

## Side 1

**START >>>** 040 **THEOBALD**  
Father Wynfrith? Sorry to interrupt.

041 WYNFRITH  
Theobald. I'm happy to see you.

042 **THEOBALD**  
You're right, you know. The hearts  
of my people – they're hard. Like  
stone.

043 WYNFRITH  
I've noticed. What do you think  
hardens them?

044 **THEOBALD**  
Fear. Fear of starvation. Of  
invasion. Of famine. It's why they  
offer Donar sacrifice. To appease  
his wrath. When you feel helpless,  
it's hard not to have a hard heart.

045 WYNFRITH  
But why haven't you refused the  
love of Christ, like the others?

046 **THEOBALD**  
Well, maybe it's like the drought.  
Without rain, the ground grows  
hard. Without God's love, the heart  
grows hard. It takes time for hard  
ground to absorb the rain and  
soften a bit. Maybe I'm just  
thirstier soil.  
(beat)  
Give it time, Father. They'll come  
around.

047 WYNFRITH  
You're a wise young man, Theobald.  
Now, what can I do for you?

048 **THEOBALD**  
Brother Gregory sent me to give you  
this. He said it arrived from Rome.

**<<< END**

THE CRINKLES OF A PAPER BEING HANDED OVER. A WAX  
SEAL POPPED OPEN, AND THE RUSTLE AND TEAR OF  
PAPER UNFOLDING.

049 WYNFRITH  
I have been summoned to Rome...