

Side 1

START >>> 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...