

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.

Side 1
START >>>

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.

050 WYNFRITH
Elric. And how long have you served
Martel, Elric?

051 ELRIC
Almost five years, Father.

052 WYNFRITH
You're a Christian?

053 ELRIC
Yes, Father.

054 WYNFRITH
Then tell me: how do you explain
the failure of the Germans to
accept Christ?

055 ELRIC
Well, Father, I'm just a soldier.
But it seems to me... Well, you see
these mighty trees? These dark
forests stretch from here to the
far Northern Seas. These lands are
cold. Hard. Unforgiving. The men
here are as hard and unforgiving as
the land. Because their gods are
hard and unforgiving. The men here
are trapped, in the thrall of
darkness.

THE WIND BLOWS THROUGH THE TREES WHICH CREAK AND
MOAN LIKE GNARLED, OLD MEN.

056 GREGORY
But surely then they would welcome
the freedom of Christ!

057 ELRIC
It's not the men you're struggling
against. It's the Devil himself in **<<< END**
these woods.

THE WIND PICKS UP. A GIANT OAK GROANS.

A CRACK OF THUNDER.

8

EXT. WARCAMP - NIGHT

THE FIRE CRACKLES LOW. CRICKETS KEEP TIME. THE
WIND IS NOW A SOFT BREEZE IN THE TREES.

GREGORY SNORES SOFTLY. WYNFRITH TOSSES AND TURNS
IN A BLANKET.