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The Island at the Top of the World

By John Whedon

- Good evening.

- I'm Professor Ivarsson.

Yes, Sir Anthony

has been expecting you.

It's in your hands, Milo.

- Stand fast. They'll come to terms.

- Very well.

If problems come up,

consult with the board.

They know my thinking.

Ah, Professor Ivarsson.

I cannot tell you how grateful I am
you've joined me.

I haven't agreed to anything.

Someone woke me up

at 6.00 yesterday morning

saying he was the

British ambassador.

It was the British ambassador.

He'd arranged my passage

on a mail-boat to England,

and a large man packed my bags

and drove me to the dock.

- Your train leaves in ten minutes.

- Good. Come along, Ivarsson.

But the... Sir Anthony.

Expedition to the Arctic?

I'm hardly a professional explorer.

No, let me finish.

- I've had you looked into.

- Oh.

You're an American

from the University of Minnesota,

currently a guest lecturer

at the University of Christiania.

Your specialty is

the archaeology of the North.

In the past, you've led

several successful expeditions.

You've done interesting work

in Greenland.

Oh, no. You're the right man

for the job, all right.

For what job? What's so urgent

about it? What is it you hope to find?

My... son.

You see, my wife died
when Donald was a child.

I began to groom him
to take my place in the business.

I pushed him too hard, I think.

Anyway, we had words.

And suddenly,

Donald dropped everything
and went off on a whaling ship
as an ordinary seaman.

Three months later, I got word
that he'd left the ship in Bathenland.

Why?

I had no idea

until I received this from a trading post
at Fort Conger on Ellesmere Island.

Donald had left it with the factor
for safe keeping

when he had gone off

on some sort of expedition.

When he didn't come back,

the factor sent it on to me.

Hmm. It's an old page from
a Hudson's Bay Company journal.

Look at the entry for January 15, 1856.

"To this post, this day came

John Merchison with his Eskimos,

"who hunt the white bear

far beyond the land's end.

"He told of seeing a lone cloud,

as if lying on the ice,

"and hidden beneath it, an island.

"This island, he sought to examine,

but his Eskimos refused him,

"saying it's guarded by evil spirits.

"For it's the place

where the whales go to die."

- We're coming into Dover now.

- Thank you.

Sir Anthony, the graveyard of whales
is just a fantasy, a whaler's El Dorado,
where he thinks he's going to find a

fortune in whalebone and ambergris.
Fact is, it simply doesn't exist.
It's a legend, nothing more.
Legend or not, the graveyard
is what my son went after.
It's my son I'm looking for.
- Quarters?
- Take our luggage to the admiral DPO.
Sir Anthony, I'm afraid this has
to be the end of the line for me.
I'd help if I could. I know
how much this means to you.
But you're trying the impossible.
To try to find one man with nothing
more than a page from a journal...
There is something more.
Donald also left this with the factor.
I was hoping
you might know what it was.
It's a carved bone. It's Eskimo work.
It's quite common in the Arctic.
- This one's a kind of a map.
- Map?
If I had a chart,
I could show you how this works.
My yacht is at the pier.
You can have all the charts you need.
This pattern, hopefully, will correspond
to some part of the shoreline
here on the chart.
Look.
See how this matches.
It's not exactly to scale, of course.
Then this red mark could be
what we're looking for.
If there were such an island.
- Why shouldn't there be?
- There's no land here.
It's just a gigantic frozen sea.
All explorers agree.
Peerey, Nance and all of them.
And what is Ivarsson's opinion?
Of course, there's a lot
they haven't covered.

