

~~Behind her, VIF suddenly gasps and, in a transport of fear,
dashes away. In a second, she's swallowed completely by
mist.~~

~~What RIOGHAIN sees is a boulder. A roadside stone, dripping
blood from a bundle of rags placed atop it. On trepidatious
feet, she approaches, reaching her hands out for the bundle.~~

33 EXT. MIST - MORNING

33

~~In the mist, HROLF and TRYGGVI are simply two silhouettes.
Until they are joined by more silhouettes on the fringes,
silent and unnoticed.~~

~~Fog hisses as it swirls around them. Their footsteps are
muffled, their breathing echoed. Now and again, we hear a
faint hush of a whispering voice.~~

~~TRYGGVI stops. He stares, deeper into the mist, his eyes
gone hazy and indistinct. HROLF stops and looks at him.~~

~~HROLF~~

~~Tryggvi?~~

~~There's a ghostly sound from somewhere unseen, distant and
momentary as an echo - a woman's weeping.~~

~~His mouth moving, but with no words escaping him, TRYGGVI
limps away from HROLF and, in three steps, is swallowed by
mist.~~

~~TRYGGVI~~

~~Tryggvi!~~

~~He follows a few steps but the godi is gone. He is alone.~~

~~He whirls, fear and terror growing in him, and then-~~

~~THORUNN~~

~~(distant, echoed)~~

~~...a little stain.~~

HROLF freezes. He scowls, his next words coming to him almost unbidden.

HROLF

(muttered, remembering)

No stain is little upon a dress so fine. Made in Francia, that dress.

(beat)

Thorunn.

(CONTINUED)

He advances through the mist. Up ahead, he can see a dim silhouette - a woman, that WOMAN, her back turned, strolling along.

THORUNN
(distant, echoed)
Cannot be avoided, I am fearing.
(beat)
Do you want gooseberries or not?

HROLF
(muttered)
Suppose I shall have to fetch you
another, then, when next I am in
Francia.
(shouted)
Thorunn!

Now he's running blindly forward, desperate to close the distance.

Before him, something takes shape through the mist. A pair of stout wooden posts, with leather lashings, dripping with blood. The WOMAN now stands between them.

THORUNN
(distant, echoed)
You err in thinking I'll let you
from my sight again.

Stepping forward, HROLF nearly trips over the body.

There's suddenly a corpse slumped on the ground at his feet. It lies sprawled, unrecognizable, its back bloody and torn.

With a foot, HROLF slowly and reluctantly rolls the body over.

It's RIOGHAIN.

Scowling in confusion, HROLF looks up and spots THORUNN. She's turned now and she carries a load of gooseberries in the fold of her dress.

HROLF
I thought you lost to me.

THORUNN
(extends one)
Gooseberry?

HROLF takes a step forward, closes his eyes and opens his mouth to take the berry.

When he opens his eyes, it is not his wife who stands before him but an undead monster - a DRAUGR.

THORUNN
(distant)
More for me.

There's another silhouette - shapeless in the mist - that appears before him. As he approaches, we watch THORUNN pop a gooseberry into her mouth.

THORUNN
(distant, echoed)
Good luck convincing the girls to
share any with you.
(beat)
They hoard like dragons, those two.