Under The Black Flag; Alvilda

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SWEDEN 941 AD

1 INT. LONG HOUSE - DAY 1

SEVERAL GIRLS in their dresses sit at long tables sewing and weaving, reciting verse.

OTHER GIRLS come in bearing baskets of vegetables and food they have harvested.

A MOTHER takes the chicken from ONE DAUGHTER.

2 EXT. LONG HOUSE - DAY 2

The mother, with hard and strong hands, steps outside and perfunctorily snaps the animal's neck, guts it and deplumes it. The daughter takes over for her as the mother heads back inside, wiping her hands on her apron.

MOTHER
Finish dressing the bird.

The daughter nods and works with great alacrity and strength.

3 EXT. DEEP FOREST RIVERBED THICKET - DAY 3

A cold stream teaming with salmon and a YOUNG ATHLETIC BODY, 15, dressed in warm pants and overcoat, heavy animal hide boots, splashes through the stream to spear the frenzied fish.

Stopping to haul the large fish out of the water, skewered at the end of the spear, there is a slatting sound as the fish thwacks the riverbed behind hitting the pile of amassed fish caught.

Off in the distance, the young fisher can hear the distant thundering of drums and a stampede of horses. The fisherman stops and stows the fishing spear in the hollow of an old tree.

Leaning over the catch, suddenly a mane of blonde and wild hair falls down from the hooded coat, the hand is slender and feminine! Her eyes are an infinite blue/green as she stabs with a vengeance the fish with her large knife pitching them into a basket.

She wipes her knife on her pant leg and smiles at the catch.

(CONTINUED)

3 CONTINUED: 3

She peels back a blanket of moss and lichen from the rocks and covers her fish and basket.

In the tree's hollow, she unfurls a satchel, then she wades out into the stream, peeling off her fish-gurried layers of clothing. A clever girl, she shakes her sleeve and a bar of soap magically slips down into her hand.

Her blonde hair now fully loose falls out from under her coat and hat and streams down.

4 EXT. RIVER STREAM - DAY 4

She takes a whiff of the fishy clothes, shrugs and dunks under lathering herself up clothes and all. One by one she strips under water and pitches garment by garment on the riverbed near the tree until her white skin glistens and she is fully nude.

She glances back and eyes the MEN on horseback as they pound through the forest nearby and she dunks under the freezing water silently. Soap bubbles and steam as she gasps back up after the traveling band of men have passed. She smiles mischievously and goes back under for one last rinse.

5 EXT. RIVER BANK - DAY 5

She tugs the wrinkles of her hemp dress and pins her hair back up. The final touch, a scarf to throw over her head and shoulders from the satchel of clothes she had stored in the old tree's hollow. Her breath fogs the cold air and she moves briskly, no wasted motion.

She secures her catch, makes a shrill sounds that mimics a bird and listens for the response. Once satisfied, she take off tearing through the forest cover, mounts her horse that she has hidden in wait nearby and rips off on a precarious path that carries her back to the large Viking Fortress.

As she peels down the path, the young urchin children from the forest come forward, cold and hungry they run to uncover the basket of fish. Each divvy them out and then they store the basket in their hidden spot. A YOUNG BOY, 13, takes the spear and feels the point.

BOY
Dull.
(beat)
Here, clean my fish and I will give it a quick sharpening.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

5 CONTINUED: 5

BOY (CONT'D)
(To another boy)
And you, clean her clothes so they are dried and ready for her when she returns.

A YOUNG URCHIN GIRL nods as ANOTHER BOY, RUSLA, 6 years old, stuffs the smelly clothes in her arms and face. She collects the clothing and sets to washing them in the stream.

With that Rusla pitches the fish to HIS ACCOMPLICE who nods and sets about cleaning and filleting the fish with the other YOUNG BOYS and GIRLS while the one boy works his soapstone along the blade of the spear to sharpen it to perfection.

BOY
(smiling proudly at his work)
This will serve her well for her next catch.

6 EXT. RIVER BANK - DAY 6

Alvilda smiles back with wild abandon as she turns back to see the forest move with the children of the forest who move under such camouflage and cover as to never really be seen, but by her. Then she sweeps her eyes back the other way to spot the line of men on horseback taking the longer road back home.

She has beaten them home again and just as she nears the bridge to the gate, she slides down into a run alongside her horse as he slows to take a drink in the stream outside the castle gates. She pats him down casually and with a swift pluck, she grabs the lavender and rubs it along her dress and neck and hands to quell any lingering scent of fish.

7 EXT. CASTLE - DAY 7

SYNARDUS, King of Gotaland, booms larger than life, as he climbs down from his horse. The ground all but shakes as he walks over to his young daughter, ALVILDA.

SYNARDUS
Come here child, give your weary father a hug. All these months away, I have missed you, daughter.

7 CONTINUED: 7

ALVILDA
(smiles and embraces her father)
Papa! I have missed you too. Tell me everything of your trip, your battles at sea and on land! Tell me Papa, the only adventures I get to live out and pretend are through you and your men.
(hanging her head)
Here, I can tell you the thrilling tales of a darning needle that travels back and forth across the linen until it pricks my finger to remind me I am alive or maybe to wake me up from my deathly boring existence.
Beat
Father, tell me all, this boredom will surely kill me like a knife dragged across my throat. ....

Her father is a bit startled by her dramatic colorful image.

SNYDARUS
That’s a bit dramatic!

He kisses his beautiful daughter on her cheek and smells the lavender or is it what the lavender hides... He lingers a moment. Alvilda pulls away feigning her incense at being left behind, but in reality afraid her overbearing father has smelled the lingering of her afternoon's fishing activities.

ALVILDA
Tonight, after dinner, can I please go with you to see your men at the docks? You always used to take me with you when I was younger.

SNYDARUS
No! Those days are gone. When you were younger, you looked more a boy than you did a girl and nobody paid you any notice. If I took you out there with me now, you would capsize the fleet. Accept it Alvilda, your life is here now. How I wish you were a son, but I have only been blessed me with only one child, you.

7 CONTINUED: (2) 7

ALVIDA
(So frustrated)
Argh, No Father! Yes, I am your only child, and so be it, I'm not a son, even though you named me after some legendary 9th Century Viking pirate, named "elf" and hildr "battle", though I am hardly your typical woman to darn myself to death.
(beat)
You take me with you or so help me, I will thread your beard through the eye of my darning needle and sew your mouth shut!

SNYDARUS
(eyebrows up)
Oh-ho, now, what a woman you are! See? A man could never come up with such a wicked punishment!

Alvilda harrumphs unable to rebut her father. She stops and dramatically sticks her tongue out at him and then flicks her hair and turns around stalking off. Her father stares at her in disbelief.

Synardus turns to TEMERUS, his closest commander and right hand man, shaking his head with a groan.

SYNDARUS
Truth be told, she makes a far greater threat to mankind than any son I could have ever had.

TEMERUS
Truth be told, no man I know has her courage and they sure don't have her looks.

SYNRADUS
Easy Temerus, that's my daughter you're talking about and since when do you ogle men?!

TEMERUS
No trip is so long, nor night so cold aship that I need to bend over.
(with a feminine flick of the wrist)
Besides I wouldn't last a single leg of the journey if I were.
(beat)
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

7 CONTINUED: (3) 7

TEMERUS (CONT'D)
Give me any woman, thick-hipped and hearty-breasted.

Temerus slaps Synardus on the shoulder as he spots a voluptuous dame across the street with a come-hither smile.

TEMERUS
(horny and on the hunt)
As a matter of fact, give me any woman, now.

8 EXT. SHIP'S DOCKS - NIGHT 8

The entire village bustles and celebrates the return of the Syndarus and his MEN. Roasted boar, ale, hearty grog. Spirits are high and the men are horny, the women, randy.

9 INT. ALVILDA'S BED CHAMBERS - NIGHT 9

She readies herself in cloak and dark dress. She is ravishing. She unsheathes her ruck knife and stares at her own reflection in the length of the knife. She balances her lethal courage and might with the beauty she has come into.

She checks her blade's edge and re-sheathes it deep under her skirts.

She turns ready when she hears the boom of footsteps approaching down the hallway. She calls out.

ALVILDA
Papa, I'm ready.

She hurries to the door excited to be accompanying her father. The latch of the deadbolt slides across the massive door and slams into its lock position.

Alvilda wildly tugs on the door.

ALVILDA
Father, Father, you promised me I could come with you. Please Papa, don't leave me here.

On the other side of the door, Syndarus closes his eyes pained by the sound of his daughter's sobs and disappointment.

9 CONTINUED: 9

ALVILDA
Please Papa. Please take me too...

SYNDARUS
Your presence among my men will only excite them. I am not dangling you out there for the taking. You know full well that you bring nothing of value beyond arousal. And after their long voyage, they will be plenty aroused.
(Beat)
You belong here at home and I am not your bawd!

To this, Alvilda's face reddens with rage.

ALVILDA
(yelling)
To think it was you who taught me how to cast nets and gut fish Only to take it all away from me. Now all you have taught me is how to hate this stifling, little life.

She shakes she is so angry. She claws to get out of her room. She shrieks.

ALVILDA
You cannot lock me up in a cage, King Syndarus. I am no one’s slave, not even you!

She tears at her window watching her father take off on horseback across the hills.

She strips off her cloak and sets to work, trying to pry away the stones from the window pane with her knife. She works til her fingers bleed.

She rips her dress off angrily and moves her sheathed knife from around her thigh to her waist as she dons a pair of pants and a large sweater. She stuffs her hair under a cap and exits.

10 EXT. ALVILDA'S HOUSE - NIGHT 10

She runs to the barn and climbs up on her horse, taking off in a different direction than her father.

10 CONTINUED: 10

She tears back through the woods where she had caught the fish for the forest children. She calls out her bird call and halts to hear the reply. All is well she continues cautiously keeping an eye out for signs of her father or their men.

11 EXT. SHIP'S DOCKS - NIGHT 11

She comes to the far side of the harbor where the Viking long boats are docked, 75 foot long ships of massive beams with as many as 50 warriors to each. The men sing out. She breathes deeply as she watches the bustle of men unloading their ships stowed and stacked with spoils of their pirating expedition.

Alvilda's heart beats wildly for the longing to be among the adventures. She watches from afar as her father reins in his horse and joins his men across the waters. She is hidden by night. Her man's clothing and appearance disguise her. She tethers her horse and jumps in a skiff to row across the harbor to the docks of busy MEN.

Her arms heaving her oars, she looks like a strong young man. She is greeted by a YOUNG LAD who is hauling and stowing nets and furling the large rectangular sails.

He spots Alvilda's skiff and she tosses the line to him, he catches it mid-air and cleats the skiff off. Alvilda nods and carrying herself like an able body seaman, the young boy immediately greets her as if she were of higher rank.

YOUNG LAD
(With a nod/bow)
Good evening.

Alvilda nods pumping up her shoulders and dropping down her voice.

ALVILDA
Evening. Carry on.

The young lad nods and something about him causes Alvida to pause and study him. He is not a boy at all, but a young girl dressed as a boy.

Alvilda holds on the young lad/girl, who senses she has been recognized. The young girl waits nervously to be called out as a girl as another STRONG DECKHAND shoves up from behind and knocks the girl/lad brusquely.

DECKHAND
Move or get outta me way, Lad.

11 CONTINUED: 11

With that, the Deckhand slams past the young girl/lad and nods brusquely to Alvilda.

DECKHAND
Master.

Alvida nods and grunts slightly and, keeping her own face concealed in the darkness, turns away and moves off. The young girl/lad breathes a deep sigh and carries on, keeping her own head down.

She spots the black flag flying up the mast of the ship her father is on. She jumps from the ship she is on with amazing agility. She marches down the decks, no one seeming to even notice her. She stalks to the bow directly past her father and the CAPTAIN are locked in conversation with the AN ELDERLY MAN and HIS SON. She studies her father, her breath growing deep and steady fogging against the cool night air.

Her father appears spirited as he slaps the back of a FATHER who stands presenting his SON, the son perhaps more ogre-like a beast than his father. Alvilda overhears them.

She fights for composure.

YOUNG MAN OGMUND'S FATHER
I would propose we toast to your daughter Alvilda's hand in marriage to my son, Ogmund.

SNYDARUS
Certainly your lands along the southern coast together with mine would make for a most effective stronghold. A marriage would seal this deal.

YOUNG MAN OGMUND'S FATHER
Our long ships are many and our viking men are the strongest breed of warriors.
(beat)
Ay, and we know your daughter Alvilda to be of fine breeding stock. She will ripen well for my son and bear him many sons.

The Son all but grabs his crotch and moans. The Father and his son both smile, their teeth appear to be rotten.

Alvilda gags, and a spasm of chills as she watches on.

11 CONTINUED: (2) 11

Alvilda's father forces a smile ans fights back his own repugnance.

SNYDARUS
(Off his empty cup)
Bring me more! Quick!

He stares in horror at the men and chugs back his ale.

SNYDARUS
You will come around to pay visit to me and my family.

Alvilda shags a passing mug of ale herself and swigs it back.

ALVILDA
(to herself)
Oh Aegir! God of these Oceans, And Atlacamani, goddess of oceanic storms; Amimitl, god of lakes and fishermen; Atlaua, a water deity, ... And Hella goddess of Niflheim oe Hel, that world of the ice and that of the dead, and soon my father if I have my way.

She shakes her head in an adamant No! She swigs the ale and hurls the mug overboard and stares vengefully at her father, swiping her mouth.

12 EXT. SHIP'S DECK - NIGHT 12

Alvilda storms back and intently uncleats the black pirate flag that flies atop the mast and brings it down. She furls the black flag in the sailor's tradition and stows it inside her jacket, re-cleating the halyard.

Fully unnoticed, she walks back past her father and the Captain and young man and his father. This time, she bumps into her father intentionally. She bows and nods apologetically as she passes. He turns after she has passed, something about this sailor, or maybe the faint lavender scent, makes her father turn back and then shake it off as nothing. He continues his talk with the captain.

Alvilda leaps back across the ships deck's to her skiff, uncleats it and disappears with a vengeful smile into the night.

13 INT. ALVILDA'S LONG HOUSE - DUSK 13

Snydarus heaves another log on the fire as his wife stirs the stew and prepares for the dinner and guests.

SNYDARUS
Where is Alvilda? Damn'd her, she better be preparing herself for this most important occasion. Ogmund and his father will be here soon.

His wife pauses from stirring, not speaking.

CUT TO:

14 EXT. COASTAL OUTCROPPING BY FOREST - DUSK 14

Alvilda fillets and skins a fish, rinsing it in the water. Water sloshes bloody, she cleans the blood from the fillet and pitches it in the basket. She rinses her knife and swipes it against her pant leg. She appears possessed by her work. She hauls off a whistle and young Rusla, one of the children from the forest, runs to her.

ALVILDA
Here, Rusla, take this back to your mother. It will feed you well enough for tonight. Tell your mother not to worry, I will come tomorrow and tend her wounds.

Rusla stares at her, his eyes wide and holding back the tears. Alvilda comes to the young child.

ALVILDA
Be brave boy. Your mother will heal herself. I will bring a special ointment tomorrow. The gash to the head is frightening, it bleeds a lot, I know. But she is lucky her fall was cushioned by the moss otherwise she wouldn't have survived. She will be fine, I promise.

