

OPENING CREDITS AND MONTAGE – VARIOUS EXTERIORS

All film credits are at the beginning. They flash, white text on black, and juxtaposed with the following images:

Icelandic and Greenlandic land and seascapes.

Various Norse vessels sailing to their destinations.

Scenes of the Greenland settlers and their farming community.

Credits and music end.

EXT. SHORELINE – DAY

Fade in over the sound of tides lapping against the shore, and seagull cries. A Nordic rune stick lays in the shallows of the seashore, jammed in between various rocks, the tides lapping against it. The title VINLAND fades in over this image.

EXT. BRATTAHLID FARM, GREENLAND – DAY

Some months have passed. Snows come to the Eastern Settlement.

Snow covers the sod roof of LEIF'S church.

Snow covers the various dwellings of the farm. The sky has a grayish-pink hue.

Reindeer trek over the hillsides.

INT. STABLES, BRATTAHLID FARM, GREENLAND – DAY

GUDRID and THORSTEIN are in the barn grooming the horses. THORSTEIN holds an Icelandic mare by the halter while GUDRID gently brushes the horse's shoulder. Both are wearing heavy woolen clothes.

Small windows near the ceiling let in a diffuse, dusty light.

GUDRID

His name was Einar, and he was the son of a slave. He had made himself wealthy with trade and proposed to my father that he marry me.

THORSTEIN  
You were not consulted in this  
transaction?

GUDRID pauses and smiles, brushing the mare.

GUDRID  
Father knows my nature. He  
respects me well.

GUDRID glances up over the mane at THORSTEIN.

THORSTEIN  
He sailed to Greenland to take you  
away from such a match?

GUDRID  
Oh, heavens, no. Your father  
invited us here. My father's farm  
in Iceland has been on the decline.

GUDRID moves to brush the back and the rump.

THORSTEIN gazes at her contemplatively.

THORSTEIN  
I, and my brothers, believe the  
future is in exploration; the  
immense profit to be made by  
stretching our minds beyond the  
known horizon.

GUDRID  
I, too, am a far traveler. We are  
well met.

GUDRID casts her eyes to him.

THORSTEIN comes around to GUDRID'S side and stands next to  
her. GUDRID stops grooming the mare, and gazes at the brush.

GUDRID (CONT'D)  
You saved me.

THORSTEIN pets the mare.

THORSTEIN  
I heard your voice . . . calling to  
me.

GUDRID turns to him with a grin.

GUDRID  
Perhaps the waves deceived your  
ears.

THORSTEIN gazes at her with a smile.

THORSTEIN  
It was God's will.

GUDRID and THORSTEIN look upon each other in the dusty light.

GUDRID  
We are fragile creatures, thrown  
together on a tempest. We must . .  
. carry one another.

GUDRID lightly brushes THORSTEIN'S shoulder.

FADE TO BLACK.

EXT. LONGHOUSE, BRATTAHLID FARM, GREENLAND - EVENING

Yuletide. Twilight illuminates the snow-covered buildings of  
the farm, along with various torches placed about the farm.

Wisps of smoke waft up through the chimney of the longhouse.

INT. LONGHOUSE, BRATTAHLID FARM, GREENLAND - EVENING

Various members of the family sit about the fire pit inside  
the longhouse.

ERIK sits near the front of the room, conversing with  
THORBJORN and HALLDIS.

LEIF and THORVALD are playing a game that comprises moving  
game pieces around a board. Both appear bored.

Various others sit here and there, eating and drinking ale.

FREYDIS and GUDRID sit near the back of the room. FREYDIS  
has a plate of food on her lap but does not eat.

FREYDIS  
Our fathers are old friends. It's  
good that you'll be part of our  
family now.

GUDRID  
Have you had any proposals,  
Freydis?

FREYDIS

No, but with the increase of the family's fortunes it's only a matter of time.

GUDRID

Well, I hope that you are not apt to meet your intended upon a shipwreck.

FREYDIS smiles in a slightly haughty manner.

FREYDIS

It's very possible. I will be sailing to the far lands soon, among other places.

GUDRID

Then we are sisters of the sea. Perhaps we shall make the voyage together.

THORSTEIN enters the longhouse with a woolen blanket draped over his shoulder and makes his way to FREYDIS and GUDRID.

FREYDIS

Of course it will take--

THORSTEIN interrupts FREYDIS.

THORSTEIN

Excuse me, Freydis -- Gudrid, it's starting.

GUDRID excuses herself and leaves with THORSTEIN.

FREYDIS eats her meal, glancing around the room with her head held high.

EXT. BRATTAHLID FARM, GREENLAND - NIGHT

GUDRID and THORSTEIN make their way through the snow towards the outskirts of the farm.

GUDRID

When I was a child, Yuletide was filled with great commotion on my father's farm. Here it is quiet.

THORSTEIN smirks.

THORSTEIN

The Yule Feast begins in earnest tomorrow at sundown. The entire Eastern Settlement will descend upon us to sample father's ale.

GUDRID

Heavens! I shall have to prepare myself.

THORSTEIN

Last year Irish merchants added to the mayhem. We survived mostly unscathed.

GUDRID giggles as they walk on.

GUDRID and THORSTEIN soon come to a wooden seat covered by a sheepskin perched on a hill overlooking the fjord.

THORSTEIN seats GUDRID and then alights onto the seat next to her. He drapes the woolen blanket over their legs. THORSTEIN takes GUDRID'S hands in his, and the two gaze out over the fjord.

Across the sky, the Northern Lights skitter in shades of garnet and turquoise.

FADE TO BLACK.

INT. LEIF'S CHURCH, EASTERN SETTLEMENT, GREENLAND – MORNING

Dim, dusty sunlight emanating from the chimney hole in the ceiling lights the interior.

At the end of the chamber opposite the door, a PRIEST stands before the altar.

Standing before the PRIEST are GUDRID and THORSTEIN. Both are adorned in formal wedding attire: THORSTEIN in an embroidered red cloak with a belt and ceremonial sword, GUDRID in a white linen dress and veil.

Also present are LEIF, THORVALD, FREYDIS, ERIK THE RED, THORBJORN, and HALLDIS, and other members of the household staff.

The scene begins mid-ceremony.

PRIEST

Who giveth this woman unto this man?

THORBJORN steps forward.

THORBJORN

I do.

THORBJORN comes forward and gives GUDRID'S right hand to THORSTEIN.

THORBJORN then returns to his place next to ERIK and HALLDIS.

The PRIEST brings out the rings in his palm and makes the sign of the cross over them.

PRIEST

Bless these rings, O merciful Lord,  
that those who wear them, that give  
and receive them, may be ever  
faithful to one another, remain in  
your peace, and live and grow old  
together in your grace, within the  
shade of the fig tree and vine, and  
seeing their children's children.  
Amen.

All assembled repeat "Amen."

The PRIEST gives one of the rings to THORSTEIN, who places it upon GUDRID'S finger.

THORSTEIN

With this ring I thee wed, and with  
my body I thee honor, and with all  
my worldly goods I thee endow; in  
the name of the Father, and of the  
Son, and of the Holy Spirit. Amen.

All assembled repeat "Amen."

The PRIEST gives the other ring to GUDRID, who places it upon THORSTEIN'S finger.

GUDRID

With this ring I thee wed, and with  
my body I thee honor, and with all  
my worldly goods I thee endow; in  
the name of the Father, and of the  
Son, and of the Holy Spirit. Amen.

All assembled repeat "Amen."

PRIEST

May God bless, preserve, and keep  
you; the Lord mercifully shower his  
favor upon you;

(MORE)

PRIEST (CONT'D)  
 and so fill you with all  
 benediction and grace, that ye may  
 so live together in this life, that  
 in the world to come ye may have  
 life everlasting. Amen.

All assembled repeat "Amen."

GUDRID and THORSTEIN turn to one another, and kiss. They  
 turn to face their families.

PRIEST (CONT'D)  
 God has blessed this union, and all  
 here present. Go forth and be of  
 good cheer.

GUDRID and THORSTEIN, holding each other's hands aloft,  
 proceed forward to the door.

A servant opens the door, and all within the church squint  
 from the bright spring sunlight.

EXT. LEIF'S CHURCH, EASTERN SETTLEMENT, GREENLAND - MORNING

A host of guests from the surrounding farms gathers outside.  
 All erupt in cheers as GUDRID and THORSTEIN emerge into the  
 almost blinding sunlight, followed by their families,  
 servants and the PRIEST.

Orchids adorn the entrance gate to the church grounds.  
 Various wedding guests toss flower petals upon GUDRID and  
 THORSTEIN as they proceed, smiling joyfully, through the  
 gate, followed by the others.

EXT. BRATTAHLID FARM, GREENLAND - MORNING

The wedding feast is laid out in an area of the farm  
 overlooking the fjord.

Oak chests and tables are covered with embroidered cloths.

Most of the guests sit on stools, while the wedding party  
 sits at the main table in tall-backed chairs.

The wedding party is comprised of GUDRID and THORSTEIN in the  
 center, with THORBJORN and HALLDIS seated on one side, ERIK,  
 LEIF, THORVALD, and FREYDIS seated on the other.

The sun shines brightly upon the wedding feast. Servants are  
 attending to the guests.

ERIK stands and speaks.

ERIK

I knew from the time when Thorbjorn and I were confederates in Iceland that our two houses would be joined. We always laid our booths side-by-side at the Althing; we watched each other's children grow. He fought at my side in matters of honor. The Christian faith had come to Iceland, but we were still reckless in our heathen ways.

The guests laugh.

LEIF and THORVALD listen, amused.

ERIK laughs in remembrance.

ERIK (CONT'D)

Those were very strange times; my wife Hildie, Thorstein's mother, bless her heart, found the true faith before I did. That woman -- she was so upset with me for continuing my heathen ways she wouldn't let me sleep with her for a whole month!

The guests laugh awkwardly.

THORVALD covers his face while LEIF stares forward with embarrassment, shaking his head.

ERIK (CONT'D)

But I loved that woman. She was a joy to live with.

FREYDIS listens with an absent look.

ERIK (CONT'D)

And it is my dearest wish that Gudrid and Thorstein see many days together, have many robust children, and, God willing, are never alone.

All assembled toast the newlyweds.

GUDRID and THORSTEIN look at each other and laugh nervously.

THORBJORN now stands.

THORBJORN

As we have done before, my wife and  
I give thanks to Erik's sons for  
saving our family.

All assembled applaud.

LEIF, THORVALD, and THORSTEIN smile, wave and bow, somewhat  
shyly and awkwardly.

THORBJORN (CONT'D)

Our sweet child Gudrid is a rare  
treasure.

