

When Old Saxony Died

By

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based on true events

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OVER BLACK:

SUPER: WHEN OLD SAXONY DIED

FADE IN:

EXT. DUSTY ROAD - DAY

Two medieval guards ride abreast along a dirt road. Behind them, a horse drawn cart. Driver's old and weathered. Riding shotgun is ALCUIN(40s) a monk. More guards bring up the rear.

Alcuin looks about curiously, fidgets with his Rosary Beads.

SUPER: AACHEN - CAPITAL OF AUSTRASIA - 782 AD

The small convoy approaches the gates of a medieval city.

INT. KING CHARLEMAGNE'S CASTLE - THRONE ROOM - DAY

A large canvas displays a painting of King Charlemagne half complete. King Charlemagne has long dark hair, a long full beard. He appears tall, dignified and regal wearing a crown.

Medieval painter, with brush and palette, paints the canvas.

KING CHARLEMAGNE strikes a pose. He occasionally looks down as he tries to read a large hand written bible on his lap.

A ROYAL GUARD enters followed by Alcuin close behind.

ROYAL GUARD

Your Majesty! Alcuin of York.

The King nods to Alcuin with a slight smile. Alcuin bows.

KING CHARLEMAGNE

We will resume same time tomorrow.

The painter bows and with brush and palette in hand, leaves.

King Charlemagne approaches Alcuin, pats him on the shoulder.

KING CHARLEMAGNE

I am thrilled you accepted my offer.

ALCUIN

I hope I prove worthy your Majesty.

KING CHARLEMAGNE

Oh you will, for that I am certain.

ALCUIN

Sire, forgive me for being so bold,  
but can you enlighten me on what my  
duties will be.

KING CHARLEMAGNE

A main duty will be the education  
of my sons - as well as myself - in  
subjects, such as astronomy, Latin,  
theology, mathematics and science.

Alcuin nods.

KING CHARLEMAGNE (CONT'D)

However, your primary duty will be  
as my chief advisor.

ALCUIN

But Sire, I know very little about  
warfare and battle strategy.

KING CHARLEMAGNE

Those skills are imperative if I  
were a mere conqueror. However, my  
divine purpose is to bring Europe  
out of the darkness and into the  
light of the one true God.

ALCUIN

A noble purpose Sire.

KING CHARLEMAGNE

Noble in deed. But to accomplish  
this, I'm going to need your help.  
You will be my moral compass.

Charlemagne pats Alcuin on the shoulder. Alcuin smiles.

EXT. VILLAGE LOWER SAXONY - LATE AFTERNOON

Some fifty villagers mingle and enjoy a minstrel on harp, a juggler, and a sword swallower. Party atmosphere with small groups forming. Lots of laughter and merriment. The village behind comprises of small huts, Blacksmith hut and Mead Hall.

SUPER: FEAST OF EOSTRE

Young children scamper about finding colored eggs hidden nearby. They have so much enthusiasm and energy to find more.

WAYLAND Smith, his beautiful Redhead wife ASTRID and their lovely daughter GOODRIN(16) watch the children play. They enjoy watching the vigour and enjoyment of the egg hunt.

Wayland is plain, with a big nose but has handsome eyes and an infectious smile. He stands between his wife and daughter like a thorn between two roses. Astrid and Goodrin have long hair, clear skin and dazzling smiles. Babes.

WAYLAND

So Goodrin, why are you not enjoying this years egg hunt?

GOODRIN

Oh father, you know too well I have not done the egg hunt since I was ten but yet you need to ask me every single year. Time and again.

Wayland breaks out in a smirk.

WAYLAND

Well when you two were busy oggling the sword swallower, I managed to spot these two hiding in the bushes.

Wayland hands Astrid a green egg and Goodrin a red one.

ASTRID

Good tidings husband.

GOODRIN

Good tidings father.

Astrid and Goodrin take turns to kiss Wayland on the cheek.

WAYLAND

Daughter. Wife.  
Good tidings.

EXT. TOP OF BARREN HILL - DUSK

Village priest GUNTHER(50s) long grey beard wears a wolf skin, its head adorns him like a cap. Under the fur, he wears a black robe. Gunther holds up a long knotty staff.

Gunther stands in front of the congregation. All have gathered on a low hill. Last slither of a stunning sunset. Gunther turns back to the crowd and looks up.

A full moon is high above.

GUNTHER (CONT'D)(O.S.)

As the dying embers of Suna day ebbs away, we drift into the mirkiness of night. Mona night --

Gunther continues to gaze at the moon. The congregation all seem content and smile as they too gaze up high.

GUNTHER (CONT'D)  
and we rejoice and give thanks in  
this charmed hour of twilight.

CHIEF (50s), village leader, stands with his family separate from the congregation. Chief is best dressed with fancy belt buckle and clasps. He wears a fancy sword. Chief yawns.

GUNTHER (CONT'D)(O.S.)  
And there is no twilight hour more  
charmed --

Chief's beautiful buxom wife HELGA listens intent to the sermon and nods. Chief yawns. His twins, WOLFGANG and VALTER (16) large uncouth brutes, elbow one another roughly. HANS (17) tall thin boyband good looks smiles and winks.

GUNTHER (CONT'D)(O.S.)  
then the one before the festival of  
Eostre. We praise you Eostre --

Goodrin blushes. Hans and Goodrin share a playful smile.

GUNTHER (CONT'D)(O.S.)  
most wonderous Goddess of Spring.  
Please smile over our fields and  
livestock.

EXT. LARGE CLEARING IN FOREST - NIGHT

A large roaring bonfire lights up the clearing. A minstrel plays a harp. Couples dance in the light of the fire. Hans and Goodrin partake in the dance, holding hands, so in love.

Villagers sit on benches at long tables. Dirty plates strewn about, a pigs head, remnants of the feast. Everyone is drunk.

Chief and Wayland sit together at a long table. They swig mead from heavy wooden mugs. Both notice Hans and Goodrin.

CHIEF  
I see these two will likely wed.  
What say you blacksmith?

WAYLAND  
It would give us much joy if they  
did. He is a kind hard working  
young man who will make my daughter  
very happy. You did a fine job  
raising him. You should be proud.

CHIEF

I am proud but I had nothing to do  
with raising him. It was all Helga.

Helga not far away attends to everyone's mead, going from  
guest to guest, offering more mead from a large pewter flask.

Valter and Wolfgang are on the end of one long table. They  
are surrounded by onlookers as they arm wrestle one another.

CHIEF (CONT'D)(O.S.)

I did, however, try and raise  
Wolfgang and Valter.