But if there were such an island,
if the graveyard of whales
really did exist...
The world will never know, will it?
Unless you discover it,
or unless someone else beats you to it.
Sir Anthony, you're a devious man.
Yes, I am, aren't I?
I've got your contract here.
Your leave from the university.
Power of attorney. My solicitors will
handle your affairs in your absence.
- We're under way.
- And have been for some time.
We'll be in France in the morning.
Why France? That's hardly
the most direct route to Fort Conger.
On the contrary.
I think you'll find that it is.
Can't you slow him down?
You'd think we were
leaving tomorrow morning.
We are.
What?
I said, we are.
First thing in the morning.
Impossible. It's winter.
No ship can get through
the ice before spring.
- I've made other arrangements.
- What arrangements?
If I told you, you'd think I was mad.
Sir Anthony, you are mad.
And now you're gonna meet
another mad one. Capt. Brioux!
Ah, Monsieur Ross!
What a pleasure!
He was building this for Americans,
but he ran through all their money.
I heard of it and took it over.
- Ah, Capt. Brioux.
- Good evening, Sir Anthony.
- Professor Ivarsson.
- I'm honoured.

- Do you mind if I take a closer look?

- No, please.

I'm proud we shall have you with us
for the ceremony tomorrow.

- What ceremony?

- Why, the first flight of my creation.

Tomorrow, the whole world
will know of me on my Hyperion.

France will rule the air!

Whatever you planned, cancel it.

Tomorrow, we leave for the Arctic.

The Arctic?

The Arctic?

Sir Anthony, that's ridiculous!

It can't be done.

That's impossible.

We would need food, supplies,
fuel for the motors.

The fuel, I'll leave to you, Captain.

All other necessities have
been amply provided by my staff.

I think it is best that we
have an understanding.

We have an understanding.

I bought and paid for your airship.

It's mine.

I intend to use it to find my son,
who is lost in the Arctic.

But I cannot do it without your help.

I can offer you nothing
except hardship and danger,
except your place in history.

- History?

- Think of it, Captain.

You have an opportunity which
comes but once in a generation.

The world will know you not only
as the first man to fly over the Arctic,
but the first man, perhaps,
to brave the North Pole itself.

Today, we make history.

There should be flags, music,
a speech from the president.

But what do we have?

Two children and a herd of goats.
When you bring her back to France,
the celebration's
gonna break all records.
- We are ready to depart.
- Very good, carry on.
Silence!
There will be no speaking.
Well, we are on our way.
A glorious day, Monsieur.
We rise with the sun.
Congratulations, Captain.
This will be a morning to remember.
Something in the food hamper
just bit me.
That is not the food hamper,
that is the small boudoir of Josephine.
It's some kind of a dog.
Of course, the best kind: French.
I am not interested in its nationality.
- Who brought it aboard?
- No one brought her aboard.
She lives here. This is her home
since the airship was begun.
I'm not running some kind
of flying kennel.
Get rid of it.
Very well, if you wish, Monsieur.
Of course, it will take time.
The sun has warmed the gas.
We must wait until night
to return to the hangar.
- Then bring back the ground crew.
- Wait until night?
That will mean 12 hours.
I can't lose the time.
You're absolutely right, Sir Anthony.
Congratulations, Josephine.
We've signed on our ship's mascot.
Very well, but I don't like small dogs,
and I never did.
Britain may rule the waves,
Sir Anthony,
but the French airship rules the sky.

Already, we are speeding in triumph
across the shores of your homeland.
It's raining as usual, I see.

- How far have we come?

- About 150 miles.

Hundred and fifty? In six hours?

Is that what you call
"speeding in triumph"?

We'll travel faster,
but now my motors are at half-speed.
What on earth for?

Damn you!

- They must run themselves in.

- Poppycock!

I want full speed!

There are the controls.
If you want full speed,
it is your responsibility, not mine.
What do you say now, Sir Anthony?

I say, I want full speed.
And I mean to have it.
You have your wish, Monsieur.
It's on your head.

- What's happening?

- Somebody route the propeller.
I followed your orders, Monsieur,
and you see the result.
Now we must go back
to France for repairs.
We will not.
We will proceed on one propeller.
The Arctic winds!
That would be insanity!
Without full power,
my airship could not survive.

- I refuse to go forward.

- And I refuse to go back.