THORBJORN lightly touches GUDRID'S head.

THORSTEIN takes GUDRID'S hand.

THORBJORN (CONT'D)

I know that Thorstein will take  
care of our girl, and watch over  
her, and be a good husband to her.  
I know that . . . our girl would  
not be here today without his  
compassion and courage. Thank you,  
my son.

THORBJORN reaches over and kisses THORSTEIN on the head as  
the guests applaud.

HALLDIS stands up, comes over to THORSTEIN and kisses him as  
well.

HALLDIS

Such a handsome boy my girl has  
found.

CROSS-FADE.

EXT. BRATTAHLID FARM, GREENLAND - AFTERNOON

It is later in the day. Guests are still eating and  
drinking.

Meats are sliced.

Some guests dance to the sound of drums and fifes.

Some guests play various games together.

FREYDIS wanders about, observing but not participating.

LEIF sits at a table with THORSTEIN. The scene begins in mid-conversation.

LEIF  
We agree we should stay a year.  
We'll have livestock with us --  
there's plenty of grazing land--

THORSTEIN  
How many men?

LEIF grins.

LEIF  
Plenty. Applicants had to be  
turned away. We'll have more than  
enough.

THORSTEIN glances over at GUDRID.

GUDRID stands nearby conversing with a guest.

THORSTEIN  
And wives, too.

THORSTEIN smiles at LEIF; LEIF pats him on the shoulder.

Just then, THORVALD saunters over to their table.

THORVALD  
You'll never believe who just  
arrived.

THORVALD draws their attention to a small group of MEN and WOMEN entering the feast area.

LEIF and THORSTEIN look on with quiet amazement.

LEIF  
They came all the way from the  
Western Settlement.

THORVALD turns to THORSTEIN.

THORVALD  
Look, dear brother, they came all  
this way just to pay their respects  
to you and Gudrid.

THORSTEIN gazes at the new arrivals with a stoic expression.

THORSTEIN  
No, they didn't.

GUDRID comes over to the table; LEIF and THORSTEIN stand.

GUDRID  
 Thorstein, who are those people?  
 Are they friends?

THORSTEIN  
 No. They are pagans.

The PAGANS are greeting and shaking hands with ERIK, THORBJORN, and HALLDIS.

ERIK greets them with a forced smile and introduces them to GUDRID'S parents. ERIK then glances in the direction of his sons with a raised brow.

FREYDIS, from where she stands on the other side of the feast grounds, also observes the pagans suspiciously.

The PAGANS break up as all but two of them go to partake of the festivities. The two remaining PAGANS ask ERIK a question. ERIK gestures in the direction of his sons and daughter-in-law.

The PAGANS acknowledge ERIK with a smile and approach the table where LEIF and the others are still standing.

THORVALD glances away.

THORVALD  
 Shit . . . .

The PAGANS come up to the table. All share forced smiles.

One of the PAGANS, a tall thin man with long straight black hair, a slight beard, and brandishing a runic medallion on his chest, addresses THORSTEIN and GUDRID. This is THORHALL.

THORHALL  
 May I have the honor of conveying  
 to the newly married couple the  
 congratulations of the house of  
 Egill?

THORSTEIN and GUDRID nod and say "Thank you."

THORHALL glances about and fixes his gaze on LEIF.

THORHALL (CONT'D)  
 Leif, son of Erik, yes?

LEIF  
 That's right.

THORHALL  
I am Thorhall. This is Frodi, my  
brother.

FRODI bows ostentatiously to the group. He is stouter than his brother but otherwise similar in appearance, with blonde hair.

LEIF  
I know.

THORHALL  
Ah.

THORHALL glances about again.

THORHALL (CONT'D)  
May we sit down?

LEIF motions to a couple of SERVANTS nearby to fetch some stools.

The SERVANTS bring the stools and the two pagan brothers sit down across from the others who sit as well.

There follows an awkward pause. THORHALL addresses LEIF.

THORHALL (CONT'D)  
I also wanted to extend my  
congratulations to you for your  
discovery.

LEIF  
Thank you.

Another awkward pause.

THORHALL  
I understand you're planning  
another expedition soon.

LEIF and the others share a look. LEIF turns back to THORHALL.

LEIF  
Yes, that is correct.

THORHALL  
Well, then, we would like to  
propose something which might be of  
interest to you.

LEIF nods and waits silently.

THORHALL shifts on his stool and clears his throat.

THORHALL (CONT'D)  
My family would like to join with  
you on this expedition.

THORVALD  
Oh, we're sorry, but our ship is  
full.

THORHALL  
No matter -- we have our own ship.

THORVALD  
Really? How wonderful . . .

THORHALL  
Yes, well, we intend to make the  
voyage regardless; however, we  
thought, with your knowledge of the  
region, and the settlement that you  
have already established there--

LEIF  
We'd be happy to lease you the  
buildings.

THORHALL and FRODI glance at each other. THORHALL turns back  
to LEIF.

THORHALL  
Of course. That is perfectly  
reasonable.

Another awkward pause.

THORHALL (CONT'D)  
When do you sail?

LEIF  
After the wedding.

THORHALL is taken slightly aback and glances at his brother  
again.

THORHALL  
Oh my, that is soon.

THORHALL turns to address THORSTEIN and GUDRID.

THORHALL (CONT'D)  
Will the happy couple be joining  
you?

THORSTEIN and GUDRID smile and nod.

THORHALL (CONT'D)  
Splendid! Well, then, is my offer  
accepted?

LEIF shares a look with the others. LEIF then addresses the  
PAGANS.

LEIF  
If you wish, you may follow us to  
the far lands. You may share the  
settlement, should there be  
adequate space. We, however,  
reserve the right to keep all  
profits from our cargo.

THORHALL  
Of course. From what we hear of  
these far lands, there is plenty  
enough yield for everyone.

LEIF forces a smile. The rest of the group remains silent.

THORHALL stands and extends a hand to LEIF.

THORHALL (CONT'D)  
Then it is agreed.

LEIF stands and shakes THORHALL'S hand.

THORHALL (CONT'D)  
We look forward to a most  
profitable adventure.

THORHALL and FRODI shake hands with THORVALD and THORSTEIN.

THORHALL kisses the hand of GUDRID and addresses her and  
THORSTEIN.

THORHALL (CONT'D)  
Best wishes to you both.

The pagan brothers excuse themselves and join the  
festivities.

LEIF and the others sit for a moment in silence.

GUDRID  
Is it because they lack the true  
faith that you mistrust them?

LEIF glances at GUDRID.

LEIF  
 It is not their souls we should be  
 concerned with so much as their  
 casual disregard for King Olaf's  
 edict of faith.

LEIF turns his gaze to the pagan brothers.

THORHALL and FRODI stand a couple of yards away chatting with  
 the other PAGANS of their clan.

LEIF (CONT'D)  
 We shall have to see if their  
 treason becomes . . . problematic.

CROSS-FADE.

EXT. BRATTAHLID FARM, GREENLAND - EVENING

The sun begins to set over the fjord.

The wedding feast is starting to wind down. Many of the  
 guests have departed.

Some of the servants are clearing the area of furniture and  
 food and drink.

Torches are lit.

THORSTEIN and GUDRID take their leave of some of the  
 remaining guests.

LEIF, THORVALD, and TYKIR sit at a table in discussion.

ERIK comes over to the table and whispers something in LEIF'S  
 ear. LEIF looks over at FREYDIS.

FREYDIS sits several yards away chatting with a guest.

LEIF nods to his father with a resigned expression. ERIK  
 pats LEIF on the back and wanders off. LEIF gazes at FREYDIS  
 for a moment and then shakes his head. He resumes discussion  
 with THORVALD and TYKIR.

The sun continues to set over the fjord. In the far  
 distance, the knar sits anchored in the harbor, a quarter  
 mile from shore. Someone somewhere is playing a fife.

Title card:  
 SECOND EXPEDITION

EXT. OPEN SEA - DAY

The two knars are together on the open sea at a moderate distance from one another. They traverse the tides and climb small waves.

Onboard LEIF'S knar a cow stands tethered in an exposed area of the hold midway between bow and stern. It stands there nearly motionless as a CREW of fifty, including ten women, moves about the deck.

The CREW of the pagan ship is somewhat smaller, and includes women, as well. As before, skerries are tethered to the sides of both ships.

FREYDIS sits on deck, staring out to sea, her hair fluttering in the wind, with an expression of quiet joy.

FADE TO BLACK.

EXT. OPEN SEA - NIGHT

An image of the ships at night, the CREWS stretched out and sleeping on deck under a starlit sky.

EXT. OPEN SEA - DAY

Both vessels battle the swells under adverse weather.

The cow -- tethered and manacled in the hold -- wails in protest as the knar pitches back and forth.

LEIF and THORVALD give orders to the CREW.

GUDRID and THORSTEIN watch the activity near the stern with FREYDIS; THORSTEIN and GUDRID hold tightly to one another.

Onboard the pagan vessel THORHALL directs his CREW with FRODI at his side.

LEIF and THORHALL signal directions to one another from the decks of their respective ships.

CREWMEMBERS are tossed about on both knars as some fall backwards into the rigging.

CROSS-FADE.

EXT. OPEN SEA - SUNSET

Images of relative calm on the sea:

FREYDIS and THORVALD converse on deck; the sunset behind them, they eat porridge, smiling and laughing.

GUDRID and THORSTEIN sit in a tender embrace on the deck; THORSTEIN with his eyes closed, GUDRID staring out to sea with a dreamy expression.

LEIF and TYKIR, via a wooden telescope with a crystal glass, discreetly observe activity on the pagan vessel.

As seen through the telescope, FRODI carves what appears to be large ritual runes along the prow.

CROSS-FADE.

EXT. OPEN SEA, SOMEWHERE OFF THE COAST OF VINLAND – DAY

The CREWS of both knars stare ahead with expectancy.

The four ERIKSSON SIBLINGS and GUDRID stand near the stern.

THORHALL and FRODI, along with their CREW, have also fixed their gaze upon the horizon.

As expectation increases, GUDRID makes her way towards the bow, moving amongst the CREW. She stands at the bow and gazes forward. After a few moments, her face lights up with joy.

GUDRID

Land!

The "far lands" once again present themselves on the horizon. The sound of chimes and voices erupts in the underscoring.

The CREWS of both ships let out an enormous "huzzah"-like cheer.

THORHALL and FRODI hug each other and laugh with joy.

The ERIKSSON SIBLINGS hug each other.

THORVALD musses the hair of FREYDIS, who laughs ebulliently.

THORSTEIN goes up to join GUDRID at the bow. They embrace and kiss.

