and gaze with bewilderment.

The Thule People disappear into the forest.

The Norse all then turn and look at the cow. The cow stands still, chewing its cud with indifference.

Fade to black.

79. EXT. NORSE SETTLEMENT — VINLAND — DUSK

The entire crew is assembled in an area within the settlement grounds. Some sit upon logs, some upon the ground, some leaning upon the structures.

LEIF stands upon a large stone to address the group. GUDRID, FREYDIS, THORVALD, and THORSTEIN stand or sit nearby.

LEIF

I think we all can appreciate the significance of today's encounter. What we thought was untenanted soil has proven to be . . . occupied. We have no idea of their numbers or where they reside.

LEIF gazes up and around at the surrounding wilderness.

LEIF

All we can be certain of is that they know we're here.

THORSTEIN

Why did they wait until now to contact us?

LEIF

They may have been observing us, divining our intentions.

GUDRID

I wonder what gave them purpose to come to us.

LEIF

God knows. However, for now they have shown no acts of hostility or aggression towards our people.

FREYDIS

They wanted our weapons.

LEIF responds with a slight look of impatience or annoyance.

LEIF

They could have seen them as shining baubles. Remember -- these are primitive, uncivilized people.

FREYDIS

They are smelly, hide-wearing creatures. They are devious. How can we trust them?

LEIF turns to FREYDIS.

LEIF

How can we trust anyone?

FREYDIS frowns and looks away, maintaining a haughty silence.

LEIF

Besides, they are apparently terrified of our livestock.

LEIF smirks.

The group breaks out in laughter.

LEIF

Perhaps, now, they will simply leave us alone.

Cut to black.

80. EXT. LAKE SHORELINE - VINLAND - MORNING

Fade in. THORSTEIN sits upon a rise of ground near the shore of the lake.

The knar sits in the water.

THORSTEIN is filing a piece of soapstone. He appears to be carving a small stone cross.

GUDRID, wrapped in a wool coat, approaches from behind. THORSTEIN turns, smiles, and stands to embrace her.

GUDRID

You crept away early, my love.

THORSTEIN pulls the wool coat closely around her.

THORSTEIN

I did not want to disturb you. You and the child must rest.

GUDRID

What great secret pulls you away from our bed at first light?

GUDRID nuzzles THORSTEIN playfully. THORSTEIN bends and picks the cross up from the ground where he laid it. He shows it to GUDRID.

THORSTEIN

For the baby. It is to be a necklace.

GUDRID looks at it. She then gazes at THORSTEIN and places her hand on his cheek.

GUDRID

You needn't hide from me.

THORSTEIN

There is nothing I wish to conceal from you.

THORSTEIN starts filing again.

THORSTEIN

Like our father, my siblings and I are restless. We do not sleep at our ease.

A strange look comes over GUDRID'S face as she gazes out at the knar and the lake.

GUDRID

I dreamt of her again last night.

THORSTEIN pauses and looks at her.

THORSTEIN

Your namesake? She has plagued you many nights since.

GUDRID

Why did she say my name?

THORSTEIN

It troubles you, but you mustn't dwell upon it.

GUDRID

It was as if she was peering inside of me.

THORSTEIN

It was mere mimicry.

THORSTEIN leans in close to GUDRID.

THORSTEIN

I have heard tales of starlings in captivity who could speak their master's name.

GUDRID glances at THORSTEIN and smiles. He puts his arm around her and gently pulls her close.

GUDRID and THORSTEIN stand and look out at the knar and the lake, illumined in the new morning sun.

Fade to black.

81. INT. SMITHY — NORSE SETTLEMENT, VINLAND — DAY

ORIN, the blacksmith, fires his kiln and hammers out metal into the shape of a sword.

A young Norsewoman, SIGRID, peers around the corner of the entrance.

SIGRID

Orin, you can stop work now. The races are starting.

ORIN turns and smiles, his face red and sweaty.

ORIN

Go on ahead, Sigrid. I won't be long.

SIGRID grins and exits.

ORIN turns and hammers some more at the sword.

82. EXT. LAKE SHORELINE — VINLAND — DAY

Several men, including THORSTEIN and LEIF, are engaged in a swimming competition out to the knar.

The rest of the crew stands on shore and cheers.

83. EXT. SMITHY — NORSE SETTLEMENT, VINLAND — DAY

ORIN exits the smithy with a newly-made sword held between iron tongs. He comes around the corner where a line of swords leans against the side of the small round building. Standing next to the swords is a THULE MAN. ORIN drops the sword and the tongs in surprise at the sight of the man.

ORIN

Sweet Jesus!

The THULE MAN stares at ORIN with an eerie serenity, like the others before, but also looks at the swords in earnest attraction.

ORIN forces a smile.

ORIN

Hello.

The THULE MAN smiles back. He then reaches down to take a sword.

ORIN

No! No! It is not permitted!

The THULE MAN takes the sword in hand and looks it over in fascination and pleasure. The blade flashes in the reflected sunlight.

ORIN takes a more threatening stance. He points at the sword in the THULE MAN'S hand, and then points at the ground.

ORIN

Put it down. I will not ask again.

The THULE MAN stands about ten paces from ORIN. The THULE MAN brings the sword high into the air and slowly brings it down until it points directly at ORIN. The THULE MAN continues to smile in a friendly, somewhat playful manner.

ORIN hesitates for a moment and then takes up the nearest sword. He brandishes it threateningly at the THULE MAN.

ORIN

Leave it.

The THULE MAN comes forward a few paces and gently and playfully taps the tip of ORIN'S sword.

ORIN comes forward in a fencing stance and plunges his sword into the belly of the THULE MAN. ORIN then steps back in fright.

The THULE MAN drops his sword and stares down in shock and pain at his wound. As his legs give way, he looks up at ORIN with an uncomprehending look of pain and fear. The THULE MAN'S mouth becomes bloody and he falls to the ground dead.

ORIN stares at the body of the THULE MAN with a look of sheer panic in his eyes, uncertain of what to do.

84. EXT. LAKE SHORELINE - VINLAND - DAY

THORSTEIN, LEIF, and the other swimmers continue out to the knar.

Among the spectators is FREYDIS. A look of boredom soon comes over her face and she turns to go back to the settlement.

85. EXT. NORSE SETTLEMENT - VINLAND - DAY

FREYDIS walks through the deserted settlement, her face deep in thought. She looks up and around at the surrounding landscape. Strange singing voices are audible in the underscoring, accompanied by bells and chimes. An expression of quiet

exhilaration comes over her. She also seems to be listening, as if the musical voice of Vinland is audible to her alone.

86. EXT. SMITHY — NORSE SETTLEMENT, VINLAND — DAY

FREYDIS comes upon ORIN, seated on the ground with his head down, leaning against the entrance to the smithy. He holds his sword out between his legs. The blade is covered in blood.

FREYDIS slowly and cautiously approaches him.

FREYDIS
Orin?

ORIN looks up, startled, his face white with fear.

FREYDIS regards him, and the blade.

FREYDIS
Is there anything wrong?

ORIN responds in a voice choked with fear, almost in a whisper.

ORIN
Something's happened.

87. EXT. SMITHY — NORSE SETTLEMENT, VINLAND — DAY

ORIN brings FREYDIS around the corner and shows her the body of the THULE MAN, lying face down on the ground. FREYDIS looks at ORIN with a strange expressionless face, and then kneels down to scrutinize the body.

FREYDIS lifts the THULE MAN'S left arm gingerly and, after a moment's glance at the bloody ground beneath, lets it drop. She stands up and looks around.

FREYDIS
Has anyone else seen this?

ORIN
No, they've all gone to the races down at the lake.

FREYDIS looks up and around again at the surrounding landscape.

FREYDIS
When did this happen?

ORIN

I'm not sure -- a while ago -- I didn't know what to do--

FREYDIS

Have you seen anymore others?

ORIN

Anymore . . . of *them*? No, no, I haven't.

FREYDIS pauses to think for a moment.

FREYDIS

Right, well, let's bury it.

ORIN is taken aback.

ORIN

Shouldn't -- shouldn't we tell the others?

FREYDIS

No. Let them play. We must dispose of this business at once. Here -- help me.

FREYDIS grabs the THULE MAN'S ankles.

ORIN lays his sword down and grabs the THULE MAN'S arms.

FREYDIS and ORIN pick the body up and carry it in the direction of the woods.

88. EXT. LAKE SHORELINE - VINLAND - DAY

The swimming races continue. THORSTEIN reaches the knar first.

The spectators on the shore let up a huge cheer.

THORSTEIN waves back to the people on shore.

GUDRID waves back, smiling and laughing ebulliently.

THORVALD laughs and applauds. FREYDIS comes up and stands next to him. THORVALD elbows her playfully. She grins at him, applauding. THORVALD turns back to the lake. FREYDIS, still clapping, looks up and around with a pensive, uneasy expression.

THORSTEIN, LEIF, and the other swimmers laugh and wave from the side of the knar.

Fade to black.

89. INT. LONGHOUSE - NORSE SETTLEMENT, VINLAND - NIGHT

Fade in. The sleeping quarters are dimly lit by stone oil lamps. THORSTEIN, his face a strange ashen color, sits and regards the sleeping GUDRID. This is THORSTEIN'S PHANTOM.

GUDRID, lying on her side, moves her head slightly and slowly opens her eyes. She smiles at THORSTEIN'S PHANTOM, and then a look of concern comes over face. She sits up.

GUDRID

Thorstein, what's wrong?

THORSTEIN'S PHANTOM gazes upon her with tenderness and speaks to her in a strange whispery voice.

THORSTEIN'S PHANTOM

God has given us this brief time together.

GUDRID smiles gently but still regards him with concern.

GUDRID

Yes.

GUDRID glances over at FREYDIS.

FREYDIS is asleep in her bunk in a fetal position.

GUDRID turns back to THORSTEIN'S PHANTOM, whose eyes glow otherworldly in the dim firelight.

THORSTEIN'S PHANTOM

After I am gone, you will return to Iceland, and thence go to Rome, where you will see many wondrous things, and be blessed by the Pope. You will then return once more to Iceland, take the nun's habit, and live in peace with our son.

GUDRID stares in wonder and confusion at all that THORSTEIN'S PHANTOM says to her.

THORSTEIN'S PHANTOM turns a wistful gaze to GUDRID'S belly.

THORSTEIN'S PHANTOM

Our son will grow to fine manhood, and beget many bishops.
He will be handsome, strong, and be of good character--

THORSTEIN'S PHANTOM turns his gaze to GUDRID'S eyes.

--and smell of sweetness like the angels.

GUDRID, now trembling, smiles and nods.

GUDRID

I understand.

THORSTEIN'S PHANTOM stands.

GUDRID

Thorstein, please -- don't leave me. Tell me more about
our son.

*THORSTEIN'S PHANTOM smiles sadly and tenderly at her, and then
turns to leave the chamber.*

GUDRID rises to follow him.

90. INT. LONGHOUSE - NORSE SETTLEMENT, VINLAND - DAWN

*GUDRID follows THORSTEIN'S PHANTOM silently past the sleeping
LEIF, THORVALD, and other members of their crew, and into the
main dining chamber.*

*The faint light of dawn glimmers down through the chimney hole.
Mist and faint rings of smoke from dying embers fills the aura
of the light.*

THORSTEIN'S PHANTOM exits out into the dim daybreak.

GUDRID follows.

91. EXT. LONGHOUSE - NORSE SETTLEMENT, VINLAND - DAYBREAK

*GUDRID emerges from the longhouse into the early morning light.
In the far distance, the knar sits in the lake. Surrounding it
are a hundred canoes, each carrying one or two Thule warriors.
White ivory masks conceal their faces. They are stealthily
rowing towards the shore. GUDRID, who is focused on THORSTEIN'S
PHANTOM as he walks from the settlement, does not notice.*

THORSTEIN'S PHANTOM continues to walk away, several yards ahead of her.

GUDRID
Thorstein?

THORSTEIN'S PHANTOM now stands facing the lake.

GUDRID begins to hear the sound of a hundred pairs of sticks banged together. She slowly turns and looks out at the lake.

The Thule warriors are all banging sticks together and making grunting or breathing sounds.

THULE CHIEF, disguised by a mask, sits in a high seat at the rear of one of the canoes. His icy stare is piercing through the eyeholes.

GUDRID stares out at the Thule in horror.

GUDRID
Thorstein?

GUDRID turns to *THORSTEIN'S PHANTOM*, but he is now gone.

GUDRID turns back to face the Thule alone. The sound of the sticks and voices grows louder.

GUDRID speaks in a hollow whisper.

GUDRID
Awake!

The Thule have almost reached the shore, the sounds growing louder.

GUDRID'S voice rises in desperation, her eyes fixed on the invading force.

GUDRID
Awake!

The vanguard of the Thule army reaches the shore, armed with spears. The sound of the Thule sticks and voices is now deafening.

GUDRID screams in terror.

GUDRID
Awake!!

THORSTEIN and others emerge from the longhouse, stumbling out disoriented from sleep, some still in their bedclothes.

THORSTEIN runs to GUDRID and grabs her. His face does not have the ashen color of THORSTEIN'S PHANTOM.

GUDRID turns and stares at him in surprise.

GUDRID
Thorstein?

THORSTEIN replies in a voice steady and fearful.

THORSTEIN
Get to the high ground!

LEIF, THORVALD, and the others burst out of both longhouses.

THORVALD gazes in stunned recognition at the ivory masks of the Thule warriors.

THORVALD
I'll be damned.

Panic and confusion set in among the Norse.

LEIF
Men at arms! Get the weapons!!

A nightmarish disarray of screams ensues among the Norse as the Thule army begins to come ashore.

The Thule charge towards the settlement, their spears held out in front.

THORSTEIN hurries GUDRID out of the settlement towards the far hill at the edge of the forest. GUDRID'S condition keeps them from running at full speed. GUDRID holds her protruding stomach.

Meanwhile the Norsemen and women are taking swords and axes in hand.

LEIF

They're too many! Get to the high ground!!

FREYDIS emerges disoriented from the longhouse and is unnoticed in all the confusion. She stares at the oncoming Thule army with a look of violence in her eyes. She begins to back away to follow the others out of the settlement.

The Norsemen and women run frantically across the meadow towards the far hill.

