

Jorvik

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Abstract

Jorvik is at its heart a coming-of-age story. Ragnhildr, throughout the story finds herself at a crossroads between what is expected of her and what she feels is right. Set at the height of the Viking Kingdom, the Jorvik Vikings are threatened with civil war, orchestrated by the Saxons of the south. Ragnhildr must help her family navigate the political and physical tensions whilst investigating her mother's death. Through this script, the reader experiences the expectations for a woman born into a war-loving family and how she uses her own judgement to steer her people toward peace. Her mother's death causes Ragnhildr's world to descend into chaos. Whilst those around her grasp onto the anger they feel, Ragnhildr uses her reasoning to try and deduce why this occurred. In doing this her perspective on the raiding of villages, the deaths of her friends and the hostilities shown by other Viking Jarls in the kingdom, move from that of glory and honour to sympathy and dissolution. On the other side is an opportunistic Saxon general, looking to capitalise on the rising tensions by manipulating the power lust in the King's nephew Osulf. Osulf is used to kick off the unrest in the Kingdom in the hope that the Saxons can seize control. In the ensuing battles, Ragnhildr's Lover, Igni, and Father, Erik Bloodaxe, are killed mercilessly and her Brother Harald, the heir to the throne, is injured. Leaving her the sole commander just as the final battle for the kingdom is about to begin. Whilst set 1000 years in the past this story of traditional vs modern thinking is one that resonates throughout modern life, and through this it is aimed to deliver one message, just because it's the way it was, doesn't mean its the way it has to be.

Author's Declaration

I declare that this thesis is a presentation of original work and I am the sole author. This work has not previously been presented for a degree or other qualification at this University or elsewhere. All sources are acknowledged as references.

Jorvik

By

Nathanael Craig

INT. JORVIK LONGHOUSE, RAGNHILDR'S ROOM. NIGHT

The sound of STEEL COLLIDING WITH STEEL rings faintly. The clashing speeds up and gradually becomes louder.

As it grows louder and more frequent, RAGNHILDR(25) begins to stir in bed.

The room is in complete darkness. Next to the fur-covered double bed is a chair draped in Ragnhildr's body armour.

The back of the chair has her blue vest strung across it; showing fur lining under the sleeves, while the chainmail part has clumped near the neck from being thrown.

In a pile on the seat are her fur shoes and a pair of axes. The seat is facing the bed within arms reach.

The axes have ornate bone handles, with carvings depicting a Viking cutting down a Frost Giant. The surfaces of the axes' blades are a slick, perfectly shined steel.

Ragnhildr's bright red hair flows down past the scar on her left cheek to her lower back.

She stirs again as the fighting outside her room continues.

She is completely oblivious, lying in her beige underclothes undisturbed until suddenly ERIK BLOODAXE (56) ROARS while fighting.

The sudden eruption of sound jolts Ragnhildr awake, causing her to automatically grab an axe on her right. Hyperventilating, she now consciously acknowledges the SOUNDS OF FIGHTING coming from outside.

Her confusion is quickly interrupted as IGNI (29) opens the door.

Ragnhildr immediately launches her axe towards Igni, before quickly realising it was her partner standing at the door.

Luckily her aim after such a rude awakening is lacking, and the axe plants itself in the door frame to his right.

Igni stands there, staring at her in complete shock. He is wearing his full chainmail and fur-lined armour. His vambraces are stained with blood in places, and the small knife belt across his chest is missing a couple of knives. The axe in his right hand is dripping with blood from its blade.

Ragnhildr sees his axe and her eyes widen in shock.

IGNI
Get ready! We need you!

Ragnhildr scrambles to arm herself as Igni goes back to the fight.

INT. JORVIK LONGHOUSE, MAIN HALL. NIGHT

Ragnhildr emerges from her room, leaping onto the closest assailant. Immediately, she plunges her axe into the back of the leather-clad body.

She follows as they fall to the ground. She looks around as she digs her axe from their back.

The Longhouse is in darkness. The fires of the torches and the fire pit in the centre of the room have long since gone out.

Erik, her father, is on the other side of the room fighting off two other assailants.

His greying blonde hair and beard are completely loose, swaying violently with every attack he deals. Unlike everyone around him, Erik is wearing no armour. He is topless and only wearing brown cloth trousers.

Wielding his giant battleaxe, he eliminates two assailants. A third leaps onto the giant man's back.

Ragnhildr looks down at the person she has just killed. Whilst all of the assailants are wearing similar leather armour, they appear to have different underlying clothes.

She turns the body over to reveal that it was a Viking, his distinctive long beard was not like one she had ever seen on a Saxon. Meanwhile, the two her father had just killed were both completely clean-shaven.

Before she can investigate further she sees HARALD (27), Ragnhildr's brother, sprinting from her right. He SCREAMS as he hacks his way through another two assailants, heading towards the HOODED LEADER.

As soon as the Leader sees Harald emerge he begins scrambling for the door, pushing past a few of his comrades.

The Leader is wearing the same leather as the other assailants, but is covering his face with a black cloth that disappears into a black hood of the same material.

Harald is a direct contrast: a large muscular Viking, wearing a leather breastplate on top of his white cloth vest. His hair and beard are in messy plaits, as if they were done a few days prior.

Ragnhildr, wasn't concentrating on the Leader. Instead she was looking at where her brother had just emerged from. To her right is another bedroom. Her father's.

She walks slowly towards the door.

INT. JORVIK LONGHOUSE, MAIN BEDROOM. NIGHT

As Ragnhildr walks in the room, she immediately drops her axe.

The room is lit by one torch on the wall, its flickering light struggling to clearly define Ragnhildr's mother HILDR (51) on the bed.

Hildr is a slim but toned red-haired woman. Her hair is tied back in a simple low ponytail.

She lays clutching a knife in her stomach, blood staining her shirt and the bed beneath her. The blood glistens in the light, catching Ragnhildr's eye. She hurries over to her mother and puts her own hand on the wound.

Hildr runs her hand through her daughter's hair, and brings her head close to her own.

Ragnhildr pulls her mother close and feels the last breath leave her body.

She takes a moment before lying her mother back on the bed and closing her eyes.

INT. JORVIK LONGHOUSE, MAIN HALL. NIGHT

All that is left other than the seven dead bodies spread across the floor of the Longhouse is Igni fighting off the remaining two assailants.

He blocks attacks from their swords both in front and behind using his flexibility to his advantage. He hooks the blades using his axe.

He pushes the assailant to the side by forcing their sword away from him. He then swings the axe from behind his back to decapitate the enemy in front of him.

Once the remaining assailant steadies himself, he lunges towards the preoccupied Igni.

At the last moment, Ragnhildr hurls her axe into the enemy's head.

Igni is once again stunned and laughs at Ragnhildr.

She ignores him and walks past, completely focused on the ongoing battle sounds coming from outside. She dislodges her axe, cleaning it as she exits the Longhouse.

EXT. JORVIK EASTERN DISTRICT. NIGHT

SOUNDS OF CONTINUED FIGHTING echo throughout the streets of Jorvik.

In the corridor leading to Walmgate Bar, Erik is fighting his way through seven assailants. Harald is also fighting with the Leader of the group. They are completely evenly matched, with neither being able to win out in their struggle.

Weaving throughout the narrow moonlit alleyways between the decrepit wooden houses, Ragnhildr bounds around the corner onto the main street where the fight is ongoing.

She readies herself to sprint towards the assailants mobbing her father. Just as she is about to set off on her murderous rampage, she notices the people in the houses around her quickly putting whatever they can behind the windows.

Boards are being placed to cover any gaps in one house, chairs stacked up high in another. The BANGS and SCRAPES of heavy furniture being moved are apparent. Then to her left, she notices a homeless family.

THE MOTHER'S (31) hair and clothes covered in the dirt that makes their home. Though once blonde, her hair is so dirty that it has lost all its beauty. She is cradling two TWINS (3). Both children look tired, but their eyes are fixated on Ragnhildr's bright red hair.

Ragnhildr turns her attention back to the battle, ignoring the fear of the people around her.

An assailant tugs on Erik's battleaxe, desperately attempting to disarm the Viking King. Ragnhildr leaps into action and takes them out, allowing Erik to put his battleaxe to good use. He swings it into the side of the enemy standing in front of him.

At the quick dispatch of two of his allies, the Leader throws Harald off him. Then he begins to sprint towards the city entrance, where a horse is waiting for him.

Seeing him flee, Ragnhildr tries to stop him by launching her axe whilst being attacked by another assailant.

The distraction causes her axe to only catch his leg, and land a heavy cut to his left thigh. He limps onward to his horse.

Witnessing this, Harald quickly gets back to his feet and snaps the neck of the enemy Ragnhildr is fighting.

At the same time, Erik buries his axe into the collar of the final enemy.

As the battle ends, Igni and the other sixteen DRENGR arrive around the corner that Ragnhildr came through earlier. These are the most elite soldiers in a Viking army. Each one is equipped to the teeth with weapons. All are wearing similar armour to Harald, but all display a variety of designs with different colour undershirts. Their warpaint is red.

Most wear a light blue. A few however are wearing yellow, purple and brown respectively.

Erik lets out an almighty SCREAM before falling to his knees. His battleaxe falls to the ground with a THUD.

Igni knocks on the doors of the houses around them to inform the people that the area is safe.

Ragnhildr looks out to the Bar in stunned silence, the flickering torches in the streets cause her eyes to glisten as she begins to tear up.

Igni walks over to her and pulls her close before kissing her on the forehead. Her eyes close as a single tear flows down her face.

INT. JORVIK LONGHOUSE, RAGNHILDR'S ROOM. DAY

Ragnhildr opens her eyes again, but this time she is only 7.

Her plaited red hair has some of her father's golden hair woven in.

She is wearing a smaller version of the blue vest she had on, except the sleeves are lined with less fur and there is no chainmail.

Instead of Igni kissing her forehead, it is her mother Hildr, now 33.

TITLE OVER: "JORVIK, 936. 18 YEARS EARLIER"

Her clothes are designed for the harsh winters of the North. There is a fur lining to her blue vest and she is adorned with a bear-tooth necklace. Her biceps are exposed to the elements, showing the toned muscle.

Ragnhildr looks up at her mother with a determined grin.

HILDR

There you go little one. Now you
won't fight your brother today,
will you?

RAGNHILDR

He-

Hildr looks at Ragnhildr sternly, stopping her sentence in
its tracks.

RAGNHILDR (cont'd)

Yes mother.

The two stand up and walk towards the door hand in hand.

HILDR

I know it's hard not to fight,
but just try. For me?

The two walk into the white light emanating from the
doorway.

EXT. JORVIK TRAINING CAMP. DAY

A bright summer sun shines down on a dry compound. There
are small huts surrounding a large arena in the middle of
the compound.

Several groups of shirtless, well-built Vikings are all
undertaking a variety of training: wrestling, archery,
training dummies and axe fighting drills are all occurring
at the same time.

In the centre, there is a ring where two Vikings are
preparing for a battle.

LOSUF (56) is a red-haired giant of a man. He has battle
scars covering almost every inch of his head and exposed
torso. Losuf charges SCREAMING, axe drawn over his head.

Erik Bloodaxe at 38 is the personification of a perfect
Viking: blonde hair, blue eyes, extremely muscular, and a
perfectly braided beard. He stands unbothered by the
charging giant.

As Losuf gets within a metre of Erik, Erik laughs. Erik
turns away from the colossus and with one swift move grabs
his battleaxe, using it to trip Losuf over as he dodges
the seemingly unstoppable train.

ERIK

Losuf, Give up.

Losuf gathers himself from the ground and spits out the
clump of dirt he ate when face-planting the floor.

ERIK
Just accept it.

Losuf, as fast as a fox, leaps from the ground and towards Erik. Their axes meet.

Erik looks to be on the back foot with the giant Viking bearing down on him.

ERIK
You're not as good at swinging an
axe as you are at making them.

LOSUF
You sound very confident for
someone about to lose to an old
man.

ERIK
Lose? What makes you think I'm
going to lose?

Erik smirks. Losuf looks confused, convinced he is going to beat Erik. He shakes away his doubts and pushes harder down on Erik's axe.

Erik chooses that moment to move his right foot back and around, spinning himself on the spot.

This brings his axe's tip down, allowing him to hook the handle of Losuf's axe and once again send the giant face-first into the floor.

The crowd that has formed during their fight CHEERS. This causes Erik to gloat and bask in the glory his fellow Vikings are giving him.

He laughs as he helps Losuf off the floor and back onto his feet. The two, arm-in-arm, start to make their way through the crowd.

ERIK (cont'd)
This is why you leave the
fighting to me old man, and I
leave the crafting to you.

LOSUF
Maybe. Perhaps I made that axe a
bit too good.

ERIK
Perhaps you did, or a more likely
reason is that I have the might
of Thor on my side.

The crowd has now cleared. Erik and Losuf are interrupted by Hildr and EDAN(29).

Edan is unlike the other male Vikings: he is well groomed and slender, though toned. His jet-black hair is slicked back, and his beard is trimmed. His attire is comprised of leather shoulder and chest pads, with a fur undercoat lined with blue dyed cotton.

HILDR

The might of Thor, maybe, but not the wisdom of Odin.

ERIK

Well that is why I have you my dear.

HILDR

You should know by now that flattery will get you-

ERIK

Anywhere I want.

Hildr chuckles at her husband's charm, before kissing him on the cheek.

Erik then quickly turns his attention to Edan.

ERIK (cont'd)

Edan, brother, how was your journey?

EDAN

I can't complain, my King, though I wish Osulf would have done the same.

Erik walks over to the weapons rack, with the others following. Erik studies the ones available, ensuring they are sharp.

ERIK

Restless is the mind of a child while travelling. I remember us being the same when we crossed the sea.

EDAN

Yes, well we couldn't cause too much trouble on a small longboat. Not that we didn't try!

The brothers embrace.

ERIK

Ha! Too true. Where is the young Drengr anyway?

Hildr taps Erik on the shoulder as Edan points, which draws his attention back to the ring where he and Losulf were just fighting.

IN THE RING

Two young boys OSULF (11) and Harald (9) stand opposite each other, staring one another down.

Osulf is wearing a chainmail shirt and cloth trousers. His hair is jet-black like his father's, but scraggly. He is poised to launch, his body weight fully on his left foot with his right only just touching the ground.

Harald fastens his leather bracers. His hair is in a long blonde plait. He has heterochromia where one of his eyes is blue like his father's and the other is green like his mother's. His arms are bare, but his chest is protected by a leather vest.

Once Harald is satisfied his bracers are fastened, he nods to Osulf. Then both are still and silent.

Watching on are Erik and Edan, enthralled by the tension.

EDAN

Remember when we used to do this?

ERIK

And you used to cheat, not that it did you any good.