Well, gentlemen,
we have to go somewhere.
Captain, you carry
a spare propeller, don't you?

- That is right.

- Well, why don't we put it on now.
In midair?

- Impossible!
- Nothing's impossible.
Splendid idea, Ivarsson.
Come along. Give me a hand.
Sir Anthony!
May I remind you
that I am in command here!
Only an idiot
would attempt such a thing.
I will do it myself.
Do be careful
and don't take any unnecessary risks.
Take good care.
The wind's coming up.
Let's haul him up.
Well done, Captain.
My congratulations.
Thank you, Sir Anthony.
I am deeply honoured.
What's he up to now?
Vive le France!
Top fellow, Brieux.
- The man's incredible.
- Brave, but mad as a hatter.
Musk ox.
Over there.
What are they doing?
They're forming a defensive ring.
They think we are attacking.
Captain, is it really necessary
to fly so low?
It's easier to control
the airship at this altitude.
No need to be alarmed, Sir Anthony.
Look, I'm in full command.
You made your point, Captain.
There's no need to overdo it.
Take hold of the lines.
I don't understand why
Donald took only one Eskimo with him.
Only one could be persuaded to go.
They all knew what he was looking for.
The mythical island,
where the whales go to die.

One man's myth is another man's
gospel, Mr Ivarsson.
Anyway, the Eskimos
believe the island exists.
They're frightened to death of it.
Say it's guarded by evil spirits.
What about the Eskimo
who went with him?
Oomiak's his name.
They call him "The Fearless One".
Though he was far from fearless
when he came back.
- He came back.
- Aye.
That's him out there.
Showing the captain
how to fly his airship.
Fetch the fellow. Call him in.
I'm afraid you won't get
anything out of him.
Call him in at once. Don't argue.
Very well, Sir.
Any man that goes off with my son
and comes back alone...
- I'll see that he talks, all right.
- You'd better let me handle him.
You've never dealt with Eskimos.
They have a diplomacy all their own.
Blasted.
Why doesn't anyone think I have tact?
Come along, Oomiak.
Ah, so there you are.
What I want is an exact account
of everything that happened...
Sir Anthony, this is the great Oomiak.
Who knows Oomiak?
Your fame has travelled far.
What fame?
Not even my dogs know me.
You were my son's guide.
What happened to him?
Who?
This is the father of Donald Ross.
We wanna know about your trip...

Tell us what happened
when you left here to find the island.
- Island?
- Don't try to play that game with me.
Oomiak, I think
you've seen this before.
This is where the whales go to die.
It's the island Donald was looking for.
Well, speak up, man.
My mind forgets.
Is The Fearless One afraid to help us?
We travelled many days.
Evil spirits watch us
when we find island.
They make big blizzard.
Then they attack us.
I fight like bear. Ah!
Fight like bear,
but evil spirits too strong!
So you ran away and left my son?
No, we both run, blind in snow.
When blizzard stop,
I search for many hours.
No Donald.
I tell truth.
You, Donald's father.
I, Donald's friend.
- His whole story is a pack of lies.
- Maybe.
But he's the only chance we have.
He could show us where he lost him
and start searching there.
I don't suppose
there's any chance he'd go.
No, Sir, none at all.
Nothing on earth
would make him go back.
Nothing on earth.
Why don't you let one of them on.
He can tell the others about it.
- No. You let one aboard...
- What about this fellow?
He's been a great help. Would you
like to see the inside of the airship?

Me?

- Yes, I like.

- Good man.

Give him a hand, Captain.

Why don't you show him around.

- Perhaps we can win him over.

- Well, we can try.

Captain, a word with you.

Captain?

No, no, no, Monsieur.

Quite impossible.

There is no room,

and we are overloaded now.

We could leave the mechanic.

Pick him up on the way back.

You ask me to fly

without the mechanic?

But you have me.

Just tell me what to do.

I could,

but you wouldn't do it.

Looks like we're ready to leave.

