

7/27/83

L A D Y H A W K E

Screenplay by

Ed Khmara, Michael Thomas,

and

Tom Mankiewicz

FINAL SHOOTING SCRIPT

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LADYHAWKE

FADE IN:

1 EXT. AQUILA - SUNRISE (MODEL) 1

Out of the clouded mists of history, a grim medieval fortress city rises like a jagged alp against the sky. Surrounded by a wide, river-like moat filled with dark, brackish water, the spires and turrets of AQUILA are cloaked in a heavy mist.

2 INT. AQUILA CATHEDRAL - DAY (STUDIO) 2

(2)

The vast vault of the cathedral is lit by flickering candlelight. Resonant ORGAN MUSIC growls tremulously, underscoring for the Mass now in progress.

The blotched, famished faces of the CITIZENS OF AQUILA stare impassively, resigned to their prayers. AN O.S. VOICE chants the Credo for the Mass. They reply like automatons with the obligatory Latin phrases.

The BISHOP OF AQUILA performs the Mass before the altar. A tall, austere man with a chalk-white complexion, he chants the Credo in a whining, almost threatening high-pitched tone.

The BISHOP turns, revealing cold, pale eyes. Two young ALTAR BOYS approach him with the Holy Grail, now kneel in obeisance to kiss his ring.

The BISHOP extends his hand. The ring is unorthodox for one of high religious rank. An ALTAR BOY's lips press gently against it. An echoing "SNAP" - like a gunshot - is HEARD.

The BISHOP's eyes flick over to an open cathedral window.

3 EXT. AQUILA SQUARE - DAY (CASTELL'ARQUATO) 3

(3)

The dangling legs of three DEAD BODIES swing silently on the gallows of the square abutting the cathedral. MUSIC from the Mass is heard in the intervening distance.

4 BACK TO CATHEDRAL AND BISHOP 4

(4)

The BISHOP turns, unconcerned, continues the Mass

5 BACK TO SQUARE 5

(5)

A crowd of RAGGED CITIZENS stare up at the bodies. Four GUARDSMEN look off at their Captain (MARQUET), a brute of a man, created for mayhem and violence. A set of gleaming eagle's wings adorn his helmet, signifying his rank.

MARQUET turns to his lieutenant (JEHAN).

MARQUET

The next three.

6 INT. AQUILA DUNGEON - DAY (VIALE SOMALIA) 6
(6)

A dank, mud-walled corridor in the dungeons of AQUILA castle. Ghostly FACES of PRISONERS shrink from the moss-covered bars of their cells as a SQUAD OF GUARDS-MAN pass by. JEHAN stops at a particular cell door.

7 INT. CELL - DAY 7

A hellhole. Two wretched PRISONERS are propped against the wall. One stares ahead catatonically. The other hums a private tune. JEHAN squints through the dim light.

JEHAN

Phillipe Gaston?...

(to GUARD)

Wrong cell. I want Phillipe Gaston, the one they call "the Mouse".

INSANE PRISONER

(singsong)

The mouse, the mouse...has left our house...

GUARD

(checking door)

132, Sir. This is it.

INSANE PRISONER

He's run away...no mouse today...

The PRISONER giggles, points across the cell.

8 CLOSE ON GRATING, - HIS POV 8

An open drainage grate cut into the floor, no more than two feet square. Suddenly - a tiny rat scurries up out of it and runs across the cell floor.

INSANE PRISONER (V.O.)

...to stop the pain, he's down the drain...

JEHAN and the GUARDS stare unbelievably.

JEHAN

What happened to him!

INSANE PRISONER

I just told you, gentle Lord.
I tried to escape myself but I
couldn't fit.

(crazy smile)

So since he still lives, you may
kill me twice.

JEHAN

(at GUARDS)

Search every sewer! Every drain!
Find him or Captain Marquet will
hang you in his place!

The terrified GUARDS hurry out of the cell. JEHAN
turns, frustrated, looks back at the small open grat-
ing.

2,

JEHAN

Incredible...

9 INT. DUNGEON SEWER SYSTEM - DAY (7)

9

A vast network of drainage holes and sewers under the
dungeon. An endless, unfathomable maze. A Swiss cheese
of hell. CAMERA PANS to an opening in the sewer wall no
larger than the grating hole in the cell.

Suddenly - an arm appears, the hand waving up and down,
feeling the fresh expanse of air. Then part of a shoulder.
Slowly emerging in sections, magically contorting himself
like a rubber man in the circus - the tiny, small boned
figure of PHILLIPE GASTON. He wriggles free, drops to
the sewer floor, looks back at the hole.

PHILLIPE

Not unlike escaping mother's
womb, really. God, what a
memory...

PHILLIPE crouches, looks off: A long human skeleton is
embedded in the slime nearby. Its grinning skull stares
emptily back at him.

PHILLIPE

Six foot-two, eh? An ideal height
for passing through the gates of
heaven, my friend. But you see
where our Lord in His infinite
wisdom has chosen to deposit us.

(looks up)

I'm not complaining, mind you.

PHILLIPE (cont.)
Just...pointing things out.

- 10 EXT. AQUILA CATHEDRAL BELFRY - DAY (STUDIO) 10
(8)
Several GUARDS rush into the belfry, yank on the cords attached to a set of giant bells. The bells peal loudly.
- 11 INT. CATHEDRAL (STUDIO) 11
(9)
The Mass continues. Those in attendance exchange astonished looks, hearing the alarm.

The BISHOP turns away from the altar, betraying concern. He looks off.
- 12 ANGLE ON MARQUET - BISHOP'S POV 12

MARQUET has entered the cathedral, now stands at the back near a private chapel. He stares at the BISHOP urgently.
- 13 INT. SEWER SYSTEM - DAY (VIALE SOMALIA) 13
(10)
PHILLIPE scurries down a sewer tunnel crouching low, rodent-like. He shivers, squints through the darkness.

PHILLIPE
Easy does it, Mouse...steady
progress...a peaceful Sunday.
walk through the gardens of...

He turns a corner as the hideous face of a SCREECHING CAT fills the screen in front of him.

PHILLIPE SCREAMS - the CAT flashes pointed FANGS

- 14 BACK TO PHILLIPE 14
(10a)
Both startled occupants of the tunnel instantly bolt off in opposite directions. PHILLIPE scrambles frantically, adrenalin pumping. He looks behind as the ground suddenly cracks away!

The mud-caked edge of a sewer shelf has crumbled off! PHILLIPE clings on desperately, his fingers digging deeply into the slimy earth. He hangs frozen in suspension, then hears RUSHING WATER beneath him, looks down.

- 15 ANGLE ON WATER - HIS POV 15

The raging black waters of the main drainage outlet below. Caught in unspeakable sludge - the dim light glances off the huge bleached skull of a cow. Long, slimy black eels dart in and out of the sunken eyeball sockets.

16 BACK TO PHILLIPE

16

His eyes shut in horror, trying to collect himself.

PHILLIPE

Lord...I will never pick another pocket again as long as I live, I swear. But here's the problem, if you don't let me live, how can I prove my good faith to you?

(silence)

I'm going to pull myself up now, Lord.

(silence)

If you've heard me this shelf will remain steady as a rock. If not, then no hard feelings of course. But I will be very disappointed.

PHILLIPE grits his teeth, painfully inches his way back up onto the shelf. Miraculously - the earth holds. He hoists himself onto secure ground, looks around, amazed.

PHILLIPE (cont.)

I don't believe it...

Suddenly - the dim SOUND OF RELIGIOUS ORGAN MUSIC in the distance. PHILLIPE is thunderstruck, looks up.

17 ANGLE ON SHAFT - HIS POV

17

A long shaft cut in the earth snakes its way up to the surface. At the top - a faint, glowing light. The dim echo of the ORGAN MUSIC continues underneath.

18 BACK TO PHILLIPE

18

In awe, undergoing a sudden religious experience.

PHILLIPE

I believe it...

Transfixed, he quickly scrambles up the shaft.

19 INT. SHAFT (PT. STUDIO + PT. VIALE SOMALIA)

19

(11)

It's a hard climb. Foul black water drips down in his eyes from the cracks in the rockface. The rusted iron rungs embedded in the walls have been there forever. One comes away in his hand - he starts to fall - jams his foot into another rung. It protests, but holds.

PHILLIPE looks up. The light is stronger. The ORGAN MUSIC louder. Newly inspired, he feverishly starts up again. The MUSIC is deafening now. A CHOIR has joined in. PHILLIPE reaches the top, looks up, eyes widening.

20 ANGLE THROUGH GRATING - HIS POV

20

A steel grating crisscrosses above. Through it: a

20 cont. 20
black-and-white stained glass rose window is visible.

21 INT. CATHEDRAL (STUDIO) 21
 (12) CLOSE ON the grating in the cathedral floor. PHILLIPE's blinking eyes are barely visible through it. CAMERA TILTS UP: MARQUET stands only two feet behind, oblivious to what is happening directly beneath his feet.

22 ANGLE ON FAMILY IN PEWS 22
 A ragged FAMILY stands in the pews, singing along with the CHOIR. The six year-old DAUGHTER on the end turns curiously. She grins, then laughs, pointing her finger.

23 ANGLE ON GRATING - HER POV 23
PHILLIPE's fingers are now visible over the top of the grating bars. Pushing. Trying to dislodge it.

24 BACK TO FAMILY 24
 The FATHER angrily jerks the GIRL around again.

25 CLOSE ON MARQUET 25
 Having noticed the disturbance. Curious. MARQUET looks around suspiciously, steps forward.

26 CLOSE ON GRATING 26
PHILLIPE's exposed fingers. MARQUET's heavy military boots are unknowingly about to crush them.

27 ANGLE ON CHOIR 27
 Bursting forth with an enthusiastic vocal salvo.

28 BACK TO GRATING 28
 MARQUET's boot crunches down on PHILLIPE's fingers!

29 CLOSE ON PHILLIPE 29
 PHILLIPE's excruciating SCREAM blends in with the singing of the CHOIR as he falls out of frame

30 BACK TO MARQUET 30
 Feeling discomfort below his foot. Shifting weight. Looking down. Seeing nothing.

31 INT. SHAFT (PT. STUDIO + PT. VIALE SOMALIA) 31
 (13) PHILLIPE tumbles crazily back down the shaft, bouncing off the walls, desperately grabbing for a handhold. He flails away, catches onto something, pulls hard:

32 ANOTHER HUMAN HAND! 32

It snaps away from a dead arm as PHILLIPE screams, tumbles down the shaft again, crashes into the mud shelf where he started, careens over the edge. The raging, black, infested waters of the main drainage sewage duct RISE UP to meet him!

33 BACK TO PHILLIPE 33

(13a)

Submerging, his mouth gagging on the foul water. He's swept along with horrifying debris, suddenly smashes into an iron grill, clogged with centuries of sodden refuse. Dazed, PHILLIPE clears his head, inhales a huge mouthful of air, dives under.

34 ANGLE ON PHILLIPE - UNDERWATER SHOT (STUDIO) 34

PHILLIPE is swept under a dam of submerged debris. He's near blacking out - his fingers grab desperately at the iron spikes at the bottom of the grill. Suddenly - between the spikes - an opening! Not wide enough for a normal man, but ample for PHILLIPE. He drags himself through, shoots for the surface.

35 EXT. AQUILA MOAT - DAY (SONCINO) 35

(14)

PHILLIPE breaks the water's surface in the moat, lungs bursting for air. The WARNING BELLS continue their urgent PEALING. PHILLIPE looks off longingly at the lowering sun and his potential freedom in the mountains beyond.

36 EXT. AQUILA STREETS - DAY (CANALE MONTERANO & other locations) 36

Surprised VILLAGERS react in astonishment to the warning BELLS. PEASANTS scatter as GUARDS ride through.

37 EXT. SKYLINE - DAY 37

(15)

Seen from the skyline above: the spires and turrets of AQUILA loom up against the sky. The PEALING ALARM BELLS echo across the landscape. Suddenly - A GHOSTLY SILHOUETTE rides slowly into the foreground. A huge man dressed in black, mounted on a gigantic horse. The SILHOUETTE (NAVARRE) stares down at the city of AQUILA below.

A Hawk soars down in a lazy arc. The SILHOUETTE holds out an arm. The bird lands on his gloved wrist. Wheeling his enormous steed, the SILHOUETTE starts down the mountain-side and disappears.

38 BACK TO PHILLIPE IN MOAT 38

(16)

Head low, PHILLIPE drifts silently across the moat.

39 EXT. ATRIUM COURTYARD - DAY (CASTELL'ARQUATO) 39

(17)

The BISHOP drifts silently through an atrium courtyard

followed at a distance by an EVER-PRESENT BODYGUARD and an older, FUSSY SECRETARY. A grim-faced MARQUET heads quickly toward the BISHOP from the other direction, visibly agitated.

MARQUET
Alarming news, Your Grace...

BISHOP
You forget yourself, Marquet.

MARQUET realizes, instantly kneels to kiss his ring.

MARQUET
One of the prisoners has escaped.

The BISHOP jerks his hand away, flashes an icy stare.

BISHOP (cont.)
No one escapes from the dungeons of Aquila. The people of this city accept that as a matter of historical fact.

MARQUET
(swallows)
The responsibility is mine.

BISHOP
Yes.

MARQUET
It would be a miracle if he made it through the sewage system.

BISHOP
I believe in miracles, Marquet. They are an unshakable component of my faith.

MARQUET lowers his eyes nervously.

MARQUET
At any rate...it's only one insignificant petty thief... a nameless piece of human garbage...

BISHOP
(cold stare)
Great storms announce themselves with a simple breeze, Captain. And the fires of rebellion can be ignited by a single random spark.

MARQUET
(jaw set)
If he's out there I'll find him, Your Grace.

BISHOP

(eyes narrowing)

Since you have my blessing - I
can only envy your inevitable
success in the matter.

MARQUET nods, totally cowed by the wraith-like presence
of the BISHOP. He exits. CAMERA HOLDS on the BISHOP.
The one pale eye, cracked ice, blinks apprehensively.

40 EXT. AQUILA GATES - DAY (SONCINO) 40
(18)

The gates to the city burst open. Flints fly from
horses' hooves as a troop of GUARDSMEN (including JEHAN)
ride out, led by the formidable MARQUET. The GUARDSMEN
ride down to a supply cart at the base of the curved
bridge. MARQUET yells at JEHAN

MARQUET

Take ten men toward Chenet!

41 CLOSE ON BASE OF BRIDGE 41

The legs of the GUARDS' horses mill about near the
curved point where the bridge meets the land.

MARQUET'S VOICE

I'll ride north to Gavroche!

Suddenly, from under the bridge - PHILLIPE darts out
silently, scurrying low through a pair of horse's legs,
hugging the ground.

42 BACK TO SCENE 42

MARQUET rides over to the supply cart.

MARQUET (cont.)

You! Take the supplies!

43 ANGLE UNDER CART 43

A SHADOW passes under the cart, suddenly disappears
into thin air as the legs of MARQUET's Horse appear.

MARQUET'S VOICE (cont.)

We'll all rendezvous outside the
gates of Gavroche at noon tomorrow.

44 BACK TO SCENE 44
(19)

MARQUET (cont.)

(deadly gaze)

The name of the man who finds
Phillipe Gaston will be brought
to the personal attention of the
Bishop! As will the body - of
the man who lets him get away.

44 cont

44

JEHAN leads his men to the right at a gallop. CAMERA HOLDS on the supply cart. The GUARD driving it cracks his whip to signal the mules. The creaky cart lumbers off down the road.

45 ANGLE UNDER CART - MOVING SHOT

45

As the cart rolls along. Seen wedged between the spinning wheels, stuck as if by glue to the underside: the spread-eagled body of PHILLIPE, his legs jammed into both rear corner joints of the wood. PHILLIPE's hand finds a loose board in the cart floor, lifts it, sliding it aside.

46 ANGLE ON BACK OF GUARDS - MOVING SHOT

46

PHILLIPE's hand emerges up through the cart floor. It gropes around among the loaded supplies, then stops.

A sacklike money purse hangs from the belt of the DRIVER. Next to it - a short, gleaming dagger in a sheath.

GUARD'S VOICE

We're looking for the ghost of a dead man if you ask me...

PHILLIPE tries to unhook the purse, tugs gingerly at it. The drawstrings are tied to the belt. His hand moves over to the dagger, silently removes it from its sheath.

DRIVER'S VOICE

Careful. They say the Bishop leaves his window open at night and the voices of discontent are brought to him on a black cloud.

PHILLIPE delicately cuts through the drawstrings. The money purse drops silently through the floorboard.

GUARD'S VOICE

In that case, I have a message for the Bishop.

GUARD farts loudly.

GUARD'S VOICE (cont.)

Close your window!

46a ANGLE UNDER CART - MOVING SHOT

46a

The two GUARDS explode with laughter. PHILLIPE examines the contents of the purse, whispers under his breath.

46a cont

46a

PHILLIPE

I know I promised, Lord. Never again. But I also know you realize what a weak-willed person I am. This is your way of pointing that weakness out to me, and I humbly accept my punishment in Your name.

46b EXT. ROAD - DAY - WIDE SHOT

46b

The supply cart lumbers down the road. From O.S. the DREADFUL HOWL OF A WOLF is heard as it rolls ominously across the landscape.

DISSOLVE THROUGH TO:

Scs. 47 to 57 OMITTED

58-60 EXT. VARIOUS LOCATIONS - DAY/NIGHT

58-60

A MONTAGE showing PHILLIPE travelling away from Aquila for a period of two days. There will be FOUR CUTS in all, (two DAY CUTS and two NIGHT CUTS), including:

61 EXT. WOODS - NIGHT 61

A TERRIBLE STORM rages through a patch of dense woods. Sheets of rain pelt the treetops as WE CLOSE IN ON:

62 ANGLE ON PHILLIPE 62

PHILLIPE - nestled in a treetop for protection, jammed in tightly under a network of branches which afford him some protection. Heavy rivulets of rain water run off his face. His eyes are welded shut. His mouth suddenly forms itself into a wide, peaceful smile, his thoughts elsewhere.

PHILLIPE

It's summer. The bright hot sun dances like a child on the clear blue water. And...she appears. 'Oh, Phillipe, I love you so...I never knew a moment's happiness but for you...

DISSOLVE THROUGH TO:63 EXT. RIVER BANK - LATE AFTERNOON (VULCI) 63
(20)

The fireball of the sun slowly begins to set near a narrow bridge high above a small river. PHILLIPE sits on a rock below, half hidden among the reeds and bulrushes, now takes off his shirt, exposing cruel red welts on his back.

64 CLOSER ON PHILLIPE 64

He rubs his dagger against the rock to sharpen the edge, now begins an excruciatingly painful job of shaving.

PHILLIPE

You've sent them all against me, Lord. But still I survive. You see before you a modern-day Job...

He hears a SOUND, turns.

65 ANGLE ON JEHAN - HIS POV 65

JEHAN approaches on horseback with another mounted GUARD. They trample the foliage by the river bank, searching.

65 cont.

65

JEHAN's sword is drawn. He uses the flat edge to push back reeds, scanning the surrounding countryside. They arrive at the rock. PHILLIPE has disappeared. The GUARD shifts wearily in his saddle as the horses begin to graze, tearing away at the vegetation on the water line.

GUARD

How much longer, sir?

66 UNDERWATER SHOT - PHILLIPE 66

PHILLIPE is submerged just below the water line, a thin hollow reed sticking out of his mouth. Foam from the horses' mouths drifts down toward him as they graze.

67 BACK TO SCENE 67

JEHAN

Until Captain Marquet has been satisfied - that the Bishop has been satisfied.

68 BACK TO UNDERWATER 68

Suddenly - a horse's mouth plunges into the water next to PHILLIPE, snatches away the reed!

PHILLIPE's eyes bulge - unprepared to hold his breath.

69 BACK TO JEHAN 69

JEHAN

Marquet's life hangs in the balance and he knows it.

70 BACK TO PHILLIPE 70

Lungs bursting - eyes straining against their sockets.

71 ANGLE ON WATER LINE 71

JEHAN's Horse lowers his head toward the river again. Suddenly - a violent water spout explodes through the surface, drenching the horse's face.

72 WIDER ANGLE 72

JEHAN is almost unhorsed, his animal lurching back. PHILLIPE rises quickly from the water in front of them.

PHILLIPE

Sorry...that's entirely my fault. Here - let me dry your horse off.

72 cont.

72

GUARD PHILLIPE JEHAN
 It's him! No it's not!! Get him!!

PHILLIPE
It isn't me!

PHILLIPE tries to head into the river but the GUARD's horse plunges in past him, cutting him off. He scrambles back up the river bank as JEHAN gallops up behind him, grinning broadly, a cat deciding to play with his mouse.

JEHAN swats PHILLIPE in the rear with the flat of his sword, sends him sprawling. PHILLIPE takes off for the narrow bridge at a dead run. The two horsemen lope easily behind him, roaring with delight, stringing out the deadly chase.

73 ANGLE ON BRIDGE
 (21)

73

PHILLIPE races across the bridge. JEHAN and the GUARD ride after him in pursuit. PHILLIPE looks back, suddenly stumbling. He pitches forward, lands heavily, looks up, his jaw dropping open.

74 CLOSE ON PHILLIPE

74

His head now rests between the steel hooves and thick black legs of a MASSIVE STALLION. The hooves shift. Wisps of steam pulsate from the flaring nostrils of the magnificent beast. Dark eyes dance in its muscular forehead. A pair of human legs covered in black lead. PHILLIPE's gaze up to:

75 A SCREAMING HAWK - its talons sunk deep into a black 75
 leather wrist gauntlet. It hisses through its beak, flares its wings menacingly as CAMERA PANS UP TO:

THE FIGURE OF NAVARRE. An awesome man, looming up like the Fifth Horseman of the Apocalypse, a gleaming broadsword in his hand. NAVARRE's face is grim. There is a dangerous distance in his cold blue eyes.

76 BACK TO SCENE

76

JEHAN and the GUARD are momentarily frozen. Their horses seem to recognize a dangerous presence, back up nervously.

JEHAN
 Clear the bridge.

No reply. Just the wind.

JEHAN (cont.)
 The man's an escaped prisoner.
 We're taking him in.

76 cont.

76

NAVARRE

On whose authority?

JEHAN

His Grace, the Bishop of Aquila.

77 CLOSE ON NAVARRE

77

His mouth twitches involuntarily.

The Stallion explodes forward, almost trampling PHILLIPE. The HAWK rises shrieking into the air!