Meanwhile, the Thule army, having overrun the settlement, is in pursuit. They do not disturb the Norse dwellings in any way, remaining focused solely on following the retreating Norse. Even the cow is ignored.

92. EXT. FOREST HILL - VINLAND - MORNING

Some of the Norsemen and women have reached the steep hill. They begin to climb. Most slip and slide on the grass wet with morning dew. They crawl and climb their way frantically to the top.

LEIF looks back and sees that some of his crewmen are falling behind to face the advancing Thule army.

LEIF

Don't stand your ground! Make for the hill! Save yourself!!

A NORSEMAN is within striking distance of the vanguard of the Thule army, and begins swinging his sword at them.

NORSEMAN

Savages!! Heathen bastards!!

The NORSEMAN is able to hold them at bay until two Thule warriors transfix him with their spears.

THORSTEIN is helping GUDRID to climb the hill. They are roughly at the midpoint to the top. They glance at each other with expressions of fear and determination.

LEIF, THORVALD, TYKIR, and the others are also near the top.

The Thule army is close enough to the retreating Norse that they begin to hurl their spears at the climbers. As one group of

Thule release their weapons, they fall back in military precision to allow the next group to come forward.

Spears graze several of the Norsemen and women.

ORIN is speared through his abdomen. He makes a choking sound and falls backwards down the hill, the spear cracking as he hits the ground.

SIGRID, who is near the top, turns and cries in agony at the sight of ORIN'S death.

Meanwhile a spear impales another Norseman into the hill itself.

A Norsewoman is speared through the upper back, her husband attempting to pull her up. He cries in agony, as another Norseman pulls him away.

Most of the Norse have now reached the top of the hill.

LEIF, THORVALD, THORSTEIN, and GUDRID are all safely at the summit.

The Thule have paused to assess the situation, but they also appear distracted.

THORVALD looks around anxiously.

THORVALD
Where's Freydis?

LEIF
Good Lord!

On the right flank of the Thule army, a small semi-circle has formed around FREYDIS as she stands over the body of ORIN.

FREYDIS holds ORIN'S sword in her hand and gazes at the masked Thule warriors surrounding her, their spears held out in front. She backs away until she is near the bottom incline of the hill, maintaining a semi-circle in front of her.

THORVALD
Freydis!!

FREYDIS and the Thule appear in standoff.

FREYDIS holds her sword out but with a sense of uncertainty. Though she regards her adversaries with hatred in her eyes, she also appears to be in a kind of trance.

The Norsemen and women begin screaming FREYDIS' name.

GUDRID stares down with horror in her eyes.

THORVALD
Oh, Freydis!

The Thule are about to move in for the kill.

Suddenly FREYDIS tears off the top left side of her garment, exposing her left breast.

The Thule halt, appearing confused, yet their eyes regard her steadfastly through their masks.

FREYDIS takes her sword and brings it up to her exposed breast, and begins pushing or tapping at it with the sword in a ritualistic fashion.

The Thule appear troubled, or bewildered.

The Norsemen and women stare down in fascination and wonder at the situation.

The Thule army falls back, turning their gaze from FREYDIS to the Norse crew atop the hill, and steadily retreat. They turn and charge back to the lake.

Meanwhile the Norsemen and women cheer and cry with joy.

FREYDIS, still holding her sword to her breast, gazes at the retreating Thule with a look of malevolence and defiance.

Cross-fade into the next scene.

93. EXT. NORSE SETTLEMENT — VINLAND — DUSK

The dead have been buried.

The crew stands in prayer and contemplation before several mounds, surmounted by large stones. The crewmembers are dressed in formal capes, tunics, and dresses.

The spouses of the dead quietly weep.

LEIF'S head is bowed. He looks up and around at the surrounding landscape in the orange twilight.

The landscape has suddenly assumed a more sinister aspect.

LEIF gazes upon it with foreboding, disquiet, and finally, enmity.

94. EXT. NORSE SETTLEMENT - VINLAND - NIGHT

Armed sentries are posted by torchlight around the perimeter of the settlement.

95. INT. LONGHOUSE - NORSE SETTLEMENT, VINLAND - NIGHT

FREYDIS, her family, and various other men and women are gathered inside the main room of the longhouse. They are eating fish and drinking mead.

FREYDIS stands at the head of the room, smiling with both embarrassment and pride. THORVALD stands next to her and addresses the group.

THORVALD

Full on they came, a hundred strong,
Chanting their heathen song.
Fair Gudrid gave the alarm
And off we ran away from harm.

THORVALD illustrates the last line with comedic miming gestures. There is self-deprecating laughter among the group.

LEIF, GUDRID, and THORSTEIN laugh at themselves.

THORVALD

Away to the hills we fled forthwith,
The heathen savage upon our kith.
To reach the top we crawled and scraped.
We struggled and labored to make our escape.
We reached the summit -- the job was done.
But left behind was Freydis,
Because Freydis doesn't run.

The group cheers and claps.

LEIF, THORSTEIN, and GUDRID laugh and clap joyfully.

FREYDIS laughs and curtseys, and smiles at THORVALD with affection. THORVALD raises his hands for quiet.

THORVALD

They had her surrounded, our sister in peril!
 Their masks were ugly, monstrous and feral.
 Their spears were drawn for the bloody deed.
 We could but cry and scream and plead.
 When all of a sudden, with sword in hand,
 Freydis unsheathed her suckling gland.

The group laughs and cheers.

FREYDIS covers her face in embarrassment, but then lifts her head high.

THORVALD

Now this was an act none could foresee--
 Though the trait doth run in the family--

THORVALD grasps and jiggles his own flabby pectoral muscle.

The group laughs uproariously.

A laughing crewmember turns to SIGRID, sitting next to her. SIGRID stares blankly into space. The crewmember turns back to THORVALD with a more subdued expression.

THORVALD raises a hand to continue.

THORVALD

And to her breast she placed a sword
 And cast them off with nary a word.

The group applauds with approval and shouts of "here, here!"

THORVALD

So let it be spoken far and wide
 Wherever villains plot and hide
 And seek to do mischief 'pon Erik's sons:
 You might chase us
 But Freydis doesn't run.

The group once again cheers and applauds.

THORVALD and FREYDIS hug and kiss each other on the cheek.

GUDRID hands LEIF a crown of orchids. LEIF stands and approaches FREYDIS in a ceremonial fashion.

LEIF

We honor our dear sister, for her courage in defending this settlement, her family, and her people.

LEIF holds the crown up and places it on FREYDIS' head.

FREYDIS gazes at her brother with pride and joy.

The group stands, applauds and chants her name.

After placing the crown on her head, LEIF tenderly embraces FREYDIS. He then cups her cheeks in his hands and smiles at her with brotherly love.

LEIF

You are truly a daughter of the Red.

FREYDIS

Thank you, dear brother.

Fade to black.

96. EXT. NORSE SETTLEMENT — VINLAND — DAY

A rough wooden stockade now surrounds the settlement. Armed sentries stand posted every few yards.

97. EXT. LAKE — VINLAND — DAY

Armed sentries stand guard on the deck of the knar.

98. INT. LONGHOUSE — NORSE SETTLEMENT, VINLAND — DAY

Smoky daylight emanates through the chimney overhead. Most of the crew sits on benches around the fire pit. Because of their numbers, they are crowded together tightly. Among them are THORVALD, THORSTEIN, GUDRID, and FREYDIS. FREYDIS wears her crown of orchids.

Everyone is murmuring to one another when LEIF enters the room. He leans a sword against the wall. One of the crew offers him a mug of ale.

THORVALD

We forgot to invite our forest friends.

LEIF glances at THORVALD with a smirk. He then turns to address the group.

LEIF

Our supply of fresh lumber is exhausted. To return to the forest for more would be too great a hazard. I cannot -- I will not -- risk anymore lives. Not all of us can fend off an army singlehandedly.

LEIF smiles at FREYDIS.

FREYDIS smiles and affects humility.

LEIF

We will stay until the birth of my brother's child. I would set sail tomorrow, but I would not risk a childbirth at sea. However, as soon as the little one comes to us, we will leave this place.

While speaking these lines, LEIF smiles glowingly at THORSTEIN and GUDRID. LEIF then turns his gaze to the floor in a thoughtful manner.

LEIF

We cannot keep our children under guard. We cannot keep them in fear. We owe them this much.

The group pauses a moment in thought.

GUDRID

I wonder why they attacked us. Could they have felt so threatened -- by nothing more than a cow?

LEIF

God knows if that was the reason.

FREYDIS maintains a watchful, stoic expression.

LEIF

But whatever the reason, we can no longer stay here.

THORSTEIN

Will we return?

LEIF turns to his brother with a weak smile and shrugs.

LEIF
God knows.

Cut to black.

99. EXT. NORSE SETTLEMENT - VINLAND - DAWN

Fade in. The guarded stockade surrounds the settlement in the dim morning light.

100. INT. LONGHOUSE - NORSE SETTLEMENT, VINLAND - DAWN

THORSTEIN and his family, along with others of the crew, sit in the main room of the longhouse, as if in vigil. All appear to be sleepless and weary, but expectant. The sounds of GUDRID in labor emanate from the other room.

101. INT. LONGHOUSE - NORSE SETTLEMENT, VINLAND - DAWN

GUDRID is in labor in the sleeping quarters. Two Norsewomen are assisting her. GUDRID lays upon a bench covered in wool and furs. Sweat covers her face as she pushes. Stone oil lamps light the room.

One of the Norsewomen wrings water from a damp cloth and cools GUDRID'S forehead. The other woman gives her a sip of water from a bowl. GUDRID resumes pushing with a wince and a cry.

102. INT. LONGHOUSE - NORSE SETTLEMENT, VINLAND - DAWN

THORSTEIN and his family and crew continue their vigil. Suddenly they hear the sound of an infant cry from the other room. THORSTEIN stands abruptly and gazes with elation at his kinsmen. With THORSTEIN in the lead, they all proceed to crowd through the door into the next room.

103. INT. LONGHOUSE - NORSE SETTLEMENT, VINLAND - DAWN

THORSTEIN enters the room and sees GUDRID lying on the bench, their new baby wrapped in a blanket.

GUDRID smiles at THORSTEIN with exhaustion and elation.

THORSTEIN goes to her and she hands him their baby.

LEIF, FREYDIS, THORVALD, and some of the others crowd into the room. At the sight of THORSTEIN with his child, they all exchange ecstatic hugs.

THORSTEIN looks down at GUDRID.

GUDRID
He's our little boy.

THORSTEIN grins on the verge of tears, casts an excited look at his brothers and sister, and looks down trembling at his son.

THORSTEIN
We will give him the name of his ancestors.

THORSTEIN bends and kisses the baby. He gazes down at GUDRID.

THORSTEIN
He smells of sweetness, like the angels.

GUDRID'S face becomes perplexed momentarily. She then smiles and slowly closes her eyes.

Fade to black.

104. EXT. LAKE SHORELINE — VINLAND — DAY

The crew is preparing to set sail.

The last of the freight is rowed out to the knar in one of the skerries.

The other skerry waits by the shore, filled with THORVALD'S berries, wrapped in cloth sacks.

THORVALD gazes at his berries with a subtle smile of triumph.

The shoreline is littered with other pieces of cargo: chests, casks, sacks. Most of the crew carries swords.

TYKIR approaches LEIF, who stands watchful by the shore.

TYKIR
Should we seal up the stockade -- keep them from getting in there?

LEIF gazes at the stockade in thought.

LEIF

No, don't bother. It doesn't matter.

TYKIR raises a brow, then nods in acknowledgement and wanders off.

FREYDIS is tying up a sack of clothes.

THORSTEIN and GUDRID attend to their child.

Cross-fade into the next scene.

105. EXT. LAKE SHORELINE — VINLAND — DAY

Most of the crew has been ferried out to the knar.

THORSTEIN, GUDRID, their child, LEIF, FREYDIS, TYKIR, THORVALD, and about ten other men and women remain. They are all busily engaged in their respective tasks.

THORVALD looks up and around at the surrounding landscape. He pauses as he catches sight of something.

It is the UNIPED, standing upon a rise of ground near the edge of the forest, about a hundred yards distant.

THORVALD points at it.

THORVALD

See! Do you see it?

The others turn and look with astonishment.

The UNIPED stands like a pole upon the rise of ground. Its staff appears stuck upright in the ground next to it. A drawn bow and arrow is in its hands. Little can be seen of its face. Something about its garment or skin reflects the sunlight.

GUDRID

My God, what is it?

THORSTEIN regards it with astonishment and fear.

THORSTEIN

One-legged--?

FREYDIS stares at it with a sense of foreboding.

LEIF calls to it.

LEIF

I say, hello there! What do you plan to do with that arrow? A bit of hunting?

The UNIPED immediately raises the bow and fires the arrow.

Everyone screams and ducks or hides.

GUDRID and THORSTEIN shield their baby.

A moment later, everyone looks up.

The arrow has pierced THORVALD'S abdomen. He looks down at it.

THORVALD

I'll be damned

THORVALD collapses.

FREYDIS cries out.

The UNIPED grabs its staff and pole-vaults itself towards the forest.

Meanwhile LEIF and the others gaze at the wounded THORVALD in shock.

LEIF then grimaces in rage and frustration.

LEIF

Men at arms!!

LEIF, THORSTEIN, TYKIR, and several other men grab their swords and axes and race off after the UNIPED, which by now has disappeared into the undergrowth of the forest.

FREYDIS, meanwhile, cradles THORVALD in her hands.

GUDRID cradles her baby.

106. EXT. OPEN FOREST — VINLAND — DAY

The UNIPED silently and eerily pole-vaults its way through the forest, alternating the planting of the staff. Little can still be seen of the UNIPED'S face, although its ears appear to be tall and pointed.

Meanwhile LEIF, THORSTEIN, TYKIR, and the others are in fast pursuit, charging through the undergrowth and around the trees at variable distances and yelling to one another.

TYKIR catches sight of the UNIPED towards the bottom of a dip in the forest. TYKIR yells to the others.

TYKIR

I see it!! I see it!!

The UNIPED vaults over a large creek and continues vaulting through a small meadow.

LEIF and the others reach the edge of the creek and pause as the UNIPED disappears once again into the darkness of the forest.

The Norsemen, sweating and panting heavily, watch the UNIPED disappear.

THORSTEIN grabs LEIF'S arm.