CROSS-FADE.

EXT. COASTAL WATERS, VINLAND - DAY

The coastline presents a different aspect than before. It is even more mountainous, majestic and green.

The two knars proceed down the coast as choirs and drums set the pace in the underscoring.

The knars pass through inlets and bays, maintaining a safe distance from shore, as the CREWS of both ships drink in the sights set before them.

FREYDIS stares in awe and fascination at the landscape; she turns to look at THORVALD who sits at the stern with LEIF.

THORVALD grins at her while LEIF smiles, his head cocked to the side in his cavalier manner.

GUDRID and THORSTEIN also gaze in a kind of rapture at the shimmering and towering landscape, their arms entwined.

THORHALL and FRODI share expressions of joy and excitement at the prospect before them.

The CREWS of both ships take in the splendor, their hair fluttering in the breeze.

CROSS-FADE.

EXT. NORSE SETTLEMENT, VINLAND - DUSK

The two knars sit anchored in the lake a discreet distance from one another.

The settlement buildings remain undisturbed.

The skerries are tethered to the shore and a variety of trunks, wooden casks and various cloth-bound supplies litter the shore.

LEIF and his CREW are on their knees, facing inland, their heads bowed in prayer.

Across the salmon stream, the PAGANS stand beneath a large oak tree, their hands raised in prayer to their god.

The cow is now grazing a short distance away in the grass beyond the settlement.

FADE TO BLACK.

EXT. NORSE SETTLEMENT, VINLAND – NIGHT

A set of large cooking fires are flaring between the settlement and the shore.

At one fire THORVALD, LEIF, GUDRID, THORSTEIN, FREYDIS, TYKIR, and other MEN and WOMEN from their crew, sit upon logs on one side of the fire, while THORHALL, FRODI, and MEMBERS of their clan sit upon logs on the opposite side. Everyone is either eating or finishing a meal and drinking mead or ale.

THORHALL turns to his brother and addresses him in a low voice.

THORHALL

Did you remember to make sacrifice  
to Old Redbeard today?

FRODI

Yes, brother.

THORHALL gazes back at the fire as he continues to address FRODI.

THORHALL

We owe our safe arrival here to the  
might of his hammer. We must be  
diligent in our gratitude.

THORVALD, a bit drunk, interrupts.

THORVALD

I am curious: you brought no  
livestock with you -- no animals at  
all. How will you make sacrifice  
while you are here? Do you plan to  
sacrifice various members of your  
crew instead?

TYKIR and some of the other Eriksson CREWMEMBERS laugh drunkenly.

FREYDIS, seated next to THORVALD, smirks and giggles.

THORHALL replies with a placid smile, though FRODI and his fellow KINSMEN look offended. THORHALL replies with a patient air.

THORHALL

It is, of course, not necessary to  
make blood sacrifices.

(MORE)

THORHALL (CONT'D)

If you understood the religion of your forefathers instead of mocking it drunkenly, I would not need to tell you--

THORVALD

I am not mocking you, I'm just curious. I know -- maybe you could round up some hares and carve them up and inspect the entrails--

THORVALD illustrates his remarks with grotesque parodic gestures.

LEIF'S MEN and their WIVES laugh out loud.

LEIF, THORSTEIN and GUDRID -- who do not appear to be as inebriated as the others -- watch uneasily.

The PAGANS begin to stand up from their seats but THORHALL raises his hand. His manner continues to be placid and controlled as he addresses his fellow PAGANS.

THORHALL

Kinsmen, we choose civility.

The PAGANS back down with reluctance.

THORVALD and his fellow CREWMEMBERS and FREYDIS continue to snicker.

THORHALL (CONT'D)

We are grateful to our Christian hosts for their . . . hospitality.

THORHALL raises himself up but in a non-threatening way.

THORHALL (CONT'D)

However, it is late, and as the general discourse appears to have descended into drunken oafishness, we will take our leave. Leif, son of Erik, might I have a word?

LEIF stands and he and THORHALL step to one side.

THORHALL (CONT'D)

The oak tree across the salmon stream is to be used by us for the sacred purpose which your brother ridicules. We plan to build longhouses of our own there, as your settlement houses appear to be . . . cozier than expected.

LEIF  
I will lease you the lands.

THORHALL pauses as FRODI and the other PAGANS approach.

TYKIR, THORVALD, FREYDIS, and some of the other CREWMEMBERS start to stand up.

THORHALL stares at LEIF a moment in disbelief.

THORHALL  
How far does your claim stretch?

LEIF  
At present, from the mountains at our back to the south side of the lake.

THORHALL  
That is quite an estate.

LEIF  
It is ours by right.

THORHALL gestures in the direction of the stream.

THORHALL  
But you do not build upon it. The land sits there idle--

LEIF  
I will permit you to lease it and build upon it as you choose.

FRODI  
And you will own the longhouses.

LEIF  
No, just the land.

FRODI  
That's a tidy arrangement for you.

LEIF shrugs.

THORHALL  
May we pray there?

LEIF  
Yes, of course.

THORHALL throws his hands in the air.

THORHALL

Well, then, there you have it!  
Splendid! We feared you might be  
unreasonable!

THORHALL turns to LEIF'S crew and family.

THORHALL (CONT'D)

Gentlemen, ladies, we take our  
leave. It has been a pleasure as  
always. Until tomorrow--

The PAGANS tramp away, sending fiery glances in the direction  
of LEIF and his crew and family.

TYKIR

I'm not sure how much longer I can  
tolerate that snide barbarian--

LEIF

We must tolerate them. The Lord  
teaches forbearance and forbearance  
we will have. Besides, we profit  
from their residency.

THORVALD

So long as they pay. Suppose they  
stop?

LEIF pauses and sighs.

LEIF

We will cross that body of water  
when we get to it.

THORSTEIN comes up behind LEIF and addresses him in a low  
voice.

THORSTEIN

That body of water is a salmon  
stream.

LEIF frowns and gazes at the PAGANS.

The PAGANS walk away into the darkness.

FADE TO BLACK.

EXT. OPEN BEACH, VINLAND - DAY

GUDRID and THORSTEIN are walking arm-in-arm along the south  
side of the lake, down the shore from the settlement.

The sound of voices and bell chimes murmur softly in the underscoring.

GUDRID

It's strange . . . I remember the chants my grandmother taught me as a child. She told me if I learned them well, I could summon the land spirits to my aid. I think that, though I be a Christian woman, I could recall them without imperiling my soul.

THORSTEIN

Back home, the volur still walk among the settlements.

GUDRID

A seeress? My grandmother was no seeress, though she had illusions of such powers.

THORSTEIN

I am glad she was not. I find the volur distasteful.

GUDRID smirks.

GUDRID

I will be sure then to keep their spirit songs to myself.

THORSTEIN looks at her, smiles, and kisses her on the cheek.

THORSTEIN

I would not want you to silence yourself on my account.

GUDRID does not respond. Something distracts her up ahead. She points in that direction.

GUDRID

See! Do you see it?

THORSTEIN turns his gaze in that direction.

A large grayish-white object lies on the shore, the tides washing up underneath it.

GUDRID (CONT'D)

It's . . . a whale!

THORSTEIN'S face brightens up.

THORSTEIN  
Indeed it is!

GUDRID and THORSTEIN run up to the beached whale. It is a large narwhal and appears to be fresh. Seagulls and other birds circle overhead.

GUDRID and THORSTEIN look at each other excitedly.

THORSTEIN (CONT'D)  
Wait here -- I'll get the others.

THORSTEIN runs off towards the settlement.

GUDRID stands next to the beached whale, the birds circling overhead and the tides lapping the shore.

CROSS-FADE.

EXT. OPEN BEACH, VINLAND - DAY

LEIF, THORVALD, FREYDIS, TYKIR, and a large contingent of MEN and WOMEN from the crew, led by THORSTEIN, approach GUDRID and the dead narwhal by both land and skerry. None of the pagans appear to be with them. Those in the skerries disembark and all come forward to scrutinize the whale.

LEIF gazes at the carcass with elation.

LEIF  
Is it fresh?

THORSTEIN  
It appears so.

THORSTEIN glances at GUDRID with a smile.

GUDRID gazes pensively at something behind THORSTEIN and the others. Just then, THORHALL'S voice is heard off-screen.

THORHALL (O-S)  
Our prayers have been answered.

THORSTEIN and the others turn.

THORHALL, FRODI, and the other PAGANS approach. As they do, they inadvertently mingle with the CHRISTIANS, who gradually move off on their own so that both groups face each other apart. The narwhal and GUDRID remain between them.

THORHALL (CONT'D)

Yes, it is very true. You see before you the beneficence of almighty Thor. The religion of your forefathers, which you have chosen to abandon, has brought forth this bounty.

THORHALL turns to THORVALD with an amused sneer.

THORHALL (CONT'D)

Vigorous prayer and sacrifice will work wonders, even without the benefit of the knife.

THORVALD

You prayed to Thor to bring you a dead whale?

THORHALL once again affects forced patience.

THORHALL

We prayed and sacrificed to Old Redbeard to bring forth provision for the coming winter, to spare us months of hunger, and despair.

THORHALL kneels down next to the narwhal and speaks with a tremble in his voice.

THORHALL (CONT'D)

He smote this animal with his hammer and brought it to our shores.

LEIF

We will share of it what we can with you.

THORHALL stands, smiling at LEIF with ironic humor.

THORHALL

No, my dear sir, there will be no sharing with those who ridicule our gods. This beast is ours.

LEIF attempts to speak but THORHALL cuts him off with rising anger in his voice.

LEIF

See now--

THORHALL

You have taken ownership of everything here but the air we breathe. This prize is ours! We would, of course, leave any leftover scraps for you, but, sadly, there appears to be only just enough for--

LEIF

I rescind my offer. I would not share my table with those who commit treason against the--

THORHALL

Treason? What treason -- treason against you, Leif, son of Erik? Is Leif, son of Erik, king of these lands now?

The PAGANS laugh in ridicule.

LEIF

Treason against King Olaf.

The pagan laughter dies down. There is a pause and a look of confusion on the PAGANS faces.

THORHALL

Olaf? The sovereignty of the Norwegian prince extends this far, does it?

LEIF

His sovereignty extends to wherever we, his subjects, venture upon this earth. The king has established an edict of faith. By refusing to accept that faith, you stand as traitors to the crown.

THORHALL stares in disbelief. His face grows contorted with rage.

THORHALL

You presume to pass judgment upon us, that we would ever give fealty to a foreign king--

LEIF

I presume nothing. Your treason is your own affair--

THORHALL

Jackal! To ever think we would be  
at the mercy of a simpering,  
mindless prince and his spaniel--

TYKIR comes forward threateningly.