Rusla hugs Alvilda who fights back the emotion.

ALVILDA
Go and help your mother tonight. She will need it to keep her strong and warm.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

14 CONTINUED: 14

ALVILDA (CONT'D)
(Off Rusla's tight hug)
Your hugs are most powerful and strong and loving. They can redeem even the weakest.
(beat)
I, for one, feel ten times stronger now!

She smiles and tousles Rusla's mop of hair. He beams and runs with the basket of fish to his mother's feeble hut.

15 INT. RUSLA'S FAMILY HUT IN WOODS - NIGHT 15

His mother lies barely conscious. Rusla collects fresh water and soaks the fish fillets in the water and throws a log on the simmering fire. He stares longingly at his mother and then perfunctorily climbs under the animal skin with her and adjusts it lovingly around her face and body. He hugs her so gently. His mother breathes a deep and serene sigh.

RUSLA
(trying to believe it himself)
All will be well, Mama.

He curls up against her and they sleep, their meager hut barely keeping the rain out.

16 EXT. ALVILDA'S LONG HOUSE - NIGHT 16

Alvilda stops at the bush of ripe berries, she collects a handful and munches them down, swizzling them in her mouth then swallowing. She steps inside the door.

17 INT. ALVILDA'S LONG HOUSE - NIGHT 17

Snydarus and Alvilda's mother are finishing the preparations for the dinner with Ogmund and his father.

Alvilda enters stinking of fish, full-blown nasty. She throws down a bag laden with fresh caught fish. Her father looks at her infuriated.

SNYDARUS
Where have you been? You wench, look at you... ay smell you...

17 CONTINUED: 17

Alvilda looks down at herself nonchalantly.

Just as her father is ready to unleash a tirade on her, Ogmund and his father can be heard outside calling.

OGMUND'S FATHER
Hello, Greetings Snydarus.

SNYDARUS
(recovering)
Good men, come in, welcome.

Alvilda looks up from the table where she stands filleting her fresh catch of fish. She swipes her arm across her face, swiping gurry across her cheek. Her mother conceals a slight smile.

SNYDARUS
Ogmund, let me introduce you to my... my daughter... Alvilda.

With that Alvilda wipes the bloody knife on her pants, drags her arm across her snotty nose and smiles bright. Her teeth looking nasty all stuck with the berries.

She grabs Ogmund's hand and shakes it zealously. He’s not smiling, nor is he too happy about this arrangement. And then the waft of dead fish off Alvilda hits him.

Snydarus rolls his eyes. Ogmund rallies and is suddenly completely overcome, utterly smitten by Alvilda, foul as she smells and as disheveled as she appears. He moves closer to her. Her eyes widen in shock and disgust.

OGMUND
I like my women gamey.

OGMUND'S FATHER
Then a fine couple you'll make.

Ogmund and then his Father both smile and their teeth and the mere look of them both cause Alvilda to lean over and just explode, throwing up every berry... everything in her gut, all over the floor in front of Ogmund.

Her aim is remarkable. The technicolor vomit landing squarely on Ogmund's large boot. All just stare in disbelief.

Snydarus then closes his eyes and shakes his head at a complete loss.

CUT TO

18 EXT FARM HOUSE BY SEA DENMARK - DAY 18

ORN, a young sickly BOY, 16, leans over seized by a coughing spell. HIS FATHER lugs the saddles into the barn, he pauses to see the young boy keeled over and coughing a deep body-racking cough that drops him to his knees clawing for air.

The father watches as ORN'S MOTHER, who is large with child, come to the boy's side and lift him up helping him into the house.

The old man throws his saddle down bitterly.

19 INT ORN'S HOME - NIGHT 19

Orn's mother serves the stew to her husband and her 3 YOUNG CHILDREN. With her large belly, her gait is slow and labored.

She folds the empty place setting and shifts it to a tray to carry to Orn's bed. Orn's father shoves out the bench and stands cursing his wife.

ORN'S FATHER
Damn'd you woman! The boy will eat with the rest of us.

ORN'S MOTHER
He is sickly. Leave him be!

ORN'S FATHER
You're damn'd right I will! I will leave him here with you. No son of mine will take up food and space on my long boat. Each man hauls his weight! It is clear that boy is worthless.

ORN'S MOTHER
Go! Leave me the boy. He will help us in the fields. His lungs aren't strong enough for the sea air.
(beat)
He will protect us while you are away.

ORN'S FATHER
(bitter laughter)
God help you if you are raided. Pray for your own death and that of your unborn child, woman.

19 CONTINUED: 19

Orn's mother steps up to her husband, deeply hurt by his heartlessness. She stands firm, tears building bitterly in her eyes.

ORN'S MOTHER
Our child!
(beat)
For all the years I have prayed for your safe return. And this is what you pray for those you leave behind? Tell me how it feels to hear these words...
(beat)
...It's I who prays for your death!

With that, she delivers the slap across his face. He grabs her and shoves her. She falls against the bench. She grabs her belly.

Orn steps forward. He is ghostly white, yet consumed with a devil's rage. He stops his father's hand from landing on his mother again.

ORN
(rabid)
You will die tonight if you don't leave a once and for good. Leave!
(staring down his father)
It is true that such a curse spoken upon you, will never see you safely home again.

20 EXT. DOCKS - DAY 20

12 Longboats head out to sea. Orn's father captains one of the long boats. His men pull hard on their oars. Calling to the other ships, the sky is ominous and immediately one of the spotters on the bow of Orn's father's ship spots a dead bird off the bow. All look to their captain, as certain as death has already befallen them.

21 EXT. ORN'S FARM - DAY 21

Through the rain, Orn and his mother stand in the field and watch as the 12 long boats leave port.

ORN'S MOTHER
(Trance-like)
As sure as 12 boats leave, they
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

21 CONTINUED: 21

ORN'S MOTHER (CONT'D)
will head out through the storms and winter and, yes, the years they will be gone. When but those 6 ships remain after all gear is shifted and transferred from boat to boat to save what they can of the fleet, they will turn back when the first 6 boats have gone asunder and the remaining six will head back home to ensure that but one will return. But not this trip out. The 6th bears the curse of death. Hella goddess of Niflheim oe Hel, that world of the ice and that of the dead. They will not be back, all will perish, hear my words, Orn. All will perish.

Orn watches the ships head out to their death.

22 EXT. LONG BOAT - DAY 22

The albatross floats belly up hitting the oar of one of the men on Orn's father's ship.

Orn's father looks back to land, back to his receding farm, back to the life that he just lost.

FADE TO:

23 EXT. ALVILDA'S LONG HOUSE - DAY 23

Snydarus sets to work with a crew of his large strong men, pounding his hammer and mounting a tower-like structure. He speaks to no one. He works feverishly and with a vengeance.

SNYDARUS'S WIFE
What is all this for? To enslave your own daughter?!

He grunts and pounds harder at the wooden beams and struts.

SNYDARUS
I have had it with that wench of a daughter casting off every suitor that I see fit for her to marry. Now, she is my problem and we will see just how she intends to escape her fate.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

23 CONTINUED: 23

SNYDARUS (CONT'D)
She will obey me and perform her her duty to secure this family's fortune through a proper marriage.

SNYDARUS'S WIFE
She is not your slave!

SNYDARUS
She is now! Leave me to my work.

Snydarus's wife turns abruptly and returns inside. She all but growls at him.

24 EXT. ALVILDA'S LONG HOUSE - DAWN 24

Sunrise claws open the darkness as Alvilda leaves on horseback. She pauses at the outline of new construction off her house and stares as her father comes outside with his hammer and tools. She holds on him and he on her.

They do not speak. Alvilda turns her horse and takes off in a direct affront to her father.

He turns to his work and swings his hammer ferociously.

25 EXT. ESTUARY OF COAST - DAY 25

Alvilda works the fishing weir with little Rusla and some of the OLDER STRONGER BOYS AND GIRLS. She, from her skiff and Rusla and the others from the shore. They place a set of wooden logs that block the tidal waters at the mouth of the river, catching the fish as they migrate downstream and out into the bay.

Alvilda uses a set of elaborate whistles to call to her crew. They work feverishly.

Rusla hauls up an eel and it squirms in his tiny hands, he laughs and the older boys all cheer him on. One of the OLDER GIRLS scoops him up and laughs and he drops the eel down her shirt and she squeals. All laugh and whoop. Rusla is paralyzed with laughter in a rare moment of joy.

26 EXT. RUSLA'S HUT SHORELINE - CONTINUING 26

Alvilda smiles at the children and leaves them to go ashore while Rusla is occupied.

27 INT. RULSA'S HUT - DAY 27

She enters the small hut and is immediately overcome with the rank smell of gangrene and ensuing death. She sees Rusla's mother lying in a cold sweat.

Alvilda works tirelessly over the woman, who turns to give a final dead stare, her hand on Alvilda's face to thank her.

And then she is gone.

Alvilda bows her head and weeps quietly.

28 EXT. FISHING WEIR - DAY 28

Alvilda steps out into the sunlight. Rusla sees Alvilda's expression. Sensing something is wrong, he drops the basket of fish and runs to the hut.

Alvilda intercepts him and collapses to her knees hugging him as he tears to get to his mother's side.

They are both sobbing.

The older children all stop fishing the weir and draw around Rusla.

CUT TO:

29 EXT. COAST OFF DENMARK'S BALTIC SEA - DAY 29

A BOY and GIRL, in their teens, haul their nets over the gunwhale of their skiff. They work hard, then they play hard and mean. The boy slimes the girl with a bait bag to her hair, she stiffens as the gurry of rotten bait fish slides down her temple.

She wipes the back of her hand across her brow and bends over to grab the slimiest of small cod fish from the bottom of the bilge. It is wretched and rank, an old bait fish that is falling to pieces, she calls her brother.

SELA
Alf, look!

He turns back around to look in her direction, his green eyes are as piercing as hers. She bitterly delivers a direct hit, bait fish in mouth and across face.

He is stunned and slowly picks the rotten fish out of his mouth, retching from the stench.

(CONTINUED)

29 CONTINUED: 29

SELA
Do NOT mess with me, brother!

It's playful-meets-vengeful. She relishes watching her brother leans over the gunwhale and vomit overboard.

SELA
Good job brother, chumming for the next catch. Keep it coming!

Alf raises weakly and wipes the vomit off his chin.

ALF
Ah, Sister, you will pay for that!

Sela turns back to work and Alf leers at her as in “Game on, sister”.

30 INT. KING OF DENMARK'S CASTLE - NIGHT 30

The castle bustles with servants and a large hearth roars.

The front door swings wide open and Sela shoves through first followed by Alf. She strips a shirt off and tosses it on the floor for a LADY SERVANT to collect.

She steps from her boots and heads in one direction while her brother strips off his shirt and boots and heads in another direction. Clearly there is little love between these two. Maybe because they are so similar.

31 INT. DINING ROOM, KING OF DENMARK'S CASTLE - NIGHT 31

The meal is lavish, at the head of the table, THE KING TESONDUS, old and ailing. He is curmudgeonly and curt. The QUEEN sits far off at the other end of the table. She looks on sadly at her two children who sit simmering and locked in a rivalry that is only fueled by the old King.

KING TESONDUS OF DENMARK
(pounds his hand on the table silence)
My son, I have made my decision. I am ailing. It is your time to rule. In preparation, you will visit the fleets and we will announce you to your men.

SELA
(measured)
Congratulations brother, King Elf.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

31 CONTINUED: 31

SELA (CONT'D)
May I be the first to offer myself to you as captain of your fleet. After all as King you will have campaigns both on land and at sea, therefore I would like to assist.

KING TESONDUS OF DENMARK
Don't be ridiculous, girl. The Captains have their orders, their men are all accounted for. I suggest you do all that is in your power to align with your brother, the soon to be King of Denmark and put aside your silly squabbles.
(Beat)
Besides, your mother needs you in the fields.
(dismissive)
Soon enough you will be married off for our family's gain.

SELA
(standing with disgust)
To hell I will! You know I fish better and sail better than your beloved son himself.
(beat)
Alf was meant to stay ashore. He is agile and athletic as long as the decks aren't moving beneath him. His sea legs aren't half as good as mine! And the only good he serves on a ship is to chum for the fish. All he is good at is becoming seasick at first toss of the deck under the sea's command.
(beat)
Why not let him stay ashore and rule from solid ground. Or if he chose to actually **do** something he could farm and work the fields with mother. Besides, he'd like that, all the women to bend over and plow!

Alf looks at his sister first angered, then amused.

KING TESONDUS
(standing to thrash his daughter across the face)
Quiet, girl!

31 CONTINUED: (2) 31

Sela cups her cheek, her eyes seer him as she stares him down with such disgust and rage and finally just stands and shoves away from the table, leaving her plate of uneaten food.

SELA
(turning to her mother)
Mother, I apologize.
(and to her father)
And to you, old man, it heartens me that your days are nearly over here.
(Dismissively turning to leave)
Pity...

She smiles and leaves her stunned father. Her brother grins imperceptibly.

32 INT. SAUNA HUT - DAY 32

Sela sits in the ancient wooden shack along the edge of the ocean. She is stripped naked and lying on the bench. She hurls another piece of wood on the fire and opens the door to get the snow from outside.

She makes a snowball rubs it along her body and then pitches it on the stones and it sizzles and pops. She is lost in thought watching the ball of snow evaporate and feeling the heat steal away all that weighs on her.

She sits and drops of sweat stain the wooden bench. She lies down and relaxes into the heat of the sauna with a deep breath.

33 EXT. COAST OFF DENMARK'S BALTIC SEA - DAY 33

Sela opens the door and steps out naked through the snow and jumps into the ocean to rinse off. She rises up slowly from the steaming cold water, her eyes peering out like an animal locked on its prey. She submerges again under the arctic water, she is both resilient and resolved. Nothing will stop her.

34 EXT. KING OF DENMARK'S CASTLE - DAY 34

A crystal clear day, the VILLAGERS line the way for the procession.

34 CONTINUED: 34

The celebration is in full swing for the handsome son, Alf, the new King of Denmark.

The crown of Denmark is placed on Alf's head by his old father. Sela is nowhere to be found.

Off in the distance, a single horse leaves the castle barns. Sela leaves and never looks back, her saddlebags are stuffed with what she can carry. Her prized sword glints in the crisp sunlight as she urges her horse on.

Tears sting her cheeks bitterly as she jabs her boot heel into her horse to gallop harder, leaving her world behind as fast as she can.

CUT TO:

35 EXT. COAST OF GOTALAND (SWEDEN) - DAY 35

Alvilda rides out to watch the men heading out to sea under her father's command. She stares longingly as she reaches inside her pocket and unfurls the black flag she had captured. She holds it to her cheek and smells the salty sea's bouquet.

ALVILDA
Salt air and open sea, the only freedom from this stifling life ashore.

Off in the distance, across the waters, the sound of MEN onboard the ships carries out across the ocean.

Alvilda listens intently to the raucous laughter and song.

36 EXT. SNYDARUS' TOWER CONSTRUCTION - DUSK 36

Snydarus's MEN finish hammering the last beam into place. Snydarus calls them to quit and stares up at the tower he has erected for his rebel daughter.