THORSTEIN

Let it go. We must attend our brother.

LEIF nods and they turn and hurry back.

107. EXT. LAKE SHORELINE - VINLAND - DAY

LEIF, THORSTEIN, TYKIR, and the others emerge from the forest and approach the lake, where THORVALD remains cradled in FREYDIS' arms.

THORVALD has already begun to cough up blood.

LEIF and THORSTEIN stare at their brother in shock.

At the sound of their approach, THORVALD lifts his head slightly and addresses them in a choked voice.

THORVALD

An excellent marksman. He had a rather fat paunch to shoot through.

THORVALD coughs up a little blood.

FREYDIS caresses his hair and stares at him in distress and fear.

LEIF alights onto the ground, his face a mask of helplessness.

THORSTEIN goes to GUDRID and the child.

They hold vigil a little while longer.

THORVALD periodically coughs and groans in pain.

THORVALD once again lifts his head up weakly.

THORVALD

This is a very fruitful land we have found. But now we must . . . leave it behind.

THORVALD'S body is wracked with spasms. He groans, gazes up at FREYDIS, and passes away.

LEIF stares in shock and agony.

THORSTEIN holds GUDRID and the baby.

FREYDIS stares with disbelief into THORVALD'S lifeless eyes. She pulls him up and holds him close in a tight embrace.

TYKIR and the others bow their heads in grief.

Primal, almost animal, cries of agony erupt from FREYDIS as she embraces and rocks back and forth with THORVALD'S body.

Her cries echo through the trees and across the lake.

Cross-fade into the next scene.

108. EXT. COASTAL WATERS — VINLAND — SUNSET

The knar has set sail and is headed out to sea.

As the shores of Vinland fade from view, FREYDIS, her head still crowned with orchids, stands at the stern and stares with a sullen and beaten gaze at the retreating land.

THORSTEIN and GUDRID cradle and caress their baby. GUDRID looks up at the sea with a face wracked and red with grief.

TYKIR and the rest of the crew go about their business silently, glancing at one another gloomily.

The cow, tethered in the hold once more, looks out to sea, and moans.

LEIF stares out at the sunset, weeping.

Cross-fade into the next scene.

109. EXT. HARBOR — ERIKSFJORD, GREENLAND — DAY

A dark, gray, overcast day. ERIK THE RED, THORBJORN, and HALLDIS come down to the harbor to welcome back their children. ERIK moves slowly with a walking stick, aided by THORBJORN and HALLDIS.

The knar sits anchored out in the bay. The skerries are on shore. Crew and freight are unloaded. Additional skerries row out to the knar.

As ERIK, THORBJORN, and HALLDIS approach, THORSTEIN and GUDRID come up to greet them with their baby. The three take turns coddling and holding up their grandchild.

ERIK, whose expression is elated, hands the baby back to GUDRID and looks around.

ERIK sees LEIF and FREYDIS gazing at him forlornly.

ERIK looks around the harbor as if searching for someone. He turns to THORSTEIN and GUDRID.

THORSTEIN and GUDRID stare back with sorrowful expressions.

THORBJORN and HALLDIS look grave.

THORSTEIN comes over and embraces his father.

LEIF comes over and embraces ERIK as well.

ERIK looks up and out at the sea, his eyes scanning the horizon, his grizzled face aged and aggrieved.

FREYDIS stands near the shore, two cloth satchels in her hand, standing with uncertainty. Her crown of orchids is still atop her head, but it is now wilted. She stares blankly with a hollow gaze at her grieving brothers and father. She looks down, and then slowly turns her head and looks out to sea.

Fade to black.

Title card:

INTERMISSION

110. EXT. OPEN COUNTRY - GREENLAND - DAY

Fade in. A snow-covered landscape, lit by dim winter light. GUDRID and ERIK THE RED sit in the back of a sledge piloted by a servant and drawn by an Icelandic horse. The horse and sledge trudge along through the snow.

GUDRID and ERIK, both wrapped in furs and red-faced from the cold, sit in the back of the sledge in thoughtful silence.

Just then, a rider on a horse approaches from a different direction. This is THORKEK, the farmer. He calls to them.

THORKEK
Hello there!

ERIK has the servant bring the sledge to a stop.

THORKEK rides up.

THORKEK
I thought that was you, Red.

THORKEK nods to GUDRID.

THORKEK
M' lady.

GUDRID nods.

ERIK
This is my daughter-in-law Gudrid. Gudrid, this is Thorkel, who owns the farm over on Lysefjord.

GUDRID
Hello.

ERIK
How goes your family?

THORKEKEL
Grunhild has come down with the fever.

ERIK frowns and glances at GUDRID.

ERIK
Then it has spread throughout the settlement.

THORKEKEL
It is as we feared. How fares your son?

*ERIK frowns again but with a slight twinge, as if in pain.
GUDRID leans in and touches his arm.*

THORKEKEL
What is it, Red?

ERIK
Nothing -- a tedious complaint -- had a bit of a nasty fall.

ERIK collects himself.

ERIK
My son struggles, but he is strong. We have just come back from Herjolfr's farm, where we took Gudrid's parents, and the child. They are free of the fever there, for the present.

THORKEKEL
May God preserve them.

ERIK
I'm sorry to hear of Grunhild. Your wife is hearty, though. She'll pull through.

THORKEKEL
You're very kind, Red. I'll pray for your son. A man cannot afford to lose his sons in such quick succession.

ERIK smiles, though he is evidently still in pain.

ERIK
Many thanks.

THORKEL pauses, sighs, and looks off into the distance.

THORKEL
I hear a seeress is making the rounds of the farms.

ERIK
Such times as these bring them out.

THORKEL becomes emotional, still looking off into the distance.

THORKEL
She'll find no welcome with me. I'll not have black magic on my farm, not with my Grunhild. Not her precious soul.

ERIK and GUDRID regard him pensively but with empathy.

ERIK
Of course.

THORKEL collects himself, and wipes his eyes.

THORKEL
Well, I best be getting back.

ERIK nods.

THORKEL turns and rides off into the snowy wastes.

ERIK signals to the servant to ride on.

The sledge continues on its way.

Cross fade into the next scene.

111. EXT. BRATTAHLID FARM — GREENLAND — DUSK

Snow covers the dwellings of the farm. Smoke drifts up from the chimneys.

A bonfire has been set in a clearing near the barn.

LEIF, garbed in black, stands before the bonfire, staring blankly into the flames. FREYDIS, wearing a black coat lined

with fur, joins him. They are silent for a moment. The sky is darkening blue with the twilight.

FREYDIS

I think we should go back for Thorvald's body.

LEIF does not respond at first. He then turns his head slightly.

LEIF
What?

FREYDIS

When Thorstein recovers -- when the ice breaks -- I think we should go back and get Thorvald's body.

LEIF turns back to the fire.

LEIF
What's left of him.

FREYDIS

If you had let us bring him aboard--

LEIF
We've been over this. I would not risk the child, our lives, by bringing a corpse aboard ship.

LEIF turns to her.

LEIF
A corpse can bring the plague. Have you ever been on a plague ship at sea?

FREYDIS affects a haughty expression.

FREYDIS

If it had been your decision, I would never have gone to sea with--

LEIF
Ah, we've returned to that.

LEIF turns back to the fire.

FREYDIS

Thorvald must be buried in consecrated ground.

LEIF

I have no desire to return to that place.

FREYDIS clenches her mouth in frustration and stares into the fire. LEIF turns to her.

LEIF

Gudrid told me she saw Thorstein's ghost there -- that he spoke to her and prophesied her future. She was quite in earnest.

FREYDIS does not reply. LEIF turns back to the fire.

LEIF

Some demon from the woods murders our brother--

FREYDIS closes her eyes.

LEIF

No, you may go back, if you wish.

FREYDIS

I had hoped we could go back as brother and sister, for Thorvald's sake--

LEIF

I have made my decision.

FREYDIS pauses.

FREYDIS

May I have your ship?

LEIF looks up and out at the harbor.

The harbor is choked with ice.

LEIF

If you can find a ship and crew, I will lend you the longhouses there.

FREYDIS

What's left of them.

FREYDIS glances at LEIF angrily, and walks away. LEIF continues to gaze into the fire.

112. INT. STABLES - BRATTAHLID FARM, GREENLAND - NIGHT

The barn has been emptied of animals and converted into a makeshift hospital. Various servants are tending to other members of the household staff who have been stricken with a severe virus, similar to yellow fever. They are laid out on benches covered in wool and furs. Torchlight and stone oil lamps light the barn.

THORSTEIN is lying on a bench in a stall cleared of everything but his bed. Straw covers the floor. GUDRID and ERIK are with him, seated on stools on either side of the sick bed. Though everyone's breath is visible in puffs, THORSTEIN is sweating profusely, shivering with fever chills.

ERIK gazes at THORSTEIN with an expression between sorrowful concern and pride in his son.

GUDRID holds onto THORSTEIN'S hand.

FREYDIS enters the stall and sits in the corner. She goes unacknowledged by the others. She stares at THORSTEIN with a haunted expression.

THORSTEIN opens his eyes and gazes at GUDRID, his face glazed by sickness.

THORSTEIN
I dreamt of Thorvald.

THORSTEIN'S voice is harsh with the illness and shivering. GUDRID takes his hand in both hands.

GUDRID
Peace, my husband.

THORSTEIN
Is our boy safe?

GUDRID
Yes, he's with his grandparents. They are safe.

THORSTEIN
You should be with them.

GUDRID

My place is here, by your side.

THORSTEIN

The sickness could spread. Our boy can't be orphaned.

GUDRID

This will pass, my love.

GUDRID reaches over to touch his forehead.

THORSTEIN leans over the side of the bed and vomits into a wooden pail. GUDRID holds him.

ERIK and FREYDIS stare on helplessly.

When THORSTEIN finishes vomiting, GUDRID helps him to lie back on the bed.

GUDRID takes a wet cloth and wipes his mouth.

THORSTEIN glances over at ERIK and manages a weak smile.

THORSTEIN

How go your aches and pains, father?

ERIK smiles at his son sweetly.

ERIK

They lament the cold.

THORSTEIN

You should go south when the ice breaks . . . someplace warm

ERIK does not reply, but gazes at his son with a sad smile.

THORSTEIN turns to GUDRID.

THORSTEIN

You must go south as well.

GUDRID

I know.

THORSTEIN gazes at her, his mouth quivering.

LEIF enters the stall. He gazes at THORSTEIN a moment, and then turns to ERIK.

LEIF

Father, the seeress is here. Shall I have her dismissed from the farm?

ERIK continues to gaze at THORSTEIN. He then sighs and turns to LEIF.

ERIK

Let her stay. Give her what she needs.

ERIK turns and looks off distractedly at the floor.

ERIK

They never stay for long.

LEIF

She says she needs someone to help her with her spirit chants.

THORSTEIN grins weakly at GUDRID.

THORSTEIN

Perhaps . . . you could be of service to her.

GUDRID

I won't leave you, Thorstein, not now.

THORSTEIN

Go and see her, my sparrow. Father will attend me.

GUDRID pauses, adjusts his bedding and stands up. She turns and looks back dejectedly at THORSTEIN.

THORSTEIN regards her lovingly from the bed.

THORSTEIN

God has given us this brief time together.

GUDRID replies in anguished silence, and then turns and leaves.

THORSTEIN watches her go, a weak smile on his lips.

113. INT. LONGHOUSE — BRATTAHLID FARM, GREENLAND — NIGHT

The SEERESS enters the longhouse ostentatiously, escorted by a SERVANT of the farm. The SEERESS is a middle-aged woman, and, unlike the other Norsewomen, wears heavy makeup. She wears a long blue lambskin coat inlaid with jewels, a hood lined with ermine, and gloves. Around her waist is a chain-link belt with a pouch attached. She has a haughty and impatient demeanor, and enters the room with an air of immense self-importance.

The SEERESS looks about the room.

Only a few female members of the household staff are present, seated on the various benches around the stone fire pit.

The SEERESS addresses the SERVANT in an imperious tone.

SEERESS

I was led to believe the family would be present.

SERVANT

They are attending to the sick.

SEERESS

Much good it will do them.

The SERVANT shows the SEERESS to a cushioned chair and a small wooden table situated at the head of the room. The SEERESS proceeds to empty strange little trinkets from her pouch onto the table, muttering to herself.

SEERESS

Medicines are useless. Magic's what's best. When will people stop being so fat-headed

The SEERESS situates her trinkets and waits a moment. She turns and addresses the SERVANT.

SEERESS

You said there is one here who knows the ward songs.

SERVANT

She is on her way, ma'am. Her husband has taken sick.

SEERESS

She had better make haste if she wants to keep him.

Just then, GUDRID enters the room.

The SEERESS looks up and addresses the SERVANT.

SEERESS
Is this the one?

SERVANT
Yes, ma'am.

The SEERESS looks at GUDRID a moment.

SEERESS
You are practiced in the spirit chants?

GUDRID
I was taught them as a child.

SEERESS
How fresh are they in your memory?

GUDRID
I believe I know them by heart.

The SEERESS nods approvingly.

SEERESS
Good. Someone around here has her head about her. Take a seat.

The SEERESS gestures to the bench at her left-hand side.

GUDRID sits while the SEERESS points to the bench seat at her right-hand side and addresses the SERVANT.

SEERESS
You -- sit here.

SERVANT
I was told to return to the sickbeds--

SEERESS
You'll do a hell of a lot more good here than cleaning up puke in the barn!

The SERVANT dutifully takes her seat.

The SEERESS takes up the trinkets and begins to shake them around the air, chanting or humming to herself with her eyes shut tight.

GUDRID watches with uncertainty and unease.

After a moment, the SEERESS opens her eyes and sets the trinkets down on the table.

SEERESS

The magic is weak here. The spirits have been driven away.
It will take all our strength to call them back.

The SEERESS holds out her hands to GUDRID and the SERVANT and addresses the group.

SEERESS

Form a circle. Everyone touch hands.

The women in the room all take each other's hands. Because there are so few of them, some of them must stretch their arms out.

The SEERESS turns to GUDRID.

SEERESS

You will lead us in the chant.

GUDRID hesitates.

GUDRID

I am a Christian woman.

The SEERESS nods and closes her eyes.

SEERESS

More the better.

GUDRID turns and closes her eyes, as if trying to recollect something.