TYKIR

You will choke on those words,  
heathen--

THORHALL ignores TYKIR and continues to address his speech to  
LEIF.

THORHALL

--fawning bootlick, you toad! You  
disgrace your fathers by making  
peace with the princely rogues of  
Norway--

FREYDIS observes the discussion with a look of amusement on  
her face, suppressing a giggle.

LEIF

You may blaspheme and deny your God  
if you choose, but I will not have  
you slur our patron king!

THORHALL

My forefathers risked their lives,  
their families, their fortunes--

LEIF

Enough!

THORHALL

--to rid themselves of that damned  
monarchy, and now you play the  
girlish lapdog to a foppish  
imbecile--

LEIF

Pray enough, heathen! Silence!!

THORHALL pauses for a moment and then addresses LEIF in a low  
growl.

THORHALL

Stand aside, Christian. We claim  
our bounty.

LEIF

You claim nothing!

LEIF turns to his people.

LEIF (CONT'D)  
Men at arms!

The CHRISTIANS side draw their short swords and knives.

The PAGANS, with the exception of THORHALL, respond in kind.

GUDRID, who is not armed, stands aside and observes with an expression of mounting fear.

THORSTEIN, brandishing his sword, glances at GUDRID; he motions with his head for her to come to his side.

GUDRID gazes at THORSTEIN blankly.

FREYDIS and THORVALD, who stand side by side, brandish their weapons. They glance at each other with smiles of camaraderie.

The two camps face each other. The only sounds are the lapping of the tides, and the cries of the seabirds.

THORHALL remains unarmed, and assesses the situation.

THORHALL  
I see.

THORHALL pauses and softens his stance.

THORHALL (CONT'D)  
You know, I actually once sat and listened to a sermon by one of your Christian priests. It was . . . very interesting, some of it.

A look of resignation comes over THORHALL'S face.

THORHALL (CONT'D)  
But now I see it was all a lie.

THORHALL turns to FRODI and his other kinsmen.

THORHALL (CONT'D)  
Children of Odin, we are outnumbered. Sheathe your swords; we take our leave.

FRODI  
Brother, no! Not this time!

THORHALL replies in a commanding tone.

THORHALL

We will not sully our swords with  
the blood of slaves! We will make  
our own way. Prepare the ship --  
we sail at once!

FRODI grimaces in frustration and angrily thrusts his blade  
back into its sheath. The other PAGANS do the same.  
THORHALL throws his hands in the air and they march off.

As he walks away, THORHALL turns and speaks over his  
shoulder, but addresses his kinsmen.

THORHALL (CONT'D)

Say goodbye to the king's  
mistresses everyone!

Some of the PAGANS turn and make obscene gestures at LEIF and  
the others. FRODI turns and makes whining and panting dog  
noises.

LEIF and his SIBLINGS and CREWMEMBERS lower their weapons.

TYKIR comes up behind LEIF and mutters in his ear.

TYKIR

You let them go? They could return  
and ambush us while we sleep.

LEIF gazes off at the retreating pagans.

LEIF

We will let them make their own  
way, as he says.

TYKIR and the others sheathe their blades.

As THORSTEIN sheathes his sword, GUDRID comes up to him.  
They both share a look of mutual sadness as THORSTEIN puts  
his arm around her shoulder.

FREYDIS and THORVALD put away their weapons.

FREYDIS

Like our father, we find our way  
into trouble, don't we?

THORVALD grins playfully.

THORVALD

Erik's saplings are more than a  
match  
For any heathen or villainous  
patch.

FREYDIS giggles and embraces THORVALD. THORVALD then turns and addresses the others.

THORVALD (CONT'D)  
Now let us take our fisherman's  
catch!

The CREWMEMBERS laugh and cheer.

CROSS-FADE.

EXT. LAKE, VINLAND - DAY

Both skerries cart the narwhal across the lake. The carcass lies across both boats, which are tethered together. The OARSMEN row with enthusiasm.

CROSS-FADE.

EXT. NORSE SETTLEMENT, VINLAND - DAY

The narwhal is prepared for use by the settlement:

Strips of meat are cut, boiled, dried and smoked.

The blubber is removed, and the oils extracted.

EXT. NORSE SETTLEMENT, VINLAND - DUSK

The work finished for the day, the CREW assembles around a great bonfire to celebrate with food, drink, and dance.

Two MUSICIANS play a bone flute and a hand drum, while some of the WOMEN and the MEN dance around the bonfire.

LEIF, THORVALD, and FREYDIS laugh, clap, and dance side-by-side.

GUDRID runs up to THORSTEIN and they share a long passionate kiss.

Everyone cheers and sings songs, laughing and celebrating.

Cross-fade into a view of the bonfire in the middle distance, with the dancing shapes of the people illuminated by the flames.

Cross-fade into a view of the bonfire from a far distance. The dancing shapes can still be faintly seen in the distant firelight.

In the foreground, flanking the view of the bonfire, stand two FIGURES atop a hill overlooking the settlement. They stand in the shadows of the surrounding trees and almost disappear into the dusk.

They appear to be wearing long straight hide coats with high back collars, which obscure their heads. Seen from behind, they stand and regard the Norse celebrating around the bonfire. The flute and the drum can still be heard faintly in the distance.

FADE TO BLACK.

EXT. NORSE SETTLEMENT, VINLAND - MORNING

FADE IN.

It is an early spring morning; there is a mist on the ground. The settlement is quiet. In the background, the knar, now alone, sits anchored in the lake.

THORVALD emerges from the main longhouse. Though it is spring, it is still cool. THORVALD pulls a woolen blanket about his shoulders, yawns, and looks about.

In the middle distance, the cow grazes over by a tree.

As THORVALD looks around something catches his eye on the far hill at the edge of the forest.

It appears to be a FIGURE, whose body or clothing catches the sunlight, and reflects it back. The distant FIGURE holds in one hand a tall staff. The figure also appears to have only one leg in the center of its body. This is the UNIPED.

THORVALD squints in amazement.

Just then, FREYDIS emerges from the longhouse. She too has a woolen garment of some kind draped about her person.

FREYDIS comes up silently behind THORVALD and taps him playfully on the shoulder.

THORVALD turns suddenly, startled. FREYDIS giggles at him. THORVALD turns back with a continued expression of amazement at the UNIPED on the hill.

THORVALD

See! Do you see--

The UNIPED has vanished.

THORVALD makes an exasperated gesture. FREYDIS looks in the direction towards the hill.

FREYDIS  
What? What was it?

THORVALD pauses for a moment.

THORVALD  
Nothing. Never mind.

FREYDIS frowns and goes back to the longhouse. THORVALD gazes up at the forest and murmurs to himself.

THORVALD (CONT'D)  
By my faith, these woods are  
haunted.

THORVALD turns and follows FREYDIS back inside the longhouse. Smoke is starting to waft up from the longhouse's chimney.

FADE TO BLACK.

EXT. NORSE SETTLEMENT, VINLAND - DAY

Various images of people at work around the settlement:

A BLACKSMITH fires the kiln.

A WOODWORKER planes a piece of timber.

FREYDIS and a couple of the WOMEN prepare cheese and skyr from milk derived from the cow.

Other CREWMEMBERS tie self-sown wheat into bundles.

MEN stand in the salmon stream, grabbing up flailing fish from the waters and laughing.

THORSTEIN patches a section of the roof of one of the longhouses.

GUDRID works at a loom set up under a maple tree a short distance from the settlement. She is visibly six months pregnant.

EXT. FOREST, VINLAND - DAY

A hill in the forest a short distance from the settlement. A group of ten MEN is harvesting timber, chopping at trees.

One of the trees comes crashing to the forest floor.

LEIF and THORVALD are supervising the work. LEIF is giving instructions to TYKIR.

LEIF

We mustn't deplete our supply of trees in this area too swiftly. Tykir, I want you to proceed over to the north face of the hill and determine the quality of the timber.

TYKIR

How far should I go?

LEIF

No more than half a league. We will still need to transport the trees back to the settlement.

TYKIR

Right.

TYKIR goes off over the rise in the forest. LEIF turns to THORVALD.

LEIF

How goes your berry harvesting?

THORVALD

A few more weeks. They're not ripe.

EXT. FOREST, VINLAND - DAY

TYKIR comes to a clearing in the forest and inspects a large cherry tree. Still audible in the distance is the chopping and felling of tree. All else is quiet.

TYKIR knocks on the trunk of the cherry tree. His manner appears is somewhere between relaxed and bored.

TYKIR turns to gaze up at the sun through the trees. Suddenly a look of shock and fear comes over his face. He turns his head to the right. His breathing becomes audibly erratic.

Standing not more than twenty paces away is a group of about twenty to thirty native THULE, or Inuit, including men and women of various ages.

They are tall and wear long hide coats lined with fur with high back collars and hanging sleeves.

The THULE have long dark hair, some of whom have it tied up in a ball on top of their heads. Most of the men have beards or moustaches. Two or three carry animal hides in their arms, as if offering them. They are silent and gaze at TYKIR with an eerie serenity, or a placid curiosity.

TYKIR stares back with a look of shock and bewilderment in his eyes.

EXT. NORSE SETTLEMENT, VINLAND – DAY

GUDRID sits at her loom beneath the maple tree. She is weaving the warp in a kind of tranquil reverie.

Suddenly GUDRID becomes aware of a presence nearby. She turns on her stool as a shadow comes into frame.

A tall THULE WOMAN is standing nearby, regarding GUDRID with the same eerily serene curiosity. This is FIRST WOMAN. She is garbed the same as the other Thule. Her long dark-red hair is tied in two pigtails.

GUDRID gazes at FIRST WOMAN in shock and wonder. After a moment, GUDRID slowly rises from her seat.

FIRST WOMAN notices GUDRID'S pregnancy and regards GUDRID with a look of high esteem, bowing slightly.

GUDRID smiles.

GUDRID  
My name is Gudrid.

FIRST WOMAN pauses a moment before replying in a voice that sounds almost identical to GUDRID'S.

FIRST WOMAN  
My name is Gudrid.

GUDRID smiles with a look of trepidation and confusion.

EXT. FOREST, VINLAND – DAY

A felled tree has been cut into individual sections. The MEN are preparing to haul them down to the settlement.

LEIF is kneeling down and measuring one of the sections with his arm. THORVALD and some of the MEN stand nearby and watch.

LEIF

We need no more than two ells worth  
of each section for stowage.

LEIF stands and looks downhill in thought. Suddenly the sound of TYKIR yelling is audible in the distance. THORVALD and the other MEN turn to look in the direction of the sound. LEIF continues to gaze downhill distractedly.