Alvilda comes back to the house that evening. She has been out fishing all day. Her clothes are rank with fish gurry, stowed along her saddle is a coil of rope that she unpacks off her horse's charge along with other equipment. She is weary as she dismounts and stares up at the tower and shakes her head at whatever this structure is. She heaves her gear over to the barn and piles it high.

(CONTINUED)

36 CONTINUED: 36

She tends to her horse and then wearily strips off her clothing as she heads to the outside shower where she stands naked against the brisk twilight.

As she douses herself one last time, a large arm throws a towel over her and grabs her. She is startled and carried off, kicking and fighting. Snydarus throws open the tower entrance and heaves the sack of wet girl up the stairs and throws her into the room he has made for her. She is flailing and calling out.

ALVILDA
What is going on? Where are you taking me?

INT. SNYDARUS TOWER - NIGHT

Before she can get untangled, Snydarus slams and bolts the door behind him. She finally finds her way out of the wrapped tangle of towel and stares around her in a huff.

A bare room, cell-like aside from the bed she is on. Over in the corner, there's a tray of food and a pitcher of water.

ALVILDA
What the hell is this place?

Snydarus calls from the stairs as he slams the door shut downstairs.

SNYDARUS
Your new palace, ya princess of stink! This is where you will entertain suitors who I will choose. And if they pass the test, then they can have you.

ALVILDA
(furiously)
And what test would that be, dear ogre of a father?

SNYDARUS
A test to the death. If they can't survive that, then there's no need in presenting them to you.
(Beat)
It will take a special suitor to survive the test and then survive you!

Alvilda is a caged animal. She hurls her pitcher at her father through the window but the bars are too narrow.

36 CONTINUED: (2) 36

She suddenly sits down and takes a deep breath to compose herself.

She scans the room as if trying to detect a place she can escape from. She kicks her coil of rope as she inspects the room.

She sits calmly eating her meal and planning her escape.

37 EXT. ALVILDA'S TOWER - DAY 37

MONTAGE

The FIRST SUITOR comes to pay visit, Snydarus greets him with a nod and opens the door at the foot of the stairs then shuts it behind him. The suitor looks terrified.

A loud and very feminine scream can be heard through the doors. There is a flurry of activity from behind the door then deathly silence. The suitor has died within his first step.

The second suitor greets Snydarus.

SUITOR 2
Good King Snydarus, I am here to marry my lands and my fortune and kin with yours in the test set to me for the right to marry your daughter, Alvilda.

Snydarus nods and turns around shaking his head, it'll never be. Suitor 2 is decked in so much armor, he is old and fat, he climbs the stairs and teeters at the top stairs overcome with exhaustion, he falls back down the stairs and dies from head trauma.

CUT TO

38 EXT. NORTH SEAS MID WINTER - DAY 38

Blue ice clings to the ship's gunnels and oars and the men's beards, the last of the ships goes under. Orn's father moves slowly as he stares at the storm rolling in. He turns back to land and draws a deep breath and a sigh.

ORN'S FATHER
I'm sorry my wife. I did not mean those cruel words, nor the curse I spoke of, but your words curse me now and I will see you no more, nor the son I will never meet.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

38 CONTINUED: 38

ORN'S FATHER (CONT'D)
Goodbye my wife, my lands and my life.

Orn's father's longboat goes under, the men panic and, in a futile last effort, they shift to the last portion of ship that remains above water. Blue ice on the rigging.

Death to the fleet.

39 EXT. ORN'S FARM - DAY 39

Orn comes in from the fields, he sees the fires burning and drops his arm load of wood and runs. The raid is well under way. A DRUNKEN CAPTAIN barks wickedly at his men.

CAPTAIN
Seize her!

ONE BRUTE grabs Orn's mother. The Captain unleashes his pants and delivers such a force of rape so violently that Orn's mother screams a blood curdling scream.

Orn hears her and as he come over the hill, the Captain smashes the butt of his sword on her belly.

CAPTAIN
Shut this wench up!

He turns the sword and slices her unborn child from her belly.

Orn's legs buckle as he spots this and then his eyes fly to see his other young siblings barricaded in the barn and burning. The screams that will haunt a lifetime.

A man, TOKE, stops and gazes, his eyes burn then he turns back to conceal as he vomits at the sight of such untamed madness. He struggles against his rage.

He grabs Orn and sees the inexplicable shock and horror in the young man's eyes. Toke speaks to Orn under his breath careful not to draw attention.

TOKE
To the Gods, I ask forgiveness.
Best you see no more of this.

Orn looks up at Toke and weeps and Toke's lip quivers in a rage so profound and he delivers the blow that knocks Orn out.

39 CONTINUED: 39

Orn is dragged unconscious only to awaken to look back at the complete destruction. Tears burn his eyes as he is hauled from his home.

FADE TO:

40 INT. ALVILDA'S QUARTERS - NIGHT 40

She sits rolling her eyes and brushing her hair as she listens for the various sounds of death that befall her suitors. Finally she is so bored by the clamorous waste of life, that she takes matters into her own hands.

ALVILDA
Enough! I can’t stand to listen to these cowards cry out like bleating sheep!
(Beat)
I've humored you long enough father.

With that, she reveals the stones that she has craftily unseated. She slips out the room and steals down the stairs.

It is there that the snakes rest coiled in wait. She freezes and then smiles.

ALVILDA
(sarcasm)
Why Father, you shouldn’t have. All this for me.

She quickly grabs the first of the snakes, poisonous and lethal. She holds it and bleeds the venom into a jar and then performs a sort of anti-venom surgery to remove the glands from the snakes so they appear deadly, but are not.

ALVILDA
My precious little vipers harmless as a Gardner snake.

MONTAGE:

INT. ALVILDA’S TOWER - NIGHT

A stream of SUITORS pass through and Alvilda inspects them to see if they are any worth giving a chance. None are handsome enough, none strong enough, none manly enough so she ever so gently clubs them, and leaves them slumbering at the foot of the stairs.

(CONTINUED)

40 CONTINUED: 40

Her father is perplexed that they continue to fail, but are somehow still alive.

Snydarus hauls them to the top of the far side of his high roof. The men cower and clamber.

From up in her tower, Alvilda watched on first amused that they are not dead, but then realizing their fate, she is horrified as Snydarus overpowers them and hurls them to their death.

Enough! No more can die for her father's crazed game.

She mixes some of the snake venom into a vial with water.

ALVILDA
One part venom, two parts mayhem.

She smiles devilishly and tucks the vial in between her breasts.

CUT TO:

41 EXT. LOCAL ESTABLISHMENTS CENTER OF TOWN SWEDEN - NIGHT 41

Ale and gruel, whores and beggars. Alf spies the docks in search of his sister. He calls to a passing merchant boarding a ship.

ALF
I'm looking for a young woman who surely has picked up work along the docks. Most likely fishing or looting.

The OLD MAN smiles toothless, shaking his head.

OLD MAN
Ain't we all looking for a young lass like that...

He laughs and carries on, shifting his sack of salt. Alf continues to scan the ships. There are women out on decks and he is certain his sister is here among them.

Alf dismounts his horse and steps into the pub.

42 INT. LOCAL ESTABLISHMENT CENTER OF TOWN - NIGHT 42

Conversation flies around him as he sits to drink his mead.

42 CONTINUED: 42

TWO MEN share stories. One has a black eye. Alf overhears their conversation.

MAN WITH BLACK EYE
I tell you, she ain't worth it. All the fire in her belly, she's got the kiss of death that one. If her father and all his poisoned vermin don't kill ya first, then she will climb out of the darkness and clobber you like this.

OTHER MAN
Well, consider yourself lucky, at least she didn't kill ya, Man.

MAN WITH BLACK EYE
All the lands and wealth her father that King Snydarus want to give away for her dowry, comes with the price of life.

With that Alf leans back over and into their conversation and buys the men a round.

ALF
Ah come now, what woman could be that bad?

The men shake their heads. The man nursing his black eye gingerly.

MAN
By all means, have at her.

MAN WITH BLACK EYE
No thank you. As beautiful as she is, I'm happy to keep my head, keep my parcel of land and keep clear of her.
(beat)
Plenty of other women I can plant my seeds in. No matter. Just a warm body.

MAN
They say she's organizing a band of women around her. To the naked eye, it might sound as inviting as a floating brothel, I guarantee you it's no such thing. Alvilda is a cold and ruthless wench and her women are cursed with evil.

42 CONTINUED: (2) 42

Alf laughs at the men and drinks his mead back in a long hearty draw.

ALF
Ah who's afraid of a girl?
(beat)
And where might I find this King Snydarus?

MAN WITH BLACK EYE
Ya can't miss him. He's built that strange tower up on the hill where he locks up the she devil, Alvilda.

MONTAGE

43 INT. ALVILDA'S TOWER ENTRANCE DOWNSTAIRS - NIGHT 43

At last, Snydarus hauls out his machete and chops the snakes to pieces.

SNYDARUS
Worthless breed you are!

As he leaves, he hurls the snake out to the yard for the feral dog to devour.

44 INT. ALVILDA'S TOWER BED CHAMBERS - NIGHT 44

Alvilda has fallen asleep with large charts open off of which she has drawn maps and sketched images of large bodies of water, and lands beyond her country.

She has charted courses and marked the map with ports and places that she clearly will visit.

Her hair falls all around her, a beautiful warrior. The charcoal of her pencil stains her fingers. She brushes her face and is a sleeping beauty with a smudge of charcoal etched on her forehead and nose.

The sound of her father slamming the door and the howl of a kicked dog stirs her but she does not wake.

45 EXT. ALVILDA'S TOWER - NIGHT 45

Snydarus shakes Alf's hand, struck by Alf's handsome deep and intense green eyes, his voice, his words few. Alf is strong in every way.

45 CONTINUED: 45

ALF
I am here to claim your daughter. I am Alf, son of the King of Denmark, who has retired himself in his old age. So I suppose that now makes me King of Denmark. My first voyage had been to secure new lands and forge new bonds.
(Beat)
And so, when the story of your daughter reached me, naturally it peaked my curiosity.

KING SNYDARUS
(shakes his head dubiously)
Strange, I wouldn't take you for a fool, man. But only a fool would treat her a passing fancy.

Alf smiles cocky and bows to the King then looks up to the tower.

46 INT. TOWER STAIRWELL - NIGHT 46

Alf is on the stairs.

47 INT. UPSTAIRS TOWER ALVILDA'S BED CHAMBERS - NIGHT 47

Alvilda sleeps on. The one time she does.

48 INT. TOWER STAIRWELL OUTSIDE ALVILDA'S BED CHAMBER - NIGHT 48

As Alf comes up the stairs reaching her door. All has been too easy, the few traps, the triggers he taps with his sword, the rock crashing down, he is too swift and not surprised by anything.

As he reaches her door, he works the lock. He moves to open the door, there is a commotion, both from behind him and in front of him as the door swings open and he is greeted by the unexpected vision of Alvilda who launches at him.

From behind, a creature snarls and pounces from the rafter above to sail down at Alvilda, Alf throws her aside and clear of the animal. He covers her and swats the flying squirrel dead.

48 CONTINUED: 48

As he lies atop her, they share a long deep gaze, he has saved her from the rabid bite of the feral animal. She is somehow completely mesmerized by this man.

She stares long at him and then apologizes as she pops the cork on the vial and sprinkles the liquid on Alf.

Alf stares at her confused as the concoction seizes him and he convulses and lies dead-like. Spittle from his mouth. She studies him almost falling into his piercing green eyes, then pulls away and carefully wipes the foam from his mouth.

ALVILDA
Tssks, tssks, tssks.
(beat)
I am just not the marrying type.

Alvilda re-corks her vial and slips it back between her breasts. She stares at the lifeless Alf and then to the dead squirrel in the corner. She collects several of her charts and her coil of rope and rappels the side of the tower, slipping out into the night, never looking back.

49 EXT. LONG SHIP - NIGHT 49

Sela greets Alvilda, relieved, as she hops quickly on the deck.

SELA
Alvilda, my captain, what has taken you so long? We were worried.

ALVILDA
(smiles lost in thought)
I never expected I'd ever actually linger over any of the suitors my father presented me. Never expected one so handsome as he. His eyes, piercing and green like the sea.

Sela stares curiously. Her eyes as green.

ALVILDA
I hardly wanted to end the game, but...

Alvilda whistles to her crew and they jump into action, rigging is unfurled, the boat readied.

49 CONTINUED: 49

ALVILDA
Sela, we must hurry. My father's ships will be upon us. We must be gone. For good.

CUT TO:

50 EXT. CAPTAIN'S SHIP YARD - DAY 50

SLAVES work and are whipped by their brutish CAPTORS, sawing, pounding, lugging and building the Viking Long ships. MEN work oars balancing them and viewing down the long arm of the wooden oars as they sand and whittle.

One slave turns back and it is an older Orn, the hard manual labor and strength are both etched on his face and sculpted in his new strong frame.

Toke stands behind the menacing Captain who barks commands at Toke and the other captors.

CUT TO:

51 EXT. NORWEGIAN SEAS - DAY 51

Alvilda flees her father's enslavement. With one brief glance back towards his shore, she turns setting her sights and her course for the open sea, the horizon of her future.

She flies her black flag up her mast and never looks back.

Sela nods to her and they press on. Rusla and his clan from the woods are also aboard. As is the young girl/lad from the ships that night that Alvilda stole her black flag to fly up her own masts.

Their ship cuts a fine line and they make good speed across the heaving seas.

Out on the distant horizon, Alvilda spots the great long boat. She readies her crew. Alvilda sets her snare, using her skill as a beautiful woman, a siren who appears a damsel in distress.

As the vessels bears down on Alvilda and her women, Sela pulls down Alvilda's signature black flag and replaces it flying the white flag in surrender.

51 CONTINUED: 51

To the ship off in one of the many bays and estuaries along the coast of Sweden, Alvilda's remaining crew aboard her ship, The Gjorn, lay in wait. The white flag is a signal to Alvilda's waiting ship that the trap is set.

52 EXT. ALVILDA'S WAITING LONG BOAT GJORN IN THE BAY - DAY 52

ALVILDA'S FAITHFUL CAPTAIN points to the white flag.

CAPTAIN
The prey has fallen for our beautiful pirate princess. It is now time to wait. All stand ready.

CUT BACK TO:

53 EXT. ALVILDA SHIP AT SEA - DAY 53

Alvilda and her select female crew appear helpless in their small vessel.

ALVILDA
Sela, you cower over there, and you, there...

With this she slices her forearm and the blood flows. Sela hauls her knife across her own arm to help set the bloody stage. They douse the male crew members, STIG and others appear mortally wounded.

Alvilda then positions the women as having overcome the marauding pirates who lay "dead", their bodies strewn on the decks around these captive women, whose clothing tattered, breasts barely covered, long sweet white legs revealed, etc, etc, etc.

As the large ship comes upon them, the men are struck by these beautiful and disheveled maidens clearly distraught and in need of their help and protection.

ALVILDA
(calling out weakly)
Please help us. By the grace of Aegir, our Saviour of the Sea and protector, we have fought off the marauding men. Not without loss of our own.