I better take you down.

Let go the lines there.

Wait, Oomiak's still onboard.

Hang it all, he's the only one

who knows where Donald went to.

We could bring him back

after he's helped us to find him.

Sir Anthony, since

I no longer have a mechanic,

may I suggest that you first

make fast the door,

then go aloft

and take in the landing lines.

Aye, aye, Captain.

We're here.

We can only guess

how far the island is.

This Eskimo map is a little vague.

It's a lot to gamble

on a piece of bone.

He's not much help to us either.

Did you expect him to be?

Sir Anthony.

Come up, please.

There's been a report.

- What is it?

- Look over there.

- Whales.

- White whales.

Beluga. Indigenous to the Arctic.

Now look over there.

I say, that one's quite different.

The California grey. It's supposed
to be found only in the Pacific.

A narwhal, the unicorn of the sea.

That's a rare sight, Sir Anthony.

By Jove, there are whales everywhere.

All kinds of whales.

And all moving in the same direction.

Exactly.

So there is a place
where whales go to die.

Captain, that big lead
of open water.

Follow it.

If we are on the right track,
we'd have seen something.

Look. You remember the journal?

"A lone cloud, as if lying on the ice."

Oomiak.

Is that where the island is?

Wrong way. Wrong way.

Island not that way.

Island back this way.

He just told us
what we wanted to know.

Steady as you go, Captain.

Look.

And hidden beneath the cloud,
an island.

Captain. What happened?

Captain.

Captain, why are we stopping?

In such a cloud,
it's not safe to proceed.

Not safe? What do you mean?

I could not see to navigate,
and there will be strong winds.

My airship could be dashed
against hidden cliffs and torn apart.

- We can't turn back now.
- We don't have to.
- We can go in on foot.
- Oh.

Capital idea!

Take the ship down to the ice.

- I'll get everything ready.
- No, no. You cannot leave the ship!

Professor, you know
the dangers that lie below.

Even if you survive the cold,
there are still the cliffs.

- You could not climb the cliffs.
- We must try, Captain.

I know. It's a gamble, Captain.
But with my son's life at stake,
I have no choice.

No, Sir Anthony,
it is I who have no choice.

I'm not a man of stone.

There are times when
the heart must rule the head.

We will attack the cloud.

- Maybe we can go above them.
- Impossible.
- Our load is too heavy.
- We'll assume lightweight.

Hurry up! We are losing height.

- You all right?
- Yes, quite.

I can't help thinking of the captain.

Poor fellow.

- How long must we keep this up?
- We can't survive in the open.

We've gotta keep moving
until we find shelter.

There should be caves
in those mountains.

Oomiak, is this anything like the place
that you and Donald came to?

I tell you, Donald's father,
we see nothing in blizzard.
Then spirits come and...
And you fought like a bear.
Yes, you mentioned that.

- Somebody watches.
- Where?

I don't see.
I feel.
Tommyrot.
Something moved.

- Did you see anything?
- I don't think so.

Neither did I.
I think we should head
in that direction.
Oh, very well.
If you don't know where you're going,
one way's as good as another.
It's incredible.

- I don't believe it.
- Green and fertile.

In all this ice and snow.
Look. There's the explanation.
The island must be volcanic.
Heat rising through fissures
in the ground.
It's probably thermal springs.
Exactly like parts of Iceland.
There are buildings down there.

- Looks like some sort of settlement.
- People. There are people there.

That means
that Donald could be there.
The spirit! The spirit!
Wait a minute.
No, wait. We're friends.
Do you understand their language?
It's Norse.
The Old Norse of the sagas.
Their weapons, their clothes,
their appearance.

- They're Vikings.
- Vikings?

They think we're invaders,
come to take over their land.

- The three of us?

- No.

They think we're the first and
thousands more will follow.

Why, that's ridiculous.

Talk to them.

Explain why we're here.

I'll try, but I've never spoken

Old Norse, only read it.

Donald?

That's it. Donald Ross.