The GUARD lunges ahead to meet him. NAVARRE's Stallion rises on its hind legs like a mythical beast. One deadly sweep of NAVARRE's whistling sword chops through the side of a rib cage - the GUARD is propelled sideways off his horse, plummets down into the river below with a SCREAM.

NAVARRE turns on JEHAN, instantly unhorsing him. JEHAN crumples to the planks of the bridge, rises to find NAVARRE's sword jammed tightly into his throat. He swallows hard, wild eyes anticipating the death thrust.

NAVARRE

Return to Marquet. Tell him Navarre is back.

JEHAN nods, terrified, runs off the bridge to his waiting horse. NAVARRE watches as he gallops away.

78 BACK TO PHILLIPE

78

(21a)

Staring, amazed. NAVARRE rides back across the bridge in his direction. The HAWK flies down from nowhere, settles back on his wrist. NAVARRE cocks a curious eye at PHILLIPE.

PHILLIPE

Magnificent, sir! A dazzling display! As I'm sure you could tell, I was in the process of luring them onto the bridge when you arrived, and...

NAVARRE

An escaped prisoner from Aquila? Not from the dungeons.

PHILLIPE

Why not from the dungeons?

NAVARRE

No one ever has.

78 cont.

78

PHILLIPE shrugs, too much of a gentleman to brag.
 NAVARRE studies him carefully, then looks off.

79 ANGLE ON SETTING SUN - NAVARRE'S POV

79

The setting sun starts to disappear below a hilltop.

80 BACK TO SCENE

80

NAVARRE prods his Stallion back across the bridge,
 passing PHILLIPE silently.

PHILLIPE

Sir? Wait...

(no reaction)

You see the truth is I've
 been thinking of taking on
 a travelling companion...

(no reaction)

There are more guards out there!
 You'll need a good man to watch
 your flank!

NAVARRE heads off into the distance without turning.

PHILLIPE (cont.)

Oh, shut up, Mouse.

He glances down over the edge of the bridge at the
 dead GUARD's body.

PHILLIPE (cont.)

You were severely outclassed,
 my friend. You never had a
 chance.

PHILLIPE crosses to the GUARD's horse, unhooks a money
 purse from the saddle.

PHILLIPE (cont.)

It is easier for a camel to pass
 through the eye of a needle than
 for a rich man to enter the king-
 dom of Heaven.

(looks down at body)

Don't mention it.

81 EXT. MOUNTAINS AND SKY - NIGHT (CAMP I) (CORTINA)

81

(22)

A FLASH OF LIGHTNING! A BOOMING CLAP OF THUNDER!
 Sheets of rain pour down on a ridge of frosty mountain
 peaks.

82 CLOSER ON RIDGE

82

ANOTHER FLASH OF LIGHTNING. THUNDER rolls. Another
 FLASH. Illuminated on the crest of the ridge:

82 cont.

82

NAVARRE's huge Stallion - riderless - rears on its hind legs through the storm, whinnying like a banshee. It thunders off into the icy woods beyond.

Sc 23 of ORIGINAL SCRIPT OMITTED

DISSOLVE THROUGH TO:

83 EXT. HILLSIDE NEAR VILLAGE - DAY - LONG SHOT 83

Seen from a distance: PHILLIPE scrambles down a hillside near a small village, disappears into some brush.

Now entering FOREGROUND: The imposing, dark SILHOUETTE OF NAVARRE, the HAWK perched on his wrist. NAVARRE's head turns slightly, seems to be following PHILLIPE's progress.

84 EXT. VILLAGE - DAY (CANALE MONTERANO) 84
(24)

A small, poverty-stricken village. A few FAMISHED PEASANTS pass silently back and forth along pathways made muddy by the previous night's storm.

TWO QUICK CUTS AS:

- A. PHILLIPE pilfers a pair of shoes left out to dry behind a back door.
- B. PHILLIPE selects a shirt from a clothesline behind a hut, rejecting a pair of pants.

85 EXT. BACK OF HOUSE 85

Another clothesline is strung up across another yard in the back of a small house which is partially under construction.

PHILLIPE emerges from some nearby foliage, crosses to the clothesline, examines a ragged-looking pair of pants which are hanging on it. He cocks his head critically.

PHILLIPE

His tailor could be a better friend to him, but...

PHILLIPE jerks the pants off the line, looks off.

Scs. 86 & 87 OMITTED

88 ANGLE ON TAVERN 88

A sagging tavern, smoke wafting from its chimney

89 EXT. TAVERN - DAY (CANALE MONTERANO) 89
(25)

PATRONS sit at tables in front of the tavern. Drinking and eating around a central pit fire. A scattering of FACES running a gamut from mean to disinterested. A BARMAID drifts through the tables. A BLACKSMITH works at a forge nearby.

PHILLIPE approaches dressed in his new outfit. He elicits no visible reaction from the PATRONS who converse in dronelike muted tones. He takes out the Guard's purse, drops it on a table in front of the BARMAID.

PHILLIPE
A drink of your most expensive.
(to the OTHERS)
And the same for anyone who'll
join me in a toast!

The PATRONS glance at him curiously, then continue their conversations. PHILLIPE shrugs, turns to the BARMAID.

PHILLIPE (cont.)
Not much of a recommendation.

FORNAC'S VOICE
Let's hear your toast.

PHILLIPE turns. A large, surly-looking MAN (FORNAC) in a cloak stands near him, moves closer.

PHILLIPE
We drink to a special man, my
friend. Someone who's been
inside the dungeons of Aquila
and lived to tell the tale.

FORNAC
Then you drink to me, little
man. I've seen those dungeons.

PHILLIPE looks him up and down curiously, grins.

PHILLIPE
A blacksmith, perhaps. A woods-
man, or even a stone cutter. But
a prisoner from Aquila?

FORNAC
I didn't say I was a prisoner.

FORNAC reaches behind his neck, unhooks the cloak. He is dressed in a Guard's uniform. PHILLIPE freezes. OTHERS rise, removing their cloaks as well. In all, more than a DOZEN GUARDS. The PATRONS hold still, faces wired with fear. Rising from a dice game near the fire - MARQUET, accompanied by JEHAN.

MARQUET

If you'd stuck to the woods
you might have stood a chance,
Gaston.

PHILLIPE

You're right...
(clearing throat)
...that's why I was trying to
find you, Captain. One of your
men was cruelly murdered not far
from here. But you're in luck.
I'm willing to exchange the name
of his killer for a pardon from
you.

MARQUET

(at FORNAC)

Kill him.

FORNAC lunges at him. PHILLIPE tosses the drink in his face, dives under the nearest table, disappearing through PATRONS' legs like a greased pig. Several GUARDS rush the table and upend it, spilling its contents on the floor. PHILLIPE has disappeared.

FORNAC

There he is!

PHILLIPE has popped up behind a PATRON not far away. A GUARD immediately grabs him in a bear hug.

GUARD

Got him!

PHILLIPE squirts out of his grasp like a glob of quick-silver, dives under the tables again as PATRONS rise in terror. The place erupts in pandemonium. GUARDS fling tables and chairs everywhere.

Sudden silence. PHILLIPE seems to be nowhere. Then a

SCREAM! PHILLIPE emerges from under a FAT LADY's skirt with an apologetic smile.

PHILLIPE
Purely unintentional, madam...

He pulls his dagger, races for freedom as the GUARDS tear after him. MARQUET strides quickly through the confusion. A GUARD spins PHILLIPE around as MARQUET arrives. PHILLIPE's dagger hand whistles through the air, accidentally grazing MARQUET's cheek!

MARQUET's face is frozen in rage. A jagged red line drips blood on the cheek. MARQUET's hand reaches up to confirm the wound. PHILLIPE stares, equally horrified.

PHILLIPE
I'm...so terribly sorry...

He dives back into the CROWD. MARQUET wades in after him, knocking PATRONS left and right like tenpins. PHILLIPE is trapped and he knows it. The GUARDS fan out, circling their quarry under a table.

MARQUET flings the table aside. PHILLIPE cowers, eyes bulging. MARQUET raises his sword for the death blow.

PHILLIPE
May God help me!

SUDDENLY:

NAVARRE'S VOICE
Marquet!!

MARQUET freezes at the sound of the VOICE. He and the other GUARDS turn to see: THE FIGURE OF NAVARRE. His left hand cradles a loaded crossbow.

MARQUET's eyes widen in disbelief. PHILLIPE trembles on the ground beneath him. The area is deathly still.

MARQUET
(at NAVARRE)
One of my men told me you were back. I wanted to cut out his tongue for lying because I knew you weren't that stupid.
(at JEHAN)
Forgive me, Jehan. You are restored to your former rank.

NAVARRE
(at PHILLIPE)
You. Get out of here.

PHILLIPE

Yes, sir. Thank you, sir...

NAVARRE

Marquet. Look at me. I promised God my face would be the last thing you ever saw.

Suddenly - a GUARD rises from behind a table, his crossbow ready. HE FIRES as:

NAVARRE notices, fires simultaneously. The GUARD's arrow whistles past, inches from his face.

NAVARRE's arrow strikes home. The GUARD tumbles onto the ground choking a death rattle.

NAVARRE wheels to find another GUARD facing him, sword drawn. The GUARD hesitates an instant, staring into NAVARRE's eyes with deep regret and uncertainty.

GUARD

(to NAVARRE)

Captain...I...

Suddenly - MARQUET jams his boot into the GUARD's back, shoving him into NAVARRE's sword. THE FIGHT IS ON.

MARQUET and the GUARDS rush NAVARRE. Broadswords whistle through the terrified pack of screaming PATRONS.

The fight continues as the squad of GUARDS force NAVARRE back against the BLAZING FIRE in the earthen pit. METALLIC SPARKS FLY from the clanging, whizzing swords. MARQUET wades through the PATRONS, a man furiously possessed.

NAVARRE runs a GUARD through, hurls him backward into MARQUET. He extricates his weapon, taking a swipe at MARQUET's head in the process. NAVARRE's sword creases his helmet, severing the eagle's wings.

SMASH CUTS:

A. MARQUET's realization - astonishment - rage.

B. NAVARRE's face - grim smile.

NAVARRE grabs a BURNING LOG from the hearth, jams the flaming end at MARQUET's face. MARQUET falls backward INTO THE FIRE, his cloak igniting! Several GUARDS rush to extinguish the flames as NAVARRE continues his battle.

Scs. 90, 91, 92 (26, 27, 28 Original Script) OMITTED

93 ANGLE ON GUARDS' HORSES

93

The Guards' horses are tied up together a short distance away. PHILLIPE runs for them, unties the first one, then hurriedly tries to put his foot in the stirrup as the animal shies away from him.

PHILLIPE

Nice horse...good horse...

The horse takes off. PHILLIPE unties the second, looking back at THE FIGHT, starts to mount.

PHILLIPE (cont.)

I won't hurt you...I'm a wonderful person...

He pulls on the saddle to get aboard - it falls on the ground, it's cinch strap having been loosened. PHILLIPE curses, hurries to untie the next horse.

94 ANGLE ON NAVARRE

94

NAVARRE slashes away at his adversaries, the flaming log in one hand, his sword in the other.

95 BACK TO PHILLIPE

95

Having untied all the horses with no success. He heads off at a dead run, his legs churning as fast as they can.

96 BACK TO NAVARRE

96

Spotting him. Running for his Stallion. Swinging up. The HAWK flares its wings on the saddle, suddenly takes off into the air. NAVARRE jerks the horse hard, gallops after PHILLIPE.

97 BACK TO TAVERN

97

One of the GUARDS lifts a small horn, blows through it to give a WARNING SIGNAL.

98 BACK TO PHILLIPE

98

Running hard. Looking ahead apprehensively.

99 ANGLE ON GATE AND WALL - HIS POV

99

(29)

Directly ahead of him is a six-foot gate set in the archway of a huge stone wall - his only possible avenue of escape. But the GUARD posted at the gate has heard the WARNING SIGNAL, now starts to close it!

100 BACK TO PHILLIPE

100

Still running. Looking back anxiously over his shoulder.

- 101 ANGLE ON NAVARRE 101
Bearing down on PHILLIPE from behind, the giant Stallion kicking up chunks of the hard mud ground.
- 102 BACK TO GUARDS 102
FORNAC and another GUARD have mounted their horses, now gallop off in pursuit of NAVARRE.
- 103 BACK TO PHILLIPE 103
A BLACK ARM sweeps down, scoops up PHILLIPE, swinging him across the front of the saddle. The six-foot gate has just closed at the huge Stallion launches itself into the air!
The horse and riders sail across the six-foot gate in a majestic arc. NAVARRE bashing the attending GUARD in the face on the way by, then head off quickly for the countryside beyond.
- 104 ANGLE ON FORNAC AND GUARD 104
FORNAC and the other GUARD near the gate in the wall, start to steady themselves for the difficult jump to follow as:

NAVARRE turns in the saddle, having placed a STONE in a SLING. He whistles it expertly around and around - now lets it fly! He looks up into the sky, spotting the HAWK, yells:

NAVARRE
(at HAWK)

Hoy!

106

BACK TO FORNAC

106

The stone from NAVARRE's sling flies into the face of the GUARD who tumbles backward off his horse as:

107

ANGLE ON HAWK

107

The SCREECHING HAWK ZOOMS INTO FRAME, wings spread, its vicious talons extended like knives!

FORNAC tumbles off his rearing horse, crashing heavily to the ground.

108
(30)

EXT. TAVERN - CLOSE ON MARQUET

108

The stony face of MARQUET. Looking off at the wall. He squints under singed eyebrows, his face blackened by the flames.

109
(31)

EXT. MOUNTAIN RIDGE - DAY - ANGLE INTO SKY

109

The HAWK circles lazily in the sky, drifts lower in narrowing circles, finally settling on:

The wrist of NAVARRE. He rides slowly through a stand of timber running along a mountain ridge. Sitting behind him - PHILLIPE - nestled among the saddlebags and supplies. He holds on tightly, suffering from a previously unexperienced form of motion sickness. The HAWK flares its wings, glances up at NAVARRE. He acknowledges the bird with the barest trace of a smile.

PHILLIPE

That is a truly remarkable bird, sir. I'd swear she flew at those men of her own free will!

NAVARRE

We've travelled together a while. I suppose she feels a certain... loyalty to me.

The HAWK trains a beady stare at PHILLIPE, hisses defiantly with a flaring of wings. PHILLIPE clears his throat.

109 cont.

109

PHILLIPE

If...you don't mind, sir, perhaps you could explain a certain loyalty which you seem to feel for me.

(no reply)

It's just that you've saved my life twice and...I'm nobody!

(thinks)

Well, I'm somebody, of course...

110 CLOSE ON NAVARRE

110

Thinking carefully. Weighing his words. About to say something then deciding against it. He smiles to himself, out of PHILLIPE's sight.

NAVARRE

I began thinking about what you said to me that day on the bridge.

PHILLIPE

Aha. I see.

(pause)

What did I say?

NAVARRE

That I would be needing a good man to watch my flank.

PHILLIPE beams, suddenly feeling useful.

PHILLIPE

One does what one can.

(nonchalant)

Did you happen to notice that wicked gash across Captain Marquet's cheek?

NAVARRE swivels in the saddle, looks back curiously.

PHILLIPE (cont.)

He asked for it.

NAVARRE nods grimly, as if one warrior acknowledging another, turns forward. For one brief second - the corners of his mouth crack into a broad private smile.

Sc. 32 of ORIGINAL SCRIPT OMITTED

111 EXT. TAVERN - DAY
(33)

111

FORNAC supervises as DEAD BODIES of several GUARDS are loaded onto an ox cart. It lumbers off, passing a MONK (BROTHER IMPERIUS), heading the other way.

112 CLOSE ON IMPERIUS 112

Sixtyish, with a worn face, and tired, bloodshot eyes. IMPERIUS surveys the scene, pulls out a flask of wine, drains it, then heads unsteadily for the tavern.

113 EXT. TAVERN RUINS 113

The INNKEEPER rummages through the broken debris outside his tavern. He hears tankards clanking, turns angrily.

INNKEEPER
Get away from that wine, you
filthy bastards!

114 ANGLE ON IMPERIUS 114

IMPERIUS stands behind a charred table, pouring himself an enormous drink. He stares at the embarrassed INNKEEPER, shocked at his language.

INNKEEPER (cont.)
Sorry, father.

IMPERIUS
God has already forgiven you,
my son.

IMPERIUS takes a long drink, downing the tankard.

IMPERIUS
They tell me Charles of Navarre
stopped by here not long ago.

INNKEEPER
You might say that.

IMPERIUS
Did you happen to notice the
direction he was headed in?
It's crucial I find him.

INNKEEPER
I'll tell you what I noticed,
Father. Swords, arrows, fire
and blood!

IMPERIUS nods, downs another tankard, wipes his mouth.

IMPERIUS
May God have mercy on you, and
on those desperate enough to
drink this wine.

IMPERIUS turns, staggers off.

115 EXT. PITOU'S COTTAGE - LATE AFTERNOON 115
(34)

Nestled in the woods: a small thatched cottage, badly in need of repair. A wisp of smoke rises from the cracked chimney. Past the cottage is a crumbling barn where a MAN (PITOU) can be seen working.

PITOU sharpens a sickle with a pumice stone. He is in his fifties, with a twisted and ravaged body permanently malformed from decades of working in the fields.

116 ANGLE ON COTTAGE 116

MADAME PITOU sweeps an enormous cyclone of dust out of the cottage door with a tattered broom. She is middle-aged, with a face creased and drawn by hunger and extreme poverty. She mops her brow with greasy hands, looks off. Her eyes narrow, squinting into the late afternoon sun.

117 ANGLE ON NAVARRE - HER POV 117

NAVARRE rides slowly toward her, PHILLIPE sitting on the Stallion behind him.

118 BACK TO PITOU NEAR BARN 118

PITOU has spotted NAVARRE as well. He eyes him suspiciously, then feel the razor's sharp edge of his sickle with a finger, draws a tiny line of blood, sucks on it.

119 BACK TO SCENE 119

The PITOUS exchange a wary look, then advance to meet NAVARRE who swings down from his Stallion.

NAVARRE

Good day. I wish to impose on you for shelter tonight. For myself and...

(at PHILLIPE)

my comrade-in-arms.

PHILLIPE beams at the description. PITOU looks NAVARRE up and down cautiously, glances at his wife.

PITOU

We have no food to share. But there's straw in the barn - for a price.

PHILLIPE jingles his stolen money purse partonizingly.

PHILLIPE

Bravely said, my dear fellow. But don't be frightened. We're not above compassion for those in misery...

The PITOUS freeze, staring at the bulging purse, mesmerized by the tinkling sound of the coins. NAVARRE notices,

quickly steps in front of PHILLIPE.

NAVARRE

Your dinner will be payment
for our lodgings. Tonight you
stuff yourself on rabbit!

NAVARRE turns, signals the HAWK with an upraised arm.

NAVARRE (cont.)

Hoy!

The HAWK explodes off the saddle, soaring quickly into
the late afternoon sun.

120 EXT. BARN - SUNSET 120
(35)

The setting sun balances itself on the horizon. A fire
has been built near the barn. The carcasses of two
rabbits crackle over the flames on makeshift spits.
The PITOUS, PHILLIPE and NAVARRE dine noisily.

121 ANGLE ON LOFT ENTRANCE 121

The HAWK is perched on the loft of the barn. It looks
down, flares its wings, then glances off at the setting
sun.

122 BACK TO SCENE 122

NAVARRE stares off at the horizon as well. He tosses a
rabbit bone into the fire, rises. The PITOUS continue
eating, ravenous. PHILLIPE glances at NAVARRE. As he
does so, PITOU steals his food. PHILLIPE notices, shrugs.

PHILLIPE

We eat like this every night.

NAVARRE's face is cast in iron. A deep sadness wells
behind the eyes. He walks off slowly, his tall, dark
figure silhouetted against the bloody rays of the sunset.

123 BACK TO PHILLIPE 123

Looking off at him curiously through the fire. PITOU
catches PHILLIPE's look. He too now stares at NAVARRE.
MME. PITOU glances nervously at her husband.

124 BACK TO NAVARRE 124

NAVARRE crosses silently to the Stallion who gives a soft
WHINNY of recognition. He reaches into his saddlebags.

125 CLOSE ON SADDLEBAGS 125

As NAVARRE's hands rummage through the contents.

125 cont.

125

Curiously visible: a filmy, neatly packed WOMAN'S DRESS.
 NAVARRE's hands reach down past it, pulling out a well-worn piece of parchment.

126 BACK TO NAVARRE

126

NAVARRE looks down at some faded writing on the parchment. His eyes glass over with tears which will not fall.

127 CLOSE ON PARCHMENT

127

The script has almost become illegible. Only a large version of the letter "I" is distinct.

128 BACK TO NAVARRE

128

Staring down. Caught between his past had his future.

PHILLIPE'S VOICE

Sir?

NAVARRE's face snaps around - suddenly filled with rage. His eyes burn furiously. PHILLIPE recoils, terrified.

PHILLIPE (cont.)

If...there's nothing else I can do, I think I'll turn in.

NAVARRE's features slowly rearrange themselves. The storm passes through his eyes, then suddenly disappears.

NAVARRE

There's a stall in the barn.
 Before you gather firewood,
 see to my horse.

PHILLIPE nods nicely, turns to the Stallion, reaches for its reins.

PHILLIPE

C'mon, old girl, let's...

Suddenly - the Stallion REARS with an angry SNORT! It shies away from PHILLIPE, then levels a furious, wild-eyed stare at him, unnerving the pickpocket.

PHILLIPE (cont.)

Spirited little lady, isn't she...ah...what's her name?

NAVARRE

His name is Goliath.

PHILLIPE

(nervous smile)
 Pretty name...

128 cont.

128

NAVARRE takes the Stallion's reins, hands them to PHILLIPE.

NAVARRE
(to Stallion)
Go with him.

PHILLIPE gingerly leads the huge animal off toward the barn, casting a wary eye back at him.

PHILLIPE
Listen, Goliath. Before we get to know each other better, I feel I should tell you a story about this tiny fellow called David...

129 BACK TO NAVARRE 129

NAVARRE watches, grinning in spite of himself. He turns, then spots something in the nearby foliage:

130 A clump of WILD SUNFLOWERS, the red glow of the sun- 130
set washing over their orange faces.

131 BACK TO NAVARRE 131

NAVARRE crosses to the flowers, stares down wistfully, then picks the largest one. He twirls it delicately in his fingers, his thoughts miles away.

132 ANGLE ON PITOUS 132

The PITOUS watch NAVARRE from the fire. They exchange a satanically evil look of delight, then continue gnashing at their food.

133 EXT. COTTAGE AND BARN - NIGHT 133
(36)

A full moon shines down on the cottage and barn.