Alvilda looks to a YOUNG WOMAN in the bow who appears dead, her limbs strewn like a dead doll. Alvilda weeps.

54 EXT. APPROACHING LONG BOAT - DAY 54

The Captain stands with a smile as he takes in this good fortune. Alvilda, Sela and OTHERS are helped onboard the ship and their smaller vessel cast adrift.

CAPTAIN
Cut it loose, no use in a ship of death. Bad omen to command such a ship.

The "dead" men and woman on the bow are left to rot at sea.

CUT TO

55 EXT. NORTH SEA - NIGHT 55

Under the cover of darkness, the "dead" men and woman of Alvilda's smaller vessel all come to life. They row off silently to rejoin Alvilda's ship in the cove. The waiting.

56 EXT. FLEET OF LONG SHIPS - NIGHT 56

The fleet of ships are at anchor during the the calm night. Aboard the captain’s ship, Alvilda and her women are desirable to this rowdy crew. They feign meek, but remain silently strong and very resolved to fight to the death.

Sheathed ruck knives well up under their dresses, Alvilda spot signs of the mutiny that is building.

The wicked Captain has lost respect and control of his crew. He brutalizes his crew. The young man who had been ripped from his farm, Orn, has grown strong and hardened, his eyes black pools of an indifference flecked with rage. Yet, as he passes by Alvilda and her women, something catches his eye. He sees the bloodied arm of Sela and he feigns to stumble, ripping his shirt as he falls against the rigging.

The Captain, who is solely focused on his new prize catch of women, spots Orn. As Orn stands and meekly apologizes, the Captain rips past his crew and grabs Orn.

Orn goes limp as the Captain rips his shirt and pulls it wide open. Orn stares the man down and the rage boils in the Captain's eyes. He hauls his sword out and slices the blade across Orn's chest.

(CONTINUED)

56 CONTINUED: 56

Alvilda holds back her gasp, but Sela lets out a faint cry. Orn stands firm as the Captain cuts across his chest.

Blood pours from the wound. Orn barely winces and then the Captain throws him aside.

CAPTAIN
Clumsy oaf, it seems you've gone and opened yourself up on the cleat. That's what you get for being so sloppy.

The Captain turns back and walks off. Orn collects himself and in the process he presses the torn piece of shirt on Sela's wounded arm. She stares at him in shock.

Toke steps forward pretending to hustle the slave Orn along, all the while pressing the shirt against Orn's wound keeping pressure on the grave wound.

As they stand in darkness, apart from the rest and unnoticed, concern etched on Toke's face.

TOKE
Ah man, what were you thinking...

Orn is emotionless and unresponsive. Sela stares at Orn from across the deck.

Alvilda confides silently in Sela late at night when all appear asleep or drunk.

ALVILDA
The signs are clear that we have either stepped into serious danger, or perhaps, opportunity.
(beat)
Keep up the ploy of fear, but Sela, be vigilant.
Watch and learn. We must train how to win then command the crew and the ship with its cargo of slaves.
All can serve as viable crew for our own growing fleet.
(beat)
Stay alert, and observe. What we don't know yet is if our timing is perfect or lethal.

Sela nods and her eyes glance over to Toke who is still covered in his slaves blood. She wonders why so much concern by a master for his slave.

56 CONTINUED: (2) 56

In the quartered area up on deck of the long ship, Alvilda and Sela and her crew are held, they feign weakness and injury and for the time being, the men leave them alone.

All the while they listen to the movement of the men and the get a sense of the lay of the ship, how the slaves are shackled and penned, where the captain is, what the mood of the crew is.

All signs pointing to an inhumane cruelty.

An occasional randy or drunk crewmember nears the women's area, he’s grabbing himself, lewd self-groping, and a final great release. It sickens Alvilda and her women, but they continue submissively

Later in the night when another crew member staggers too close seemingly to try to grab one of Alvilda's women, she has had enough.

The drunken crew member begins his hand job and as he is climaxing and pulling a woman close to him, Alvilda steps up close behind him at first allowing him to think she wants to join him and then Alvilda hauls out her ruck knife and swiftly nestles it up tight against him to cut off his testicle.

The drunken crew member gasps and Alvilda's woman crew member he had tried to take, muffles his cry as Alvilda slices it off then kicks the man overboard.

No one hears him and no one misses him. Alvilda wipes her bloody knife on the heap of rope and puts her arm around her female accomplice and they settle back in to their meek roles.

EXT. ANCHORED FLEET - DAY

By morning light, the crew and captain are slow to shake off their hangovers. When the captain announces a trip ashore to collect fresh water, hunt for food. Allow the ladies to bathe. His intentions are hardly so pure and no one is duped into believing him.

Alvilda’s ships are still laying in wait and well away from the fleet of ships headed ashore.

57 As they party lands ashore they fan out to hunt, gather, collect water. The women are free to bathe and rest. By late day, it is decided they will remain ashore for the night. 57

CONTINUED:

The Captain has settled off apart form his men. He calls drunkenly to his attending slave, who happens to be the man, Toke.

CAPTAIN
Bring me that young lad again from the front watch. I have matters to discuss with him.

Toke glares at the captain and grinds his teeth.

CAPTAIN
You heard me! Now!

58 The Captain throws the empty bottle at Toke's head. He ducks instinctively and leaves. 58

Toke makes his way back to the area where the slaves are kept.

The crew is mostly drunk and passed out, for those remain standing, their anger for their captain is fueled by the rum. They grumble. Eyes flash and nods are swapped.

59 EXT. SLAVE AREA - NIGHT 59

The boy the captain has eyed is beautiful, his eyes large with long lashes. He clings to the strong man, who is ORN, whose gashed chest is now growing infected.

Toke, the man who held Orn, while the captain slaughtered his mother and young siblings, drops his head and his voice commanding his men to get the slave boy. His teeth clenched and his eyes black.

60 EXT. ALVILDA'S AREA ASHORE - NIGHT 60

Alvilda listens as the young lad is dragged and his screams muffled by Toke.

YOUNG LAD
No! Please No!

Toke struggles to contain his disgust for what he himself has to do by delivering this young boy.

61 EXT. CAPTAIN'S AREA ASHORE - NIGHT 61

Toke shoves the boy forward to the Captain. The young man's hands are bound. The Captain stands and staggers over barking to Toke.

61 CONTINUED: 61

CAPTAIN
Leave.

The young lad cries to Toke.

YOUNG LAD
No! Please, don't let him.

The Captain smacks the back of his hand across the boy's face. The boy reels back.

Alvilda hears the scuffles and the cries. She hears the muffled curses of Toke as he passes Alvilda's quartered area.

Alvilda steals along until she leans close into the Captain's flimsy door and hears everything, imagines everything.

62 EXT. CAPTAIN'S AREA ASHORE - NIGHT 62

With a vengeance the captain tears at the boy's clothing, he strips open his own pants and thrusts himself in the young man, tearing him mercilessly. The young man bleeds and screams. The pain unbearable.

CAPTAIN
Shut up and take it. You are good for one more. Stop pretending you don't enjoy this.

The young lad screams, the old man shoves a cloth in his mouth to stifle the sounds as he tears into the boy. The boy's voice is hoarse as he cries. The man screams in climax and then drops the towel and rolls the boy to the floor. He lay there sobbing.

YOUNG LAD
I will kill you, I swear.

Alvilda gasps and turns back quickly making her way back to her area hiding in the darkness along the shoreline along the shoreline.

63 EXT. BEACH ENCAMPMENT - DAY 63

The young lad stands by the water’s edge. His pants are still stained with blood from his vicious rape. Toke speaks to the another crew member and nods to the young lad who struggles to work.

63 CONTINUED: 63

Toke sends the man over to pull the young man off his shift.

The young boy startles when the man comes over thinking he is being called again to the Captain.

Toke calms him, he gently leads the boy to a heap of rope tucked up under the bow of one of the boats concealed from the Captain's eagle eye.

Toke marches off his teeth clenched as he follows the Captain who calls to break camp.

Alvilda watches all and stares curiously at the role of Toke who seems to defy the evil captain in every way.

CAPTAIN
Back to the ships.

EXT. LONG BOATS - NIGHT

Alvilda's decision is rash, bold, spontaneous. She steps out into the crew members' path as the men come down the path, focused on preparing the ships for sail.

She feigns a tipsy, seduction as she falls up against one of the men.

She gazes at him long enough to capture his attention, her women step forward from their quarters and seduce the men.

One of Alvilda's "women" picks the keys off the men's belt loop unnoticed, gazes deeply and longingly into the man's eyes.

The Men are immediately excited and aroused. As the woman with the key slips away, she is replaced by another of Alvilda's beautiful women.

Suddenly the woman bearing the keys strips off her wig of long hair and dress, she is a young lad wiry and adept and yes effeminate, but courageous beyond words.

He slips down the decks to where the slaves are locked together.

In a swift exchange, the young man shares a glance that he knows will determine the fate of the slaves.

He quickly unlocks the slaves’ shackles and moves straight to Orn whose gashed chest is now festering. He clasps his hand and he nods to him.

CONTINUED:

YOUNG MAN
All is well.

Orn nods weakly, eyes on the young man. The other large slaves fall in and lift their injured friend, Orn, to cover and protection.

The young man turns and looks around at the surrounding large slaves. He is at once struck by their strength and close proximity. He swallows hard and urges them to follow him silently.

Alvilda simply plucks what looks like a boar's tusk trapped between her bustier-ed bosoms, she uncorks it and rips off a piece from her dress and pours the potion on the cloth much like an ether mix. She neutralized the captors with ease and even a smile. They seem not to mind so much as she leans into them and it's lights out. She soothes them.

ALVILDA
Shhh, sleep for a little while.

Alvilda meets her young lad and the slaves on the far side of the deck. She beckons them to bring the injured slave, Orn, under their tented area.

As all this is going on down on the bow of one of the ships, the mutiny is underway on the deck back in the stern of the Captain's boat and Alvilda isn't even aware of it.

Toke turns back to the drunken captain, he curses the Captain as he holds his sword reluctantly and yet fast against his throat. The Captain's ruddy jowls sweat and quiver, his jugular bulging under the blade.

TOKE
I did not ask to be some hero, and I did not ask to head this mutiny, but you are a disgrace to whatever sense of honor a captain of our prized long ship can claim as a nation of Viking Men. We may be harsh and even vicious, but we are nothing of what you are. We die bravely in battle and indeed we kill to better our stead, but we do not kill for sport. And we bed our own women, our own women, you hear! And not boys.

He readies to drag the blade across the Captain's neck, but stops himself.

CONTINUED: (2)

TOKE
You dont get to leave this life so easily. Your punishment will match your disgrace.

He throws the old drunk down and storms out leaving his crew to tend to the broken old man.

Down the deck, Alvilda and her crew move the slave into their quarters when Toke comes upon them and draws his sword. All freeze in the stand off. Alvilda locks eyes on him, she holds on him as she calls to her crew to move the slave.

ALVILDA
Move him gently. Prepare the wound, I will come in to work on him as soon as I am able.

Toke stares at her and barks.

TOKE
No!

Alvilda calmly nods to him while gently waving her crew on. Hesitantly, they pass the slave into their quarters.

TOKE
I said No!

ALVILDA
Please, let us help him.

Toke suddenly re-sheathes his sword.

TOKE
No! No one move!
(beat)
I will dress the wound. But things are deteriorating fast here. These men are surely set to mutiny. You are in great danger here. How I have come to be cast into the middle of this, I have no idea...I Just want to retire, go settle down somewhere, maybe raise a little family...

Alvilda's eyes flash and in a split second she is at his side.

ALVILDA
Well, we're here now, so how can we help?

CONTINUED: (3)

TOKE
You?! It is your presence here that has me most concerned! Nothing but trouble will come to you and your women aboard this ship. These men are set to blow. I can't be certain of your protection.

Alvilda turns with a smile to the unwilling captain who is clearly a good and moral man.

ALVILDA
Not your worry.

In a flash, she unfurls her sword from up under her dress and turns it on Toke.

ALVILDA
(holding the sword to him)
My own ship and crew will be arriving soon enough. But, we are in serious need of more manpower for our expanding fleet.

Toke looks at Alvilda stunned.

ALVILDA
That damn'd captain of yours was all we were waiting to be rid of.

I'd like to repay you the favor by relieving you of all this.
(Waving her sword at him)
I mean it was you back there just carrying on like a bleating old goat about wanting to settle down and all.

Toke looks at her how dare you.

ALVILDA
Don't worry, I will treat your men well. Anyone who wishes to beg off and join your little settlement may certainly do so.
(Beat and a wink)
Though we do have some very good luck recruiting.

CONTINUED: (4)

Toke turns to see all the frail women now standing tall and strong with their swords, knives drawn, and Alvilda's ships coming into view.

ALVILDA
Seems the men can't resist coming in to our fold...

Toke is at once stunned, seduced and completely defused by Alvilda's charm and sword.

TOKE
Well, well... This could be fun. I believe I have one adventure left in me before I'm set out to pasture in some farmland.

Toke turns to smile to Alvilda and offer her help now.

TOKE
The men may be more receptive hearing the plan from me.

SELA
(from behind)
Oh my dear and gracious Toke, I believe you will find our Captain will have no problem with your men, or any man for that matter.

She laughs and the Captain smiles lost in Alvida's spell.

He turns to see most of the men are all happy to surrender to the viking women whose swords are drawn in fron tof their rather low-slung cleavage. All are having a pretty good laugh about the unsuspecting pirate princess.

Off and apart from the crew, the old captain is slumped in a corner awaiting his fate.

Sela and the others move Orn into a covered area.

ALVILDA
Be gentle. Captain, can you find us some warm water and salts.

TOKE
Yes, I will tend to the wound, you have plenty to do to organize this crew.

CUT TO:

64 EXT. SHIP'S DECK - DAY 64

Toke stands up on the deck in front of the rowdy men who are cheering for the Captain's just punishment.

CREW MEMBERS
(shouting)
Kill him! Gut him the lousy bastard!
(More)
Cut off his cock and feed his balls to the gulls!

Toke tries to hush them but is losing his control. Suddenly Alvilda stalks forward, brazen and strong and revealing just enough to quell every man.

TOKE
(calling to Alvilda who steps forward beside him)
The men are hungry for this wretched man’s punishment.

ALVILDA
(with strong delivery)
As they should be. And what do you propose?

Toke pulls Alvilda close and whispers under his breath.

TOKE
(Under his breath to Alvilda)
I am not well versed in torture. I actually prefer helping the wounded, rather than inflicting the wounds.

Alvilda hardly conceals her laugh.

ALVILDA
(Under her breath back to him)
What the hell are you doing here? Hardly a place for the likes of you.

The men hoot and stomp impatiently. Alvilda waves her arms to calm the men.

64 CONTINUED: 64

ALVILDA
Allow me to offer a few suggestions...

She rattles off the torture options like she were delivering a sermon. Toke turns slack-jawwed at her knowledge of such horrors.

ALVILDA
There's hanging from the upper rigging...

The men stand in silent shock and awe.

ALVILDA
(continuing nonchalantly)
There's a quick gutting and dump to let the sharks take care of the rest...

The men slowly begin to cheer.

ALVILDA
There's the classic keelhauling where he will be dunked and dragged from the keel...

Cheers growing louder and building.

