

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. OPEN COUNTRY, GREENLAND – DAY

FADE IN.

A snow-covered landscape, lit by dim winter light. GUDRID and ERIK THE RED sit in the back of a sledge piloted by a servant and drawn by an Icelandic horse. The horse and sledge trudge along through the snow.

GUDRID and ERIK, both wrapped in furs and red-faced from the cold, sit in the back of the sledge in thoughtful silence.

Just then, a rider on a horse approaches from a different direction. This is THORKEL, the farmer. He calls to them.

THORKEL

Hello there!

ERIK has the DRIVER bring the sledge to a stop.

THORKEL rides up.

THORKEL (CONT'D)

I thought that was you, Red.

THORKEL nods to GUDRID.

THORKEL (CONT'D)

M'lady.

GUDRID nods.

ERIK  
 This is my daughter-in-law Gudrid.  
 Gudrid, this is Thorkel, who owns  
 the farm over on Lysefjord.

GUDRID  
 Hello.

ERIK  
 How goes your family?

THORKEL  
 Grunhild has come down with the  
 fever.

ERIK frowns and glances at GUDRID.

ERIK  
 Then it has spread throughout the  
 settlement.

THORKEL  
 It is as we feared. How fares your  
 son?

ERIK frowns again but with a slight twinge, as if in pain.  
 GUDRID leans in and touches his arm.

THORKEL (CONT'D)  
 What is it, Red?

ERIK  
 Nothing -- a tedious complaint --  
 had a bit of a nasty fall.

ERIK collects himself.

ERIK (CONT'D)  
 My son struggles, but he is strong.  
 We have just come back from  
 Herjolfr's farm, where we took  
 Gudrid's parents, and the child.  
 They are free of the fever there,  
 for the present.

THORKEL  
 May God preserve them.

ERIK  
 I'm sorry to hear of Grunhild.  
 Your wife is hearty, though.  
 She'll pull through.

THORKEK  
 You're very kind, Red. I'll pray  
 for your son. A man cannot afford  
 to lose his sons in such quick  
 succession.

ERIK smiles, though he is evidently still in pain.

ERIK  
 Many thanks.

THORKEK pauses, sighs, and looks off into the distance.

THORKEK  
 I hear a seeress is making the  
 rounds of the farms.

ERIK  
 Such times as these bring them out.

THORKEK becomes emotional, still looking off into the  
 distance.

THORKEK  
 She'll find no welcome with me.  
 I'll not have black magic on my  
 farm, not with my Grunhild. Not  
 her precious soul.

ERIK and GUDRID regard him pensively but with empathy.

ERIK  
 Of course.

THORKEK collects himself, and wipes his eyes.

THORKEK  
 Well, I best be getting back.

ERIK nods.

THORKEK turns and rides off into the snowy wastes.

ERIK signals to the DRIVER to ride on.

The sledge continues on its way.

CROSS FADE.

EXT. BRATTAHLID FARM, GREENLAND – DUSK

Snow covers the dwellings of the farm. Smoke drifts up from  
 the chimneys.

A bonfire has been set in a clearing near the barn.

LEIF, garbed in black, stands before the bonfire, staring blankly into the flames. FREYDIS, wearing a black coat lined with fur, joins him. They are silent for a moment. The sky is darkening blue with the twilight.

FREYDIS

I think we should go back for  
Thorvald's body.

LEIF does not respond at first. He then turns his head slightly.

LEIF

What?

FREYDIS

When Thorstein recovers -- when the  
ice breaks -- I think we should go  
back and get Thorvald's body.

LEIF turns back to the fire.

LEIF

What's left of him.

FREYDIS

If you had let us bring him aboard--

LEIF

We've been over this. I would not  
risk the child, our lives, by  
bringing a corpse aboard ship.

LEIF turns to her.

LEIF (CONT'D)

A corpse can bring the plague.  
Have you ever been on a plague ship  
at sea?

FREYDIS affects a haughty expression.

FREYDIS

If it had been your decision, I  
would never have gone to sea with--

LEIF

Ah, we've returned to that.

LEIF turns back to the fire.

FREYDIS  
Thorvald must be buried in  
consecrated ground.

LEIF  
I have no desire to return to that  
place.

FREYDIS clenches her mouth in frustration and stares into the  
fire. LEIF turns to her.

LEIF (CONT'D)  
Gudrid told me she saw Thorstein's  
ghost there -- that he spoke to her  
and prophesied her future. She was  
quite in earnest.

FREYDIS does not reply. LEIF turns back to the fire.

LEIF (CONT'D)  
Some demon from the woods murders  
our brother--

FREYDIS closes her eyes.

LEIF (CONT'D)  
No, you may go back, if you wish.

FREYDIS  
I had hoped we could go back as  
brother and sister, for Thorvald's  
sake--

LEIF  
I have made my decision.

FREYDIS pauses.

FREYDIS  
May I have your ship?

LEIF looks up and out at the harbor.

The harbor is choked with ice.

LEIF  
If you can find a ship and crew, I  
will lend you the longhouses there.

FREYDIS  
What's left of them.

FREYDIS glances at LEIF angrily, and walks away. LEIF  
continues to gaze into the fire.

INT. STABLES – BRATTAHLID FARM, GREENLAND – NIGHT

The barn has been emptied of animals and converted into a makeshift hospital.

Various SERVANTS are tending to other MEMBERS of the household staff who have been stricken with a severe virus, similar to yellow fever. They are laid out on benches covered in wool and furs.

Torchlight and stone oil lamps light the barn.

THORSTEIN is lying on a bench in a stall cleared of everything but his bed. Straw covers the floor.

GUDRID and ERIK are with him, seated on stools on either side of the sick bed. Though everyone's breath is visible in puffs, THORSTEIN is sweating profusely, shivering with fever chills.

ERIK gazes at THORSTEIN with an expression between sorrowful concern and pride in his son.

GUDRID holds onto THORSTEIN'S hand.

FREYDIS enters the stall and sits in the corner. She goes unacknowledged by the others. She stares at THORSTEIN with a haunted expression.

THORSTEIN opens his eyes and gazes at GUDRID, his face glazed by sickness.

THORSTEIN  
I dreamt of Thorvald.

THORSTEIN'S voice is harsh with the illness and shivering.  
GUDRID takes his hand in both hands.

GUDRID  
Peace, my husband.

THORSTEIN  
Is our boy safe?

GUDRID  
Yes, he's with his grandparents.  
They are safe.

THORSTEIN  
You should be with them.

GUDRID  
My place is here, by your side.

THORSTEIN  
The sickness could spread. Our boy  
can't be orphaned.

GUDRID  
This will pass, my love.

GUDRID reaches over to touch his forehead.

THORSTEIN leans over the side of the bed and vomits into a wooden pail. GUDRID holds him.

ERIK and FREYDIS stare on helplessly.

When THORSTEIN finishes vomiting, GUDRID helps him to lie back on the bed.

GUDRID takes a wet cloth and wipes his mouth.

THORSTEIN glances over at ERIK and manages a weak smile.

THORSTEIN  
How go your aches and pains,  
father?

ERIK smiles at his son sweetly.

ERIK  
They lament the cold.

THORSTEIN  
You should go south when the ice  
breaks . . . someplace warm . . . .

ERIK does not reply, but gazes at his son with a sad smile.

THORSTEIN turns to GUDRID.

THORSTEIN (CONT'D)  
You must go south as well.

GUDRID  
I know.

THORSTEIN gazes at her, his mouth quivering.

LEIF enters the stall. He gazes at THORSTEIN a moment, and then turns to ERIK.

LEIF  
Father, the seeress is here. Shall  
I have her dismissed from the farm?

ERIK continues to gaze at THORSTEIN. He then sighs and turns to LEIF.

ERIK  
Let her stay. Give her what she  
needs.

ERIK turns and looks off distractedly at the floor.

ERIK (CONT'D)  
They never stay for long.

LEIF  
She says she needs someone to help  
her with her spirit chants.

THORSTEIN grins weakly at GUDRID.

THORSTEIN  
Perhaps . . . you could be of  
service to her.

GUDRID  
I won't leave you, Thorstein, not  
now.

THORSTEIN  
Go and see her, my sparrow. Father  
will attend me.

GUDRID pauses, adjusts his bedding and stands up. She turns and looks back dejectedly at THORSTEIN.

THORSTEIN regards her lovingly from the bed.

THORSTEIN (CONT'D)  
God has given us this brief time  
together.

GUDRID replies in anguished silence, and then turns and leaves.

THORSTEIN watches her go, a weak smile on his lips.

INT. LONGHOUSE, BRATTAHLID FARM, GREENLAND - NIGHT

The SEERESS enters the longhouse ostentatiously, escorted by a SERVANT of the farm.

The SEERESS is a middle-aged woman, and, unlike the other Norsewomen, wears heavy makeup. She wears a long blue lambskin coat inlaid with jewels, a hood lined with ermine, and gloves.

Around her waist is a chain-link belt with a pouch attached. She has a haughty and impatient demeanor, and enters the room with an air of immense self-importance.

The SEERESS looks about the room.

Only a few female MEMBERS of the household staff are present, seated on the various benches around the stone fire pit.

The SEERESS addresses the SERVANT in an imperious tone.

SEERESS  
I was led to believe the family  
would be present.

SERVANT  
They are attending to the sick.

SEERESS  
Much good it will do them.

The SERVANT shows the SEERESS to a cushioned chair and a small wooden table situated at the head of the room.

The SEERESS proceeds to empty strange little trinkets from her pouch onto the table, muttering to herself.

SEERESS (CONT'D)  
Medicines are useless. Magic's  
what's best. When will people stop  
being so fat-headed . . . .

The SEERESS situates her trinkets and waits a moment. She turns and addresses the SERVANT.

SEERESS (CONT'D)  
You said there is one here who  
knows the ward songs.

SERVANT  
She is on her way, ma'am. Her  
husband has taken sick.

SEERESS  
She had better make haste if she  
wants to keep him.

Just then, GUDRID enters the room.

The SEERESS looks up and addresses the SERVANT.

SEERESS (CONT'D)  
Is this the one?

SERVANT

Yes, ma'am.

The SEERESS looks at GUDRID a moment.

SEERESS

You are practiced in the spirit  
chants?

GUDRID

I was taught them as a child.

SEERESS

How fresh are they in your memory?

GUDRID

I believe I know them by heart.

The SEERESS nods approvingly.

SEERESS

Good. Someone around here has her  
head about her. Take a seat.

The SEERESS gestures to the bench at her left-hand side.

GUDRID sits while the SEERESS points to the bench seat at her  
right-hand side and addresses the SERVANT.

SEERESS (CONT'D)

You -- sit here.

SERVANT

I was told to return to the  
sickbeds--

SEERESS

You'll do a hell of a lot more good  
here than cleaning up puke in the  
barn!

The SERVANT dutifully takes her seat.

The SEERESS takes up the trinkets and begins to shake them  
around the air, chanting or humming to herself with her eyes  
shut tight.

