

006 ALDRIC
Theobald! What are you holding?

007 THEOBALD
It is a crucifix.

008 ALDRIC
You anger Donar! Stop this
foolishness!

ALDRIC SNATCHES THE CRUCIFIX FROM THEOBALD.

009 THEOBALD
Christ is my God, Aldric. On this
cross, he redeemed us. And you.

010 ALDRIC
A god should be mighty, not nailed
to a tree.

WALLA: CROWD GETS RILED UP AGAIN AT ALDRIC'S
STATEMENT, STARTS YELLING FOR THE MONKS TO LEAVE
HESSE AND TAKE THEIR GOD WITH THEM.

011 THEOBALD
Aldric, please, give me back the
crucifix.

012 WYNFRITH
Peace! Hrothgar, peace!

THE CROWD CONTINUES SHOUTING HIM DOWN.

013 WULFRIC
Friends! Friends, please!

THE CROWD CALMS.

014 WULFRIC
Hrothgar. Tell me your trouble.

Side 1
START >>>
015 HROTHGAR
These men fills our children's
heads with stories of this Jesus!
He draws them into his rituals -
and what's the result? Blight in
our crops! Livestock lost to
sickness! And now, no rain for
months! The mighty Donar is angry
with us, Wulfric, and this Christ
is the cause!

016 WYNFRITH
Am I not also a priest of Christ?

017 **HROTHGAR**

You have never made us choose
 between Christ and Donar. You
 understand the old ways! These men
 would drive Donar out! It will be
 our death! They must go! Now!

GRUMBLES OF AGREEMENT FROM THE MOB.018 **WYNFRITH**

Men of Hesse, Christ has come to
 defeat death. The power of his Holy
 Spirit will come as a mighty wind,
 and He will give you the power of
 the sons of God! You ask Donar to
 send rain for a season. But I say
 to you, Christ provides a spring of
 water welling up to eternal life!

019 **HROTHGAR**

Words! More pretty words! Until we
 see with our own eyes such mighty
 deeds, we will continue to serve
 Donar, who brings the rains and who
 blesses our flocks. Hand me that
 crucifix, Aldric.

<<< END

020 **THEOBALD**

No! Give it back -

021 **HROTHGAR**

And as for your puny god who keeps
 the rains away--

BANG BANG BANG GOES THE CRUCIFIX AGAINST A TREE.
 THEN BANG - SPLINTER - BANG - SNAP! IT BREAKS.022 **THEOBALD**

Our crucifix! You animal!

023 **GREGORY**

Peace, Theobald! We must love even
 those who persecute us.
 (to Hrothgar)
 May God bless you, Hrothgar.

024 **HROTHGAR**

Bless this, little monk!

PUNCHES. SOUNDS OF A SCRAP. CHEERS FROM THE MOB.025 **WYNFRITH**

No! Please! Stop this violence!
 Leave Gregory alone!