EDAN

It wasn't cheating!

ERIK

Hiding a dagger in your boot is cheating.

HILDR

Will you two shut up.

The silence in the ring is finally broken when Osulf CRIES out and charges at Harald.

Harald quickly matches his cousin and CRIES back.

As the two meet in the middle Harald leaps to tackle Osulf, who reacts very quickly to slide underneath.

The family crowd all GASP at how close they came.

ERIK

The largest leg at the feast says Harald wins.

EDAN

You know betting with me isn't a good idea.

ERIK

Just because you know you will lose.

LOSUF

Is that bet open to outsiders?

Sat beside the entranced family is Ragnhildr, her eyes captivated by her cousin in particular.

Harald and Osulf compose themselves once again, now at opposite sides of the ring.

Each waits for the other to flinch first.

Osulf is first to move. He darts to the left towards the weapons rack, Harald immediately doing the same.

When they both reach the rack, Osulf doesn't grab a weapon, but instead uses it to leap; twisting his entire body mid-air over Harald. Their faces are almost next to each other as he reaches the peak of his jump.

Ragnhildr is captivated by the amazing acrobatic display she is witnessing.

Harald grabs a wooden axe as Osulf lands on the floor. Just as he hits the floor, Osulf grabs a handful of dirt and throws it at Harald to disorient him.

EDAN

Yes!

ERIK

That's cheating!

EDAN

Of course it is. Anything that means you lose is cheating to you.

Harald is tackled to the ground, but manages to push off Osulf; wiping away the dirt from his face.

He finally clocks where Osulf lands and leaps at him with his axe, enraged.

Osulf dodges the blow in the nick of time and scrambles to safety, but Harald is close now. He grabs Osulf's leg and pulls him back.

Harald punches Osulf in the leg and then lifts the axe to knock out Osulf.

ERIK

Harald!

His father's ROAR is booming enough to snap Harald out of his anger trance. Breathing heavily, Harald slowly lowers the axe and helps his cousin to his feet.

EDAN

I guess you win again, brother.

Edan starts to walk away, but a small voice breaks his stride.

RAGNHILDR

I'm next.

Ragnhildr is stood axe-in-hand behind her brother.

HARALD

Go put the axe down Ragnhildr, I won't fight you.

RAGNHILDR

Scared?

Ragnhildr raises an eyebrow at her brother, causing Osulf to laugh. Harald quickly silences him by easily pushing him over.

HILDR

Is that bet still on?

ERIK

What?

HILDR

For the largest leg at the feast.

ERIK

You think-

Hildr shoots her husband the same look Ragnhildr has just given her brother.

HARALD

Why would I be scared of a girl?

RAGNHILDR

I'm not just any girl, I am a Dreng.

The two boys laugh.

RAGNHILDR (cont'd)

Fight me!

She leaps at her brother. Osulf runs to not be caught in the crossfire. Harald brings his axe up to match his sister.

Ragnhildr quickly pulls her axe back, but before she can strike again, Harald catches her left side.

HARALD
Completely open. Defend while you attack.

ERIK
Still want to take that bet?

HILDR
Just wait.

Ragnhildr sighs and closes her eyes for a moment. She looks back up to face her brother as he charges back at her.

She breathes to compose herself but doesn't move. Only when Harald is about to strike does she move out the way and trips him with her axe, like her father did.

ERIK
Ha! Like father, like daughter!

Harald picks himself up and charges once again to Ragnhildr. She quickly bends down, picks up dirt and throws it at her brother.

This doesn't work as well as she had seen it done before but it does slightly daze Harald.

EDAN
She is wise, like her mother too.

Hildr smiles and proudly looks on at her daughter.

Harald is able to collect himself much quicker than before, and throws his axe at Ragnhildr who reacts just in time to dodge out of the way.

However, as she turns around, she sees her brother is almost upon her. She runs away frantically.

Thinking quickly, she suddenly darts back towards Harald, sliding between her unsuspecting brother's legs and tripping him up with her axe.

Harald falls to the floor with a loud THUD.

She stands up victorious, towering over her brother.

Hildr walks over and kneels in front of Ragnhildr with a smile on her face.

HILDR

I told you not to fight your
brother.

Ragnhildr looks down, hiding from her mother's gaze.

Hildr suppresses a laugh. She leans in and whispers in her
daughter's ear.

HILDR

Well done.

Ragnhildr just looks up and smiles.

EXT. YORKSHIRE ROAD. DAY

TITLE OVER: "DEIRA, 954"

The morning sun begins to creep over the horizon, bathing
the sky bathed with an orange hue. The Yorkshire plains
are glowing green in the early sunlight, BIRDSONG is
littering the air and the trees are swaying gently in the
air. Nature is at peace.

Ragnhildr is stood on the road looking at the horizon
pensively.

Igni and DOTTA (24) are looking intently at the road,
picking up stones spotted with faint signs of blood.

Dotta is a slight woman, wearing a chainmail vest over a
yellow undershirt and metal vambraces. Her sword has a
signature pommel: hand carved to resemble a Ram.

Ragnhildr grips her mother's bear tooth necklace which she
now wears around her neck.

She flinches subtly as Harald puts his hand on her
shoulder.

HARALD

We will find them.

RAGNHILDR

I know.

She looks at her brother and notices that Igni is
approaching.

He scrapes the dust off his hands and coughs to interrupt
the siblings.

IGNI

The blood is getting fainter, but
it looks like they were heading
around the mount to the East.

The siblings look over Igni's shoulder to see what he is referring to.

A large hill covers the endpoint of the road.

RAGNHILDR

We will scout at the top. We need
to know what it is we are up
against.

Without waiting for a response, Ragnhildr strides towards the hill. Igni and Harald quickly scurry to keep up.

HARALD

It doesn't matter what we are up
against. The Saxons won't be a
match for us.

IGNI

What makes you so sure it was the
Saxons?

HARALD

Who else benefits from killing-

Harald stops not bringing himself to say his mother's name.

RAGNHILDR

If it was the Saxons then how did
they get into the city unnoticed?

Igni grabs Ragnhildr's arm and stands close to her.

IGNI

Are you suggesting there was
someone who betrayed us?

RAGNHILDR

I'm not suggesting it. See for
yourself.

Harald and Igni look over the crest of the hill, spotting a Viking camp.

The camp is the antithesis of the natural atmosphere that surrounds it. Wooden walls encompass a lively and noisy camp.

The sound of fires cracking and laughter can be heard from inside.

There are two VIKING GUARDS stood leaning on the gate, talking with two SAXON BOWMEN patrolling on the walls above. Ragnhildr also notices a SAXON GUARD up on the tower sat almost out of sight.

Harald doesn't say a word. He seethes, clenching his jaw and unsheathing his axe.

Kneeling in front of him, Ragnhildr and Igni are surveying the camp.

IGNI
Bastards.

RAGNHILDR
There has to be a reason.

IGNI
The Jarls know the Saxons aren't to be trusted.

RAGNHILDR
We shouldn't be surprised that their offer of peace was taken up by some.

IGNI
Killing your mother isn't what I would call peace.

Ragnhildr looks down with the reminder of her mother's death.

IGNI (cont'd)
Ragnhildr I-

Immediately the two of them are cut off by the symphony of VIKING ROARS in the distance towards the gate.

EXT. YORKSHIRE FIELDS. DAY

The VIKING ROARS erupt and crescendo as they charge in towards the Saxon Camp.

Harald is leading the charge followed by the group of sixteen Drengir.

The Viking guards at the gate of the camp barely get to their weapons in time before Harald charges in and kills them both with one fell swoop.

Ragnhildr and Igni are sprinting to join the fray.

However, as they reach the group Ragnhildr splits off and heads towards the tower. She leaps, grabbing hold of one of the rope knots holding the wood together.

THE RAMPARTS

Whilst climbing the tower, Ragnhildr notices the Bowmen on the walls that are firing at the Drengr below. She watches as a few of her companions are killed.

Jumping from the side of the tower onto the wall, Ragnhildr throws one of her axes at the first Bowman, killing him instantly.

Upon landing, she is charged at by the second who unsheathes his sword.

As she picks herself up the Bowman kicks her back down disarming her in the process. Scrambling for her footing the Bowman SCREAMS as he is about to plunge his sword into her.

She takes this opportunity to swiftly kick him in the crotch, incapacitating him and delivers an uppercut to knock him out.

She retrieves her axe and looks down at the bowman, contemplating killing him. Instead she turns her attention to the guard atop the tower to her right.

EXT. SAXON-VIKING TOWN. DAY

Inside the camp there are wooden houses built close to each other, allowing for as many people to fit in one area as possible.

The streets aren't paved, but instead have been created over the passage of time. Dirt tracks have been trodden into the grass, creating the illusion of a walkway through the houses.

SCREAMS can be heard alongside the clanging of metal boots on the ground as more and more Saxons charge towards the Viking invaders.

On the ground Harald is plunging his axe into every Saxon he can find. Making as much noise with his ROARS as possible.

He looks around and searches for his next enemy as he yanks his axe from the dead Saxon in front of him.

Harald spots a LARGE VIKING. He, unlike the others, is smiling; relishing in the battle. His face and open arms are covered in scars, and he wields a large mace in his left hand. Between them is a small group of Saxons fighting with the other Drengr.

On his way to the large Viking, he pushes the other Saxons and Vikings out of the way and kills a few easily with a couple swings of his axe.

He now has a clear path to the larger Viking and begins to sprint towards him. Before Harald can leap into action, a couple of loud SCREAMS can be heard.

He turns to see a couple of his compatriots.

Dotta and ATHILS (29) a larger male. His bright blonde hair shimmers in the sun, blending into his yellow shirt which is torn at the waist. Half of it is tucked into his belt, showing underneath the chainmail shirt.

Both of them fall to the floor dead, with arrows sticking from their backs.

He sharply looks up to see the Bowman at the top of the tower.

HARALD

Archer!

Within an instant, Harald drives at the other Drengr to push them against the wall.

A few Drengr get picked off on their way to join the pack. All of a sudden the Drengr left are stood axes up against the wall, where the bowman can't reach them.

Their attention is then drawn to the group of Saxon foot soldiers walking towards them. The Drengr are trapped.

Harald stands at the ready at the front of the pack. Opposite him is the Large Viking from earlier.

Harald takes a breath and closes his eyes, reconciling the risk he is about to take.

Suddenly, a loud THUD breaks Harald's focus as the Bowman's body falls to the floor in front of them.

Harald is bemused and the entire Viking and Saxon forces look up to the top of the tower where the Bowman once was.

Ragnhildr is standing there, triumphantly cleaning her blade. She sheathes the axe.

Harald smiles and lets out a deafening WAR CRY as he leaps towards the Saxons, followed immediately by the other Drengr.

EXT. SAXON-VIKING TOWN, WALLS. DAY

Ragnhildr drops down from the right and looks for a way down to her brother.

Spotting narrow steps further down the wall, she makes a beeline for them.

Three Saxon warriors meet her at the top of the steps.

SAXON ONE, at the forefront of the trio, holds a flail in his left hand. He starts approaching her, ready to pounce.

SAXON ONE

Ha Ha! Nowhere to run now.

Ragnhildr is slowly retreating, scanning all around her searching for an exit strategy.

Suddenly, she spots a spear in a weapon rack to her right.

As soon as she sees the rack, she rushes to grab the spear; holding it upright. Saxon One begins to swing his flail towards her as she does this.

Ragnhildr dodges the spiked ball as it narrowly misses her head. The chain of the flail wraps around the upright spear, locking it into place.

Ragnhildr uses this to pull Saxon One towards her. Caught off-balance, he stumbles forwards. She uses the spear's handle to hit him in the face, knocking him out cold.

Stepping over the unconscious body of Saxon One, she unsheathes her two axes and waits for the other Saxons to make the first move.

The remaining two Saxons stand dumbstruck for a mere moment, before looking at one another. They then simultaneously charge at Ragnhildr.

Ragnhildr smiles, and flips her axes so that the axe head is next to her elbow.

In a flash, Ragnhildr kneels and catches the Saxons off guard. She slides forward swiping their legs with the tips of her axe as she passes through the middle of them.

The axes slice through the calves of the two Saxons, causing their legs to buckle, completely incapacitating them.

With the three Saxons dealt with, she finally makes her way to the steps. She looks out to the rest of the Saxon Camp.

EXT. SAXON-VIKING TOWN. DAY

Ragnhildr gasps, as she sees the dirty Saxon Camp almost completely ablaze.

She sheathes her axes and runs towards the centre of the Camp, where the SCREAMS OF THE CIVILIANS are erupting.

INT. SAXON-VIKING TOWN, LONGHOUSE. DAY

The ornate wooden door is lit on both sides by candles. The stone floor of the Longhouse is basked in the flickering warm light of the torches around the hall.

The walls are clean and draped with tapestries depicting great battles.

The door shakes, causing the Saxon guests of the Longhouse to gasp.

Suddenly the door swings wildly open to an almighty ROAR from Harald.

All the torches are extinguished from the sudden influx of air.

The guests swarm to escape from the open door. Harald ignores them, his eyes fixed on the now revealed VIKING JARL (42).

The Viking Jarl is adorned completely in metal chainmail, a large bucket helmet and a full battleaxe. He now drags the axe along the floor.

Each movement leaves a tear in the ornate rug he is standing on.

Harald lifts his axe to point it at the brute.

As quickly as he entered, Harald charges towards the Viking Jarl. As Harald draws near, he swings his axe wildly towards the Jarl's left side.

This move is easily dodged by the Jarl, who with the slightest movement avoids the axe. As Harald is now committed to the swing, the Viking Jarl is able to use the momentum to his advantage by pushing him away. This move throws Harald onto the floor.

Dropping his axe, Harald groans at the pain of landing on his shoulder.

With no time to relax, Harald quickly spots the Viking Jarl. The Jarl brings his axe towards Harald's head with an almighty ROAR.

Narrowly avoiding the massive blade, Harald rolls over to the left and picks up his axe in his left hand.

Clambering to his feet, Harald is still in pain with his right arm. He winces as he passes the axe into his right hand.

Enraged, Harald leaps towards the Viking Jarl who is still turning his mighty axe towards the young Prince.

Using speed to his advantage, Harald catches the Jarl with his axe on the back of his leg, causing the Jarl to fall to his knees.

Harald goes to land the final blow, but instead of finding the Jarl's neck, his axe clashes with that of the Jarl's.

The vibrations of the colliding iron shoot up Harald's arm to the spot where he landed.

Crying out in pain, Harald drops his axe and is stunned.

The Jarl gathers himself, stands up straight, and towers over the Viking.

In a last-ditch effort to incapacitate the Jarl, Harald punches the brute in the head.

This only serves to injure Harald again, as his fist clashes with the metal of the Jarl's helmet.