Where is he?

Tell them I'm his father.

What is it? What's going on?

He understood me.

But he's going to sound an alarm
to stir up the countryside.

We're to be kept under close guard.

Well, that's not good.

If they think we're invaders,
then Donald could have been
a prisoner all these months.

Make them tell us where he is.

Oomiak, no!

Idiot.

He might have got us all killed.

But he does fight like a bear.

He says you saved his life.

Well, I'm glad he appreciates it.

But tell him I don't want anything
to happen to Oomiak.

Thank you.

He says your son is here and well.

He's living with the family of the man
who found him after the great blizzard.

I knew it. I knew he was safe.

- What's happening?

- We're stopping to eat.

We just had a talk with our friend
and found out why they're
so panicky about invaders.

Oh? Why?

These people have been here
for centuries.
They're descendants
of some early Viking expedition.
We've actually discovered
a lost colony.
That's quite remarkable.
They've been so isolated up here
they believe that the rest of the world
is a frozen wilderness of ice and snow.
How very odd.

- None of them ever left the island.
- They have no reason to.

They call this island Astragard and
believe it to be the garden of the gods.
Perfect and unique in a desolate world
and set aside for them alone. Forever.

- Why do they feel invaded?
- Because they have a prophecy.

There'll be a day when the barbarians
will try to conquer their paradise.
So that explains it.
They think that we're the savages
who've come to destroy them.
As soon as I get to their headman,
I'll straighten things out.
Reindeer.
Probably serve them as cattle.
That's the house where Donald's living.
Donald is there? Well, come on!
My son.
I haven't seen him for two years.
Tell them, Ivarsson.
I'll go with them,
but not until I've seen my son.
Thank you, my boy.
Very decent of you.
They don't look happy to see us.
That hunter stirred them up.
I don't see Donald amongst them.
Thank you, Sir.
Donald, Donald Ross.
Where is he? Can you tell us?
Ask him about Donald.

Is it true you are Donald's father?
Good heavens, you speak English!
Donald taught me.
He lives with us since
he came to our land.
This is my father.
I'm grateful to you
for looking after my son.
Where is he now?
He wants us to go in the house.
We cannot talk here.
Oh, very well. Thank you.
So, what do you mean,
they took Donald away?
Who took him?
The Godi's men.
They came with weapons.
The Godi's their high priest.
It was because of the hunter.
He rode down from
the mountain, shouting of invaders.
It was that fellow on the horse.
When The Godi heard,
he sounded the long horn.
The long horn is their call to battle.
Battle? What battle?
What has this to do with Donald?
When it was told that one of
the invaders was Donald's father,
The Godi said Donald was a spy
who came here
to betray us to the enemy.
- Surely you don't believe that.
- We don't.
Because we know Donald.
There were many
that did believe
because there was an omen
in the sky.
Omen?
Like a whale, but bigger many times.
My dear girl, that's easily explained.
What the people saw was my airship.
It's like one of your boats.

Only it sails in the air.
If I could just talk to this Godi,
I could explain everything.
We're to be taken before the council.
Erik's a member.
You'll get your chance to be heard.
That girl, she speaks
better English than Oomiak.
She's prettier too.
If she learned it from Donald,
he must have spent
a lot of time in her company.
Can you blame him?
I can't say I do, no.
This is like an archaeologist's dream.
To go back in history and walk
the earth as it was ten centuries ago.
I suggest you forget the past
and start thinking about the future,
which from the look of things,
I'd say is not very promising.
The clothes, the weapons, each one
of them could be a museum piece.
That's what I don't like.
Those museum pieces.
Look at that.
A Viking longship, exactly the way
they were built 1,000 years ago.
Poor fellow.
And it's all my fault.
The temple, that's where
we're gonna meet the council.
Ah. Good.
"Go straight to the top," I always say.
Odin, Thor and Freyja.
The greatest
of all the Viking gods.
I hope they're on our side.
We may need all the help we can get.
A Viking council.
Straight out of a history book.
There's the girl's father.
He seems a sensible old fellow.
They probably still call the one