LEIF (CONT'D)

You know, we might be able to just  
roll them downhill--

LEIF leaves off and turns around as the sound of TYKIR'S yelling gets louder and closer.

TYKIR is running down the slope towards them, waving and shouting incomprehensibly. At one point, he stumbles and slides on his stomach before picking himself up again and resuming his course.

THORVALD

What's he on about?

TYKIR runs until he almost collapses into LEIF'S arms. He looks up at LEIF with a strange expression and addresses him in almost a whisper.

TYKIR

There are people here.

LEIF smiles in confusion as if in response to a misunderstood joke.

LEIF

What?

LEIF then looks up in the direction from which TYKIR has just come. LEIF'S expression turns to one of shock and amazement.

The THULE PEOPLE are walking slowly, en masse, towards the Norsemen.

THORVALD gazes at the Thule with an expression similar to LEIF'S and the others.

LEIF glances over at his MEN.

The NORSEMEN are beginning to hold their axes in a defensive posture as the THULE approach.

LEIF addresses his MEN.

LEIF (CONT'D)  
Axes at your sides!

LEIF'S MEN comply, somewhat reluctantly.

TYKIR moves to a position slightly behind and between LEIF and THORVALD.

The THULE approach LEIF, TYKIR, and THORVALD and stand before them. One of the THULE MEN in front is a handsome man in his thirties with a slight moustache and beard. This is THULE CHIEF.

THULE CHIEF turns and shares a significant look with one of the other THULE. He then turns his gaze to LEIF.

LEIF smiles in a friendly but uneasy manner.

LEIF (CONT'D)  
Are these your lands?

THULE CHIEF responds with the same placid countenance, but appears to be studying LEIF.

LEIF (CONT'D)  
This is your home.

THULE CHIEF gestures to the THULE who carry the animal hides. They proffer the hides.

THORVALD turns to his brother.

THORVALD  
Trade?

LEIF again smiles mechanically at the THULE and turns to address his MEN.

LEIF  
All of you return to the settlement  
now.

LEIF'S MEN turn and hesitantly begin to make their way downhill.

LEIF turns back and addresses THORVALD and TYKIR.

LEIF (CONT'D)  
We'll lead them back to the  
settlement. There are more of us  
there.

LEIF looks and smiles at THULE CHIEF and inclines his head as if inviting them to follow.

LEIF, TYKIR, and THORVALD turn and begin to walk slowly downhill. After a few paces, LEIF addresses his brother.

LEIF (CONT'D)  
Are they following?

THORVALD turns and looks back. The THULE PEOPLE, en masse, are following behind them. THORVALD turns to face forward but stumbles slightly.

THORVALD  
Yes.

LEIF  
What have we got to trade with?

THORVALD glances at his brother and gestures with his head back at the THULE who follow.

THORVALD  
I suppose they'll decide.

EXT. NORSE SETTLEMENT, VINLAND - DAY

GUDRID is walking towards the settlement. FIRST WOMAN is following closely behind. The voice of Vinland sings with strange choirs and chimes in the underscoring.

FREYDIS is the first to notice. She stares at the sight of FIRST WOMAN in mystification, and not without a hint of defensiveness in her posture.

FREYDIS then turns to see LEIF'S MEN from the woods, closely trailed by LEIF, THORVALD, and TYKIR and the THULE PEOPLE, with THULE CHIEF at the front of his people.

By now, the other NORSEMEN and WOMEN have become aware of the presence of the Thule People, including THORSTEIN. They all come forward, some affecting a defensive posture similar to FREYDIS; but mostly they just stare in awe.

As they get closer, LEIF motions to everyone to back down in their defensive posturing.

THORVALD smiles in a forced manner and addresses the Norse.

THORVALD  
We have guests! Smiles, everyone!

The NORSE PARTY from the woods arrives, as does GUDRID and FIRST WOMAN.

The THULE PEOPLE begin to mingle among the NORSE, staring with silent curiosity at the various dwellings and buildings of the settlement, and the Norse wares.

FIRST WOMAN and THULE CHIEF approach one another and share silent but significant looks, as if they are anthropologists studying a new tribe.

THORSTEIN approaches GUDRID to ascertain if she is well. GUDRID leans in and whispers to her husband.

GUDRID  
She said my name.

LEIF and THORVALD come up close to their brother and sister-in-law.

FREYDIS remains a few paces away, stunned and bewildered by the THULE PEOPLE, but also seemingly hostile to their intrusion.

LEIF addresses THORSTEIN and GUDRID.

LEIF  
We found them in the woods. Or,  
rather, they found us.

THORSTEIN  
Then we have not been alone here.

LEIF  
It would appear so.

FIRST WOMAN points GUDRID out to THULE CHIEF. THULE CHIEF takes notice of her protruding belly, smiles, and bows to her.

THORSTEIN turns and smiles at his wife.

THORSTEIN  
You are held in high esteem.

THULE CHIEF motions to the THULE carrying the hides to come forward. They once again proffer the hides to the Norse.

LEIF  
They wish to trade. What have we  
got that could be of value to them?

The THULE PEOPLE offer their hides.

LEIF and his SIBLINGS are unsure what to do.

LEIF (CONT'D)

Uhhh . . . .

LEIF smiles and makes a gesture as if giving permission to the THULE to inspect the settlement.

THULE CHIEF appears to take him up on the offer and begins to look around. He, FIRST WOMAN, and some of the other THULE begin to wander about the settlement, closely followed by LEIF, GUDRID, and the OTHERS.

FREYDIS stays at a discreet distance from the Thule, and begins to regard them with disgust.

THULE CHIEF, FIRST WOMAN, and the OTHERS approach the smithy and notice a line of short swords lined up against the side of the kiln.

THULE CHIEF'S eyes widen; he smiles at FIRST WOMAN and the other THULE and makes a movement towards the swords.

THORSTEIN

Not the weapons!

LEIF and the NORSE hold their hands up swiftly and shout "No" at the THULE.

THULE CHIEF looks up at the NORSE but maintains his stoic manner.

LEIF smiles at THULE CHIEF but shakes his head.

LEIF

No.

THULE CHIEF turns to the other THULE with a raised brow, but maintains his placid countenance.

GUDRID

Maybe we could offer them some of the dairy.

THORVALD

Not the skyr!

GUDRID addresses some of the NORSEWOMEN.

GUDRID

Fetch them a bowl of milk and some cheese.

Two of the NORSEWOMEN go to get the dairy.

Meanwhile FIRST WOMAN shows an interest in the wool garments of some of the Norse.

GUDRID turns to FREYDIS.

GUDRID (CONT'D)  
Freydis, go get them some wool-spun  
from the longhouse.

FREYDIS silently frowns at GUDRID, disregarding her request.

GUDRID frowns and turns to one of the other NORSEWOMEN.

GUDRID (CONT'D)  
Will you bring some wool-spun for  
them?

The NORSEWOMAN departs.

One of the other NORSEWOMEN brings a bowl of milk and a block of cheese over to THULE CHIEF, FIRST WOMAN, and some of the other THULE.

THULE CHIEF and FIRST WOMAN drink from the bowl. They grin and laugh, nodding their heads to the NORSE, and pass the bowl to the other THULE.

The NORSEWOMAN brings out a pile of woolen garments from the longhouse and hands it to FIRST WOMAN.

The THULE who carry the hides hand them over to the NORSE. Everyone exchanges smiles of gratitude.

Suddenly the Norse cow emerges from behind one of the buildings.

The THULE who is drinking from the bowl drops it and stares aghast at the cow.

Suddenly a complete change of behavior comes over the THULE PEOPLE. They regard the cow with shock and fear and begin to move off, leaving behind the woolen garments on the ground next to the cheese and the bowl of spilt milk.

Despite the efforts of LEIF and the other NORSE to calm the THULE with gestures, the THULE PEOPLE swiftly and unceremoniously move off as a group from the settlement, quickly making their way back to the woods.

The NORSE stand and gaze with bewilderment.

The THULE PEOPLE disappear into the forest.

The NORSE all then turn and look at the cow.

The cow stands still, chewing its cud with indifference.

FADE TO BLACK.

EXT. NORSE SETTLEMENT, VINLAND - DUSK

The entire CREW is assembled in an area within the settlement grounds. Some sit upon logs, some upon the ground, some leaning upon the structures.

LEIF stands upon a large stone to address the group. GUDRID, FREYDIS, THORVALD, and THORSTEIN stand or sit nearby.

LEIF

I think we all can appreciate the significance of today's encounter. What we thought was untenanted soil has proven to be . . . occupied. We have no idea of their numbers or where they reside.

LEIF gazes up and around at the surrounding wilderness.

LEIF (CONT'D)

All we can be certain of is that they know we're here.

THORSTEIN

Why did they wait until now to contact us?

LEIF

They may have been observing us, divining our intentions.

GUDRID

I wonder what gave them purpose to come to us.

LEIF

God knows. However, for now they have shown no acts of hostility or aggression towards our people.

FREYDIS

They wanted our weapons.

LEIF responds with a slight look of impatience or annoyance.

LEIF

They could have seen them as shining baubles. Remember -- these are primitive, uncivilized people.

FREYDIS  
 They are smelly, hide-wearing  
 creatures. They are devious. How  
 can we trust them?

LEIF turns to FREYDIS.

LEIF  
 How can we trust anyone?

FREYDIS frowns and looks away, maintaining a haughty silence.

LEIF (CONT'D)  
 Besides, they are apparently  
 terrified of our livestock.

LEIF smirks.

The CREW breaks out in laughter.

LEIF (CONT'D)  
 Perhaps, now, they will simply  
 leave us alone.

CUT TO BLACK.

EXT. LAKE SHORELINE, VINLAND - MORNING

FADE IN.

THORSTEIN sits upon a rise of ground near the shore of the  
 lake.

The knar sits in the water.

THORSTEIN is filing a piece of soapstone. He appears to be  
 carving a small stone cross.

GUDRID, wrapped in a wool coat, approaches from behind.  
 THORSTEIN turns, smiles, and stands to embrace her.

GUDRID  
 You crept away early, my love.

THORSTEIN pulls the wool coat closely around her.

THORSTEIN  
 I did not want to disturb you. You  
 and the child must rest.

GUDRID  
 What great secret pulls you away  
 from our bed at first light?

GUDRID nuzzles THORSTEIN playfully. THORSTEIN bends and picks the cross up from the ground where he laid it. He shows it to GUDRID.

THORSTEIN  
For the baby. It is to be a necklace.

GUDRID looks at it. She then gazes at THORSTEIN and places her hand on his cheek.