The Viking Jarl lets out a wry chuckle and smiles.

INT. SAXON-VIKING HOME. DAY

Meanwhile, just like her brother, Ragnhildr bursts through a wooden door.

However, instead of swinging on its hinges, this door comes straight off and falls on the floor with a light TWANG.

As it hits the dirt floor, a spray of ash is brought up into the air.

Ragnhildr covers her face and coughs as she tries to see past the smoke and ash.

Before her is a barren mortar built hut. A wooden table stands underneath the window, to the left of Ragnhildr.

The thatched roof above her is clouded with smoke as the fire ravages the exterior.

RAGNHILDR

Hello?

A FAINT CRYING can be heard which is suddenly silenced.

Ragnhildr makes her way through, trying to see more past the smoke.

As she gets towards the back, she finds a small Saxon family cowering in the corner. They are cowering from the smoke, the fire and now Ragnhildr.

The FATHER has his hand on his DAUGHTER's mouth whilst the MOTHER is crying and cradling a very young SON.

All of them are wearing torn brown clothing, their faces covered in soot and bags under their eyes. Whilst not gaunt, they are very thin.

RAGNHILDR (cont'd)

It's alright, I won't hurt you.
You can go.

She approaches the family lending out a hand. This only serves to cause them to recoil in fear.

Ragnhildr, seeing their fear, leans back and shows them a clear path to outside.

The Father picks up his daughter, and shields the family as they rush out; they don't say a word to Ragnhildr, or even acknowledge her help.

She follows them to the doorway, and sinks her head as they run off down the hill.

Suddenly, she hears a CRY from the hill to her right. She darts off.

EXT. SAXON-VIKING TOWN, LONGHOUSE. DAY

Ragnhildr sprints up the steps of the hill to the courtyard outside the Longhouse, weaving in and out of the crowd as they sprint to freedom.

The courtyard is surrounded by elegant flowers and trees, all now ablaze from the Viking raid.

Draped across the exterior of the Longhouse are banners, all embroidered with the Saxon Coat of Arms.

Ragnhildr's thought is broken as Harald crashes through the Southern-facing glass window.

She sprints towards her brother who is writhing in pain. As she reaches him, he collects himself and sits up, wincing as he does so.

RAGNHILDR

Was that your planned exit?

HARALD

What's the point in planning an exit?

RAGNHILDR

Because glass hurts when you get thrown through it?

HARALD

That's why I have you.

Ragnhildr helps her brother up. As they stand, Harald unsheathes the left-hand axe on her belt without her knowing.

Ragnhildr turns around to see the Viking Jarl dragging his battleaxe out of the Longhouse, creating sparks along the floor.

She unsheathes the right-hand axe and looks to grab the left, only to realise it's not there. Instinctively, she looks at her brother.

RAGNHILDR

Wait.

HARALD

Don't tell me what to do.

Ragnhildr stands up straight and puts the axe away. She steps in front of Harald, stopping him from attacking.

RAGNHILDR

We don't need any more bloodshed. Just tell me who we were betrayed by, and we shall leave.

VIKING JARL

Look around. Do you really think you should be the one speaking of betrayal?

Ragnhildr takes another look at the burning homes, the innocent Viking families scrambling to escape.

VIKING JARL (cont'd)

These are my people. Your people! I don't think you leaving is an option.

The Jarl steamrolls towards Ragnhildr, preparing to bring the full might of his axe down on her.

RAGNHILDR
Odin's beard.

Ragnhildr quickly darts out of the way.

Harald springs to action. He is slower than usual due to the damage he sustained tumbling through the window.

Appearing through the crowd, Igni joins in to help take down the behemoth Jarl.

Ragnhildr chases after her brother and partner, knowing she doesn't have an alternative other than to help them.

Harald, learning from before, goes once again for the leg. However, the Jarl swings his axe to meet the Viking.

Harald jumps over the swinging axe, forcing the Jarl to swivel.

Harald looks past the Jarl and smiles. Igni now has an open shot at the Jarl's back.

However, Ragnhildr sees that the armour covers most of the Jarl's back.

Seeing that she will have to open a weakness, she throws the knife she has into the wound Harald created on the Jarl's leg.

The Jarl is brought to his knees. Leaning forward the chainmail on his back disconnects from his belt, leaving an uncovered section on his lower-back.

Igni takes advantage of this by slicing his axe across the section. The Jarl collapses to the floor dropping his battleaxe.

The battle is won. Not, however, for Harald.

Whilst Ragnhildr walks over to Igni smiling, Harald saunters over to the battleaxe. In a rage, he brings it down on the incapacitated Jarl.

The force of the blade breaks through the chainmail and kills the Jarl instantly.

Ragnhildr rushes over to her brother, grabs the axe off him and throws it to the ground.

RAGNHILDR (cont'd)
What are you doing!

HARALD

It's what he deserves.

RAGNHILDR

You don't know that! We needed him alive.

HARALD

He...

Harald, enraged, stops what he was about to say and walks away.

HARALD

He wouldn't have said anything anyway.

Ragnhildr SCREAMS in frustration and walks back towards the body of the Viking Jarl. She stares at him, hoping to see something that will help them.

Igni walks over and puts his arm around her.

RAGNHILDR

We could have learned so much.

IGNI

Harald is right, he wouldn't have said anything.

RAGNHILDR

You don't know that. He was just defending his people.

She gestures around, the fires slowly beginning to cause the Camp to be unrecognisable.

Igni sighs and begins to walk off to join the evacuating Dreng.

Ragnhildr, however, has her eye caught on inside the Longhouse.

The light through the window glistens off something on the floor towards one of the inner doors.

She enters the Longhouse through the broken window, the remaining glass cracking underfoot.

Igni looks back in confusion.

IGNI

Ragnhildr?

INT. SAXON-VIKING TOWN, LONGHOUSE. DAY

Sprinting through the Longhouse, Ragnhildr finds herself at the entrance of the Main Bedroom.

She bends down to better see the blood stain on the floor. It's dark and drying, but still slightly wet.

She opens the door tentatively and looks in, waiting to see the injured Leader of the assailants inside.

INT. SAXON-VIKING TOWN, LONGHOUSE, MAIN BEDROOM. DAY

Inside the room, the blood trail leads to the now open window.

The wind has put out the fire to Ragnhildr's left, but the embers still burn bright. Inside it, Ragnhildr spots a piece of paper.

Ragnhildr extinguishes what she can of the embers.

Igni walks in, seeing Ragnhildr studying the fire.

He looks around the room to see if there are any other signs. On the table to the right of the bed, Igni moves around the unused paper. Underneath the scrap is a dagger, with the same hand carved ram pommel as Dotta had on her sword.

Ragnhildr picks up the remaining scraps that are left, and finds a half scorched signature reading: "With the grace of God by your side, King Ae..." The Saxon coat of Arms is next to it.

Ragnhildr and Igni's concentration is broken as a VIKING HORN echoes from the outskirts of the Camp.

With this, she stuffs the scraps in her belt pouch and sprints out of the Longhouse with Igni in tow.

EXT. YORKSHIRE ROAD. DAY

The ten Drengr that are left are walking in silence. Most of them are battered and bruised, but some are uninjured.

All, however, are mourning the loss of their comrades in the battle.

The six dead are all laid on a cart, which is being pulled by two Drengr at the head of the pack. Cloth covers their bodies.

Ragnhildr is at the back of the pack a few paces away from the group, looking around at the rolling Yorkshire hills.

Harald walks from the front of the pack, consoling some of the fighters along the way.

He finally goes back to Ragnhildr, where he puts his arm around his sister.

HARALD

Thank you for the help. Not that I needed it.

RAGNHILDR

He would have killed you.

HARALD

He never stood a chance.

RAGNHILDR

Neither did that window.

Harald chuckles. Ragnhildr, however, seems unimpressed.

Harald looks at his sister, who is avoiding eye contact. His smile disappears as he grows frustrated at her attitude.

HARALD

If you believe I needed your help, where were you throughout the battle?

RAGNHILDR

I was taking out the ones you forgot about.

Hearing the commotion, Igni joins the siblings at the back of the pack.

IGNI

Without Ragnhildr, that archer would have taken out even more of us.

HARALD

Ah, yes.

The praise from her peers only serves to infuriate Harald more with his sister.

He begins to storm back to the front.

HARALD (cont'd)

If only you were there quicker. Maybe Valhalla would have been spared a few seats in its halls.

The confidence Ragnhildr gains from Igni's compliments is completely diminished by Harald's comments.

Ragnhildr is left hurt and deflated.

RAGNHILDR

We found something in the
Longhouse.

Ragnhildr's mumblings stops Harald in his stride.

HARALD

What?

Ragnhildr holds out the scrap of the letter with the golden-gilded mark towards Harald. He takes it from her and carries on walking beside his sister.

IGNI

I also found this.

Igni unsheathes the dagger showing the pommel.

HARALD

That's-

RAGNHILDR

Sigurd, yes.

HARALD

Father needs to see this.

The troop of Drengr continue to walk down the road as the sun begins to set.

EXT. MICKLEGATE BAR. DAY

The white stone walls protecting Jorvik are drenched in the setting sun's waning light from the West.

ULFUR, a 21 year old Jorvik Guard, stands atop the gate's wall. His metal helmet, greaves and light blue shirt are two sizes too large. He has to keep adjusting his helmet to see.

Ulfur tries to look past the horizon, blinded by the light. Lifting his hand to his eyes to shade them, he sees the Drengr troop approaching.

He quickly turns around and leans over the edge to the soldiers inside the city walls below.

ULFUR

The Drengr return! Open the gate.

He rushes to his right, where lent against the wall is his axe and a barrel. A tankard and his horn sits on the lid.

With all his might, Ulfur blows a consistent SOUNDING OF THE HORN; taking a quick breath before doing the same again.

On the sound of his first blow, the gates slowly begin to open, revealing Harald and Igni at the front of the pack. They have taken over the duty of pulling the cart through the final stretch.

Each of the guards manning the gate bow their heads and bring their axes to their chests in respect.

The SOUND OF THE HORN echoes out through the streets.

EXT. JORVIK. DAY

As the HORN echoes through, the people in the streets all turn towards where the sound emanates from.

In the North, the great York Minster is RINGING its bells in the ever-growing dusk of the evening. Outside is FATHER LUPIN (62), who is out preaching to the mass.

He is an elderly, clean-shaven man. He is dressed in an off-white garb with a golden cross glistening in the sun, which stands out from the rest of his dress. It is the only thing on him that looks clean.

His words are interrupted by the BELLOWING HORN.

In the centre of town, there is a busy market leading to the docks that are unyielding and constantly moving. They stop suddenly in the wake of the BOOMING HORN only for a brief moment, before returning as if nothing happened.

The sound moves its way South, downhill towards the smaller houses where children play in the streets. The BELLS can be heard but the horn has captured their attention.

Their eyes are drawn uphill towards the Longhouse. Peering through the rooftops, their trance overwhelms their MOTHER'S CALLS.

INT. JORVIK LONGHOUSE, MAIN HALL. DAY

With a FIRE CRACKLING in the centre of the room, the wooden-like cocoon of the Longhouse is losing light by the second. The whole room flickers along with the fire.

There are two long feasting tables either side of the fire, dressed with goblets and horns set for a banquet.

These tables lead from the entrance way towards the King's seat.

Slumped in the seat with his head in his hands, completely ignoring the two men stood in front of him, is Erik Bloodaxe.

The two men in front of him are EDAN (47), who like his brother, is gradually greying. However his black hair is still mostly intact.

The second man is LOSUF (74), whose once bright red hair has turned completely grey.

The two are bickering and talking over one another.

LOSUF

The Saxons are encroaching on our territory every day. They are living past their means in the South, and believe they can take what is ours.

EDAN

They aren't encroaching. They are working with the smaller towns for trade, and yet you are attacking them at every turn. If we accept their peace deal we can learn to build alongside them, they are too big to attack.

LOSUF

And they know they can't attack us as they will lose. We need to remind them of this. They have been spotted in Elmet and Bamburgh already!

EDAN

Don't be so naive Losuf, we need to-

Whilst their bickering doesn't even begin to stir Erik, the two are rendered silent as Erik jolts up to the ECHOING HORN. He walks straight past the pair, and out of the Longhouse.

The others quickly follow.

EXT. JORVIK LONGHOUSE. DAY

Erik storms out of the doors to the Longhouse to find the Drengr facing him at the bottom of the stairs.

Bounding down the stairs, he embraces his children Ragnhildr and Harald, tightly.

There is silence as the embrace lasts longer than both children are expecting.

Erik releases them and looks up, seeing the cart and the wounded Drengr behind them.

ERIK

Did you find the ones
responsible?

HARALD

Yes, and they paid for her death

Erik smiles and puts his arm on Harald's shoulder.

RAGNHILDR

But they did not act alone.
Someone ordered them to target
her.

Erik's mood swiftly turns to disappointment and anger.

HARALD

We aren't certain yet.

Ragnhildr scowls at her brother.

RAGNHILDR

We found-

ERIK

We will speak of it later, We do
not have the time to discuss
theories now.

Erik turns and looks coldly at Losuf and Edan behind him.

ERIK (cont'd)

Losuf, help the Drengr prepare
the dead. Edan, go and get Lupin.

Losuf immediately gestures for the rest of the Drengr to accompany him around the back of the Longhouse, whilst Edan heads down the steps into the city.

Erik puts his hands on his children and brings Ragnhildr in to comfort her.

ERIK (cont'd)
We must prepare the pyre.

EXT. JORVIK LONGHOUSE. NIGHT

Funeral pyres are ablaze. A large one in the centre is surrounded by tributes such as: gold, trinkets and flowers.

The other six pyres are smaller, with three on each side carrying the dead Drengr.

The large one in the centre carries Hildir.

The two either side of her are for Dotta and Athils, each now carry a shield painted yellow. Drawn onto it is a Green crest depicting a golden Ram.

In front of the pyres and staring into the fire is Erik. Both children are on either side of him. Ragnhildr to the left and Harald to the right. Edan and Losuf are either side of them respectively.

Facing the large crowd is Father Lupin. The crowd spans all the way from the pyres to the Longhouse over fifty metres away. Many people are carrying flowers or candles.

Lupin is struggling to hold back tears.

LUPIN
Whether it be Heaven or Valhalla,
our brave protectors will be at
peace. We say farewell to the
Drengr who have served us
dutifully.

Lupin takes a moment to collect himself. There is still complete silence amongst the crowd.

LUPIN
And our Queen, Hildir, who forever
strived to bring joy and
knowledge to those around. Not
only to a people that served her,
but loved her also.

Ragnhildr is stood steadfast, staring into the fire looking at her mother. Tears are streaming down her face.