Valter is losing so he punches Wolfgang in the face. A fist  
fight ensues and the boys swap heavy blows in front of Chief.

Helga notices the fight and signals Chief to take care of  
it. Chief downs the rest of his mead and throws the heavy  
mug at the boys. It hits Valter in the head, knocks him out.  
Everyone stops talking, even the harp player has stopped.

Everyone stares hard at Valter. Valter stirs awake and  
slowly gets up. He is disorientated.

CHIEF

Okay everyone, no need to panic,  
nothing to see here!

Everyone returns to their conversations. Harp music resumes.

CHIEF (CONT'D)

Wolfgang! Help your brother up and  
stop trying to kill each other!

Wolfgang helps Valter up and helps him walk slowly away.

CHIEF (CONT'D)

Sometimes I wonder whether I was  
wrong to bring them two up as  
warriors. We live in changing  
times under Charlemagne's rule.

Chief takes a large swig of mead.

CHIEF (CONT'D)

You can't even raid another village  
without it being considered an act  
of war. Yet in the time of our  
fathers, it was an honorable way to  
make a living.

WAYLAND

I am glad I have my trade. I have  
no desire to raid nor drive my  
sword into another man's heart.

CHIEF

Ahh blacksmith, it is the sweetest  
thing in this world and the next.

INT. KING CHARLEMAGNE'S CASTLE - MEDIEVAL CLASSROOM - DAY

Alcuin stands at the head of a well lit small classroom.  
Behind him, hangs a map of the known world on parchment.

At the front of the class are Charlemagne's sons PIPPIN (13)  
a hunchback and CHARLES (10). Pippin's face is contorted,  
his eyes down and he's hunched over. Charles sits upright.  
He is alert, athletic and handsome. Both are dressed regal.

Behind the Princes sit two young monks, smiling and eager.

INT. KING CHARLEMAGNE'S CASTLE - HALLWAY - DAY

Charlemagne walks down a hallway and stops at a doorway and  
looks in. He has a wide view of Alcuin's classroom.

INT. KING CHARLEMAGNE'S CASTLE - MEDIEVAL CLASSROOM - DAY

Except for Pippin, who's eyes are down, Charles and the  
monks look alert and eager.

ALCUIN

Would anyone care to tell me what  
is Pythagoras Theorem?

Charles and the young monks have blank looks. Pippin  
continues to face the desk with eyes down, hunched over.

King Charlemagne is at the doorway, undetected by the  
students. He continues to observe the class.

Alcuin notices the King but only gives a slight smile so as  
not to alert the class regarding their regal observer.

ALCUIN (CONT'D)

Pippin! I know you know this one.  
Come now!

With eyes down and hunched over the desk, Pippin mutters-

PIPPIN

The square of the hypotenuse is equal to the sum of the squares of the other two sides.

ALCUIN

Excellent Pippin! Stand and take a bow. Most impressive young man.

Pippin stands and takes a bow. A glimpse of his handsome face reveals he is smiling. The other students applaud. Charlemagne watches from the doorway. He looks proud.

The applause dies down. The King continues to clap as he enters. Everyone turns and are surprized to find the King.

CHARLES

Come to join the class father?

KING CHARLEMAGNE

My school days are behind me Charles. I've come to see what a wonderful education you are receiving from Brother Alcuin. Well done everyone!

The King's eyes rest on Pippin. Shy Pippin stares down.

ALCUIN

Sire, is there anything I can --

KING CHARLEMAGNE

Oh ahh apologies Brother Alcuin. Is this errr a bad time?

ALCUIN

Actually it is a very good time.  
(addresses class)  
Lets all break for lunch. Remember, lunch is the most important meal of the day. So please - eat well.

Charles leads Pippin out of the class.

KING CHARLEMAGNE

Charles? Take care of your brother. And you, Pippin? Likewise.

CHARLES | PIPPIN

Yes Father.

KING CHARLEMAGNE

Hurry now. Enjoy some lunch.

CHARLES | PIPPIN  
Yes Father. Bye!

The Princes follow the monks out the door.

ALCUIN  
Sire, how may I be of service?

KING CHARLEMAGNE  
Four times a year I hold counsel  
with all my advisers. Our next  
meeting is next week. You must come.

ALCUIN  
As you command your Majesty.

KING CHARLEMAGNE  
I plan to have all the great minds  
of Europe in the one room and that  
will not work if you are not there.

ALCUIN  
I would be honored. Thank you.

KING CHARLEMAGNE  
I am also curious to hear how Pippin  
is doing in his education.

ALCUIN  
Pippin is very intelligent but also  
extremely shy. So I am working on  
bringing Pippin out of his shell.

KING CHARLEMAGNE  
Well I can see myself Pippin has  
made tremendous progress.

ALCUIN  
Your Majesty, Pippin's education is  
the least of your concerns.

KING CHARLEMAGNE  
Thank you Alcuin.

The King turns to leave but turns back to Alcuin.

KING CHARLEMAGNE  
There is something that weighs heavy  
on me. I would welcome your advice.

ALCUIN  
Of course your Majesty.

KING CHARLEMAGNE

I have heard a physical deformity reflects an imperfection of the soul. Is this true? Is Pippin's soul destined for the fires of hell?

ALCUIN

This is not true your Majesty. It is a myth. Pippin's hunchback has as much relevance on his soul as my flat feet have on mine.

KING CHARLEMAGNE

Wonderful! Thank you Alcuin.

The King smiles and pats Alcuin on the shoulder.

INT. BLACKSMITH HUT - DAY

Wayland wears an apron and thick gloves. He bangs away on a red hot sword with a large hammer on an anvil. The Furnace at the rear of the hut burns fiercely.

Hans also wears an apron and thick gloves. He works on one end of a bench and pours molten metal into molds. Beside the molds are dozens and dozens of arrow heads.

HANS

I've been your apprentice for a whole year and all I can make so far are arrow heads. When am I going to start on swords?

WAYLAND

All in good time.

HANS

At this rate I won't touch a sword till I'm very very old, like forty.

WAYLAND

Now now Hans. Arrow heads are very important to the business. Just think, there is a little bit of you in every one of them arrow heads.

HANS

I get it. It's an important line. But what I really want to know is - when am I going to start on swords?

WAYLAND

Soon enough. Don't fret now Hans.

Hans looks disappointed. He continues with the molds.

Wayland bangs on a sword. He stops and places it aside.

WAYLAND (CONT'D)

What say we stop for a drink? Tis  
thirsty work.

HANS

My eyes could do with a break from  
all these arrow heads.