ALVILDA
But without a doubt, the most fitting punishment to exemplify this man's heinous crimes against innocent and undeserving would be to nail him to the bow just atop the water mark and allow him to break the waves with each swell.

Full blown roar from the men and a unanimous Aye!

ALVILDA
Perhaps this man will survive...

She mumbles back to Toke under her breath.

ALVILDA
in which case Toke, you will not have to feel the weight of his death on your conscience and you may even have the pleasure of treating him as your first patient when we come ashore.

64 CONTINUED: (2) 64

Toke nods still feeling the shock of this Alvilda creature.

ALVILDA
(Back to the rowdy men)
...but if he were to die, which I believe in his drunken liver-blown state he will by the first leg back, it will be my privilege and honor to carry the burden of his death for all the wrongs done to this crew and their capture.

The men cheer Alvilda.

ALVILDA
And lastly Toke, I apologize if we won't be able to deliver whoever of your men who choose not to stay on with me and my crew, straight back to your home port of Solarius, but we will do our best to get them as close as we can.
(Beat)
With strong wind and under full sail we should be able to outrun any of your countrymen's ships who might not agree with our bargain.
(beat)
All willing to stay with me and my crew?

A unanimous roar goes up. Alvilda smiles and daintily curtsies to the men, then hauls her sword high and orders them on. She points her sword off to the southard where her other ships bear down.

ALVILDA
Look to the Southard Men, meet your new mates. They have come to greet their new crew! Tonight we feast together, but now prepare this man for his fate.

All cheer. Alvilda claps her hand on Toke's shoulder and pulls him in.

ALVILDA
I have this under control. Now go and save your first patient. Orn needs your help.

64 CONTINUED: (3) 64

She thrusts her sword in the drunken captain's direction.

ALVILDA
This man must pay.

Toke nods and is struck by her fierceness and compassion within a same breath.

TOKE
Yes, my captain.

He hurries off down the deck.

The men haul the drunken captain to his feet. He whimpers meekly.

Alvilda calls forth the young sailor who looks up to her sheepishly.

ALVILDA
Boy, it is your duty to dole the first strike of the hammer through the hand that held you down.

The boy looks up at her, his eyes turn up and there is a fire that burns now.

ALVILDA
I saw it myself boy. Vengeance is a strong weapon, and in your case, it will carry you through this. Trust me.

The young boy nods with a newfound determination as the men cheer him on. Alvilda places the hammer in the boy's hand and nods to the crew. They usher the young boy along.

CUT TO:

65 EXT. SHIP’S DECK WITHIN ALVILDA'S AREA - DAY 65

Salt is mixed into the steaming water to make a paste. Toke now moves like a surgeon over Orn's wounds. Sela stands beside him to assist.

TOKE
Hold him down.

He swabs the gouge with the salt paste and Orn screams.

CUT TO:

66 EXT. STERN AREA OF DECK - DAY 66

Where the slave's screams give way to and meld with the screams of the drunken captain as the men haul him from his stern quarters up to the bow. MEN hold the Captain steady for the young lad to deliver the first blow.

The young lad stops and turns back to a sailor who is holding the iron nails. He grabs another and clamps it in his teeth as he leans forward.

As he guides the hammer and nail to the Captain's hand, his aim shifts and he nails a crushing blow of the nail through the Captain's testicles. The entire crew hushes as there is a deathly scream from the captain, blood streams down his pants.

The young lad quickly takes the second nail from his teeth and delivers a next crack of the hammer. The nail clears the bones in the captain's hand with cracks and pops. The nasty drunk screeches as he flails on the bow.

As he wails, his whale-like white blubber protrudes from his clothing and his belly shakes as he is strung up, in distinct contrast to his red ruddy face that screams and twists in pain.

CUT TO:

67 EXT. SHIP’S DECK ALVILDA'S AREA - DAY 67

Toke works to clean the wound and cut away the sickly flesh.

TOKE
I have to par it back to healthy tissue, rid him of the infection.

SELA
How likely is he to survive?

Toke shakes his head.

TOKE
It’s all we can do.

SELA
At least he will have a chance.

Orn, in delirium, clasps Sela's hand, his eyes lock on hers, burning with pain.

(CONTINUED)

67 CONTINUED: 67

Sela pulls the scrap of his shirt he had given her from her breast and holds it for him to see. She is suddenly and completely drawn to this large helpless man as he falls back unconscious.

Toke nods and closes his eyes briefly as if to pray and then sets in to work.

68 EXT. SHIP'S DECK UP IN THE BOW - DAY 68

As the other ship bears down on Alvilda's newly appointed ships, they spy the captain nailed to the bow. They stare in shock as Alvilda calls from the helm.

One of the crew members, STIG, who had feigned dead in the small boat with Alvilda stands captaining the ship. He spots the scene and calls to Alvilda's faithful captain.

STIG
Let loose the sails, head her up into the wind.
(to himself)
How swift our Captain works.

Stig cheers Alvilda and all join in. Alvilda turns back to Stig and her crew aboard the other ship.

ALVILDA
Good Crew of the Long Ships Fleet Delbay, welcome our new mates from the great fleet of ships under the Gjorn.

There are cheers on both sides. She raises her arms.

ALVILDA
And to all, one last thing...
(she points her sword at the drunken captain now tacked to the bow)
I wager a 20 piece that our bow-mounted captain won't last our first tack before he meets his death.

The men go nuts. Calling in their bets.

Stig calls out from his ship.

68 CONTINUED: 68

STIG
Judging from my view, I think he might already be dead, in which case I bet you 40!

All men cheer, the young boy glares at the man who raped him mercilessly. He watches him coldly as he squirms and life seems to be leaving him.

Alvilda raises her sword to her men and her new crew.

She beckons one CREW MEMBER over.

ALVILDA
You, what fortune has your greedy captain stowed?

CREW MEMBER
There's a chest of silver articles we plundered from the last villages we sacked. We have used it for ballast, Captain.

ALVILDA
You will hack up the silver and divvy it among yourselves. It is yours to keep. You are to be rewarded justly. All I ask is that you spare an extra cut for the young lad.

The man turns to the crew who all nod and cheer in agreement.

The young lad turns back away from the bow and the man he has flayed there. He nods gratefully to Alvilda and the crew.

ALVILDA
(To her crew)
We will start anew. You are an able crew. I have only one rule from here on out.

All hush.

ALVILDA
The slaves shall all be freed. On my ship, no one lives in chains, no one is a slave.
(Beat)
And death will come swiftly death to any man or woman who puts us in peril or betrays this freedom.
(MORE)

68 CONTINUED: (2) 68

ALVILDA (CONT'D)
(Beat)
You really don’t want to cross me.
(she looks to the dying man on the bow)
But I honor my word, so if any of you do not want to join us, speak now. You are free to leave when we come into port.

The men resound unanimously. The slaves bow their heads weary from years of slavery and hardly believing their renewed freedom.

CREW
Yes Captain. Yes!

And she calls over to Stig on the other ship.

ALVILDA
Stig, get us out of here.

The men busy themselves and the ships move through the waves. The Captain's body dangling in each wave that pounds it.

ALVILDA
Who can steer for me?

A strong man, ERIK, steps forward proudly.

ERIK
I know this gal well. She likes to sail close to the wind.

ALVILDA
Then sail her, Man.
(leaning in to him and nodding to the bow where the dead body swings)
If that body hasn't decomposed and fallen into the waves by the time we come into port, we will cut him lose. I doubt even the sharks will want him.

Erik nods and tacks bringing the ship around proudly to fall in behind the other ships.

69 EXT. SHIP’S DECK UNDER THE MAKESHIFT TARP - DAY 69

Orn lies in a sweat, he is writhing in pain. Toke sits at the edge of the plank where Orn lies. He hangs his head.

TOKE
If the gods deem it so.

A hand rests on his shoulder. He turns back to see Sela.

SELA
Let me spell you now.

Toke nods and pats her hand gets up wearily to leave them.

Sela daubs Orn's forehead and arms with the wet cloth.

In and out of consciousness, Orn seems to feel the hands on him touching him. Sela soothing him and quieting him. He doesn't wake and she doesn't sleep.

CUT TO:

70 EXT. LONG LOG FOREST CLEARING - DAY 70

Orn dreams of a battle at sea. Thirty survivors (prisoners) are brought ashore, many sorely wounded and made to sit on a log with their feet all tied together with a long rope but their hands free, to await their fate.

The leader Jarl Haakon bellows to his men.

JARL
These Jomvikings, if they are the most feared of the Norwegian warriors let's see how they conduct themselves in the face of death. Put them to death immediately, Thorkel sharpen your blade, Man.

JARL'S MEN all gather around to watch. Thorkel looks up from sharpening his axe.

THORKEL
Ready!

Thorkel starts on one end of the log with his axe, felling each with a single stroke. One by one the ax falls and the heads roll.

(CONTINUED)

70 CONTINUED: 70

He comes to SIGURD, a man with long black hair and beard.

SIGURD
(to Toke who sits next to him in line beside Orn who is next after him)
I'm afraid... not for death, but I don't want my hair stained with my blood.

Sigurd suddenly throws his hair over his head, tangling the hands of Jarl's man who holds Sigurd's head steady for the blow of Thorkel's axe.

As Thorkel's axe is about to strike, Sigurd yanks his head back and instead Thorkel cuts off both the holder's hands, one of which remained clutching Sigurd's hair as he sits upright.

The screams are blood-curdling as Jarl comes forward.

JARL
What is your name?

SIGURD
I am Sigurd. Bue was my father, and there are yet Jomsvikings living.

JARL
You are truly of Bue's blood. Will you accept your life from me?

SIGURD
From such a man as you Jarl Erik, I accept it.

Jarl calls ANOTHER OF HIS MEN to take the place of the amputated holder. The next in line is Toke and then Orn.

JARL
Continue Thorkel.

CUT TO:

71 EXT. ORN'S DEATH BED - DAY 71

Orn shakes and sweats on his deathbed.

CUT BACK TO:

72 EXT. FOREST CLEARING ON LOG - DAY 72

Orn's dream continues: Deep in a Norwegian forest, he and Toke are seated on the log in a long line of chained men. He looks one direction where all are dead and then to the other end where all wait for their death. Orn sees Toke is next in line and Toke turns to Orn matter-of-factly.

TOKE
I will hold this coin in my hand. Though it is difficult to foretell how it would feel to have my head cut off, I will wait for your answer when you see me soon as to whether I managed to hold the coin while my head left my body.

CUT TO:

73 EXT. ORN'S PLANK BED - DAY 73

Orn sweats and gasps and finally comes to. Toke sees Orn heave up and gasp.

TOKE
Welcome back!

Orn grabs Toke's head and fumbles his neck as if looking for the hacking marks of Thorkel's axe. Orn laughs and collapses back down. Toke smiles at Orn.

TOKE
Rest now Orn, there is someone who has been waiting to see you.

With that, Orn closes his eyes still groggy and wiped out.

Toke holds the canopy open and as he leaves Sela steps in.

Orn is resting and she brushes the matted hair from his brow. Her hand is anything but that of a warrior. It is gentle.

Orn stirs and Sela smiles, her eyes brim with tears of relief and joy.

SELA
We thought we had lost you for sure.

Orn traps her hand weakly.

73 CONTINUED: 73

ORN
No, the Gods did not deem it so. Instead they took great pity on me and sent me an angel and she has saved me.

Sela smiles and Orn smiles weakly and nods off again. Sela kisses his forehead.

Alvilda steps in with Toke.

ALVILDA
So Toke, how is your first patient? That you didn't kill him, is a good start.

Sela smiles up to them.

TOKE
(winks at Sela)
Looks to me, he's doing just fine.

ALVILDA
Lucky bastard. You know how men can be.

Alvilda leans in and sort of whispers to Orn.

ALVILDA
No hard feelings Orn, but there was a wager.

Though Orn appears to be sleeping, he weakly groans "a thanks a lot"

ALVILDA
I admit I myself wagered quite a hefty sum, BUT I was betting you'd pull through, Orn.
(beat)
I suppose I'll have to split my winnings with you Toke and, well, it's only fair that you should benefit off some of it too, Orn.

TOKE
(kidding)
Why?! What did he have to do with any of it? Fool nearly got himself killed, that's all he did. He just lay there, Sela and I did all the work.

All laugh. Orn weakly groans.

74 EXT. ALVILDA'S FLEET TRAVELING - DAY 74

Alvilda's men ready for their raid. The ship off in the distancce pulls hard and slow through the water. It bears the flag of Denmark.

ALVILDA
I have a particular affinity for that flag. I fancy I would like to relieve them of their heavy load. Shall we pluck them now?

SELA
(heated)
Allow me to help you. Even though you are my mentor at sea, this Denmark was my home and I wish it nothing well. There are a few tricks I know of these crafty Danes. And I would like nothing better than to take what is rightfully mine from my father and brother's hand. How quick and willing they were to take all from me.

Alvilda turns to Sela, dramatically.

ALVILDA
Alright then, glad we've cleared that up.

Sela draws her sword and all but growls.

SELA
There, see, they are tacking now! Just as I said.

Alvilda watches her focus.

SELA
Tack!

Sela commands Alvilda.

SELA
They will try to outrun us, their oarsmen are strong. But we will tack upon them and steal their wind.
(Beat)
Tack, I said!

Alvilda raises her eyebrows in surprise.

74 CONTINUED: 74

SELA
(with an exaggerated curtsy and a bow)
Please.

ALVILDA
Stig bring her about! Sela is commanding us.

Alvilda steps back and draws her sword to ready for boarding the Danish ship.

ALVILDA
Go, Sela.

SELA
I wager they are laden with slaves, Moors, the men from the northern parts, Sweden, Ireland, England most likely.

ALVILDA
Yes, they will make port to offload, trade and barter their goods near Cologne or even along the coast of France in Solarius, but we will intercept them before they reach that Custom's House. They will offload nothing but shame as we will pluck from them.

SELA
Yes, their jewels from Spain, precious metals, gold and silver plundered from ports like the Roman ports like to the English monasteries perhaps, surely there will be fine woven cloth from France, glass and jewels. Perfumes which I think we could all use a good dose of after such a long journey.

Alvilda shoots Sela a look.

ALVILDA
Perhaps... some of us are trying to impress a man? A little more dainty, a little less gamey?

SELA
(dismissive)
Nonsense.

74 CONTINUED: (2) 74

Alvilda turns back off Sela's intense determination as they bear down on the ship.

ALVILDA
May the Gods help any man or ship in her way now.

Sela nods and greets the DANISH CAPTAIN in Danish speaking kindly to the captain.

DANISH CAPTAIN
But I am curious, clearly you are a Dane yourself why would you want to plunder from your own?

SELA
(She’s annoyed by all the chit chat, responds like it’s no big deal)
Because my father was and my brother is now the King and I’m not a big fan.
(Beat)
Sibling rivalry you know, pulled my hair when I was little. That sort of thing.

Alvilda studies Sela not sure what she has said but clear that it has caused the Captain's surprise.

DANISH CAPTAIN
King of Denmark, your brother Alf?