LUPIN (cont'd)
It is because of that love, that
we need to carry on her journey,
and live with her memory in our
hearts.

A deafening silence now befalls the entire city.

The crowd begins to filter to the front where they place their candles before leaving the area.

At the front, Erik is motionless. Tears are streaming down his face. He grits his teeth and takes a large breath in.

ERIK

So she was not killed by a rogue group.

Ragnhildr is still staring at her mother's cremation. She immediately replies without breaking her gaze.

RAGNHILDR

No. They targeted her. They knew she was believed to be safe in the city.

ERIK

Your mother always felt safest with the people. They betrayed her when they let them in.

RAGNHILDR

It wasn't their fault. The Saxons found a way in. And before we could react...

Erik turns to look at Ragnhildr. Disappointed and heartbroken by the news, he lets out a small whimper as he puts his arm on Ragnhildr's shoulder.

HARALD

We did find this.

He holds out the scorched letter. Erik quickly snatches it from Harald, and holds it up to the fire to get a better look.

ERIK

The pretend King. This is how he aims to bring us down?

Edan looks concerned at his brother.

Erik lowers the note, still looking at it. The tears have stopped, and the fire reflecting in his eyes mirrors the rage building inside.

INT. JORVIK LONGHOUSE, HALL. NIGHT

The Longhouse is alive with music and feasting which the Drengr and select people from the city are enjoying.

The head table, however, is the antithesis. Erik is slumped whilst drinking horn after horn of mead. It is constantly being re-filled as he stares at the note.

Ragnhildr to his left is mourning, still in shock at the days' events. Her plate is empty and completely clean.

Two seats to the right is Edan who, like Ragnhildr, has not touched his plate. However, this is purely due to his constant pleading to his brother.

Harald has joined his compatriots in the revels.

EDAN

Brother, I know that look. Don't jump into the wolf's mouth. You and I both know that the Saxon King's signature does not mean that he ordered the attack. It was a Saxon-Viking camp.

Knowing he isn't getting anywhere, he looks over to Losuf, who is stood patiently waiting in the wings.

LOSUF

Erik?

Erik looks at Losuf with a challenging glance, intimidating Losuf and causing him to take a step back.

LOSUF (cont'd)

My King. We need to make sure we are thinking with our right minds on this. I don't like to agree with your brother often, but on this he is right. The signature doesn't prove anything.

Erik rolls his eyes. He places the note down and takes a breath. Losuf and Edan relax, believing they have gotten through to Erik.

Erik raises his horn and stands.

ERIK

Brothers!

The entire hall stops in an instant, and looks in awe at Erik.

ERIK (cont'd)

Friends, I ask, raise your mead. Today we feast, and raise our drinks to celebrate those we have lost. They have joined our fathers and our fathers-fathers in Odin's Hall. We shall not

(MORE)

ERIK (cont'd)

cower, and we shall not waver. We shall join them in Valhalla, for that is the warrior's reward. To the glorious dead.

CROWD

The glorious dead!

The crowd erupts once more. Erik downs his drink and forcefully slams it on the table.

Still standing, he turns to Edan and Losuf, who are stood with their heads bowed. They have been defeated. He seethes, and quietly speaks to them both.

ERIK

I shall not let this pretend King come to my home and kill my people. This is my land, not my brother's nor my Jarl's. The right mind is my mind, and I shall decide our next course of action. Not you.

Whilst Erik is asserting his dominance, Ragnhildr throws her chair back and pushes her way out of the Longhouse past the revelling Vikings.

Harald notices the disturbance Ragnhildr's exit is causing as she barges through, and follows her out.

EXT. JORVIK TRAINING CAMP. NIGHT

Ragnhildr storms into the abandoned training arena. The torches lighting up the training dummies have been removed, but the stands are still there.

Ragnhildr stands, inspecting the weapons on the rack. Looking at each of the pommels, all have no carving. To the right of the rack is a barrel of oil. She dips one of the torches in it and ignites it on the lit torch to her right.

She picks up one of the swords they used to train with, and walks over to the wooden dummy.

Placing the torch in a stand she turns her attention to the dummy.

The funeral pyres are all but embers in the distance, but are still providing some light to the city.

Ragnhildr unleashes a flurry of attacks on the dummy and lets out a BLOOD CURDLING SCREAM.

Harald has followed Ragnhildr out, tankard in hand.

HARALD

Where was that rage earlier?

RAGNHILDR

Don't.

She points at her brother who downs the mead and throws the tankard away.

HARALD

What is wrong with you? Ever since we left the Camp you have been strangely silent.

RAGNHILDR

What is wrong with me? The glorious dead! Or have you forgotten that includes our mother!

HARALD

No, I haven't forgotten. I just used that fire to punish my enemies, not my family!

RAGNHILDR

Oh, and what good did that do? Other than killing the only person who may have given us the answer to why she was killed.

Harald collects a sword from the rack as Ragnhildr continues training.

Ragnhildr suddenly switches from the dummy and swings the wooden blade at her brother. Instinctively he blocks it.

HARALD

She was killed because she was one of us.

The two trade blows, each parrying and dodging the other's attacks. They are equally matched. That is until Harald catches her side.

This sends her harshly backwards. Harald approaches her, worried.

HARALD

Are you okay?

Ragnhildr waits until he is close before sweeping her leg around to topple her brother.

Ragnhildr places her wooden blade to his neck.

HARALD (cont'd)
That was cheating.

RAGNHILDR
That was winning.

HARALD
By cheating.

RAGNHILDR
By using my brain. I could see
that you were pulling your hits.
You should have overpowered me.

HARALD
You are injured, I didn't want to
hurt you any more.

RAGNHILDR
You don't show that mercy to the
Saxons.

HARALD
They want to kill me, you don't.
Do you?

Harald looks jovially at his sister, hoping to lighten the mood. She isn't having any of it.

RAGNHILDR
They only want to kill you
because we are attacking their
homes.

HARALD
This again. The Saxons are in our
land, killing-

RAGNHILDR
Killing no one! Or have you been
ignoring the look of the people
whose villages we are burning to
the ground! It is us they are
afraid of, not the Saxons.

HARALD
No one? What about Dotta? Or
Athils, or Gundar or Finn. Do I
need to keep going?

Ragnhildr looks down in defeat, hearing the list of names of her fallen friends.

Erik stands at the entrance to the training ground, listening to the two argue. They don't realise he is there.

RAGNHILDR

But why did they target her?
Mother was kind and honest.
Killing father I understand, but-

ERIK

Why do you understand killing me?

Ragnhildr is shocked to see her father. She takes a moment to think about what she will say. However, her rage pushes her through and she lashes out.

RAGNHILDR

Because you kill them for fun. To show how much of a big man you are. You don't see the faces of the people we hurt. Neither of you do. You concentrate on the soldiers, but the huts we burn are people's homes. They fear us.

Erik walks over to the weapon rack and picks up a sword.

HARALD

Good. They should know not to take our land.

RAGNHILDR

Our land? The only reason it is our land is because it is Norse blood that runs through those fields.

ERIK

The way it should be.

RAGNHILDR

No, it is needless. We kill more of our own than any Saxons do.

Erik swings towards Ragnhildr. Harald steps back out of the way.

Ragnhildr parries and tries to push back her father, but she only serves to push herself into the weapon rack.

ERIK

What would you have me do? Would you have me weak, allowing our enemies to say what they wish about us and take what is rightfully ours?

This angers Ragnhildr, she lashes out, trying to land successive blows on her father.

RAGNHILDR

They aren't our enemies. Most of them are our brothers, who in your delusion you believe are plotting to overthrow you.

Ragnhildr is once again pushed back by her father, but this time she knocks over the oil and the torch. Suddenly the oil ignites, creating a wall of fire stopping her escape.

ERIK

I am your King, you will not question me.

She looks back up to her father towering over her, the flames enraged in his eyes. She is terrified, her posture cowers compared to his. However, she swallows this fear and stands back upright.

RAGNHILDR

You threatened your own brother for questioning you. What are you going to do to me?

Erik unsheathes his axe. Harald stands in his way. Looking into his son's eyes, Erik realises what he has done.

He lowers his arm and looks around Harald with tears in his eyes, only to find Ragnhildr has disappeared.

INT. JORVIK LONGHOUSE, RAGNHILDR'S ROOM. NIGHT

Ragnhildr walks into her room, where the torches are already lit. The Longhouse is beginning to quieten in the room next door.

As she sits on the edge of the bed, she begins to throw her knives at an already hole-riddled wall.

Igni walks in, takes the knives stuck in the wall out and returns them to Ragnhildr.

IGNI

Should you not be at the feast?

RAGNHILDR

I couldn't eat.

IGNI

I am not surprised. You were never the feasting kind.

There is a moment of silence as Ragnhildr continues to throw the knives.

RAGNHILDR
The glorious dead.

IGNI
Ah yes, Valhalla.

Igni looks down at Ragnhildr, noticing her frustration building as she begins to breathe heavier.

IGNI (cont'd)
She will be there, don't worry.

RAGNHILDR
How can he celebrate the needless deaths so easily?

The two speak over each other. Both pause after to allow the other to speak.

IGNI
Do you honestly believe your father is celebrating?

Ragnhildr looks at Igni with a look of disdain, completely in disbelief that he is defending her father.

IGNI
You can see in his eyes that he is in pain. We all are. Your father is doing what he must. As King, he has to be the beacon of strength.

RAGNHILDR
It's not strength. It's not strength to send our people to die.

IGNI
He didn't send them to die. We joined to help. We knew what could happen when we agreed. We wanted to find your mother's killers. Every one of us.

RAGNHILDR
He isn't the one fighting.

Igni just stops and looks at Ragnhildr. He puts their heads together.

RAGNHILDR (cont'd)
You should have seen their faces. I was trying to help them out of the fire, and they were scared of me. To them I was as much of a risk as the fire was, because

(MORE)

RAGNHILDR (cont'd)
 that's what we are. We are
 weapons. Fighters. To the people
 of our home we are a danger. All
 because my father...

IGNI
 Our King!

RAGNHILDR
 Maybe he shouldn't be!

Ragnhildr is filled with rage, whilst Igni is concerned.
 Not for himself, but the path Ragnhildr is on.

After a brief moment of silence, Ragnhildr begins to walk
 away, but stops for a moment at the door.

IGNI
 What are you trying to prove
 Ragnhildr? I'm not your father.
 Why are you fighting me?

RAGNHILDR
 I want them to see. I need them
 not to question what I can do.

Igni gets up and pulls Ragnhildr away from the door.

IGNI
 Then stop telling them, and show
 them what you can do.

INT. JORVIK LONGHOUSE, MAIN HALL. DAY

The next morning, the sun is shining into the Longhouse.
 The dust in the air is visible shafts of light through the
 windows.

A large table is placed in the centre of the Great Hall
 where the feast was held the night before. All doors are
 closed, and Guards stand to attention at the entrances.

Sat at the head of the table is Erik, staring into the
 void. He is not blinking, only averting his gaze to a
 flagon of mead which he occasionally brings to his mouth.
 He drinks thoughtlessly, each sip soaking his beard.

To his left is an empty chair. There are four more chairs
 set around the table, three of which are occupied. On the
 left side is Losuf and Ragnhildr, whilst to the right is
 Harald.

The charred note is set in the middle of the table, with
 the dagger Igni found stuck in standing upright.

LOSUF

We need to be sure about this.

HARALD

What is there to be sure of? The dagger was found in the room of the betrayer.

RAGNHILDR

That knife could have been made seasons ago.

HARALD

Do you not think it's worth paying Sigurd a visit at all?

RAGNHILDR

Yes, but not to accuse him.

At this moment Edan walks into the room. His silhouette casts a large shadow on the floor as the blinding sun shines through the door.

He is followed by OSULF (29).

Osulf's chainmail shirt hides under a cotton vest. His black hair hangs off his head which bounces with every movement, and a jet black beard that stands perfectly trimmed at no more than five inches long.

EDAN

Accuse who of what?

HARALD

Sigurd, of conspiring with the Saxons.

Hearing Sigurd's name Edan looks at his son, but quickly diverts it away back to the table.

EDAN

Well the dagger certainly doesn't look good.

LOSUF

It doesn't, but Shiptonthorpe has been our ally since we landed.

EDAN

Indeed, but so have the Ragnarssons. Even they have looked to the Saxons for aid.

RAGNHILDR

Only after the loss of Ragnar Lothbrok during the raids against the Picts.

EDAN

Still, we once called them our strongest ally.

RAGNHILDR

I still don't believe that going in with the Drengr is a good plan. He will think we are there to burn Shiptonthorpe like we have many others.

With this, Erik finally breaks his silence. He smashes his tankard on the table.

ERIK

Enough! Ragnhildr is right. Taking the Drengr is too dangerous, but I will not have that snake think he can get away with anything behind our back. Harald, you and Ragnhildr will go to Shiptonthorpe. Talk to him, find out what his steel was doing with a letter from the Saxon King.

RAGNHILDR

Father, I believe Harald will only serve to -

Erik stares at his daughter, silencing her immediately. Losuf puts his arm in front of Ragnhildr, blocking her arm under the table. She had instinctively grabbed her axe, ready to retaliate.

OSULF

Why not use Dotta and Athils' weapons as a peace offering.

EDAN

That's a good idea. It might serve to ease tensions.

LOSUF

Or anger him more that he has lost his only daughter.

Ragnhildr's attention is turned to Osulf. He is standing behind his father, and holding his left leg. As he brings his hand away, he notices a small amount of blood on his palm and covers it quickly. All of this is noticed by Ragnhildr.

ERIK

Go. Take her weapon. See what you can find out.

HARALD

Yes father. Ragnhildr I will see you at the Eastern Stables when I have collected the weapons.

Upon the mention of her name, Ragnhildr is snapped back to reality. She just nods at her brother.

The others begin to leave, and Osulf approaches Erik to speak to him in private.

Ragnhildr stands up, concentrating on Osulf and begins to make her way to the subtly limping man.

Edan quickly stops her.

EDAN

Not a good idea.

She looks at him confused and begins to continue walking, only for him to pull her away stronger.

EDAN (cont'd)

One day you will listen to me.

He forces her to walk in the opposite direction, towards one of the wooden support beams at the right of the room.

EDAN

Your father is still not right. I know you want to challenge him further on this, but now is not the right time.

Ragnhildr realises that he wasn't stopping her from confronting his son and relaxes.

RAGNHILDR

He sees her in me.

EDAN

He does. And given his current state that only reminds him of how he failed.

Ragnhildr nods and takes a moment before looking at her uncle, confused.

RAGNHILDR

I didn't think Osulf was due back until the end of the summer.

EDAN

Nor did I, but after Hildr's death, he wanted to be here.

Edan sheepishly diverts his gaze away to the wooden beams. He runs his hands along the beams and smiles at some of the carvings.