EXT. BLACKSMITH HUT - DAY

Wayland and Hans sit at an outdoor table just outside the hut. The hut is near a bubbling stream. A willow shelters the table from the sun. The two swig down mugs of mead.

HANS

When you make a sword, do you ever  
ponder, this sword might kill  
someone, possibly many.

WAYLAND

Our vocation is to make fine  
weapons. Its use be the warriors.

HANS

But do you ever stay awake wondering?

WAYLAND

Never. My father told me something  
when I was an apprentice which I  
have never forgotten. Swords don't  
kill people. People kill people.

Hans nods and smiles at this reply. Wayland and Hans swig down some more mead. Wayland tries to pour Hans more mead.

HANS

I won't be able to work if I drink --

WAYLAND

Life is not all about work now Hans.  
What say we enjoy this glorious day?

Hans allows Wayland to fill his mug. They swig down more.

Hans notices a plaque at the entry to the hut. Outline of a Blacksmith with a beard who hammers a sword on an anvil.

HANS

Who's that?

WAYLAND  
The plaque? It's Wayland the Smith!

HANS  
That's you?

WAYLAND  
(chortles)  
No! That be the Wayland the Smith!  
Patron god to all blacksmiths!

HANS  
So you are named after Wayland the  
Smith? Blacksmith to the Gods?

WAYLAND  
I am. And so was my father and my  
fathers father and my fathers  
fathers father for ten generations.

HANS  
But you don't have a son.

Hans looks awkward, he deeply regrets the son remark.

Wayland looks off in the distance, he looks melancholy.

WAYLAND  
Alas it would seem I am the last  
one. I would have loved a son.

Wayland swigs down more mead, drowns his sorrows. Hans is  
quiet and swigs his mead. The afternoon sun is low.

INT. BLACKSMITH HUT - DAY

The Furnace burns fiercely. Wayland bangs away on a red hot  
sword with a large hammer. Business as usual.

Hans looks bored as he pours molten metal into molds. On the  
bench, adjacent the molds are piles and piles of arrow heads.

Goodrin enters. She has to wait till Wayland notices her.  
Wayland stops hammering and the hut goes quiet. Hans looks  
up and notices her. They share their secret smile.

GOODRIN  
Hello Father, Hans. Surprise!

WAYLAND  
A lovely surprise. What brings you  
this way daughter?

GOODRIN  
I've made you lunch. Come before it  
gets cold.

Wayland has a look of panic on his face.

EXT. BLACKSMITH HUT - DAY

Wayland and Hans sit at the table under the willow tree.  
Two bowls of steamy mush before them and wooden spoons.  
Goodrin sits opposite, she is anxious to see them eat.

HANS  
It looks yummy.

Hans picks up his spoon and goes to take a spoonful. Wayland  
panics, he knocks the spoon out of Hans's hand.

GOODRIN  
Father!

WAYLAND  
I could see it was too hot. Didn't  
want the lad to to to burn his lips.

GOODRIN  
Burnt lips. Oh we can't have that!

Hans and Goodrin chuckle and share their special smile.

GOODRIN (CONT'D)  
Father, can Hans escort me parts the  
way back. There is a wild goose  
behind Schmitt's hut that scares me.

WAYLAND  
Of course dear daughter. Run along  
now and by the time Hans returns,  
his lunch will be ready to eat.

Hans and Goodrin get up to leave.

GOODRIN  
Make sure Hans eats up all his  
lunch. Did you know lunch is the  
most important meal of the day?

WAYLAND  
Well I do now. Run along now dear  
daughter. We are busy today. We  
have a large order of arrow heads.

Hans and Goodrin leave into the forest. Wayland notices them holding hands before they are out of sight.

WAYLAND

Wild goose? In deed. I think the only goose in these parts is me.

Wayland subconsciously tries a spoon of mush. He grimaces and promptly spits it out. He gargles his mouth with mead.

EXT. VILLAGE - LOWER SAXONY - DAY

Hans has Goodrin against a tree, they kiss passionately in deep embrace. Hans breaks off the kiss.

HANS

Goody, I need to go back now.

GOODRIN

Oh please, just a little more.  
I know, a tongue fight.

Hans and Goodrin lock mouths. They kiss passionately. Both snicker as they tongue fight.

EXT. BLACKSMITH HUT - DAY

Wayland looks bored at the table under the willow tree. He has a mischevius look as he fills up Hans bowl with half his mush. Hans returns and sits at his bowl.

HANS

How is it?

WAYLAND

Fine. Only ate half. Big breakfast.

Hans looks less eager as he closer inspects the mush.

HANS

There is a lot here.

WAYLAND

Lucky you.

Hans takes a large spoonful and is just about to swallow. Wayland grabs his wrist, stops him from eating.

WAYLAND

Wait! I need to ask you something.

HANS

Can't it wait till after lunch?

WAYLAND

No, this can't wait. I need to ask what are your intentions?

HANS

Intentions?

WAYLAND

Yes, intentions. Do you plan to make Goodrin your wife or are you just sowing wild oats?

HANS

Oh ahhh I've been meaning to ask -

WAYLAND

Son, you have my blessing. Welcome to the family.

Wayland shakes Hans' hand vigorously. Hans is surprised.

HANS

That went a lot different then I expected. Not that I am complaining.

Happy Hans takes a spoon of mush. His chewing slows to a stop. He struggles to swallow. Hans grimaces at the taste.

WAYLAND

Goodrin is a wonderful daughter and will be a wonderful wife. Caring. Thoughtful. Pity she can't cook.

Hans continues to chew. He attempts to talk but is hard to understand cause of the full mouth. His eyes look desperate.

HANS

What do you mean she can't cook?

WAYLAND

Take heart, young Hans. If I can teach a numb skull the ancient art of sword making, Astrid and your mother should be able to teach Goodrin how to cook.

HANS

Numb skull? Oh me.

(excited)

Are you going to teach me sword making? When?

## WAYLAND

Next Woden's day. We still have that  
big order of arrow heads to finish.

INT. KING CHARLEMAGNE'S CASTLE - THRONE ROOM - DAY

The King sits on his throne covered in a sheet. A barber with twirly mustache cuts the King's beard short with hand clippers. He lather's the King's face. The barber finishes shaving with a straight razor. He removes the sheet.

Three burly guards sweat and buckle holding a huge wall mirror before the King. The King admires his reflection.

INT. KING CHARLEMAGNE'S CASTLE - DINING ROOM - DAY

A LADY (40), finely dressed, Pippin and Charles sit at a heavy dining table. They eat croissants and drink juice. The Lady smiles as she watches over the Princes.