The SEERESS holds her head high with her eyes closed.

GUDRID starts chanting the spirit songs. They are of a peculiar melody and are ritualistic in tone.

After a moment, the SEERESS joins in.

Some of the women attempt to join in but are unsure of what to sing.

GUDRID sings clearly despite her exhaustion.

When GUDRID and the SEERESS finish singing, the SEERESS opens her eyes and turns to GUDRID.

SEERESS

You sang them beautifully, my child. Many spirits have been summoned to our aid.

The SEERESS gazes intently into the fire. Her demeanor suddenly changes.

SEERESS

There are other presences here. Why -- why were they called?

The SEERESS looks up and around and gazes with fear and anxiety at the empty doorway to the room.

SEERESS

What? Why are you here? Go to your rest!

GUDRID looks in the direction of the doorway, but no one is visible there.

The SEERESS continues to address the invisible presences in the doorway.

SEERESS

You do this to spite me -- because she is a Christian woman?

GUDRID

I do not see--

SEERESS

I see your husband, and others! There, the farmer's wife, the one who sent me away! I told him what would happen!

All the women continue to hold hands.

GUDRID looks on in fear and confusion.

The SEERESS grows more and more agitated as she continues to address the invisible presences.

SEERESS

Don't accuse me with your stares! I didn't bring this upon you! I walk a thousand miles across these lands just to help these people!

The doorway remains empty.

The SEERESS pleads with the presences.

SEERESS

Please be gone. You'll drive away the spirits again.

The SEERESS continues to gaze at the empty doorway. Her expression changes and she collects herself.

SEERESS

They've gone.

The SEERESS, shaken, grabs up her trinkets from the table.

The women in the room continue to hold hands as if unsure what to do.

SEERESS

I've done all I can do. The spirits aren't welcome here anymore. The dead are too restless.

The SEERESS turns to GUDRID.

SEERESS

The magic is strong within you, young lady. I grieve that you have forsaken it.

The SEERESS gestures to the door.

SEERESS

Go to your husband.

GUDRID gazes at the SEERESS with dread and anguish.

GUDRID then stands and slowly exits the longhouse.

114. EXT. BRATTAHLID FARM — GREENLAND — NIGHT

GUDRID exits out into the winter night.

Here and there, torches flutter in the cold breeze. Lights flicker from the various outbuildings. The area is deserted.

GUDRID hesitantly approaches the barn, as if afraid.

As GUDRID comes nearer, FREYDIS suddenly emerges from inside.

GUDRID pauses.

When she sees GUDRID, FREYDIS pauses as well. She looks at GUDRID with a vacant, wide-eyed expression. FREYDIS then looks aside and continues on her way.

GUDRID watches FREYDIS leave, and then resumes her slow but determined step towards the barn.

GUDRID comes to the entrance, pauses, and peers inside. She lightly enters.

115. INT. STABLES – BRATTAHLID FARM, GREENLAND – NIGHT

GUDRID enters the barn.

Blankets cover the faces of some of the patients lying on the benches.

Two of the servants walk past GUDRID, gazing at her with expressions of compassion and sorrow.

Two other servants tend to the remaining sick.

GUDRID cautiously approaches and peers around the corner of THORSTEIN'S stall.

LEIF sits upon the stool next to the bed. His back is to THORSTEIN. LEIF is hunched over, his face in his hands. ERIK sits facing THORSTEIN as before, his hand in THORSTEIN'S. Neither acknowledges GUDRID'S presence.

GUDRID steps forward to the bed.

THORSTEIN'S lifeless eyes stare up at her. His expression is becalmed.

GUDRID looks upon him with anguish and a sense of resignation. She glances over at ERIK.

ERIK gazes upon his son with an expression of intense grief and intense love.

GUDRID looks back at THORSTEIN.

GUDRID slowly raises her hand as if reaching out to him.

116. EXT. SEA OF ROCKS — NEAR THE SHORES OF GREENLAND — DAY

Flashback:

A close-up of GUDRID'S hand, reaching out of the water. THORSTEIN'S hand comes into frame and takes her arm.

117. INT. STABLES — BRATTAHLID FARM, GREENLAND — NIGHT

GUDRID'S arm falls back to her side.

GUDRID stands in a posture of helpless sorrow before the body of THORSTEIN.

Fade to black.

118. EXT. A CLIFF OVERLOOKING THE SEA — GREENLAND — DAY

GUDRID sits cross-legged on the rock, looking out to sea.

GUDRID'S face is shown in medium close-up. She gazes out to sea in sadness and contemplation.

Cross-fade into the next scene.

119. INT. LONGHOUSE — SOMEWHERE IN THE EASTERN SETTLEMENT — EVENING

The previous medium close-up of GUDRID on one side of the frame cross-fades into a medium close-up of FREYDIS on the other.

With a slight scowl, FREYDIS surveys a room full of boisterous drinkers.

FREYDIS is especially interested in two laughing gentlemen of similar appearance on the opposite end of the room. These are the brothers HELGI and FINNBOGI. They are both dressed ostentatiously in brightly colored wool capes and tunics, their moustaches and beards immaculately groomed. They appear to be young, possibly in their late teens or early twenties.

FREYDIS, dressed in mourning black and carrying a mug of ale out of which she does not drink, approaches them.

As FREYDIS approaches the two brothers and their male companions, the men turn to gaze at her with grins and raised brows.

FREYDIS affects a smile at the two brothers, disregarding the others.

HELGI and FINNBOGI nod to her. FINNBOGI is the slightly taller of the two, although they might be twins.

HELGI

M'lady. Can we be of service to you?

FREYDIS

Yes, I think so.

HELGI and FINNBOGI turn and leer knowingly at their companions.

FREYDIS

Is there some place where the three of us may speak undisturbed?

The two brothers glance at each other. HELGI turns back to FREYDIS.

HELGI

Of course.

HELGI and FINNBOGI turn to their companions.

HELGI

Gentlemen--

The two brothers leave their companions and conduct FREYDIS over to a booth or stall.

They sit, FREYDIS across from them. FREYDIS studies them a moment.

FREYDIS

You are the two Icelanders just arrived from the east fjords?

HELGI

Aye. My name is Helgi, and this is my brother Finnbogi.

FREYDIS smiles haughtily.

FREYDIS

I am Freydis, daughter of Erik the Red.

The two brothers turn to each other with surprise, then turn to face her with star-struck expressions.

FINNBOGI

You're the sister of Leif Eriksson?

FREYDIS

He is my brother, yes.

FINNBOGI

He's the discoverer of those far lands everyone's been talking about.

FREYDIS smiles patiently.

FREYDIS

Yes, my family was the first to build a settlement there.

HELGI

Well, this is something!

FINNBOGI

We love spending time in the company of famous people.

FREYDIS

Mmm-hmm. You--

FINNBOGI

Yes, your father's name is legendary back home in Iceland, especially amongst those of us who relish tales of adventure--

FREYDIS

You have a ship, yes?

HELGI and FINNBOGI share a quick glance.

HELGI

Yes, a knar.

FREYDIS
Worthy of long distances?

FINNBOGI
Oh, she's a fine vessel; a gift from our father.

HELGI
Yes, with it we plan to follow the trade routes of the north seas. But we could scarcely equal the fame of your illustrious brother--

FREYDIS
I wish to hire your ship and crew.

The two brothers glance at each other again.

HELGI
Well -- er, we have only a crew of twenty or so at present, including ourselves, some of the men's wives--

FINNBOGI
Mistresses--

FREYDIS
I will supply the balance of the crew. This will be a major undertaking, and we mustn't be remiss in our preparations.

HELGI and FINNBOGI nod and stare at her a moment with confused grins.

HELGI
I'm sorry, what undertaking is this?

FREYDIS
To the far lands.

HELGI and FINNBOGI continue to stare at her, grinning stupidly.

FREYDIS
Surely you have heard of the immense riches to be found there. If you are as ambitious of wealth and renown as you seem, you will certainly want to pursue this endeavor with me.

HELGI and FINNBOGI pause for a moment and then laugh excitedly to one another.

HELGI and FINNBOGI

Well . . . Yes! -- Yes! -- Of course! -- Certainly!

FREYDIS smiles and nods.

FREYDIS

Good, good!

All three smile, laugh, and nod to one another.

Fade to black.

120. EXT. HARBOR — ERIKSFJORD, GREENLAND — DAY

HELGI and FINNBOGI'S knar lies anchored in the bay. It is similar in structure to the other knars, but is garishly painted and decorated. Two skerries, with black outer hulls, are tethered to its sides.

HELGI and FINNBOGI are along the shore, conferring with several men and women who are preparing cargo. They are elegantly clothed in fine linen clothes ill-suited for seafaring. They cast wary glances over at a larger group of twenty-five men who, along with FREYDIS, are also making preparations for the voyage.

FREYDIS' men are rough and thuggish, with long beards and moustaches as well as clothes less tailored than those of HELGI and FINNBOGI'S people. FREYDIS' men completely ignore the others.

FREYDIS is conferring with a tall dark-haired man with a long moustache and an air of insolence. His clothing is also of a nature less couture than HELGI and FINNBOGI'S. He appears, however, to be very attentive to FREYDIS. This is VARD, the commander of FREYDIS' men.

LEIF, garbed in mourning black, approaches FREYDIS and VARD. FREYDIS nods cordially to her brother. LEIF glances at VARD.

LEIF

Sister.

FREYDIS

Leif, this is Vard, the captain of my men.

LEIF and VARD nod to one another.

Meanwhile HELGI and FINNBOGI have noticed LEIF. They grin and gesture excitedly to one another.

LEIF

Freydis, might I have a word with you alone?

FREYDIS dismisses VARD, who bows to her and walks away.

LEIF

Where did you find him?

FREYDIS

He comes from the Western Settlement.

LEIF

As do his men?

FREYDIS

Yes.

LEIF casts a look at FREYDIS' men as they place cargo in the skerries.

LEIF

Yes, I can see how they would come from that place.

FREYDIS frowns and starts tying a cloth satchel.

Meanwhile HELGI and FINNBOGI, grinning stupidly and eagerly, slowly and hesitantly approach LEIF and FREYDIS.

LEIF

Does this Vard have experience on long voyages?

FREYDIS

He commanded his own longship.

LEIF

Longship? You mean Viking marauders--

LEIF notices HELGI and FINNBOGI.

HELGI

We're sorry to interrupt, but we wanted to introduce ourselves. You're Leif Eriksson, yes?

LEIF smiles cordially.

LEIF

Yes, that's right.

FREYDIS rolls her eyes and continues to fuss with the satchel.

HELGI and FINNBOGI enthusiastically shake LEIF'S hand.

FINNBOGI

We are great admirers of yours.

LEIF smiles politely with his hand on his chest.

FREYDIS

Brother dear, this is Helgi and Finnbogi, the Icelanders I told you about. They are the owners of the ship.

LEIF glances out at the bay.

The garishly painted knar sits in the water.

LEIF turns to the brothers and gestures at the ship with his head.

LEIF

Is that the ship?

HELGI and FINNBOGI gaze out at the knar and then turn back to LEIF with proud, grinning faces.

HELGI

Yes.

LEIF nods, and then glances at FREYDIS with a placid, subtle smile of amusement.

FREYDIS scowls at LEIF.

LEIF turns back to the brothers.

LEIF

Well, then -- Godspeed.

HELGI and FINNBOGI grin and walk back to their crew.

LEIF stands for a moment in awkward silence while FREYDIS finishes with the cloth satchel.

LEIF

Did you say goodbye to our father?

FREYDIS

Yes.

Another awkward pause.

LEIF

Well, then--

LEIF and FREYDIS share a light hug and a kiss.

LEIF

Good luck.

LEIF turns to walk away.

FREYDIS

Thank you.

LEIF walks back up the beach.

VARD comes up and stands next to FREYDIS. FREYDIS takes up the heavy satchel, which VARD takes and carries for her. She smiles politely to him. VARD bows and the two begin walking towards the skerry.

LEIF walks up the beach, hands behind his back, his head down.

Title card:

THIRD EXPEDITION

121. EXT. OPEN SEA - DAY

The knar is tossed about by high winds, pitching waves and driving rains.

One crewmember is struggling to defecate by sitting precariously with his buttocks perched over the side, clinging to one of the lines; the rest of the crew ignores him.

Another crewmember vomits into the ocean.

One of FREYDIS' men and one of HELGI and FINNBOGI'S crew get into a tussle, as the wild weather causes members of the crew to fall into one another.

HELGI and FINNBOGI motion FREYDIS over to the mast pole. All three try to steady themselves by clinging to the lines. The wind, rain, and surf force them to shout to one another.

HELGI

We would like to discuss a matter of some importance with you, seeing as your men number slightly more than ours.

FREYDIS, wearing a black cloak and hood lined with wet fur, stares blankly at them.

HELGI

Yes, well, it has been brought to our attention that some of your men have been ill-mannered and quarrelsome with our people. Er, seeing as your men are guests on our ship, we would like to ask that they be more respectful in the future.

FREYDIS

I will be sure to mention it to them.

FREYDIS turns to walk away but HELGI calls her back.

HELGI

One more thing: exactly how far are these . . . far lands?

FREYDIS pauses and stares at them a moment.

FREYDIS

I'm afraid I don't understand--

FINNBOGI

How much longer till we reach land?

FREYDIS pauses and stares at them a moment.

FREYDIS

It's rather difficult to say, really. It all depends on ocean currents and winds and that sort of thing.

FINNBOGI

You will be sure to tell us when we are close, yes?

FREYDIS pauses and stares at them a moment.

FREYDIS

Yes, I will be sure to tell you

FREYDIS spares them one final glance before turning to walk unsteadily away across the deck.

HELGI and FINNBOGI look around at the sea with apprehension as they cling to the lines.

Cross-fade into the next scene.

122. EXT. SEA OF FOG — NEAR THE SHORES OF VINLAND — DAY

The knar comes into view amidst deep gray fog that completely obscures everything in sight. Visibility is no more than a few yards in any direction. There is no sound but the lapping of the tides against the side of the ship, and the creaking of its timbers.

FREYDIS stands motionless at the bow, wrapped in her black cloak and fur-lined hood, peering intently out into the fog. VARD stands a few feet behind her, attentive.

The rest of the crew stand or sit in fear or expectation.

