

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.

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.

**Side 1
START >>>**

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 these woods. <<< **END**

THE WIND PICKS UP. A GIANT OAK GROANS.

A CRACK OF THUNDER.

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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.