134 EXT. WOODS - NIGHT - ANGLE ON PHILLIPE 134

PHILLIPE staggers through the woods with an armload of dead branches, dropping more of them than he picks up each time he bends down. PHILLIPE mutters to himself angrily.

PHILLIPE
'Comrade-in-arms'. Slave is...
more like it.
(Navarre imitation)
See to the fire, feed the animals,
gather the wood...
(looks up)

PHILLIPE (cont.)

Look at me, Lord. I was better off in the dungeons of Aquila. My cellmate was insane and a murderer, but at least he respected me!

(looks back)

He's a strange one, Navarre. And he wants something from me. I can see it behind his eyes.

PHILLIPE suddenly grits his teeth, then drops the pile of branches on the ground.

PHILLIPE (cont.)

Well, whatever it is, I'm not going to do it! And besides, being in the service of a moving target is not my idea of steady employment!

(yells back)

I'm still a young man, you know! I've got prospects!

Then - a TWIG SNAPS in the darkness! PHILLIPE stops - listens.

MORE RUSTLING in the woods nearby. SOMETHING - OR SOMEONE is watching him, dogging his steps.

PHILLIPE (cont.)

Hello?

Silence. Then another tiny SNAP. Then silence again. PHILLIPE's eyes narrow, concerned. He speaks in a loud voice.

PHILLIPE (cont)

Who do you think's out there? Pierre, you'd better draw your sword! Ah, Louis, you brought your crossbow! We'll all go back to the barn now, okay?

PHILLIPE answers himself in muffled voices.

PHILLIPE (cont.)

Okay...right!...okay...

The PRESENCE is more definite now. Something is approaching at a measured pace. PHILLIPE backs up a few steps, then turns, starts off at a brisk walk, trying not to panic. The PRESENCE picks up speed as well, keeps perfect time.

PHILLIPE breaks into a loping run - the PRESENCE imitates him. He drops any semblance of self-control,

134 cont.

134

suddenly tears headlong through the trees, branches swatting him in the face as WHATEVER IT IS crashes through behind him. PHILLIPE has reached the edge of the clearing. He looks over his shoulder, then back to the front as:

PITOU LOOMS UP BEHIND HIM - moonlight gleaming off the razor-sharp edge of his raised sickle! He starts to swing the vicious blade down as:

A HUGE BLACK WOLF EXPLODES OUT OF THE BUSHES with a terrifying SNARL! It flies up at PITOU, its fangs sinking deeply into his neck. PHILLIPE wheels, then watches in horror as PITOU struggles vainly under the vise-like grip of its jaws. He takes off for the barn at a dead run.

PHILLIPE (cont.)

Sir!...Come quickly, sir!...
Wolf!...Wolf!!...!

135
(37)

INT. BARN - NIGHT

135

PHILLIPE crashes through the door to the barn.

PHILLIPE

Sir! You must come!...

NAVARRE is nowhere to be seen. Panicked, PHILLIPE grabs NAVARRE's longbow which rests against the barn wall, picks up an arrow, then hurries to a cracked opening in the wooden barn wall. He peers through, sweat forming on his brow.

136

ANGLE THROUGH CRACK - HIS POV

136

The snarling WOLF still crouches over PITOU in the distance, finishing his grisly job.

137

BACK TO PHILLIPE

137

Quickly fitting an arrow onto the bowstring. But NAVARRE's bow is far too strong for him! His muscles strain, but only bend the string a few inches. He gives one last mighty effort as:

A HAND covered by NAVARRE's BLACK CAPE suddenly flicks the arrow off the bowstring!

138

CLOSE ON PHILLIPE

138

As he turns in a panic.

PHILLIPE

But, sir! There's a...

PHILLIPE stops - struck dumb.

139 ANGLE ON CAPE HOOD - HIS POV

139

The black hood of NAVARRE's cape swivels INTO CAMERA, revealing:

THE FACE OF ISABEAU. A beautiful young woman. Her incandescent pale green eyes sparkle in a delicate alabaster face. In her hand - the sunflower we saw NAVARRE pick earlier. She twirls it in her delicate fingers, smiles at PHILLIPE with a peaceful serenity.

ISABEAU

I know.

From O.S. - the PLAINTIVE HOWL OF A WOLF. ISABEAU's eyes flick over in the direction of the sound.

PHILLIPE

(trembling)

Who?...

She passes PHILLIPE silently, crossing the barn..

PHILLIPE (cont.)

Don't go out there! There's a wolf! The biggest one you ever saw! And a dead man!

(no reply)

Miss? My lady? Please!

ISABEAU exits silently through the barn door.

140 CLOSE ON PHILLIPE

140

He shuts his eyes, waiting for a scream which doesn't come. He opens them again, blinks at the empty doorway.

PHILLIPE (cont.)

Maybe I'm dreaming. But my eyes are open. Which means that maybe I'm awake and just dreaming I'm asleep. Or more likely - maybe I'm asleep and dreaming I'm awake and wondering if I'm dreaming.

ISABEAU'S VOICE

(floating softly)

You are dreaming.

PHILLIPE slaps himself in the face! He crosses quickly to the loft ladder, scrambles up.

141 ANGLE IN LOFT

141

PHILLIPE rushes to the opening in the loft, looks down.

142 ANGLE ON YARD - HIS POV

142

Seen below through the golden wash of moonlight:

142 cont.

142

ISABEAU enters the yard, a faint breeze billowing out her gown from behind her. From the opposite end - THE WOLF APPROACHES. The dead body of PITOU lies at the edge of the clearing.

143 BACK TO PHILLIPE

143

Shaking. Faced with reality.

144 BACK TO ISABEAU

144

She stands motionless, peacefully serene. The WOLF circles, wild eyes appraising her, drawing closer, edging back.

ISABEAU smiles with affection, then extends a hand, beckoning the animal to her. The WOLF approaches cautiously, then takes her arm in his mouth. The needle-pointed fangs curiously do not draw blood. ISABEAU's arm gently encircles the animal's neck. A shudder passes through its body. It hangs its head in docile acceptance of her.

145 BACK TO PHILLIPE

145

Turning away, beads of sweat forming on his brow.

PHILLIPE

I have not seen what I have seen,
Lord. And I do not believe what
I believe. These are magical,
unexplainable matters, and I beg
you not to make me part of them.

146 EXT. COUNTRY ROAD AND GUARD OUTPOST - DAY

146

(38)

MARQUET thunders down a country road, whipping his horse mercilessly with a knotted quirt. The wild-eyed animal is near exhaustion as MARQUET jerks it to a stop at a Guard Outpost where two more horses wait for him, one saddled, one not.

147 EXT. COUNTRY ROAD (DIFFERENT LOCATION) - DAY

147

MARQUET gallops along at top speed on his new mount, pulling the unsaddled horse along behind him with a tether rope.

148 EXT. COUNTRY ROAD (DIFFERENT LOCATION) - DAY

148

MARQUET has all but exhausted his third mount as he gallops off into the distance. Barely visible beyond: the outline of the walled city of Aquila, still miles away.

Scs. 39 & 40 in ORIGINAL SCRIPT OMITTED

149 EXT. BRIDGE AND AQUILA GATES (SONCINO) 149
(41)

MARQUET's galloping horse clatters over the bridge into Aquila. TWO GUARDS at the gate barely have time to leap aside as he thunders through.

150 EXT. AQUILA UNDERGROUND TUNNEL STREET - DAY 150
(VIALE SOMALIA PT. TORRECHIARA)

MARQUET rides quickly up and out of an underground tunnel passageway. CAMERA PANS: The Bishop's castle can be seen in the distance beyond.

151 EXT. WOODS - DAY (CAMP II) (CORTINA) 151
(42)

The HAWK flutters quickly through the trees gaining speed, then soaring high up into the air.

Behind: NAVARRE rides on his Stallion with PHILLIPE behind him through the woods. His face is drawn tight, creased with lack of sleep. He reins in his horse, dismounts.

NAVARRE

We'll stop now. I need sleep.

NAVARRE crosses to a nearby tree, slumps heavily on the ground against its trunk. PHILLIPE hops off the horse, suddenly having found the opening for the uncomfortable subject he's about to bring up.

PHILLIPE

I could do with a bit myself, sir.
After last night's goings on.

NAVARRE's eyes shut, totally unconcerned.

PHILLIPE (cont.)

(pause)

That wolf could have killed me,
but he tore out the farmer's
throat and left me alone.

NAVARRE yawns, eyes still closed.

PHILLIPE (cont.)

And there was more.

(no reaction)

There was... a lady. Like fine
porcelain, with glowing jade eyes.
A heavenly apparition from some
faraway land. And her voice!
The dulcet tones of an angel!

NAVARRE

(eyes popping open)
She spoke?

PHILLIPE

I asked her if I was dreaming.
She said I was. Then, and this
sounds impossible to believe...

NAVARRE shuts his eyes again, rolls over to go to sleep.
PHILLIPE stares down, determined.

PHILLIPE (cont.)

I'm not insane. You must believe
me when I tell you these things.

NAVARRE smiles up sympathetically.

NAVARRE

I do believe. I believe very
deeply...in dreams.

PHILLIPE

(disappointed)

I see.

NAVARRE

This lady of your dreams. Did
she have a name?

PHILLIPE

Not that she mentioned. Why?

NAVARRE

Since I'm about to fall asleep
myself, I thought I might conjure
her up for my dreams. I've...
waited a long time to see such
a lady as you describe.

PHILLIPE looks down at him curiously. The HAWK swoops
down, lands on NAVARRE's saddle.

NAVARRE (cont.)

Now get some sleep. The bird
will alert us if someone comes.

SMASH CUT: A PEACOCK SCREAMS!

152
(43)

EXT. CASTLE GARDENS - DAY (TORRECHIARA)

152

The brilliantly colored fan tail of the peacock closes,
revealing the grim figure of MARQUET standing at the
entrance to the lavish gardens of Aquila castle.

FRIARS and other CLERICS engage in muted conversations.
Soothing MUSIC is played on a LUTE. An oasis of luxury
and peace in a desert of poverty.

Off to one side, the BISHOP'S BODYGUARD and SECRETARY stand in attendance. Past a sparkling fountain, under a mulberry tree - the BISHOP sits with a BEAUTIFUL WOMAN, exchanges silent pleasantries over glasses of wine.

MARQUET strides quickly toward the table, a sweat-soaked beast invading a garden of serenity. CLERICS turn with distaste as he passes. The BISHOP looks up, displeased, as MARQUET kisses his ring and a falling bead of grimy sweat stains the BISHOP's white robes.

MARQUET

My apologies, your Grace.

BISHOP

Have you found the criminal, Gaston?

MARQUET

He...is not in my custody at this time.

BISHOP

And yet you impose yourself upon this garden, unshaved, unwashed...

MARQUET

Navarre has returned.

A bolt of electricity flashes through the BISHOP's face. Features frozen. He rises, nods politely to the WOMAN.

BISHOP

(to MARQUET)

Walk with me.

MARQUET walks, speaks in hushed, gravel-throated tones.

MARQUET

The criminal Gaston travels with him. My men are combing the woods.

BISHOP

And the hawk?

MARQUET

Your Grace?

BISHOP

There should be a hawk.

MARQUET

There is. Trained to attack. It unhorsed Fornac.

The BISHOP smiles thinly in spite of himself.

BISHOP

Yes... This hawk would have...
spirit...

The BISHOP snaps to, his expression suddenly turning to ice. His eyes bore in on MARQUET.

BISHOP (cont.)

The Hawk is not to be harmed, is that understood? You see, the day she dies a new Captain of the Guard will preside at your funeral.

The BISHOP smiles thinly, turns back toward the garden entrance.

BISHOP (cont.)

We live in difficult times, Marquet. This famine has prevented the people from paying their proper tribute to the Church. I raise their taxes only to be told there's nothing left for me to tax. Imagine.

He stops. His eyes narrow, riveting MARQUET to the spot.

BISHOP (cont.)

Last night the Lord Almighty visited me in my sleep. He told me that Satan's messenger travelled among us. And that his name was Charles of Navarre.

MARQUET is transfixed. He drops to his knees, kisses the BISHOP's ring.

BISHOP (cont.)

Go. To break faith with me is to break faith with Him.

MARQUET rises, exits quickly. The BISHOP turns to his SECRETARY who has followed a few paces behind him.

BISHOP

Get me Cezar.

NAVARRE reclines against a tree, eyes closed, lost in a deep sleep. Suddenly - a "WHOOSH" is HEARD. A heavy object slices through the air, O.S.

NAVARRE's eyes pop open automatically, ready for action, familiar with the sound. His body does not move.

The HAWK is perched on the limb of a tree, looks down curiously. Another "WHOOSH".

154 ANGLE ON PHILLIPE

154

PHILLIPE holds Navarre's gleaming broadsword in both hands, swings it in wide arcs with a vicious look of triumph, hacking invisible enemies to pieces. With each swipe of the sword he staggers, his small body unable to counteract the great weight of the weapon. PHILLIPE swings the sword back to stab the air again. From behind - a black-clothed arm shoots into frame! NAVARRE effortlessly wrests the sword away, embedding it in the dirt between them. He sits, fingers the upraised hilt.

· NAVARRE

This sword has been in my family for five generations. It has never known defeat in battle.

NAVARRE's hand caresses the sword hilt. There are two large jewels embedded in the lower crosspiece, and one more partway up the handle

NAVARRE (cont.)

This jewel represents my family name. This one, our alliance with the Holy Church in Rome.

(continuing)

This stone is from Jerusalem, where my father fought the Saracens.

NAVARRE's hand stops. His fingers have found an empty depression in the hilt. He glances at PHILLIPE

PHILLIPE

(clearing his throat)

Sir...you don't think that I...

NAVARRE

No. This is mine to fill. Each generation is called upon to find its special mission.

PHILLIPE

And what... is your mission?

NAVARRE

(looks up)

To kill a man.

PHILLIPE

Well. I pity the poor wretch. Does this walking corpse have a name?

NAVARRE

His Grace, the Holy Bishop of
Aquila.

PHILLIPE

(blinks)

I...see...

(claps his hands)

Well! Then you have...much to
do and I've already been enough
of a burden to you. I hope our
paths cross again one day.

NAVARRE

(pause - stare)

Come with me to Aquila.

PHILLIPE

Not for the life of my mother.
Even if I knew who she was.

NAVARRE

I need your help to get into the
city. You're the only one who's
ever escaped from there.

PHILLIPE

Escaped? I fell down a hole and
followed my nose!

NAVARRE

Then follow it back again!

PHILLIPE

You don't want me with you on a
mission of honor, sir. I'm just
a cutpurse, a professional thief!

NAVARRE grabs him by the tunic front, deadly eyes searing
into him.

NAVARRE

For two years I've waited to hear
the warning bells of Aquila. Two
years without a roof over my head,
avoiding the Bishop's patrols, biding
my time, waiting for a sign from God
that the moment of my destiny had come.
(quiet smile)

And here you are, boy.

PHILLIPE

Me? Sir, the truth is, I talk to
the Lord all the time and...no
offense...but He never mentioned
you.

NAVARRE jerks his sword out of the dirt, swings it back

154 cont.

154

and forth easily with one hand.

NAVARRE

Perhaps - you forgot to ask.

PHILLIPE swallows hard, his gaze turning serious.

PHILLIPE

Sir, I'm common as dirt. With common fears and common hopes for myself. There are...strange forces at work in your life, magical ones which surround you. They are far beyond my ability to understand, but...they frighten me.

(no reply)

You've given me my life but the truth is, I can never repay you. I have no honor, never will have.

NAVARRE stares at him long and hard.

PHILLIPE (cont.)

I don't think you'd kill me simply for being what I am. But better that than to return to Aquila.

PHILLIPE turns, walks off slowly into the woods. NAVARRE watches, seeing his destiny elude him.

155

CLOSE ON PHILLIPE

155

He continues through the woods, picking up the pace. Suddenly - A WHISTLING THROUGH THE AIR - then a "THUNK". NAVARRE's sword quivers in a tree trunk, inches from PHILLIPE's head. He turns.

156

ANGLE ON NAVARRE

156

Staring with cold, hard eyes. Frozen. Deadly.

157

BACK TO PHILLIPE

157

PHILLIPE glances nervously at the quivering sword, then turns with a nice smile.

PHILLIPE

I think I'll gather some wood for the fire.

158
(45)

EXT. CAMPSITE - NIGHT (CAMP II - CORTINA)

158

The embers of a dying campfire glow pulsatingly in the clearing. Past them - Navarre's tethered horse, his sheathed sword slung over the saddle. Silence. Until:

A BRANCH CRACKS in the dark woods beyond. Then another. Slowly ISABEAU emerges from the trees. She advances cautiously into the empty clearing, glances around nervously, expectantly. She crosses to the Stallion. The huge animal gives a soft WHINNY of recognition. ISABEAU's eyes wander to Navarre's sword, then focus in on something else wedged in under the hilt.

A HAWK'S FEATHER! ISABEAU holds it up, mesmerized, staring at part of a living thing with which she appears to feel an almost magical kinship. Her fingers gently caress the wispy extremities of the feather.

ISABEAU smiles privately to herself, then reaches to untie the rope halter by which the Stallion is tethered. The huge animal emits a tiny SNORT of protest.

ISABEAU

Oh, shush...

She mounts the Stallion, bareback, gathers in the rope.

ISABEAU (cont.)

Now just make sure you remember everything we've learned...

She kicks the horse forward. The Stallion moves ahead at a trot, then suddenly breaks into A SYNCOPATED DANCING GAIT. ISABEAU grins as she guides him through a series of complicated and beautiful routines worthy of a circus horse, obviously the result of endless nights of training.

Making her second pass around the clearing, she rides under the limb of a tree as she hears:

PHILLIPE'S VOICE

Psst...

ISABEAU reins in the Stallion, looks around, seeing nothing.

PHILLIPE'S VOICE (cont.)

Psst! My lady! Up here!

PHILLIPE is tied around the overhanging limb of a tree directly above her! His hands are bound behind his back - the rope runs up to his neck. A perfect hog-tie. He smiles down, tries to appear nonchalant.

PHILLIPE

Remember me?

ISABEAU

What are you doing up there?

PHILLIPE

What am I...ah, and well you might ask that, yes indeed...

(thinking)

The Bishop's guards! A dozen of them! We had a terrible fight!

ISABEAU

Why didn't they kill you?

PHILLIPE

Why didn't they...ah, yes, I asked them that myself!

ISABEAU

And...

PHILLIPE

And?

ISABEAU

What did they say?

PHILLIPE

Why, that...they preferred to leave that honor to the Bishop!

ISABEAU smiles privately. She looks off at Navarre's sword hanging from the Stallion's saddle by a tree.

PHILLIPE (cont.)

Please, my lady? A giant owl examined me quite carefully not one minute ago.

ISABEAU pauses, then heads for the sword. She takes it, then rides over to PHILLIPE, raising the heavy broadsword with great difficulty.

PHILLIPE (cont.)

Easy does it now...

ISABEAU swings the sword forward, launching herself over the front of the horse.

PHILLIPE (cont.)

Look out!

The broadsword slices straight through the heel of his boot, severing the rope on the way by! PHILLIPE tumbles to the ground, rises, uncoiling the rope, hopping on one foot.

ISABEAU

Sorry...

PHILLIPE

At my height...what could it matter...

159 cont.

159

Suddenly: THE DISTANT HOWL OF A WOLF! ISABEAU looks off into the dark woods beyond, tensing. ANOTHER HOWL. She speaks to PHILLIPE, turning in the saddle.

ISABEAU

Listen. There's nothing to...

160 ANGLE ON CLEARING - HER POV 160

Blackness. PHILLIPE has silently, completely - disappeared.

161 BACK TO ISABEAU 161

ISABEAU dismounts, dropping the sword. She turns to face the dark forest beyond.

162 EXT. COUNTRY SIDE - DAWN (CAMPO IMPERATORE) 162
(46)

The early morning sun hangs high in the sky. PHILLIPE picks his way along, his face dirty and cut by branches. He stops, sniffs the air curiously with a rodent-like wriggling of his nose. He turns toward the invisible SMELL. His tongue parts his lips in anticipation of a meal.

163 EXT. CLEARING - DAWN (CAMP II - CORTINA) 163
(47)

The embers of the previous night's campfire still glow. NAVARRE emerges from the woods, his face creased with an apparent lack of sleep. He looks off, suddenly concerned, noticing the empty tree limb where PHILLIPE was tied. The severed rope lies in a pile on the ground.

NAVARRE Looks off toward the Stallion. His mouth suddenly cracks into a broad smile.

164 ANGLE ON STALLION - HIS POV 164

The huge animal waits for him by the tree. Curiously enough, its thick flowing mane has been braided into delicate ringlets. The SUNFLOWER has been attached to the mane at the top of its head. If any horse could look embarrassed, surely this would be the one.

165 BACK TO NAVARRE 165

Still grinning. He crosses to the animal, shaking his head.

NAVARRE

Poor bastard...you're defenseless against her too, aren't you...

166 EXT. RISE - DAY (CAMPO IMPERATORE) 166
(48)

PHILLIPE arrives at the top of a crest, peers down. Thick smoke rises. SHADOWY FIGURES can be made out. The CRACKLING of a fire and GARBLED VOICES are heard.

166 cont

166

Suddenly - a huge hand clamps on his shoulder, spinning him around. A BURLY GUARDSMAN grins broadly.

GUARDSMAN

Join us!

He shoves PHILLIPE over the edge.

167 ANGLE FROM CAMPFIRE

167

PHILLIPE tumbles crazily down the hillside, winding up on his back, finds himself looking at: FORNAC!

FORNAC

Well, well. You're a long way from the sewers, little rat. This time the drinks are on me.

FORNAC grabs him roughly by the neck, jerks him closer.

FORNAC (cont.)

Where's Navarre?

PHILLIPE

Navarre, Navarre...ah! Big man, black horse? He...went south, along the road to Aquila.

Another GUARD smiles knowingly at FORNAC.

GUARD

Then we ride north, right, sir?

PHILLIPE

It's not polite to assume someone's a liar when you've only just met them.

FORNAC

(thinking)

And yet you knew we would...

(wide grin)

We ride south - toward Aquila!

The camp makes preparations to depart. PHILLIPE looks up.

PHILLIPE

I told the truth, Lord. How can I learn any moral lessons if You keep confusing me like this?

168
(49)

EXT. AQUILA ROAD- DAY (CAMPO IMPERATORE)

168

Late afternoon. The WIND whistles through the trees. Clouds of dust and swirling leaves cause NAVARRE to shield his eyes as he rides INTO VIEW.