King Charlemagne enters. He gives the Lady a peck on the cheek and then proceeds to sit at the head of the table.

The Lady nods and smiles in reaction to the King's new look.

CHARLES

Why father, is that you? You look  
so old!

KING CHARLEMAGNE

I think you mean different Charles.

CHARLES

No, old!

Everyone laughs, even Pippin.

LADY

You look wonderful. Just like that  
young man I met long long ago.

KING CHARLEMAGNE

Thank you my sweet.

The King turns to Pippin.

KING CHARLEMAGNE (CONT'D)

So Pippin, you hold the tie breaker.  
Charles says old, mother says young.

PIPPIN

Old!

Everyone laughs. The King feigns he is offended.

KING CHARLEMAGNE

Old! Old! Quick call the Royal  
Executioner. Off with their heads!

The King gets up and playfully chases the young princes around the table to everyone's delight. The princes giggle.

SERIES OF SHOTS - MORNING PRIOR SAXON WEDDING

- A) Hans is with his brothers and two friends, sitting at a small table in a clearing, getting drunk on mead. All wear identical Robin Hood style suits - dark green trim.
- B) Four bridesmaids lead Goodrin into the river at the riverbend. All naked. The maids stop when waist deep. The maids are of similar stature, all with long hair. Two of the maids are brunettes, the other two blondes.
- C) Goodrin stands still, arms outstretched smiling. Her four maids wash every square inch of her body.
- D) Hans and his groomsmen stagger over to a small table one end of the clearing. On the table are five razor sharp throwing axes. Nailed to a tree thirty yards away is a large Bullseye target.
- E) Hans groomsmen take turns throwing an axe at the bullseye. Hans's friends and two brothers score well.
- F) Hans throws. It is way off. It hits another tree. Groomsmen are in hysterics at this poor display of bravado. Valter shoves a tankard in his hand. Hans downs the mead as his groomsmen cheer him on.

GROOMSMEN

SKOL! SKOL! SKOL! SKOL! SKOL! SKOL!

- G) Goodrin stands naked on the bank, same pose, smiling. Her four maids dry every square inch of her body. All maids are all dressed identical in white dresses.
- H) The maids help Goodrin into a white dress as if she were a Queen. They fix her hair and crown her with a daisy chain. All five are dressed and crowned the same.
- I) Hans and his groomsmen are drunk as they stagger along a worn trail in the forest. All with tankards in hand.
- J) Goodrin and her maids walk barefoot through the grass. The maids walk either side front and back. They giggle.

EXT. SAXON ROAD - DAY

Riding down a narrow road flanked by tall trees is Frankish constabulary - SHERIFF CLAUDE (50) easy going, full beard and his new over zealous clean shaven constable MARCEL (25).

SHERIFF CLAUDE

Do you like fishing Marcel? The river is teeming with fish.

MARCEL

I have no interest in fishing Sir but I do wish to learn what methods of brutality and intimidation you enlist to subdue these pagans.

SHERIFF CLAUDE

I refrain from such barbaric methods. Best you do the same.

Marcel gives a discerning look.

SHERIFF CLAUDE (CONT'D)

We are here to keep the peace, not stir the pot. Consider kindness and tolerance instead of brutality and intimidation. This is the best tack if you wish to forge a life here.

MARCEL

Sir! May I remind you of our mission statement. To subdue the native population and withhold --

SHERIFF CLAUDE

I know you are keen to use what you have learnt but in the real world we do things a little different.

HANS AND HIS GROOMSMEN (O.S)

Go home Frankish Pigs! Oink Oink!

The Sheriff and Marcel look back. It's Hans and his party crossing the road and disappearing back into the forest.

Marcel looks mad as he tries to turn his horse around.

SHERIFF CLAUDE

Where are you off to?

MARCEL

Off to teach those Saxon pups a lesson they'll never--

SHERIFF CLAUDE

Woah! Don't you think that is over excessive. They are drunk teens on their way to a wedding. Let it go.

MARCEL

A wedding? Regulation two O four clearly states all Pagan celebrations must be sighted by the local constabulary. We must attend.

SHERIFF CLAUDE

I'll explain why that is a bad idea. In the last decade, we've conquered Saxony four times! Four times - and still they refuse to yield. Their hatred for all Franks burns like a fire in every Saxon heart. To attend that wedding you will be putting out that fire with lamp oil.

MARCEL

But Sir, shouldn't we follow standard festival protocol.

SHERIFF CLAUDE

Take heed! Respect these pagans or your head will end up on a spike.

MARCEL

But Sir, what about Regulation two O four. It states--

Sheriff Claude loses his temper.

SHERIFF CLAUDE

We are not attending the Wedding, is that clear?

MARCEL

But Sir--

SHERIFF CLAUDE

Is that clear?

MARCEL

Yes Sir.

Sheriff and Marcel ignore each other as they ride on.

EXT. CLEARING IN THE FOREST - DAY

GUNTHER wears a goat skin, its head adorns him like a cap.

Before Gunther stands Hans and Goodrin, staring into each others eyes. The bridesmaids near the bride, groomsmen near the groom. The main congregation, most of the town, look on.

GUNTHER

And now the exchange of swords.

Valter nudges Wolfgang. Wolfgang delivers a shiny sword to Hans. Hans proudly presents it to Goodrin.

HANS

I give you this sword to save for  
our sons to have and to use.

Wayland approaches Goodrin and presents her with a shiny sword. With her one free hand she passes it on to Hans.

GOODRIN.

To keep us safe, you must bear a  
blade. With this sword keep safe our  
home.

Goodrin and Hans hold their swords between each other.

GUNTHER

Turn around and face your guests.

Goodrin and Hans spin around, swords on the outside. They hold hands. Gunther stands behind, clenches their hands.

GUNTHER

By the power of the Goddess Freya  
and you all as witness, I name you  
wed. You may raise your swords.

To the cheers and howls from the crowd, Hans and Goodrin hold their swords up high. The bride, groom, bridal party and everyone else have beaming smiles. Everyone is so happy.

INT. MEDIEVAL HUT - DAY

Marcel sits at a table adjacent a window. He's dressed as a Saxon. He tries on a fake beard, ties it up with string. Marcel puts on a wig. He now has a mullet haircut. Marcel looks into a medieval hand mirror. He is impressed.

MARCEL

You may of lost your nerve Sheriff  
'I love Saxony'. Not to worry! I,  
Marcel, will take up the slack. Oh  
and what slack there is!

