

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!