The HAWK is perched on his arm just below the elbow. It huddles against the side of his chest for protection.

168 cont.

168

Suddenly - a dead branch CRASHES down into the road.
The Stallion shies. The HAWK takes to the sky, startled.

169 ANGLE DOWN THE ROAD IN UNDERGROWTH

169

FORNAC and his MEN lie quietly in wait in the thick undergrowth on either side of the Aquila road.

PHILLIPE is jammed among the GUARDS. His hands are manacled behind him. His mouth has been gagged. He watches NAVARRE'S approach helplessly with terror-stricken eyes.

FORNAC nods. The GUARDS silently load their crossbows. PHILLIPE begins working on his gag, forcing it toward the center of his mouth with twisting grimaces.

170 BACK TO NAVARRE

170

The Stallion's ears prick forward. He's sensed something.

171 BACK TO PHILLIPE

171

Having worked the gag into the center of his mouth. He blinks nervously, knowing that any sound from him could bring instant death. The GUARDS lift their crossbows.

172 BACK TO THE HAWK

172

The circling HAWK looks down, suddenly SHRIEKS!

173 BACK TO NAVARRE

173

NAVARRE looks up. The Stallion rears on its hind legs.

174 BACK TO PHILLIPE

174

Inhaling deeply to call out. The GUARD next to him notices - instantly jams a meaty hand into his mouth. PHILLIPE chomps down hard! The GUARD HOWLS IN PAIN!

175 ANGLE ON NAVARRE

175

FORNAC'S VOICE

FIRE!

A HAIL OF ARROWS FLY - one whistles directly into NAVARRE's leg! A burst of red blood splatters over that side of the saddle.

176 ANGLE ON HAWK

176

SCREECHING. Extending its razor-sharp talons in defiance.

177 BACK TO NAVARRE

177

NAVARRE pulls out his broadsword, wheels his horse.

- 178 BACK TO PHILLIPE AND GUARDS 178
- The GUARDS reload their weapons hastily. FORNAC looks up in the sky, furious, grimly aims his crossbow. PHILLIPE grits his teeth, suddenly jerks his hands down hard behind him in a whiplash motion. He slips his manacles - then strangles FORNAC from behind with his chain.
- 179 ANGLE ON NAVARRE 179
- The Stallion crashes through the undergrowth like a mechanized weapon of war. NAVARRE's sword slashes right and left.
- PHILLIPE hangs on fiercely, but FORNAC is too strong. He flips the little pickpocket, clubs him viciously in the side of the head, knocking him down.
- 180 ANGLE ON HAWK 180
- The HAWK swoops up and down frantically.
- 181 BACK TO FORNAC 181
- Squinting cruelly. Taking deadly aim at NAVARRE with his crossbow.
- 182 BACK TO PHILLIPE 182
- PHILLIPE rises, sees what's about to happen. Picking up a rock, he hurls it at FORNAC as another GUARD clubs him to the ground on his way by.
- 183 BACK TO FORNAC 183
- The rock hits FORNAC in the side of the head as the ARROW SHOTS WILDLY up into the air!
- 184 ANGLE ON HAWK 184
- The HAWK is hit! An arrow pierces deeply into its breast. It SCREAMS in agonizing pain.
- 185 BACK TO NAVARRE 185
- His blade flashes at the retreating GUARDS. He hears the SCREAM - looks up in horror!
- 186 ANGLE ON HAWK 186
- The HAWK flutters toward the ground in a wild flurry of feathers, its wings beating helplessly.
- 187 BACK TO NAVARRE 187
- A guttural ROAR OF FURY bellows out from deep inside him. The Stallion rears. NAVARRE swivels, looks:

188 BACK TO FORNAC 188

FORNAC grins cruelly at NAVARRE, aware of what he's done.
now FIRES AGAIN:

189 BACK TO NAVARRE 189

The arrow catches NAVARRE in the shoulder, knocking him off his horse as his sword goes flying in the other direction!

FORNAC spurs his horse - CHARGES at the helpless NAVARRE, sword raised! At the last possible second, NAVARRE jerks the arrow out of his leg, ducks under FORNAC's sword thrust, then jams the arrow up under his heart, killing him instantly as FORNAC tumbles backwards off his mount.

190 ANGLE ON PHILLIPE 190

PHILLIPE rises, dazed, shakes his head. He surveys the carnage around him, amazed, -looks off:

191 ANGLE ON NAVARRE 191
(49a)

NAVARRE kneels nearby, nursing the wounded HAWK. Blood runs freely from the arrow in his shoulder. Oblivious to the pain, he gently tries to clean the bird's wound. NAVARRE's eyes fill with tears. He looks off.

192 ANGLE ON SETTING SUN 192

The red ball of the sun starts to set on the horizon.

193 BACK TO NAVARRE 193

Still staring. A SHADOW passes between him and the sun. PHILLIPE is rooted to the spot. NAVARRE rises, bloody and desperate. He holds out the stricken bird.

NAVARRE

Take the bird. Find help.

PHILLIPE

Me, sir?

NAVARRE

I have no one but you.

PHILLIPE

Sir...the poor thing's done for...

NAVARRE

(ignoring him)

There's an abbey on top of a mountain in those hills over there. In it you will find a monk. Brother Imperius. Bring him the Hawk. He will know what to do.

PHILLIPE

Sir, I...

NAVARRE

Take my horse and go, boy.
Now.

PHILLIPE turns toward the Stallion which instantly REARS, shying backward, its flashing hooves pawing at PHILLIPE!

PHILLIPE

But sir, you're the only one
who can ride him, and,,,

NAVARRE BELLOWS a command at the Stallion who instantly composes himself, now waits at attention...He grabs PHILLIPE by the scruff of the neck.

NAVARRE

DO IT, BOY!!

NAVARRE sweeps PHILLIPE up into the saddle, then hands him the HAWK. PHILLIPE takes it, cradles the bird gingerly. NAVARRE's eyes flash grimly.

NAVARRE (cont.)

And know this. If you fail to reach that abbey, I will follow you the length of my days until I find you, and carve your wretched body into pieces fit for flies.

PHILLIPE nods in fear, starts off... NAVARRE's hand rises, jerks the arrow out of his shoulder. His teeth grit from the pain, but his eyes never leave PHILLIPE.

194 ANGLE ON PHILLIPE

194

Riding. Carrying the bird like a fragile piece of china. He looks back over his shoulder:

NAVARRE stands silhouetted by the setting sun, head bowed, a towering black monument suddenly crumbling.

195 EXT. HILLTOP - DUSK (CAMPO IMPERATORE)
(50)

195

PHILLIPE rides down a road near the corner of a hill. The HAWK cries out feebly. PHILLIPE looks down.

PHILLIPE

It's all right...I've got you...

He arrives at the bottom of the hill, looks up.

196 ANGLE ON ABBEY - HIS POV

196

The decaying ruins of a once imposing abbey rise up at the top of a high mountain immediately above him. An

196 cont.

196

outgrowth of ivy and vines has snaked its way up and around the weather-worn stones. The abbey tower is a high one, overlooking the valley below.

197 BACK TO PHILLIPE

197

Looking down at the HAWK. Its feathers are soaked in blood. The arrow still juts out from behind its wing.

PHILLIPE (cont.)

There it is...see? The abbey!

He cups his hand tenderly behind the HAWK's head to reassure it. The bird SNAPS at him viciously.

PHILLIPE (cont)

Well, that's gratitude! All right then! Let this Imperius fellow watch you die, I've got my own life to worry about!

(at Stallion)

You're a witness!

198 EXT. ABBEY - DAY (ROCCA CALASCIO)

198

(51)

PHILLIPE arrives at the abbey, looks up. Small birds flit in and out of crumbling ivy-covered portals.

PHILLIPE

Hello! Hello in there!

(no reply)

For pity's sake - hello!

IMPERIUS' VOICE

Lower your voice out there, damn you! Do you think I'm deaf?

The head of BROTHER IMPERIUS emerges atop a level which is higher than the entrance. His eyes roll drunkenly, bloodshot, trying to pinpoint the source of the yelling.

PHILLIPE

Over here, Father! Imperius?

IMPERIUS

Curious. That's my name too.

PHILLIPE

I was told to bring you this bird. She's been wounded.

IMPERIUS

Good shot! Bring her in and we'll dine together!

PHILLIPE

We can't eat this bird!

IMPERIUS

We can't?

(drunken pause)

Oh my God, is it Lent already?

PHILLIPE

This is no ordinary hawk, Father.
She belongs to Charles of Navarre.

IMPERIUS blinks. His eyes widen in recognition.

PHILLIPE (cont.)

He said you would know what to do.

IMPERIUS

Mother of God...Bring her in!
Quickly!

IMPERIUS turns, jerks hard on a rope device which opens the wooden door on the lower level.

199 BACK TO PHILLIPE

199

PHILLIPE dismounts with great difficulty, making sure not to jostle the HAWK. He turns to the Stallion.

PHILLIPE

Wait here.

The Stallion WHINNIES, then instantly gallops off in the direction they came from! PHILLIPE yells after him.

PHILLIPE (cont.)

Tell him we got here! Tell him I did my part!

IMPERIUS

(from above)

Hurry, you cretin! Get her up here!

PHILLIPE snaps to, hustles through the lower open doorway, starts up for the abbey.

200 EXT. ABBEY DRAWBRIDGE - DUSK

200

PHILLIPE hurries toward the abbey drawbridge with IMPERIUS, now starts across, carrying the HAWK. IMPERIUS grabs PHILLIPE's arm.

IMPERIUS

Careful, you lummox!

PHILLIPE stops, looks down.

201 ANGLE DOWN ON DRAWBRIDGE - HIS POV

201

The wooden drawbridge - all seems normal.

202 BACK TO SCENE 202

IMPERIUS pulls a puzzled PHILLIPE over to the left:

IMPERIUS
Walk on this side...

They continue across, enter the abbey.

203 INT. IMPERIUS' CELL - DUSK 203
(52)

A small room with a table, chairs, and a cot. PHILLIPE enters, followed by IMPERIUS.

IMPERIUS
Over there on the cot...easy...

PHILLIPE gently deposits the bird on the cot.

IMPERIUS (cont.)
Leave us alone:

PHILLIPE
But...

IMPERIUS
Get out!

PHILLIPE backs away, reluctantly closing the door. IMPERIUS inspects the wound. The HAWK looks up, eyes flickering.

IMPERIUS (cont.)
(at HAWK)
Don't be frightened. Navarre was right - I do know what to do.

IMPERIUS turns, heads quickly out of the room, closing the door behind him. He locks it from the outside.

204 EXT. ABBEY DRAWBRIDGE - DUSK 204

IMPERIUS disappears across the drawbridge. After a pause - PHILLIPE appears. He approaches the door, presses his ear against it, fingers the lock gently.

205 EXT. ABBEY GARDENS - SUNSET 205
(53)

An open-pit BONFIRE blazes in the center of the monastery gardens area. IMPERIUS gathers herbs, moving quickly between the plants, selecting only certain leaves in specific quantities. He looks off, visibly worried.

206 ANGLE ON SETTING SUN - HIS POV 206

The sun now sinks below the horizon, shooting red streaks upward through the evening sky.

207 BACK TO ABBEY ENTRANCE 207
 (54) PHILLIPE is at the door, picking the lock with his dagger. It snaps free! He opens the door quietly.

208 INT. CELL 208
 As PHILLIPE enters, stops dumbfounded:
The delicate figure of ISABEAU now lies on the cot. Her arms are spread out in imitation of the HAWK's wings, her head slightly tucked in underneath them. The arrow sticks out of her shoulder. Her eyes flutter open. She spots PHILLIPE. She stares at him through agonizing pain, tries to sit up.

ISABEAU
 Navarre!...Where is he? Is he...

PHILLIPE
 He'll be fine, my lady! There was a terrible battle with the Bishop's guards! Navarre fought like a lion. The Hawk was...
 (stops, stares)
 But...you know that, don't you...

ISABEAU
 (pause)
 Yes.

PHILLIPE approaches the cot timidly, gazes down into the shimmer of beauty beneath him, confused.

PHILLIPE
 Are you flesh? Or are you spirit?

ISABEAU
 I...am sorrow.

The door suddenly opens. IMPERIUS enters, aghast.

IMPERIUS
 How did you...?
 (crossing)
 Get out, damn you! And stay out this time!

IMPERIUS shoves PHILLIPE out the door, slams it.

209 ANGLE ON PHILLIPE OUTSIDE ENTRANCE 209
 His back against the door. Panting. The adrenalin pumping through his body in a delayed reaction.

210 BACK TO CELL 210
 IMPERIUS places the herbs in a bowl, mashes them together with a pestle. He looks at ISABEAU - her eyes flutter.

210 cont

210

IMPERIUS

Holy Father - after all that's happened, you couldn't possibly have brought her here to die.

- 211 EXT. GARDEN AREA - NIGHT 211
(55)
PHILLIPE enters the garden area. The bonfire still blazes. Looking around, he notices a scarred table-top on which are apples and oranges carefully arranged along circular rings.

PHILLIPE sits heavily at the table. From up in the abbey - AN ANQUISHED MOAN is heard from ISABEAU. PHILLIPE picks up an apple, chomps on it nervously.
- 212 INT. CELL 212
(56)
IMPERIUS heats the herb poultice from underneath with a candle. ISABEAU moans again. He takes a wet cloth, crosses, places it on her forehead.
- 213 CLOSE ON ISABEAU 213
Eyes shut, lost in a nightmarish coma. From O.S. - the PLAINTIVE HOWL of a WOLF. ISABEAU's body twitches.
- 214 INT. BISHOP'S QUARTERS - NIGHT (TORRECHIARA) 214
(57)
The troubled, sleeping face of the BISHOP, lying in bed in sumptuous sleeping quarters. He tosses uncomfortably.
- 215 BACK TO ISABEAU 215
(58)
IMPERIUS sets the steaming hot poultice down. Hand trembling, he reaches for the arrow.
- 216 BACK TO BISHOP 216
(59)
Moaning in his sleep. His hand reaches up for his face.
A SERIES OF QUICK CUTS:
- 217 IMPERIUS' hand closes around the arrow. 217
(58a)
- 218 PHILLIPE blinks, takes another bite of the apple. 218
(55a)
- 219 The BISHOP shudders, beads of sweat on his forehead, 219
(59a) gathers the sheets in around him
- 220 IMPERIUS YANKS OUT THE ARROW. ISABEAU SCREAMS! 220
(58b)
- 221 PHILLIPE's head snaps around! He drops the apple. 221
(55b)

222 The BISHOP bolts upright in bed, his eyes popping open222
(59b) as LIGHT streams across the room.

223 INT. BISHOP'S QUARTERS - NIGHT (TORRECHIARA) 223
(60) A frightened young ACOLYTE stands in the doorway.

ACOLYTE

I'm...sorry, your Grace. You
insisted on being told when he
arrived...

The ACOLYTE scurries off. Now filling the doorway,
framed in backlight: A huge brutal figure with a
swirling black beard and a scar across one cheek. He
wears a wolfskin cloak, tunic, boots, and a cap made
out of a wolf's head. A necklace of wolf's teeth
circles his throat. THE GRIM VISAGE OF CEZAR, THE
WOLF HUNTER.

224 EXT. RIDGE ACROSS FROM ABBEY - NIGHT (ROCCACALASCIA 224
(61) AREA)

The abbey is framed by the light of the moon. A DARK
PRESENCE suddenly enters frame, blocking the view. A
SOLITARY BLACK WOLF takes his position on the ridge.
The cold night wind whips through his heavy fur as he
emits a HOWL of terrible anguish.

225 INT. CELL (ROCCA CALASCIO) 225
(62) The sleeping ISABEAU stirs, her eyes flickering.

226 EXT. GARDEN AREA - NIGHT (ROCCA CALASCIO) 226
(63) IMPERIUS pours himself a huge tumbler of wine.
Suddenly - from O.S. - THE HOWL OF THE WOLF. IMPERIUS
looks off apprehensively. PHILLIPE studies him care-
fully from across the fire.

PHILLIPE

(quietly)

It's him, isn't it.

(no reply)

The wolf. Somehow...it's him.

IMPERIUS

(pours another)

Here. Get drunk. You'll forget.

PHILLIPE

An hour ago you were drunk. And
you remembered.

IMPERIUS looks deeply into PHILLIPE's unwavering eyes.
It's no use. Resigned, he crosses with the wine.

IMPERIUS

Her name is Isabeau of Anjou.
Her father, the Comte d'Anjou, was
an intemperate fellow who died
slaughtering infidels at Antioch.
She came to a cousin, I think it
was, in Aquila.

(sits, wistful)

I'll never forget the day I saw
her. It was like looking at...
at...

PHILLIPE

The ... face of love..

IMPERIUS

(sympathetic smile)

You too, little thief? Well, I
suppose we were all in love with
her in different ways. His...

(with difficulty)

Grace could think of nothing else.

PHILLIPE

(wide-eyed)

The...Bishop...loved her?

IMPERIUS

As nearly as that evil man could
come to the emotion of love. He
was wild in his passion. A man
possessed. But Isabeau shrunk
from his attentions, sent back
his letters unopened, his poems
unread. Her heart had been lost
to the Captain of the Guard.

PHILLIPE

Charles of Navarre...the madman...

IMPERIUS

To Isabeau - a fine man, a worthy
man. Their love was stronger than
anything which could stand in its
way. Until...

IMPERIUS stops, takes a long swig of wine.

PHILLIPE

Until...?

IMPERIUS

They were betrayed. A...foolish
priest heard their confessions. And
in that priest's subsequent drunken
confession to his superior, he...
felt a holy obligation to unburden
himself. He...

(MORE)

IMPERIUS (cont.)

(with difficulty)

committed a mortal sin by revealing their mutual vows of love to the Bishop.

PHILLIPE's gaze bores in on him.

IMPERIUS (cont.)

He...didn't realize what he'd done at first. The terrible vengeance the Bishop would take. But His Grace seemed to go mad - he lost both sanctity and reason. He swore that if he could not have her, no man would.

PHILLIPE's eyes widen.

IMPERIUS (cont.)

Navarre and Isabeau fled from Aquila. But the Bishop followed them, truer than an arrow, more persistent than a hound. The Captain's great black stallion bore the lovers away like a blasting wind, until the poor beast could no longer push them forward with his heart alone. He fell, and the Bishop and his jackals closed in for the kill. Navarre turned and fought. Captor after captor, guards he had served with, lay dead on the ground. Unwilling to risk his own body, the exasperated Bishop offered his Immortal Soul instead - and he called upon the powers of Darkness for the means to damn them. In his rage and his frustration - he struck an unholy bargain with The Evil One.

PHILLIPE trembles, frightened, as the HOWL OF THE WOLF echoes through the valley below.

IMPERIUS (cont.)

The black powers of Hell spat up a terrible Curse. She was to be a Hawk by day, and he - a Wolf by night. Poor, dumb animals with no memory of their half-life of human existence. Never touching, in the flesh. Only the anguish of one split second at sunrise and sunset when they could almost touch - but not. Always together. Eternally apart. For as long as the sun shall rise and set. As long as there is night and day.

PHILLIPE is stunned. He rises, silently crosses to the

226 cont.

226

window. The HOWL OF THE WOLF is heard again.

IMPERIUS (cont.)

You have stumbled into a tragic story, little thief. Now you are lost in it with the rest of us.

IMPERIUS turns, walks off into the night. PHILLIPE wanders over to a lower parapet of the abbey, notices a wooden cage filled with PIGEONS. He looks inside.

227 ANGLE IN CAGE 227

One Pigeon stares back at PHILLIPE, cocking its head, as if in recognition.

228 BACK TO PHILLIPE 228

PHILLIPE cocks his head questioningly, mimicking the bird.

PHILLIPE

A Princess, perhaps?

The Pigeon COOS.

PHILLIPE (cont.)

Just as I thought. And the rest of you. A Sultan's harem?

(no response)

What the hell. One can't afford to take the chance these days...

PHILLIPE jerks open the cage as the BIRDS FLY TO FREEDOM!

Sc. 64 in original script OMITTED

229 INT. CHATEAU BASEMENT - NIGHT (VIALE SOMALIA) 229
(65)

The BISHOP stands near CEZAR, staring down at a huge pile of freshly skinned BLOODY WOLF PELTS. He holds his long clerical staff in one hand, looks down.

230 INSERT SHOT - BISHOP'S STAFF 230

The BISHOP's foot unhooks the base of his staff which slides back, revealing a gleaming, tapered steel tip with a razor-sharp point.

231 BACK TO SCENE 231

Using the steel tip like a giant fork, the BISHOP feverishly peels back one pelt from another, flinging them aside, spattering his white robes with blood. CEZAR watches, his cruel face betraying fear at the furious intensity of the man's passion.

BISHOP

Useless! All of them!

231 cont

231

CEZAR
My traps are full. I can't
kill every wolf in France.

The BISHOP's eyes flash angrily. Then - total calm.

BISHOP
(quietly)
There is a woman.

CEZAR
Your Grace?

BISHOP
A beautiful woman. With alabaster
skin and the eyes of a dove. She
travels by night - only by night.
Her sun is the moon, and her name
is - Isabeau.

CEZAR stares uncomprehendingly. The BISHOP blinks.

BISHOP (cont.)
Find her and you find the wolf.
The wolf I want. The wolf...
(pause)
who loves her...

The BISHOP turns, disappears up the stairs.

232 EXT. ABBEY - NIGHT
(66)

232

The abbey under the moonlight. The HOWL OF THE WOLF rolls
mournfully through the countryside.

233 INT. CELL - NIGHT
(67)

233

The sleeping figure of ISABEAU. Her eyes pop open in
recognition. She tries to sit up, winces in pain.

PHILLIPE'S VOICE
Don't.

ISABEAU looks: PHILLIPE sits in a chair next to her.

PHILLIPE (cont.)
You...could start bleeding again.

ISABEAU
(pause)
Tell me your name.

PHILLIPE
Phillipe, my lady. Phillipe
Gaston. Most people call me...
Phillipe the Mouse.

ISABEAU

Odd. For one with such spirit.

She takes his hand gently.

ISABEAU (cont.)

I shall call you...Phillipe
the Brave.

A glowing shudder passes through PHILLIPE's body.

ISABEAU (cont.)

You'll...be seeing him again
tomorrow, won't you.

PHILLIPE

If he wishes it.

ISABEAU

I want you to deliver a message.
Word for word as I tell it to you.

PHILLIPE

I promise. On my life.

ISABEAU

Tell him...

(eyes misting)

I can't bear it any longer. Tell
him...the pain is too great... And
tell him...if he wishes it...