with the staff "The Lawspeaker".
They all look reasonable enough.
They might be my board of directors
if it weren't for
their outlandish costumes.
He said, "Bring out the other prisoner."
- Donald!
- Father!
That's my son!
I've been looking for you.
I thought you might.
It's my son.
- John Ivarsson.
- Donald.
- How do you do?
- He's keen on the past. Archaeology.
Sorry about all this.
It's a bit sticky here, I'm afraid.
He says that when I came to this land,
I gave my oath
that I came alone and in peace.
But now come others,
and with them, an evil omen in the sky
- that cannot be ignored.
- That's my confounded airship.
Let them speak before they are judged.
That is precisely what I wanted to do.
- Father.
- I'll handle this.
You just translate for me.
- What do they call this island?
- Astragard. But, Father...
Honoured council of Astragard,
I come to your beautiful country
as a friend,
in peace,
seeking only my son,
who was lost to me.
The Godi.
He's telling them
not to listen to our lies.
It's obvious that we're barbarians
who covet their sacred lands.
And we must be condemned at once.

And without a hearing.
Now look here, I thought
I explained to you...
It is no longer a matter for the council,
for the gods have spoken.
If these men are spared,
more will come in armed hordes
to pillage
and profane our sacred land.
There can be but one penalty
for the invaders: Death.
Quite a sendoff.
Full Viking honour.
All very authentic.
Very final.
- I'm sorry, Father.
- Nonsense, my boy.
Donald.
Freyja.
We're in your debt, young lady.
Here they come.
And pull.
The shore. It's our only chance.
You stay here. I will draw them away.
- No, you won't. It's too dangerous.
- He's right, my dear.
It's you they're after, not me.
There is a hunter's cave. Up there.
With food and clothing.
I'll be back when it's safe.
Freyja.
Here they come.
- I think she's done it. Good girl.
- I should never have let her go.
- If they catch her...
- Don't worry, my boy.
- She knows what she's doing.
- Let's find that cave.
Hello.
Oomiak! My dear old friend!
I'm so glad to see you!
- We all are.
- We thought we'd lost you.
You can't kill Oomiak. I hide in water.

Swim like white bear.

Good, good, but let's go.

- What now?

- There's still nothing.

Oh, Ivarssons up above,
scouting around.

Right.

- Morning, Father.

- Hmm? Morning.

- Did you sleep well?

- Wretchedly.

You must be
done in yourself.

I'm worried about Freyja.

So am I, my boy. So am I.

Well, I've made a mess of it,
haven't I?

Of what?

The whole miserable thing,
all this nightmare we're living in.
It's all my fault. Every bit of it.
Your fault? Why?

I'm the one who ran off
chasing rainbows.

- You're not responsible for that.

- I am.

Right from the beginning.

I was always trying to shape you
into my mould.

Bullying, badgering, never letting up.

If I hadn't driven you away,
none of this would've happened.

Father, you didn't drive me.

Donald, I rode an airship across
the top of the world to tell you this.

If we get out of this, you can
do anything you want to do.

You'll be free of me, I promise you.

I don't want to be free of you.

I never did.

I came here looking for adventure.

And I certainly found that.

But I don't belong here.

Now, when we get out of this,

and we will, I'm coming home with you.

I want to share in your work

and your responsibilities.

If you'll let me.

If I'll let you?

You won't regret it.

I'll see to that.

- Donald?

- Freyja!

He was quite worried about you.

I went back to the farm.

It'll be just as we arranged.

Father will give us dogs and a sled.

What had you arranged?

For some time, Freyja and I

had been planning to leave the island.

We hope to reach Fort Conger.

The two of you, together?

You think I'd leave her behind?

Not if you're your father's son, no.

Boats, they come.

What do we do now?

There's not much cover, but we can

get to the top without being seen.

That settles it.

