

~~RIOGHAIN runs. Full of fear and desperation, she flees through the mist and HROLF comes after her, snarling.~~

~~It is a short chase. HROLF is stronger, faster and RIOGHAIN constantly trips over her chain the whole way. When he does apprehend her, he yanks her onto her feet and she screams, clawing and fighting with all her strength.~~

~~RIOGHAIN~~

~~(shrieking)~~

~~No! No!~~

~~HROLF does not care. Wrapping the chain around his fist, he literally drags RIOGHAIN, she kicking and screaming, through the mist.~~

~~Behind him, he see a faint silhouette, stumping forward on his staff, as TRYGGVI follows.~~

~~HROLF takes five steps before a voice stops him.~~

~~THORUNN~~

~~(distant)~~

~~More for me.~~

~~There's another silhouette - shapeless in the mist - that appears before him. As he approaches, we watch THORUNN pops 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.~~

~~HROLF plows straight for her - this shade of his wife. With a dismissive gesture of the rune-sword, he hacks the illusion away and the DRAUGR falls, spinning to the earth.~~

~~RIOGHAIN is aghast at this, staring at the image of THORUNN as they pass, and this renews her screams all the more.~~

~~The pair of them disappear into the mist, followed at a great remove by the slow shadow of TRYGGVI.~~

34 EXT. BARROW - DAY

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We hear her screams long before we see her.

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HROLF drags RIOGHAIN through the thinning mist. His berserker rage does not ebb; he still froths at the mouth and chatters his teeth. RIOGHAIN kicks and struggles and grabs at the grass to stop him but he does not relent.

RIOGHAIN
(screamed)
No! No! I won't, I won't, I-
(beat)
Tryggvi! Tryggvi!

Behind them both comes TRYGGVI. He is little more than silhouette at this distance, discernible only by his walking stick. He shambles forward, slow and ponderous, and does not look up, does not heed RIOGHAIN'S cries of terror.

RIOGHAIN
(screamed)
Tryggvi! Tryggvi! Stop him! Stop
this! You-

Through clenched teeth, HROLF answers her screams.

HROLF
(berserk)
...sing, magpie...it will...

Then HROLF spots something.

Ahead of him stands a barrow. It is a grassy hillock, with a doorway carved into its side. A pair of torches burn in sconces on either side of the open doorway. All about the barrow are scattered boulders, etched with runes.

The fluttering light of the torches reveals a figure - a WOMAN - standing just inside the doorway, as though about to enter.

Then, on some unseen cue, she steps deeper into the darkness and disappears.

HROLF
(berserk)
The hall.

Spurred on by this, HROLF plunges towards the hall all the faster. This only increases RIOGHAIN'S panic and she thrashes and flails anew.

RIOGHAIN
(screamed)
Tryggvi! Tryggvi! You must, you-

TRYGGVI is seated in the grass and is unfolding his satchel of stones. He speaks in a dull monotone and does not look up but once.

TRYGGVI

It is hopeless.

(beat)

There is no victory over death.

As he sits, he see a mark on his shoulder - precisely where the DRAUGR grabbed him. It is blistering, blue and black, like frostbite. A blue mist rises from the mark. We watch as it almost seems to spread, creeping up his shoulder and onto his neck.

HROLF does not stop or falter on his way to the door. He snatches a torch from the sconce beside the barrow's entrance and steps inside, disappearing into the dark.

RIOGHAIN screams and thrashes and attempts to plug the doorway with her arms and legs.

RIOGHAIN

(screamed)

Tryggvi! Tryggvi!

(beat)

Vif!

The chain pulls and pulls and, with each tug, RIOGHAIN is nearly swallowed by the dark. Everytime she turns back, she sees TRYGGVI, seated and throwing his stones.

The third time she looks, she sees a silhouette - the blue silhouette of a witch - standing beside him. In fright, RIOGHAIN loses her grip and is yanked inside the barrow.

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~~INT. BARROW - DAY~~

~~35~~

~~All is dark, save the flickering of HROLF'S torch and what meager light spills through the open doorway.~~

~~The walls of the barrow are made from crumbling sod. The ground is soft and loamy beneath their feet. What they find inside, however, is not a tomb but rather a hall.~~

~~Two long trestle tables stretch down the hall. The remains of a feast - now rotten - is strewn across the tables. The guests are all corpses, sprawled across the benches and are utterly still.~~

~~At the end of the hall is a high seat, a throne that overlooks the dead revelers. It is empty.~~

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