(with difficulty)

...that a hawk is not a difficult
thing to kill.

PHILLIPE

(horrified)

I can't tell him that...

ISABEAU

You promised on your life.

PHILLIPE

A worthless life, my lady! Broken
promises are the tools of my trade!

ISABEAU turns away sadly.

PHILLIPE (cont.)

'You must save this hawk,' he said
to me. 'For she is my life, my
last and best reason for living.'

ISABEAU looks up. PHILLIPE stares with quiet intensity.

233 cont.

233

PHILLIPE (cont.)

And then he said: 'One day we will know such happiness as two people dream of, but never do.'

ISABEAU

He...said that?

PHILLIPE

I swear it. On my life.

ISABEAU

Swear it again. On my life.

PHILLIPE

(long pause)

Your life is worthless too, if you choose to throw it away so cheaply.

He turns, walks off silently. The WOLF HOWLS in the distance. ISABEAU shuts her eyes in pain.

234 INT/EXT. ABBEY ENTRANCE - ANGLE ON PHILLIPE 234
(68)

PHILLIPE leans back against the closed cell door, from this point on forever involved with Isabeau's future. He smiles to himself with deep satisfaction.

PHILLIPE

Phillipe the Brave...

235 EXT. RIDGE ACROSS FROM THE ABBEY - PRE-DAWN 235
(69)

A RUSTLING, gradually growing louder, on ridge across from the abbey. THREE BLAZING TORCHES now glow brightly through the darkness, advancing slowly. JEHAN and two GUARDS are spread out several feet apart from one another. They examine the ground by the light of the flames. One GUARD stops, looks off curiously.

GUARD

Look! Over there!

236 ANGLE ON ABBEY FROM - HIS POV 236

The Abbey bonfire glows in the distance.

237 BACK TO JEHAN 237

His lips thinning, broadening into a cruel smile.

Sc. 70 to 75 in original script OMITTED

238 EXT. GARDEN - PRE-DAWN 238
(76)

IMPERIUS sits by the table, takes a swig from another tumbler of wine. PHILLIPE stares sullenly.

PHILLIPE

Does she know?

IMPERIUS

What?

PHILLIPE

That you're the priest that
betrayed them?

IMPERIUS hurls the wine tumbler to the ground.

IMPERIUS

God has declared an end to it!
He has given me the knowledge to
undo what I have done!

PHILLIPE

(pause)

Make yourself clear. If you can.

IMPERIUS

For two years I've sat here, staring
up into the sky, waiting for some
indication that my life and service
to God hadn't all been wasted and
destroyed. The sign never came...
But I began to see other things.

PHILLIPE

Once - when I was drunk - I saw
myself as king.

IMPERIUS

Quiet, you wretched illiterate!

IMPERIUS turns to the table with the carefully arranged
pieces of fruit.

IMPERIUS (cont.)

There are glowing objects in the
night sky which seem to be prominent.
This star here...

(indicating)

...and the moon...

(pause)

Where's the moon?

PHILLIPE

I think I ate the moon.

IMPERIUS

(bitterly)

Fool...

He slumps back down in his chair.

IMPERIUS (cont.)

I have found a way to break the curse. A time for Navarre to face the Bishop and regain what once was his.

PHILLIPE

He intends to face the Bishop. To kill him with the sword of his ancestors.

IMPERIUS

He can't! If he kills the Bishop, the curse will go on forever!

Suddenly - A LOUD BANGING is heard from below.

JEHAN'S VOICE

Open up in there! Open up in the name of his Grace the Bishop of Aquila!

239 EXT. ABBEY DOOR - PRE-DAWN
(77)

239

JEHAN looks up from the door, a blazing torch in his hand. The TWO GUARDS hold a huge, dead log. JEHAN banks on the door again. IMPERIUS' face appears above.

IMPERIUS

Go away! This isn't a brothel! This is the House of God!

JEHAN

Open up for the Bishop!

IMPERIUS

I've met the Bishop, you blasphemous lout! And you don't look anything like him!

JEHAN

(at GUARDS)

Break it in.

240 BACK TO GARDEN

240

IMPERIUS turns to PHILLIPE

IMPERIUS

Take care of Isabeau. Run, you fool!

241 ANGLE AT ABBEY DOOR
(79)

241

The GUARDS rush the ancient door, using the log as a battering ram. It SPLITS on impact!

241 cont

241

IMPERIUS
 (yelling down)
 By the Virgin, now you've gone
too far!

They try again. The door collapses! JEHAN and the
 GUARDS rush up as THE STAIRS CRUMBLE AWAY BENEATH THEM!

IMPERIUS
 (from above)
 Sorry! I'm a monk, not an
 engineer!

JEHAN and the GUARDS scramble up the rocks toward the
 higher level.

242
(78)

INT. CELL - PRE-DAWN

242

PHILLIPE rushes into the cell. ISABEAU looks up.

ISABEAU
 What is it?

PHILLIPE
 Don't talk. Come this way...

ISABEAU
 (rising)
 Why?...

PHILLIPE
 Because I don't think we can go
that way...

243

ANGLE NEAR DRAWBRIDGE - PRE-DAWN

243

IMPERIUS hurries toward the drawbridge with a GUARD
 alongside him. JEHAN and the other GUARD follow behind.

IMPERIUS
 (gesturing)
 Over there, my son! The door
 on the right! And don't forget...

IMPERIUS and the GUARD start across the drawbridge as
 THE PLANKS ON THE RIGHT SIDE BREAK AWAY and the GUARD
 falls!

A fading SCREAM ends abruptly with a SPLASH!

244

CLOSE ON IMPERIUS

244

IMPERIUS looks down sadly from the other side of the
 drawbridge.

IMPERIUS
 ...to walk on the left side.

JEHAN'S SWORD HILT suddenly clubs IMPERIUS on the side

244 cont

244

of the head, knocking him unconscious as JEHAN and the remaining GUARD head for the abbey cell.

245
(80)

INT. ABBEY - PRE-DAWN

245

PHILLIPE leads ISABEAU through the abbey, spots a wooden staircase which winds its way up a high turret.

PHILLIPE

Up there, my lady! Are you able?

ISABEAU nods in pain as PHILLIPE helps her up the stairs, following behind.

246

INT. CELL

246

JEHAN and the GUARD exit the empty cell in the same direction PHILLIPE and ISABEAU took.

247

INT. STAIRWAY

247

PHILLIPE leads ISABEAU up the winding stairway. She stumbles, gasps for breath as he yanks her along.

248

ANGLE NEAR BOTTOM OF STAIRS

248

JEHAN and the GUARD hear the noise. JEHAN silently signals the GUARD forward, up the staircase.

249

ANGLE FARTHER UP STAIRCASE

249

The GUARD rounds a corner, stops as he hears:

ISABEAU'S VOICE

Please...I just can't anymore...

The GUARD grins. He starts up around the corner as:

PHILLIPE SWIVELS AROUND in front of him, tripping him, knocking him backward as he tumbles down the stairs. PHILLIPE looks up.

250

ANGLE ON ISABEAU - HIS POV

250

ISABEAU grins, gives PHILLIPE a confident high sign.

PHILLIPE

(from below)

Hurry! Keep going!

251

ANGLE DOWN STAIRWAY

251

JEHAN rounds a lower corner as the body of the GUARD crashes down, his head cracking against the wall! The GUARD crumples in a heap. JEHAN curses under his breath, starts up again.

- 252 EXT. ABBEY ROOF - PRE-DAWN 252
(81)
PHILLIPE pushes ISABEAU up through a narrow trap door onto the abbey roof. They race across it against the background of the pre-dawn sky, stop at the edge, look down:
- 253 ANGLE DOWN PARAPET - THER POV 253
Fierce-looking gargoyle carvings jut out from under the eave of the turret. Far below, jagged rocks in the rugged countryside wait menacingly. It's much too far to jump.
- 254 BACK TO PHILLIPE AND ISABEAU 254
Exchanging a quick, desperate look.
- ISABEAU
Listen...it's me they want...
- PHILLIPE
Don't flatter yourself.
- From the open trap door - the SOUND of JEHAN'S FOOTSTEPS on the stairs!
- 255 ANGLE ON TRAP DOOR 255
JEHAN appears in the opening, steps up as: THE DOOR SLAMS ON HIS HEAD! PHILLIPE grabs a rope attached to the top of the trap door, ties it firmly around a stone cleat, locking it shut. JEHAN recovers quickly. The trap door starts to buckle from below as he bangs on it with his sword hilt. PHILLIPE stands on top of the trap door, looks off helplessly at ISABEAU.
- 256 ANGLE ON ISABEAU 256
ISABEAU presses back up against the parapet. There's no way out. Suddenly, THE ANCIENT STONE CRUMBLES AWAY BEHIND HER!
- PHILLIPE
No! No!!
- PHILLIPE rushes to her as ISABEAU FALLS, disappearing off the top of the parapet!
- 257 CLOSE ON PARAPET 257
PHILLIPE lunges for her, GRABS A WRIST, jerking ISABEAU to a stop! She looks up at him, eyes pleading, as the little pickpocket strains to lift her back up, but can't. PHILLIPE looks off desperately.

- 258 ANGLE ON HORIZON 258
 The clouds on the horizon are softening, preparing for the dawn. BUT THERE IS NO SUNLIGHT.
- 259 BACK TO PHILLIPE 259
 Holding onto ISABEAU's wrist, but with great difficulty
- 260 BACK TO TRAP DOOR 260
 JEHAN's sword hilt has SPLIT the trap door! He bangs away at it with renewed fury.
- 261 BACK TO PHILLIPE 261
 ISABEAU looks up in terror as PHILLIPE struggles mightily to hold on.
- ISABEAU
 Oh, Please...
- PHILLIPE
 I...can't...
- 262 BACK TO HORIZON 262
 Infinitesimally brighter. STILL NO SIGN OF THE SUN.
- 263 BACK TO PHILLIPE 263
 PHILLIPE can hold on no longer. ISABEAU'S WRIST SNAPS FREE!
- PHILLIPE
 Oh, my God, No!!
- 264 CLOSE ON ISABEAU 264
SHE FALLS!
- 265 ANGLE ON ISABEAU FROM GROUND 265
 Her body tumbles into mid-air, begins to fall
- 266 ANGLE ON HORIZON 266
 Suddenly, from behind the ridge on the horizon: TWO ORANGE BEAMS OF THE MORNING SUN knife up through the dawn clouds!
- 267 BACK TO PHILLIPE 267
 PHILLIPE watches ISABEAU, his jaw dropping open as he sees:
A MAGICAL, MIRACULOUS TRANSFORMATION BEGINS TO TAKE PLACE!
- 268 ANGLE ON ISABEAU - HIS POV 268
 (81a) Her body tumbles through the air. Suddenly - as if in

- 268 cont 268
- SLOW MOTION - her pale arms blur, begin to widen amor-
phously, turning brown in color.
- 269 BACK TO PHILLIPE 269
- Wathing incredulously.
- 270 BACK TO ISABEAU 270
- Almost floating. As if time itself had stopped for one
magic moment, her long, full-bodied locks of hair rise
in one united mass, now telescope down into a sharp narrow
crest at the top of her head.
- 271 BACK TO HORIZON 271
- MORE STABBING SUN RAYS shoot upward!
- 272 BACK TO ISABEAU 272
- The arms have become WINGS! The transformation is nearly
complete. What is now essentially a bird begins to flap
desperately, trying to catch an updrafting air current.
- 273 BACK TO PHILLIPE 273
- Watching. Wide-eyed.
- 274 BACK TO HAWK 274
- The HAWK's body flutters down the final distance between
it and the ground, its wings beating frantically. Suddenly
- at the last possible second - IT CATCHES AN AIR CURRENT
- its feeble wings extend to take advantage of it.
- The HAWK hovers - then SHOOTS BACK UP INTO THE AIR, riding
the current, taking off for the mountains beyond.
- 275 ANGLE ON TRAP DOOR 275
(82)
- JEHAN's sword juts through the door, separates what's left
of the timbers - the wood crumbles away in sections.
JEHAN steps out onto the roof, looks around, astonished.
The roof is empty. Phillipe is gone as well! He crosses
quickly to the parapet, looks down.
- 276 ANGLE ON ROCKS - HIS POV 276
- The jagged rocks of the countryside below, seen past the
out-jutting carvings of the gargoyles. Nothing else is
visible.
- 277 BACK TO JEHAN 277
- Totally confused. He checks the empty roof area with a
puzzled look, is about to start back for the doorway:
THE SOUND OF A PIECE OF STONE CRUMBLING AWAY stops him.
He turns back, looks over the parapet again:

277 cont

277

Tiny pebbles hit the ground below.

JEHAN leans over farther. Examining the wall below where the gargoyles jut out. Visible inside the grinning stone teeth of one open-mouthed gargoyle - A HUMAN HAND.

278 ANGLE ON PHILLIPE

278

PHILLIPE is wedged between two gargoyles below the parapet lip. He hangs on desperately, looks up at JEHAN.

PHILLIPE

(nervous smile)

Looks like a beautiful day.

JEHAN

Where's the woman?

PHILLIPE

Woman?

JEHAN whistles his sword. It cracks against the face of a gargoyle, splitting the stone away as SPARKS FLY. Half the gargoyle's face plummets down the dizzying distance to the countryside below.

JEHAN

Where is she?

PHILLIPE

She...flew away...

Enraged, JEHAN lifts his sword above his head.

PHILLIPE (cont.)

God's truth, she flew away!

His eyes slam shut in terror! Suddenly - a dull THUNK is heard. Then silence. PHILLIPE's eyes open again, look up.

279 CLOSE ON JEHAN

279

Between two glassy eyes - an arrow is deeply embedded in JEHAN's forehead. He tumbles over the top of the parapet.

280 ANGLE ON GROUND

280

JEHAN's body hits the ground.

281 EXT. NEARBY RIDGE - DAY

281

NAVARRE stands near his Stallion between some rocks on a nearby ridge, now lowers his longbow.

282 BACK TO PHILLIPE

282

Having seen. Sighing with relief.

282 cont

282

PHILLIPE

It always pays to tell the truth.
Thank you, Lord, I see that now...

283
(83)

EXT. ABBEY ENTRANCE - DAY

283

NAVARRE dismounts. His face scans the sky, concerned.

NAVARRE

Hoy!

284

ANGLE ON SKIES - HIS POV

284

Empty skies. Silence. Just the whistle of the wind.

285

BACK TO NAVARRE

285

NAVARRE (cont.)

Hoy!!

The echo of his yell rolls across the landscape, then dies. Still nothing. NAVARRE lowers his eyes. Suddenly - A SHRIEK from above! His head snaps around:

The HAWK circles into frame, beating its wings irregularly, heading down toward him in a crooked path.

The HAWK lands on his wrist. NAVARRE tenderly strokes the back of her head. The bird flaps its wings in recognition.

NAVARRE

Sssh...be still now...be still.

The HAWK nips him on the finger. NAVARRE stifles a grin.

NAVARRE (cont.)

So that's the way you greet your master, is it?

The door of the abbey opens. IMPERIUS appears, heads quickly for him. NAVARRE's face darkens. The monk stops a few feet away. The two men stare at each other for a long moment.

NAVARRE (cont.)

I thought you might be dead, old man. There were times I wanted to kill you myself.

(with difficulty)

I'm grateful for what you've done here.

IMPERIUS

Vengeance - like forgiveness - is the privilege of God. And He has forgiven me.

NAVARRE

I am not God. I have not
forgiven you. And I cannot
forget.

PHILLIPE appears in the doorway. He watches and listens,
completely ignored by the other two men.

IMPERIUS

What will you do then? Kill
me? His Grace?
(at HAWK)
Kill her, perhaps?

NAVARRE

Perhaps.

IMPERIUS

That is not how your story ends!
Only I know how it ends! God has
told me how the Curse may be
broken!

NAVARRE stiffens. He grabs IMPERIUS by the front of
his robe, pulls him in, eyeball to eyeball.

NAVARRE

Betray me again, old man?
Torture me with false hopes?

IMPERIUS

Three days hence, in the Cathedral
of Aquila, the Bishop hears the
confession of the clergy. You have
only to confront him - both of you,
as Man and Woman, in the flesh, and
the Curse will be confounded. Broken.
The Evil One will seize his prize
and you are free.

PHILLIPE listens from the doorway. Rooted to the spot.
NAVARRE stares at IMPERIUS, querying, unbelieving.

NAVARRE

It's not possible. As man and woman.
Together, in the flesh. Impossible.

IMPERIUS

As long as there is night and there
is day. But three days hence you'll
have your chance. In three days, at
Aquila, there will be a day without
night, and a night without day.

There is a long pause. NAVARRE ponders the impossible.

NAVARRE

(deadly stare)

Go back inside, old man. Back to your wine. God has not forgiven you. He has simply made you mad.

IMPERIUS pauses, hangs his head sadly, turns, walks back inside the abbey, passing PHILLIPE.

NAVARRE turns to PHILLIPE, extends his hand.

NAVARRE (cont.)

I am in your debt.

PHILLIPE

Me, sir? Not a bit.

(pause)

She...wanted me to deliver a message.

(NAVARRE stares)

To say she still has hope. Faith. In you.

NAVARRE's questioning eyes search PHILLIPE for the slightest trace of duplicity. He looks at the HAWK. It cocks its head curiously. He turns to PHILLIPE.

NAVARRE

You're free to go.

PHILLIPE

I know that, sir.

NAVARRE

Do what you like.

PHILLIPE

Yes, sir.

(pause)

Then you and...Ladyhawke will be continuing on?

NAVARRE looks down at the bird with a soft, private smile.

NAVARRE

Ladyhawke...

(snaps to)

Yes. To Aquila.

PHILLIPE

As it so happens, I'm...heading in that general direction myself.

NAVARRE

Suit yourself.

PHILLIPE grins as they turn, start walking down to the lower level of the abbey.

NAVARRE (cont.)

Take one of the Guard's horses.
You'll tend to the animals as
before. Keep a decent fire going.
Cook the meals...

PHILLIPE

That's my lot in life, sir.
Common as dirt. I cut my first
purse when I was seven years old.
From a gentleman going into Notre
Dame for High Mass. I thought I'd
better get him on the way in while
he still had a few coins left. That
night my mother cooked meat for the
first time in two years. My family
sort of invented poverty, you know,
and...

NAVARRE

Still feeling sorry for yourself,
eh, boy?

PHILLIPE

Born sorry, Captain.

NAVARRE looks at him curiously.

PHILLIPE

(smiles)

And sure to die that way.

286
(84)

EXT. SKY - DUSK

286

Dark storm clouds gather ominously on the horizon,
blocking out the sun THUNDER ROLLS.

287
(85)

EXT. WOODS - DUSK (CORTINA)

287

NAVARRE and PHILLIPE ride together through the woods.
PHILLIPE sticks his hand out to test for the oncoming
rain.

PHILLIPE

Looks like a big one, Captain.
We're going to get soaked.

NAVARRE glances up, uncomfortably preoccupied, now reins
in the Stallion.

NAVARRE

Find shelter. The sun is going
down.

PHILLIPE looks off at the totally cloud-covered sky.

PHILLIPE

How can you tell?

NAVARRE dismounts, looks up at him

NAVARRE

After so many sunsets - how
can I not?

NAVARRE hands PHILLIPE his sword, then the reins to
the Stallion.

The HAWK flies down, perches on NAVARRE's arm. He
takes hold of the bird, strokes it comfortingly, gently
places it under the lapel of PHILLIPE's coat.

NAVARRE (cont.)

Take care of Ladyhawke.

NAVARRE starts off into the woods. PHILLIPE stares
after him, cradling the bird under his coat, holding
the huge sword. NAVARRE stops, looks back at him.

288 CLOSE ON PHILLIPE 288

PHILLIPE grins confidently, raises the sword in a
salute.

289 BACK TO NAVARRE 289

NAVARRE acknowledges the salute, then walks off into
the woods. LIGHTNING CREASES THE SCREEN! He has
disappeared.

290 BACK TO PHILLIPE 290

Sword upraised, the grin still frozen on his face.
His arm begins to tremble, unable to hold the heavy
weapon any longer. He lets it fall with a sigh of
relief.

291 EXT. ROADSIDE INN - DUSK (CANALE MONTERANO) 291
(86)

LIGHTNING! THUNDER! The rain is falling heavily now.
Through the downpour, the ramshackle facade of a forlorn
roadside inn is visible. Farther past it - a huge,
creaking wooden stable.

292 INT. STABLE - DUSK 292
(87)

Droplets of rain seep in through cracks in the roof.
NAVARRE's horses shudder and stomp in their decaying
makeshift stalls. PHILLIPE sits on a pile of damp straw,
NAVARRE's sword lying next to him, glances up.

PHILLIPE

Hungry?

(no reaction)

Do you understand me, Ladyhawke?

292 cont

292

The HAWK is perched on a timber above the loft. It looks down with a disinterested gaze. PHILLIPE studies the bird for a sign of recognition.

PHILLIPE (cont)

You know, it's my favorite thing for dinner, hawk. I've eaten thousands of them. Used to kill one every day, just for practice.

The bird stares down impassively. PHILLIPE shrugs, hugs his knees, shudders, miserable in the cold and damp.

PHILLIPE (cont.)

Serves me right for getting involved in this nightmare. Nightmare...daymare...and then... 'It will be neither night nor day...' (snorts)
Why not? Makes about as much sense as the rest of it.

Suddenly - the HAWK ruffles its feathers. Strange sensations shiver through its body. It stretches its wings, showing the first signs of impending distress. PHILLIPE rises, unsure of what to do. He should stay, but some innate sense of decency forbids it.

PHILLIPE (cont.)

Listen...I'll just...wait outside, all right?

PHILLIPE rushes to Navarre's saddlebags, pulls out two pairs of trousers and a shirt, places one pair of trousers neatly in the straw, looks up at the HAWK.

PHILLIPE

I can't vouch for the fit, but... (nice smile)
Take your time...

He's out the stable door with the other pair of pants and the shirt, disappears into the storm.

293

EXT. STABLE - NIGHT

293

(88)

PHILLIPE takes shelter beneath an overhang, squints out into the pouring rain as he starts changing pants.

294

ANGLE ON INN - HIS POV

294

WARM LIGHT glows through the window of the Inn. SMOKE wafts from its chimney. Now arriving in front: A LAUGHING YOUNG COUPLE in a covered cart. They get out, run for the door. As they open it, WE HEAR LAUGHTER from inside and the LILTING MUSIC of a lute.

295 BACK TO PHILLIPE

295

Having changed clothes. He stares longingly at the Inn.