SELA
Yes. So sorry... I may have a bit of a gambling problem, and once again I’ve made a wager and I intend on collecting.
(Beat)
Jus please empty the hold of that ballast silver. I know the trick well, so please don't waste my time pretending you don’t know what I’m talking about.
(Point her sword)
It’s there in the stern, unload it all.

Alvilda again is surprised by Sela's proclamations. She smiles as the Captain nods to his men to reveal the secret panel and ballast within.

74 CONTINUED: (3) 74

ALVILDA
Indeed you are a Dane. Warriors of the hunt and in constant search.

SELA
(as she thanks the Captain with sarcasm)
Please send my regards to my brother. As for my father, I hope he is dead.

Sela is about to leave him when she spots the Danish Captain's impressive sword.

SELA
Why Captain, your sword.

The captain covers it instinctively.

SELA
As fine as if it an Ogier sword crafted by Volund, the God of the smith, himself.

The Captain is defensive.

SELA
Relax man! It’s not like I’m going to neuter you...
(Beat)
I guess it really is true what they say about the size of a man's sword.

All laugh.

SELA
You should thank me Captain, I’m not so cruel as to part a man from his beloved sword.
(Beat)
However, I know plenty of men who would happily part a man in two with his own beloved sword.

Sela holds on the Captain.

SELA
Aren't I right, good Captain?

SELA
In fact, where did you procure such a fine weapon?

74 CONTINUED: (4) 74

CAPTAIN
(incensed)
My sword was passed down from my father and his before.
(then in truth)
It's true men would kill without a thought for another man's sword.

SELA
Oh please, not just for their sword.

The Captain nods imperceptibly agreeing with Sela.

SELA
(as she inspects her own fine sword)
Indeed we Danes do make a mighty fine sword. I'd like to commission such a weapon for a man I know.

Sela looks coyly to Orn. Alvilda picks up on it now. Oh is that what this is? Sela's all sappy for Orn. Alvilda rolls her eyes, with a bit of a snort, actually.

CAPTAIN
(Surprised that he hasn't been run through for his sword)
Your mercy has no bounds.
(Beat and a bow)
I would be happy to see to it myself that a sword fit for Volund himself be crafted for you.

The captain bows slightly and is taken away. Sela nods haughtily.

ALVILDA
(teasing Sela, holding a hand over her one eye)
Most of the time cupid just grazes those he aims his love arrow at, but you... you got skewered... took it right through the eye.
(mimicking Sela)
a sword fit for Volund?
(Teasing again)
What ever happened to a flower or a trinket of your
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

74 CONTINUED: (5) 74

ALVILDA (CONT'D)
affection? With you it's full on...
(Alvilda holds her sword up straight, maybe phallic?)
Sword!

Sela shoots a look at Alvilda.

SELA
Oh puhhlease, oh demure one... You are the brashest and most
(Fumbling for a word so she makes it up)
“wenchiest” and feared pirate princess of all the North Sea... And you are now accusing me of coming on too strong?

ALVILDA
(a bit defensive as she thrusts the sword up again and again)
It’s just the sword thing...
(Then)
Wenchiest?

75 EXT. HARBOR DOCKS COLOGNE, FRANCE - DAY 75

The ship is docked in the center of port, a bustle of activity, bartering trading, stealing and conniving. Typical of this great yet crude trade port. The men finish off-loading, others carry out the silver pieces and cups and goblets. They measure, weigh and hack the pieces.

Toke and Orn sit along the ship's gunnel, they hang their legs over the side and stare down at the harbor's dirty water. Slop from the ships and scraps of food and vegetables float in the water. Fish carcasses and the general refuse of a busy shipping port. Fish pick from beneath while the gulls attack it from the sky.

Toke waxes philosophic.

TOKE
..Berse the Wiseman agreed, and said that men without luck had the hardest burden of all to bear. For man can triumph over man, and weapon over weapon; against the gods we can pit sacrifice, and
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

75 CONTINUED: 75

TOKE (CONT'D)
against witchcraft, contrary magic; but against bad luck no man has anything to oppose.
(beat)
As for my part, I do not know whether I have great good luck, except that my luck in fishing had always been good.

Orn looks to his friend and his simple pragmatism. He shakes his head and smiles and shoves Toke.

ORN
I might have thought I had bad luck once for all that befell my family. But if the Gods chart the course for us, then the luck was placed in my way.
(beat)
You, for one. A better friend I couldn't have found, even if you were my captor. How lucky and strange to come to be such a friend.

TOKE
Ahh, you are likeable enough, I guess.

ORN
Then there is the luck of the stolen glances stern to bow and affections unspoken to me yet, but I know. Yes, I know.

With that, Orn beams as Sela steps off the ship and blushes at him as she goes.

ORN
Now that is the only luck a man should know in his heart. It will buoy you through even the worst of things.

Toke is about to speak when he and Orn witness the commotion across the way on a long boat docked further down in the harbor.

A MASSIVE FRAMED MAN with a long black beard (appears to be the same man Sigurd who had been in Orn's death bed dream) beats the young girl off him. She sobs and clings to the man.

75 CONTINUED: (2) 75

The man stares hauntingly at Orn who feels the chill down his spine wishing to retreat, but Toke grabs him to follow him for a closer look.

CAPTAIN
Kill the Moor and bring me the girl.

Toke and Orn have moved in closer to see what is going on.

Orn looks indeed like he is seeing a ghost.

People cheer for the sport and entertainment of it all. Toke at once spots the beautiful YOUNG MOOR SLAVE GIRL her terror etched on her face.

Toke spots her and is transfixed by her. As the Captain hauls her to him by the hair. Toke steps forward boldly.

TOKE
Captain. I'm buying. Give me the girl.

Orn stares at his friend Toke who is grabbing into his pants pocket for money.

The Captain inspects the girl feeling her breast and ass like cattle.

CAPTAIN
You couldn’t afford her and...

He jams his fingers up inside her to feel her, tight like a young virgin. She cries out.

CAPTAIN
(upon inspecting her)
... Bein’ she’s a virgin makes her more valuable.

Toke grabs his money and jabs Orn to give his money over.

TOKE
Come on Orn, cough yours up. Hurry up.

Orn looks at Toke.

75 CONTINUED: (3) 75

ORN
(What the actual...)
Sorry, did you happen to forget that up until a few hours ago, I was your slave?! What kind of money do you think I have?

Toke is incensed and slams past Orn.

The Captain shuts him down.

CAPTAIN
Take her away. This man is wasting my time. Kill him if he gets any nearer my merchandise.

As Toke shoves defiantly through the crowd to get to the Moor slave girl, the Captain's men strong arm him and hold a blade to his throat. Orn stands in shock as if his dream is coming true.

Suddenly a voice calls out through the crowd deep and loud... and female!

The crowds part slightly and Toke sees her standing there.

ALVILDA
Give me the girl. I will have the virgin for myself.

Toke stops dead and looks at Alvilda in shock. The Captain is amused by the lesbian captain.

CAPTAIN
I don’t come by virgins like her that easily. I can give you another to satisfy you, but this one is worthy of serving a king or a queen, not some woman hungry sea-wench.

He looks disgusted and spits at her feet.

ALVILDA
And if I were to say that I am a princess? What, not good enough? Besides what does it matter to you. Profits are profits no matter whose pocket they come from.
(She places her hand deep in her pocket, provocatively)
(MORE)

75 CONTINUED: (4) 75

ALVILDA (CONT'D)
Give her over. I will pay what you ask.

Toke and Orn just stand slack-jawed.

Alvilda hurls a purse of coins at the Captain who catches it midair. Alvilda moves swiftly and slices the ropes that bind the slave girl.

She grabs the girl brusquely and shoves her along to complete her act.

As she shoves the poor girls off, Alvilda calls to her men much like a mother scolding her young boys.

ALVILDA
Toke, Orn. Come. We are leaving. Now!

They fumble and Toke throws the men off, they also seem to be standing slack-jawed at Alvilda. Toke and Orn follow Alvilda and the girl.

They walk quickly back to the ship and as soon as they are out of danger of the Captain and his crew, Alvilda stops and stares deep into the girl's eyes.

The girl is terrified and weeping as her eyes wander back to catch a parting glance from her father as the Captain's blade is raked across her father's throat.

Alvilda closes her eyes hard to the scene then shakes the young girl and hugs her.

ALVILDA
Ssshhh. All will be well. You are safe now. What is your name, girl?

Her voice quivers.

MOOR SLAVE GIRL
Maya..

Alvilda pulls Toke forward to the young girl.

ALVILDA
Tend to our new crew member, Maya.
(Grabbing his arm insisting)
You take good care of her, Toke.

Toke can hardly believe Alvilda's sixth sense and how could she have known?

75 CONTINUED: (5) 75

ALVILDA
It is my job to see everything Toke.

Toke and Orn both watch as she turns to leave. But one more thing.

ALVILDA
Besides you're like an iceberg through a ship's hull.

Orn looks at Toke who seems to be a shipwreck in Maya's eyes.

TOKE
(wistfully to Orn while locked in love)
That was some good luck.

Orn guffaws then just sits down.

EXT. OFF COAST OF ENGLAND - NIGHT

A Ship flies the Danish flag. It is an impressive long ship and yet it is pummeled by the howl of the wind that lifts it up and smashes it against the shoals, catching the crew off the most feared point in the northern parts, in North Umbria, the Northern part of England.

The Captain, a young fierce man with intense green eyes is ALF. He hollers in vain but as the ship capsizes, his MEN are cast overboard by the force of the storm and flounder in the freezing waters.

Alf is trapped under the hull of the boat. His heavy gear dragging him down, he tries to sustain the weight, but in a desperate act, he releases his prized sword. It sinks like a rock into the darkness below him.

He swims up and gasps when he crests the fierce waves. He scans the stormy waters in search of any survivors. He can hear his men call and wail until there are none left and all perish.

Alf clings to a scrap of flotsam, he hangs on in a frozen grip. He's been exposed to the arctic waters for too long and it is clear that he has frozen to death.

He is pulled from the water by the MONKS. His hair tangled across his face like a dead corpse pulled from the water.

EXT MONKS' LONG DORY RESCUE BOAT - NIGHT

A MONK blesses the pile of dead corpses.

MONK
That's the last of the poor lot. We will deliver them back to our burial grounds and give them a proper burial.

The dead men piled high in the dory, when imperceptibly Alf's hand twitches with barely enough strength to flutter the pant leg of one of the monks.

Again and again, Alf fights until the Monk finally looks down and sees the slightest twitch of the Alf's fingers. His body is covered in other dead men, all that seems visible is his hand.

FATHER ALQUIN
Good lord! We have a survivor! Quick wrap him in blankets. Quick into the abbey with him!

Alf's hair is still wrapped and tangled around his face. He is ushered into the warm room, the hearth blazing.

MONTAGE:

INT. MONASTERY ABBEY ROOM - DAY

FATHER ALQUIN
(to another monk)
He's mumbled something about his other vessels joining up here. Surely they were all tossed in the storm. They will eventually make their way here to rejoin with the remaining ships. God pray they weren't all lost.

OTHER MONK
Perhaps one of their ships will pass en route back North.

The weak Alf lies shaking and covered. The Monks pull the large stones from the fire and cools them in the water, where they sizzle, before they press the warm stones on his blankets to slowly warm his core temperature.

CONTINUED:

DOCTOR / MONK
With proper and slow re-heating of his limbs and core, I pray he won't lose any of his extremities. His skin sheds like a burn victim. These next days are crucial. We must keep him wrapped, the ointment we have applied seems to be soothing his excruciating pain.

CUT TO:

INT. MONESTARY ABBEY ROOM - DAY

Alf's screams and shrieks are blood-curdling, in the darkened room as he is almost literally crawling out of his own skin. He passes out again, unable to bear the pain.

CUT TO:

EXT. COASTAL MONASTERY, NORTH UMBRIA ENGLAND

Along the high coastal cliffs at a place much like the Litdesfarne Monastery in North Umbria, Northern England, the shoals, ledges and rocks are treacherous. The tides are an extreme 20 feet from low tide to high tide mark. The entire bay fills with water and with an immense force of nature.

EXT. MONASTERY TOWER - NIGHT

The YOUNG MONK SCOUT from the tower at the monastery sees the ship and calls out a warning.

MONK SCOUT
Father, Father Alquin!

He runs down to tell the others and they gather in peace and prayer convening in their monastic chapel.

EXT. SHIP IN DISTRESS - NIGHT

The Captain smiles to his first mate. His accent thick French (or Franc as they were called in these earlier times).

CONTINUED:

FRANC CAPTAIN
I know every shoal and every jagged ledge here, I have studied the maps since I was a child.

FIRST MATE
Your renown is well earned, Captain.

The Franc captain turns to stare up to the promontory where the monastery perches high over the bay. He knows they are being watched.

FRANC CAPTAIN
But let's play a little trick of the eye on our perched Monks up on the hill.

As he smiles deviously, he calls to the first mate.

FRANC CAPTAIN
Boy, bring me the ship's flags we have captured.

The boy runs to collect the chest of flags.

FRANC CAPTAIN
(pulling out one)
Today, I'm feeling like a Castillian. Send the Castillian flag up our mast. Let's have all believe we are in distress and unfamiliar with these waters.

The Boy nods and sets to work raising the Castillian flag.

FRANC CAPTAIN
Let's make this more entertaining, light a fire in a barrel of blubber on the foredeck. Stoke it well. Luff the sails and make it look like all hell is breaking loose aboard our ship. We want deep Godly concern for us to reach the monks and quickly. Enough hanging around here.

EXT. MONASTERY COURTYARD - NIGHT

The young monk scout breathlessly recounts what he has seen from his tower perch.

CONTINUED:

MONK SCOUT
I have seen a ship come into the bay. They must be in great danger. There are fires on the ship's decks. Their sails luff and they appear to be foundering. Clearly they do not understand how to navigate the dangerous shoals.

FATHER ALQUIN
All will be well. They are no doubt in need of our help. We will send our crafts out to collect them. But we must hurry.

The monastery suddenly comes alive with activity.

EXT. PATHWAY DOWN TO BEACH - NIGHT

The dory type rowboats are portaged down on the shoulders of men to the beach. Torches are waved from ashore to alert the captain of the distressed ship.

FATHER ALQUIN
We are on our way, stay calm Captain!

EXT BEACH FRONT - NIGHT

The ships row against the current coming to the ship out in the bay.

CUT TO:

INT. MONASTERY ABBEY - NIGHT

In the back of the monastery's abbey, Alf continues to lay wrapped in heavy blankets. His face is obscured. He is still feeble. His voice weak.

ALF
Tell me Father, my men?

Father Alquin tries to calm Alf and speak vaguely so as not to alarm him. But Alf persists.

FATHER ALQUIN
You mustn't worry my son. Your men are of the fiercest stock. They will be here soon enough. All the
(MORE)

CONTINUED:

FATHER ALQUIN (CONT'D)
more time for you to continue to heal.

ALF
But, my men, they are safe?

FATHER ALQUIN
For those who perished with you, we have given them a rightful burial. Your survival is nothing shy of a miracle, my son. What plans must God have for you, to have plucked you back from a watery and certain death.

ALF
(near tears)
Thank you Father, how gracious of you to care for me. My wounds are healing and I find my strength returning slowly everyday.
(beat)
I am deeply indebted to you Father Alquin for the honor you have paid my dead. I swear to repay you this when I am strong enough to.

