

118 BJORN

If you want, we could just... go
get her for you. Wouldn't take more
than a minute or two! Fast as a
hawk, my Prince!

119 OLAF

No!

(beat)

I've committed to a new path. We
all must commit to this new path
under the banner of Christ if we
are to be victorious on our
mission. My heart now belongs to
Christ. And that lady's hand
belongs to another. It would be
wrong to steal her away.

120 BJORN

If you say so, my Prince....
Would've been a nice break from the
oars.

121 BISHOP GRIMKETEL

To Norway then, Prince Olaf.

122 OLAF

To Norway, Bishop. To Norway. Men!

123 VIKINGS

AY!

124 OLAF

For Glory! For Christ! And for the
Crown!

125 VIKINGS

For Glory! For Christ! And for the
Crown!

OARS SLICING WATER AS RAVENS CAWS OVERHEAD.

13

INT. FORGE OF THORIR HUND - NIGHT

THE CAWWING BECOMES UNSETTLING TONED MUSIC

THE SHARPENING OF A BLADE, UNEARTHLY, COLD AND
HAUNTING

126 THORIR

Odin, your eye watches my blade!
Thor, your hammer guides my arm!
Loki, your trickery sharpens me.
Glory to the Gods!

(MORE)

START >>>

THORIR (CONT'D)

Fierce and strong you see me! You
have given me my great halls. You
have given me countless victories.
You have slaughtered my enemies and
fulfilled my blood oaths. As long
as I rule my lands, alone and free,
the glory of my house shall remain!
Mighty and free!

THE SHARPENING OF THE BLADE CONTINUES KNOCKING
ON THE DOOR

127 **THORIR**

Hold!

THE SHARPENING CEASES

128 **THORIR**

Enter!

129 GUARD

Jarl Thorir Hund! We've just
recieved word from the Danish
Jarls. Prince Olaf Haraldsson is
returning here to Norway.

130 **THORIR**

Hah. After all the years abroad,
the pup returns with his tail
tucked between his legs, eh? He's
been beaten back by our Danish
allies and is running home, yes?
He was betrayed by the Britons and
forced back? What is it, man?
Speak!

OMINOUS MUSIC IN...

131 GUARD

He's returning with an army of
Christian priests. And our spies
say that he intends to claim the
throne and unite Norway as old King
Trygvasson did!

132 **THORIR**

(growling)

Priests? The Throne? By my father's
sword that slew King Trgvasson,
that shall not be!

<<< END