GUDRID watches with uncertainty and unease.

After a moment, the SEERESS opens her eyes and sets the  
trinkets down on the table.

SEERESS (CONT'D)  
The magic is weak here. The  
spirits have been driven away. It  
will take all our strength to call  
them back.

The SEERESS holds out her hands to GUDRID and the SERVANT and  
addresses the GROUP.

SEERESS (CONT'D)  
Form a circle. Everyone touch  
hands.

The WOMEN in the room all take each other's hands. Because  
there are so few of them, some of them must stretch their  
arms out.

The SEERESS turns to GUDRID.

SEERESS (CONT'D)  
You will lead us in the chant.

GUDRID hesitates.

GUDRID  
I am a Christian woman.

The SEERESS nods and closes her eyes.

SEERESS  
More the better.

GUDRID turns and closes her eyes, as if trying to recollect  
something.

The SEERESS holds her head high with her eyes closed.

GUDRID starts chanting the spirit songs. They are of a  
peculiar melody and are ritualistic in tone.

After a moment, the SEERESS joins in.

Some of the WOMEN attempt to join in but are unsure of what  
to sing.

GUDRID sings clearly despite her exhaustion.

When GUDRID and the SEERESS finish singing, the SEERESS opens  
her eyes and turns to GUDRID.

SEERESS (CONT'D)  
You sang them beautifully, my  
child. Many spirits have been  
summoned to our aid.

The SEERESS gazes intently into the fire. Her demeanor suddenly changes.

SEERESS (CONT'D)  
 There are other presences here.  
 Why -- why were they called?

The SEERESS looks up and around and gazes with fear and anxiety at the empty doorway to the room.

SEERESS (CONT'D)  
 What? Why are you here? Go to  
 your rest!

GUDRID looks in the direction of the doorway, but no one is visible there.

The SEERESS continues to address the invisible presences in the doorway.

SEERESS (CONT'D)  
 You do this to spite me -- because  
 she is a Christian woman?

GUDRID  
 I do not see--

SEERESS  
 I see your husband, and others!  
 There, the farmer's wife -- her  
 husband sent me away! I told him  
 what would happen!

All the WOMEN continue to hold hands.

GUDRID looks on in fear and confusion.

The SEERESS grows more and more agitated as she continues to address the invisible presences.

SEERESS (CONT'D)  
 Don't accuse me with your stares!  
 I didn't bring this upon you! I  
 walk a thousand miles across these  
 lands just to help these people!

The doorway remains empty.

The SEERESS pleads with the presences.

SEERESS (CONT'D)  
 Please be gone. You'll drive away  
 the spirits again.

The SEERESS continues to gaze at the empty doorway. Her expression changes and she collects herself.

SEERESS (CONT'D)  
They've gone.

The SEERESS, shaken, grabs up her trinkets from the table.

The WOMEN in the room continue to hold hands as if unsure what to do.

SEERESS (CONT'D)  
I've done all I can do. The spirits aren't welcome here anymore. The dead are too restless.

The SEERESS turns to GUDRID.

SEERESS (CONT'D)  
The magic is strong within you, young lady. I grieve that you have forsaken it.

The SEERESS gestures to the door.

SEERESS (CONT'D)  
Go to your husband.

GUDRID gazes at the SEERESS with dread and anguish.

GUDRID then stands and slowly exits the longhouse.

EXT. BRATTAHLID FARM, GREENLAND – NIGHT

GUDRID exits out into the winter night.

Here and there, torches flutter in the cold breeze. Lights flicker from the various outbuildings. The area is deserted.

GUDRID hesitantly approaches the barn, as if afraid.

As GUDRID comes nearer, FREYDIS suddenly emerges from inside.

GUDRID pauses.

When she sees GUDRID, FREYDIS pauses as well. She looks at GUDRID with a vacant, wide-eyed expression. FREYDIS then looks aside and continues on her way.

GUDRID watches FREYDIS leave, and then resumes her slow but determined step towards the barn.

GUDRID comes to the entrance, pauses, and peers inside. She lightly enters.

INT. STABLES, BRATTAHLID FARM, GREENLAND - NIGHT

GUDRID enters the barn.

Blankets cover the faces of some of the patients lying on the benches.

Two of the SERVANTS walk past GUDRID, gazing at her with expressions of compassion and sorrow.

Two other SERVANTS tend to the remaining sick.

GUDRID cautiously approaches and peers around the corner of THORSTEIN'S stall.

LEIF sits upon the stool next to the bed. His back is to THORSTEIN. LEIF is hunched over, his face in his hands.

ERIK sits facing THORSTEIN as before, his hand in THORSTEIN'S. Neither acknowledges GUDRID'S presence.

GUDRID steps forward to the bed.

THORSTEIN'S lifeless eyes stare up at her. His expression is becalmed.

GUDRID looks upon him with anguish and a sense of resignation. She glances over at ERIK.

ERIK gazes upon his son with an expression of intense grief and intense love.

GUDRID looks back at THORSTEIN.

GUDRID slowly raises her hand as if reaching out to him.

EXT. SEA OF ROCKS, NEAR THE SHORES OF GREENLAND - DAY

Flashback:

A close-up of GUDRID'S hand, reaching out of the water. THORSTEIN'S hand comes into frame and takes her arm.

INT. STABLES, BRATTAHLID FARM, GREENLAND - NIGHT

GUDRID'S arm falls back to her side.

GUDRID stands in a posture of helpless sorrow before the body of THORSTEIN.

FADE TO BLACK.

EXT. A CLIFF OVERLOOKING THE SEA, GREENLAND – DAY

GUDRID sits cross-legged on the rock, looking out to sea.

GUDRID'S face is shown in medium close-up. She gazes out to sea in sadness and contemplation.

CROSS-FADE.

INT. LONGHOUSE, SOMEWHERE IN THE EASTERN SETTLEMENT – EVENING

The previous medium close-up of GUDRID on one side of the frame cross-fades into a medium close-up of FREYDIS on the other.

With a slight scowl, FREYDIS surveys a room full of boisterous DRINKERS.

FREYDIS is especially interested in two laughing GENTLEMEN of similar appearance on the opposite end of the room.

The GENTLEMEN are the brothers HELGI and FINNBOGI. They are both dressed ostentatiously in brightly colored wool capes and tunics, their moustaches and beards immaculately groomed. They appear to be young, possibly in their late teens or early twenties.

FREYDIS, dressed in mourning black and carrying a mug of ale out of which she does not drink, approaches them.

As FREYDIS approaches the two BROTHERS and their MALE companions, the MEN turn to gaze at her with grins and raised brows.

FREYDIS affects a smile at the two BROTHERS, disregarding the others.

HELGI and FINNBOGI nod to her. FINNBOGI is the slightly taller of the two, although they might be twins.

HELGI

M'lady. Can we be of service to you?

FREYDIS

Yes, I think so.

HELGI and FINNBOGI turn and leer knowingly at their companions.

FREYDIS (CONT'D)  
Is there some place where the three  
of us may speak undisturbed?

The two BROTHERS glance at each other. HELGI turns back to FREYDIS.

HELGI  
Of course.

HELGI and FINNBOGI turn to their companions.

HELGI (CONT'D)  
Gentlemen--

The two BROTHERS leave their companions and conduct FREYDIS over to a booth or stall.

They sit, FREYDIS across from them. FREYDIS studies them a moment.

FREYDIS  
You are the two Icelanders just  
arrived from the east fjords?

HELGI  
Aye. My name is Helgi, and this is  
my brother FinnboGI.

FREYDIS smiles haughtily.

FREYDIS  
I am Freydis, daughter of Erik the  
Red.

The two BROTHERS turn to each other with surprise, then turn to face FREYDIS with star-struck expressions.

FINNBOGI  
You're the sister of Leif Eriksson?

FREYDIS  
He is my brother, yes.

FINNBOGI  
He's the discoverer of those far  
lands everyone's been talking  
about.

FREYDIS smiles patiently.

FREYDIS

Yes, my family was the first to  
build a settlement there.

HELGI

Well, this is something!

FINNBOGI

We love spending time in the  
company of famous people.

FREYDIS

Mmm-hmm. You--

FINNBOGI

Yes, your father's name is  
legendary back home in Iceland,  
especially amongst those of us who  
relish tales of adventure--

FREYDIS

You have a ship, yes?

HELGI and FINNBOGI share a quick glance.

HELGI

Yes, a knar.

FREYDIS

Worthy of long distances?

FINNBOGI

Oh, she's a fine vessel; a gift  
from our father.

HELGI

Yes, with it we plan to follow the  
trade routes of the north seas.  
But we could scarcely equal the  
fame of your illustrious brother--

FREYDIS

I wish to hire your ship and crew.

The two BROTHERS glance at each other again.

HELGI

Well -- er, we have only a crew of  
twenty or so at present, including  
ourselves, some of the men's wives--

FINNBOGI

Mistresses--

FREYDIS

I will supply the balance of the crew. This will be a major undertaking, and we mustn't be remiss in our preparations.

HELGI and FINNBOGI nod and stare at her a moment with confused grins.

HELGI

I'm sorry, what undertaking is this?

FREYDIS

To the far lands.

HELGI and FINNBOGI continue to stare at her, grinning stupidly.

FREYDIS (CONT'D)

Surely you have heard of the immense riches to be found there. If you are as ambitious of wealth and renown as you seem, you will certainly want to pursue this endeavor with me.

HELGI and FINNBOGI pause for a moment and then laugh excitedly to one another.

HELGI AND FINNBOGI

Well . . . Yes! -- Yes! -- Of course! -- Certainly!

FREYDIS smiles and nods.

FREYDIS

Good, good!

All three smile, laugh, and nod to one another.

FADE TO BLACK.

EXT. HARBOR, ERIKSFJORD, GREENLAND - DAY

HELGI and FINNBOGI'S knar lies anchored in the bay. It is similar in structure to the other knars, but is garishly painted and decorated. Two skerries, with black outer hulls, are tethered to its sides.

HELGI and FINNBOGI are along the shore, conferring with several MEN and WOMEN who are preparing cargo.

They are elegantly clothed in fine linen clothes ill-suited for seafaring. They cast wary glances over at a larger group of twenty-five MEN who, along with FREYDIS, are also making preparations for the voyage.

FREYDIS' MEN are rough and thuggish, with long beards and moustaches as well as clothes less tailored than those of HELGI and FINNBOGI'S people. FREYDIS' MEN completely ignore the others.

FREYDIS is conferring with a tall dark-haired man with a long moustache and an air of insolence. His clothing is also of a nature less couture than HELGI and FINNBOGI'S. He appears, however, to be very attentive to FREYDIS. This is VARD, the commander of FREYDIS' men.

LEIF, garbed in mourning black, approaches FREYDIS and VARD. FREYDIS nods cordially to her brother. LEIF glances at VARD.

LEIF

Sister.

FREYDIS

Leif, this is Vard, the captain of my men.

LEIF and VARD nod to one another.

Meanwhile HELGI and FINNBOGI have noticed LEIF. They grin and gesture excitedly to one another.