GUDRID  
You needn't hide from me.

THORSTEIN  
There is nothing I wish to conceal from you.

THORSTEIN starts filing again.

THORSTEIN (CONT'D)  
Like our father, my siblings and I are restless. We do not sleep at our ease.

A strange look comes over GUDRID'S face as she gazes out at the knar and the lake.

GUDRID  
I dreamt of her again last night.

THORSTEIN pauses and looks at her.

THORSTEIN  
Your namesake? She has plagued you many nights since.

GUDRID  
Why did she say my name?

THORSTEIN  
It troubles you, but you mustn't dwell upon it.

GUDRID  
It was as if she was peering inside of me.

THORSTEIN  
It was mere mimicry.

THORSTEIN leans in close to GUDRID.

THORSTEIN (CONT'D)  
I have heard tales of starlings in  
captivity who could speak their  
master's name.

GUDRID glances at THORSTEIN and smiles. He puts his arm  
around her and gently pulls her close.

GUDRID and THORSTEIN stand and look out at the knar and the  
lake, illumined in the new morning sun.

FADE TO BLACK.

INT. SMITHY, NORSE SETTLEMENT, VINLAND - DAY

ORIN, the blacksmith, fires his kiln and hammers out metal  
into the shape of a sword.

A young Norsewoman, SIGRID, peers around the corner of the  
entrance.

SIGRID  
Orin, you can stop work now. The  
races are starting.

ORIN turns and smiles, his face red and sweaty.

ORIN  
Go on ahead, Sigrid. I won't be  
long.

SIGRID grins and exits.

ORIN turns and hammers some more at the sword.

EXT. LAKE SHORELINE, VINLAND - DAY

Several MEN, including THORSTEIN and LEIF, are engaged in a  
swimming competition out to the knar.

The rest of the CREW stands on shore and cheers.

EXT. SMITHY, NORSE SETTLEMENT, VINLAND - DAY

ORIN exits the smithy with a newly-made sword held between  
iron tongs. He comes around the corner where a line of  
swords leans against the side of the small round building.

Standing next to the swords is a THULE MAN.

ORIN drops the sword and the tongs in surprise at the sight of the man.

ORIN  
Sweet Jesus!

The THULE MAN stares at ORIN with an eerie serenity, like the others before, but also looks at the swords in earnest attraction.

ORIN forces a smile.

ORIN (CONT'D)  
Hello.

The THULE MAN smiles back. He then reaches down to take a sword.

ORIN (CONT'D)  
No! No! It is not permitted!

The THULE MAN takes the sword in hand and looks it over in fascination and pleasure. The blade flashes in the reflected sunlight.

ORIN takes a more threatening stance. He points at the sword in the THULE MAN'S hand, and then points at the ground.

ORIN (CONT'D)  
Put it down. I will not ask again.

The THULE MAN stands about ten paces from ORIN. The THULE MAN brings the sword high into the air and slowly brings it down until it points directly at ORIN. The THULE MAN continues to smile in a friendly, somewhat playful manner.

ORIN hesitates for a moment and then takes up the nearest sword. He brandishes it threateningly at the THULE MAN.

ORIN (CONT'D)  
Leave it.

The THULE MAN comes forward a few paces and gently and playfully taps the tip of ORIN'S sword.

ORIN comes forward in a fencing stance and plunges his sword into the belly of the THULE MAN. ORIN then steps back in fright.

The THULE MAN drops his sword and stares down in shock and pain at his wound. As his legs give way, he looks up at ORIN with an uncomprehending look of pain and fear.

The THULE MAN'S mouth becomes bloody and he falls to the ground dead.

ORIN stares at the body of the THULE MAN with a look of sheer panic in his eyes, uncertain of what to do.

EXT. LAKE SHORELINE, VINLAND - DAY

THORSTEIN, LEIF, and the other MEN continue swimming out to the knar.

Among the spectators is FREYDIS. A look of boredom soon comes over her face and she turns to go back to the settlement.

EXT. NORSE SETTLEMENT, VINLAND - DAY

FREYDIS walks through the deserted settlement, her face deep in thought. She looks up and around at the surrounding landscape. Strange singing voices are audible in the underscoring, accompanied by bells and chimes.

An expression of quiet exhilaration comes over her. She also seems to be listening, as if the musical voice of Vinland is audible to her alone.

EXT. SMITHY, NORSE SETTLEMENT, VINLAND - DAY

FREYDIS comes upon ORIN, seated on the ground with his head down, leaning against the entrance to the smithy. He holds his sword out between his legs. The blade is covered in blood.

FREYDIS slowly and cautiously approaches him.

FREYDIS

Orin?

ORIN looks up, startled, his face white with fear.

FREYDIS regards him, and the blade.

FREYDIS (CONT'D)

Is there anything wrong?

ORIN responds in a voice choked with fear, almost in a whisper.

ORIN

Something's happened.

EXT. SMITHY, NORSE SETTLEMENT, VINLAND - DAY

ORIN brings FREYDIS around the corner and shows her the body of the THULE MAN, lying face down on the ground. FREYDIS looks at ORIN with a strange expressionless face, and then kneels down to scrutinize the body.

FREYDIS lifts the THULE MAN'S left arm gingerly and, after a moment's glance at the bloody ground beneath, lets it drop. She stands up and looks around.

FREYDIS  
Has anyone else seen this?

ORIN  
No, they've all gone to the races  
down at the lake.

FREYDIS looks up and around again at the surrounding landscape.

FREYDIS  
When did this happen?

ORIN  
I'm not sure -- a while ago -- I  
didn't know what to do--

FREYDIS  
Have you seen anymore others?

ORIN  
Anymore . . . of them? No, no, I  
haven't.

FREYDIS pauses to think for a moment.

FREYDIS  
Right, well, let's bury it.

ORIN is taken aback.

ORIN  
Shouldn't -- shouldn't we tell the  
others?

FREYDIS  
No. Let them play. We must  
dispose of this business at once.  
Here -- help me.

FREYDIS grabs the THULE MAN'S ankles.

ORIN lays his sword down and grabs the THULE MAN'S arms.

FREYDIS and ORIN pick the body up and carry it in the direction of the woods.

EXT. LAKE SHORELINE, VINLAND - DAY

The swimming races continue. THORSTEIN reaches the knar first.

The SPECTATORS on the shore let up a huge cheer.

THORSTEIN waves back to the people on shore.

GUDRID waves back, smiling and laughing ebulliently.

THORVALD laughs and applauds. FREYDIS comes up and stands next to him. THORVALD elbows her playfully. She grins at him, applauding. THORVALD turns back to the lake.

FREYDIS, still clapping, looks up and around with a pensive, uneasy expression.

THORSTEIN, LEIF, and the other SWIMMERS laugh and wave from the side of the knar.

FADE TO BLACK.

INT. LONGHOUSE, NORSE SETTLEMENT, VINLAND - NIGHT

FADE IN.

The sleeping quarters are dimly lit by stone oil lamps. THORSTEIN, his face a strange ashen color, sits and regards the sleeping GUDRID. This is THORSTEIN'S PHANTOM.

GUDRID, lying on her side, moves her head slightly and slowly opens her eyes. She smiles at THORSTEIN'S PHANTOM, and then a look of concern comes over face. She sits up.

GUDRID  
Thorstein, what's wrong?

THORSTEIN'S PHANTOM gazes upon her with tenderness and speaks to her in a strange whispery voice.

THORSTEIN'S PHANTOM  
God has given us this brief time  
together.

GUDRID smiles gently but still regards him with concern.

GUDRID  
Yes.

GUDRID glances over at FREYDIS.

FREYDIS is asleep in her bunk in a fetal position.

GUDRID turns back to THORSTEIN'S PHANTOM, whose eyes glow otherworldly in the dim firelight.

THORSTEIN'S PHANTOM

After I am gone, you will return to  
Iceland, and thence go to Rome,  
where you will see many wondrous  
things, and be blessed by the Pope.  
You will then return once more to  
Iceland, take the nun's habit, and  
live in peace with our son.

GUDRID stares in wonder and confusion at all that THORSTEIN'S PHANTOM says to her.

THORSTEIN'S PHANTOM turns a wistful gaze to GUDRID'S belly.

THORSTEIN'S PHANTOM (CONT'D)

Our son will grow to fine manhood,  
and beget many bishops. He will be  
handsome, strong, and be of good  
character--

THORSTEIN'S PHANTOM turns his gaze to GUDRID'S eyes.

THORSTEIN'S PHANTOM (CONT'D)

--and smell of sweetness like the  
angels.

GUDRID, now trembling, smiles and nods.

GUDRID

I understand.

THORSTEIN'S PHANTOM stands.

GUDRID (CONT'D)

Thorstein, please -- don't leave  
me. Tell me more about our son.

THORSTEIN'S PHANTOM smiles sadly and tenderly at her, and then turns to leave the chamber.

GUDRID rises to follow him.

INT. LONGHOUSE, NORSE SETTLEMENT, VINLAND – DAWN

GUDRID follows THORSTEIN'S PHANTOM silently past the sleeping LEIF, THORVALD, and other members of their CREW, and into the main dining chamber.

The faint light of dawn glimmers down through the chimney hole. Mist and faint rings of smoke from dying embers fills the aura of the light.

THORSTEIN'S PHANTOM exits out into the dim daybreak.

GUDRID follows.

EXT. LONGHOUSE, NORSE SETTLEMENT, VINLAND – DAYBREAK

GUDRID emerges from the longhouse into the early morning light.

In the far distance, the knar sits in the lake. Surrounding it are a hundred canoes, each carrying one or two THULE WARRIORS. White ivory masks conceal their faces. They are stealthily rowing towards the shore.

GUDRID, who is focused on THORSTEIN'S PHANTOM as he walks from the settlement, does not notice.

THORSTEIN'S PHANTOM continues to walk away, several yards ahead of her.

GUDRID  
Thorstein?

THORSTEIN'S PHANTOM now stands facing the lake.

GUDRID begins to hear the sound of a hundred pairs of sticks banged together. She slowly turns and looks out at the lake.

The THULE WARRIORS are all banging sticks together and making grunting or breathing sounds.

THULE CHIEF, disguised by a mask, sits in a high seat at the rear of one of the canoes. His icy stare is piercing through the eyeholes.

GUDRID stares out at the THULE WARRIORS in horror.

GUDRID (CONT'D)  
Thorstein?

GUDRID turns to THORSTEIN'S PHANTOM.

THORSTEIN'S PHANTOM is now gone.

GUDRID turns back to face the THULE WARRIORS alone. The sound of the sticks and voices grows louder.