Ragnhildr looks down to see one that she and her brother drew with her mother's knife when they were small.

The picture is a crude representation of a boy and girl in full Viking armour with axes.

She smiles and runs her fingers in the divots.

EDAN

Me and your father did the same
when we were that age.

He points to the beam to the right out of the light and walks over to it. Ragnhildr inquisitively follows.

The carvings show two people. Both are wearing crowns and smiling. The dioramas show these people in different situations: one being praised by farmers, and one being loved by a crowd as they are making a speech and riding horses.

She kneels down so it is at face height.

RAGNHILDR

How have I never seen this
before?

EDAN

Me and Erik used to run around
the city creating havoc in our
youth yes, but we always came
back here.

RAGNHILDR

That's supposed to be father?

EDAN

Yes. Before he learnt how to
fight. We dreamed about ruling
this land, loved and adored by
the people.

RAGNHILDR

To rule the land you have to
fight for it.

EDAN

Yes, that is the sad truth. One
Erik accepted very quickly, and
one it took a while for me to
grasp. By that point, these two
were long gone.

Edan's hand runs across the carvings.

Edan's words of times long gone reminds Ragnhildr of what she wanted to do, and she bolts upright.

Ragnhildr then looks over towards where Erik is. He is now sat at the throne, mead in hand. She is disheartened to see that Osulf had already left.

She runs past her uncle, hurrying out the door. Edan watches in fear, but doesn't follow her.

EXT. JORVIK EASTERN DISTRICT. DAY

The eastern entranceway is booming with SOUNDS OF THE MARKETPLACE. Though not the main Market of the city, this is where the poorer people come to buy all they need.

Both sides are littered with stalls catering to the needs of the city.

The food is not as fresh as you may expect, but the apples still shine in the sun. The rugs and clothes are dim, but still carry colour.

Far up the Market is a Blacksmith, where Igni is stood inspecting the various axes hanging up on iron hooks.

He is talking to the VENDOR who is looking worriedly at the Dreng.

IGNI

I will inform the King. Your steel is still good.

VENDOR

Thank you Igni, we do what we can.

IGNI

Yes. How is trade going?

VENDOR

As well as it can. New people come by each day.

IGNI

Oh?

VENDOR

We need to be prepared for when the fighting starts again.

Igni looks on in confusion, but is pulled back by Harald before he can ask anything.

HARALD

Prepare the horses. Attach this
to Ragnhildr's.

Harald passes over Dotta's sword and the retrieved dagger.

Igni follows Harald as he approaches the FRUIT VENDOR on
the other side of the street.

Harald holds his hand up, asking for the Vendor to pass
him an apple.

IGNI

Are all the Drengr going? Shall I
alert them?

HARALD

No. Just us.

Harald looks at Igni with his eyebrows pressed up. Nodding
to show his agreement with Igni's confusion.

Without another word, Igni goes towards the stables at the
entrance to the city.

Harald bites into the apple and looks around, quickly
noticing Ragnhildr striding towards him.

HARALD

Are you ready?

RAGNHILDR

Are the horses? Or did you think
that apple would magically summon
them to us?

She takes the apple from his hand, biting it before
throwing it back to him.

HARALD

You could have asked?

RAGNHILDR

When have I ever done that? Have
you seen Osulf come by?

Ragnhildr is scouring the crowd, looking for her cousin.
Harald is confused by her sudden interest in him.

HARALD

No? I thought he would still be
down in Mercia.

RAGNHILDR

So did Edan.

HARALD
Strange. Even his own father did
not expect him.

RAGNHILDR
Exactly.

Ragnhildr is still occasionally looking around, Harald
shrugs off her strange line of thought.

HARALD
Anyway, Igni is preparing the
horses.

RAGNHILDR
You shouldn't just ask him to do
these things because you don't
want to.

HARALD
I thought you would appreciate
him tagging along.

Ragnhildr playfully punches her brother in the arm.
Harald's only reaction is to laugh as the siblings head
towards the stables.

EXT. JORVIK WESTERN WALLS, STABLES. DAY

Igni is tending to Harald and Ragnhildr's horses.

Igni fastens the straps on Ragnhildr's white horse, whilst
stroking her to keep her calm.

IGNI
There we go girl, nice and ready
for the journey.

Harald and Ragnhildr arrive, and immediately get on the
horses.

HARALD
You're not expecting her to
respond, are you? I would say she
is probably a better match than
my sister, though.

Igni laughs and walks the horses to the siblings who take
the reins. He walks back to the Stable to get his horse.

RAGNHILDR
Don't worry girl, he only says
that because he is jealous.

She leaps onto the horse and gallops off in a flash. Igni
and Harald slowly mount their horses.

HARALD
I guess we should follow?

They both quickly race after her.

EXT. SHIPTONTHORPE ROAD. DAY

Ragnhildr, Igni and Harald gallop side by side into a village.

Banners adorn the sides of the road, showing the green crest with a golden sheep on a yellow back. Ragnhildr looks down at Dotta's sword, and covers the hilt with her cloak.

HARALD
Remember when father first brought us here?

RAGNHILDR
For the Jarls pledge?

HARALD
If you want to call it that! Father brought us knowing there would be a fight. He used us to ensure it didn't happen!

RAGNHILDR
That would have been mother's idea. I have never known father to avoid a fight.

HARALD
Well I don't know how, but it worked. Sigurd pledged his loyalty to Jorvik without any fight.

Harald laughs, turning to look at the houses they are passing.

They see A MOTHER (34) shielding her children, ushering them inside. Harald's smile is wiped clean off his face, he goes silent. The atmosphere turns tense between the two.

IGNI
I feel it too.

SIGURD (O.S.)
The children of Jorvik!

The trio's attention is drawn straight in front of them. Their horses become still.

Standing in front of them surrounded by five armed guards is SIGURD (45).

Sigurd is a thin man, adorned with a giant fur cloak, which appears to double his stature. His long red beard is braided to match his mohawk.

SIGURD
Why are you here?

INT. SHIPTONTHORPE HOME. DAY

The fire in the centre of Sigurds home burns bright. There is silence.

Sigurd sits with his head down, holding Dotta's sword in his hands.

Harald is observing the guards, uneasy. His hands poised to unsheathe axe.

Ragnhildr looks at Igni surveying the home. Her attention is drawn to the concealed area upstairs, where FOOTSTEPS can be heard.

They are loud, signalling multiple people. The sound is muffled, as if they are trying not to make any noise.

She signals for Igni to go outside. He looks up at where the sound is coming from, and nods.

As he exits, the sound of the door shutting is enough to break the silence.

HARALD
She died like any Drengr would wish.

SIGURD
I'm sure she would wish not to be dead!

Sigurd snaps at Harald, staring at him straight in the eyes.

HARALD
She would not have been with us if she wasn't willing to die!

SIGURD
Willing to die? She joined you for revenge. Your revenge!

Harald snaps back, approaching a now standing Sigurd.

HARALD

Our revenge! The Kingdom of
Jorvik stands together against
this threat, or have you
forgotten your loyalties?

The guards surrounding Harald all brandish their swords.

Harald steps back and grabs his axes. Sigurd smiles.

SIGURD

Remember your place young one, or
are you willing to die?

RAGNHILDR

Dotta spoke highly of her home.

Ragnhildr is stood to one side, leaning against the wall.
Her nonchalant attitude catches Sigurd off guard.

SIGURD

What?

RAGNHILDR

Whenever she was with us, she
would always talk about when she
got back home. How much she
missed the endless fields, the
friendly faces. The smell of the
blacksmiths forge in the morning.

Sigurd signals to his men to stand down and walks over to
Ragnhildr.

Harald and the guards are unsure how to react. They
simultaneously lower their weapons slowly.

RAGNHILDR (cont'd)

It's a shame we never got to come
back here with Athils and her.
Though, by the looks of things,
we would not have been welcomed.

SIGURD

These people have history with
your family. A lot of them have
recently arrived.

RAGNHILDR

They know the price of one of our
visits.

Sigurd nods and Ragnhildr bows her head, knowing the
refugees in the town would have been victims of their
raids.

RAGNHILDR (cont'd)
 Well it is probably worth us
 investing some coin instead then.
 Your blades. Dotta spoke highly
 of them. Where would I find your
 Smith?

SIGURD
 He wouldn't serve you.

RAGNHILDR
 Would he serve a Saxon?

SIGURD
 We do not serve Saxons. Watch
 your tongue, Princess. I don't
 like what you're suggesting.

Harald's hand is back on his axe, the same as the guards.

Sigurd stares Ragnhildr down. Ragnhildr looks back,
 completely unbothered by the tension.

RAGNHILDR
 I suggest nothing. Now we have
 paid our respects, we will leave.
 Before anyone else pays the price
 of our visit.

EXT. SHIPTONTHORPE ROAD. DAY

Outside of Sigurd's house, Ragnhildr walks over to Igni.
 He just shakes his head disappointed. He whispers in her
 ear.

IGNI
 Someone was here, the window was
 open upstairs.

Harald jumps back on his horse, staring down the guardsman
 still.

Sigurd's attention is still fully on Ragnhildr.

Ragnhildr picks up the dagger from her horse and unties
 it. She walks towards Sigurd, and then shouts across the
 road.

RAGNHILDR
 I truly am sorry for the price
 these people have paid.

The people are onlooking from their houses.

RAGNHILDR (cont'd)
 They may not serve me but they
 know my family, don't they?

SIGURD
 What do you mean?

RAGNHILDR
 My cousin and uncle. They spoke
 highly of you both.

SIGURD
 Osulf is a welcome friend, yes.
 Your uncle, I know little of.

Ragnhildr looks back at Igni with anger in her eyes.

She offers her hand out to shake Sigurds. He cautiously
 accepts, where in which she pulls him close.

RAGNHILDR
 Don't ever lie to me again.

With this, she pushes Sigurd away and unsheathes the
 dagger. She throws it into the ground before him.

Leaving the blade standing upright, the sun reflects off
 the blade.

RAGNHILDR (cont'd)
 If you know where we found this,
 tell me where I can find the one
 it belongs to.

Ragnhildr jumps onto her horse.

Sigurd picks up the dagger and stares at Ragnhildr. He
 wants to retaliate, but he forces back the anger.

SIGURD
 Stainmore.

RAGNHILDR
 We will be seeing you soon,
 Sigurd.

With that the trio begin to gallop away.

HARALD
 What's in Stainmore?

RAGNHILDR
 Nothing, I hope. Return to
 father, and tell him the news.

HARALD

What news? We learnt nothing.

RAGNHILDR

Shiptonthorpe is making steel for
the Saxons.

Harald is taken aback, but ultimately trusts his sister's words. He quickens his pace, Leaving Ragnhildr and Igni behind to head towards Stainmore to the West.

EXT. STAINMORE ROAD. NIGHT

On Horseback, Ragnhildr and Igni trot down a dirt path. In the distance is a small town. Stainmore.

Built using a similar stone as Jorvik, the two have similar architecture. However, Stainmore is much smaller.

Walls made of wooden pikes surround the main city. Outside of the walls is seemingly endless wheat farmland.

As they follow the road through the wheat fields, the farmers and workers stop to stare suspiciously at the Drengr as they pass.

IGNI

This is still Norse land, right?

Igni and Ragnhildr look at one another worriedly. They dismount their horses and walk alongside them, giving them a barrier between the farmers and themselves.

They stop just short of the town.

RAGNHILDR

The gates are well guarded for a
small town.

The two look around the walls of the city and notice a small group of children running out from the left hand side; showing a way in.

RAGNHILDR (cont'd)

I don't think we are safe here.
We shall enter the city on foot.
Keep to the alleys and stay out
of sight.

EXT. STAINMORE VILLAGE SQUARE. NIGHT

Inside the town, the buildings are in disrepair. The buildings are all made of stone, but seem to be crumbling at the edges. This makes it easy for the alleys to be traversed.

Bricks and rubble allow for Ragnhildr and Igni to climb over walls and fences easily.

The same can't be said about the people. Every man, woman and child looks well-fed and happy.

Peering in from the alleyway, Ragnhildr darts back as she sees Edan walking past them.

Igni waits for a moment before ushering Ragnhildr to follow him around the other side of the house, to a large bush which they can hide behind.

Edan walks into the Square to be met by three pale soldiers. None are wearing any identifying crests, only full metal plate armour head-to-toe.

The moonlight shines on their armour seems to match that of the Square. The well in the centre is fitted with a sparkling new bucket.

All market stalls surrounding the well are pristine, as if they have been recently replaced and fully stocked.

EDAN

Someone follow the Southern road,
my son left a trail here. Are
they in the Longhouse?

Two of the men run down towards the entrance to the town as the third nods and walks with Edan towards the Longhouse.

Igni and Ragnhildr look at each other, confused.

RAGNHILDR

Was Edan behind it all?

IGNI

No, he wouldn't have.

RAGNHILDR

Well how else do you explain
Osulf's wound, Igni?

Igni sits in silence, contemplating what he has just heard.

IGNI

We need to speak to your father.

RAGNHILDR

No, we need to be sure first.
Imagine if we are wrong. He isn't
in the mood to listen even to his
brother.

The two sneak round to the Longhouse and sit under the
window, out of sight of the town square.

EDAN (O.S)

You were careless turning up to
Jorvik? Are you an idiot?

OSULF (O.S)

No. I had to see him, to see how
much this has broken them. They
are already fighting between
them. We should strike now.

Igni and Ragnhildr glare at each other, seething, but in
complete shock at what they are hearing.

EDAN (O.S)

Not yet, we need to play this
right. If we do, Erik will do our
work for us.

OSULF (O.S)

Ah yes, it won't be long before
they attack Shiptonthorpe.

Ragnhildr shoots up but Igni pulls her back, throwing her
against the ground. They are now out of earshot of those
in the Longhouse.

They whisper to one another, trying not to arouse
suspicion.

RAGNHILDR

What are you doing?

IGNI

Saving your life, do you really
think you bounding in there, axe
swinging, is going to end in any
other way than you dining with
Odin?

RAGNHILDR

I don't care, they need to pay.

IGNI

Is that you or your father
talking?

INT. STAINMORE LONGHOUSE. DAY

Inside of the Longhouse, Edan is pacing around whilst Osulf is lying across the throne.

The Longhouse is adorned with shiny trinkets and trophies from Edan and Osulf's battles across the years.

Above the throne is a collection of shields in all different colours and crests.

EDAN

Erik is not cowering, as I expected, but he is paranoid.

OSULF

Well rightly so. His family are trying to take his throne.

EDAN

We are not trying to take his throne!

OSULF

Don't back out now, father. Not now the hard work is done. As you say, all we have to do now is wait for him to destroy his own legacy.

EDAN

And what then? Do you plan on killing your cousins like you did Hildir?