INT. MEAD HALL - DAY

The Wedding feast is in full swing. Everyone drunk and rowdy. Valter and Wolfgang sit end of a table arm wrestling. Their girlfriends, the blonde bridesmaids, look on bored.

A minstrel plays a flute, another a lute. They play a lively tune. A number of guests dance about medieval style.

Wayland and Gunther sit together, both drunk, laugh hard.

GUNTHER

Heard what Charlemagne's done?

WAYLAND

No what?

GUNTHER

He came out with this ordinance.  
All Saxons are to be christened.

WAYLAND

Any good Saxon would never turn  
their back on the Gods. Why would  
we? They have always been good to  
us. We are their chosen people.

GUNTHER

Exactly.

WAYLAND

The King can make any law he wishes.  
Even foolish ones. Fat chance of  
enforcing that one. What will be his  
next edict? How to wipe our asses?

Wayland and Gunther chuckle as they down more Mead.

At the bridal table, Hans and Goodrin sit center facing their guests. Goodrin chats with her two brunette bridesmaids. Other side of Hans sits Chief. Hans shows his father the sword he gave to Goodrin. The Chief admires it.

CHIEF

You made this?

HANS

Yes I did.

CHIEF

Well it is a thing of beauty.

Chief picks it up, admires it as he handles the sword.

CHIEF

Good balance, a solid blade.  
Straight as a die. A fine weapon.

Hans looks pleased with himself.

Valter and Wolfgang sit end of a table arm wrestling. The blonde bridesmaids look on bored. Wolfgang finally wins.

BLONDE #1

Now can we have that dance Valter?

BLONDE #2

I want to dance too Wolfy!

WOLFGANG

We'll dance as soon as Valter  
concedes I'm stronger.

VALTER

In your dreams. Best of fifteen?

WOLFGANG

You are on.

Valter and Wolfgang start a new arm wrestling contest. Their girlfriends roll their eyes.

Marcel sneaks inside in Saxon disguise. He sits on the end of a table, tries to look inconspicuous as he looks about. One blonde notices Marcel. She whispers to her friend.

BLONDE #1

Well hello there stranger. So cute.

The twins continue to arm wrestle, oblivious to all.

BLONDE #2

That he is. I'm going to say hello.

Blonde #2 stands and makes her move. Blonde #1 follows.

BLONDE #1

Wait! I saw him first!

The blondes sit either side of Marcel in disguise. Marcel fears his cover may be blown.

BLONDE #1

My friend and I noticed you enter.  
Are you here for the bride or groom?

MARCEL

Oh hell-oh. I am here for the arr  
groom. I am Ziggy. I am his cousin.

BLONDE #2

'Hell-oh'. Oh I love a man with an  
accent. Where are you from sweety?

MARCEL

Oh arrr the other side of Saxony.  
Frank side. We speak a little funny  
over that side.

BLONDE #1

Well Ziggy, are you going to ask one  
of us to dance. Dance with both of  
us if you like. We love doing  
things together. Don't we?

BLONDE #2

We sure do.

The blondes giggle. Marcel's face turns red under the beard.

MARCEL

Well I'm afraid I have two left feet.

BLONDE #2

I'm sure your feet and everything in  
between works just fine.

The blondes giggle.

Valter and Wolfgang finish their arm wrestling match. They  
notice their girlfriends flirting with Marcel in disguise.

The Blondes continue to flirt with Marcel. The twins arrive.

WOLFGANG

What the hell are you doin' with our  
girlfriends?

VALTER

What kind of low life scum steals  
someone's girlfriend at a wedding.

BLONDE #1

Relax boys, he is your cousin Ziggy.

VALTER

We don't have a cousin Ziggy!

MARCEL

I'm actually a distant cousin on your father's mother's sister's brother's side. It's complicated.

WOLFGANG

Are you here with Uncle Rolland?

MARCEL

Oui! I mean yes.

WOLFGANG

We don't have an Uncle Rolland!

Valter pulls off Marcel's beard. Marcel bolts.

VALTER

I knew it. He's a dirty Frank spy!

Marcel makes for the door. He dodges Valter and Wolfgang who narrowly miss catching him. Marcel slips under tables and runs around chairs. Near the door Wolfgang manages to grab a fistful of Marcel's hair but it's a wig. Marcel escapes.

The two brothers run out of the Hall after him.

Hans and Goodrin look at each other and shrug. Chief looks angry. He gets up and heads for the door too.

EXT. OUTSIDE MEAD HALL - DUSK

Marcel rushes into the dense forest fifty yards away. Valter and Wolfgang bolt out of the hall. They stop before the tree line, unsure which way Marcel fled. The loud Wedding makes it impossible to listen out for Marcel.

EXT. DEEP FOREST - DUSK

Marcel runs hard, dodging trunks and branches as he runs at break neck speed. He breathes hard, his heart races. He trips over and gets up, brushes hard off a tree, sprints on.

EXT. OUTSIDE MEAD HALL - DUSK

The twins look hard into the darkness of the deep forest. They're still unsure where Marcel went. Chief exits the hall.

CHIEF

What are you two boneheads doing?

WOLFGANG

We found a dirty Frank spy.

CHIEF

Have you been eating those mushroo--

VALTER

He speaks the truth. He was a dirty Frank spy stealing our girlfriends.

CHIEF

You angry cause he's a spy or cause he was stealing your girlfriends?

VALTER | WOLFGANG

Both.

CHIEF

Did you mention anything about our raid with Widukind tonight?

VALTER | WOLFGANG

No.

CHIEF

Then what is the problem? Probably just an uninvited guest caught out.

VALTER

What about him trying to steal our girlfriends?

WOLFGANG

Yeah!

CHIEF

If you spent less time arm wrestling and more time with your girlfriends there'd be no problem. Stop with the holding hands! People think your gay!

Wolfgang and Valter look down sheepishly.

EXT. MAIN STREET OF TOWN NEAR SAXONY BORDER - DAY

Buildings smolder from fire damage. The street is strewn with the injured and the dead. A few Monks attend to the injured, dressing wounds, making comfortable, providing water. A Monk announces the last rights to a dying man.

King Charlemagne enters the town flanked by two burly King's guards. He looks around at the death and carnage in shock. They ride past dead bodies, some of the dead are women.

Charlemagne stops before WERNER (50s), the town's Mayor. Werner has a bandage around his head and injured eye.

KING CHARLEMAGNE

What say you regarding this travesty  
good sir.

WERNER

Sire! This be the work of the Saxons.  
A heathen army raided us last night.

KING CHARLEMAGNE

Did you by any chance notice Widukind.

WERNER

I my Lord. He be leading the rabble.