GUDRID speaks in a hollow whisper.

GUDRID (CONT'D)

Awake!

The THULE WARRIORS have almost reached the shore, the sounds growing louder.

GUDRID'S voice rises in desperation, her eyes fixed on the invading force.

GUDRID (CONT'D)

Awake!

The vanguard of the THULE ARMY reaches the shore, armed with spears. The sound of the Thule sticks and voices is now deafening.

GUDRID screams in terror.

GUDRID (CONT'D)

Awake!!

THORSTEIN and other CREWMEMBERS emerge from the longhouse, stumbling out disoriented from sleep, some still in their bedclothes.

THORSTEIN runs to GUDRID and grabs her. His face does not have the ashen color of THORSTEIN'S PHANTOM.

GUDRID turns and stares at him in surprise.

GUDRID (CONT'D)

Thorstein?

THORSTEIN replies in a voice steady and fearful.

THORSTEIN

Get to the high ground!

LEIF, THORVALD, and the other CREWMEMBERS burst out of both longhouses.

THORVALD gazes in stunned recognition at the ivory masks of the THULE WARRIORS.

THORVALD

I'll be damned.

Panic and confusion set in among the NORSE.

LEIF  
Men at arms! Get the weapons!!

A nightmarish disarray of screams ensues among the NORSE as the THULE ARMY begins to come ashore.

The THULE WARRIORS charge towards the settlement, their spears held out in front.

THORSTEIN hurries GUDRID out of the settlement towards the far hill at the edge of the forest. GUDRID'S condition keeps them from running at full speed. GUDRID holds her protruding stomach.

Meanwhile the NORSEMEN and WOMEN are taking swords and axes in hand.

LEIF (CONT'D)  
They're too many! Get to the high ground!!

FREYDIS emerges disoriented from the longhouse and is unnoticed in all the confusion. She stares at the oncoming THULE ARMY with a look of violence in her eyes. She begins to back away to follow the others out of the settlement.

The NORSEMEN and WOMEN run frantically across the meadow towards the far hill.

Meanwhile, the THULE ARMY, having overrun the settlement, is in pursuit. They do not disturb the Norse dwellings in any way, remaining focused solely on following the retreating Norse. Even the cow is ignored.

EXT. FOREST HILL, VINLAND - MORNING

Some of the NORSEMEN and WOMEN have reached the steep hill. They begin to climb.

Most slip and slide on the grass wet with morning dew.

The NORSEMEN and WOMEN crawl and climb their way frantically to the top.

LEIF looks back and sees that some of his CREWMEMBERS are falling behind to face the advancing THULE ARMY.

LEIF (CONT'D)  
Don't stand your ground! Make for the hill! Save yourself!!

A NORSEMAN is within striking distance of the vanguard of the THULE ARMY, and begins swinging his sword at them.

NORSEMAN  
Savages!! Heathen bastards!!

The NORSEMAN is able to hold them at bay until two THULE WARRIORS transfix him with their spears.

THORSTEIN is helping GUDRID to climb the hill. They are roughly at the midpoint to the top. They glance at each other with expressions of fear and determination.

LEIF, THORVALD, TYKIR, and the other CREWMEMBERS are also near the top.

The THULE ARMY is close enough to the retreating NORSE that they begin to hurl their spears at the climbers.

As one group of THULE WARRIORS release their weapons, they fall back in military precision to allow the next group to come forward.

Spears graze several of the NORSEMEN and WOMEN.

ORIN is speared through his abdomen. He makes a choking sound and falls backwards down the hill, the spear cracking as he hits the ground.

SIGRID, who is near the top, turns and cries in agony at the sight of ORIN'S death.

Meanwhile a spear impales another NORSEMAN into the hill itself.

A NORSEWOMAN is speared through the upper back, her HUSBAND attempting to pull her up. He cries in agony, as another NORSEMAN pulls him away.

Most of the NORSE have now reached the top of the hill.

LEIF, THORVALD, THORSTEIN, and GUDRID are all safely at the summit.

The THULE have paused to assess the situation, but they also appear distracted.

THORVALD looks around anxiously.

THORVALD  
Where's Freydis?

LEIF  
Good Lord!

On the right flank of the Thule army, a small semi-circle has formed around FREYDIS as she stands over the body of ORIN.

FREYDIS holds ORIN'S sword in her hand and gazes at the masked THULE WARRIORS surrounding her, their spears held out in front. She backs away until she is near the bottom incline of the hill, maintaining a semi-circle in front of her.

THORVALD

Freydis!!

FREYDIS and the THULE appear in standoff.

FREYDIS holds her sword out but with a sense of uncertainty. Though she regards her adversaries with hatred in her eyes, she also appears to be in a kind of trance.

The NORSEMEN and WOMEN begin screaming FREYDIS' name.

GUDRID stares down with horror in her eyes.

THORVALD (CONT'D)

Oh, Freydis!

The THULE are about to move in for the kill.

Suddenly FREYDIS tears off the top left side of her garment, exposing her left breast.

The THULE halt, appearing confused, yet their eyes regard her steadfastly through their masks.

FREYDIS takes her sword and brings it up to her exposed breast, and begins pushing or tapping at it with the sword in a ritualistic fashion.

The THULE appear troubled, or bewildered.

The NORSEMEN and WOMEN stare down in fascination and wonder at the situation.

The THULE WARRIORS fall back, turning their gaze from FREYDIS to the NORSE atop the hill, and steadily retreat.

The THULE WARRIORS turn and charge back to the lake.

Meanwhile the NORSEMEN and WOMEN cheer and cry with joy.

FREYDIS, still holding her sword to her breast, gazes at the retreating THULE with a look of malevolence and defiance.

CROSS-FADE.

EXT. NORSE SETTLEMENT, VINLAND – DUSK

The dead have been buried.

The CREW stands in prayer and contemplation before several mounds, surmounted by large stones. The CREWMEMBERS are dressed in formal capes, tunics, and dresses.

The SPOUSES of the dead quietly weep.

LEIF'S head is bowed. He looks up and around at the surrounding landscape in the orange twilight.

The landscape has suddenly assumed a more sinister aspect.

LEIF gazes upon it with foreboding, disquiet, and finally, enmity.

EXT. NORSE SETTLEMENT, VINLAND – NIGHT

Armed SENTRIES are posted by torchlight around the perimeter of the settlement.

INT. LONGHOUSE, NORSE SETTLEMENT, VINLAND – NIGHT

FREYDIS, her FAMILY, and various other MEN and WOMEN are gathered inside the main room of the longhouse. They are eating fish and drinking mead.

FREYDIS stands at the head of the room, smiling with both embarrassment and pride. THORVALD stands next to her and addresses the group.

THORVALD

Full on they came, a hundred  
strong,  
Chanting their heathen song.  
Fair Gudrid gave the alarm  
And off we ran away from harm.

THORVALD illustrates the last line with comedic miming gestures. There is self-deprecating laughter among the AUDIENCE.

LEIF, GUDRID, and THORSTEIN laugh at themselves.

THORVALD (CONT'D)

Away to the hills we fled  
forthwith,  
The heathen savage upon our kith.  
To reach the top we crawled and  
scraped.

(MORE)

THORVALD (CONT'D)  
 We struggled and labored to make  
 our escape.  
 We reached the summit -- the job  
 was done.  
 But left behind was Freydis,  
 Because Freydis doesn't run.

The AUDIENCE cheers and claps.

LEIF, THORSTEIN, and GUDRID laugh and clap joyfully.

FREYDIS laughs and curtseys, and smiles at THORVALD with affection. THORVALD raises his hands for quiet.

THORVALD (CONT'D)  
 They had her surrounded, our sister  
 in peril!  
 Their masks were ugly, monstrous  
 and feral.  
 Their spears were drawn for the  
 bloody deed.  
 We could but cry and scream and  
 plead.  
 When all of a sudden, with sword in  
 hand,  
 Freydis unsheathed her suckling  
 gland.

The AUDIENCE laughs and cheers.

FREYDIS covers her face in embarrassment, but then lifts her head high.

THORVALD (CONT'D)  
 Now this was an act none could  
 foresee--  
 Though the trait doth run in the  
 family--

THORVALD grasps and jiggles his own flabby pectoral muscle.

The AUDIENCE laughs uproariously.

A laughing CREWMEMBER turns to SIGRID, sitting next to her. SIGRID stares blankly into space. The CREWMEMBER turns back to THORVALD with a more subdued expression.

THORVALD raises a hand to continue.

THORVALD (CONT'D)  
 And to her breast she placed a  
 sword  
 And cast them off with nary a word.

The AUDIENCE applauds with approval and shouts of "here, here!"

THORVALD (CONT'D)  
 So let it be spoken far and wide  
 Wherever villains plot and hide  
 And seek to do mischief 'pon Erik's  
 sons:  
 You might chase us  
 But Freydis doesn't run.

The AUDIENCE once again cheers and applauds.

THORVALD and FREYDIS hug and kiss each other on the cheek.

GUDRID hands LEIF a crown of flowers. LEIF stands and approaches FREYDIS in a ceremonial fashion.

LEIF  
 We honor our dear sister, for her  
 courage in defending this  
 settlement, her family, and her  
 people.

LEIF holds the crown up and places it on FREYDIS' head.

FREYDIS gazes at LEIF with pride and joy.

The AUDIENCE stands, applauds and chants her name.

After placing the crown on her head, LEIF tenderly embraces FREYDIS. He then cups her cheeks in his hands and smiles at her with brotherly love.

LEIF (CONT'D)  
 You are truly a daughter of the  
 Red.

FREYDIS  
 Thank you, dear brother.

FADE TO BLACK.

EXT. NORSE SETTLEMENT, VINLAND - DAY

A rough wooden stockade now surrounds the settlement. Armed SENTRIES stand posted every few yards.

EXT. LAKE, VINLAND - DAY

Armed SENTRIES stand guard on the deck of the knar.

INT. LONGHOUSE, NORSE SETTLEMENT, VINLAND - DAY

Smoky daylight emanates through the chimney overhead.

Most of the CREW sits on benches around the fire pit. Because of their numbers, they are crowded together tightly. Among them are THORVALD, THORSTEIN, GUDRID, and FREYDIS. FREYDIS wears her crown of flowers.

Everyone is murmuring to one another when LEIF enters the room. He leans a sword against the wall. A CREWMAN offers him a mug of ale.

THORVALD

We forgot to invite our forest friends.

LEIF glances at THORVALD with a smirk. He then turns to address the GROUP.

LEIF

Our supply of fresh lumber is exhausted. To return to the forest for more would be too great a hazard. I cannot -- I will not -- risk anymore lives. Not all of us can fend off an army singlehandedly.