LEIF

Freydis, might I have a word with you alone?

FREYDIS dismisses VARD, who bows to her and walks away.

LEIF (CONT'D)

Where did you find him?

FREYDIS

He comes from the Western Settlement.

LEIF

As do his men?

FREYDIS

Yes.

LEIF casts a look at FREYDIS' MEN as they place cargo in the skerries.

LEIF  
Yes, I can see how they would come  
from that place.

FREYDIS frowns and starts tying a cloth satchel.

Meanwhile HELGI and FINNBOGI, grinning stupidly and eagerly,  
slowly and hesitantly approach LEIF and FREYDIS.

LEIF (CONT'D)  
Does this Vard have experience on  
long voyages?

FREYDIS  
He commanded his own longship.

LEIF  
Longship? You mean Viking  
marauders--

LEIF notices HELGI and FINNBOGI.

HELGI  
We're sorry to interrupt, but we  
wanted to introduce ourselves.  
You're Leif Eriksson, yes?

LEIF smiles cordially.

LEIF  
Yes, that's right.

FREYDIS rolls her eyes and continues to fuss with the  
satchel.

HELGI and FINNBOGI enthusiastically shake LEIF'S hand.

FINNBOGI  
We are great admirers of yours.

LEIF smiles politely with his hand on his chest.

FREYDIS  
Brother dear, this is Helgi and  
Finnbogi, the Icelanders I told you  
about. They are the owners of the  
ship.

LEIF glances out at the bay.

The garishly painted knar sits in the water.

LEIF turns to the BROTHERS and gestures at the ship with his  
head.

LEIF  
Is that the ship?

HELGI and FINNBOGI gaze out at the knar and then turn back to LEIF with proud, grinning faces.

HELGI  
Yes.

LEIF nods, and then glances at FREYDIS with a placid, subtle smile of amusement.

FREYDIS scowls at LEIF.

LEIF turns back to the BROTHERS.

LEIF  
Well, then -- Godspeed.

HELGI and FINNBOGI grin and walk back to their CREW.

LEIF stands for a moment in awkward silence while FREYDIS finishes with the cloth satchel.

LEIF (CONT'D)  
Did you say goodbye to our father?

FREYDIS  
Yes.

Another awkward pause.

LEIF  
Well, then--

LEIF and FREYDIS share a light hug and a kiss.

LEIF (CONT'D)  
Good luck.

LEIF turns to walk away.

FREYDIS  
Thank you.

LEIF walks back up the beach.

VARD comes up and stands next to FREYDIS. FREYDIS takes up the heavy satchel, which VARD takes and carries for her. She smiles politely to him. VARD bows and the two begin walking towards the skerry.

LEIF walks up the beach, hands behind his back, his head down.

Title card:  
THIRD EXPEDITION

EXT. OPEN SEA - DAY

The knar is tossed about by high winds, pitching waves and driving rains.

One CREWMEMBER is struggling to defecate by sitting precariously with his buttocks perched over the side, clinging to one of the lines; the rest of the CREW ignores him.

Another CREWMEMBER vomits into the ocean.

One of FREYDIS' MEN and one of HELGI and FINNBOGI'S CREW get into a tussle, as the wild weather causes members of the CREW to fall into one another.

HELGI and FINNBOGI motion FREYDIS over to the mast pole. All three try to steady themselves by clinging to the lines. The wind, rain, and surf force them to shout to one another.

HELGI

We would like to discuss a matter of some importance with you, seeing as your men number slightly more than ours!

FREYDIS, wearing a black cloak and hood lined with wet fur, stares blankly at them.

HELGI (CONT'D)

Yes, well, it has been brought to our attention that some of your men have been ill-mannered and quarrelsome with our people! Er, seeing as your men are guests on our ship, we would like to ask that they be more respectful in the future!

FREYDIS

I will be sure to mention it to them!

FREYDIS turns to walk away but HELGI calls her back.

HELGI

One more thing: exactly how far are these . . . far lands?

FREYDIS pauses and stares at them a moment.

FREYDIS  
I'm afraid I don't understand--

FINNBOGI  
How much longer till we reach land?

FREYDIS pauses and stares at them a moment.

FREYDIS  
It's rather difficult to say,  
really! It all depends on ocean  
currents and winds and that sort of  
thing!

FINNBOGI  
You will be sure to tell us when we  
are close, yes?

FREYDIS pauses and stares at them a moment.

FREYDIS  
Yes, I will be sure to tell you . .  
. .

FREYDIS spares them one final glance before turning to walk unsteadily away across the deck.

HELGI and FINNBOGI look around at the sea with apprehension as they cling to the lines.

CROSS-FADE.

EXT. SEA OF FOG, NEAR THE SHORES OF VINLAND - DAY

The knar comes into view amidst deep gray fog that completely obscures everything in sight. Visibility is no more than a few yards in any direction. There is no sound but the lapping of the tides against the side of the ship, and the creaking of its timbers.

FREYDIS stands motionless at the bow, wrapped in her black cloak and fur-lined hood, peering intently out into the fog. VARD stands a few feet behind her, attentive.

The rest of the CREW stand or sit in fear or expectation.

HELGI and FINNBOGI glance about nervously at the wilderness of fog. They both appear weary and exhausted.

FINNBOGI speaks anxiously to no one in particular.

FINNBOGI

We've been in this morass for days.  
Do we even know in which direction  
we're heading anymore?

FREYDIS ignores him and continues to scan the fog. She also appears to be listening for something.

HELGI comes over to FINNBOGI and speaks to him in a low but angry voice.

HELGI

If we hadn't agreed to this silly  
business, we wouldn't be out here  
in God knows where--

FINNBOGI

Perhaps you should show a little  
less enthusiasm the next time a  
lady asks you to do something--

HELGI

If you even think of holding me to  
blame me for this--

FREYDIS

Shut up, both of you!

HELGI and FINNBOGI frown indignantly at her, and remain silent.

Faint choir voices murmur in the underscoring, but also appear to be audible to FREYDIS as well. She listens with focused intensity.

FREYDIS (CONT'D)

Do you hear it?

HELGI pauses for a moment, unsure if he should answer.

HELGI

Hear what?

FREYDIS

The lands. They are singing to us.

FINNBOGI

What? What did she say?

FREYDIS moves forward until she is almost up on the curve of the bow.

VARD comes forward to hold her steady. She waves him away with her hand.

VARD steps back.

FREYDIS peers into the fog with eyes ablaze.

The CREW stands stiff with uncertainty. The faint choir sounds fade.

Suddenly, out of the fog, an enormous cliff face presents itself dead ahead.

FREYDIS  
Helmsman!!

The entire CREW suddenly springs to life in panic.

Voices shriek in a confused howl as two OARSMEN race forward.

FREYDIS stumbles back from the bow into VARD'S arms. She pushes VARD away and begins ordering the CREW.

FREYDIS (CONT'D)  
Hard a-port!!

The HELMSMAN pushes the rudder hard to the right as the OARSMEN attempt to back the ship away from the oncoming cliff face.

Slowly and laboriously, the ship is simultaneously turned to port and backed off from the cliff.

The ship tilts to the side with the force of the CREW'S exertions, causing those on deck to fall and stumble off balance.

FREYDIS glances up and glimpses pine trees through the mist and fog at the top of the cliff.

FREYDIS (CONT'D)  
This is it! This is it!

FREYDIS addresses the OARSMEN and HELMSMAN.

FREYDIS (CONT'D)  
Keep us even with the shoreline!

HELGI approaches FREYDIS with an exasperated expression.

HELGI  
This is madness! Our ship was nearly wrecked! We all could have drowned!

FREYDIS stares at him blankly.

HELGI (CONT'D)  
Now I am the owner of this ship--

HELGI gestures at FINNBOGI.

HELGI (CONT'D)  
--we are the owners of this ship,  
and we demand that our ship be  
anchored here while we wait for  
this fog to lift!

FREYDIS stares at HELGI in silence a moment.

HELGI waits, attempting to hold himself up high.

VARD remains nearby, watchful.

FREYDIS then replies with a measured malice in her voice.

FREYDIS  
As you wish, captain.

CROSS-FADE.

EXT. LAKE SHORELINE, VINLAND - DAY

The knar has arrived at the Norse settlement. A small contingent, including FREYDIS, VARD, HELGI, and FINNBOGI make their way to shore in the skerries.

FREYDIS scans the area of the shoreline where THORVALD was killed.

There is nothing visible on the shore.

Meanwhile HELGI and FINNBOGI gaze with foreboding at the settlement in the distance.

The stockade appears to be partially in ruins.

FINNBOGI yells to FREYDIS in the other boat.

FINNBOGI  
Why is there a stockade surrounding  
your brother's longhouses? You  
didn't say anything about a  
stockade!

FREYDIS ignores FINNBOGI and continues to scan the shore, her expression gradually and subtly changing to one of despair. VARD watches her with concern.

HELGI addresses his BROTHER.

HELGI

I suppose we should just accept the fact that to her, we're simply a nuisance.

FINNBOGI

I don't like this, Helgi, I really don't like it. She said nothing about a stockade.

FINNBOGI observes the dilapidated condition of the stockade.

FINNBOGI (CONT'D)

And a poorly managed one, at that.

FREYDIS leans back in the boat with a look of quiet anguish and resignation. VARD, seated behind her, hesitates before placing a hand on her shoulder. FREYDIS does not acknowledge the gesture, nor does she wave it off.

The skerries come ashore.

FREYDIS steps from her boat and walks with a reverent step over to the area of THORVALD'S killing. She falls to her knees and breaks down weeping.

VARD finishes tying the boat and comes over to FREYDIS.

HELGI and FINNBOGI alight from their boat and look at her with concern and confusion.

FREYDIS leans over and gently touches the ground where THORVALD fell. She pulls up a piece of the turf and kisses it.

HELGI

Something happened here.

FINNBOGI

Oh, well, you're a bright one.

HELGI disregards FINNBOGI'S remark and looks up and around at the surrounding landscape.

The trees are changing with the onset of autumn.

VARD comes up behind FREYDIS, bends, and places both hands on her shoulders. FREYDIS recoils at his touch.

FREYDIS

No.

VARD backs off.

FREYDIS collects herself, stands, and approaches HELGI and FINNBOGI. She addresses them with forced politeness, her face still wet with tears.

FREYDIS (CONT'D)  
Right, well, let us go and see what  
has been left for us.

FREYDIS proceeds out of frame towards the settlement.

HELGI and FINNBOGI turn as she walks away and regard her with bewilderment. They cast a quick glance at VARD, and then follow FREYDIS.

EXT. NORSE SETTLEMENT, VINLAND - DAY

FREYDIS, HELGI, and FINNBOGI enter the stockade settlement area; VARD waits just outside.

Like the surrounding stockade, the longhouses and other buildings are dilapidated and partly in ruins.

Roofs and walls are caved in and debris from within the structures is strewn around the ground.

Also present are piles of rotting fish carcasses and piles of animal excrement.