We can't stay here. Those hounds

would find us in no time.

Look, The Godi's joined us.

Bloodthirsty pounder.

Come on, everybody. Up we go.

They go. They go!

- We've done it. They've given up!

- Thank heavens for that.

Clumsy of me.

Now the wolves are after us again.

Afraid so, Father.

It's incredible.

It's absolutely incredible.

- Nasty sort of place.

- Oomiak, go watch below.

- We need somewhere to hide.

- But where? They know this island.

- The Bay of Whales.

- Donald!

It's over there, to the south.

It's sacred, taboo.

The Vikings won't go near it.

That's it, then. Let's go!

No, Donald, please.

- The spirits.

- Freyja, believe me.

- What is it?

- The spirits are good spirits.

Didn't they protect your people
when they first came here?

- Surely they'll protect us.

- They come. They come. We go.

Freyja, trust me.

Come on up.

Oddly enough, they say
this sulphur's good for the lungs.

Sir Anthony,

this is hardly the time to rest.

I only hope we soon find
that blasted Bay of Whales.

Come on.

My father.

Father!

Burning one minute, freezing the next.

A man could catch his death.

Well, that's what's so interesting
about the Arctic. It's a contradiction.

- In my first expedition to Bathenland...

- Ivarsson, please. Stop!

What we need is a conference.

Conference? About what, Father?

If we find the Bay of Whales
and if it's true The Godi won't
follow us there, what do we do then?

We lie low.

Make our way across
the mountains to Freyja's farm.

- We can't go back through that.

- No, no. We find iceboat. Float.

- Very good.

- Boat?

What's he talking about?

He wants to find a piece of pack ice

and float around the mountain.
Preposterous.
Where the whales go to die.
All those great creatures
from every sea, lying there,
from the beginning of time.
Just look at all that whalebone.
Worth millions of pounds.
And heaven knows what price
the ambergris would fetch.
All that doesn't matter now,
does it, Father?
Freyja, don't be afraid.
Think of the saga.
Doesn't it tell how, long ago, it was
the whales that led your people here?
Where they found peace and
happiness, so there's nothing to fear.
Believe me.
We need iceboat.
How we get down there?
Yes, how?
Not down these cliffs, obviously.
There must be a way.
The Vikings found one.
Is it in the saga?
Does it tell how they came up?
With the help of the gods.
It is told that he came
through the mouth of hell.
- That's not very explicit, I'm afraid.
- Wait a minute.
That volcano in Iceland, Mount Hekla.
The early Christians believed
that was the entrance to hell.
- What?
- Entrance.
It's a wild thought. Come on.
- The crater of a dead volcano.
- Quiet.
You hear that? Down there,
there's an underground river.
The river flows to the sea,
which means there is a passage

from the crater to the bay.

Come on.

Look, the water's running out.

- Come on.

- Where to?

Wherever the water went.

Look!

Do not worry.

I have sailed this way many times.

It's not this I'm worried about.

It's them.

Will they never give up?

I can't understand why the bowmen
haven't been shooting.

They do not have to.

- They only wait to see us die.

- Freyja.

It's taught in the sagas that the bay
is guarded by sea beasts.

We cannot escape.

- Killer whales.

- What do we do now?

Anything we can.

Here comes the other one.

Hold on, everybody!

The Hyperion!

And heaven be praised,
our old friend the captain.

My compliments, Captain.

You keep an excellent table.

And you're an excellent shot.

You saved our lives.

- Thank you.

- An unexpected pleasure.

Since I landed two days ago,
I've been trying to save my own.

But getting out of here,
that's going to be quite a problem.

- Isn't it, Captain?

- I have the solution.

My ship may be battered and torn,
but the mind that conceived it,
that still functions.

As you see, the ship has lost much

gas, but it retains some buoyancy.

So if we reduce sufficiently
the weight, then it will rise.

How would you reduce the weight?

Abandon the motors.

The propellers are broken anyway.