FATHER ALQUIN
Rest now. Your visit has restored faith is us all that indeed miracles can happen. There is no other way to describe how you could have survived those waters as long as you did.

Alf shakes his covered head weakly.

ALF
I must start to move, my limbs feel like anchors. The salt and cold water on my skin will restore me.
(Beat)
I am not a leper but then again I haven’t seen my own reflection.

Alf feels his bandanged face wondering. Father Alquin places a hand on his arm assuring him.

FATHER ALQUIN
No, I assure you, your skin is healing well.
(Beat)
(MORE)

CONTINUED: (2)

FATHER ALQUIN (CONT'D)
Your life was saved. God must know why.

Around the Father’s neck is a Christian cross.

FATHER ALQUIN
Bless you and may God strengthen and keep you.

With that, Alf peers through the wrap of blankets, his eyes still seeing blurry. He spots something around the Father’s neck. He tries to place his hand, still covered in blankets, on the Father’s cross as if to feel his strength.

ALF
Our Gods are different, yours and mine, but your God has been merciful in delivering me into your care.

FATHER ALQUIN
Rest now, Son. Enough for one day.

With that the Father closes the door and Alf lay wrapped up and in the silence. He closes his eyes reliving the horrors of the dreaded night and the drowning of his crew. He sleeps fitfully. He is awoken to the sound of scurrying footsteps.

CUT TO:

EXT. CORRIDOR OUTSIDE ALF’S CHAMBERS - NIGHT

MONK SCOUT
Father, Father Alquin!

The Monk Scout is breathless outside the door.

MONK SCOUT
I have seen a ship...

FATHER ALQUIN
Hurry men we must put in and do our best to help them.

CUT BACK TO:

INT. MONASTERY ABBEY - NIGHT

The Monks deliver the badly shaken men of the foundering vessel into their monastery for safety, protection and to recuperate. The men shuffle along feigning weakness. Some are even carried on gurneys appearing injured.

FATHER ALQUIN
Bring them inside the walls. We will place them in the warmest part of the abbey. Prepare soups and warm tea. These men can rest comfortably enough there.

As the monks deliver the men inside the walls of the monastery, they peer up surreptitiously at the silver chalices and framed paintings and wooden carved and ornate large statues of the Madonna with Child. All Religious artifacts of beauty and great value.

FATHER ALQUIN
(Blessing each man)
May God hold you and protect you...

With a flash of eyes flash and an imperceptible nod from the Captain of the Castillian crew to his men, they unleash their weapons from under their garb in a surprise attack so lethal, violent and sacrilegious within the walls of the church.

Father Alquin has turned to bless the Captain, but receives a thrust of a sword through his breast. Shock gives way to silence as the Monks are cut down without even a fight.

The Castillian Captain rips the golden medallion that Father Alquin had worn around his neck. He dons it and kicks the Father off the tip of his sword to ready for his next thrust and another monk dies.

The Castillian Captain and his men climb up off their gurneys and strip back their cloaks and fill them like sacks with the artifacts, stripping the monastery of the prized jewel encrusted and silver plated bibles and crosses, relics of gold and fine cloth, alter plates and communion vessels.

As the Castillian men feast on the wares and scarf down the wine, they are raucous and loud and growing drunker and rowdier.

INT ABBEY ALF'S ROOM - NIGHT

Alf hears the crashing about in the abbey near his room. He senses something is wrong. He is slow but determined as he moves his hands and starts to unfurl his wrapped arms and legs. His skin is fresh and pink as fragile as a young baby's. But he grabs the sword leaning against the wall in the corner. He is a warrior with a will greater than all the pain and suffering he may bear.

He will fight to defend his loyal saviors and their peaceful monastic life.

He gently pulls the monastic cloak over him and stands. He breathes deep and bows his head searching for the strength to be of worth and able to help.

EXT. MONASTERY CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Alf steps deep into the dark corner of the corridor hiding like a cloaked monk. He stands still in the darkness as the Castillian men drag the loot along the floor and ransack the place. They move on leaving the dead monks. The Captain shanks a bottle of wine off the table and slugs it back.

FRANC CAPTAIN
(in French)
Are there no women here? Ou sont les femmes pour violer?

Alf stands silently as they all but pass in front of his hidden shadow. His resolve grows as he steps carefully to catch sight of Father Alquin and his men lying dead, their eyes frozen in shock.

CUT TO:

EXT. WATERS OFF MONASTERY - DAY

Alvilda sails her ship in to the bay. She spots something like the stern of a vessel floating in the water. She spies it, there is a Denmark flag painted on the floating wood.

Sela spots it too. Something is strange. They sail in closer into the bay to repair Alvilda's fleet that follows behind.

CONTINUED:

ALVILDA
(calling out to her following ships' captains)
We will beach them here and take advantage of the full tide to get in tight to shore. We'll repair the hulls when the tide runs out. This is the 20 foot tide run here. It will give us plenty of time and plenty beach to work from.

Alvilda sails in on the full tide beaching the ships all the way up just beneath the promontory of the monastery.

STIG
Strange. There is always a scout looking out from the monastery. It's odd, I don't see any activity at all.

All look up to see no one at all.

As he speaks, he spots the charred deck of the ghost like ship.

ALVILDA
Stig, ready the men. Something is not right.

EXT. MONASTERY - DAY

Alvilda, Sela, Stig and the MEN are armed for battle. They head to the monastery high up on the promontory.

INT. ABBEY - DAY

It is an eerie, deserted sight when they spot the single "monk" reaching down to close the stretched eyes of the dead monks. His hand is pink flesh.

He moves slowly to then pile the dead bodies weakly trying to give the monks a decent burial as they had for his men. His face is covered by the robes and monk's cloak.

Alvilda runs to his side. Her helmet is down in full battle mode. She does not know it is Alf. Alf does not reveal himself to her.

CONTINUED:

ALVILDA
Father! What has happened here?! Where is Father Alquin.

Alf turns weakly. His eyes are barely visible, his face is hidden by the garb. He speaks weakly.

ALF/MONK
They are all dead.

ALVILDA
What are you saying?! Only you live? But... how? Who would do this?

ALF/MONK
They came feigning distress. Father Alquin brought them here but they are not who they claimed to be. They flew a Castillian flag, but I heard them, it was French. They slaughtered them all, it was all a deception.

Alf sits down weakly and Alvilda puts her hand on his. She peers into the cavernous hood and spots his piercing eyes... then she feels the fragile flesh of the man’s hand and is struck by it.

ALVILDA
Rest now, Father. We will capture them.

Alf stands weakly to cover Father Alquin’s body. His body gives way as he is overcome. Alvilda calls to Toke to help the father who nearly faints from his weakened condition.

ALVILDA
Toke, tend to the Father. He needs rest.

Toke takes the man by the arm.

Alivlda calls to Sela and her men.

ALVILDA
Sela, come with me. Stig you head back out and close in from the other side of the nearby village.

TOKE
You go. I have him.

CONTINUED: (2)

Sela and Alvilda glance back as Toke lays the 'Monk" down, leaving before they can see the man's face. As Toke pulls back the cloak, it's Alf.

Alf is delirious but fighting to stay standing. Toke (who doens't know who Alf is) takes his hand and leads him to the bed, he spots the man's fragile skin and state.

TOKE
Father, you have come through much more than just this massacre. You must rest now.

Alf tries to speak, but cannot. Toke leaves the man to rest in the darkness, closing the door behind him.

EXT. NEARBY VILLAGE OUTSIDE MONASTERY - DAY

Alvilda and her MEN pause outside the village and hear the shrill cries of the women and the gruff moans of men.

She peers through the trees, the men stand over the women. The sounds are horrific: flesh on fist meets bone-crunching blows, rape and then the slice of their throat and the gurgle of their blood choking them.

When she spots Stig's signal across the other side of the village, they close the loop and cut of the access in all directions. The noose is tightened, the assault is quick and bloody. Alvilda's men swiftly cut down the Castillian marauders, killing all but a few of them and maiming all badly.

ALVILDA
(calls out mercilessly)
Spare me the coward who lead of this marauding clan.

With that, Stig yanks the man forward and throws him to the ground in front of Alvilda. She kicks her boot to his throat.

She spots the Cross that Father Alquin had always worn.

The Franc Captain gasps fearing she will slice his neck in the process.

ALVLIDA
You will be begging for that quick a death by the time we are finished with you.

CONTINUED:

Toke joins Alvilda and sets to work on the wounded while Alvilda stands with her boot across the Castillian Captain's neck.

EXT. TREE COVER OUTSIDE VILLAGE - DAY

The weak and pink flesh of Alf's hand as he peels back the trees to watch on. His breath is shallow and labored.

Alvilda swipes the cross from the Castillian Captain's neck and flicks it up onto the blade of her sword. Another flick and she catches it midair in her hand.

She studies the cross and her eyes burn. She holds it and sadly places the cross in her pocket.

ALVILDA
I will see that our friend receives this as a final memory of the brothers he lost today. May he take some comfort in this cherished piece that Father Alquin always wore.

She strains in sad reminiscence.

CUT TO:

EXT. TREES OUTSIDE VILLAGE - CONTINUING

Alf continues to watch on.

CUT BACK TO:

EXT. VILLAGE DAY

Alvilda is quick to deliver her punishment.

ALVILDA
(to the Castillian captain)
For the treachery and senseless murder of those men who risked their lives to save you, only one death fits this crime.

(Beat)
Pin him down on the ground.

The Franc Captain cowers. She is a rabid dog as she yells to all his men watching.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ALVILDA
Behold, the Blood Eagle!

With that, she hacks her sword through his rear ribs, he shrieks, the sound of bone cracking and his wails is beyond disturbing.

When she has cut through all bones, she hurls her sword point first deep into the earth beside her. She leans over the man, his back butchered and bleeding. He wimpers but still lives.

ALVILDA
Watch all of you and tell me how long your great Captain will live through this most wicked punishment.

With that she straddles his back standing one foot one either side him and reaches down into him, in through the broken rear ribs of his back and grabs his lungs. She pulls them outside his body. He is still screaming. Each breath causing the lungs to expand and collapse like the bloody wings of an eagle. She is crying now as she swipes back the wisps of her hair with her bloody hands.

Alvilda grabs her sword and leaves. All are repulsed but continue to watch as the blood eagle’s wings slowly cease to beat.

CUT TO:

EXT. TREE CLEARING VILLAGE’S EDGE - DAY

Alf drops his hand down the tree and turns back. The hand is no longer trembling. He draws a stronger breath and seems stronger.

He meets Alvilda as she runs tears streaking her face. His face is still covered by the cloak and hood of the monastic garb. She has been crying and she shakes as she bows and falls to her knees, removes the cross from around her pocket and places it in the Alf’s fragile pink hands, still thinking he’s a monk. Her shoulders shake as she cries.

ALVILDA
I called our Gods punishment down on these men. Your God is too merciful to allow the slaughter of these monks. Our Gods spare no man.

CONTINUED:

Alf struggles beneath the costume of the christian faith when his heart beats viking just as strong as Alvilda's does.

Alf fights for composure, shaking his head. He places a hand on Alvilda's shoulders and she gazes up into his eyes. They are still deeply hidden, but the fleck of their green intensity pierces and she holds on them.

She kisses his hand that now holds the cross and she flees. Running towards the beach.

CUT TO:

EXT. BEACH - DAY

Alvilda's ships set sail out of the bay. She stares back nostalgically and a heavy sadness looms.

CUT BACK TO:

EXT. MONASTERY TOWER - DAY

Alf watches Alvilda's ship on the horizon. His hood pulled back now, He places the cross around the burial cross of Father Alquin. His green eyes brim as he turns back to watch Alvilda's sail vanish in the distance.

ALF
I will find you...

76 EXT. SHIP OFF SOUTHERN COAST FRANCE - DAY 76

As they make their way along the southern tip of France, the weather is warm and favorable. They come to a bay perfect for their ship to lay to on a lazy anchor.

Alvilda calls to Stig.

ALVILDA
Stig, the next leg down into the Mediterranean will be long. We have timed the season well for the crossing. Weather should be seasonable. We will fish our nets and keep busy.
(beat)
Let's set anchor here so we can prepare our nets and stores.

Stig nods and readies the men.

(CONTINUED)

76 CONTINUED: 76

STIG
We can nestle up in, we draw only four feet and here there will be plenty of water even at low tide for us to keep clear of the ledges and rocks.

77 EXT. BEACH - DAY 77

Orn and a group of men labor in the sun mending the nets. Muscles tight and strong, sweat and brawn. Sela watches from the ship as she and Alvilda plot a course.

Sela is distracted as her eyes keep flicking to the shore where Orn is distractingly sexy. He stops and wipes his brow and glances back to the ship, equally distracted.

Sela blushes. Alvilda misses nothing and rolls her eyes, but in good sport.

ALVILDA
(pointing to the charts)
Here’s where we will need to pay attention, as we will pass through the Straits... They...

Sela gestures as if "Yea, got it”

Alvilda drops her head down onto the map just groans.

78 EXT. SHIP'S DECK - DAY 78

Sela returns to the ship. There placed gently on her things is a crude bouquet of wild flowers tied together with a piece of the line from the fishing net.

She smiles and buries her nose in them.

79 EXT. BEACH - NIGHT 79

The warm night air, the stars, the water lapping gently along the ship's hull. All are sleeping and resting peacefully. She drops her light gown down onto the deck and single splash, the nude body enters the water. She swims, her arms and legs kick, long and fluid strokes.

She comes out of the water, her skin glistening in the moon. Her hair wet and slicked back.

79 CONTINUED: 79

She lies nude under the symphony of stars there on the fishing nets that are piled high on the beach.

She doesn't see him or know he is there. He as restless and sleepless as she.

She closes her eyes and lies there. He steps to her, his chest bare, only a cloth around him.

She opens her eyes and is not startled or frightened to see him standing over her.

He comes to her, holding her in his strong arms.

ORN
I couldn't bear another moment. I must have you.

SELA
You have had me from the moment I first saw you.

Orn kisses her so deeply, tenderly.

ORN
Let me take you as mine.

SELA
Yes.

Slowly and intensely Orn moves in her. Their passion for the stars alone. Orn climaxes as Sela cries out in ecstasy and takes him inside her.

He holds her so tenderly and they sleep under the stars.

CUT TO:

EXT. MEDITERRANEAN SEA PORT - DAY

Alvilda’s ships sail through the treacherous Straits of Gibralta. It’s heavy weather and display her seasoned sailing skills as she barks out the commands to bring them through clear of danger.

MONTAGE:

It’s a montage of sights, sounds, foods, spices, colors and textiles, architecture, people and places along the Mediterranean.

Until they finally come ashore. Alvilda and her ships come in to port.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

They are laden with items to barter and trade. All the crew are weary of the constant sun and seem to long for the colder climate.

80 EXT. MEDITERRANEAN SEA - DAY 80

Alvilda sets a course back up North.

ALVILDA
I've had enough of languishing in this caldron of boiling ocean. These Berber people, how do they move in this soup? We've traded everything we can, caught all the fish we can land, and endured each other's rank smell as long as we must.
(with a beaming smile)
Set the course North, I'm sick of the lot of you.