FREYDIS stares with intense anger and frustration at the ruined settlement. She then smiles sardonically and shakes her head.

FREYDIS (CONT'D)  
Oh, that brother of mine.

HELGI and FINNBOGI flinch and are disgusted by the smell.

FINNBOGI  
This is horrid! Are you proposing  
that we spend the winter here?

FREYDIS, as usual, ignores him. She begins sniffing the air.

FREYDIS  
Do you smell that?

FINNBOGI grimaces.

FINNBOGI  
What, the animal shit?

FREYDIS turns and gazes around at the vicinity with an unsettling look on her face.

FREYDIS  
No. Them.

HELGI  
(after a pause)  
Are there people here?

FREYDIS replies with an enigmatic frown.

HELGI (CONT'D)  
Dangerous?

FREYDIS spares them a glance and walks past them out of the settlement.

HELGI and FINNBOGI turn and watch her leave.

VARD stands at the entrance, eyeing them.

HELGI and FINNBOGI stare back with looks of defiance.

VARD turns and follows FREYDIS.

CROSS-FADE.

EXT. COASTAL WATERS, VINLAND - DUSK

The knar proceeds south down the coast, a quarter-mile out from the shoreline.

FREYDIS gazes with a piercing stare out at the coastline.

HELGI and FINNBOGI sit at the stern.

VARD eats porridge with his fingers from a clay bowl.

The CREW is taciturn; some are asleep. The two GROUPS are already showing an inclination towards separation.

FREYDIS sees something in the twilight. She points towards the shoreline.

FREYDIS  
There! Do you see it?

Everyone comes to starboard side and looks out with interest at the shoreline.

In the distance, what appears to be the wreckage of a knar is moored on rocks near the shore.

FREYDIS addresses the CREW.

FREYDIS (CONT'D)  
Take us in closer!

The HELMSMAN and the OARSMEN ply the currents and bring the knar in closer to the wreckage.

FREYDIS (CONT'D)  
Keep us clear of the rocks!

HELGI turns to FINNBOGI.

HELGI  
Maybe there are survivors.

FINNBOGI  
Do we have room for them?

HELGI leans in to his BROTHER and addresses him in a low voice.

HELGI  
They might help us to even our numbers a bit.

As the knar gets closer to the wreckage, what appear to be carvings are visible along the wrecked ship's prow.

FREYDIS raises her hand.

FREYDIS  
Stop! This is close enough!  
Someone fetch me the glass!

VARD hands FREYDIS a wooden telescope. She turns it towards the wreckage.

Through the eyepiece, FREYDIS can see large ritual runes carved along the prow. They are identical to the ones FRODI carved on the prow of the pagan ship. No survivors are visible.

FREYDIS brings the eyepiece down and stares contemplatively at the wreckage.

HELGI and FINNBOGI share glances of disappointment. They turn and look south with increased fear and anxiety.

The knar continues on its way south past the wreckage, as the twilight darkens.

FADE TO BLACK.

EXT. COASTAL WATERS, VINLAND - DAWN

FADE IN.

A steady, ominous, insistent drumbeat in the underscoring.

Along a cliff facing the sea, a group of inuksuk sculptures stands like sentinels, bathed in the early morning light. The sculptures are composed of various large stones laid atop one another to resemble human figures, with arms and legs. They are discernible from the deck of the knar.

The Icelanders, including HELGI and FINNBOGI, gaze up at the sculptures in a drowsy bewilderment.

VARD and his MEN regard them in stunned silence.

FREYDIS, wrapped in a black woolen shawl, stares up at the inuksuk figures with a piercing gaze filled with violent loathing.

The sculptures stand like totems in the dawn light.

CROSS-FADE.

EXT. COASTAL WATERS, VINLAND - DAY

A set of three canoes are parked on a grassy knoll overlooking the sea. They are visible from the knar. Also discernible are three FIGURES lying in hide sacks nearby.

FREYDIS gazes at them with hatred and decisiveness. She turns to VARD at her side.

FREYDIS

Hold the ship here. Select three men and prepare one of the skerries. Be quiet about it.

HELGI addresses FREYDIS.

HELGI

Is this necessary? For heaven's sake, we have been drifting south along this coast for days. Now we must set in and make shelter, or return to Greenland before the ice comes!

FREYDIS disregards HELGI and addresses VARD.

FREYDIS

Bring the axes!

HELGI

Now, see here, Freydis Eriksdottir, you have treated us with the meanest of contempt since first we set sail! Now this is our ship and we insist you leave these savages alone! We have no time to satisfy your blood feud!

FREYDIS turns to HELGI and studies him with fierce eyes for a moment.

HELGI regards her with anxiety, his lower lip trembling slightly.

FREYDIS

It came to me once that I have the will. I stood at the base of a mountain and bore my breast to the sword. I was the one who did not flinch or yield, while they, like you, staggered and crawled yet called themselves men!

HELGI

You're a mad woman! How we could ever have agreed to this--

FREYDIS

Your meek tremors will neither shame nor still my hand, Icelander! I will take the arrow that felled my pillar of joy and place it within the eye of those mongrels! You will bear witness to this consecration, and you will know what it means to fear God and his children!

HELGI stares at her in stupefaction.

FREYDIS turns and is helped over the side and down into the skerry by VARD. Along with three of VARD'S MEN, they begin rowing to shore.

The CREW watches from the deck, the Icelanders on one end, VARD'S MEN on the other.

EXT. COASTAL WATERS, VINLAND - DAY

The skerry, with its CREW of five, makes its way stealthily to shore.

FREYDIS sits at the front of the boat.

From FREYDIS' point of view, the three FIGURES in the hide sacks appear to be sleeping soundly.

EXT. COASTAL WATERS, VINLAND - DAY

On the deck of the knar, the ICELANDERS stand or mill about with anxiety as they watch the skerry make its way to shore.

HELGI paces with his hands behind his back.

VARD'S MEN watch the skerry in quiet anticipation.

EXT. OPEN SHORELINE, VINLAND - DAY

The skerry reaches the shore, and the CREW disembarks and hauls it up onto land.

Quietly they make their way across the sand to the grassy knoll.

Three young THULE MEN are sleeping soundly inside three hide sacks. Their hair is long and black and they are each wearing a kind of tunic.

VARD and his MEN stand above them. VARD nods to his MEN and they kick at the feet of the three THULE MEN.

The THULE MEN immediately awake and stare up in shock at the NORSEMEN. They sit up but freeze as VARD'S MEN brandish their axes.

VARD steps aside and FREYDIS comes forward. She glares at the THULE MEN with a grin of severe malevolence and addresses them in a voice filled with joyful hate.

FREYDIS

We meet again. Do you remember me?  
I remember you.

The THULE MEN stare at her silently in fear and incomprehension.

FREYDIS (CONT'D)

Yes, you are as quiet and deceitful  
as I remember. Stinking, fetid,  
brown-skinned, and full of bile! I  
smelled you; I knew you had come.  
I know you took him away.

(MORE)

FREYDIS (CONT'D)  
 You polluted that sacred ground  
 with your banditry, and now you  
 rest here like little boys after  
 games!

FREYDIS affects a solemn demeanor.

FREYDIS (CONT'D)  
 You are God's mistake, but I will  
 correct that. As you sent your  
 demon to dispatch us, so my sailors  
 will dispatch you.

FREYDIS steps back and allows VARD and his MEN to come forward and begin hacking at the THULE MEN with their axes.

FREYDIS purses her lips and twists her face up into an expression of purpose.

EXT. COASTAL WATERS, VINLAND - DAY

The CREW of the knar watches the massacre from afar.

The ICELANDERS variously watch in horror and disgust or turn their heads away.

FINNBOGI turns away.

HELGI gazes with revulsion and resignation at the massacre. HELGI then looks over at VARD'S MEN.

VARD'S MEN gaze with satisfaction at the massacre on shore. One or two look over at HELGI with arrogant, intimidating smiles.

HELGI glances aside.

EXT. OPEN SHORELINE, VINLAND - DAY

VARD and his MEN finish their work. They are dappled in blood. They turn and move past FREYDIS towards the skerry. FREYDIS gazes at the murder scene with an air of haughtiness and finality. She then turns and follows the MEN to the boat.

CROSS-FADE.

EXT. ST. LAWRENCE RIVER, VINLAND - DAY

The knar moves slowly and languorously, almost without purpose, down a large river.

The two groups on board are separate from one another. VARD'S MEN appear to have commandeered the ship, while the ICELANDERS huddle together near the stern. VARD'S HELMSMAN stands behind them, looking down on them with a smile of contempt.

A grim mood prevails over all of them. The bells and choirs in the underscoring are mournful and unsettling.

INT. SHIP'S HOLD, ST. LAWRENCE RIVER, VINLAND - DAY

FREYDIS is sleeping under a wool blanket on a bench covered in furs. Her breathing is steady and audible. The movements and occasional voices of the CREW are audible in the background.

EXT. VARIOUS LOCATIONS, VINLAND - DAY

FREYDIS' dream:

Throughout FREYDIS' dream, the sounds of her breathing and of the ship and CREW continue to be audible.

In choppy images, FREYDIS stands alone on a different knar, floating down a much narrower river between high canyon walls.

A brief image of THORVALD laughing with THORSTEIN.

An image of the sun with its bright aura.

A brief POV image of the masked THULE ARMY converging on her with their spears drawn. FREYDIS' breathing jumps and the voices on deck grow louder.

FREYDIS' walks slowly across a log that traverses a small chasm. She wears a crown of orchids upon her head.

LEIF, GUDRID, and OTHERS from the Second Expedition stand around solemnly watching FREYDIS.

A deep layer of excrement covers the chasm floor below.

On the opposite end of the log, ERIK THE RED kneels and gestures to FREYDIS to come forward. His expression is one of intense pleading and distress. The voices of the CREW on deck grow in alarm, along with the sound of footsteps racing across deck.

FREYDIS continues to navigate the log. Her expression is trance-like.

FREYDIS' foot slips on the log and she falls.

INT. SHIP'S HOLD, ST. LAWRENCE RIVER, VINLAND - DAY

FREYDIS is jarred out of sleep by a loud thump on deck and the cries of the CREW. FREYDIS adjusts herself to her surroundings and throws off the blanket.

FREYDIS goes to the stairs and squints up at VARD.

VARD stares down at her with an expression of alarm.

FREYDIS quickly climbs the stairs to the deck.

EXT. ST. LAWRENCE RIVER, VINLAND - DAY

FREYDIS emerges on deck. Most of VARD'S MEN and all of the ICELANDERS are crowded at the stern looking out at something behind the ship.

FINNBOGI

Good God, there must be hundreds of them!

FREYDIS pushes people aside and looks off the stern.

In the far distance, at least a hundred canoes are converging upriver on the knar.

FREYDIS gazes at them with burning rage.

HELGI

Can we outrun them?

HELGI addresses VARD'S MEN in a voice wracked with fear.

HELGI (CONT'D)

Make sail, for Christ's sake!