HELGI and FINNBOGI glance about nervously at the wilderness of fog. They both appear weary and exhausted.

FINNBOGI speaks anxiously to no one in particular.

FINNBOGI

We've been in this morass for days. Do we even know in which direction we're heading anymore?

FREYDIS ignores him and continues to scan the fog. She also appears to be listening for something.

HELGI comes over to his brother and speaks to him in a low but angry voice.

HELGI

If we hadn't agreed to this silly business, we wouldn't be out here in God knows where--

FINNBOGI

Perhaps you should show a little less enthusiasm the next time a lady asks you to do something--

HELGI

If you even think of holding me to blame me for this--

FREYDIS

Shut up, both of you!

HELGI and FINNBOGI frown indignantly at her, and remain silent.

Faint choir voices murmur in the underscoring, but also appear to be audible to FREYDIS as well. She listens with focused intensity.

FREYDIS

Do you hear it?

HELGI pauses for a moment, unsure if he should answer.

HELGI

Hear what?

FREYDIS

The lands. They are singing to us.

FINNBOGI

What? What did she say?

FREYDIS moves forward until she is almost up on the curve of the bow.

VARD comes forward to hold her steady. She waves him away with her hand.

VARD steps back.

FREYDIS peers into the fog with eyes ablaze.

The crew stands stiff with uncertainty. The faint choir sounds fade.

Suddenly, out of the fog, an enormous cliff face presents itself dead ahead.

FREYDIS
Helmsman!!

The entire crew suddenly springs to life in panic.

Voices shriek in a confused howl as two oarsmen race forward.

FREYDIS stumbles back from the bow into VARD'S arms. She pushes VARD away and begins ordering the crew.

FREYDIS
Hard a-port!!

The helmsman pushes the rudder hard to the right as the oarsmen attempt to back the ship away from the oncoming cliff face.

Slowly and laboriously, the ship is simultaneously turned to port and backed off from the cliff.

The ship tilts to the side with the force of the crew's exertions, causing those on deck to fall and stumble off balance.

FREYDIS glances up and glimpses pine trees through the mist and fog at the top of the cliff.

FREYDIS
This is it! This is it!

FREYDIS addresses the oarsmen and helmsman.

FREYDIS
Keep us even with the shoreline!

HELGI approaches FREYDIS with an exasperated expression.

HELGI
This is madness! Our ship was nearly wrecked! We all could have drowned!

FREYDIS stares at him blankly.

HELGI

Now I am the owner of this ship--

HELGI gestures at FINNBOGI.

--we are the owners of this ship, and we demand that our ship be anchored here while we wait for this fog to lift!

FREYDIS stares at HELGI in silence a moment.

HELGI waits, attempting to hold himself up high.

VARD remains nearby, watchful.

FREYDIS then replies with a measured malice in her voice.

FREYDIS

As you wish, captain.

Cross-fade into the next scene.

123. EXT. LAKE SHORELINE - VINLAND - DAY

The knar has arrived at the Norse settlement. A small contingent, including FREYDIS, VARD, HELGI, and FINNBOGI make their way to shore in the skerries.

FREYDIS scans the area of the shoreline where THORVALD was killed.

There is nothing visible on the shore.

Meanwhile HELGI and FINNBOGI gaze with foreboding at the settlement in the distance.

The stockade appears to be partially in ruins.

FINNBOGI yells to FREYDIS in the other boat.

FINNBOGI

Why is there a stockade surrounding your brother's longhouses? You didn't say anything about a stockade.

FREYDIS ignores FINNBOGI and continues to scan the shore, her expression gradually and subtly changing to one of despair. VARD watches her with concern.

HELGI addresses his brother.

HELGI

I suppose we should just accept the fact that to her, we're simply a nuisance.

FINNBOGI

I don't like this, Helgi, I really don't like it. She said nothing about a stockade.

FINNBOGI observes the dilapidated condition of the stockade.

FINNBOGI

And a poorly managed one, at that.

FREYDIS leans back in the boat with a look of quiet anguish and resignation. VARD, seated behind her, hesitates before placing a hand on her shoulder. FREYDIS does not acknowledge the gesture, nor does she wave it off.

The skerries come ashore.

FREYDIS steps from her boat and walks with a reverent step over to the area of THORVALD'S killing. She falls to her knees and breaks down weeping.

VARD finishes tying the boat and comes over to her.

HELGI and FINNBOGI alight from their boat and look at her with concern and confusion.

FREYDIS leans over and gently touches the ground where THORVALD fell. She pulls up a piece of the turf and kisses it.

HELGI

Something happened here.

FINNBOGI

Oh, well, you're a bright one.

HELGI disregards FINNBOGI'S remark and looks up and around at the surrounding landscape.

The trees are changing with the onset of autumn.

VARD comes up behind FREYDIS, bends, and places both hands on her shoulders. FREYDIS recoils at his touch.

FREYDIS

No.

VARD backs off.

FREYDIS collects herself, stands, and approaches HELGI and FINNBOGI. She addresses them with forced politeness, her face still wet with tears.

FREYDIS

Right, well, let us go and see what has been left for us.

FREYDIS proceeds out of frame towards the settlement.

HELGI and FINNBOGI turn as she walks away and regard her with bewilderment. They cast a quick glance at VARD, and then follow FREYDIS.

124. EXT. NORSE SETTLEMENT - VINLAND - DAY

FREYDIS, HELGI, and FINNBOGI enter the stockade settlement area; VARD waits just outside.

Like the surrounding stockade, the longhouses and other buildings are dilapidated and partly in ruins.

Roofs and walls are caved in and debris from within the structures is strewn around the ground.

Also present are piles of rotting fish carcasses and piles of animal excrement.

FREYDIS stares with intense anger and frustration at the ruined settlement. She then smiles sardonically and shakes her head.

FREYDIS

Oh, that brother of mine.

HELGI and FINNBOGI flinch and are disgusted by the smell.

FINNBOGI

This is horrid! Are you proposing that we spend the winter here?

FREYDIS, as usual, ignores him. She begins sniffing the air.

FREYDIS
Do you smell that?

FINNBOGI grimaces.

FINNBOGI
What, the animal shit?

FREYDIS turns and gazes around at the vicinity with an unsettling look on her face.

FREYDIS
No. Them.

HELGI
(after a pause)
Are there people here?

FREYDIS replies with an enigmatic frown.

HELGI
Dangerous?

FREYDIS spares them a glance and walks past them out of the settlement.

HELGI and FINNBOGI turn and watch her leave.

VARD stands at the entrance, eyeing them.

HELGI and FINNBOGI stare back with looks of defiance.

VARD turns and follows FREYDIS.

Cross-fade into the next scene.

125. EXT. COASTAL WATERS - VINLAND - DUSK

The knar proceeds south down the coast, a quarter-mile out from the shoreline.

FREYDIS gazes with a piercing stare out at the coastline.

HELGI and FINNBOGI sit at the stern.

VARD eats porridge with his fingers from a clay bowl.

The crew is taciturn; some are asleep. The two groups are already showing an inclination towards separation.

FREYDIS sees something in the twilight. She points towards the shoreline.

FREYDIS

See! Do you see it?

Everyone comes to starboard side and looks out with interest at the shoreline.

In the distance, what appears to be the wreckage of a knar is moored on rocks near the shore.

FREYDIS addresses the crew.

FREYDIS

Take us in closer!

The helmsman and the oarsmen ply the currents and bring the knar in closer to the wreckage.

FREYDIS

Keep us clear of the rocks!

HELGI turns to FINNBOGI.

HELGI

Maybe there are survivors.

FINNBOGI

Do we have room for them?

HELGI leans in to his brother and addresses him in a low voice.

HELGI

They might help us to even our numbers a bit.

As the knar gets closer to the wreckage, what appear to be carvings are visible along the wrecked ship's prow.

FREYDIS raises her hand.

FREYDIS

Stop! This is close enough! Someone fetch me the glass!

VARD hands FREYDIS a wooden telescope. She turns it towards the wreckage.

Through the eyepiece, FREYDIS can see large ritual runes carved along the prow. They are identical to the ones FRODI carved on the prow of the pagan ship. No survivors are visible.

FREYDIS brings the eyepiece down and stares contemplatively at the wreckage.

HELGI and FINNBOGI share glances of disappointment. They turn and look south with increased fear and anxiety.

The knar continues on its way south past the wreckage, as the twilight darkens.

Fade to black.

126. EXT. COASTAL WATERS - VINLAND - DAWN

Fade in. A steady, ominous, insistent drumbeat in the underscoring. Along a cliff facing the sea, a group of inuksuk sculptures stands like sentinels, bathed in the early morning light. The sculptures are composed of various large stones laid atop one another to resemble human figures, with arms and legs. They are discernible from the deck of the knar.

The Icelanders, including HELGI and FINNBOGI, gaze up at them in a drowsy bewilderment.

VARD and his men regard them in stunned silence.

FREYDIS, wrapped in a black woolen shawl, stares up at the inuksuk figures with a piercing gaze filled with violent loathing.

The sculptures stand like totems in the dawn light.

Cross-fade into the next scene.

127. EXT. COASTAL WATERS - VINLAND - DAY

A set of three canoes are parked on a grassy knoll overlooking the sea. They are visible from the knar. Also discernible are three figures lying in hide sacks nearby.

FREYDIS gazes at them with hatred and decisiveness. She turns to VARD at her side.

FREYDIS

Hold the ship here. Select three men and prepare one of the skerries. Be quiet about it.

HELGI addresses FREYDIS.

HELGI

Is this necessary? For heaven's sake, we have been drifting south along this coast for days. Now we *must* set in and make shelter, or return to Greenland before the ice comes!

FREYDIS disregards HELGI and addresses VARD.

FREYDIS

Bring the axes!

HELGI

Now, see here, Freydis Eriksdottir, you have treated us with the meanest of contempt since first we set sail! Now this is our ship and we insist you leave these savages alone! We have no time to satisfy your blood feud!

FREYDIS turns to HELGI and studies him with fierce eyes for a moment.

HELGI regards her with anxiety, his lower lip trembling slightly.

FREYDIS

It came to me once that I have the will. I stood at the base of a mountain and bore my breast to the sword. I was the one who did not flinch or yield, while they, like you, staggered and crawled yet called themselves men!

HELGI

You're a mad woman. How we could ever have agreed to this--

FREYDIS

Your meek tremors will neither shame nor still my hand, Icelander! I will take the arrow that felled my pillar of joy and place it within the eye of those mongrels! You will bear witness to this consecration, and you will know what it means to fear God and his children!

HELGI stares at her in stupefaction.

FREYDIS turns and is helped over the side and down into the skerry by VARD. Along with three of VARD'S men, they begin rowing to shore.

The crew watches from the deck, the Icelanders on one end, VARD'S men on the other.

128. EXT. COASTAL WATERS - VINLAND - DAY

The skerry, with its crew of five, makes its way stealthily to shore.

FREYDIS sits at the front of the boat.

From FREYDIS' point of view, the three individuals in the hide sacks appear to be sleeping soundly.

129. EXT. COASTAL WATERS - VINLAND - DAY

The Icelanders stand or mill about with anxiety as they watch the skerry make its way to shore.

HELGI paces with his hands behind his back.

VARD'S men watch the skerry in quiet anticipation.

130. EXT. OPEN SHORELINE - VINLAND - DAY

The skerry reaches the shore, and the crew disembarks and hauls it up onto land.

Quietly they make their way across the sand to the grassy knoll.

Three young Thule men are sleeping soundly inside three hide sacks. Their hair is long and black and they are each wearing a kind of tunic.

VARD and his men stand above them. VARD nods to his men and they kick at the feet of the three Thule men.

The Thule men immediately awake and stare up in shock at the Norsemen. They sit up but freeze as VARD'S men brandish their axes.

VARD steps aside and FREYDIS comes forward. She glares at them with a grin of severe malevolence and addresses them in a voice filled with joyful hate.

FREYDIS

We meet again. Do you remember me? I remember you.

The Thule men stare at her silently in fear and incomprehension.

FREYDIS

Yes, you are as quiet and deceitful as I remember. Stinking, fetid, brown-skinned, and full of bile! I smelled you; I knew you had come. I know you took him away. You polluted that sacred ground with your banditry, and now you rest here like little boys after games!

FREYDIS affects a solemn demeanor.

FREYDIS

You are God's mistake, but I will correct that. As you sent your demon to dispatch us, so my sailors will dispatch you.

FREYDIS steps back and allows VARD and his men to come forward and begin hacking at the Thule men with their axes.

FREYDIS purses her lips and twists her face up into an expression of purpose.

131. EXT. COASTAL WATERS - VINLAND - DAY

The crew of the knar watches the massacre from afar.

The Icelanders variously watch in horror and disgust or turn their heads away.

FINNBOGI turns away.

HELGI gazes with revulsion and resignation at the massacre. HELGI then looks over at VARD'S men.

They gaze with satisfaction at the massacre on shore. One or two look over at HELGI with arrogant, intimidating smiles.

HELGI glances aside.

132. EXT. OPEN SHORELINE - VINLAND - DAY

VARD and his men finish their work. They are dappled in blood. They turn and move past FREYDIS towards the skerry. FREYDIS gazes at the murder scene with an air of haughtiness and finality. She then turns and follows the men to the boat.

Cross-fade into the next scene.

133. EXT. ST. LAWRENCE RIVER - VINLAND - DAY

The knar moves slowly and languorously, almost without purpose, down a large river.

The two groups on board are separate from one another. VARD'S men appear to have commandeered the ship, while the Icelanders huddle together near the stern. VARD'S helmsman stands behind them, looking down on them with a smile of contempt.

A grim mood prevails over all of them. The bells and choirs in the underscoring are mournful and unsettling.

134. INT. SHIP'S HOLD - ST. LAWRENCE RIVER, VINLAND - DAY

FREYDIS is sleeping under a wool blanket on a bench covered in furs. Her breathing is steady and audible. The movements and occasional voices of the crew are audible in the background.

135. EXT. VARIOUS LOCATIONS - VINLAND - DAY

FREYDIS' dream:

Throughout FREYDIS' dream, the sounds of her breathing and of the ship and crew continue to be audible.

In choppy images, FREYDIS stands alone on a different knar, floating down a much narrower river between high canyon walls.

A brief image of THORVALD laughing with THORSTEIN.