Osulf jolts up and squares off with his father.

OSULF

That was your idea. Don't blame me for her death.

EDAN

You held the knife. I only suggested it would take one death to fracture their hold on Jorvik.

The father and son still stand face-to-face, Edan is unyielding, Osulf seethes with tears in his eyes.

At this moment, RAWLING(43) slithers out from behind the throne.

His brunette hair is cut short, and a beard is almost non-existent. He is not a man who sees much combat. He wears no armour, but only wool clothing with blue detailing, adorned with golden lining.

RAWLING

You did, and we knew that death had to be one we could carry out easily. Your son's position created that opportunity.

EDAN

You used him!

RAWLING

We needed him, and he was dedicated to making this land a safer place. Just like you were, but obviously the care and happiness we have brought to your people doesn't matter anymore.

EDAN

Of course they...

Edan raises his voice, striding over to the slippery Saxon, but stops himself from getting angry.

INTERCUT WITH:

EXT. STAINMORE LONGHOUSE. DAY

Outside at the window, Igni and Ragnhildr are still arguing.

RAGNHILDR

Can't you hear them? They killed her!

IGNI

So? You want to go in there and take them on alone?

RAGNHILDR

If that's what it takes.

IGNI

You will die!

RAGNHILDR

I don't care.

IGNI

What happened to no more death? To showing them that you were different?

RAGNHILDR

They killed my mother.

Whilst so entranced in their own argument, they fail to see the STAINMORE GUARD on patrol come into eyeshot.

STAIN MORE GUARD

Hey! What are you two doing here!

Igni and Ragnhildr bolt around, seeing the guard. Before Igni can silence him with a well placed knife throw, the others have been alerted to their presence.

INT. STAINMORE LONGHOUSE. DAY

Inside the Longhouse, all three are still in the heat of their discussion.

EDAN

Of course they matter. That's all that has mattered! I just want our people to live in peace. They are tired of the fighting. That's why we have to stop. If we don't-

The commotion outside alerts the trio that they were being watched.

RAWLING

Sounds like you may not have a choice.

Edan stands shocked, looking at Osulf. Rawling heads outside the Longhouse to investigate.

Osulf and Edan share a knowing glance: Edan's of dissolution and Osulf's of anger, knowing he will get his way.

EXT. STAINMORE VILLAGE SQUARE. DAY

Back in the Square, Ragnhildr and Igni stand back-to-back, weapons drawn out in the open. They are surrounded by seven Saxons, swords at the ready.

Rawling exits the Longhouse to see the encircled Vikings.

RAWLING

Don't let them escape.

At once, the Saxons attack. Whilst the two Vikings block most of the attacks and dodge the others, Igni keeps a hand free to try one quick shot at Rawling.

His axe narrowly misses Rawling, sticking itself in the side of the Longhouse. Rawling looks frustrated.

The battle ensues. After blocking the initial attack, Ragnhildr pushes back on the Saxon whose blade is stuck in the handle of one of her axes.

With one disarmed and on the floor, Ragnhildr turns her attention to another who stands to her left.

Meanwhile, Igni is spinning and darting around the attacks of the four Saxons around him.

Whilst dodging one attack to the left, he throws a knife into the forehead of another. Spinning to his right, he slashes the stomach of the first one on his way through.

Ragnhildr lifts her axe over her head, bringing it crashing down. It demolishes the ground underneath it, leaving it stuck.

The Saxon tries to use this opportunity to swing his sword at the Viking.

Ragnhildr, instead of grabbing her axe, holds the Saxon's sword, blade-first and just laughs at him. Blood drips slowly from her hand. The Saxon looks terrified.

As two Saxons bring their blades down towards Igni, he dodges one. The other he catches in the hook of his axe. He levers the sword, snapping it in half.

IGNI

You should come to Jorvik, we
have some great blacksmiths.

In his hubris, the second Saxon stabs Igni in the shoulder.

IGNI (cont'd)

On second thoughts maybe not.

Before he can react, however, Ragnhildr throws the Saxon he was fighting onto the two in front of Igni.

RAGNHILDR

Stop playing with them and get
one of their horses. We need to
get out of here before more
arrive.

Now the Saxons have been beaten, Rawling huffs angrily and walks towards a set of arrows and a bow sitting to the side of the Longhouse.

RAWLING

You people had one job.

He draws the arrow. In his sights are Igni and Ragnhildr, who are now jumping onto a Saxon horse about to ride off.

Rawling releases the arrow, which lands right in Igni's chest.

Igni clings onto his life, sat behind Ragnhildr as the duo escape.

EXT. YORKSHIRE EASTERLY ROAD. DAY

Ragnhildr and Igni are galloping along the road, leaving Stainmore and the Saxons behind them.

RAGNHILDR

Just about made that, eh?

Igni doesn't answer. He lies barely breathing behind Ragnhildr.

RAGNHILDR (cont'd)

Igni? Igni!

Ragnhildr stops the horse and jumps off, pulling Igni off it.

Igni looks at his partner, barely remaining conscious. He puts his hand on her face and wipes away a tear.

IGNI

I will see you in Valhalla, my love.

Ragnhildr brings Igni's axe to his hand and places it on his chest. Igni takes his final breath.

INT. JORVIK LONGHOUSE, MAIN HALL. DAY

Ragnhildr comes bursting through the doors of the Longhouse, interrupting a conversation between Losuf and Erik.

The morning sun casts beams through the door behind her.

Erik is sat bathed in the light brought in through the open doors. He stares at the silhouette of Ragnhildr carrying the dead Igni.

Once Erik realises Igni is dead, he leaps from his throne and pushes Losuf out of the way.

Ragnhildr sets Igni down on the table next to the fire and kneels, devastated.

Erik places his hand on Igni.

ERIK
Fight on in Valhalla, brother.

Losuf goes over to the grief-stricken Ragnhildr. She can barely speak, is shaking, and her eyes red sore with no more tears left to cry.

LOSUF
What happened?

Ragnhildr looks up at Erik. Anger is now all she has left in her. She speaks through gritted teeth.

RAGNHILDR
Edan. Stainmore has aligned with the Saxons. Osulf was the one who killed her.

LOSUF
That's how they got past the guards.

Erik stands, head down, staring at Igni. His rage builds, he starts to shake.

LOSUF
Edan, he loved Hildr, he wouldn't kill her.

Upon the mention of her name, Erik snaps and leaps on Losuf. The old man can't fight Erik the way he used to.

Erik SCREAMS at his long-standing friend, lifting his fist.

LOSUF
Erik, listen to me think, don't do anything foolish-

ERIK
I am your King! You will not question me! I will do what I have to, to...

LOSUF
To remain in power.

Erik looks at Losuf in shock, but in complete rage.

LOSUF (cont'd)
Kill me, and they have already won.

Erik takes a moment, before letting go of him.

He stands up and in complete silence, walks past Ragnhildr, and grabs his battleaxe from the mantle it sits on above the Longhouse door.

EXT. JORVIK LONGHOUSE. DAY

Erik steps into the sunlight and turns to the guard on duty to his right.

ERIK
Tell the quartermaster to ready
the army.

At this moment, Harald reaches the Longhouse.

ERIK (cont'd)
Son, ready the Drengr.

Harald looks confused at his father.

HARALD
The Drengr are still recovering.
It would be unwise to go back
into battle now.

Erik snaps back at his son.

ERIK
Don't tell me what is unwise,
child. If you won't fight, so be
it.

HARALD
Where are you going?

ERIK
Stainmore, to kill my traitor of
a brother.

Erik walks off, not giving Harald a moment to reply. Harald looks into the open door and sees Ragnhildr standing over her dead lover.

EXT. STAINMORE ROAD. DAY

The farms surrounding Stainmore are empty. Not a soul is in sight.

The evening draws near. The sun is beginning to set. Silence fills the air.

As the setting sun hits the crest of a hill THE MARCHING OF FEET can be heard getting closer and closer.

Eventually, over the hill steps Erik Bloodaxe with the Jorvik army.

Two hundred strong, the army marches towards the town. Erik, at the front, stares at the Longhouse. He scans over the eaves of the fortifications surrounding the town.

EXT. STAINMORE VILLAGE SQUARE. DAY

Inside the town the focus of all soldiers, Saxons and Vikings alike, are the preparations for war.

The final sharpening of blades and fletching of arrows is being undertaken.

In the centre of the square are Rawling and Osulf, overseeing the preparations. Edan nervously watches the army.

EDAN

How many do we have?

OSULF

One hundred Norsemen, we will lead the charge.

EDAN

One hundred. You will be outnumbered.

RAWLING

Your father is right, my men should be going with you.

OSULF

This is our fight, plus it only means more for me.

Osulf smirks at his father, who stares him down. Edan is concerned by his nonchalant behaviour.

RAWLING

You should be pleased, Edan. This should end the bloodshed.

EDAN

We should not be ending death with death. Does Erik even want to fight?

RAWLING

If he doesn't come here then we will march on Jorvik. War is coming. Erik doesn't get a choice.

EXT. STAINMORE ROAD. DAY

The Jorvik army has stopped one hundred yards from the walls of Stainmore.

Erik is handed an ornate horn. Its leather is strap stamped with depictions of Thor and Odin.

He brings it to his lips and after a deep breath, and sounds a BELLOWING NOTE that echoes throughout the entire area.

EXT. STAINMORE VILLAGE SQUARE. DAY

Everyone in the square jolts towards the source of the sound.

After a brief moment, they all finish their final preparations and sprint towards the gate.

The Triumvirate in the centre look at one another.

Edan sighs, knowing that he is powerless to change the course they are on. Osulf and Rawling smile at one another.

OSULF

I guess that answers your question, father.

EXT. STAINMORE ROAD. DAY

The Jorvik army is stood still, waiting. The sun behind them casts an imposing shadow from their position all the way to the gates of Stainmore.

Suddenly those same gates start to slowly open. Out steps Osulf, leading an army of Vikings.

A CHANTING begins emanating from Osulf's army.

The only difference between the Vikings on both sides is the Saxon crest adorning the iron plate armour of Osulf's army.

Osulf stops half way between the Jorvik Vikings and Stainmore.

OSULF

This is where your terror ends, old man.

ERIK

Show some respect to your King, boy. Step aside and let the real men talk. Where is my murderous brother?

OSULF

You will have to kill me to get to him.

ERIK

Ha! Here I thought we would face
a challenge.

This insult is enough to stop Osulf from talking and begin charging.

Erik SOUNDS his horn again and the Jorvik Vikings charge in unison.

INT. JORVIK LONGHOUSE, MAIN HALL. DAY

Back in the Longhouse, the Drengir have congregated in the Main Hall, paying their respects to Igni.

Harald is sat opposite, his foot tapping away.

Losuf is pacing. He glances at the door, constantly waiting for Erik to walk back in.

Ragnhildr is in the corner, draped in the shadows alone in her own thoughts. She fastens Igni's throwing knife belt to her waist.

Harald hits the table and stands up.

HARALD

I can't believe we trusted him.

LOSUF

He was your uncle.

HARALD

He killed her.

Harald glowers at Losuf.

LOSUF

I know.

Losuf resigns himself, his posture hunching. He knows he failed.

Silence once again befalls the Longhouse.

Harald moves towards Ragnhildr, picking up Igni's axe.

HARALD

We should be down there fighting.

LOSUF

You are still recovering.

Everyone in the room looks at Harald, and he turns to address them all.

HARALD

Look at us. We are Drengr! And yet here we are mourning when our King is fighting. It is our duty to be there with him. Igni would be the first to remind us of that.

RAGNHILDR

We joined to help. We knew what could happen when we agreed.

Ragnhildr looks at her brother and then out to the Drengr.

RAGNHILDR (cont'd)

Every one of us. Even him.

Ragnhildr takes the axe, and walks over to Igni's body.

After touching his cold hand, she grits her teeth and walks out of the Longhouse.

Harald ROARS with the other Drengr following suit as they accompany her out of the Longhouse.

EXT. STAINMORE ROAD. DAY

The Jorvik Vikings are winning, their numbers playing to their advantage.

Erik swings his battleaxe, easily slaughtering the few Vikings that stand between him and Osulf.

Osulf turns, noticing the hulking King striding towards him.

He quickly kills the Viking tussling with him by slitting his throat with a knife, waiting for Erik to be upon him.

Erik brings his axe over his head to slam it down on Osulf. Osulf dodges to the right and sticks one of his knives in Erik's side.

Erik uses his left arm to throw Osulf aside.

ERIK

Is that all you have, boy? How did you hope to rule with such meagre strength?

Osulf picks himself up, laughing. He grabs the horn from his side and BLOWS on it twice in quick succession.

EXT. STAINMORE GATE. DAY

Rawling is standing on the battlements, watching over the bloodshed. From his view, it is very difficult to tell the difference between the two Viking armies.

Osulf's signal RINGS out, and immediately Rawling springs into action.

RAWLING
Open the gates!

The two Saxons manning the gate pull back as quickly as they can.

EXT. STAINMORE ROAD. DAY

Seeing the gate open, Erik's attention is drawn to the appearance of the Saxon forces about to enter into the battle.

Over one hundred Saxon soldiers join the fray, followed by fifty Archers who quickly fire a volley into the battlefield.

ERIK
Archers!

The Vikings of both sides try to react, but are swiftly cut down.

Osulf takes this opportunity to attack Erik whilst he is distracted, slicing across his back.

Erik SCREAMS in pain, turns sharply once again, overpowering Osulf and putting him on the back foot.

Osulf steps back and WHISTLES. Suddenly, the Archers turn their attention to Erik stood in the open.

Erik charges towards Osulf hoping this will stop the Archers but they fire, narrowly missing their commander.

Erik is hit by an arrow to the chest, one in his right arm. A couple more graze his face and legs.

The impact weakens the Viking to a stagger, but it doesn't stop him as he charges towards Osulf.

Now that he is slowed further, Erik becomes easier to hit. With Osulf targeting the areas hit by the arrows, first his arm then his legs, Erik falls to the floor.

Erik loses more and more blood by the second. Osulf walks over to him as he lies on the ground, energy slipping away.

Erik tries to get up, but can't muster the strength. Osulf stands over him and twists the arrow in his chest. Erik CRIES in agony.

OSULF
Here lies the mighty Erik
Bloodaxe. Your reign is over.

Erik reaches to get his axe, trying to bring it to his chest.

ERIK
See you in Valhalla.

Osulf stands on Erik's hand, stopping him from bringing the axe to his chest.

OSULF
See you in Hel.

Osulf swiftly cuts off Erik's hand, stopping him from dying with dignity.

Erik CRIES out again, eventually succumbing to his wounds.

EXT. STAINMORE GATE. DAY

Osulf and his army walk back through the gate as it closes. Rawling smiles out at the battlefield.