VARD is already silently commanding his MEN to work the lines of the mainsail.

Meanwhile the OARSMEN are furiously plying the water.

EXT. ST. LAWRENCE RIVER, VINLAND - DAY

An army of THULE WARRIORS is converging upstream towards the knar. All of the THULE WARRIORS are wearing ivory masks and are rowing with a steady speed toward the knar in the far distance ahead.

In one of the larger of the canoes, THULE CHIEF sits masked in his raised seat at the rear of the canoe. Wooden balance runners flank the canoe on either side. THULE CHIEF stares straight ahead, his head down slightly and his eyes visible through the eyeholes in the mask, with a purposeful and angry gaze.

EXT. ST. LAWRENCE RIVER, VINLAND – DAY

HELGI and FINNBOGI are frantic on the deck of their knar.

HELGI

They've got us going upstream  
against the current! We need to  
get out of the river!

VARD'S MEN continue to work the rudder, oars, and sail.

The canoes continue to close the distance.

FREYDIS glares at the oncoming THULE ARMY with hate and fury.  
FINNBOGI harangues her.

FINNBOGI

Proud of yourself, Freydis  
Eriksdottir? Your lunacy is now  
about to reap its reward--

FREYDIS

Be silent, you imbecile!!

FINNBOGI

Witch!! Mangy whore!!

FREYDIS reels around and slaps FINNBOGI across the face.

FINNBOGI makes to strike her.

VARD comes forward and takes FINNBOGI in a severe wrestler's hold from behind.

HELGI comes forward and attempts to get FINNBOGI out of VARD'S grasp.

Some of VARD'S MEN comes forward and join the brawl, as do some of the ICELANDERS.

Meanwhile the THULE WARRIORS continues to close fast.

FREYDIS screams at the brawlers.

FREYDIS  
You dim-witted fowl! Don't you  
know these heathen can be scared  
off with but a gesture of the  
sword?

FREYDIS physically forces the MEN apart.

FREYDIS (CONT'D)  
Get to your weapons, if indeed you  
are men!

FREYDIS takes VARD'S short sword from its sheath and goes  
back to the stern.

The THULE ARMY continues to close in. They are now within a  
few hundred yards of the knar.

The OARSMEN continue to ply the waters vigorously.  
Exhaustion shows on their faces.

FREYDIS addresses the CREW.

FREYDIS (CONT'D)  
Arm yourselves, and keep watch for  
a way out of the river!

The sail catches the breeze but the race against the current  
slows down the knar.

The THULE ARMY is now a hundred yards out from the knar.

THULE CHIEF assesses the ship. He is within the vanguard of  
the THULE ARMY. Within his canoe are two ROWERS and a  
SPEARMAN. The other canoes all contain ROWERS and SPEARMEN.

WOMEN also number among the THULE ARMY. All are wearing  
ivory masks. Some are wearing the high-collared hide coats;  
the SPEARMEN and many of the ROWERS are wearing simpler hide  
tunics.

The CREW of the knar, now armed with swords and axes, takes  
up positions along the sides.

The THULE WARRIORS are now within striking range.

FREYDIS glares back at the advancing THULE.

THULE CHIEF raises his arm and points a decisive finger at  
the knar.

The first SPEARMAN rises up and hurls his spear.

The spear strikes the hull of the ship just off the stern.

THULE CHIEF points a finger and another spear is lobbed at the knar.

This spear wings the ship portside as several CREWMEMBERS fall aside to avoid it. It lands in the back of one of VARD'S MEN along the starboard.

FREYDIS pulls herself up onto the top of the stern and screams at the THULE ARMY.

FREYDIS (CONT'D)  
Villains!! Dogs!! You're the  
worst of God's creatures!!

THULE CHIEF glances up and regards FREYDIS with curiosity.

Meanwhile the THULE WARRIORS hurl more spears at the knar CREW, which is now cowering down within the sides of the ship.

VARD pulls the spear from his dead CREWMAN and hurls it back at the THULE.

Some of the Thule canoes are now nearly side-by-side with the knar.

FREYDIS descends back onto the deck and looks out at the THULE.

FREYDIS and THULE CHIEF lock eyes.

THULE CHIEF holds his fist to his chest and makes a slight bow to her.

FREYDIS grabs one of the spears that fell on deck and hurls it at him.

THULE CHIEF ducks as it hits the water behind him.

One of the THULE hurls another spear, this time at the sail. It tears a hole through the bottom.

HELGI hollers to no one in particular.

HELGI  
They'll tear us to ribbons!! We  
have no chain-mail!! We can't  
withstand this barrage!!

A few more spears pierce the hull above the waterline. They remain embedded in the hull, sticking out from the boards.

Other spears continue to rain down on deck.

A MALE ICELANDER is speared through the thigh.

An OARSMAN is showing signs of fainting.

At this point, a few of the Thule canoes have reached the side of the ship; the SPEARMEN attempt to climb aboard.

VARD'S MEN and the ICELANDERS slash at the THULE with their swords.

A few of the THULE are killed or wounded and fall back into the water.

Other THULE make their way onto deck and use their spears to do battle with the NORSEMEN. They are eventually overpowered and thrown back overboard.

The OARSMAN at the bow faints from exhaustion and slumps backward onto the deck.

The ship begins to drift.

The other OARSMAN screams for assistance.

One of the other CREWMEN runs up and grabs the oar.

A Thule canoe has reached the stern. The SPEARMAN stands up and jams his spear down into the water.

The HELMSMAN peers around the side and sees this.

HELMSMAN  
They're making for the rudder!

FREYDIS  
Hard a-starboard!!

The HELMSMAN and OARSMEN comply.

The knar clips several of the canoes in the process of turning and plows into several more, sending several THULE WARRIORS into the water.

A CREWMAN looks off to starboard and sees a small tributary up ahead that empties into the larger river. He points at it.

CREWMAN  
There! An outlet!

FREYDIS and several of the crew who aren't cowering along the deck turn to look. FREYDIS addresses the CREW.

FREYDIS  
There!! Take us through there!!

FINNBOGI  
They can still follow us!!

The knar continues to work its way towards the tributary.

Several Thule canoes attempt to head it off.

One of the THULE WARRIORS leaps out onto one of the oars.

The OARSMAN points and hollers as the THULE WARRIOR climbs onto the deck.

VARD races over and slashes the throat of the THULE WARRIOR, who falls back into the water.

EXT. TRIBUTARY, VINLAND - DAY

The knar navigates its way through the narrower side river. Several canoes continue to harass it but the bulk of the THULE ARMY has fallen back.

The knar has several spears sticking out of its sides. The sail has a large tear along the bottom but still manages to catch the breeze.

Most of the CREW continues to cower below the sides of the deck.

The SPEARMEN in the Thule canoes are no longer firing their implements. The THULE ARMY appears to be driving the knar onward.

THULE CHIEF sits in his chair and stares forward through his mask at the retreating knar. His eyes are stern and focused.

As the knar gets close to a narrower portion of the river, THULE CHIEF suddenly raises his arm.

All of the Thule ROWERS stop and the THULE ARMY slowly drifts back.

FINNBOGI cowers next to the HELMSMAN along the stern.

FINNBOGI slowly pokes his head around the corner and sees the THULE ARMY falling back.

FINNBOGI (CONT'D)  
They're falling back! Praise God,  
they're falling back!

The CREW stands and looks back.

The THULE ARMY retreats further and further.

The NORSE CREW lets out a cheer, except for FREYDIS, who frowns at the retreating THULE with suspicion.

FINNBOGI (CONT'D)  
I knew if we held out long enough,  
we'd outlast the bastards!

HELGI addresses whoever will listen.

HELGI  
We need to find a way back to the  
main river! We could be lost in  
this place forever!

FINNBOGI  
We need to go home! This debacle  
has been fruitless and--

FINNBOGI is interrupted by a large black steaming cylindrical projectile that flies out of the forest along the shore.

The projectile lands in the water just shy of the bow with a loud hissing sound.

The CREW once again flies into a panic and ducks down along the sides of the deck.

More projectiles start flying out of the woods at the knar.

FINNBOGI (CONT'D)  
They have catapults, for God's  
sake!!

HELGI  
They trapped us!! I -- I can't  
believe those savages actually  
trapped us!!

The OARSMEN continue to ply the waters while OTHERS work the sail.

Various projectiles hit the water inches from the hull.

The HELMSMAN moves the rudder back and forth in an attempt to dodge the projectiles.

The knar veers back and forth through the water.

FREYDIS screams at the HELMSMAN.

FREYDIS  
Stay in midstream!

One of the projectiles hits the portside skerry.

FREYDIS peers over the side and looks down at it.

FREYDIS screams at HELGI who is cowering along the starboard.

FREYDIS (CONT'D)  
It's tar! One just struck the  
skerry!

HELGI  
The skerry is lined with tar!

FREYDIS  
What?

HELGI  
I said, the skerry is lined with  
tar already! However, if one of  
their missiles hits the hull we may  
have some problems--

One of the projectiles lands in the middle of the deck.

The CREW begins screaming and yelling incoherently.

Another projectile hits the portside OARSMAN, searing his  
flesh. He screams and tumbles into the water.

Once again the knar drifts as another of VARD'S MEN  
commandeers the oar.

One of VARD'S MEN is dumping water from a barrel onto the  
steaming tar on deck.

Another projectile hits the carved dragon atop the bow.

Gradually the catapults cease as the knar moves into a wider  
part of the river.

The CREW slowly rises once more and looks back.

The river is calm now. The woods surrounding them are  
silent.

CROSS-FADE.

EXT. ESTUARY, VINLAND - DAWN

The knar sits anchored within a small estuary, shadowed in the gray light of dawn. It bears the scars of the recent battle. The sail has been patched where it was torn.

EXT. SECOND NORSE SETTLEMENT, VINLAND - MORNING

Two ramshackle longhouses have been hastily thrown together in a dell surrounded by woods on three sides, the fourth side looking out to the estuary. The longhouses are at a discreet distance from one another.

Guarding one are two of VARD'S MEN; this is FREYDIS' longhouse. Guarding the other are two of HELGI and FINNBOGI'S MEN; this is the Icelanders' longhouse.

The two ICELANDER GUARDS are cooking scraps of meat over a small fire. Both are armed with short swords. One GUARD sits on a stump of wood; the other GUARD stands over the fire. Both are wrapped in dirty furs.

The seated GUARD glances over at the GUARDS in front of FREYDIS' longhouse.

One of FREYDIS' GUARDS stands with his back to the ICELANDERS, urinating in a large arc. The other GUARD sits on a log, leaning with both arms on the butt of his ax handle, staring at the two ICELANDERS with a smile of intimidation.

The two ICELANDERS glance fearfully at one another and turn back to the fire.

A moment later, the standing GUARD looks up and steps back with his sword raised. The other ICELANDER GUARD looks up at his comrade and then looks quickly over at the other longhouse.

VARD'S MEN stand with their axes ready as FREYDIS, wrapped in a black woolen cloak, approaches the ICELANDERS.

