

7

EXT. WARCAMP - EVENING

A SWOOSH-AND-CHOP OF AN AXE THUMPING HARD INTO AN OAK LOG. A SECOND TIME. WYNFRITH GRUNTS WITH EACH SWING.

WITH EACH GRUNT ALSO COMES THE SOUND OF A CHOP.

032 WYNFRITH

This is illogical.

(grunts)

Martel is being shortsighted!?

033 GREGORY

Is it really so dangerous in Cologne, Bishop Willibrord? Must we withdraw?!

034 WILLIBRORD

START >>> Wynfrith, Gregory, tell me what you see on that far ridge. Across the valley.

035 WYNFRITH

They look like... cookfires.

036 WILLIBRORD

Count them.

037 GREGORY

I countke at least thirty.

038 WILLIBRORD

Fifty. On that ridge alone. That is Radbod's army. They are waiting. But they may attack at any time. Wynfrith, Martel has been supportive of our work to evangelize these people. But he also knows that, sometimes, you have no choice but to do the work set in front of you at the moment. And for him, that means getting us to safety.

039 GREGORY

And for us that means...chopping wood?

040 WYNFRITH

We were not sent here to chop wood, nor to be safe, Bishop. I do not wish to run in fear.

(MORE)

WYNFRITH (CONT'D)

I wish to be out among the people,
reaping God's harvest of souls.

041 WILLIBRORD

I believe you. But what makes you
think the harvest is ready now? Do
you think there will be no labor to
prepare the harvest? No need to
sow? No need to till? Do you think
the mighty work of God involves no
mundane tasks?

A BEAT IS FILLED WITH CHOPPING AND GRUNTING AS
WYNFRITH CONSIDERS THE POINT.

042 WILLIBRORD

Sometimes, dear Wynfrith, the wood
needs chopping. That can be a
mighty work, too.

043 GREGORY

At least our arms will get a good
workout.

044 WYNFRITH

(grunts)

Lord have mercy, will it be like
being a novice all over again?

045 WILLIBRORD

We are always novices when it comes
to serving the Lord.

<<< END

046 ELRIC (O.S.)

Oy! Monk! Is the wood done yet? The
cooks are impatient!

ELRIC WALKS UP TO INSPECT THEIR WORK.

047 WYNFRITH

Yes. Yes, I think there's enough
here.

THE CHOPPING STOPS AND IS REPLACED WITH THE
SOUNDS OF STACKING WOOD.

048 WYNFRITH

What is your name, soldier?

049 ELRIC

I am Elric, Father.