The army is battered and bruised.

EXT. STAINMORE ROAD. DAY

Evening is now in full swing. The sun's light is almost gone. Over the same hillcrest their father appeared over, arrive: Harald, Ragnhildr and the other Drengir.

What greets them is a battlefield littered with dead Vikings and Saxons.

The Drengir inspect the bodies, seeing that not only are they from Jorvik, but some wear the Saxon crest.

HARALD
Traitors. Norsemen under the
Saxon banner. Hel-walkers in the
making.

Ragnhildr and Harald are still looking as the others try to find survivors.

Eventually, much closer to the town walls, Ragnhildr spots Erik, lying dead. She gasps and runs over, Harald quickly joining her.

Ragnhildr kneels by her father's side, closing his eyes. Harald stands over. As he goes to bring Erik's axe to his chest. Harald notices the amputated hand.

HARALD

How? How could they dishonour him
like this?

Ragnhildr turns and sees what her brother refers to.

They both look at each other, their rage building. Harald picks up his father's axe.

RAGNHILDR

They will pay for this.

The other Drengr join them. Harald looks at them, hoping for confirmation of survivors. They shake their heads.

In a complete rage Harald lets out an almighty ROAR.

A Berserker's rage fills all of them as they turn their attention to the gate. In unison, they all begin to sprint towards it.

EXT. STAINMORE GATE. DAY

The two SAXON SENTRIES barely get time to notice the approaching Drengr before Ragnhildr takes them out using Igni's throwing knives.

The Drengr do not wait for the gates to open. Instead, they charge into it, breaking it down completely.

They get to work immediately by attacking the few Saxons that were manning the gate. Harald uses his father's axe to decapitate one of them.

EXT. STAINMORE LONGHOUSE. DAY

The torches flicker inside the Longhouse as one of the women tends to lighting them.

Osulf is sat on the throne in half-darkness, slowly being lit more as torches are being ignited.

Edan, completely in the light, is tending to Osulf's wounds. Rawling, on the other side, is staring at a map of Eurvicscire.

The trio are in complete silence.

Faintly in the background, a CLASHING OF SWORDS can be heard.

As it slowly builds, all three begin to notice. Osulf brushes Edan away. He grabs his sword and walks out of the Longhouse followed by Rawling.

Edan is left in a silent Longhouse, alone. He ponders what is making its way towards them.

EXT. STAINMORE VILLAGE SQUARE. NIGHT

Night has now come. Osulf and Rawling are all waiting just outside the Longhouse.

Ten SAXON SOLDIERS are surrounding them, swords drawn at the ready.

The sound of fighting draws near. With every SCREAM or CLASH the Saxons flinch, growing more nervous.

Osulf is steadfast in watching the darkness, waiting for something to appear.

As the noise reaches its crescendo, silence falls. The only sound is the heavy breathing of the Saxons.

Suddenly, Ragnhildr and Harald appear from the darkness. Osulf brings up his sword to point it at the siblings. The Saxons attempt to charge, but are met by the remaining Dreng.

Rawling goes to signal reinforcements by whistling. Osulf stops him by putting his arm out, smiling as he realises Harald is completely open; the only one not preoccupied by Saxons.

OSULF

I didn't think you would be so
eager to join your father in Hel.

Harald just stares at him. Ragnhildr fights off Saxons, trying to reach her brother.

OSULF (cont'd)

But then, you were always wanting
to be just like him. Fighting
like he did, killing like he did.
I suppose adding dying like he
did to the list is only natural.

Harald lets out a loud ROAR as he charges towards Osulf.

The cousins charge at one another.

As the two meet in the middle, Harald leaps to tackle. Osulf reacts very quickly to slide underneath, in perfect symmetry with their childhood fights.

As Osulf is still injured, his movement slightly slower. Harald is in a complete rage, not even thinking; just animalistically acting. With every attack follows a GROWL or a GRUNT.

The fight is equally matched, and every blow is met with a parry or a dodge. If one goes right, the other moves left.

Ragnhildr and the other Drengr are trying to fight off the ever-increasing number of Saxons, but they are massively outnumbered.

RAGNHILDR

Harald!

Harald and Osulf compose themselves once again, now at the opposite sides of the Square, waiting for the other to flinch first.

Osulf is first to move, darting to the right around the Square to one of the market stalls. Immediately, Harald does the same.

When they both reach the stand, Osulf uses it to leap, twisting his entire body, mid-air over Harald.

As Osulf lands he slices down Harald's spine, causing him to completely collapse on the ground.

Harald looks over at the other Drengr, who are struggling to stay alive amongst the barrage of Saxon soldiers.

Osulf stands over him.

OSULF

I have to say cousin, killing you may be more satisfying than killing both of your parents. You have certainly lived up to your father, but your reign won't be as long. Jorvik will have a new King.

Before he can finish off Harald, he is taken down by a leaping Ragnhildr.

Osulf clatters to the floor, Edan rushes over to gather him. He pushes his father off him as he picks himself up.

Rawling smirks as he watches on, catching Ragnhildr's attention.

Harald is struggling to keep conscious as the other Drengir fight to protect him.

Ragnhildr is focused solely on Rawling as she sprints into action.

Rawling can't react fast enough as he sees her hurtling towards him.

RAGNHILDR

This is for Igni.

With this Ragnhildr buries Igni's axe into Rawling's skull and uses her own axe to cut his throat.

She pulls the axe out and stares at the Saxons left. They are cowering in fear.

Without hesitation Ragnhildr hurries back to follow the Drengir who are in retreat, carrying Harald.

INT. YORK MINSTER NAVE. NIGHT

The Nave of the Minster is lit by candles, the soft light flickering along the carved stone plinths.

The moon projects through the windows, shining down upon the Royal family. Erik's body on a table to the right, Harald unconscious and bloody on the left.

Erik's axe lies bloody on the table next to him.

Harald has his shirt off, showing multiple scars across his chest. He is laid on a bundle of cloth, which is drenched in his blood.

Sat between them is Ragnhildr, holding her brother's arm, waiting for him to wake up in complete silence.

Losuf enters via the Northern Transept. He tentatively walks over.

Ragnhildr, hearing his footsteps, walks out.

Losuf waits for her to leave before walking over to Erik.

He can't muster the words he wants to say, stuttering before sighing and giving up.

EXT. YORK MINSTER. NIGHT

Ragnhildr is stood watching out over Jorvik. Her eyes dart around, looking for a glimpse of normality. The city itself feels different.

The Longhouse is silent. No Vikings train in the dead of night.

Even the Eastern district is void of life. There is no light across the city, save those of the guards on the great Bars.

Losuf stands next to her in silence, looking out to the rest of the city.

LOSUF

What follows?

RAGNHILDR

I don't know.

LOSUF

They will look to you now.

RAGNHILDR

No, that honour is Harald's once he has healed.

Losuf looks at Ragnhildr in shock. Ragnhildr doesn't react.

LOSUF

Do you not want to lead?

RAGNHILDR

I was not born to lead.

Losuf looks down and laughs slightly.

LOSUF

Do you remember when you were little, and your father would go off training with Harald? All you wanted to do was join in.

Ragnhildr takes a moment, confused at the off-topic question.

RAGNHILDR

Yes.

LOSUF

And your mother couldn't stop you from wanting to fight. She wanted to teach you to use your mind, not your fists.

RAGNHILDR

Mother-

Losuf interrupts her before she can finish.

LUPIN

Yes, your mother. The love of all
in the city. Was she born to
lead?

RAGNHILDR

No, but she knew how. She felt
what the city needed. She was not
born to lead, but she was born to
inspire others.

Losuf smiles and looks at Ragnhildr.

LOSUF

Neither your father nor your
mother knew what to do with you,
But it quickly didn't matter.

RAGNHILDR

Because they had Harald to-

LOSUF

Because it didn't matter what
they wanted, what you were born
to do, or what you were told to
do. You would do it how you
wanted, and after a short time,
they knew that was what was best
for you.

Ragnhildr laughs, remembering all the times she disobeyed
her parents.

LOSUF (cont'd)

They would be very disappointed
in the path you've been on, but
very proud of the person you've
become.

A CRY OF PAIN echoes out of the Minster. Losuf and
Ragnhildr run in.

INT. YORK MINSTER NAVE. NIGHT

The NURSES are attending to Harald's wounds. He isn't
conscious, but the pain is felt regardless.

Ragnhildr and Losuf relax, seeing that he is being tended
to.

Lupin follows shortly behind the Nurses.

LUPIN
Rest, Harald.

RAGNHILDR
When will he wake?

LUPIN
He's lost a lot of blood, and has
a laceration down his back.

Lupin snaps at Ragnhildr, and looks back at her.

LUPIN (cont'd)
Not for a while.

Ragnhildr looks down at her father's axe as Losuf walks
out of the Minster.

She sits down between her father and her brother, not
taking her eye off the axe.

She traces her hand over the carvings and disfigurements
on the handle.

Looking back at her brother she takes one final moment.

Lupin turns to her.

LUPIN (cont'd)
Your people need a different kind
of leader now.

Ragnhildr looks at her father. Without his hand. Bloody.

EXT. JORVIK WESTERN OUTSKIRTS. NIGHT

Waiting on the outskirts and each holding a torch are
Sigurd, IVAR (38) and WREGAN (34).

Ivar's jet-black hair practically disappears in the night,
his huge beard in stark contrast to his ghostly white
complexion.

Wregan is stood battle-ready, wearing full armour. He can
barely stand still, anxious to see battle.

SIGURD
Saxon, calm down. You are like a
hare in spring.

IVAR
You're making me nervous with all
that prancing around.

SIGURD

Ha! Scared he will turn on you,
Ivar?

IVAR

No. The boy knows he couldn't
take two steps towards me before
he felt what it was like to taste
Norse iron.

It is at this moment that the people they have been
waiting for choose to arrive.

Edan and Osulf appear from the South, both holding
torches.

OSULF

Now, dear Jarl. That won't be
necessary.

IVAR

Ah, the Saxon and his lapdog
decide to appear.

SIGURD

Osulf, I hear you killed your
Uncle.

EDAN

News travels fast to someone who
claims not to use spies.

SIGURD

Ha ha ha. You can't judge me
anymore. Those spies got your son
the information he needed.

OSULF

And your loyalty will be repaid
in full. However, if you call me
a Saxon again I will cut you
open. We will then see if you
truly are boneless.

SIGURD

Loyalty.

Sigurd scoffs, not making eye contact with Osulf and
walking away from him.

OSULF

Right. Now the pleasantries are
over with, have you kept your end
of the bargain?

SIGURD

We are ready when you are.

OSULF

Good. Wregan, signal the troops to make camp here. When day breaks we will flatten the broken seat of power.

SIGURD

Here? They will see us.

OSULF

That's the idea. Without Erik and with Harald courting Hel, their army shall watch us waiting, knowing there is nothing they can do. Hopefully that fear will cause them to surrender.

SIGURD

What of Ragnhildr?

Osulf looks disgusted at him, the mere suggestion of Ragnhildr leading the troops offending him.

OSULF

What about her?

Edan looks out to the East at Jorvik in the distance.

Behind him, an army begins to amass. Over five hundred strong.

A mixture of Vikings and Saxons. Small tents begin to be erected. Fires begin to be made. The whole area begins to light up.

EXT. MICKLEGATE BAR. NIGHT

Atop the Micklegate Bar is Ulfur. Beside him is HYRNYR (28) another guard. The two are tasked with keeping watch of the surroundings.

However, both are just sat there, facing inside the city and drinking mead.

ULFUR

With Erik gone, Harald will take control. Nothing will change.

HYRNYR

Ah, that is if the King is really dead.

ULFUR

Do you not think he is?

HYRNYR

Erik Bloodaxe? Dead? No. It's just the Saxons trying to spread fear to us.

ULFUR

Oh? We won't be fooled so easily.

As they sip their mead Ulfur turns to face Hyrnyr, looking as if he is confused and about to question him.

Before he can say anything, his attention is drawn to outside the city walls. In the distance, the Viking-Saxon alliance are setting up their camp.

The lights of the fires from the army creates a beacon of amber on the horizon.

Ulfur taps Hyrnyr on the shoulder frantically.

HYRNYR

What?

Hyrnyr drops his drink as he sees the amassing army and scrambles for the horn, SOUNDING it as hard as he can.

INT. JORVIK LONGHOUSE, MAIN HALL. NIGHT

In the Longhouse, the Drengr and Losuf are all sat in silence around the fire.

One of them is sharpening his axe as he sits, sparks flying towards the fire.

The horn RINGS throughout the hall.

They all pick themselves up, looking at one another in complete shock. They know the horn is signalling an attack.

Losuf immediately heads out of the Longhouse, followed quickly by the others.

EXT. MICKLEGATE BAR. NIGHT

Losuf arrives atop the gate alongside Ulfur and Hyrnyr.

LOSUF

What have they been doing?

ULFUR

They are just setting up camp.
They aren't attacking.

LOSUF

They're leaving themselves open
just like that?

ULFUR

They know even with a surprise
attack, we can't take them.

By this point a crowd of people, warriors and the Drengr have amassed by the gate. All are wanting to know what is happening.

The crowd begins to part as, carrying Erik's axe, Ragnhildr appears.

The crowd all look in awe at Ragnhildr, all scared of what is going to happen.

The warriors are shocked to see Ragnhildr as the one carrying Erik's axe.

As she gets to the steps leading to the top of the gate, she stands next to Losuf.

He looks at her, and then glances at the axe before smiling at her.

LOSUF

My Queen.

Ragnhildr is taken aback by how easily he accepted her position. She takes a moment to re-collect herself.

RAGNHILDR

Report.

HYRNYR

They just seem to have stopped.

LOSUF

Waiting until dawn I would
assume.

Ragnhildr looks out before beginning to walk towards the steps.

LOSUF

What should we do?

Ragnhildr stops at the top of the stairs. All the faces amongst the crowd are staring at her. All the frightened civilians of the city looking at her for support.

The warriors are nervous and scared but awaiting her orders.

Peeking through, at the back, is Lupin helping Harald walk. Harald nods at his sister, giving her the confidence she needs. She smiles before turning back to Losuf.

RAGNHILDR

They want us to surrender.

She looks back out to the people, addressing them.

RAGNHILDR (cont'd)

They want us to look at them scared, thinking we are helpless. But we are not. I am not my father. I am not the strongest who will take as many hits as it takes, and I would not ask that of you. Too many have died in my father's name. I will not ask you to do that for me. Our city prospers not due to a single person, but to all people working together. That is how we will survive. Await my signal, and we will face our enemy together. Side-by-side. For Jorvik!

Ragnhildr lifts her axe in the air.

HARALD

For Jorvik!

CROWD

For Jorvik!

She turns to the Drengr.