The seated ICELANDER stands up brandishing his short sword.

FREYDIS walks up to them. Her hair is mangy and her face sallow and pale with severely chapped lips. She addresses the ICELANDERS.

FREYDIS

I wish to speak to Helgi.

One of the GUARDS glances warily at the other GUARD and then enters the Icelanders' longhouse.

While they wait, FREYDIS and the other ICELANDER share an icy glance.

The ICELANDER looks away.

A moment later, HELGI and the GUARD emerge from the longhouse. HELGI regards FREYDIS for a moment in silence.

FREYDIS (CONT'D)  
May I speak to you in confidence a  
moment?

HELGI, dirty and tired, scratches the side of his face. He then gestures with his hand in the direction of the woods.

FREYDIS turns and walks towards the woods.

HELGI glances back at his MEN, and follows.

EXT. WOODED AREA, SECOND NORSE SETTLEMENT, VINLAND – MORNING

FREYDIS and HELGI arrive at a secluded area at the edge of the woods in view of the longhouses.

HELGI leans against a tree and yawns, pulling his cloak about him.

FREYDIS regards him for a moment with a stoic, exhausted gaze.

FREYDIS  
I have spent the better part of the  
last several days and nights  
thinking that we might come to some  
kind of armistice.

HELGI  
I didn't know we were at war.

FREYDIS  
There has been ill-will.

HELGI laughs with irony.

HELGI  
We are no match for your ill-will,  
Freydis Eriksdottir.

FREYDIS  
Then you wish to be the instigator  
of--

HELGI

I wish to leave this place! This voyage, which you promised would bring us wealth and fame, has thus far brought us nothing but terror and indignity! Our people have been abused, terrorized -- our property has been taken -- we have been attacked -- we find ourselves holed up in this forest, hiding from savages who could overwhelm us at any time--

FREYDIS sneers at him.

FREYDIS

You are a toothless, frail little weasel--

HELGI

--you are easily the most unpleasant creature I have ever encountered! You are full of lies and deceit and treachery, and now you ask for favors!

FREYDIS

(after a pause)

You are taking the ship?

HELGI stands up straight and looks her in the eye.

HELGI

That ship is ours! You and those . . . beserkers you call your men will no longer commandeer our property. We are leaving this place, now, before the ice comes!

FREYDIS glares at him.

FREYDIS

And you intend to leave me here?

HELGI shrugs.

HELGI

That all depends on you.

HELGI walks back to the longhouses, leaving FREYDIS to glare at nothing.

EXT. WOODED AREA, SECOND NORSE SETTLEMENT, VINLAND – MORNING

A hazy sun shines down through the trees.

FREYDIS squats on the ground beside a large oak tree, as if defecating or giving birth; her hands clutch her kneecaps. She stares into space in a silent frenzy, her eyes straining as if she is trying to force something out of her body.

As the sun's glare touches her, FREYDIS looks up and a strange calm comes over her. Her face contorts into a stoic yet harrowing, wide-eyed gaze.

INT. FREYDIS' LONGHOUSE, SECOND NORSE SETTLEMENT, VINLAND – MORNING

VARD lies asleep in FREYDIS' longhouse on a makeshift wooden bench covered in dirty fur and animal hide. Dim dusty sunlight filters down through the chimney.

VARD'S MEN sleep as well, snoring and breathing heavily. Trash is strewn about the floor.

FREYDIS sits in the corner watching VARD. Her face is spectrally white in the dim light. She stares at him with a hollow maniacal visage.

As if sensing her presence, VARD slowly opens his eyes. At first sight of FREYDIS, he draws back as if in fear or surprise.

FREYDIS addresses VARD inaudibly.

FREYDIS

Help me.

VARD shakes his head in incomprehension.

FREYDIS repeats the phrase in a louder, desperate voice.

FREYDIS (CONT'D)

Help me.

INT. ICELANDERS' LONGHOUSE, SECOND NORSE SETTLEMENT, VINLAND – MORNING

HELGI is addressing FINNBOGI and the other assembled ICELANDERS inside their longhouse. All are exhausted and scared. The scene begins in mid-conversation.

HELGI

--we can navigate back up the coast with a good current. The others may come if they choose, but we will be in command of the ship.

FINNBOGI

Oh, for Christ's sake, brother, let us leave them! They cannot be trusted!

HELGI

There will be bloodshed if we attempt--

HELGI is interrupted by the sound of altercation outside. HELGI turns and goes towards the door.

The door suddenly bursts open and VARD fills the doorway, his MEN behind him. VARD and his MEN storm the room before the ICELANDERS can get to their weapons. HELGI, FINNBOGI, and the ICELANDER MEN are taken by force from the building.

EXT. SECOND NORSE SETTLEMENT, VINLAND - MORNING

FREYDIS watches with a frozen maniacal frown as HELGI, FINNBOGI, and their MEN are brought outside the longhouse.

The two ICELANDER GUARDS are lying dead on the ground.

INT. ICELANDERS' LONGHOUSE, SECOND NORSE SETTLEMENT, VINLAND - MORNING

The ICELANDER WOMEN are screaming and protesting to two of VARD'S MEN. One of the WOMEN rushes forward.

VARD'S MAN pushes her back with his ax handle and then punches her in the face.

EXT. SECOND NORSE SETTLEMENT, VINLAND - MORNING

VARD'S MEN, superior in numbers, hold HELGI, FINNBOGI, and the other ICELANDER MEN by the arms.

HELGI struggles with his captors as FREYDIS approaches him. HELGI both gazes at her and addresses her in desperation and derision.

HELGI

Is this what you promised us?

FREYDIS looks at him with a kind of crazed sympathy and replies in a voice hoarse with derangement.

FREYDIS  
I will pray for you.

HELGI  
You're no woman of God! You're no  
woman of God!!

HELGI struggles as the two MEN holding him drag him over to the stump, where VARD waits with his ax.

HELGI (CONT'D)  
You're a murderer!! -- liar!!

HELGI'S speech becomes incoherent with sobs and screams as he is dragged over to the stump.

HELGI (CONT'D)  
You're a liar!! Filthy, stinking  
liar!!

Two of VARD'S MEN hold HELGI down by the arms, forcing his head into position over the stump.

FINNBOGI looks away.

FREYDIS observes HELGI with an impassive, crazed stare, like a kabuki face.

HELGI glances up and addresses FREYDIS.

HELGI (CONT'D)  
They'll find out about you!!  
They'll find out about you!!

VARD raises his ax, brings it down, and decapitates HELGI.

The ICELANDER MEN are hollering and screaming.

VARD'S MEN clear HELGI'S head and body away.

FREYDIS signals to the MEN to bring FINNBOGI forward.

FINNBOGI lets loose with animal screams as VARD'S MEN drag him over to the stump and force him into position.

FINNBOGI  
You won't send me to heaven now!!

VARD raises his ax, brings it down, and decapitates FINNBOGI.

FREYDIS observes, impassive and crazed.

EXT. WOODED AREA, SECOND NORSE SETTLEMENT, VINLAND – MORNING

A small contingent of masked THULE is stealthily approaching the Norse settlement as the executions are taking place. Among them are THULE CHIEF and FIRST WOMAN, though they remain masked for the present.

Hidden amongst the trees, the THULE stare down with disturbed bewilderment at the massacre.

From the THULE POV, VARD'S MEN have surrounded the remaining ICELANDER MEN in a circle and, out of view of the THULE, are hacking away at the ICELANDER MEN with their axes.

FREYDIS stands a discreet distance away from the circle with her back to the THULE, watching the massacre with her black cloak wrapped around her arms.

The THULE continue to watch the carnage, each one registering different responses with their eyes.

EXT. SECOND NORSE SETTLEMENT, VINLAND – MORNING

VARD and his MEN have finished slaughtering the ICELANDER MEN. They pant heavily from their exertions. They turn to face FREYDIS.

FREYDIS

Now! -- the women! -- bring them out!

VARD and his MEN pause, and turn to one another with expressions of hesitancy.

FREYDIS sears them with a murderous gaze.

FREYDIS (CONT'D)

Bring them out, I say!!

VARD and his MEN continue to pause and hesitate.

FREYDIS (CONT'D)

The women must be dispatched!  
There can be no trace of this!

One of the CREWMEN shakes his head.

CREWMAN

We can't -- do the women--

FREYDIS begins to fume as if she is about to explode. She marches over to VARD and grabs his ax from him.

FREYDIS

Goddamn you, I'll do it!! Bring them out!!

Two of the MEN enter the longhouse. While they and the MEN inside corral the WOMEN, FREYDIS begins pacing in a frenzied manner, violently scratching her matted hair, shaking her fists and groaning with fury.

A moment later, the MEN bring the screaming WOMEN out by the arms. When all of the WOMEN are out, FREYDIS grabs the nearest ICELANDER WOMAN by her hair and drags the hysterically screaming WOMAN over to an open area of ground. FREYDIS throws her down.

The ICELANDER WOMAN, her nose bloodied, sobs and screams as she gazes up in terror at FREYDIS.

ICELANDER WOMAN

Woman of God -- mercy!! -- mercy!!

FREYDIS raises her ax and buries it in the ICELANDER WOMAN'S chest.

VARD'S MEN watch the killing with increasing looks of alarm.

FREYDIS grabs the next WOMAN, drags her by the hair to an area near the other woman's corpse, throws her to the ground, and kills her with the ax.

EXT. WOODED AREA, SECOND NORSE SETTLEMENT, VINLAND - MORNING

The THULE continue to watch the carnage, silent and invisible to the Norse in the shadows of the trees.

From the THULE POV, FREYDIS, in the far distance, bends over and laboriously drags a WOMAN along the ground by the hair and the back of her garment. FREYDIS dumps the WOMAN and grabs the ax. The WOMAN attempts to crawl away as FREYDIS raises the ax high in the air and brings it down into the WOMAN'S spine.

THULE CHIEF, FIRST WOMAN, and the other THULE turn their heads, glancing at one another fearfully before turning back to the carnage with horror in their eyes.

EXT. SECOND NORSE SETTLEMENT, VINLAND - MORNING

Two of VARD'S MEN are holding up one of the WOMEN. They are holding her arms out and looking away. The WOMAN, crying in shock, turns her head away.

FREYDIS, her face deranged and covered in tears and perspiration, raises the ax up in a posture of exhaustion, swings it around, and buries it in the WOMAN'S chest.

VARD watches the massacre of the women with an expression of stern fascination and deference.

EXT. WOODED AREA, SECOND NORSE SETTLEMENT, VINLAND – MORNING

THULE CHIEF motions to one of the other Thule. He gestures for him to move off towards the settlement.

The THULE WARRIOR does so, stealthily.

EXT. SECOND NORSE SETTLEMENT, VINLAND – MORNING

FREYDIS kills the last Icelander WOMAN with the ax.

FREYDIS', her face covered in tears and sweat, gazes up into the sky in pain and madness.

The sun glimmers behind thin hazy clouds.