King Charlemagne shakes his head and rides on a little more.  
Charlemagne stops before THEOLONIOUS (50s), a senior monk.

KING CHARLEMAGNE

How goes it Theolonious?

THEOLONIOUS

Heart breaking my Lord. So many  
orphans, their parents slaughtered  
like cattle. Those heathen devils!

KING CHARLEMAGNE

You and your brothers need anything?

THEOLONIOUS

Medical supplies, especially bandages.  
We also need more food and blankets.

KING CHARLEMAGNE

Expect the supplies later today.

Theolonious nods. The King and his guards ride off.

EXT. OUTSIDE SHERIFF CLAUDE'S HUT - DAY

Sheriff Claude sits near a campfire, a thatched hut behind  
him. Claude attends to four fish roasting over the campfire.  
He squeezes a lemon all over the fish. Claude licks his lips.

Marcel runs from the treeline in his Saxon guise. He looks  
cold, miserable and tired. Marcel anxiously looks about.

SHERIFF CLAUDE

Marcel? What are you doing here?

MARCEL

I know you told me not to go but I -

SHERIFF CLAUDE  
Ahh don't tell me you went to that  
wedding.

Marcel nods glumly.

SHERIFF CLAUDE (CONT'D)  
What happened? Who is after you?

MARCEL  
These two twins, big strong -

SHERIFF CLAUDE  
Oh no! That's Valter and Wolfgang,  
the Chief's sons. If you stay here  
you are as good as dead. Here come  
sit by the fire, you look cold.

Sheriff Claude stands and allows Marcel to sit.

MARCEL  
What am I going to do?  
I can't stay here, if I do I'm as -

SHERIFF CLAUDE  
Exactly. Fortunately I have a plan.  
I will be back in a moment.

Sheriff Claude gets up and heads into his hut. Marcel warms  
himself at the fire. The Sheriff exits carrying a letter.  
He offers the letter to Marcel who stands to receive it.

SHERIFF CLAUDE (CONT'D)  
Go now, make haste. In Antwerp give  
this letter to Monsieur Frojar, the  
constabulary secretary. He will  
organize your transfer.

MARCEL  
Are they always this accomodating? To  
transfers I mean.

SHERIFF CLAUDE  
Not usually. They only consider such  
requests if it's from the Sheriff.  
(beat)  
I thought this might happen.

MARCEL  
I appreciate the letter. What's it say?

SHERIFF CLAUDE  
Don't worry what it says. You want a  
transfer don't you?

MARCEL

I do. I just wanted to know what it--

SHERIFF CLAUDE

It says I am unable to work with my new deputy because he is the spitting image of the man who ran off with my Adele twenty eight years ago. My best friend Marcel.

MARCEL

My father's name is Marcel and my mother is Adele. Did you know them?

SHERIFF CLAUDE

Intimately.

There is an uncomfortable pause between the two. Claude is teary eyed.

SHERIFF CLAUDE (CONT'D)

I am sorry son. Every time I see you I see them. I ran away to the remotest place on earth to never see them again and here you are. Haunting me. Ha ha.

MARCEL

I I--

SHERIFF CLAUDE

You're a good lad but every time I see you my heart breaks into a million pieces. I don't want to hurt anymore.

Marcel holds up the letter and nods. He runs into the woods leaving a teary Claude behind.

SHERIFF CLAUDE (CONT'D)

Spitting image.

INT. CASTLE HALLS - DAY

Alcuin runs down a series of halls. He is in a great hurry.

INT. THE KINGS MEETING ROOM - DAY

The King sits at the head of a large table. Ancient maps and centuries old artwork adorn the walls. At the table, are four others - PETER OF PISA (38), PAULINUS (56), PAUL THE DEACON (60), THEODULF (22), all dressed as monks. All quiet.

PETER OF PISA

I nominate today we only address the current major crisis. Saxony.

KING CHARLEMAGNE

You may, when the meeting starts.  
We are just waiting for--

Alcuin rushes in and sits down immediately.

ALCUIN

Apologies Lord. I was indisposed  
when the noon bell sounded.

KING CHARLEMAGNE

Don't be late again, Alcuin. I  
trust you've met everyone.

ALCUIN

Not Officially.  
Why you're Paulinus of Aquilleia!  
And you're Paul the Deacon! I am  
most honored.

Paulinus and Paul the Deacon give Alcuin a gracious nod.  
Alcuin turns to young Theodulf.

ALCUIN (CONT'D)

And you are young sir?

PETER OF PISA

He is Theodulf and I am Peter of  
Pisa. And we have all heard of the  
great Alcuin. Now the formalities  
are over, can we discuss Saxony.

Alcuin sits quiet.

KING CHARLEMAGNE

Peter is quite right. Time is of  
the essence and I appreciate your  
bluntness Peter.

(beat)

Firstly. Rules of these meetings.  
At this table we are all equals so  
speak freely. Do not be afraid.

(beat)

So Saxony. We have conquered it  
four times in the last ten years  
but still they refuse to yield.  
How to control this unruly child?

ALCUIN

Sire, your dream of a Christian Europe is the solution to this crisis. A pagan Saxon has no concept of honor, loyalty and fealty. He sees no wrong in killing and pillaging another village. A Christian Saxon would.

PETER OF PISA

Yes, yes we know that!

THEODULF

You must forgive Peter, just that we have covered this ground before.

KING CHARLEMAGNE

That is right. Every new land we conquer, it is our goal to convert. Just that these Saxons have resisted Christianity in favor of their old Gods. We have sent convoys of monks to Saxony but so far only a handful of converts.

ALCUIN

I know of Saxons who were converted to Christianity.

Alcuin has everyone's attention.

PAULINUS

You do? Who?

ALCUIN

The Anglo-Saxons of England.

PAUL THE DEACON

Do you know how they did so?

ALCUIN

This happened centuries ago. Pope Gregory sent forty monks to King Ethelbert of Kent. King Ethelbert was a Saxon pagan but he allowed the monks to preach in his Kingdom.

PAULINUS

What did they do different to us?

ALCUIN

King Ethelbert was shrewd. He introduced Christianity slowly.

ALCUIN (CONT'D)

Instead of destroying Pagan customs, the old ways were honored. Pagan feasts were slowly replaced by Christian ones. Yule tide replaced with Christmas and the Feast to the Goddess Easter now celebrates Christ's resurrection

KING CHARLEMAGNE

Seems King Ethelbert, played a key role yet he was born a pagan?

ALCUIN

Yes my Lord, Ethelbert learnt of the glory of Christ from his wife, Bertha, a Frankish princess. An ancestor my Lord?