PHILLIPE turns, then stares into the blackness of the barn through the open door. Seeing and hearing nothing, he KNOCKS loudly on the side.

PHILLIPE

Miss? My lady?

(no response - calls out)

I'm coming in!...

296 INT. STABLE - NIGHT (CANALE MONTERANO)
(89)

296

The stable is dark. Silent. Just a SNORT from one of the horses and the drumming of the RAIN on the roof.

PHILLIPE

(small voice)

Miss? Miss, it's me...

Suddenly - SOMETHING grazes his arm from behind! PHILLIPE CRIES OUT, terrified. ISABEAU emerges from the shadows with a faint smile, wearing the trousers.

PHILLIPE (cont.)

(shyly)

Phillipe the Brave, remember?

ISABEAU

How...is he?

PHILLIPE

Alive. Like you. Full of hope.
Like you.

(confidently)

He left you in my charge, as you can see by his sword over there. 'Tell her we two speak as one,' he said. 'And she will follow your instructions as my own.'

ISABEAU

Really.

(quickly)

No - don't swear.

PHILLIPE smiles. She looks up.

ISABEAU (cont.)

What...do you instruct?

PHILLIPE

I instruct you to sit by a warm fire. To drink a cup of sweet wine, and to listen to bright music, cheerfully played.

PHILLIPE crosses to Navarre's sword, kneels to pick it up. ISABEAU smiles almost maternally.

ISABEAU

Ah, so you intend to be my protector as well, eh? I'm flattered.

PHILLIPE

In a manner of speaking, my lady. The truth is...

(smile)

He'll kill me if I lose it.

297
(90)

EXT. STABLE - NIGHT (CANALE MONTERANO)

297

ISABEAU and PHILLIPE emerge from the stable, covering their heads with a horse blanket. The rain falls in sheets. PHILLIPE carries Navarre's sword, wrapped in burlap.

PHILLIPE grins. ISABEAU's eyes sparkle with anticipation. They start across for the Inn, heads down, SUDDENLY STUMBLE HEADLONG INTO THE SIDE OF A HORSE! ISABEAU looks up, GASPS:

298

ANGLE ON CEZAR - THEIR POV

298

The terrifying face of CEZAR the Wolf Hunter glares down through the torrent. His face is streaked with blood.

CEZAR

Watch where you're going.

PHILLIPE

Yes, sir. Thank you, sir.

ISABEAU stares, SUDDENLY STRUCK DUMB WITH HORROR: CEZAR's pack horse is laden with freshly killed wolf pelts! An ugly display of blood, fur and sightless eyes. SHE SCREAMS as PHILLIPE tries to comfort her.

PHILLIPE (cont.)

Isabeau! Isabeau...

CEZAR's lips peel back in a cruel smile, revealing blackened gums and broken teeth.

CEZAR

Isabeau?
(evil grin)
Isabeau...

PHILLIPE shoves ISABEAU to one side, unravels the burlap from Navarre's gleaming broadsword, sticks it up toward CEZAR's face with great difficulty.

PHILLIPE

Lay one hand on her and you'll
find it on the ground next to
your head. Now ride on.

CEZAR feints a move at PHILLIPE, amused by his display of bravado. PHILLIPE's sword whistles clumsily through the air as CEZAR withdraws his hand quickly.

CEZAR

Easy, little man. You wouldn't
cut someone for trying to make
a living, would you?

PHILLIPE

Are you deaf? Ride on!

PHILLIPE pricks the rump of CEZAR's horse with the tip of Navarre's sword. The animal explodes forward, galloping off for the woods beyond. PHILLIPE turns triumphantly to ISABEAU.

PHILLIPE (cont.)

Well. I guess we showed him what...

ISABEAU IS GONE! PHILLIPE hears a NOISE, looks off toward the barn.

Scs. 91 to 94 pt. of original script OMITTED

299 ANGLE ON BARN -, HIS POV
(94pt)

299

Suddenly -- ISABEAU bursts through the barn door, riding Navarre's Stallion! PHILLIPE jumps aside as the animal thunders by, heading for the woods after CEZAR.

300 BACK TO PHILLIPE

300

Rising from the mud, looking off toward the woods.

PHILLIPE

He'll kill me...He'll kill me!

301 EXT. SKY - NIGHT
(95)

301

The violent storm rages on with THUNDER and LIGHTNING. Dimly perceptible underneath: the HOWL OF A WOLF echoing through the night sky.

NOTE: (SPECIAL EFFECTS) - DURING THE FOLLOWING SEQUENCE
LIGHTNING WILL HIT A TREE, SETTING IT ON FIRE

- 302 EXT. WOODS - NIGHT (SORIANO) 302
- ISABEAU rides through the dense woods. Low hanging twigs snap against her face but she ignores them, continuing her search. Spotting something, she reins in Navarre's horse.
- 303 ANGLE ON CEZAR'S HORSES--HER POV 303
- Cezar's horses - tied to a tree in a small clearing. There is no sign of the Wolf Hunter himself.
- 304 BACK TO ISABEAU 304
- She rides up cautiously, dismounts. Suddenly - THE WOLF HOWL - closer. ISABEAU's head snaps around. She reaches into Navarre's saddlebag, withdraws a razor-sharp dagger. Clutching it tightly, she heads into the trees.
- ISABEAU continues. A BRANCH SNAPS beneath her as she steps on it. She freezes. There is no reacting sound. Silently cursing, she starts off again, suddenly stops.
- 305 ANGLE ON CEZAR - HER POV 305
- In the distance - the ghostly outline of CEZAR, his back turned to her. He leans over.
- 306 CLOSE ON CEZAR 306
- Setting a vicious looking steel wolf trap. He reaches down, covers it with camouflage. Suddenly - he blinks. His nose twitches, reading the smell of the wind. CEZAR continues on, disappearing into the darkness.
- 307 BACK TO ISABEAU 307
- Setting off silently through the trees in pursuit. She arrives at the spot where she saw CEZAR, looks around, sees nothing, advances half a step.
- Her feet move forward. Waiting for them under camouflage, inches away - THE YAWNING STEEL JAWS OF THE TRAP!
- Her feet graze the side of the trap as she walks past, unaware of the danger at her feet. She continues on through the trees. CAMERA PANS:
- CEZAR slowly peers out from behind a tree. He watches, eyes gleaming with malice, now directly behind her.
- 308 INT. WOODS 308
- A RUSTLING in another part of the woods. Now emerging - a huge BLACK WOLF! Steam exudes from its nostrils. Its nose searches for a scent.

- 309 BACK TO ISABEAU 309
 Stopped once again. Feeling the eerie silence.
- 310 BACK TO CEZAR 310
 Noiselessly picking up a stone. He tosses it.
 The stone hits the trap - the jaws snap shut with a loud vicious CLANG!
- 311 BACK TO ISABEAU 311
 Wheeling around in terror, her dagger raised! She squints into the darkness. Silence. Excruciating silence.
- 312 BACK TO WOLF 312
 The BLACK WOLF has turned at the sound. He advances slowly in Isabeau's direction.
- 313 ANGLE ON AIR 313
Another stone flies silently through the night air.
 As the stone hits - ANOTHER TRAP SLAMS SHUT!
- 314 BACK TO ISABEAU 314
 Spinning in the opposite direction! She waits, panting.
- ISABEAU
 Show yourself!
 (silence)
 Coward!
- 315 CLOSE ON CEZAR 315
 Grinning cruelly. Keeping low. Perfectly still.
- 316 ANGLE INTO WOODS 316
 Suddenly: another trap slams shut! This one accompanied by the AGONIZED SCREAM OF A WOLF IN TERRIBLE PAIN!
- 317 BACK TO ISABEAU 317
 Frozen. Aghast.
- 318 BACK TO CEZAR 318
 His evil eyes flashing with feverish anticipation. He rushes headlong through the woods, arriving at the trap!
 A HUGE DEAD WOLF lies victim in the jagged jaws of the trap. CEZAR looks down with a grin of victory.
 He releases the dead animal, resetting the trap.

318 cont

318

Suddenly, from behind: ANOTHER, DEEPER GROWL! CEZAR spins!

THE BLACK WOLF stands directly behind him! It flashes fearsome fangs dripping with saliva!

CEZAR spins on his heels in terror, rising to get away!

ISABEAU suddenly stands directly in front of him! She trips the off-balance man with her leg, simultaneously pushing him down into the jaws of the trap which SLAM SHUT!

CEZAR's death scream chokes off abruptly - the WOLF bounds away into the dark woods, disappearing into the blackness.

ISABEAU gasps for breath, her chest heaving, totally drained. Suddenly - from behind her - BRANCHES CRACK!

319 ANGLE ON PHILLIPE 319

PHILLIPE stands in the woods behind her, Navarre's sword in his hand, totally appalled at what he sees. ISABEAU stares wordlessly, starts to move forward as:

320 CLOSE ON ISABEAU'S ANKLE 320

A bloody hand grabs her ankle! ISABEAU SCREAMS!

321 CLOSE ON CEZAR 321

The twisted, dying face of CEZAR looks up at ISABEAU defiantly. He emits a guttural GROWL, then expires.

322 BACK TO ISABEAU 322

She hangs her head in utter exhaustion.

323 WIDER ANGLE 323

PHILLIPE is rooted to the spot, horrified by what he realizes has just taken place.

ISABEAU acknowledges his presence silently, crosses to the dead wolf by the trap, stares, then leans down.

Slipping her arms under the carcass, she rises, holding the dead animal in her arms. Her eyes are glassed over, but tears will not fall.

ISABEAU
I wish it were him.

PHILLIPE

(softly)

You don't mean that, my lady.
No one can wish for love to
die.

ISABEAU smiles bitterly.

ISABEAU

Really? And what do you know
of love?

She crosses slowly to the base of a tree, carrying the
dead wolf in her arms.

PHILLIPE

Nothing, I suppose. I've...
never been in love. I have...
dreams, of course, but I've
never lived the dream.

ISABEAU

Then you're a fortunate man.

ISABEAU kneels, begins placing rocks around and over
the dead wolf, fashioning a makeshift tomb. Her gaze
is locked, as a deep, abiding anger begins to well up
inside.

ISABEAU (cont.)

I've lived the dream and I
wish him dead. I wish us both
dead. Tell him that.

(angrier)

Tell him I curse the day I met
him. Tell him, in fact - I
never loved him. Tell him...

She looks up, tears falling now as a desperate rage
consumes her.

ISABEAU (cont.)

Oh, how can he go on, day after
day, in pain and anguish as great
as mine, and still pretend there's
an answer!

A long pause. PHILLIPE's eyes become moist. His voice
is tiny.

PHILLIPE

He...loves you.

ISABEAU rises, her cheeks wet with tears. She nods
imperceptibly with a deeply embarrassed half-smile.

ISABEAU

It's...silly, really, but...
every night, when I wake up,
I expect to see him. I know
he won't be there, but somehow...

(eyes closed,
remembering)

I can feel the tips of his
fingers, nestled behind my ear...
coming down...so...tracing the
line of my chin...touching my
lips...releasing a smile...
then covering it with a kiss.

ISABEAU stops. Her eyes open. She looks at PHILLIPE
who stares back, eyes now filled with tears.

PHILLIPE

You have lived the dream, my
lady. And you will again - if
there's a God in heaven.

ISABEAU

Even if there is...
(soft stare)
Promise you won't leave us.

PHILLIPE

(shy)
I...asked the Captain not to
rely on me too heavily, you
know...

(nice smile)

I told my mother I'd be back
in an hour ten years ago.

ISABEAU

We've...never had someone to
help us until now.

PHILLIPE

Don't you worry, my lady.
After all - how else can I
live the dream?

They exchange a mutual grin with tears falling freely,
then lock themselves in a tight embrace.

324 EXT. SKY - NIGHT

324

THE CRACKLE OF LIGHTNING!

325 EXT. ABBEY - NIGHT (ROCCA CALASCIO)

325

Several GUARDS investigate the abbey, holding torches.
MARQUET stands near the drawbridge, turns as one GUARD
comes up to him.

325 cont

325

GUARD

Empty, sir. But we found
this...

326 INSERT SHOT - HAWK FEATHER 326

The GUARD's hand holds the bloody feather of a Hawk!

327 BACK TO MARQUET 327

Squinting cruelly through the torchlight at the feather.
He grins, gestures to the abbey.

MARQUET

Burn this.

328 EXT. ABBEY - NIGHT - POV FROM BRIDGE 328

Seen from a ridge near the abbey - FLAMES SHOOT UP,
engulfing the decaying building.

Scs. 96 - 100 in Original Script OMITTED

329 EXT. MOUNTAIN - DAWN (CAMP 4) (CORTINA) 329
(101)

The first morning rays of the sun spray up into the
sky behind the snowy crest of a distant mountain.
Now flying into the morning light - the HAWK. It
descends in lazy circles, landing on the limb of a
tree.

330 ANGLE ON PHILLIPE 330

PHILLIPE lies sleeping by the ruins of a fire, Navarre's
sword clutched against his chest. AN ARM REACHES DOWN -
yanks the sword free! PHILLIPE wakes with a start.

NAVARRE

(looking down coldly)

The roads to Aquila will be
guarded. The only way open
is over the mountain. It will
be cold. There's snow above
the timberline.

NAVARRE starts for his horse. PHILLIPE hesitates, kicks
at the dead embers of the fire.

PHILLIPE

They'll kill you. And her.
You won't get within a hundred
yards of the Bishop.

NAVARRE swings into the saddle, looks down coldly, then
kicks his horse. PHILLIPE hops onto his own horse, yells
after him.

330 cont

330

PHILLIPE

You should listen to me! I
 don't have to come along, you
 know! I'm still a young man!
 I've got prospects!...

331 EXT. MOUNTAINSIDE - DAY - WIDE SHOT (1ST IMAGE) 331
 (102) (CORTINA)

The snowy white face of the mountain, just above the
 timberline. Seen from a distance: TWO TINY FIGURES
 (NAVARRE and PHILLIPE) black against the landscape.

332 EXT. MOUNTAIN - CLOSE ON IMPERIUS (2ND IMAGE) 332
 (102a) (CORTINA)

IMPERIUS watches them approach from his mule cart,
 grits his teeth against the cold.

333 EXT. WOODS - DAY - TRAVELLING SHOT (3RD IMAGE) 333
 (102b) (CORTINA)

NAVARRE and PHILLIPE ride together in silence. PHILLIPE
 tries to stifle a yawn, but can't. He covers his mouth,
 mutters to himself.

PHILLIPE

What a night...

NAVARRE looks over curiously. PHILLIPE rides in silence.

NAVARRE

(pause)

What...a night?

PHILLIPE

Hhmm? Oh, nothing I couldn't
 handle, Captain.

PHILLIPE smiles nicely, turns his eyes front again.
 NAVARRE casts a suspicious glance, then suddenly hears
 A FAMILIAR CRY, looks up:

334 ANGLE ON HAWK - HIS POV 334

The HAWK flies down to join the riders.

335 BACK TO SCENE 335

NAVARRE lifts his arm for the HAWK to land on, but -
 IT FLIES PAST HIM AND ONTO THE ARM OF PHILLIPE!

NAVARRE stares incredulously as a suddenly selfconscious
 PHILLIPE flashes an embarrassed smile, then looks down
 at the bird.

PHILLIPE
 Nice bird...good little hawk...
 (shakes arm,
 whispers urgently)
 Go to your master, now...
 (shakes again)
 Go on, Ladyhawke...

The bird remains locked on PHILLIPE's arm, cocks its head at him pleasantly. PHILLIPE squirms in the saddle. They ride on.

NAVARRE
 Tell me about it.

PHILLIPE
 Captain?...

NAVARRE
 Last night, boy. Tell me about it.

PHILLIPE
 What's to tell?
 (at HAWK)
 Go on, now. Go, go, go...
 (no response,
 looks up)
 We...ran into a bit of trouble on our way to an Inn, and...

NAVARRE
 You took Isabeau to an Inn?

PHILLIPE
 (at HAWK)
 Fly to your master, fly to the one you love...

The HAWK remains locked on PHILLIPE's arm, looking up at him. PHILLIPE turns to NAVARRE, red-faced.

PHILLIPE
 Well, you see first, we went to this stable...

NAVARRE
 Stable? What did you do in the stable?

PHILLIPE
 We changed clothes, and...

NAVARRE
 You changed clothes in the stable?

PHILLIPE
 Well, not together, of course...

NAVARRE
 You left her alone?

PHILLIPE
 Never!

NAVARRE
 Then you did change clothes together!

PHILLIPE
No!

NAVARRE
Don't lie to me, boy!

NAVARRE reins in his horse, draws his sword as the HAWK SHRIEKS, flies over to him, settling on his arm

NAVARRE looks down at the HAWK, eyes softening, a sadness welling up inside him

PHILLIPE
(quietly)
She's the most wonderful woman who ever lived, sir, and I can't say I haven't had my fantasies, but the truth is - all she did was talk about you.

NAVARRE looks over, replacing his sword, eyes searching into PHILLIPE.

NAVARRE
Tell me what she said. Everything she said. And I warn you, boy - I'll know if the words are yours.

NAVARRE starts forward again, PHILLIPE riding slightly behind. The pickpocket swallows hard.

PHILLIPE
She was...sad at first. She talked about the day you met. She...cursed it.

NAVARRE's eyes blink.

PHILLIPE (cont.)
And then she said to say she...
(with difficulty)
never loved you...

NAVARRE looks down at the HAWK, then closes his eyes in pain.

PHILLIPE (cont.)
But then she remembered a... gesture of yours - the way you had of running your fingers down from the back of her ear... tracing the line of her chin...

NAVARRE's eyes open again. Tears have formed.

PHILLIPE (cont.)

(with tenderness)

...touching her lips...and her eyes glowed, no - she glowed - the entire person - as she remembered you..."releasing a smile...then covering it with a kiss"....

They ride on in silence.

PHILLIPE (cont.)

She loves you more than life, sir. She's had to.

NAVARRE looks down at the HAWK, then over at PHILLIPE with a small, sad smile.

NAVARRE

Did you know that hawks... and wolves...mate for life?

PHILLIPE

No.

NAVARRE

The Bishop didn't even leave us that, boy. Not even that.

Suddenly - NAVARRE stops dead in his tracks!

336 ANGLE ON IMPERIUS - HIS POV

336

IMPERIUS blocks their path with his cart. His gaze is serious.

IMPERIUS

Still planning to kill His Grace?

NAVARRE

You're the one I ought to kill, old man. And I will, if you keep following me.

IMPERIUS

Follow me, then. To Aquila. Where two days from now you can face the Bishop in the cathedral, with Isabeau by your side - and watch as the Evil One claims his reward.

NAVARRE

I'll be in Aquila tomorrow. One way or the other - there will finally be an end to it.

IMPERIUS

(at PHILLIPE)

Tell him he's wrong! Tell him
to give me a chance!

PHILLIPE avoids NAVARRE's gaze, clears his throat.

PHILLIPE

One day...more or less...what
could it matter? Why not give
him a chance...

NAVARRE stares coldly at PHILLIPE.

NAVARRE

You too.

They lock eyes silently. The icy wind whistles.

NAVARRE (cont.)

Stay here, then. With the old
man. Drink - and delude each
other with dreams.

PHILLIPE

I'm coming with you.

NAVARRE

No.

(pause)

There will be too many at my
front to have to watch my back
as well.

NAVARRE wheels his horse, rides off alone through the
snow. PHILLIPE has been bitterly stung.

IMPERIUS

You did the honorable thing,
little thief. You spoke the
truth.

PHILLIPE

I should have known better.

(looks up)

Every happy moment in my life
has come from lying.

337
(103)

EXT. MOUNTAINSIDE - DAY (4TH IMAGE) (CORTINA)

337

A wickedly COLD WIND whips through the trees. Approach-
ing in the distance - the lone figure of NAVARRE - a
black stick against the white landscape.

The HAWK huddles close to him for protection, nips his
hand in irritation from the cold. NAVARRE looks down
at the bird, affectionate and sad, then off toward the
mountain ahead.

338 EXT. MOUNTAINSIDE - DAY (PT. 4TH IMAGE) (CORTINA) 338
(103a)

Several miles back: PHILLIPE and IMPERIUS ride on the mule cart, with Phillipe's horse tied behind. They follow the trail of Navarre's Stallion.

PHILLIPE

You're a man of science,
Imperius...

IMPERIUS

I like to think so.

PHILLIPE

Then tell me: Where does
the wind come from?

IMPERIUS

(shrugs)
Who knows?

PHILLIPE

And why does the sun make a
man's skin dark but bleach
linen white?

IMPERIUS

I haven't the slightest idea.

PHILLIPE

And where does a flame go when
you blow it out?

IMPERIUS

Ah! Where indeed...

PHILLIPE

Do you mind my asking you all
these questions?

IMPERIUS

Don't be silly, my son. How
else will you learn?

Sc. 104 in Original Script OMITTED

339 EXT. SKY - NIGHT 339
(105)

A GLOWING MOON rises in the night sky, reflecting off
the snow drifts at the top of the mountain crest.

340 EXT. CAMPSITE - NIGHT (CAMP 5) (CORTINA) 340
(106)

Navarre's broadsword lies in the snow near a campfire.
Spare wood is stacked nearby. ISABEAU huddles beneath
Navarre's cloak which he's left for her.

FROM O.S. - THE HOWL OF A WOLF!

340 cont

340

ISABEAU's head turns expectantly. Suddenly - from the opposite direction - SNOW CRUNCHES. She swivels to look.

PHILLIPE slowly emerges from the trees. He crosses to a relieved ISABEAU in silence.

ISABEAU

There you are. It suddenly seemed so...different, spending a night without seeing you.

PHILLIPE drinks in the sight of her, always new, always radiant. He speaks hesitantly, with difficulty.

PHILLIPE

This maybe...our last night together, Isabeau...

ISABEAU

No...
(rising)
Why?

PHILLIPE

There's a chance to break the curse.

ISABEAU stares in silent shock, dumbfounded.

PHILLIPE (cont.)

I didn't want to torture you with possibilities. Didn't want to tell you until I believed - really believed - that it could happen. We have a plan...

ISABEAU

We? You and Navarre?

PHILLIPE

(swallowing)
No. Me...
(looks off)
And him.

ISABEAU turns, her face suddenly reflecting shock, then disappointment.

341 ANGLE ON IMPERIUS - HER POV

341

IMPERIUS emerges from the shadows. His face is tense, but his gaze is determined.

342 EXT. ICY RIVER - NIGHT (CORTINA & STUDIO) 342

(107)

CAMERA PANS DOWN from the moon to ISABEAU, standing by the edge of the ice-covered pond. She wears Navarre's cloak, shivers in the cold. THE HOWL OF A WOLF echoes through the woods beyond. She looks off.