EXT. SECOND NORSE SETTLEMENT – VINLAND – DAY

A little ways off from the longhouses, a large hole has been dug into the ground. The bodies of the Icelanders have all been deposited in the hole.

FREYDIS, VARD, and his MEN stand facing the hole. The men, covered in sod and dried blood, brandish digging tools. A vague sound of flies is audible but otherwise all else is silent.

FREYDIS looks with solemnity and a strange detachment at the mass grave. VARD stands close by her.

In the background in the middle distance, the THULE WARRIOR slinks stealthily towards the longhouses. He is only seen momentarily; he is soon hidden from view by the buildings.

FREYDIS addresses the MEN in a weary monotone.

FREYDIS  
Anyone who speaks of this . . .  
will suffer.

The MEN turn to face FREYDIS, their faces and bodies wracked with exhaustion.

FREYDIS (CONT'D)  
 Anyone who speaks to my brother of  
 this . . . will suffer.

The MEN glance at the ground and each other.

FREYDIS (CONT'D)  
 For all the world knows, the  
 savages got them. Now bury them,  
 quickly. Then prepare the ship.

Some of the MEN slump their shoulders with fatigue.

FREYDIS slowly turns to walk away.

FREYDIS (CONT'D)  
 We must sail before the ice comes .  
 . . .

With VARD as her escort, FREYDIS walks slowly and wearily  
 back towards the longhouses.

EXT. A LARGE HILL FACING THE SEA, VINLAND - DAY

The masked THULE who witnessed the massacre are standing  
 facing inland near the edge of a large cliff on the verge of  
 the sea.

The THULE WARRIOR sent to infiltrate the second Norse  
 settlement approaches them, carrying in both hands one of the  
 Norse axes.

THULE CHIEF steps forward from the GROUP.

The THULE WARRIOR approaches THULE CHIEF and holds the ax out  
 to him, as if presenting it.

THULE CHIEF takes the ax and the THULE WARRIOR goes and joins  
 the GROUP.

THULE CHIEF turns to face the GROUP. He removes his mask and  
 tosses it on the ground.

The rest of the GROUP does the same. FIRST WOMAN is in the  
 front and center of the GROUP.

THULE CHIEF studies the ax for a moment. He then looks up at  
 the GROUP with an expression of deep sorrow.

THULE CHIEF steps forward. The GROUP parts for him. When he  
 is clear of the GROUP, THULE CHIEF runs and throws the ax  
 towards the sea.

EXT. COASTAL WATERS, VINLAND - DAY

From out of frame right, the ax spins through the air into the water. It disappears beneath the surface.

CROSS-FADE.

EXT. OPEN COUNTRY, VINLAND - DAY

The THULE contingent is walking home. Their faces are tired and contemplative.

THULE CHIEF and FIRST WOMAN walk side-by-side. The two share a glance and a sad smile, and continue walking.

EXT. THULE VILLAGE, VINLAND - DAY

The Thule contingent arrives by canoe at their village.

The village is a collection of whalebone huts covered in animal hides, situated on the shores of a lake. Many THULE VILLAGERS, varying from infancy to old age, are milling about, cooking food, playing games, or working on crafts.

As THULE CHIEF, FIRST WOMAN, and the rest of the CONTINGENT approach, they smile broadly and wave at the other VILLAGERS.

The VILLAGERS come to greet the contingent at the shore.

A small CHILD runs up as THULE CHIEF and the OTHERS disembark from their canoes.

THULE CHIEF picks the laughing CHILD up and holds it above his head, smiling with joy. He hands the CHILD to a smiling FIRST WOMAN who takes the CHILD in her arms. They join and mingle with their people.

CROSS-FADE.

EXT. OPEN SEA - DUSK

HELGI and FINNBOGI'S garishly painted knar sails east, away from Vinland.

FADE TO BLACK.

EXT. SEA OF WORMS, SOMEWHERE OFF THE COAST OF GREENLAND - DAY

The coast of Greenland is visible in the far distance.

VARD and a CREWMEMBER regard it from the deck of the knar. The CREWMEMBER looks through the wooden telescope. He brings the telescope down and turns to address VARD.

CREWMEMBER  
I will go and wake Freydis.

The CREWMEMBER turns to go but VARD stops him. VARD spares the CREWMEMBER a glance and turns to go below himself.

INT. SHIP'S HOLD, SEA OF WORMS, SOMEWHERE OFF THE COAST OF GREENLAND - DAY

FREYDIS lies asleep on her fur-covered bench. She is in a fetal position, with her left hand buried underneath a fur pillow and her right hand underneath her face.

VARD delicately comes down the stairs and approaches her, leaning down in the cramped quarters. He reaches his hand out to her shoulder as if to wake her, but then draws back.

VARD contemplates FREYDIS as she sleeps, and gazes up and down at her body. The only sounds are the waves lapping against the sides of the ship and the MEN on deck.

VARD reaches his hand out to touch her waist. His hand is poised just above FREYDIS' hip when suddenly her left hand comes out from underneath the pillow, holding a short sword.

FREYDIS stares up at VARD from the pillow. Her head remains at rest as she holds the short sword at VARD'S throat.

VARD looks at her with an expression of shame but also frustration and disappointment.

FREYDIS addresses VARD in a low growl.

FREYDIS  
And to think I would ever be had by  
the likes of you--

FREYDIS is interrupted by the sound of wood cracking and water seepage coming from a corner of the hold. FREYDIS draws back the short sword and motions to an area behind some wooden crates with a look of panic in her face.

FREYDIS (CONT'D)  
What? What is that? A breach?

VARD steps over and moves the crate aside as water comes rushing up underneath.

Behind the crate is a massive hole in the hull filled with innumerable sea worms. The hull has been eaten clear through and water comes in rapidly.

FREYDIS leaps up with a cry.

Water and worms continue to come up through the widening hole.

FREYDIS turns to VARD.

FREYDIS (CONT'D)  
The boats! The skerries! Quickly!

FREYDIS and VARD immediately run up on deck as water and sea worms subsume the hold.

EXT. SEA OF WORMS, SOMEWHERE OFF THE COAST OF GREENLAND — DAY

FREYDIS and VARD come up on deck.

The CREW is in a panic, craning their heads over the sides of the ship.

FREYDIS and VARD run over to starboard and peer overboard.

The water around the ship is teeming with sea worms, looking like strands of vermicelli. They continue to devour the hull as the ship starts to pitch.

FREYDIS turns to VARD and addresses him in a low desperate voice.

FREYDIS  
Select your men! Lower the boat!

VARD grabs four of his MEN and together they start to lower the starboard-side skerry.

The other CREWMEN notice. One approaches FREYDIS and harangues her from behind.

CREWMEMBER  
There's not enough room in the boats for all of us!

FREYDIS  
Then swim!!

CREWMEMBER  
We do your bidding, only to be swept away--

The CREWMEMBER pulls out his sword.

VARD steps forward like a striking cobra and stabs the CREWMEMBER through the abdomen.

Meanwhile a greater panic ensues as the MEN rush to the other skerry and begin lowering it into the water.

The knar is starting to turn on its side as the stern begins to go under.

VARD and his MEN succeed in detaching the skerry.

The knar starts to tilt to the starboard side.

As the portside skerry is lowered, a brawl ensues as the MEN attempt to gain access to the boat.

Meanwhile VARD carries FREYDIS precariously down into their skerry.

VARD'S selected MEN climb down as other CREWMEMBERS hack and stab them with sword and ax from behind. Two manage to fight back and make it into the skerry with minor wounds.

Once the two wounded MEN are in the boat, VARD uses the oar to push away from the knar.

The knar continues to pitch to the side and upward as it sinks.

The MEN onboard begin murdering each other to gain access to the portside skerry.

One MAN successfully climbs over the side only to have his hand hacked off by one of the others.

The MAN falls into the water between the skerry and the knar. His screaming face, covered in worms, sinks below the surface.

A few more MEN dive into the water.

Another MAN jumps into the portside skerry, only to hit the side of it. The skerry overturns and the three MEN inside are plunged into the water.

Remaining CREWMEN are either continuing to dive into the worm-infested waters or are continuing to hack away at each other on the pitching deck. They slide into the water as the knar tips upwards vertically from the stern.

FREYDIS and VARD look at the sinking knar as one of VARD'S MEN rows them away towards land.

The knar tips upwards until it is vertical and sinks below the surface.

The MEN in the water suffer from the worms.

Many MEN are already dead, floating face-down in the bloody, worm-infested water.

FREYDIS and VARD watch as HELGI and FINNBOGI'S knar sinks below the surface in a mass of billowing water.

CROSS-FADE.

EXT. COASTAL WATERS, GREENLAND - DAY

The skerry is seen from a distance as FREYDIS, VARD, and the two CREWMEN make their way into Eriksfjord.

FREYDIS and VARD sit silently in the skerry.

One of the CREWMEN rows while the other holds his wounded arm.

FREYDIS sits with her back to the land, facing VARD. She refrains from looking VARD in the eye but sits hunched over, frowning pensively.

VARD gazes at her with a stern reproachful gaze.

FREYDIS momentarily locks eyes with VARD before looking away, without any change of demeanor.

CROSS-FADE.

EXT. HARBOR, ERIKSFJORD, GREENLAND - DUSK

LEIF and two MALE MEMBERS of the household staff make their way down to the shoreline.

The skerry has been tethered to the shore. VARD'S two CREWMEN are helping FREYDIS out of the boat.

VARD continues to sit in the skerry, frowning and staring off into space. He completely ignores FREYDIS.

As FREYDIS comes up from the skerry, LEIF approaches her.

FREYDIS holds herself up with her customary haughtiness.

LEIF regards her in bewilderment. A moment passes without a word spoken.

FREYDIS  
We lost the ship. It's all gone --  
the worms got it.

LEIF  
The worms?

FREYDIS  
Sea worms. They ate through the  
hull.

LEIF takes a moment to process this. He looks around at the survivors.

LEIF  
Helgi -- Finnbogi -- the others?

FREYDIS does not look LEIF in the eye.

FREYDIS  
Dead. They're all . . . drowned.  
There's no one left but us.

FREYDIS casts a stern glance at the survivors.

LEIF scratches his head and looks off into the distance. He catches VARD'S eye.

VARD gazes at LEIF.

LEIF turns back to FREYDIS.

LEIF  
Our father is ailing. Go and see  
him.

FREYDIS  
The men need shelter and medicines--

LEIF  
No!

FREYDIS  
Oh, for pity's sake--

LEIF  
I'll have no men such as these on  
my father's farm!

LEIF and FREYDIS stare at each other in a standoff. FREYDIS' face is a mask of controlled fury.

LEIF (CONT'D)  
Go and see your father!

FREYDIS marches away towards the farm.

LEIF, flanked by his MEN, looks over VARD'S MEN.

One of VARD'S MEN reaches for his sword.

LEIF gazes at him undeterred and addresses the MAN without arrogance or fear.

LEIF (CONT'D)  
The wrath of kings would descend  
upon you.

The MAN places the sword back into the sheath with a contemptuous look. He and the other CREWMAN walk away.