KING CHARLEMAGNE

So it seems. So how can King Ethelbert's lesson be applied here?

ALCUIN

The lesson is it will take time. A long time. Also Pagan customs and festivals need to be honored.

PETER OF PISA

Honor Pagans. That is absurd!

ALCUIN

Well this is what happened in England and it worked.

THEODULF

Maybe we should find Widukind a good Christian bride!

This remark gets a few chuckles from everyone.

PAULINUS

Ahh but here be the rub. Saxons in England had Kings. Conversion of a King has a huge influence on the people. Widukind is not a King.

PAUL THE DEACON

I concur. Saxony differs as each village is its own kingdom. Their only commonality is their intense hatred for we Franks.

KING CHARLEMAGNE

What at all can be done then?

PETER OF PISA

Sire I have a solution which will convert Saxony to Christianity overnight.

KING CHARLEMAGNE

Let us hear it.

PETER OF PISA

We arrest the main leaders of each village. Their Chief, Priest, Blacksmith and other leaders. We do so, all at once, and bring all these leaders together in custody.

KING CHARLEMAGNE

What can be gained from such an act?

PETER OF PISA

We give them all an ultimatum. Denounce their Pagan Gods or die.

ALCUIN

You can't force Christianity upon people. It is the love of God, not the Executioner's axe, that should make one embrace Christ.

PETER OF PISA

Such an act would save countless souls from the fires of damnation!

KING CHARLEMAGNE

I fear such a plan could result in the death of thousands of men.

PETER OF PISA

First glimpse of the Executioner's axe will have these Pagans denounce their Gods quicker than lightning. They must know, in their heart of hearts, their Gods are ridiculous.

THEODULF

I'll say. They even have a god for Blacksmiths! Wayland!

Theodulf's comments causes a few snickers.

ALCUIN

There is a problem. Praying to false gods is only a sin if you are a Christian. Saxons are pagans.

PETER OF PISA

Bishops on hand will baptise all. Once baptised, we will ask them to denounce their false gods or else.

ALCUIN

Sentencing to death thousands of men with such trickery surely defiles all our Christian values.

PETER OF PISA

Thousands? Oh please. I am sure once these cowards see a few of their countrymen executed, they will denounce their silly gods.

ALCUIN

What if you are wrong? What then?

Peter of Pisa waves off Alcuin's response like an annoying fly. The King has the weight of the world on his shoulders.

KING CHARLEMAGNE

Leave me now. I have much to consider.

Everyone gets up to leave. The King is left to ponder.

EXT. OUTSIDE SHERIFF CLAUDE'S HUT - DAY

Sheriff Claude, dressed in his medieval soldier uniform, grooms his horse by a tree in his front yard.

CAPTAIN RYAN leads a small platoon of Frank cavalry soldiers down a country lane. Deep forest either side. A two horse cart carrying a large rusty steel cage brings up the rear.

The platoon halts at Sheriff Claude's hut.

CAPTAIN RYAN

Platoon halt!

The Captain dismounts. He approaches with a scroll in hand.

CAPTAIN RYAN (CONT'D)

Sheriff Claude?

SHERIFF CLAUDE  
That would be me.

CAPTAIN RYAN  
I have a royal decree requesting you  
provide the names and locations of the  
leaders of your village.

The Captain hands the Sheriff the scroll. It has a Royal  
seal. The Sheriff breaks the seal and reads the decree.

SHERIFF CLAUDE  
What is this about and what do you  
mean by leaders?

CAPTAIN RYAN  
This decree is to place in custody the  
leaders of your village for treasonous  
acts of rebellion against the Crown.  
The decree defines leaders as -

The Captain points to a section on the decree.

CAPTAIN RYAN (CONT'D)  
a Chief, Priest, Blacksmith and anyone  
else of importance.

Claude appears uneasy in response to the Captain's request.

INT. WAYLAND'S HUT - DAY

Wayland staggers in and sits at the kitchen table. His wife,  
Astrid smiles at him as she stirs a large pot. The pot  
dangles via chains over an enclosed fire center of the room.

ASTRID  
How was manly moon day?

WAYLAND  
A lot of fun. What better way to  
spend your day off then getting drunk  
with your friends.

ASTRID  
Glad you had fun dear, but remember.  
End of the week it's - Thank the Gods  
it's Freya's day. Then it's my turn.

WAYLAND  
Fair.

Astrid uses a laddle to take out dumplings from a pot. She  
places them on a large plate. She fills the plate up high.

ASTRID  
Hungry?

WAYLAND  
Famished. I could eat a horse.

Astrid places the large plate full of dumplings on the table before Wayland. He devours the dumplings in seconds.

WAYLAND (CONT'D)  
That was the best meal I ever had.

ASTRID  
Goodrin made the dumplings.

WAYLAND  
Really? Won't Hans be pleased.  
Very very yummy. Doubly Delicious!  
(licks lips)  
I can now die a happy man.

ASTRID  
(cross)  
Do not tempt the Gods Wayland! We are  
mere clay in their hands, their folly  
when such words fly from your mouth.

BANG BANG BANG. Astrid and Wayland jump. They look to the door and then back at each other. Both look worried.

WAYLAND  
Sorry.

EXT. COUNTRY LANE - DAY

Captain Ryan's platoon escorts the two horse cart down a narrow road, either side is deep forest. Inside the roomy cage is Wayland, Chief and Gunther asleep drunk on the floor.

WAYLAND  
These Franks make a roomy cage.  
The workmanship is shit.

CHIEF  
It's made to fit more prisoners.

WAYLAND  
Chief, what's going on?

CHIEF  
This is Charlemagne saying enough  
is enough. He can't catch Widukind  
so he'll settle for everyone else.

WAYLAND

But why me? Why Gunther? We're innocent.

CHIEF

Guilty? Innocent? It makes no difference now. We are all mere pawns in Charlemagne's great game.

EXT. OUTSIDE VERDEN FORT - DAY

Captain Ryan's platoon escorts the prisoners to the entrance of a large fort that is heavily guarded with Frank soldiers.

The CARTER, a soldier with an eye patch, lines up the cart behind a line of carts. The other carts have six prisoners.

Gunther stirs and sits up, still drunk and half asleep.

GUNTHER

This isn't home. Where are we?

CHIEF

Verden.

All three look about. Captain Ryan's platoon ride off around the side of the fort. All carts enter via a narrow entry. At this entry sits an OLD GUARD at a table with parchment and quill. The cart reaches the narrow entry.

