

AT THE FIRE

Elizabeth's face is black with ash outside of the rune-welts. *
She talks at Atherton, a constant string of Old Norse. She *
stands on the edge of a pool-sized PIT containing a raging *
FIRE. *

Inside the flames, we see dozens of human BONES and SKULLS.

Clint kneels behind Atherton, terrified, holding a shaking cross at the surrounding Acolytes.

ELIZABETH/SURTR
Ar var alda. Pat er eikk var. Var-
a. Liars! Pedophiles! Cunt!

ATHERTON
You apostate angel, tremble before
St. Michael the Archangel...

ELIZABETH/SURTR
Nance catamite to a false god!
Jotun of Muspell!

ATHERTON
Clint! Lend your voice! ...From the
snares of the Devil!

ATHERTON (CONT'D)	CLINT
Deliver us O' Lord!	Deliver us O' Lord!

Elizabeth seems to shrink, drawing back. Atherton advances on her--

ATHERTON (CONT'D)
Cast into hell Satan and all other
evil spirits!

Elizabeth suddenly LURCHES forward, grabs Atherton, and whispers into his face:

ELIZABETH/SURTR
Your god is dead your world is
burnt and hell will swallow all.

Elizabeth sucks his eyeball out. Atherton SCREAMS, doing a pretty good Oedipus. She turns him around and shoves him into motion towards the fire--

ELIZABETH/SURTR (CONT'D)
Go tell it on the mountain.

Atherton stumbles forward and over the edge, tumbling into
the fire pit. He dies SCREAMING.

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ELIZABETH/SURTR (CONT'D)
Murder and lust and despair. Sin
enough.

Before her, in the center of the fire, a glaring BLACK TONGUE
OF FLAME takes form. It grows, sucking light from the fire
around it.

Surtr/Elizabeth walks forward and cups Clint's face in her
hands like a kind mother.

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ELIZABETH/SURTR (CONT'D)
The Gate is cracked. Send me more
men of God.