LEIF smiles at FREYDIS.

FREYDIS smiles and affects humility.

LEIF (CONT'D)

We will stay until the birth of my brother's child. I would set sail tomorrow, but I would not risk a childbirth at sea. However, as soon as the little one comes to us, we will leave this place.

While speaking these lines, LEIF smiles glowingly at THORSTEIN and GUDRID. LEIF then turns his gaze to the floor in a thoughtful manner.

LEIF (CONT'D)

We cannot keep our children under guard. We cannot keep them in fear. We owe them this much.

The GROUP pauses a moment in thought.

GUDRID  
 I wonder why they attacked us.  
 Could they have felt so threatened -  
 - by nothing more than a cow?

LEIF  
 God knows if that was the reason.

FREYDIS maintains a watchful, stoic expression.

LEIF (CONT'D)  
 But whatever the reason, we can no  
 longer stay here.

THORSTEIN  
 Will we return?

LEIF turns to his brother with a weak smile and shrugs.

LEIF  
 God knows.

CUT TO BLACK.

EXT. NORSE SETTLEMENT, VINLAND - DAWN

FADE IN.

The guarded stockade surrounds the settlement in the dim morning light.

INT. LONGHOUSE, NORSE SETTLEMENT, VINLAND - DAWN

THORSTEIN and his FAMILY, along with others of the CREW, sit in the main room of the longhouse, as if in vigil. All appear to be sleepless and weary, but expectant. The sounds of GUDRID in labor emanate from the other room.

INT. LONGHOUSE, NORSE SETTLEMENT, VINLAND - DAWN

GUDRID is in labor in the sleeping quarters. Two NORSEWOMEN are assisting her. GUDRID lays upon a bench covered in wool and furs. Sweat covers her face as she pushes. Stone oil lamps light the room.

One of the NORSEWOMEN wrings water from a damp cloth and cools GUDRID'S forehead.

The other WOMAN gives GURDRID a sip of water from a bowl.

GUDRID resumes pushing with a wince and a cry.

INT. LONGHOUSE, NORSE SETTLEMENT, VINLAND - DAWN

THORSTEIN and his FAMILY and CREW continue their vigil. Suddenly they hear the sound of an infant cry from the other room. THORSTEIN stands abruptly and gazes with elation at his kinsmen. With THORSTEIN in the lead, they all proceed to crowd through the door into the next room.

INT. LONGHOUSE, NORSE SETTLEMENT, VINLAND - DAWN

THORSTEIN enters the room and sees GUDRID lying on the bench, their new BABY wrapped in a blanket.

GUDRID smiles at THORSTEIN with exhaustion and elation.

THORSTEIN goes to her and she hands him their BABY.

LEIF, FREYDIS, THORVALD, and some of the OTHERS crowd into the room. At the sight of THORSTEIN with his child, they all exchange ecstatic hugs.

THORSTEIN looks down at GUDRID.

GUDRID  
He's our little boy.

THORSTEIN grins on the verge of tears, casts an excited look at his FAMILY, and looks down trembling at his SON.

THORSTEIN  
We will give him the name of his  
ancestors.

THORSTEIN bends and kisses the BABY. He gazes down at GUDRID.

THORSTEIN (CONT'D)  
He smells of sweetness, like the  
angels.

GUDRID'S face becomes momentarily perplexed. She then smiles and slowly closes her eyes.

FADE TO BLACK.

EXT. LAKE SHORELINE, VINLAND - DAY

The crew is preparing to set sail.

The last of the freight is rowed out to the knar in one of the skerries.

The other skerry waits by the shore, filled with THORVALD'S berries, wrapped in cloth sacks.

THORVALD gazes at his berries with a subtle smile of triumph.

The shoreline is littered with other pieces of cargo: chests, casks, sacks. Most of the crew carries swords.

TYKIR approaches LEIF, who stands watchful by the shore.

TYKIR

Should we seal up the stockade --  
keep them from getting in there?

LEIF gazes at the stockade in thought.

LEIF

No, don't bother. It doesn't  
matter.

TYKIR raises a brow, then nods in acknowledgement and wanders off.

FREYDIS is tying up a sack of clothes.

THORSTEIN and GUDRID attend to their child.

CROSS-FADE.

EXT. LAKE SHORELINE, VINLAND - DAY

Most of the CREW has been ferried out to the knar.

THORSTEIN, GUDRID, their BABY, LEIF, FREYDIS, TYKIR, THORVALD, and about ten other MEN and WOMEN remain. They are all busily engaged in their respective tasks.

THORVALD looks up and around at the surrounding landscape. He pauses as he catches sight of something.

It is the UNIPED, standing upon a rise of ground near the edge of the forest, about a hundred yards distant.

THORVALD points at it.

THORVALD

There! Do you see it?

The OTHERS turn and look with astonishment.

The UNIPED stands like a pole upon the rise of ground. Its staff appears stuck upright in the ground next to it. A drawn bow and arrow is in its hands.

Little can be seen of its face. Something about its garment or skin reflects the sunlight.

GUDRID  
My God, what is it?

THORSTEIN regards it with astonishment and fear.

THORSTEIN  
One-legged--?

FREYDIS stares at it with a sense of foreboding.

LEIF calls to it.

LEIF  
I say, hello there! What do you  
plan to do with that arrow? A bit  
of hunting?

The UNIPED immediately raises the bow and fires the arrow.

Everyone screams and ducks or hides.

GUDRID and THORSTEIN shield their BABY.

A moment later, everyone looks up.

The arrow has pierced THORVALD'S abdomen. He looks down at it.

THORVALD  
I'll be damned . . . .

THORVALD collapses.

FREYDIS cries out.

The UNIPED grabs its staff and pole-vaults itself towards the forest.

Meanwhile LEIF and the OTHERS gaze at the wounded THORVALD in shock.

LEIF then grimaces in rage and frustration.

LEIF  
Men at arms!!

LEIF, THORSTEIN, TYKIR, and several other MEN grab their swords and axes and race off after the UNIPED, which by now has disappeared into the undergrowth of the forest.

FREYDIS, meanwhile, cradles THORVALD in her hands.

GUDRID cradles her BABY.

EXT. OPEN FOREST, VINLAND - DAY

The UNIPED silently and eerily pole-vaults its way through the forest, alternating the planting of the staff. Little can still be seen of the UNIPED'S face, although its ears appear to be tall and pointed.

Meanwhile LEIF, THORSTEIN, TYKIR, and the CREWMEN are in fast pursuit, charging through the undergrowth and around the trees at variable distances and yelling to one another.

TYKIR catches sight of the UNIPED towards the bottom of a dip in the forest. TYKIR yells to the others.

TYKIR

I see it!! I see it!!

The UNIPED vaults over a large creek and continues vaulting through a small meadow.

LEIF, TYKIR and the other CREWMEN reach the edge of the creek and pause as the UNIPED disappears once again into the darkness of the forest.

The NORSEMEN, sweating and panting heavily, watch the UNIPED disappear.

THORSTEIN grabs LEIF'S arm.

THORSTEIN

Let it go. We must attend our brother.

LEIF nods and they turn and hurry back.

EXT. LAKE SHORELINE, VINLAND - DAY

LEIF, THORSTEIN, TYKIR, and the OTHERS emerge from the forest and approach the lake, where THORVALD remains cradled in FREYDIS' arms.

THORVALD has already begun to cough up blood.

LEIF and THORSTEIN stare at their brother in shock.

At the sound of their approach, THORVALD lifts his head slightly and addresses them in a choked voice.

## THORVALD

An excellent marksman. He had a rather fat paunch to shoot through.

THORVALD coughs up a little blood.

FREYDIS caresses his hair and stares at him in distress and fear.

LEIF alights onto the ground, his face a mask of helplessness.

THORSTEIN goes to GUDRID and the BABY.

They hold vigil a little while longer.

THORVALD periodically coughs and groans in pain.

THORVALD once again lifts his head up weakly.

## THORVALD (CONT'D)

This is a very fruitful land we have found. But now we must . . . leave it behind.

THORVALD'S body is wracked with spasms. He groans, gazes up at FREYDIS, and passes away.

LEIF stares in shock and agony.

THORSTEIN holds GUDRID and the BABY.

FREYDIS stares with disbelief into THORVALD'S lifeless eyes. She pulls him up and holds him close in a tight embrace.

TYKIR and the OTHERS bow their heads in grief.

Primal, almost animal, cries of agony erupt from FREYDIS as she embraces and rocks back and forth with THORVALD'S body.

Her cries echo through the trees and across the lake.

CROSS-FADE.

EXT. COASTAL WATERS, VINLAND - SUNSET

The knar has set sail and is headed out to sea.

As the shores of Vinland fade from view, FREYDIS, her head still crowned with flowers, stands at the stern and stares with a sullen and beaten gaze at the retreating land.

THORSTEIN and GUDRID cradle and caress their BABY. GUDRID looks up at the sea with a face wracked and red with grief.

TYKIR and the rest of the CREW go about their business silently, glancing at one another gloomily.

The cow, tethered in the hold once more, looks out to sea, and moans.

LEIF stares out at the sunset, weeping.

CROSS-FADE.

EXT. HARBOR, ERIKSFJORD, GREENLAND - DAY

A dark, gray, overcast day. ERIK THE RED, THORBJORN, and HALLDIS come down to the harbor to welcome back their children. ERIK moves slowly with a walking stick, aided by THORBJORN and HALLDIS.

The knar sits anchored out in the bay. The skerries are on shore. CREW and freight are unloaded. Additional skerries row out to the knar.

As ERIK, THORBJORN, and HALLDIS approach, THORSTEIN and GUDRID come up to greet them with their BABY. The three take turns coddling and holding up their grandchild.

ERIK, whose expression is elated, hands the BABY back to GUDRID and looks around.

ERIK sees LEIF and FREYDIS gazing at him forlornly.

ERIK looks around the harbor as if searching for someone. He turns to THORSTEIN and GUDRID.

THORSTEIN and GUDRID stare back with sorrowful expressions.

THORBJORN and HALLDIS look grave.

THORSTEIN comes over and embraces his FATHER.

LEIF comes over and embraces ERIK as well.

ERIK looks up and out at the sea, his eyes scanning the horizon, his grizzled face aged and aggrieved.

FREYDIS stands near the shore, two cloth satchels in her hand, standing with uncertainty. Her crown of flowers is still atop her head, but it is now wilted.

FREYDIS stares blankly with a hollow gaze at her grieving BROTHERS and FATHER. She looks down, and then slowly turns her head and looks out to sea.

FADE TO BLACK.