OLD GUARD

Three! Is that all! Everyone else has five or six!

CARTER

I don't decide how many go in! I just cart em.

The grumpy gruff Old Guard shrugs.

OLD GUARD

Number?

CARTER

One O two.

The Old Guard makes a note.

OLD GUARD

Proceed.

EXT. INSIDE VERDEN FORT - DAY

Inside the fort Frank medieval soldiers are everywhere. A large penned area imprisons thousands of drunk angry Saxons.

The cart stops. Soldiers heavily surround the cart as the cage is unlocked and opened. Wayland and co are prodded to hurry them along. A bishop splashes holy water on all three as they exit. He recites some sacrament in Latin.

Wayland and co are roughly jostled by a number of soldiers. They are directed like cattle into the large penned area.

Wayland, Chief and Gunther find themselves in the large pen with thousands of other half drunk angry Saxons.

Various calls from the crowd. All along the same line.

SAXON CROWD GUY 1  
You bastards! You dirty bastards!

SAXON CROWD GUY 2  
Let us out now you bastards.

The abuse and anger from the crowd gets louder and louder.

A dozen soldiers escort six old Saxons in a line - a soldier either side. This short line is on a makeshift wooden stage erected before the large pen.

A MAJOR, silver hair, walks in briskly. He picks up a sword and stabs the first old Saxon through the heart. All quiet. The soldiers drag the lifeless body away. The next old man is dragged to the front.

MAJOR  
I need your full attention Sax--

The crowd hurl abuse at the Major. He looks frustrated.

The Major slowly plunges his blade into the heart of the next old man. The crowd goes quiet. He has their full attention.

The soldiers drag the old man's lifeless corpse away. The next old man is dragged to the front. He looks terrified. Every Saxon stares at the Major with intense hate.

MAJOR (CONT'D)  
Full attention! All quiet!

The Major waits till all are quiet. He scans the crowd.

MAJOR (CONT'D)

You might wonder what our Bishop was doing when you left your cages. He was administering the sacrament of Baptism. Congratulations. You are now all Christians!

The Saxons all are mad at hearing this, they jeer and throw abuse at the Major. Wayland and Chief share an uneasy look. Gunther lifts his arms high towards the Major and soldiers.

GUNTHER

And by the power of Woden and all the Gods you are all now Pagans.

The Saxons roar with laughter. The Major is mad. He thrusts his sword through the heart of the next old Saxon. The crowd fall silent. Nine thousand angry eyes glare at the Major.

MAJOR

Let me explain what happens next. We will ask each of you a question. If you answer like good Christians, you can go home to your stupid whore wife and fat ugly children. If you don't, you will be executed and succumb to the fires of hell.

GUNTHER

(whispers to Wayland)  
These Christians know nothing. The Goddess Hel tends no fires.

Wayland shrugs.

EXT. OPEN FIELD NEAR VERDEN FORT - DAY

A SERIOUS MONK (50) sits at a small table middle of a field.

SERIOUS MONK

Will you denounce your false Gods and accept the one true God, our Lord Jesus Christ?

Gunther stands before the monk, hands tied, held either side by Frank Soldiers. Behind him, ten yards back is a long line of Saxon prisoners, escorted either side by two soldiers.

GUNTHER

Why don't you and your God choke on my big fat Saxon cock!

Serious Monk gestures to the left. Gunther is escorted away.

SERIOUS MONK

Next!

Wayland's escorts jostle him over to the table.

SERIOUS MONK

Will you denounce your false Gods--

WAYLAND

No way! How could I ever look  
Wayland in the eye if I did.

Serious Monk gestures to the left. Wayland is escorted away.

Chief is at the front of the line. He yells out to Wayland.

CHIEF

Save me a seat in the Great Hall!

WAYLAND

Tonight we get drunk with the Gods.  
I can't wait Chief, I can't wait!

SERIOUS MONK

Next!

Chief drops, forces his escorts to carry his dead weight.

CHIEF

You'll have to carry me, my legs  
are gone.

The soldiers struggle to hold the Chief up.

EXT. RIVERBANK NEAR VERDEN - DAY

A YOUNG MAIDEN (14) hangs out wet clothes on a clothes line.  
Behind her, a stunning view of the river and its riverbend.  
The young girl sings a lovely 'la la la' as she does her  
chores. The river behind her changes color to a blood red.

The maiden finishes her chores. She notices the red river.  
The maiden looks bewildered. She takes a closer look.

Around the riverbend floats headless Saxon corpses. More  
corpses float by. The whole river is covered with corpses.

The young maiden is in shock. She hyperventilates. She  
catches her breath and screams a blood curdling scream.

YOUNG MAIDEN

AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!

## MONTAGE - AFTER EFFECTS OF VERDEN MASSACRE

- A) Table under the willow tree near the Blacksmith's hut sits Astrid and Helga, weeping. Sitting opposite are the twins, both teary eyed and looking glum. Hans and Goodrin arrive and comfort their respective mothers.
- B) SUPER: In October 782, 4,500 Saxon Leaders died as martyrs at Verden in lower Saxony.
- C) The King is on his throne. Two guards stand to attention behind him. A messenger arrives to deliver a letter and promptly leaves. The King reads the letter. He requests the guards to leave. Charlemagne sobs uncontrollably.
- D) SUPER: Years later Charlemagne admitted he was wrong to have used the Executioner's axe to enforce Christianity.
- E) Astrid and Helga fuss over a small baby in a cradle. The happy baby gurgles. Goodrin looks on with a smile.
- F) SUPER: Spring of 783 Goodrin gave birth to a healthy baby boy. They named him 'Wayland'.
- G) Charlemagne and family are eating breakfast. The King looks serious. There is no play time. Pippin twists his head to see his father. The King notices Pippin and he winks. The boy smiles. Charlemagne smiles slightly.
- H) SUPER: In 792, Pippin and a group of Frankish nobles plot to overthrow the King. The conspiracy is discovered. Charlemagne commutes Pippin's death sentence to life as a monk in the monastery of Prum.
- I) WIDUKIND, rebel Saxon leader, kneels before an altar. A Bishop shakes holy water over him and chants in Latin.
- J) SUPER: In 785, Saxon Rebel Leader Widukind is baptized.
- K) Alcuin is at the front of the class teaching. The princes and young monks have their heads down writing. The King looks in on the class. He gives Alcuin a nod. Alcuin smiles and nods back. The King turns and leaves.
- L) SUPER: Alcuin is attributed as the inventor of '*running writing*'. Alcuin and King Charlemagne often disagreed but remained firm lifelong friends.

FADE OUT.