Suddenly - ANGRY MUMBLING is heard nearby. ISABEAU look nervously over her shoulder.

343 ANGLE ON SNOW MOUND 343

A mound of snow is piled against the side of the river bank. Past it - a deep pit has been dug. A large clump of snow flies up and out of the pit. Navarre's sword is buried deeply into the ice and snow. A rope attached to it trails off down into the pit.

IMPERIUS' VOICE

Ow! Watch where you're digging,
you impossible dunderhead!

PHILLIPE'S VOICE

Watch it yourself or I'll leave
you down in this pit for the
wolf's dinner...

344 ANGLE INTO PIT (STUDIO) 344

IMPERIUS and PHILLIPE are at the bottom of the pit. They're finished. They gaze at the slick, icy walls. IMPERIUS grabs hold of the rope, tests its strength.

IMPERIUS

Me first. You'll have to
push.

IMPERIUS hoists himself up, digging his feet into the pit wall for support. PHILLIPE reaches under, strains up against the monk's enormous behind.

PHILLIPE

When you kneel before the altar...
how do you get up again?

IMPERIUS scowls, keeping climbing, painfully pulls himself out of the pit, lies panting on the snow.

Suddenly - THE HOWL OF A WOLF! Closer. Louder

IMPERIUS

(whisper)
Quickly! He's coming!

PHILLIPE scurries up the side of the pit as if by magic. He joins IMPERIUS. They look off at ISABEAU.

345 ANGLE ON ISABEAU 345

ISABEAU stares across the pond. ANOTHER HOWL - CLOSE!

345 cont

345

She looks back at PHILLIPE and IMPERIUS, unsure.

PHILLIPE

(urgent whisper)

It's the only way. Do it!...

ISABEAU turns back. Her eyes widen as they catch sight of:

346 ANGLE ON WOLF 346

THE HUGE WOLF, emerging from the timberline. It's nose is raised, searching for a scent.

ISABEAU starts out slowly across the edge of the pond, trying to get close enough for the animal to spot her.

347 ANGLE ON ICE 347

As ISABEAU's feet cross the ice. TINY CRACKS spread out like a spider's web.

348 BACK TO THE WOLF 348

Approaching the pond. It stops, seeing ISABEAU.

349 BACK TO ISABEAU 349

Stopped as well. Making eye contact with the animal.

350 BACK TO IMPERIUS AND PHILLIPE 350

Burying themselves tensely in the snow behind the pit.

IMPERIUS

That's right, Isabeau...lead him to the pit...

351 BACK TO THE WOLF 351

The WOLF starts across the ice with difficulty, unable to get traction, but irresistably drawn to ISABEAU.

352 BACK TO ISABEAU 352

Backing up toward the snow in front of the pit.

The WOLF matches her step for step, riveted by her presence.

As ISABEAU takes another step - she stumbles! The ice has cracked beneath her! ISABEAU regains her feet, scrambles desperately for the bank.

353 BACK TO WOLF 353

Rushing across the pond after her! Suddenly: THE ICE GIVES WAY BENEATH IT! A black chasm of water

353 cont

353

appears, engulfing the animal as it disappears!

ISABEAU plunges back onto the ice to save the drowning WOLF, ignoring the CRACKS which appear with her every step.

354 BACK TO PHILLIPE

354

PHILLIPE

Oh, my God!

PHILLIPE grabs Navarre's sword with the rope attached, quickly vaults up and over the snow mound.

355 CLOSE ON ISABEAU

355

The WOLF surfaces, in desperate trouble. He claws wildly at the edge of the hole, then sinks from view again.

ISABEAU stabs an arm down into the water, finds a handful of fur, pulls hard, but in vain. The weight of the animal is dragging her into the hole! She hangs on frantically, unwilling to let go, is about to be pulled in as - PHILLIPE clamps his hands on her ankles!

He pulls hard, but he's losing traction. He starts to slide! The WOLF surfaces, SNARLING in confusion and pain.

Suddenly - IMPERIUS appears next to PHILLIPE! He takes over holding ISABEAU, his greater weight steadying her.

IMPERIUS

Help her! Get him out!

PHILLIPE rises, thinking, then suddenly jams Navarre's sword into the ice. CRACKS SPREAD - but it holds. He grabs the attached rope, then plunges into the icy black water with the WOLF!

The WOLF surfaces, snarling, lashing out desperately with raking claws. PHILLIPE coils the rope around its neck - its snapping jaws take a bite out of his shoulder! He SCREAMS in pain as the WOLF rakes his chest again.

PHILLIPE scrambles back onto the ice, pulls on the rope with all his might. The WOLF surfaces, gulping for air, its lungs filled with water. ISABEAU grabs its neck. PHILLIPE strains against the rope. Together, the two of them painfully haul the animal up onto the ice.

The WOLF shudders on its side, tries feebly to get to its feet, then collapses. ISABEAU strokes it tenderly, burying her head in its icy wet fur. The WOLF looks up with wild helpless eyes, flanks heaving, totally drained.

ISABEAU looks up at IMPERIUS with sad eyes, exhausted.

355 cont

355

ISABEAU

We must live, Father. As human beings. Our lives are in your hands now.

356 EXT. SKY - DAWN (CAMP 6) (CORTINA) 356
(108)

The first rays of the MORNING SUN begin to creep across the melting snowscape. ISABEAU and the WOLF lie sleeping on the river bank under Navarre's huge, heavy cloak.

PHILLIPE wakes near the sleeping IMPERIUS. He glances over to where he left ISABEAU. He stares, wide-eyed.

357 ANGLE ON ISABEAU 357

FOR ONE CRUEL MOMENT - TIME WARPS - MISSING A BEAT!

For one split second - ISABEAU and NAVARRE come face to face. In the flesh.

SIMULTANEOUSLY

Her hand reaches out to him. Her fingers flutter. Her arm crooks, then dissolves into a feathery wing.

The WOLF stiffens beneath the blanket, a shudder racking its backbone. Its body unbends, its claws begin their metamorphosis into hands.

Her soft, dove-like eyes harden and narrow, becoming the steely penetrating predatory gaze of the HAWK.

The black fur hardens, stiffens into the battle-scarred back of Charles of NAVARRE. He reaches out desperately for his vanishing love with a TORTURED MOAN OF AGONY.

358 BACK TO PHILLIPE 358

Staring. Deeply, painfully affected.

359 BACK TO SCENE 359

NAVARRE slumps under the blanket. The HAWK, reborn for another day, stretches its magnificent wings and takes off into the air.

DISSOLVE THROUGH TO:

360 SHOT OF NAVARRE 360
(109)

NAVARRE stands, exhausted and sad. He looks off, spotting PHILLIPE and IMPERIUS. His eyes flick around the area, searching.

NAVARRE

My sword.
(no reply)
Where is it?

PHILLIPE

Gone. It...fell through the ice last night, crossing the river.

NAVARRE

Damn you! Damn you to Hell! That sword was mine from my father and three fathers before him! The last bit of honor I possessed!

PHILLIPE

I can't undo it! But don't you see? There is no mission of honour now. No jewel to be stuck in a sword hilt as a symbol of your meaningless death!

(desperate)

But there's a chance for life! A new life! With her, if you will only listen to us!

NAVARRE

(pause - ice)
I don't need a sword to kill the Bishop.

NAVARRE turns, starts for the Stallion.

IMPERIUS

Navarre...Navarre...don't go!

PHILLIPE crosses in front of him, blocking NAVARRE's way.

PHILLIPE

Go ahead, then. Kill yourself! Kill her too! You never cared as much for her as you did for yourself anyway!

NAVARRE ROARS in fury, reaches out to grab PHILLIPE who ducks, but not quite in time! He struggles to get free, his shirt ripping away as he tumbles backward!

Lying in the snow, panting. His chest is covered with claw marks, wicked gashes, barely healing. A horrible red welt oozes blood from under his shoulder.

361 cont

361

NAVARRE stares at the wounds as if remembering in some half-forgotten dream. *IMPERIUS rises.

IMPERIUS

It...happened last night. While he was saving your life.

NAVARRE turns away, troubled by the sight. The furious rage passes through him, giving way to sadness and shame.

The HAWK swoops down! The bird lands on the Stallion's saddle a short distance away, cocks its head questioningly. NAVARRE watches, then turns back to PHILLIPE, who rises to face him. The two men lock eyes.

NAVARRE

Forgive me.

PHILLIPE

I can't.

NAVARRE blinks. PHILLIPE cracks a tiny smile.

PHILLIPE (cont.)

It's not my place, sir. I'm common as dirt, just like my mother said.

NAVARRE

Your mother did not know you as I do.

PHILLIPE

(with difficulty)

My mother did not know me at all, Captain. She died two days after I was born - hanged for stealing a loaf of bread. I...wasn't trying to be a hero last night, it's just that...I ...never had a friend before.

NAVARRE reaches out, draws PHILLIPE into a deeply felt warm bear hug. PHILLIPE grins. IMPERIUS beams.

362
(110)

EXT. SNOW MOUND - DAY

362

CAMERA LOOKS DOWN on the empty pit in the snow.

PHILLIPE'S VOICE

We hoped to...reason with you.

363

ANGLE ON PHILLIPE AND IMPERIUS

363

They face NAVARRE, their heads hung low, guilty.

IMPERIUS

At the very least - to make sure
you didn't arrive in Aquila until
tomorrow - when the time will be
right.

NAVARRE studies their determined faces. The HAWK flies
down, settles on his wrist.

NAVARRE

You both believe...enough to do
this...

PHILLIPE

To tell the truth, sir, we didn't
know what to do.

(at HAWK)

Digging the pit was her idea.

NAVARRE looks down at the HAWK, curious and surprised.

NAVARRE

Three against one, is it?

The bird cocks its head, uncomprehending. It takes off,
circling high in the air. NAVARRE thinks hard, his mind
racing. He turns to IMPERIUS, grins broadly.

NAVARRE (cont.)

Then let me show you hopeless
idiots how to trap a wolf.

IMPERIUS stares back unbelievably. He's won!

Sc. 111 of Original Script OMITTED

364 ANGLE ON MOUNTAIN SIDE
(112)

364

CAMERA PANS PAST the huge Stallion, almost dwarfing the
cart to which he's not attached, to the Figure of NAVARRE,
the HAWK on his arm, staring down at the city below.
PHILLIPE and IMPERIUS stand nearby. The HAWK suddenly
soars up into the sky!

Next to them: A solidly constructed wooden cage sits in
the snow. The crisscrossing tree limbs have been lashed
together tightly with the braided cloth. Intertwined thick
foliage mats the floor. NAVARRE turns, stares down at the
cage blankly.

NAVARRE

So much has to go exactly as planned
- and nothing in my life ever has.

(turns back)

If you should be the ones to survive
- think well of me. And if God has
chosen to sacrifice us all - He has
blessed me with the two most loyal
friends a man has ever had.

364 cont

364

Suddenly: A SHREEK! The HAWK flies down, settles on NAVARRE's wrist.

NAVARRE's eyes grow misty. He carresses the bird gently.

NAVARRE (cont.)

We have known true love, Isabeau.
No one could ask for more.

Scs. 113, 114 in Original Script OMITTED

365 EXT. AQUILA - NIGHT (SONCINO)
(115)

365

BLAZING CAMPFIRES illuminate the landscape surrounding the walled city of Aquila. Clusters of GUARDS huddle around them near their tents for warmth. MEMBERS OF THE CLERGY can be seen threading their way through the maze of encampments. They head toward the arched bridge leading to the guarded gates of Aquila.

Now appearing in the distance - Imperius' cart. Tethered behind it - Navarre's Stallion.

IMPERIUS and ISABEAU ride on the front, her face partially hidden by a hooded cloak. Behind them, the wolf cage has been lashed tight, totally covered by a blanket. PHILLIPE is nowhere to be seen. The cart passes through a small encampment. ISABEAU keeps her head down as IMPERIUS greets the GUARDS warmly, dispensing blessings with his hand.

IMPERIUS

God's mercy...God's mercy...

366 EXT. DRAWBRIDGE & COURTYARD AREA - NIGHT (SONCINO)
(116)

366

The cart creaks on toward the entrance of the bridge. IMPERIUS exchanges a nervous glance with ISABEAU.

367 ANGLE ON BOTTOM OF CART

367

PHILLIPE drops down from under the bottom of the cart, scurries quickly through the dark shadows to the base of the curved bridge where he now disappears.

368 EXT. BRIDGE NEAR GATE

368

The cart rumbles across the bridge, heading for the gates of Aquila where a huge, surly GUARD signals IMPERIUS to stop with a sweeping upraised arm. The GUARD looks suspiciously at the covered cage.

IMPERIUS

A surprise gift for His Grace,
my son. From the devoted people
of my parish.

The GUARD ignores him, proceeds back to the covered crate, pauses, then rips the blanket away!

THE WOLF SNARLS! He snaps at the GUARD through the bars of the cage, causing the startled man to jump back!

IMPERIUS (cont.)

A fine pelt for his wall...

The GUARD stares suspiciously, then walks around the front again, this time eyeing ISABEAU. She is slumped on the seat, her hood pulled down across her face.

IMPERIUS (cont.)

(nervous)

A luxurious rug for his floor...

The GUARD peels the hood back! ISABEAU's beautiful face snaps around, frightened and trembling. The GUARD looks her up and down appreciatively.

IMPERIUS (cont.)

A...most pious daughter of the church. Poor thing's deaf and dumb. Excuse her nervousness. It's her first time in Aquila.

GUARD

Deaf and dumb, eh? That's how I like them too, Father...

He reaches up to touch the side of her face. As his filthy hand touches her cheek, she winces, AND:

A FURIOUS SNARL FROM THE CAGE! The WOLF lunges out with a long paw, rakes the GUARD viciously across his other arm! Jagged red lines of blood appear as the GUARD jumps back in a rage, draws his sword!

GUARD (cont.)

I've never had the pleasure of killing a wolf before...

He advances to the cage. ISABEAU is about to cry out!

IMPERIUS

Odd...that's precisely what His Grace said.

The GUARD stops, looks up at him.

IMPERIUS (cont.)

When he heard about the gift.
"I've never had the pleasure"...

(shrugs)

But I'm sure he'll understand you
had your reasons. He's a notoriously forgiving man.

368 cont

368

The GUARD pauses, then lowers his sword, frustrated.

GUARD

Pass on through, Father.

IMPERIUS

May God grant you your just reward,
my son.

369 ANGLE ON PHILLIPE

369

PHILLIPE peers out from under the bridge, watches as IMPERIUS and ISABEAU pass through the gate.

PHILLIPE

We've come full circle, Lord.
I'd like to think there's some
higher meaning to all this...
(looks up)
It certainly would reflect well
on you.

PHILLIPE takes a coiled rope out from under his tunic, drifts out silently into the black water of the moat.

370 EXT. STREETS OF AQUILA - NIGHT (TORRECHIARA) 370
(117)

The cart with IMPERIUS and ISABEAU creaks down the narrow dark, deserted streets of Aquila. IMPERIUS turns the Stallion into a dead-end alleyway.

371 EXT. SKY - NIGHT 371

A dark cloud passes over the shimmering moon.

372 EXT. AQUILA - DAWN 372
(118)

A cloud-filled sky over Aquila at dawn. CAMERA PANS OVER the roofs of the city. CATHEDRAL BEELS BEGIN TO TOLL.

373 EXT. CATHEDRAL SQUARE - DAWN (CASTELL'ARQUATO) 373

The deserted square in front of the cathedral. Pacing on the steps - A LONE FIGURE. The grim face of MARQUET sweeps the empty square.

374 INT. BISHOP'S QUARTERS - DAWN (TORRECHIARA) 374
(119)

A BONY HAND with a distinctive ring reaches into a platter filled with sweetmeats and other delicacies.

The BISHOP pops a treat into his mouth, licks his lips. A KNOCK at the door. He glances across the room. The BEAUTIFUL WOMAN we saw him with in the garden rises from his bed, disappears through a private doorway.

BISHOP

Enter.

374 cont

374

Two ACOLYTES appear, carrying the BISHOP's embroideries for the Mass. Rich brocades with miles of lace.

375 EXT. DEAD END ALLEYWAY - DAWN (TORRECHIARA) 375
(120)

The cathedral bells continue to PEAL. IMPERIUS adjusts his monk's cowl, speaks seemingly to no one.

IMPERIUS

Perhaps one hour, more or less.

(nervous)

Who can tell with this sky?

Stepping out from behind the car - NAVARRE. He looks at the sky, concerned.

NAVARRE

Hoy!

376 ANGLE INTO SKY - HIS POV 376

The sky is now completely covered by clouds. The HAWK FLIES THROUGH FRAME, disappears behind a building.

377 BACK TO NAVARRE 377

Worried. Glancing back at IMPERIUS.

IMPERIUS

She'll be back. Gaston's the one I'm worried about.

NAVARRE

I trust him.

IMPERIUS

If he made a run for it last night when he had the chance - you're a dead man.

378 UNDERWATER SHOT - AQUILA DUNGEON SEWERS (STUDIO) 378

PHILLIPE is submerged near the grating under which he made his original escape. Fighting hard against the current, he pulls himself under, hand over hand, then shoots upward.

379 INT. AQUILA DUNGEON SEWERS - DAY (VIALE SOMALIA) 379
(121)

PHILLIPE breaks the surface of the filthy water, gasping, looking back over his shoulder.

PHILLIPE

I should have made a run for it when I had the chance...

380 EXT. CATHEDRAL SQUARE - DAY (CASTELL'ARQUATO) 380

(122)

MARQUET descends the cathedral steps, crosses to a MOUNTED TROOP. He swings up onto a magnificent Andalusian stallion, leads the TROOP off.

381 EXT. BISHOP'S GARDEN - DAY (TORRECHIARA) 381

(123)

The garden is filled with gossiping PRIESTS, idling FRIARS, MONKS, and MONSIGNORS. Some mutter prayers, others giggle at the gossip. SUDDEN SILENCE. All heads turn.

382 ANGLE ON BISHOP - THEIR POV 382

The BISHOP appears. A brilliant figure in dazzling gold and white. He raises his hand in blessing like a threat. The CLERGY genuflect in response. The BISHOP walks through them, nodding patronizingly, heads for the garden gates where MARQUET arrives with his TROOP.

MARQUET looks down at the BISHOP who acknowledges him. The CLERGY assemble behind.

383 EXT. CHATEAU GATES - DAY (TORRECHIARA) 383

(124)

The huge chateau gates swing open. The PROCESSION emerges, heading down into the streets of Aquila.

MARQUET rides in the lead. Behind him, the BISHOP, flanked by MOUNTED GUARDSMEN. Following in succession of clerical rank: Monsignors, Priests, Monks and Friars. Some swing censors belching smoke. Some carry articles of faith. ALL CHANT the Liturgy.

Scs. 125, 125a of Original Script OMITTED

384 INT. DUNGEON SHAFT - DAY (PT. STUDIO and PT. VIALE 384

(126)

SOMALIA)

PHILLIPE climbs painfully up the long shaft, threading his rope through its rusted iron rungs like a mountain climber. He pauses, breathing heavily, looks up.

385 ANGLE ON TOP OF SHAFT - HIS POV 385

The black and white rose window is visible above.

386 BACK TO PHILLIPE 386

Digging in just under the grating. Tying himself off by threading the rope through the final rusty iron rung. PHILLIPE pulls out his dagger, begins working on the eroded metal bolts which hold the grating to the floor.

387 EXT. SKY - DAY 387

(127)

The totally cloud-covered sky is impenetrable.

NAVARRE listens to the sounds of the procession, jaw set. Deadly. The loud CHANT grows weaker as the Procession trails off, threading its way through the streets to the Cathedral.

The HAWK is perched on the cart. Agitated, NAVARRE crosses to the Stallion, starts to untie him from the cart. IMPERIUS looks up at the sky nervously.

IMPERIUS

It should be soon now. Once these clouds break...

NAVARRE yanks a saddle from the cart, turns.

NAVARRE

It's day, old man. All day. As it was yesterday, and as it will be tomorrow, if God grants me the life to see it.

NAVARRE crosses to his horse. IMPERIUS lowers his gaze.

Sc. 127a in Original Script OMITTED

389
(128)

EXT. CATHEDRAL SQUARE - WIDE ANGLE (CASTELL'ARQUATO) 389

The long colorful Procession snakes its way into the vast cathedral square - a truly impressive sight.

The Mounted GUARDS fan out at the base of the steps. The BISHOP glances up at MARQUET, then passes on, heading up the cathedral steps.

390
(129)

INT. DUNGEON SHAFT - DAY (PT. STUDIO + PT. VIALE SOMALIA) 390

PHILLIPE has managed to pry the last grating bolt loose! It tumbles down the shaft. He tests the grating, pushing up.

Suddenly - AN ECHOING, CAVERNOUS THUD! The huge doors to the cathedral are swinging open.

The grating silently lowers itself into place again.

391
(130)

INT. CATHEDRAL - ANGLE ON BISHOP (STUDIO) 391

The BISHOP appears in silhouette, his dark figure dwarfed by the enormous height and size of the open carved cathedral doors. He enters the church, the Procession filing up the steps after him, continuing the CHANT.

392
(131)

EXT. ALLEYWAY (TORRECHIARA) 392

NAVARRE has saddled the Stallion, now finishes attaching the bridle, setting the bit.

393 EXT. STREET NEAR ALLEYWAY 393

A GUARDSMAN rides down the deserted cobblestone street near the alleyway, scanning doorways and rooftops.

394 ANGLE ON NAVARRE IN ALLEY 394

Hearing the approaching CLATTER of the Guardsman's horse. His head snaps around.

395 BACK TO GUARDSMAN 395

Approaching slowly. He reaches the corner of the alleyway, stops his horse, takes a look:

Navarre's Stallion waits in the alley. Next to it - IMPERIUS, holding the HAWK. Behind, the cart, covered by the blanket for the wolf cage. Nothing else is visible. No movement of any kind.

IMPERIUS

(quick smile)

Oh, thank goodness! Which way is it to the cathedral, my son?

The GUARDSMAN rides slowly into the alleyway, ignoring IMPERIUS. Passing the Stallion he pauses, leans down, then rips the blanket away!

396 ANGLE ON NAVARRE - HIS POV 396

NAVARRE lies face up under the blanket, a loaded crossbow pointed straight up at the GUARD. HE FIRES!