An image of the sun with its bright aura.

A brief POV image of the masked Thule army converging on her with their spears drawn. FREYDIS' breathing jumps and the voices on deck grow louder.

FREYDIS' walks slowly across a log that traverses a small chasm. She wears a crown of orchids upon her head.

LEIF, GUDRID, and others from the Second Expedition stand around solemnly watching her.

A deep layer of excrement covers the chasm floor below.

On the opposite end of the log, ERIK THE RED kneels and gestures to FREYDIS to come forward. His expression is one of intense pleading and distress. The voices of the crew on deck grow in alarm, along with the sound of footsteps racing across deck.

FREYDIS continues to navigate the log. Her expression is trance-like.

Her foot slips on the log and she falls.

136. INT. SHIP'S HOLD — ST. LAWRENCE RIVER, VINLAND — DAY

FREYDIS is jarred out of sleep by a loud thump on deck and the cries of the crew. FREYDIS adjusts herself to her surroundings and throws off the blanket.

FREYDIS goes to the stairs and squints up at VARD.

VARD stares down at her with an expression of alarm.

FREYDIS quickly climbs the stairs to the deck.

137. EXT. ST. LAWRENCE RIVER — VINLAND — DAY

FREYDIS emerges on deck. Most of VARD'S men and all of the Icelanders are crowded at the stern looking out at something behind the ship.

FINNBOGI

Good God, there must be hundreds of them!

FREYDIS pushes people aside and looks off the stern.

In the far distance, at least a hundred canoes are converging upriver on the knar.

FREYDIS gazes at them with burning rage.

HELGI

Can we outrun them?

HELGI addresses VARD'S men in a voice wracked with fear.

HELGI

Make sail, for Christ's sake!

VARD is already silently commanding the men to work the lines of the mainsail.

Meanwhile the oarsmen are furiously plying the water.

138. EXT. ST. LAWRENCE RIVER - VINLAND - DAY

An army of Thule warriors is converging upstream towards the knar. All of the Thule warriors are wearing ivory masks and are rowing with a steady speed toward the knar in the far distance ahead.

In one of the larger of the canoes, THULE CHIEF sits masked in his raised seat at the rear of the canoe. Wooden balance runners flank the canoe on either side. THULE CHIEF stares straight ahead, his head down slightly and his eyes visible through the eyeholes in the mask, with a purposeful and angry gaze.

139. EXT. ST. LAWRENCE RIVER - VINLAND - DAY

HELGI and FINNBOGI are frantic on the deck of their knar.

HELGI

They've got us going upstream against the current! We need to get out of the river!

VARD'S men continue to work the rudder, oars, and sail.

The canoes continue to close the distance.

*FREYDIS glares at the oncoming Thule army with hate and fury.
FINNBOGI harangues her.*

FINNBOGI

Proud of yourself, Freydis Eriksdottir? Your lunacy is now about to reap its reward--

FREYDIS

Be silent, you imbecile!!

FINNBOGI

Witch!! Mangy whore!!

FREYDIS reels around and slaps FINNBOGI across the face.

FINNBOGI makes to strike her.

VARD comes forward and takes FINNBOGI in a severe wrestler's hold from behind.

HELGI comes forward and attempts to get FINNBOGI out of VARD'S grasp.

Some of VARD'S men comes forward and join the brawl, as do some of the Icelanders.

Meanwhile the Thule army continues to close fast.

FREYDIS screams at the brawlers.

FREYDIS

You dim-witted fowl! Don't you know these heathen can be scared off with but a gesture of the sword?

FREYDIS physically forces the men apart.

FREYDIS

Get to your weapons, if indeed you are men!

FREYDIS takes VARD'S short sword from its sheath and goes back to the stern.

The Thule army continues to close in. They are now within a few hundred yards of the knar.

The oarsmen continue to ply the waters vigorously. Exhaustion shows on their faces.

FREYDIS addresses the crew.

FREYDIS

Arm yourselves, and keep watch for a way out of the river!

The sail catches the breeze but the race against the current slows down the knar.

The Thule army is now a hundred yards out from the knar.

THULE CHIEF assesses the ship. He is within the vanguard of the Thule army. Within his canoe are two rowers and a spearman. The other canoes all contain rowers and spearmen.

Women also number among the Thule army. All are wearing ivory masks.

Some are wearing the high-collared hide coats; the spearmen and many of the rowers are wearing simpler hide tunics.

The crew of the knar, now armed with swords and axes, takes up positions along the sides.

The Thule are now within striking range.

FREYDIS glares back at the advancing Thule.

THULE CHIEF raises his arm and points a decisive finger at the knar.

The first spearman rises up and hurls his spear.

The spear strikes the hull of the ship just off the stern.

THULE CHIEF points a finger and another spear is lobbed at the knar.

This spear wings the ship portside as several crewmembers fall aside to avoid it. It lands in the back of one of VARD'S men along the starboard.

FREYDIS pulls herself up onto the top of the stern and screams at the Thule army.

FREYDIS

Villains!! Dogs!! You're the worst of God's creatures!!

THULE CHIEF glances up and regards FREYDIS with curiosity.

Meanwhile the Thule hurl more spears at the crew, which is now cowering down within the sides of the ship.

VARD pulls the spear from his dead crewman and hurls it back at the Thule.

Some of the Thule canoes are now nearly side-by-side with the knar.

FREYDIS descends back onto the deck and looks out at the Thule.

FREYDIS and THULE CHIEF lock eyes.

THULE CHIEF holds his fist to his chest and makes a slight bow to her.

FREYDIS grabs one of the spears that fell on deck and hurls it at him.

THULE CHIEF ducks as it hits the water behind him.

One of the Thule hurls another spear, this time at the sail. It tears a hole through the bottom.

HELGI hollers to no one in particular.

HELGI

They'll tear us to ribbons!! We have no chain-mail!! We can't withstand this barrage!!

A few more spears pierce the hull above the waterline. They remain embedded in the hull, sticking out from the boards.

Other spears continue to rain down on deck.

One of the male Icelanders is speared through the thigh.

One of the oarsmen is showing signs of fainting.

At this point, a few of the Thule canoes have reached the side of the ship; the spearmen attempt to climb aboard.

VARD'S men and the Icelanders slash at them with their swords.

A few of the Thule are killed or wounded and fall back into the water.

Other Thule make their way onto deck and use their spears to do battle with the Norsemen. They are eventually overpowered and thrown back overboard.

The oarsman at the bow faints from exhaustion and slumps backward onto the deck.

The ship begins to drift.

The other oarsman screams for assistance.

One of the other crewmen runs up and grabs the oar.

A Thule canoe has reached the stern. The spearman stands up and jams his spear down into the water.

The HELMSMAN peers around the side and sees this.

HELMSMAN

They're making for the rudder!

FREYDIS

Hard a-starboard!!

The helmsman and oarsmen comply.

The knar clips several of the canoes in the process of turning and plows into several more, sending several Thule warriors into the water.

A CREWMAN looks off to starboard and sees a small tributary up ahead that empties into the larger river. He points at it.

CREWMAN

There! An outlet!

FREYDIS and several of the crew who aren't cowering along the deck turn to look. FREYDIS addresses the crew.

FREYDIS

There!! Take us through there!!

FINNBOGI

They can still follow us!!

The knar continues to work its way towards the tributary.

Several Thule canoes attempt to head it off.

One of the Thule warriors leaps out onto one of the oars.

The oarsman points and hollers as the Thule warrior climbs onto the deck.

VARD races over and slashes the throat of the Thule warrior who falls back into the water.

140. EXT. TRIBUTARY - VINLAND - DAY

The knar navigates its way through the narrower side river. Several canoes continue to harass it but the bulk of the Thule army has fallen back.

The knar has several spears sticking out of its sides. The sail has a large tear along the bottom but still manages to catch the breeze.

Most of the crew continues to cower below the sides of the deck.

The spearmen in the Thule canoes are no longer firing their implements. The Thule army appears to be driving the knar onward.

THULE CHIEF sits in his chair and stares forward through his mask at the retreating knar. His eyes are stern and focused.

As the knar gets close to a narrower portion of the river, THULE CHIEF suddenly raises his arm. All of the Thule rowers stop and the Thule army slowly drifts back.

FINNBOGI cowers next to the helmsman along the stern.

FINNBOGI slowly pokes his head around the corner and sees the Thule army falling back.

FINNBOGI

They're falling back! Praise God, they're falling back!

The crew stands and looks back.

The Thule army retreats further and further.

The Norse crew lets out a cheer, except for FREYDIS, who frowns at the retreating Thule with suspicion.

FINNBOGI

I knew if we held out long enough, we'd outlast the bastards!

HELGI addresses whoever will listen.

HELGI

We need to find a way back to the main river! We could be lost in this place forever!

FINNBOGI

We need to go home! This debacle has been fruitless and--

FINNBOGI is interrupted by a large black steaming cylindrical projectile that flies out of the forest along the shore.

The projectile lands in the water just shy of the bow with a loud hissing sound.

The crew once again flies into a panic and ducks down along the sides of the deck.

More projectiles start flying out of the woods at the knar.

FINNBOGI

They have catapults, for God's sake!!

HELGI

They trapped us!! I -- I can't believe those savages actually trapped us!!

The oarsmen continue to ply the waters while others work the sail.

Various projectiles hit the water inches from the hull.

The helmsman moves the rudder back and forth in an attempt to dodge the projectiles.

The knar veers back and forth through the water.

FREYDIS screams at the helmsman.

FREYDIS
Stay in midstream!

One of the projectiles hits the portside skerry.

FREYDIS peers over the side and looks down at it.

FREYDIS screams at HELGI who is cowering along the starboard.

FREYDIS
It's tar! One just struck the skerry!

HELGI
The skerry is lined with tar!

FREYDIS
What?

HELGI
I said, the skerry is lined with tar already! However, if one of their missiles hits the hull we may have some problems--

One of the projectiles lands in the middle of the deck.

The crew begins screaming and yelling incoherently.

Another projectile hits the portside oarsman, searing his flesh. He screams and tumbles into the water.

Once again the knar drifts as another of VARD'S men commandeers the oar.

One of VARD'S men is dumping water from a barrel onto the steaming tar on deck.

Another projectile hits the carved dragon atop the bow.

Gradually the catapults cease as the knar moves into a wider part of the river.

The crew slowly rises and looks back.

The river is calm now. The woods surrounding them are silent.

Cross-fade into the next scene.

141. EXT. ESTUARY - VINLAND - DAWN

The knar sits anchored within a small estuary. It bears the scars of the recent battle. The sail has been patched where it was torn. The knar sits shadowed in the gray light of dawn.

142. EXT. SECOND NORSE SETTLEMENT - VINLAND - MORNING

Two ramshackle longhouses have been hastily thrown together in a dell surrounded by woods on three sides, the fourth side looking out to the estuary. The longhouses are at a discreet distance from one another. Guarding one are two of VARD'S men; this is FREYDIS' longhouse. Guarding the other are two of HELGI and FINNBOGI'S men; this is the Icelanders' longhouse.

The two men in front of the Icelanders' longhouse are cooking scraps of meat over a small fire. Both are armed with short swords. One of the guards sits on a stump of wood; the other stands over the fire. Both are wrapped in dirty furs. The seated guard glances over at the guards in front of FREYDIS' longhouse.

One of FREYDIS' guards stands with his back to the Icelanders and urinates in a large arc. The other sits on a log, leaning with both arms on the butt of his ax handle, staring at the two Icelanders with a smile of intimidation.

The two Icelanders glance fearfully at one another and turn back to the fire.

A moment later, the Icелander who is standing looks up and steps back with his sword raised. The other Icелander looks up at his comrade and then looks quickly over at the other longhouse.

VARD'S men stand with their axes ready as FREYDIS, wrapped in a black woolen cloak, approaches the Icelanders.

The seated Icелander stands up brandishing his short sword.

FREYDIS walks up to them. Her hair is mangy and her face sallow and pale with severely chapped lips. She addresses the two Icelanders.

FREYDIS

I wish to speak to Helgi.

One of the guards glances warily at the other and then enters the Icelanders' longhouse.

While they wait, FREYDIS and the other Icelander share an icy glance.

The Icelander looks away.

A moment later, HELGI and the guard emerge from the longhouse. HELGI regards FREYDIS for a moment in silence.

FREYDIS

May I speak to you in confidence a moment?

HELGI, dirty and tired, scratches the side of his face. He then gestures with his hand in the direction of the woods.

FREYDIS turns and walks towards the woods.

HELGI glances back at his men and follows.

143. EXT. WOODED AREA - SECOND NORSE SETTLEMENT, VINLAND - MORNING

FREYDIS and HELGI arrive at a secluded area at the edge of the woods in view of the longhouses.

HELGI leans against a tree and yawns, pulling his cloak about him.

FREYDIS regards him for a moment with a stoic, exhausted gaze.

FREYDIS

I have spent the better part of the last several days and nights thinking that we might come to some kind of armistice.

HELGI

I didn't know we were at war.

FREYDIS

There has been ill-will.

HELGI laughs with irony.

HELGI

We are no match for your ill-will, Freydis Eriksdottir.

FREYDIS

Then you wish to be the instigator of--

HELGI

I wish to leave this place! This voyage, which you promised would bring us wealth and fame, has thus far brought us nothing but terror and indignity! Our people have been abused, terrorized -- our property has been taken -- we have been attacked -- we find ourselves holed up in this forest, hiding from savages who could overwhelm us at any time--

FREYDIS sneers at him.

FREYDIS

You are a toothless, frail little weasel--

HELGI

--you are easily the most unpleasant creature I have ever encountered! You are full of lies and deceit and treachery, and now you ask for favors!

FREYDIS

(after a pause)

You are taking the ship?

HELGI stands up straight and looks her in the eye.

HELGI

That ship is *ours!* You and those . . . beserkers you call your men will no longer commandeer our property. We are leaving this place, *now*, before the ice comes!

FREYDIS glares at him.

FREYDIS

And you intend to leave me here?

HELGI shrugs.

HELGI

That all depends on you.

HELGI walks back to the longhouses, leaving FREYDIS to glare at nothing.

144. EXT. WOODED AREA — SECOND NORSE SETTLEMENT, VINLAND — MORNING

A hazy sun shines down through the trees.