RAGNHILDR

Friends, follow me!

Led by Ragnhildr, the Drengr and Losuf make their way into the city. The crowd makes way for them.

EXT. JORVIK TRAINING GROUND. NIGHT

Walking over to the weapons rack, Ragnhildr stops and turns to the following Drengr.

RAGNHILDR

Losuf was right, they outnumber us ten-to-one.

LOSUF

So what's the plan?

RAGNHILDR

What did you notice when we saw the battlefield at Stainmore?

HARALD

A lot of dead Norsemen.

RAGNHILDR

Exactly. The Norse led the way. So all we need to do is stop the Saxons after them.

HARALD

We split them up.

LOSUF

But how?

RAGNHILDR

Torches.

LOSUF

Torches?

She turns to Harald.

HARALD

Like your fight with father?

Ragnhildr walks over to the barrel beside the weapons, takes a bucket of the oil and spreads it on a rope and on the ground.

Lighting it, a wall of fire erupts just as before.

Standing behind it and looking through at the Dreng, Ragnhildr smiles.

EXT. SAXON-VIKING CAMP. NIGHT

The Saxon-Viking Camp is silent. The fire's crackling can be heard over the minimal amount of chatter that is occurring.

The soldiers are feasting, though this has not improved anyone's mood.

The Saxons are sat on the right, all drinking warily; waiting for their so-called allies to turn on them.

Meanwhile, the Viking forces gathered are sat solemnly, not eating much. An abundance of food is left around the camp.

At the main tent Edan, Sigurd and Ivar are following suit. Osulf is sat staring at Jorvik in the distance.

OSULF

Your men are doubtful.

SIGURD

They don't like the idea of killing their own.

OSULF

Vikings who don't like killing?

IVAR

This is different. Loyalty is in our blood.

After conversing without looking at one another, Osulf finally gets up and stands to look at the Viking trio.

OSULF

Is this war disloyal? Or are the deaths that Erik caused to your men disloyal? Did he not break your oaths when he turned on you? When he attacked your settlements for questioning him?

EDAN

Erik is dead.

OSULF

But his bloodline isn't. Do you think his son, sat on his throne, is any different?

Sigurd stands up and squares off with Osulf, who takes a step back.

SIGURD

You have made your point, child.

Osulf looks past Sigurd trying to appeal to Edan and Ivar.

OSULF

Surely your loyalty to Erik died when he did.

Edan slams his drink down and looks to walk away from the tent, turning to answer Osulf back before he does.

EDAN

Our loyalty was not to Erik, and it certainly isn't to you. It's to our people. That is why, no matter how we feel, our men are still here. They will still fight.

Edan walks off, followed quickly by Sigurd, who stares Osulf down as he leaves.

IVAR

Did your mother never tell you not to poke a bear?

OSULF

We don't have bears here.

IVAR

That explains why you think it's a good idea to piss them off.

Ivar begins to walk off.

OSULF

See that your men are ready for the fight ahead.

IVAR

They are Norse. They will always be ready.

Ivar leaves. Osulf sits back down and continues to stare at Jorvik in the distance.

OSULF

They had better be.

Wregan enters once the others have left. He looks at Osulf, alone with no allies.

WREGAN

Your friends don't seem to believe in you.

OSULF

They don't need to believe, they just need to follow.

WREGAN

You need them to trust you, you will only win this with their help.

OSULF

If they don't trust me they will learn to fear me.

WREGAN

That sounds a lot like a certain
King they once knew.

Osulf glares at Wregan, who takes it as a signal to leave Osulf alone.

EXT. JORVIK WESTERN OUTSKIRTS. NIGHT

Ragnhildr and Losuf place another length of rope. As they stand back up, they look over to see that the wall where they started is all the way in the distance.

They find themselves equidistant between Micklegate Bar to their right and the lifeless Saxon-Viking camp to their left.

Believing their work to be done, the two smile at one another and slowly begin to make their way back to the wall.

EXT. JORVIK WESTERN WALL. NIGHT

At the Wall, Harald and the other Drengir support the rope to help Ragnhildr and Losuf pull themselves up.

Harald helps his sister climb over the battlements, and the two look out towards the Saxon-Viking camp.

HARALD

What now?

RAGNHILDR

Now we wait. When I sound the
horn, Losuf will light the rope.
And then all we can do is hope.

EXT. JORVIK WESTERN OUTSKIRTS. DAY

The tips of the tall grass are shrouded in darkness, the shadow the walls cast extends throughout the field.

Little-by-little, the tips of the grass begin to be bathed in the morning light.

EXT. JORVIK WESTERN OUTSKIRTS. DAY

The warm glow of the dawn rises upon Jorvik.

First to be completely encapsulated by the orange hue is the Minster's Towers.

The sun then makes its way onto the roofs of the houses, and down the long market street. Finally the light shines down onto the Longhouse and Micklegate Bar.

However, the break of day is met with the silence of bated breath. The whole city awaits their fate.

EXT. MICKLEGATE BAR. DAY

Stood atop the Micklegate walls is Ragnhildr, staring out at the fields and towards the Saxon-Viking camp. Waiting.

Her hands fidget on the horn, knowing that she has to time this perfectly.

Her eyes widen. The sound of FIVE HUNDRED FOOTSTEPS draw near.

EXT. JORVIK WESTERN OUTSKIRTS. DAY

Out in the field, the army begins to advance.

The sheer number of soldiers all marching towards the city creates a cacophony of sound. It is a seemingly endless sound that echoes off the stone walls in front of them.

Leading the army is all of the Vikings, just as Ragnhildr predicted. Edan, Ivar and Sigurd follow at the back of the pack.

Whilst the footsteps are booming, the same can not be said for the soldiers.

Where usually the roaring of BATTLE-CRIES would be heard, silence befalls them. Nervous and anxious, something is not quite right in the minds of the Vikings.

Behind them come the Saxons, led by Rawling on horseback. The sun shines off the metal armour of the Saxons, blinding many Vikings who turn around; keeping an eye on their so-called allies.

The army is trampling on all that stands in their way, the long grass being flattened underfoot.

Luckily for Ragnhildr and the Drengr, this means they completely miss the rope crossing the battlefield.

EXT. MICKLEGATE BAR. DAY

Ragnhildr sees the first Vikings begin to step over the threshold.

She places the horn up to her mouth, waiting for the perfect moment. Sweat drips off her brow in anticipation.

EXT. JORVIK WESTERN WALL. DAY

Losuf is waiting, arrow-drawn and covered in one of the rags for the torches. It is ignited by another Drengr.

Noticing Ragnhildr preparing, he stands ready to release the arrow. With bated breath, Losuf's arms shake under the pressure.

EXT. JORVIK WESTERN OUTSKIRTS. DAY

Edan is fixated on the gate in front of them. Sigurd's eyes are scanning the men in front of them.

EDAN

What is their plan? To do nothing?

SIGURD

Those walls would most likely last longer than any army they could throw at us.

Ivar looks behind at Osulf, physically looking down upon the Vikings.

IVAR

It's like he wants an axe to the head up there.

SIGURD

Just make sure if it does, it's not one of yours.

Ivar and Sigurd share a smile as all three men cross over the threshold, unbeknownst to them.

EXT. MICKLEGATE BAR. DAY

Ragnhildr chooses this moment to blow with all her might into the horn.

EXT. JORVIK WESTERN WALL. DAY

Within a split-second of the horn's sound reaching Losuf he releases the arrow, breathing for the first time with a sigh of relief as he fires the arrow.

EXT. JORVIK WESTERN OUTSKIRTS. DAY

The arrow soars through the air and hits its target perfectly: the exposed end of the rope.

Immediately, the fire from the arrow ignites the rope and a chain reaction is set off.

The rope erupts, fire cascading down it and reaching almost two metres tall. The flames are ROARING as it makes its way faster than a bullet across the rope.

Osulf's pupils dilate as he is filled with terror. He sees the fire as it begins to erupt.

OSULF

Fire!

His warning comes too late as the fire spreads faster than the Saxons can make their way across.

Osulf's horse was almost directly on top of the rope, causing it to buckle and scarper away as its mane is singed, throwing Osulf off in the process.

The Armies are divided. Edan, Sigurd and Ivar glare at the flames; seeing the terrified Saxon army behind it. They turn their attention to Micklegate, and make their way to the front of the army.

IVAR

Now that was impressive.

SIGURD

I didn't think the boy was that smart.

EDAN

He isn't.

As Ivar and Edan look on in confusion, not knowing what to expect. A slight smile finds its way onto Sigurd's face.

EXT. MICKLEGATE BAR. DAY

The gates begin to open, slowly enough to reveal Ragnhildr standing at the front of the queue, her father's axe in hand. She begins to walk out of the gate.

As it opens more, Harald and Losuf walk out beside her. The Drengr follow.

As the small party is fully out of the gate, the full force of Jorvik's army begins to filter out.

Behind the Drengr is a Viking force of one hundred and fifty strong. Included are many of the Jorvik civilians: Blacksmiths, Merchants and Tailors alike. All are ready to fight for their home.

EXT . JORVIK WESTERN OUTSKIRTS. DAY

The two Armies are lined up, facing one another. The ROARING flame behind overpowers the small amounts of RUSTLING that the Viking soldiers are making.

Both sides are waiting for one another, neither one wanting to make the first move.

There is an air of nervousness as both sides sweat. They are half-heartedly prepared for what might be coming. They fidget, looking directly at their compatriots on the other side.

Mirroring this are the leaders of both parties.

Ivar and Sigurd both have their axes out. They stare at Harald, Ragnhildr and Losuf, eyes darting between them.

Edan is staring at Ragnhildr alone, looking into his niece's eyes from across the short field between them.

Ragnhildr takes a deep breath, then drops her axe. She wedges it in the ground in front of her, stepping past it to walk between the two armies.

In the first step she takes, the Vikings on the opposite side take a step back before relaxing their stance, confused.

RAGNHILDR

We should not be enemies, yet
here we are. For too long your
lives have been forfeited as
pieces in the politics of your
leaders.

The Viking armies on both sides look at themselves, murmuring and confused.

SIGURD

Your father-

RAGNHILDR

My father was many things. He was the King of our land, the one you swore your loyalty to.

With this she points at Edan, then gestures across to all of the other Vikings. This only solidifies their doubts, making them lower their weapons more.

RAGNHILDR (cont'd)

Loyalty that was paid back with not much more than blood and war. But no more. No more shall your lives and homes be seen as mere casualties of war. No more shall we be toasting to the Glorious Dead when we needlessly fight one another. And I shall send no more of our own people to Odin's Halls.

With this, Harald, Losuf and the other Drengr follow suit by slamming their weapons into the ground.

Ivar and Sigurd look at one another, unknowing of what to do.

After a brief moment, some of the Vikings on their side begin to walk over to Ragnhildr. They too slam their weapons into the ground, joining her cause.

A flood of Edan's army joins them, each slamming their weapon into the ground as they join Jorvik's army.

RAGNHILDR (cont'd)

Do you not see? You have come this far, killed so many to stop the killing. Join your men. Follow through with your motivations.

Sigurd walks up to Ragnhildr, looking straight into her eyes. Harald behind is standing with his hand near his axe, ready to pounce.

SIGURD

For Dotta.

Sigurd puts his hand out to join in arms with Ragnhildr. Shaking arms, they smile and he stands with the Drengr, joined shortly after by Ivar.

Edan is left alone, the only ones facing the now huge united Viking force.

EDAN

You would forgive me? And let me live?

RAGNHILDR

Forgive? No. But I will let you live. You once said to me that you and father wanted to rule peacefully. I truly believe you still want that. You will pay for the pain you have brought my family, but I will let you live.

EDAN

Do I deserve that?

Ragnhildr looks at Edan. He has tears in his eyes in emotional turmoil, realising what he has done.

Ragnhildr looks towards the raging fire behind him.

RAGNHILDR

No. But if I kill you, mother and father would have died for nothing.

Ragnhildr walks back and grabs her axe, the entire army picks up their weapons and stands ready against Osulf and the Saxons.

Behind the fiery curtain, the Saxon army is staring frightened. None are wanting to step forward towards the flames.

Osulf limps his way towards the front of the army, wounded and clearly in pain. He winces with each step.

He swiftly turns to his army. Infuriated, his face is almost the colour of the fire behind him.

OSULF

What are you waiting for? Put the flames out! Smother them!

The soldiers scramble to find cloth large enough to smother the rope.

Eventually the tents that had been erected the previous night are ripped up, creating enough fabric to cover at least a small portion of the flames.

Osulf smiles as the fires begin to diminish, allowing the army to step through.

This smile lasts a matter of moments as Osulf looks out at the army facing them. He orders the Saxons to stop.

Osulf screams at them infuriated, spitting everywhere.

OSULF (cont'd)

Charge!

Tentatively, the army charges past Osulf.

Ragnhildr quickly lifts her father's axe to signal the Vikings attack.

The Vikings all charge, led by Ragnhildr.

A flurry of axes and swords meet the Saxons head-on. It is a very one-sided battle, with the Vikings quickly beginning to overpower the invading force.

Ragnhildr and Osulf meet on the battlefield, Osulf's sword and Ragnhildr's axe locking together.

OSULF (cont'd)

It was supposed to be me. They were to follow me. Your family has killed them, butchered their people.

RAGNHILDR

And you would do the same.

Osulf pummels Ragnhildr, using all of his might to keep swinging, hoping that one blow will land.

Ragnhildr blocks every single attack, waiting for him to tire.

It doesn't take long for Osulf's attacks to slow. As he takes another swing of his sword from over his head, Ragnhildr strikes.

She hits him in the face with the handle of her axe, breaking his nose. This knocks him off-balance.

She then slices her axe across his chest, ripping his shirt open and slicing his skin.

The battle around them is almost over with only a few Saxons left who aren't dead or surrendered.

Bleeding and concussed, Osulf stands unsteadily.

This allows Ragnhildr to throw her axe down and punch him in the chest, before sweeping his leg, sending him crashing to the ground.

She pounces on him, punching him three times in the face. She quickly grabs the axe from her belt and swings it up ready to kill him, but she is stopped by Osulf's laughter.

OSULF

Ha ha ha. Barbarian. Just like your father. Ha ha. What did I tell you, things will always be the same. Go on, finish me.

Ragnhildr looks back at the Drenggr and Edan. She snaps back to Osulf on the floor. Her axe is still ready to strike.

RAGNHILDR

You're wrong, I'm not my father.

She stands up with her father's axe.

RAGNHILDR (cont'd)

But I am my mother. And this is for her.

She brings the axe down, slicing off his right hand.

Triumphant, Ragnhildr stands up victorious and looks down at the bleeding, WAILING Viking.

She leaves him there injured and walks through the army with her father's axe in hand, back to her city.