Wearily, but heartfelt, cheers echo from the crew.

81 EXT. SHIP'S DECK CAPTAINS AREA IN STERN DAY 81

Alvilda gathers Stig and the captains from each ship in her fleet. Over a map, she plots their course.

ALVILDA
We will make for port, here, near the Orvietto. Rest the crew and let them take as many women as their hearty appetites and stamina can handle.
(beat)
We will meet up back North at home port in Sweden.

The captains all draw a deep breath of relief.

CUT TO:

83 EXT. SHIPS' DECK - NIGHT 83

The ships are all BIVOUACKED together and Alvilda calls out to every member of her fleet. She toasts them with a stout mug of ale.

83 CONTINUED: 83

ALVILDA
You've worked long and hard. We've been away for many months. I wish you a warm bed...
(With a wink and a nod)
And someone to share it with! But, make it a bed that is nailed to the ground and doesn't sway and list with each wave we break! Now, Rest, all of you!

The Men cheer and bless her. Rusla sits atop one large man's shoulders. The man cheers Alvilda and Rusla nabs his mug and takes a swig of the ale. He laughs as it dribbles down his chin.

84 EXT. ALVILDA'S SHIP TRAVELING - DAY 84

Alvilda stares wistfully back at her entire fleet.

SELA
What started with one ship. Look at your fleet, Alvilda.

She smiles. Alvilda draws a deep breath.

SELA
There's only one reason they are all so loyal to you.
(Beat)
Men take other men into captivity as slaves. They steal them from their lands or from their boats. But you, a woman who could be threatened by all these fierce Viking men, choose instead to free these men and women.
(beat)
It must be why you still live and thrive with an entire fleet of men willing to live and die for you. You have restored their hope and emancipated them.

Sela's eyes well up, shaking her head in disbelief.

SELA
I could have never thought a life Like this for me. But just like you, I fled the fate my father and brother had planned for me.
(MORE)

84 CONTINUED: 84

SELA (CONT'D)
Selling me into a marriage that was convenient or suited my Father the King. I was no more a slave either. But, you freed me too.

They hug long and strong. A long beat and then Sela speaks.

SELA
I am with child. Oddly enough, I don't pray for a son, but for a daughter so she can be unlike all Kings and their first born sons. I pray for a daughter so I may call her Alvilda, if you will allow.

Alvilda smile, a tear of joy in her eye. Sela catches a glance of Orn across the deck. He stops coiling the line and holds on her curiously. Sela smiles the serene smile of a woman who knows she is carrying the child of the man she loves, long before he even knows.

Perhaps he senses it too.

ALVILDA
Let's go home Sela. Sweden is fine this time of year. We can make it home in time for the summer soltice. We will celebrate, bonfires at midnight along the shoreline and plenty of mutton and mead.
(beat)
And, ah, those endless summer nights. You will bear your child in a bed on firm ground not at sea!

Sela nods and smiles relieved herself to be heading North and home to a new life with Orn.

ALVILDA
But, we will take one last ship. Our provisions are low. I won't deliver our men home empty-handed. Besides, the slaves who are now free men and women deserve to be delivered home with something to their name.
(Beat)
We will take one last ship and we will select well.
(MORE)

84 CONTINUED: (2) 84

ALVILDA (CONT'D)
A ship heavy in the water, laden with goods along the trade route north.

SELA
Perhaps it best we just go home now. You have fought long and hard.

ALVILDA
One more. Then home.

85 EXT ALVILDA'S SHIP TRAVELING DAY 85

A storm pounds them for days, Alvilda must make a decision to save their cargo or dump it overboard. She glances at Sela and Rusla and her crew all battered by the fierce storm that has ripped at them.

ALVILDA
(to Stig)
We can't withstand much more. We will all be lost. We have to take to the coast.

Stig nods the storm howling.

STIG
Yes Captain.

He runs back to the helm as a sudden loud pop and snap as the mast parts the halyard and crashes below to the deck trapping one of her crew members.

Sela rushes to his side along with the MAYA the Moor Girl whose love for Toke is clear as she shields him from the slatting rain as he performs to help the poor young man, one of the boys who had come with Alvilda from the earliest days of the forest. When the rest of the mast threatens to crush Sela and Toke as well, she cries out against the raging winds.

ALVILDA
Stig! Bring her up into the wind.

STIG
Ay!

ALVILDA
Sela, Toke, Maya get out of there!

ORN
Sela get clear!

85 CONTINUED: 85

Orn looks up to the rigging and sees the shards of the mast ready to topple them.

Instinctively, Orn races to the mast and scampers up into the rigging fiercely cutting away the sails and save the ship.

Alvilda suddenly runs back to Stig to help him throw the tiller and come about tacking hard. The sails luff as the ship comes around. At this moment the strain of the sails goes slack and Orn manages to cut through the ropes.

The sails and mast are ripped away by the wind and fall crashing to the gunnel missing Sela and Toke by inches.

Sela, Toke and Maya barely look up from their work on the young man who lays pinned and skewered by the boom. He screams in pain, his entrails all over the deck. Toke holds pressure to the boy's abdomen but it is hopeless. Rusla comes to the young man and hugs him hard and holds his face in his lap.

RUSLA
All will be well, Gandor. Rest your head now. It’s just a bad dream.

Rusla's tiny hand pats Gandor's head. Gandor smiles serenely at Rusla and raises his hand to the young boy's soaked head.

GANDOR
All will be well yes, Rusla and I will see your mother soon. I will tell her how proud a young man you have made us all.

Rusla sobs as the rain beats his face.

Gandor drifts off now and Sela holds Rusla close. Maya comforts Toke who shakes his head in futility.

Alvilda looks up to Orn who stares down breathlessly from the rigging, the wind and rain slatting at him.

ALVILDA
(to her oarsmen)
Hard to port. We will hug the shore in protection of land. We will take cover in the lee.

86 EXT. LONG SHIP - DAY 86

The storm has abated. The ship lies to in the lee. Anchor set and the boat is in tatters. All are sleeping as the sun greets them. Alvilda is first to wake. She inspects the losses and kneeling by the young dead boy's body, she covers him with a tarp and hangs her head weakly.

She glances up at the tattered black flag that has sailed her mast since the day she left her homeland. An albatross flies overhead. She watches it pinwheel in the sky and what seems like a dark cloud moves across her expression.

From the bow, the shrill cry of the spotter.

SPOTTER
Ship off the leeward stern. And closing.

Alvilda turns back alarmed and curses herself for letting her guard down.

She stands and scans her options. There are none. They are lay to in the lee with no sails, no wind to help them.

She cries to her oarsmen.

ALVILDA
All take your places, pull for your lives!

The men jump to position and begin the Goliath heaving. The ship is slow to move off.

ALVILDA
(maniacal, near tears)
We will not be boarded like this. We will not give in. I won’t let any harm come to you!
(She curse herself for letting down her guard.)
Such a fool you are!

Alvilda presses on. The ship bearing down on them. They are flying a flag.

ALVILDA
Spotter, call out the flag they are flying! I can't make it out.

86 CONTINUED: 86

Sela raises her hand to shade her eyes and her face goes white.

Sela gasps to herself as she recognizes the flag all too well.

ALVILDA
Tell me boy, what do you see?

Sela turns back to Alvilda, her face looks haunted. Alvilda freezes when she sees Sela's expression.

SELA
Denmark.

Alvilda calls and urges for her men to pull their oars harder.

ALVILDA
The strength of all waves, pull men, pull!

It is no use. Alvilda calls to her crew.

ALVILDA
Ready yourselves with your armor and prepare your swords. Hold tight and may they find their mark.

With that, Alvilda draws her sword and dons her fighting gear. She shuts her armor mask over her face.

The ship barrels down upon them. The Captain wears his fighting gear, his sword gleans in the sun. Sela tries to hold strong though her belly is large and her footing unsure. She is breathing heavy.

The men board the ship, their swords drawn. They chop and hack through the oarsmen and work through the crew.

Alvilda's crew is outnumbered when at last the Captain of the overthrowing ship steps tall and strong onto Alvilda's helm.

Alvilda is fierce and fearless to the end.

As the Captain raises his eyes to Alvilda, everything seems to stop. The armor covering all but those eyes, so green and piercing.

He raises his blade high and she duck away, knocking her helmet from her head. Out topples her long blonde hair.

86 CONTINUED: (2) 86

She whirls back and the Captain stands sword held high to end her. He drops it to his side in shock.

Alvilda studies him confused. He moves slowly, removing his armor mask. His green eyes, his strong body.

ALF
You...

ALVILDA
You...

The captain holds his blade high over Alvilda. Sela from behind doesn't see the Captain's face but only his hand raised with sword ready to kill Alvilda.

Sela suddenly runs to stop the captain from slicing the life from her Alvilda.

SELA
No!!!!

She throws herself at the Captain who wheels back around and pitches his sword in the air to grab the blade and use the butt to knock the woman down.

Sela takes the butt of the sword in the face and goes down in a heap.

Alvilda cries out.

ALVILDA
No!

She runs to Sela's side who is out cold, but alive.

ALF
God, you don't know how long I have wanted to do that!

Alf looks at Sela lying there unconscious.

ALF
And to find her in such a state, with child no less.
(with a bit of a smile)
What kind of ship are you captaining here?

Alvilda is confused and glares at him.

86 CONTINUED: (3) 86

ALF
Now if you'd allow me to continue Princess, before all of your men are dead, what I was trying to do before my incredibly annoying sister tried to kill me.

Alf swipes his blade through the air to issue a halt to his men.

ALF
Stop!

The fighting subsides.

Alvilda is stuck on the last thing he had said almost forgetting the fighting going on.

ALVILDA
Wait, you know her?

ALF
Her? Yes! Sela is my globetrotting sister who apparently really does get around.
(beat)
...which brings me to straight to you, Pirate Princess. If it weren't for my dear sister's gallivanting around, I would have never had the pleasure of being violently “venomed” by a she-wolf who stiffed me of the prize. I did after all earn the prize and even threw in some rabid animal slaughtering to impress you. But noooo.
(beat)
How did you put it, You aren't the marrying kind?
(Beat)
Yes, pretty sure that was the last thing you said to me...
(Beat)
before the prize...you...took off after dousing me with your nearly fatal concoction and stiffed me of the winnings.
(beat)
That's the part that stung the worst. That was the part I would not let you live down. That was the part that had me searching until I found you so I could...

(CONTINUED)

86 CONTINUED: (4) 86

He steps up to Alvilda who stares into his eyes and she is just lost, gone, hopelessly helplessly capsized by this man.

Alf studies her face. He wipes the sweat and dirt from her cheek.

ALF
Just like the first time we met, your face smudged with the charcoal pen of all the maps and places you would raid... good thing you left a few behind for me to go off of.
(beat)
You know you are quite a good cartographer. I could use such an able body as you. However you should have known the eddies up in these parts would hold you windless and lulled. I couldn't have asked more of Aegir, the mighty God of wind.

Alf moves his hands around her.

ALF
Yes, I should say an able body as yours will make me a fine wife. A deal's a deal after all!

Alvilda eyes sparkle as a smile moves across her lips. Alf leans in to kiss her, she stands eyes closed and waiting, he pauses to leave her hanging and then pulls back. He feels between her breasts.

Alvilda opens her eyes in shock and swats his hand.

ALF
I'm just checking you have no other love potions to sprinkle on me.

Alvilda swats him and laughs and Alf leans in and kisses her with the weight of his full body, heart and soul behind it.

Orn rushes across deck having missed the whole exchange until the kiss. He shakes his head at the crazy fate and just sits down next to Sela relieved to find her alive. He kisses her face.

Sela rouses and sits up squinting. She sees Alvilda and Alf kissing.

86 CONTINUED: (5) 86

SELA
Ewww, ughhh. What is going on?

ALVILDA
I should have known you two were brother and sister. You couldn't be anymore alike. Green eyes are the least of it!

SELA
(spitting mad)
Me? him? My wicked and evil brother?
(beat)
...before you kiss that puss anymore you should know where its been. Slimed by fish skank and gurry from all the times I nailed him in the mouth with rotten bait.

Alf nods in agreement.

ALF
It's true she is indeed more sea worthy than I, but then again, I did find you and capture you. Didn’t I, Sister?

ALF
And what of this belly and your condition?

Sela takes Orn's hand and holds it to her belly.

SELA
My daughter will be born to a good man and her name will be Alvilda.

Alf laughs.

ALF
(Wonderful)
This calls for a truce then!

Sela seems shocked at the idea of not fighting with her brother. Orn laughs at her

ORN
It’s alright Sela, I’m sure you will teach little Alvilda to slop the gurry to her Uncle Alf.

86 CONTINUED: (6) 86

ALF
Sela, you don’t happen to remember old Captain Skaard O'Leara, do you?

SELA
Nope. I can’t say I do.

ALF
Old Skaard O’Leara was recounting a tale of a wild encounter with a Pirate Dane unlike any other. Apparently this particular Pirate was a Wench!

Alf feels for Alvilda’s sword as he holds her close.

ALF
And speaking of weapons, apparently this wench, after looting everything from poor old Skaar, who by the way was at our Soltice feast most every year til you were 9!

Sela looks nonplussed.

SELA
I don't know what or who you are referring to.

Alf nods.

ALF
Hmmm. As I was saying, this Pirate apparently managed to have poor Skaar swear to have a sword of immeasurable strength and beauty?
(Looking to Sela as he unsheathes the sword)
What would you know of this?

Sela looks away as if avoiding eye contact then hears the sword unsheathe. She turns and grins.

Orn grins. Alf delivers the sword to Orn in full honor.

ALF
(To Orn)
Brother in Law.

Sela beams.

86 CONTINUED: (7) 86

Alf holds Alvilda around the waist pulling her tight.

ALF
But you, Alvilda, you are my Pirate Princess. We have much catching up to do. Perhaps you can show me the course you had charted home.

ALF
(turning to All)
You will travel on our ship and if we make good time, we might even reach Sweden by Summer Solstice.
(back to Alvilda)
You may show me your rituals and one day I will show you mine.

Alf kisses her passionately.

ALF
I never thought you'd let me find you.

The sun shimmers on her dark hair. Alvilda kisses Alf back. Long and hard and completely.

87 EXT. ALF'S SHIP - DAY 87

As the last cargo is off-loaded to Alf's boat, Rusla scampers up to the halyard and uncleats the black flag.

He stuffs it in his shirt and lopes from the old ship to Alf's deck.

Alvilda smiles at Rusla.

ALVILDA
You watch over that for me, Rusla.

Alf smiles then calls to Rusla.

ALF
Rulsa Boy, fly her here.

Rusla smiles and jumps to the mast to run the black flag up Alf's ship's mast.

Alf smiles.

87 CONTINUED: 87

NARRATOR
(V.O.)
"She were a vision o' loveliness...'er brown 'air blowin' in th' wind, 'er pretty eyes snappin' fire left an' right. 'er shirt were open sae much I could see th' swell o' 'er breasts, an' I swear I woulda 'ad 'er right then an' there, 'cept'n she 'ad tha' big ol' whip in one 'and, an' a dagger in th' other. I were lucky tae get away wit' me life, but it were worth it fer one look at 'er, me matey."
- Dogface Royson, Sailor