VARD continues to sit in the skerry, gazing at LEIF.

LEIF regards VARD with curiosity for a moment before turning and walking back to the farm.

VARD watches LEIF walk away. VARD then turns and glances back at the sea. He turns once more back towards LEIF.

INT. LONGHOUSE, BRATTAHLID FARM, GREENLAND - NIGHT

FREYDIS enters the main sleeping chamber of the longhouse. Stone oil lamps light the chamber. Two SERVANTS are in attendance.

ERIK THE RED lies upon the bed. He is too weak to raise his head, but he regards FREYDIS with a weary smile as she enters the room. He speaks to her with difficulty.

ERIK  
It was good of you to return,  
chick. I did not wish to outlive  
anymore of my children.

FREYDIS gazes at him with a pained expression.

FREYDIS  
Yes, father.

ERIK reaches his hand out to her.

FREYDIS comes over to the side of the bed and takes his hand. The timbers of the longhouse creak with the outside wind.

ERIK  
My pains have caught up with me at  
last. Well it is. I have  
outlasted many a man, good and bad.  
(MORE)

ERIK (CONT'D)  
 But to outlive one's own children  
 is the most devilish of cruelties.  
 Thorstein and Thorvald have come to  
 me often in my dreams, only to fade  
 once more to dust with the morning  
 sun. Now I can hold them to my  
 bosom in Heaven, and hold them  
 fast, my boys . . . .

ERIK appears to drift off.

FREYDIS looks upon her father with deep sorrow.

ERIK opens his eyes again.

ERIK (CONT'D)  
 Freydis?

FREYDIS  
 I am here, father.

ERIK  
 Freydis, no matter what Fortune may  
 bring you, do not abandon Leif;  
 he'll take to brooding.

FREYDIS  
 Yes, father.

ERIK  
 I give to you and your brother this  
 farm. I give to you this  
 Greenland, which I chanced upon.  
 Your children and Leif's children  
 will build upon it further. Their  
 ships will haunt the fjords, and  
 they shall prosper.

FREYDIS smiles sadly.

ERIK looks up at her.

ERIK (CONT'D)  
 Is our little secret safe?

FREYDIS  
 It is.

ERIK  
 Good. Go to it now. Share it with  
 your brother. Be kind to one  
 another.

FREYDIS

I will.

ERIK grins lovingly at his daughter and caresses her hand.

ERIK

She is the watchful one  
Guardian of the Tears of Freyja  
She keeps her secrets well  
Freydis, daughter of the Red.

FREYDIS gazes upon her father with sorrow, in the flickering lamplight.

FADE TO BLACK.

EXT. BRATTAHLID FARM, GREENLAND – DAWN

The faint light of dawn begins to illuminate the fjord.

Brattahlid Farm is tranquil and still. The only sound is of a rooster call.

FREYDIS mounts an Icelandic horse. Its tackle is laden with spades, shovels, torches and a flint. She begins a steady trot along the road that leads away from the farm.

As FREYDIS trots away off in the distance, a shape comes into view in the foreground, seen from behind.

VARD watches FREYDIS ride away into the morning light.

EXT. OPEN COUNTRY, GREENLAND – MORNING

FREYDIS arrives at her father's rock arrangement. She dismounts and walks up to it.

Snow covers the area, which remains undisturbed.

A purposeful smile comes to FREYDIS' face.

EXT. BRATTAHLID FARM, GREENLAND – MORNING

LEIF emerges from the longhouse, wrapped in a heavy woolen coat. His breath appears in puffs as he pats his upper arms.

As LEIF steps away from the longhouse, VARD becomes visible in the background. LEIF pauses a moment, and then abruptly turns around.

LEIF and VARD regard each other silently.

After a moment, VARD, with a look of contrition, gestures with his head for LEIF to accompany him over to a corner of the stable.

LEIF cautiously approaches.

EXT. OPEN COUNTRY, GREENLAND - DAY

FREYDIS sits upon the ground on her knees, her horse tethered nearby. Various digging implements litter the ground around her. A large hole next to the rock arrangement gapes before her, crowned by two torches.

FREYDIS stares vacantly into the hole, covered in dirt and sweat.

The hole is empty.

LEIF quietly rides up. He dismounts and approaches her. Upon his face is an expression of wide-eyed and barely controlled fury.

As he approaches, FREYDIS looks up at him. Her face also contorts into fury.

FREYDIS

Where is it? What did you do with it?

LEIF looks at the large empty hole.

LEIF

What is it I am supposed to have taken?

FREYDIS

That which father entrusted to me!

LEIF looks upon her with intense scorn.

FREYDIS (CONT'D)

What? You accuse me of thieving my own inheritance?

LEIF continues to regard her silently with intense scorn.

FREYDIS gapes at him in horror. She slowly rises, trembling violently, a sharp digging implement in her left hand.

FREYDIS (CONT'D)

What was told to you?

LEIF glances down at the digging tool clenched in her hand.

LEIF slowly looks back into her face.

LEIF

Now if I disclosed the name of your betrayer, would he meet the same fate as those poor pitiful people?

FREYDIS

They were set to leave us behind! They would have taken their ship and stranded us! What -- what would you have me abandon myself to those savages--

LEIF

You are a liar.

FREYDIS

Ah, so you prefer the testimony of brigands to that of your own sister--

LEIF

I see before me no sister. Only a cheat, a hypocrite, and a murderer--

FREYDIS

You are like all the rest! I saved my family by facing down an army and yet I am treated with slights and -- and indignities -- and--

LEIF

Do you even know what dignity means? I have dedicated my life, my labors, struggling to bring some measure of dignity and honor to our family name; and all you can do is stain it with more blood than even father could have--

FREYDIS adopts a threatening stance.

FREYDIS

Where is my inheritance? My father entrusted me with--

LEIF

He is no longer your father -- I am no longer your brother -- you inherit nothing! Nothing of my father's will ever be in trust to such as you!

(MORE)

LEIF (CONT'D)

You will leave my father's farm --  
you will leave my father's  
settlement -- you will leave my  
father's country!

FREYDIS

You take upon yourself the  
privilege of a judge to banish me--

LEIF

If you find disagreement with  
anything I have declared, then by  
all means, you may take it up with  
the Althing next spring! I'm sure  
they would be greatly interested to  
hear of your actions in the far  
lands--

FREYDIS

You think I won't! You think I'll  
stand for this injustice? Do you?

LEIF turns his back to her with a dismissive wave and goes  
back to his horse.

FREYDIS (CONT'D)

I have the will, which can never be  
taken from me, by you or anyone!

FREYDIS breaks down and begins to weep.

LEIF mounts his horse and turns to address her.

LEIF

Should you find some village  
drunkard willing to sport with you,  
your offspring will bear the mark  
of your infamy.

FREYDIS

You can't -- do this -- you have no  
right--

LEIF

You deserve worse, much worse. I  
give you one day to remove yourself  
from my family's farm! Farewell,  
and may God help you.

LEIF takes off and rides away.

FREYDIS falls to the ground in a heap, sobbing and wailing, furiously beating at her thighs with her fists.

FADE TO BLACK.

EXT. BRATTAHLID FARM, GREENLAND – MORNING

LEIF is by the stables, tying and stacking hay. He works in silence.

FREYDIS emerges around the corner. She wears her woolen coat lined with fur and carries two large cloth satchels in either hand.

FREYDIS hesitantly approaches LEIF but maintains a discreet distance from him. FREYDIS stands there while LEIF continues to work, disregarding her. She addresses him in a heightened voice.

FREYDIS  
I'm leaving now.

LEIF refrains from looking at her and continues to tie up a hay bale.

LEIF  
Farewell.

FREYDIS pauses in a posture of dejection for a moment.

FREYDIS  
I would like to pay my respects to  
father at the cemetery before I  
leave--

LEIF  
As you wish.

FREYDIS takes a few hesitant steps away and then turns as if in confusion.

FREYDIS  
Where am I to go?

LEIF pauses in his work and slumps his shoulders. He stares at the ground a moment and then looks up at FREYDIS.

LEIF  
Go to the Western Settlement. Find  
a ship to take you back to Iceland.  
Seek out your mother. I'm sure  
you'll find her in one of the  
fishing camps, plying her trade.

LEIF resumes tying the hay bale.

FREYDIS

You take pride in such malicious--

LEIF turns back to FREYDIS with a sudden expression of intense fury.

LEIF

You are foul!! You reek of  
violence and vermin!! Be gone from  
my sight!!

As his screams echo across the fjord, LEIF turns back to the hay bale, his hands trembling as he attempts to tie it up.

FREYDIS, sobbing, turns and walks quickly and decisively away.

After a moment, LEIF calms. He turns to look at FREYDIS as she hurries along the road that leads away from the farm. He turns back to the hay bale and carries it into the stable.

FREYDIS walks away, into the snowy wilderness.

FADE TO BLACK.

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

It is a quiet spring morning. Land birds and the distant cries of seagulls fill the air.

LEIF approaches the entrance gate to the church grounds. He is weary and forlorn.

LEIF enters through the gate and gazes absently at the church. His expression drifts over to the cemetery.

LEIF listlessly approaches a plot of three gravestones standing in a row a meter apart from one another.

One reads ERIK THE RED.

The next one reads THORSTEIN ERIKSSON.

The last one reads THORVALD ERIKSSON.

LEIF kneels down before the gravestones. He takes a piece of the earth and brings it up to his face. He then gazes at it in sorrow. He is completely alone.

LEIF turns his gaze to the sky.

The sun is a bright aura.

Title card:  
ICELAND, A.D. 1020

EXT. HARBOR, ICELAND – DAY

The music in the underscoring for this scene is "Vokuro" by Bjork.

A longship of the Norse people emerges out of morning mist. It approaches the harbor.

GUDRID, older and wearing a nun's habit, gazes anxiously at the shore.

Several PEOPLE stand upon the shore, awaiting the vessel. Beyond them is the stark, immense, and glacial landscape of Iceland, bathed in cloud, mist, and the morning light.

The longship reaches the shore. The PASSENGERS disembark.

CREWMEN help GUDRID from the ship. She carries a woolen satchel.

A YOUNG MAN with shoulder-length reddish hair and a slight beard comes to meet GUDRID. With him is a YOUNG WOMAN of about the same age.

GUDRID comes up to the YOUNG MAN and embraces him. She turns and embraces the YOUNG WOMAN.

GUDRID kneels down and takes up a handful of earth. She clutches it to her face. She then crosses herself and rises up.

When she turns back to the YOUNG MAN, GUDRID looks down and with a gentle smile tenderly fondles a soapstone cross that dangles at the end of a leather cord about the YOUNG MAN'S neck.

The YOUNG MAN smiles at his mother GUDRID with great affection and respect.

With a look of expectation in her eyes, GUDRID takes her SON and DAUGHTER-IN-LAW arm-in-arm.

Seen from behind, the THREE walk arm-in-arm into the immense Icelandic landscape, toward their new home.

The music ends.

FADE TO BLACK.