FREYDIS squats on the ground beside a large oak tree, as if defecating or giving birth; her hands clutch her kneecaps. She stares into space in a silent frenzy, her eyes straining as if she is trying to force something out of her body.

As the sun's glare touches her, FREYDIS looks up and a strange calm comes over her. Her face contorts into a stoic yet harrowing, wide-eyed gaze.

145. INT. FREYDIS' LONGHOUSE — SECOND NORSE SETTLEMENT, VINLAND — MORNING

VARD lies asleep in FREYDIS' longhouse on a makeshift wooden bench covered in dirty fur and animal hide. Dim dusty sunlight filters down through the chimney.

VARD'S men sleep as well, snoring and breathing heavily. Trash is strewn about the floor.

FREYDIS sits in the corner watching VARD. Her face is spectrally white in the dim light. She stares at him with a hollow maniacal visage.

As if sensing her presence, VARD slowly opens his eyes. At first sight of FREYDIS, he draws back as if in fear or surprise.

FREYDIS addresses VARD inaudibly.

FREYDIS
Help me.

VARD shakes his head in incomprehension.

FREYDIS repeats the phrase in a louder, desperate voice.

FREYDIS
Help me.

146. INT. ICELANDERS' LONGHOUSE — SECOND NORSE SETTLEMENT, VINLAND — MORNING

HELGI is addressing FINNBOGI and the other assembled Icelanders inside their longhouse. All are exhausted and scared. The scene begins in mid-conversation.

HELGI

--we can navigate back up the coast with a good current. The others may come if they choose, but we will be in command of the ship.

FINNBOGI

Oh, for Christ's sake, brother, let us leave them! They cannot be trusted!

HELGI

There will be bloodshed if we attempt--

HELGI is interrupted by the sound of altercation outside. HELGI turns and goes towards the door.

The door suddenly bursts open and VARD fills the doorway, his men behind him. VARD and his men storm the room before the Icelanders can get to their weapons. HELGI, FINNBOGI, and the Icelandic men are taken by force from the building.

147. EXT. SECOND NORSE SETTLEMENT - VINLAND - MORNING

FREYDIS watches with a frozen maniacal frown as HELGI, FINNBOGI, and their men are brought outside the longhouse.

The two Icelandic guards are lying dead on the ground.

148. INT. ICELANDERS' LONGHOUSE - SECOND NORSE SETTLEMENT, VINLAND - MORNING

The Icelandic women are screaming and protesting to two of VARD'S men. One of the women rushes forward.

VARD'S man pushes her back with his ax handle and then punches her in the face.

149. EXT. SECOND NORSE SETTLEMENT - VINLAND - MORNING

VARD'S men, superior in numbers, hold HELGI, FINNBOGI, and the other Icelandic men by the arms.

HELGI struggles with his captors as FREYDIS approaches him. HELGI both gazes at her and addresses her in desperation and derision.

HELGI

Is this what you promised us?

FREYDIS looks at him with a kind of crazed sympathy and replies in a voice hoarse with derangement.

FREYDIS

I will pray for you.

HELGI

You're no woman of God! You're no woman of God!!

HELGI struggles as the two men holding him drag him over to the stump, where VARD waits with his ax.

HELGI

You're a murderer!! -- liar!!

HELGI'S speech becomes incoherent with sobs and screams as he is dragged over to the stump.

HELGI

You're a liar!! Filthy, stinking liar!!

Two of VARD'S men hold HELGI down by the arms, forcing his head into position over the stump.

FINNBOGI looks away.

FREYDIS observes HELGI with an impassive, crazed stare, like a kabuki face.

HELGI glances up and addresses FREYDIS.

HELGI

They'll find out about you!! They'll find out about you!!

VARD raises his ax, brings it down, and decapitates HELGI.

The Iclander men are hollering and screaming.

VARD'S men clear HELGI'S head and body away.

FREYDIS signals to the men to bring FINNBOGI forward.

FINNBOGI lets loose with animal screams as VARD'S men drag him over to the stump and force him into position.

FINNBOGI

You won't send me to heaven now!!

VARD raises his ax, brings it down, and decapitates FINNBOGI.

FREYDIS observes, impassive and crazed.

150. EXT. WOODED AREA - SECOND NORSE SETTLEMENT, VINLAND - MORNING

A small contingent of masked Thule is stealthily approaching the Norse settlement as the executions are taking place. Among them are THULE CHIEF and FIRST WOMAN, though they remain masked for the present. Hidden amongst the trees, they stare down with disturbed bewilderment at the massacre.

From the Thule POV, VARD'S men have surrounded the remaining Icelander men in a circle and, out of view of the Thule, are hacking away at the Icelander men with their axes. FREYDIS stands a discreet distance away from the circle with her back to the Thule, watching the massacre with her black cloak wrapped around her arms.

The Thule continue to watch the carnage, each one registering different responses with their eyes.

151. EXT. SECOND NORSE SETTLEMENT - VINLAND - MORNING

VARD and his men have finished slaughtering the Icelander men. They pant heavily from their exertions. They turn to face FREYDIS.

FREYDIS

Now! -- the women! -- bring them out!

VARD and his men pause, and turn to one another with expressions of hesitancy.

FREYDIS sears them with a murderous gaze.

FREYDIS

Bring them out, I say!!

VARD and his men continue to pause and hesitate.

FREYDIS

The women must be dispatched! There can be no trace of this!

One of the CREWMEN shakes his head.

CREWMAN

We can't -- do the women--

FREYDIS begins to fume as if she is about to explode. She marches over to VARD and grabs his ax from him.

FREYDIS

Goddamn you, I'll do it!! Bring them out!!

Two of the men enter the longhouse. While they and the men inside corral the women, FREYDIS begins pacing in a frenzied manner, violently scratching her matted hair, shaking her fists and groaning with fury.

A moment later, the men bring the screaming women out by the arms. When all of the women are out, FREYDIS grabs the nearest ICELANDER WOMAN by her hair and drags the hysterically screaming woman over to an open area of ground. FREYDIS throws her down.

The ICELANDER WOMAN, her nose bloodied, sobs and screams as she gazes up in terror at FREYDIS.

ICELANDER WOMAN

Woman of God -- mercy!! -- mercy!!

FREYDIS raises her ax and buries it in the ICELANDER WOMAN'S chest.

VARD'S men watch the killing with increasing looks of alarm.

FREYDIS grabs the next woman, drags her by the hair to an area near the other woman's corpse, throws her to the ground, and kills her with the ax.

152. EXT. WOODED AREA -- SECOND NORSE SETTLEMENT, VINLAND -- MORNING

The Thule continue to watch the carnage, silent and invisible to the Norse in the shadows of the trees.

From the Thule POV, FREYDIS, in the far distance, bends over and laboriously drags a woman along the ground by the hair and the back of her garment. FREYDIS dumps the woman and grabs the ax. The woman attempts to crawl away as FREYDIS raises the ax high in the air and brings it down into the woman's spine.

THULE CHIEF, FIRST WOMAN, and the others turn their heads, glancing at one another fearfully before turning back to the carnage with horror in their eyes.

153. EXT. SECOND NORSE SETTLEMENT - VINLAND - MORNING

Two of VARD'S men are holding up one of the Icelander women. They are holding her arms out and looking away. The Icelander woman, crying in shock, turns her head away.

FREYDIS, her face deranged and covered in tears and perspiration, raises the ax up in a posture of exhaustion, swings it around, and buries it in the woman's chest.

VARD watches the massacre of the women with an expression of stern fascination and deference.

154. EXT. WOODED AREA - SECOND NORSE SETTLEMENT, VINLAND - MORNING

THULE CHIEF motions to one of the other Thule. He gestures for him to move off towards the settlement.

The THULE WARRIOR does so, stealthily.

155. EXT. SECOND NORSE SETTLEMENT - VINLAND - MORNING

FREYDIS kills the last Icelander woman with the ax.

FREYDIS', her face covered in tears and sweat, gazes up into the sky in pain and madness.

The sun glimmers behind thin hazy clouds.

156. EXT. SECOND NORSE SETTLEMENT - VINLAND - DAY

A little ways off from the longhouses, a large hole has been dug into the ground. The bodies of the Icelanders have all been deposited in the hole.

FREYDIS, VARD, and his men stand facing the hole. The men, covered in sod and dried blood, brandish digging tools. A vague sound of flies is audible but otherwise all else is silent.

FREYDIS looks with solemnity and a strange detachment at the mass grave. VARD stands close by her. In the background in the middle distance, the THULE WARRIOR slinks stealthily towards the longhouses. He is only seen momentarily; he is soon hidden from view by the buildings. FREYDIS then addresses the men in a weary monotone.

FREYDIS

Anyone who speaks of this . . . will suffer.

The men turn to face FREYDIS, their faces and bodies wracked with exhaustion.

FREYDIS

Anyone who speaks to my brother of this . . . will suffer.

The men glance at the ground and each other.

FREYDIS

For all the world knows, the savages got them. Now bury them, quickly. Then prepare the ship.

Some of the men slump their shoulders with fatigue.

FREYDIS slowly turns to walk away.

FREYDIS

We must sail before the ice comes

With VARD as her escort, FREYDIS walks slowly and wearily back towards the longhouses.

157. EXT. A LARGE HILL FACING THE SEA — VINLAND — DAY

The masked Thule who witnessed the massacre are standing facing inland near the edge of a large cliff on the verge of the sea.

The THULE WARRIOR sent to infiltrate the second Norse settlement approaches them, carrying in both hands one of the Norse axes.

THULE CHIEF steps forward from the group.

The THULE WARRIOR approaches THULE CHIEF and holds the ax out to him, as if presenting it.

THULE CHIEF takes the ax and the THULE WARRIOR goes and joins the group.

THULE CHIEF turns to face the group. He removes his mask and tosses it on the ground.

The rest of the group does the same. FIRST WOMAN is in the front and center of the group.

THULE CHIEF studies the ax for a moment. He then looks up at the group with an expression of deep sorrow.

THULE CHIEF steps forward. The group parts for him. When he is clear of the group, THULE CHIEF runs and throws the ax towards the sea.

158. EXT. COASTAL WATERS – VINLAND – DAY

From out of frame right, the ax spins through the air into the water. It disappears beneath the surface.

Cross-fade into the next scene.

159. EXT. OPEN COUNTRY – VINLAND – DAY

The Thule contingent is walking home. Their faces are tired and contemplative.

THULE CHIEF and FIRST WOMAN walk side-by-side. The two share a glance and a sad smile, and continue walking.

160. EXT. THULE VILLAGE – VINLAND – DAY

The Thule contingent arrives by canoe at their village.

The village is a collection of whalebone huts covered in animal hides, situated on the shores of a lake. Many Thule villagers, varying from infancy to old age, are milling about, cooking food, playing games, or working on crafts.

As THULE CHIEF, FIRST WOMAN, and the rest of the contingent approach, they smile broadly and wave at the other villagers.

The villagers come to greet the contingent at the shore.

A small child runs up as THULE CHIEF and the others disembark from their canoes.

THULE CHIEF picks the laughing child up and holds it above his head, smiling with joy. He hands the child to a smiling FIRST WOMAN who takes the child in her arms. They join and mingle with their people.

Cross-fade into the next scene.

161. EXT. OPEN SEA - DUSK

HELGI and FINNBOGI'S garishly painted knar sails east, away from Vinland.

Fade to black.

162. EXT. SEA OF WORMS - SOMEWHERE OFF THE COAST OF GREENLAND - DAY

The coast of Greenland is visible in the far distance.

VARD and a CREWMEMBER regard it from the deck of the knar. The CREWMEMBER looks through the wooden telescope. He brings the telescope down and turns to address VARD.

CREWMEMBER

I will go and wake Freydis.

The CREWMEMBER turns to go but VARD stops him. VARD spares the CREWMEMBER a glance and turns to go below himself.

163. INT. SHIP'S HOLD - SEA OF WORMS, SOMEWHERE OFF THE COAST OF GREENLAND - DAY

FREYDIS lies asleep on her fur-covered bench. She is in a fetal position, with her left hand buried underneath a fur pillow and her right hand underneath her face.

VARD delicately comes down the stairs and approaches her, leaning down in the cramped quarters. He reaches his hand out to her shoulder as if to wake her, but then draws back.

VARD contemplates FREYDIS as she sleeps, and gazes up and down at her body. The only sounds are the waves lapping against the sides of the ship and the men on deck.

VARD reaches his hand out to touch her waist. His hand is poised just above FREYDIS' hip when suddenly her left hand comes out from underneath the pillow, holding a short sword.

FREYDIS stares up at VARD from the pillow. Her head remains at rest as she holds the short sword at VARD'S throat.

VARD looks at her with an expression of shame but also frustration and disappointment.

FREYDIS addresses VARD in a low growl.

FREYDIS

And to think I would ever be had by the likes of you--

FREYDIS is interrupted by the sound of wood cracking and water seepage coming from a corner of the hold. FREYDIS draws back the short sword and motions to an area behind some wooden crates with a look of panic in her face.

FREYDIS

What? What is that? A breach?

VARD steps over and moves the crate aside as water comes rushing up underneath.

Behind the crate is a massive hole in the hull filled with innumerable sea worms. The hull has been eaten clear through and water comes in rapidly.

FREYDIS leaps up with a cry.

Water and worms continue to come up through the widening hole.

FREYDIS turns to VARD.

FREYDIS

The boats! The skerries! Quickly!

FREYDIS and VARD immediately run up on deck as water and sea worms subsume the hold.

164. EXT. SEA OF WORMS — SOMEWHERE OFF THE COAST OF GREENLAND
— DAY

FREYDIS and VARD come up on deck.

The crew is in a panic, craning their heads over the sides of the ship.

FREYDIS and VARD run over to starboard and peer overboard.

The water around the ship is teeming with sea worms, looking like strands of vermicelli. They continue to devour the hull as the ship starts to pitch.

FREYDIS turns to VARD and addresses him in a low desperate voice.

FREYDIS

Select your men! Lower the boat!

VARD grabs four of his men and together they start to lower the starboard-side skerry.

The other crewmen notice. One approaches FREYDIS and harangues her from behind.

CREWMEMBER

There's not enough room in the boats for all of us!

FREYDIS

Then swim!!

CREWMEMBER

We do your bidding, only to be swept away--

The CREWMEMBER pulls out his sword.