The gondola too.

Strip the ship of everything
that weights it down.

What have we then?

- A free balloon.

- By Jove!

- It'd carry us across the bay.

- If we can reach the pack ice...

We shall go farther than that.

The prevailing wind is to the south.

If it holds,

we should drift to Greenland.

When we reach the coast,

we descend

and proceed on foot

to the nearest habitation.

Capt. Brieux, you are
a very remarkable man.

I've always felt so.

- Sir Anthony.

- This is a bit much, isn't it?

Hardly the time for ceremonies.

Let's be off.

Please, Sir Anthony,

this is a moment to be savoured.

Once more, we stand on the threshold
of a great adventure.

To my Hyperion.

May she rise.

Like a phoenix

from the ashes of despair.

And soar like Man's imagination
to Greenland and beyond.

The Hyperion.

- Now, let's get going, shall we?

- Of course, Monsieur.

I will show you now

the ingenious arrangements

I've made for our departure.
Perhaps you have observed
that I've cut loose the gondola.
The ship is now attached to it
by a single cable.
So also the motors and the tail.
This section, too,
linked to the ship only by a cable.
When I slip these cables,
the gondola, the motors
and the tail detach themselves,
and we rise.
Are you sure?
You will see.
Now, gentlemen, if you will assist me.
The gondola.
The motors and the tail.
When I say three,
pull with all your force.
Right.
- Permission to proceed, Monsieur?
- What?
Oh, yes, yes, yes, proceed.
Very well.
One...
...two...
...three!
Well, Sir Anthony.
It worked perfectly.
Once again, Captain,
I underestimated you.
I'm turning in. I haven't had a
good night's sleep since England.
- Sir Anthony.
- Hmm?
Take a look.
Campfires.
So they're still waiting for us.
It's a pity we'll have to disappoint them.
What is it?
You look frightened.
- A little.
- No, you mustn't be. It's all over.
We're safe now.

I know.
It is not that.
What, then?
It is the world beyond our mountains,
your world.
Our world isn't really so different.
It's bigger,
and everything moves faster.
We live by clocks and machines
instead of tides and seasons.
You'll get used to it.
And be happy.
Because you'll be surrounded
by people you love and who love you.
I wish my father could be with us.
I know.
But his home is Astragard.
His heart will always be here.
Mine is with you.
Ivarsson.
When does the first ship
leave Greenland in the spring?
Usually, the beginning of April.
So with luck, we should be back
in England in about six weeks.
I should not count on it, Monsieur.
The wind has changed.
We are drifting back to the land.
Well, can't something be done?
I cannot command the wind, Monsieur.
- We're rising.
- Got draft.
The wind against the cliffs.
What happens
when we get to the top?
Everybody out. Quick.
It's true that the gods were angry,
but it was The Godi who did wrong
by leading the people
to hatred and to violence.
I'm glad they recognise that.
The prisoners may go in peace
on this condition,
that they swear a sacred oath.

Never to reveal the existence
of this sacred island.

That's fair enough.

To ensure that the oath
be honoured for all time,
we must demand one thing.

Well, go on. What is it?

That you leave a hostage here.

Your son.

I refuse to discuss it any further.

How could they imagine
I would leave you behind?

- Those are their terms!

- I will not permit it.

Without a hostage,
none of us will leave.

- Blasted! Then I'll be the hostage.

- I don't think so, Sir Anthony.

As a matter of fact,
everything's already been arranged.

And very satisfactorily
for everybody, I think.

Are you sure it's what you want?

Are you sure
you want to be left behind?

Yes, I'm sure.

This is a chance no archaeologist
could turn down.

Not only to study the past,
but to relive it. Here it all is.
Hidden behind mist for 1,000 years,
and I haven't scratched the surface.

Besides, who says
I'm being left behind?

We archaeologists take a longer view.
Whole civilisations
have vanished before, you know.

The day may come
when this might be Man's last refuge.
Good luck.

Goodbye, my friends!