VARD steps forward like a striking cobra and stabs the CREWMEMBER through the abdomen.

Meanwhile a greater panic ensues as the men rush to the other skerry and begin lowering it into the water.

The knar is starting to turn on its side as the stern begins to go under.

VARD and his men succeed in detaching the skerry.

The knar starts to tilt to the starboard side.

As the portside skerry is lowered, a brawl ensues as the men attempt to gain access to the boat.

Meanwhile VARD carries FREYDIS precariously down into their skerry.

VARD'S selected men climb down as other crewmembers hack and stab them with sword and ax from behind. Two manage to fight back and make it into the skerry with minor wounds.

Once the two wounded men are in the boat, VARD uses the oar to push away from the knar.

The knar continues to pitch to the side and upward as it sinks.

The men onboard begin murdering each other to gain access to the portside skerry.

One man successfully climbs over the side only to have his hand hacked off by one of the others.

The man falls into the water between the skerry and the knar. His screaming face, covered in worms, sinks below the surface.

A few more men dive into the water.

Another man jumps into the portside skerry, only to hit the side of it. The skerry overturns and the three men inside are plunged into the water.

Remaining crewmen are either continuing to dive into the worm-infested waters or are continuing to hack away at each other on the pitching deck. They slide into the water as the knar tips upwards vertically from the stern.

FREYDIS and VARD look at the sinking knar as one of VARD'S men rows them away towards land.

The knar tips upwards until it is vertical and sinks below the surface.

The men in the water suffer from the worms.

Many are already dead, floating face-down in the bloody, worm-infested water.

FREYDIS and VARD watch as HELGI and FINNBOGI'S knar sinks below the surface in a mass of billowing water.

Cross-fade into the next scene.

165. EXT. COASTAL WATERS - GREENLAND - DAY

The skerry is seen from a distance as FREYDIS, VARD, and the two crewmen make their way into Eriksfjord.

FREYDIS and VARD sit silently in the skerry.

One of the crewmen rows while the other holds his wounded arm.

FREYDIS sits with her back to the land, facing VARD. She refrains from looking VARD in the eye but sits hunched over, frowning pensively.

VARD gazes at her with a stern reproachful gaze.

FREYDIS momentarily locks eyes with VARD before looking away, without any change of demeanor.

Cross-fade into the next scene.

166. EXT. HARBOR - ERIKSFJORD, GREENLAND - DUSK

LEIF and two male members of the household staff make their way down to the shoreline.

The skerry has been tethered to the shore. VARD'S two crewmen are helping FREYDIS out of the boat.

VARD continues to sit in the skerry, frowning and staring off into space. He completely ignores FREYDIS.

As FREYDIS comes up from the skerry, LEIF approaches her.

FREYDIS holds herself up with her customary haughtiness.

LEIF regards her in bewilderment. A moment passes without a word spoken.

FREYDIS

We lost the ship. It's all gone -- the worms got it.

LEIF
The worms?

FREYDIS
Sea worms. They ate through the hull.

LEIF takes a moment to process this. He looks around at the survivors.

LEIF
Helgi -- Finnbogi -- the others?

FREYDIS does not look LEIF in the eye.

FREYDIS
Dead. They're all . . . drowned. There's no one left but us.
FREYDIS casts a stern glance at the survivors.

LEIF scratches his head and looks off into the distance. He catches VARD'S eye.

VARD gazes at LEIF.

LEIF turns back to FREYDIS.

LEIF
Our father is ailing. Go and see him.

FREYDIS
The men need shelter and medicines--

LEIF
No!

FREYDIS
Oh, for pity's sake--

LEIF
I'll have no men such as these on my father's farm!

LEIF and FREYDIS stare at each other in a standoff. FREYDIS' face is a mask of controlled fury.

LEIF
Go and see your father!

FREYDIS marches away towards the farm.

LEIF, flanked by his men, looks over VARD'S men.

One of VARD'S men reaches for his sword.

LEIF gazes at him undeterred and addresses the man without arrogance or fear.

LEIF

The wrath of kings would descend upon you.

The man places the sword back into the sheath with a contemptuous look. He and the other crewman walk away.

VARD continues to sit in the skerry, gazing at LEIF.

LEIF regards VARD with curiosity for a moment before turning and walking back to the farm.

VARD watches LEIF walk away. VARD then turns and glances back at the sea. He turns once more back towards LEIF.

167. INT. LONGHOUSE - BRATTAHLID FARM, GREENLAND - NIGHT

FREYDIS enters the main sleeping chamber of the longhouse. Stone oil lamps light the chamber. Two servants are in attendance.

ERIK THE RED lies upon the bed. He is too weak to raise his head, but he regards FREYDIS with a weary smile as she enters the room. He speaks to her with difficulty.

ERIK

It was good of you to return, chick. I did not wish to outlive anymore of my children.

FREYDIS gazes at him with a pained expression.

FREYDIS

Yes, father.

ERIK reaches his hand out to her.

FREYDIS comes over to the side of the bed and takes his hand. The timbers of the longhouse creak with the outside wind.

ERIK

My pains have caught up with me at last. Well it is. I have outlasted many a man, good and bad. But to outlive one's own children is the most devilish of cruelties. Thorstein and Thorvald have come to me often in my dreams, only to fade once more to dust with the morning sun. Now I can hold them to my bosom in Heaven, and hold them fast, my boys

ERIK appears to drift off.

FREYDIS looks upon her father with deep sorrow.

ERIK opens his eyes again.

ERIK
Freydis?

FREYDIS
I am here, father.

ERIK
Freydis, no matter what Fortune may bring you, do not abandon Leif; he'll take to brooding.

FREYDIS
Yes, father.

ERIK
I give to you and your brother this farm. I give to you this Greenland, which I chanced upon. Your children and Leif's children will build upon it further. Their ships will haunt the fjords, and they shall prosper.

FREYDIS smiles sadly.

ERIK looks up at her.

ERIK
Is our little secret safe?

FREYDIS
It is.

ERIK
Good. Go to it now. Share it with your brother. Be kind to one another.

FREYDIS
I will.

ERIK grins lovingly at his daughter and caresses her hand.

ERIK
She is the watchful one
Guardian of the Tears of Freyja
She keeps her secrets well
Freydis, daughter of the Red.

FREYDIS gazes upon her father with sorrow, in the flickering lamplight.

Fade to black.

168. EXT. BRATTAHLID FARM — GREENLAND — DAWN

The faint light of dawn begins to illuminate the fjord.

Brattahlid Farm is tranquil and still. The only sound is of a rooster call.

FREYDIS mounts an Icelandic horse. Its tackle is laden with spades, shovels, torches and a flint. She begins a steady trot along the road that leads away from the farm.

As FREYDIS trots away off in the distance, a shape comes into view in the foreground, seen from behind.

VARD watches FREYDIS ride away into the morning light.

169. EXT. OPEN COUNTRY — GREENLAND — MORNING

FREYDIS arrives at her father's rock arrangement. She dismounts and walks up to it.

Snow covers the area, which remains undisturbed.

A purposeful smile comes to FREYDIS' face.

170. EXT. BRATTAHLID FARM — GREENLAND — MORNING

LEIF emerges from the longhouse, wrapped in a heavy woolen coat. His breath appears in puffs as he pats his upper arms. As he steps away from the longhouse, VARD becomes visible in the

background. LEIF pauses a moment, and then abruptly turns around.

LEIF and VARD regard each other silently.

After a moment, VARD, with a look of contrition, gestures with his head for LEIF to accompany him over to a corner of the stable.

LEIF cautiously approaches.

171. EXT. OPEN COUNTRY — GREENLAND — DAY

FREYDIS sits upon the ground on her knees, her horse tethered nearby. Various digging implements litter the ground around her. A large hole next to the rock arrangement gapes before her, crowned by two torches.

FREYDIS stares vacantly into the hole, covered in dirt and sweat.

The hole is empty.

LEIF quietly rides up. He dismounts and approaches her. Upon his face is an expression of wide-eyed and barely controlled fury.

As he approaches, FREYDIS looks up at him. Her face also contorts into fury.

FREYDIS

Where is it? What did you do with it?

LEIF looks at the large empty hole.

LEIF

What is it I am supposed to have taken?

FREYDIS

That which father entrusted to me!

LEIF looks upon her with intense scorn.

FREYDIS

What? You accuse me of thieving my own inheritance?

LEIF continues to regard her silently with intense scorn.

FREYDIS gapes at him in horror. She slowly rises, trembling violently, a sharp digging implement in her left hand.

FREYDIS

What was told to you?

LEIF glances down at the digging tool clenched in her hand.

LEIF slowly looks back into her face.

LEIF

Now if I disclosed the name of your betrayer, would he meet the same fate as those poor pitiful people?

FREYDIS

They were set to leave us behind! They would have taken their ship and stranded us! What -- what would you have me abandon myself to those savages--

LEIF

You are a liar.

FREYDIS

Ah, so you prefer the testimony of brigands to that of your own sister--

LEIF

I see before me no sister. Only a cheat, a hypocrite, and a murderer--

FREYDIS

You are like all the rest! I saved my family by facing down an army and yet I am treated with slights and -- and indignities -- and--

LEIF

Do you even know what dignity means? I have dedicated my life, my labors, struggling to bring some measure of dignity and honor to our family name; and all you can do is stain it with more blood than even father could have--

FREYDIS adopts a threatening stance.

FREYDIS

Where is my inheritance? My father entrusted me with--

LEIF

He is no longer your father -- I am no longer your brother -- you inherit nothing! Nothing of my father's will ever be in trust to such as you! You will leave my father's farm -- you will leave my father's settlement -- you will leave my father's country!

FREYDIS

You take upon yourself the privilege of a judge to banish me--

LEIF

If you find disagreement with anything I have declared, then by all means, you may take it up with the Althing next spring! I'm sure they would be greatly interested to hear of your actions in the far lands--

FREYDIS

You think I won't! You think I'll stand for this injustice? Do you?

LEIF turns his back to her with a dismissive wave and goes back to his horse.

FREYDIS

I have the will, which can never be taken from me, by you or anyone!

FREYDIS breaks down and begins to weep.

LEIF mounts his horse and turns to address her.

LEIF

Should you find some village drunkard willing to sport with you, your offspring will bear the mark of your infamy.

FREYDIS

You can't -- do this -- you have no right--

LEIF

You deserve worse, much worse. I give you one day to remove yourself from my family's farm! Farewell, and may God help you.

LEIF takes off and rides away.

FREYDIS falls to the ground in a heap, sobbing and wailing, furiously beating at her thighs with her fists.

Fade to black.

172. EXT. BRATTAHLID FARM — GREENLAND — MORNING

LEIF is by the stables, tying and stacking hay. He works in silence.

FREYDIS emerges around the corner. She wears her woolen coat lined with fur and carries two large cloth satchels in either hand.

FREYDIS hesitantly approaches LEIF but maintains a discreet distance from him. FREYDIS stands there while LEIF continues to work, disregarding her. She addresses him in a heightened voice.

FREYDIS
I'm leaving now.

LEIF refrains from looking at her and continues to tie up a hay bale.

LEIF
Farewell.

FREYDIS pauses in a posture of dejection for a moment.

FREYDIS
I would like to pay my respects to father at the cemetery before I leave--

LEIF
As you wish.

FREYDIS takes a few hesitant steps away and then turns as if in confusion.

FREYDIS
Where am I to go?

LEIF pauses in his work and slumps his shoulders. He stares at the ground a moment and then looks up at FREYDIS.

LEIF

Go to the Western Settlement. Find a ship to take you back to Iceland. Seek out your mother. I'm sure you'll find her in one of the fishing camps, plying her trade.

LEIF resumes tying the hay bale.

FREYDIS

You take pride in such malicious--

LEIF turns back to FREYDIS with a sudden expression of intense fury.

LEIF

You are foul!! You reek of violence and vermin!! Be gone from my sight!!

As his screams echo across the fjord, LEIF turns back to the hay bale, his hands trembling as he attempts to tie it up.

FREYDIS, sobbing, turns and walks quickly and decisively away.

After a moment, LEIF calms. He turns to look at FREYDIS as she hurries along the road that leads away from the farm. He turns back to the hay bale and carries it into the stable.

FREYDIS walks away, into the snowy wilderness.

Fade to black.

173. EXT. LEIF'S CHURCH - EASTERN SETTLEMENT, GREENLAND - DAY

It is a quiet spring morning. Land birds and the distant cries of seagulls fill the air.

LEIF approaches the entrance gate to the church grounds. He is weary and forlorn.

LEIF enters through the gate and gazes absently at the church. His expression drifts over to the cemetery.

LEIF listlessly approaches a plot of three gravestones standing in a row a meter apart from one another.

One reads ERIK THE RED.

The next one reads THORSTEIN ERIKSSON.

The last one reads THORVALD ERIKSSON.

LEIF kneels down before the gravestones. He takes a piece of the earth and brings it up to his face. He then gazes at it in sorrow. He is completely alone.

LEIF turns his gaze to the sky.

The sun is a bright aura.

Title card:

ICELAND, A.D. 1020

174. EXT. HARBOR — ICELAND — DAY

The music in the underscoring for this scene is "Vokuro" by Bjork.

A longship of the Norse people emerges out of morning mist. It approaches the harbor.

GUDRID, older and wearing a nun's habit, gazes anxiously at the shore.

Several people stand upon the shore, awaiting the vessel. Beyond them is the stark, immense, and glacial landscape of Iceland, bathed in cloud, mist, and the morning light.

The longship reaches the shore. The passengers disembark.

Crewmen help GUDRID from the ship. She carries a woolen satchel.

A young man with shoulder-length reddish hair and a slight beard comes to meet GUDRID. With him is a young woman of about the same age.

GUDRID comes up to the young man and embraces him. She turns and embraces the young woman.

GUDRID kneels down and takes up a handful of earth. She clutches it to her face. She then crosses herself and rises up.

When she turns back to the young man, GUDRID looks down and with a gentle smile tenderly fondles a soapstone cross that dangles at the end of a leather cord about the young man's neck.

The young man smiles at his mother with great affection and respect.

With a look of expectation in her eyes, GUDRID takes her son and daughter-in-law arm-in-arm.

Seen from behind, the three walk arm-in-arm into the immense Icelandic landscape, toward their new home.

The music ends. Fade to black.

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Sullivan