The GUARDSMAN is hit in the heart, topples backward off his horse. NAVARRE jumps out, crosses to the body of the dead GUARDSMAN, removes his sword. NAVARRE holds the blade up, examining it critically, whistling it through the air with a practice swing. He's made his decision. IMPERIUS crosses to him desperately.

IMPERIUS

Navarre, don't be a fool! This chance will never come again!

NAVARRE

You're right, old man. The Mass will be over soon. If Phillipe has done his job, I can kill the Bishop now - or never.

NAVARRE crosses to the Stallion, as the HAWK flies to him. Then he takes out a small leather hood, fits it over the bird's head. The bird CRIES OUT, having lost its bearings. It digs its talons deeply into NAVARRE's gauntlet for support.

NAVARRE (cont.)

 If the Mass ends peacefully and
 the cathedral bells begin to toll
 again - you will know I have failed.

 IMPERIUS

 And...if I hear the warning bells?

 NAVARRE

 Either way - I'm a dead man.

 IMPERIUS

 (carefully)

 And...what then?

NAVARRE crosses to IMPERIUS, the HAWK on his arm,
hands him a dagger.

 NAVARRE

 Take her life. Make it quick
 and painless.

 IMPERIUS

 (appalled)

 I can't do that...

 NAVARRE

 (raging)

 Don't then! Let her live
 without me and damn her to a
 half-life of eternal pain and
 misery!

IMPERIUS stares, stunned, unable to answer. NAVARRE
glances up at the cloudy sky, then back to him.

 NAVARRE (cont.)

 Have you ever considered, old
 man - that this was what God
 intended all along?

NAVARRE hands IMPERIUS the HAWK. Crossing to the
Stallion's saddlebags, he takes out his CAPTAIN'S
HELMET WITH THE GOLD WINGS. He puts it on, then mounts
the Stallion quickly, heads out of the alleyway. IMPERIUS
watches, grief-stricken. The HAWK senses NAVARRE's departure
from underneath its hood, emits a HEARTBROKEN ANGUISHED
SHRIEK!

His eyes wince at the sound. His face is creased with
sadness. He turns the alley corner, rides out into the
street.

398 BACK TO IMPERIUS

Watching him disappear, sad and resigned.

IMPERIUS

Oh, Holy Father, deliver me from my sins, and these good people from the Curse which afflicts them. You have seen fit to bring us all this far, and we humbly place our lives in the infinite mercy of Your Everlasting Grace.

399 INT. CATHEDRAL - DAY (STUDIO) 399
(132) The congregation of CLERGY is in place.

400 CLOSE ON DOORS 400
The huge wooden doors are slowly swung shut by TWO ACOLYTES, then locked by the BISHOP'S BODYGUARD, who turns a key in a large gold-lock.

401 INT. SEWER SHAFT - ANGLE ON PHILLIPE (PT. STUDIO + 401
(133) PT.VIALE SOMALIA)
PHILLIPE looks up from the top of the shaft. It's time. He starts to push on the grating, suddenly stops, looks out.

402 ANGLE ON SHOES - HIS POV 402
A pair of shoes straddles the grating above! The hem of the BISHOP'S SECRETARY's cloak is also visible. Bright red stockings run up a pair of legs next to a walking stick.

403 BACK TO PHILLIPE 403
Frozen. Uncertain what to do.

404 EXT. AQUILA STREETS - DAY (CASTELL'ARQUATO) 404
(134) NAVARRE rides purposefully toward the cathedral, the Guard's sword by his side.

Sc. 135 of Original Script OMITTED

405 INT. CATHEDRAL - ANGLE ON BISHOP'S SECRETARY 405
(136) The BISHOP'S SECRETARY still stands on the grating. He looks off beneficently at the proceedings.

406 ANGLE IN SHAFT 406
PHILLIPE stares up, blinks, beginning to sweat. He pulls his dagger out silently.
The tip of the blade protrudes through the grating, lightly pricks the BISHOP'S SECRETARY on the foot!

407 BACK TO BISHOP'S SECRETARY 407

Shifting his weight. Lifting his foot to scratch it.
Then standing back on the grating again.

408 BACK TO GRATING 408

The dagger appears, this time jabbing the foot smartly!
The BISHOP'S SECRETARY hops in pain, holding his foot.

BISHOP'S SECRETARY

Aahh!!...

A nearby FRIAR notices, rushes over to help.

FRIAR

Sir! What is it?

The BISHOP'S SECRETARY jams his walking stick into the
grating.

BISHOP'S SECRETARY

Rats!

409 ANGLE ON PHILLIPE IN SHAFT 409

DUCKING back against the side of the shaft. The walking
stick whizzes past his nose, missing it by a millimeter.

410 BACK TO CHURCH 410

The shocked FRIAR leads the BISHOP'S SECRETARY away.

FRIAR

A scandal...

411 BACK TO GRATING 411

The grating slides aside. PHILLIPE wriggles through,
hugging the ground. He looks off toward the doors.
The distance is too great to travel without being spotted.
His eyes flick around frantically, finally spots something:

412 ANGLE ON BASKETS - HIS POV 412

Nearby, against the wall - A PILE OF STRAW BASKETS.

Sc. 137 from Original Script OMITTED

413 EXT. SQUARE - DAY (CASTELL'ARQUATO) 413
(138)

CAMERA PANS DOWN from the cloud-covered sky to the mounted
GUARDS, still fanned out in front of the steps. The stony
MARQUET looks off as ANOTHER GUARD enters the square on
horseback, gallops up to him.

GUARD

All the men have reported in,
sir. Except Jouvét.

(MARQUET frowns)

We...can't find him.

413 cont

413

MARQUET's brow furrows suspiciously. He turns to a fresh-faced YOUNG LIEUTENANT.

MARQUET

No one enters or leaves this cathedral until the Mass is ended, Lieutenant. You're in command now.

The YOUNG LIEUTENANT gives an enthusiastic salute. MARQUET gallops quickly out of the square.

414 INT. CATHEDRAL - DAY (STUDIO)

414

(139)

The BISHOP has begun the Mass in front of the altar, turns his back to the Congregation as he prays. His BODYGUARD stands nearby.

415 ANGLE ON PHILLIPE

415

Halfway down toward the doors. PHILLIPE scuttles through the crowd of CLERGY, head bowed low, holding out a straw basket, muttering under his breath.

PHILLIPE

Alms for the poor...God is watching...alms for the poor...God is watching...

Most of the CLERGY recoil unpleasantly. But ONE PRIEST actually drops a coin in his basket!

PHILLIPE (cont.)

(low mutter)

Thank you, Father...make a note of him, Lord...alms for the poor...

Biting the coin, PHILLIPE drifts through the crowd toward the doors.

416 EXT. SQUARE - DAY

416

The TROOP remains fanned out in front of the cathedral steps, staring ahead silently.

417 EXT. AQUILA STREET - DAY

417

MARQUET rides through the streets at a lope, looking into doorways, examining rooftops, etc. He gallops on as CAMERA HOLDS:

Farther down through the streets in the distance: NAVARRE SUDDENLY APPEARS, riding in the other direction!

418 INT. CATHEDRAL - DAY

418

PHILLIPE has made his way through the last of the CLERGY,

418 cont 418
 now takes refuge behind a column, stares off at the cathedral doors, his face falling.

419 ANGLE ON DOORS - HIS POV 419
 CAMERA PUSHES IN on a huge lock which seals the doors shut!

420 BACK TO PHILLIPE 420
 Sighing deeply, closing his eyes, thinking hard.

421 EXT. AQUILA STREET NEAR ALLEYWAY 421
 MARQUET's horse trots slowly down the street near the alleyway. He passes it, looks in curiously, then jerks his animal to a stop.

422 ANGLE INTO ALLEYWAY - HIS POV (TORRECHIARA) 422
 The alleyway is deserted except for the cart and the body of the dead GUARD.

423 BACK TO MARQUET 423
 His face turning grim.

424 INT. CATHEDRAL - DAY 424
The entire Congregation kneels, in response to an incantation from the BISHOP.

425 CLOSE ON PHILLIPE 425
 PHILLIPE pulls out a small, sharp dagger, scurries quickly to the door, hugging the floor. He frantically begins to pick away at the lock.

426 EXT. ALLEYWAY - DAY (TORRECHIARA) 426
 MARQUET has yanked the crossbow arrow out of the dead GUARD's body, examines the feather and the bloody tip. A dark realization crosses his face. He swings up onto his horse, gallops quickly out of the alleyway.

427 EXT. AQUILA STREET - DAY (CASTELL'ARQUATO) 427
 As MARQUET gallops off. CAMERA PANS:
 Emerging from a darkened doorway farther down the street: IMPERIUS, holding the HAWK. He looks after MARQUET with deep concern, then down at the hooded bird with a welling sadness.

428 INT. CATHEDRAL - DAY (STUDIO) 428

PHILLIPE works desperately on the lock to no avail, beads of sweat forming on his brow. In B.G., the BISHOP finishes his incantation as the CONGREGATION RISES.

429 ANGLE NEAR ALTAR 429

The CONGREGATION faces the BISHOP who still has his back turned to them, facing the altar. BUT THE BISHOP'S BODYGUARD HAS RISEN AS WELL. He looks off now, eyes widening.

430 ANGLE ON PHILLIPE - HIS POV 430

In the distance, at the other end of the dark cathedral, the outline of PHILLIPE can be seen, working on the lock

431 BACK TO BODYGUARD 431

The BODYGUARD's hand instinctively reaches for a short sword hidden under his clothing. He starts off for the doors at a slow, deliberate pace, not wanting to disturb the Mass.

Sc. 140 - 146 of Original Script OMITTED

432 EXT. CATHEDRAL SQUARE - DAY - HIGH SHOT 432
(147)

The MOUNTED GUARD remains fanned out in front of the steps. Now entering the square from the sidestreet:

THE LONE BLACK FIGURE OF NAVARRE!

The GUARDS react in frozen astonishment. They blink, exchanging nervous looks. The YOUNG LIEUTENANT swallows hard, looks around in vain for Marquet.

NAVARRE advances slowly, the huge Stallion's hoofbeats echoing through the square. At a distance of some twenty feet he reins in, faces the line of GUARDS in silence.

LIEUTENANT
Put away your sword, Navarre.
Then dismount. You are...my
prisoner.

NAVARRE's eyes scan the motionless faces of the GUARDS.

NAVARRE
As your Captain who was, and
through God's Grace will be once
again - as a man who treated each
one of you with respect - I ask
you to let me pass.

432 cont

432

There is a long pause. The line of GUARDS stares back in silent acceptance of him. NAVARRE moves forward.

LIEUTENANT
Stop where you are!

NAVARRE continues on.

LIEUTENANT (cont.)
I have my orders!

NAVARRE advances. Suddenly - the LIEUTENANT breaks from the ranks, gallops straight at him sword raised! NAVARRE parries the blow - jams the hilt of his sword into the LIENTENANT's stomach, unhorsing him! He jerks the young officer's sword away from him as the surprised man crumples to the ground. NAVARRE tosses the LIEUTENANT's sword across the square, then withers a cold, determined gaze at the line of GUARDS.

433 ANGLE ON GUARDS 433

The line of GUARDS parts silently, clearing a path to the cathedral doors.

NAVARRE's face is set in concrete. He prods the Stallion forward.

434 INT. CATHEDRAL - BACK TO PHILLIPE 434

PHILLIPE works on the lock like a furious madman.

435 ANGLE ON BISHOP'S BODYGUARD 435

The BODYGUARD approaches, only a short distance away now. He pulls his sword!

436 EXT. SQUARE - DAY (CASTELL'ARQUATO) 436

NAVARRE digs in his spurs. The huge Stallion thunders up the steps to the cathedral.

437 ANGLE ON CATHEDRAL DOORS 437

Growing closer. Looming up in front.

438 INT. CATHEDRAL 438

PHILLIPE hears a SOUND from behind, wheels to find the BODYGUARD almost on top of him, sword raised! PHILLIPE jams his dagger violently into the lock for the last time as:

439 INSERT SHOT - LOCK 439

THE LOCK SNAPS FREE!

- 440 EXT. CATHEDRAL DOORS 440
- The gigantic Stallion REARS UP TO HIS FULL HEIGHT, crashes against the doors with both powerful front legs!
- 441 INT. CATHEDRAL 441
- The BODYGUARD's sword whistles down at PHILLIPE as he jumps aside and THE CATHEDRAL DOORS BURST OPEN! One of the swinging doors catches the BODYGUARD flush in the head, sends him sprawling, senseless.
- PHILLIPE squirts outside, past:
- 442 ANGLE ON NAVARRE IN DOORWAY 442
(148)
- NAVARRE sits astride the Stallion in the doorway of the cathedral. Total silence. Excruciating silence.
- 443 ANGLE ON CONGREGATION 443
- The CONGREGATION stares mutely - aghast.
- 444 CLOSE ON BISHOP 444
- The BISHOP looks back at NAVARRE, motionless. He blinks in disbelief.
- 445 BACK TO NAVARRE 445
- The Stallion starts down the center of the cathedral, its HOOFBEATS echoing through the cavernous building as NAVARRE heads for the BISHOP.
- 446 EXT. SQUARE (CASTELL'ARQUATO) 446
(149)
- MARQUET ENTERS THE SQUARE AT A GALLOP! He jerks his horse to a stop, sees what's happened, digs in his spurs, heading up the cathedral steps!
- 447 INT. CATHEDRAL (STUDIO) 447
(150)
- MARQUET bursts through the cathedral doors as NAVARRE swings his Stallion around to face him!
- The two men stare stonily at each other as their huge horses PAW THE GROUND, sensing the battle to come.
- 448 CLOSE ON BISHOP 448
- The BISHOP blinks apprehensively, but holds his ground.
- 449 ANGLE ON MARQUET 449
- Suddenly - MARQUET's Andalusian steed rears up to its full height, hooves pawing at the air!

450 ANGLE ON NAVARRE 450

The great black Stallion does likewise as NAVARRE's sword whistles back and forth through the air! As the front hooves hit the ground - HORSE AND RIDER EXPLODE FORWARD!

451 WIDER ANGLE 451

MARQUET rides forward to meet NAVARRE and: THE FIGHT IS ON! TOTAL PANDEMONIUM as the two brutal warriors have at each other with everything they've got.

PANICKED CLERGY run everywhere trying to escape the flashing HOOVES and showers of SPARKS as metal meets metal.

452 EXT. AQUILA STREETS - DAY (CASTELL'ARQUATO) 452

PHILLIPE runs through the streets like quicksilver, heading back for the alleyway.

Sc. 151 of Original Script OMITTED

453 INT. CATHEDRAL 453
(152)

The mayhem between MARQUET and NAVARRE continues, both men bloodied now.

454 ANGLE NEAR DOORWAY 454

The dazed BISHOP's BODYGUARD clears his head, looks off:

455 ANGLE ON BELFRY - HIS POV 455

The WARNING BELLS of the cathedral hang in the belfry, unattended.

456 BACK TO BODYGUARD 456

Rising unsteadily, heading for the belfry.

457 BACK TO MARQUET AND NAVARRE 457

Both men gasping for breath now, chests heaving, as their furious battle continues.

458 EXT. ALLEYWAY - DAY 458

PHILLIPE rushes into the deserted alleyway, runs to the cart, REACHES UNDER IT, his hands searching for something. HE SUDDENLY GRINS!

459 INT. CATHEDRAL 459

The fight continues. Suddenly - with a superhuman burst of strength - NAVARRE UNHORSES MARQUET! MARQUET clatters to the floor in a heap. NAVARRE lifts his sword, about to deal a death blow as he sees:

460 ANGLE ON BODYGUARD IN BELFRY - HIS POV. 460

The BODYGUARD is at the bottom of the belfry ropes, about to yank on them as:

461 BACK TO NAVARRE 461

NAVARRE takes his crossbow off his saddle, aims and FIRES!

462 BACK TO BODYGUARD 462

The BODYGUARD is hit, TUMBLES DOWN INTO THE BELL ROPES, hopelessly entangled as the weight of his body pulls on them and BEGINS TO RING THE BELLS!

463 BACK TO NAVARRE 463

His face registering total shock, realizing the implications.

NAVARRE
No, Imperius! No!!

464 EXT. AQUILA STREET (CASTELL'ARQUATO) 464

The SOUND of the TOLLING BELLS rolls across the city of Aquila to the alleyway. IMPERIUS looks up from the doorway, wincing at the only sound he never hoped to hear. He looks down sadly at the innocent HAWK, his eyes filling with tears.

IMPERIUS
Lord God Almighty --I do not understand why this beautiful creature should have to pay for my sins with her life. I never meant harm to anyone and yet I have caused much. Your ear is deaf to me, but I beg you to listen to the final heartbeats of this good woman, and of the man she loved, and grant them their rightful places in the Kingdom of Heaven.

IMPERIUS tentatively raises the dagger towards the neck of the HAWK with a trembling hand. CAMERA PANS UP to the sky above. The clouds are starting to crack!

465 INT. CATHEDRAL 465

The stunned NAVARRE turns as MARQUET rises from the ground. He has grabbed A HUGE, SMOKING CENSOR - swings it round and round by its chain - then hurls it up at NAVARRE's face with all his might!

NAVARRE ducks as the censor continues upward and:

- 466 ANGLE ON ROSE WINDOW 466
- The censor smashes through the black and white rose window! A BRILLIANT PATCH OF BLUE SKY REVEALS A NEAR-TOTAL ECLIPSE OUTSIDE! The moon has almost completely blackened the face of the sun.
- 467 BACK TO CATHEDRAL 467
- The cathedral is being plunged into darkness. TERRIFIED CLERGY begin to pour out into the square.
- 468 BACK TO NAVARRE 468
- Wheeling around in his saddle, amazed as what he sees through the smashed window. It is a day without night, and a night without day! The BELLS continue to TOLL as NAVARRE turns to face the BISHOP.
- 469 ANGLE ON BISHOP 469
- Staring back from the altar. Holding his staff. His face breaks into a cruel grin.
- 470 BACK TO NAVARRE 470
- His deadly gaze locked into the BISHOP's.
- NAVARRE
(roaring)
Damn you! Damn you to hell!!-
- NAVARRE digs in his spurs. The Stallion starts for the BISHOP.
- 471 ANGLE ON MARQUET 471
- MARQUET pulls a long, pointed pennant pole from out of its socket, runs toward NAVARRE as the Stallion passes by. Digging the tip of the pole into the floor, HE VAULTS THROUGH THE AIR - smashing into NAVARRE, unhorsing him as both men crash heavily to the floor.
- 472 CLOSE ON THEM 472
- The two exhausted warriors grapple at close quarters in a climactic rage, using swords, fists, knives, etc.
- 473 EXT. SQUARE 473
(152a)
- The CLERGY mix with PANICKED CITIZENS, staring up into the sky in total disbelief. THE END OF THE WORLD HAS COME!
- 474 INT. CATHEDRAL - ANGLE NEAR DOOR 474
- As the last CLERGY run out, one FRIAR tumbling hard against MARQUET's Andalusian stallion, spooking him! The horse takes off, back into the church.

475 BACK TO NAVARRE 475

NAVARRE bangs away against MARQUET with every brutal tactic he can think of. MARQUET is being battered to his knees. NAVARRE swings his sword back as:

MARQUET'S HORSE RUNS BETWEEN THEM! MARQUET grabs onto the saddle as the horse thunders by and NAVARRE'S sword whistles down through the air, cracking against the floor, SPLITTING ITSELF IN HALF!

476 ANGLE ON MARQUET 476

MARQUET, now fully mounted, swings his stallion around near the altar. Sword at the ready, he looks back down the cathedral.

477 ANGLE ON NAVARRE 477

NAVARRE faces MARQUET near the doorway, the six-inch stub of his sword still in his hand, virtually defenseless.

MARQUET grins cruelly. The BISHOP stands behind him.

BISHOP

Kill him. Kill him!!

MARQUET'S horse lurches down the aisle toward NAVARRE.

478 ANGLE ON NAVARRE 478

Holding his ground.

479 BACK TO MARQUET 479

Thundering forward. Sword at the ready.

480 BACK TO NAVARRE 480

Helpless. Suddenly: A WHISTLE, O.S.!

NAVARRE turns. PHILLIPE stands in the doorway - NAVARRE'S SWORD IN HIS HAND! He hurls it into the church!

481 ANGLE ON SWORD 481

The jewelled sword skids across the floor to NAVARRE who picks it up in one fluid motion and SLINGS IT DOWN THE CATHEDRAL LIKE A GLEAMING, DEADLY JAVELIN!

482 ANGLE ON MARQUET 482

The sword impales MARQUET in the chest - vaults him up into the air, sends him SLAMMING BACK INTO THE PULPIT where he hangs suspended, head down - Dead.

483 ANGLE ON BISHOP 483

The BISHOP stares, horrified. He looks up and across the cathedral.

484 ANGLE ON ROSE WINDOW - HIS POV 484

Seen through the smashed window: THE MOON NOW COMPLETELY COVERS THE SUN!

485 ANGLE ON NAVARRE 485

NAVARRE faces the BISHOP, starts forward. He passes the pulpit, withdraws his sword from MARQUET's body which slithers to the floor.

486 ANGLE ON PHILLIPE IN DOORWAY 486

PHILLIPE watches near the doorway which has been blackened by the eclipse, swallows hard.

487 BACK TO NAVARRE 487

Advancing toward the BISHOP. His purpose is all-consuming, blocking out the world around him. The BISHOP remains motionless, holding on to his staff. NAVARRE now stops, a sword's-length away

BISHOP.

Kill me, Navarre - and the
Curse will go on forever.

NAVARRE tightens his grip on the sword.

BISHOP (cont.)

Think of Isabeau!

NAVARRE

(pause)

She's dead.

The two men exchange a brief look both stunned by the one concern they have in common.

NAVARRE's gaze turns cruel. He lifts his sword in fury as:

ISABEAU'S VOICE

Navarre!.

Her VOICE echoes down the length of the cathedral. NAVARRE's arm is frozen in mid-air. His face is washed by the memory of a sound he thought he'd never hear again. He turns.

488 ANGLE ON ISABEAU - HIS POV 488

(153)

ISABEAU STANDS IN THE CATHEDRAL DOORWAY! Framed in the blackness of the eclipse, she is nonetheless radiant, stunned by the miracle which has just taken place! She stares at NAVARRE, her eyes adjusting like a blind person who has suddenly been given sight. She advances slowly -

489 BACK TO NAVARRE 489

Staring. Transfixed. Suspended in time.

490 CLOSE ON BISHOP 490

The BISHOP watches in total disbelief, his expression becoming deadly.

491 INSERT SHOT - BOTTOM OF STAFF 491

He silently removes the cover off the bottom of his staff, revealing the GLEAMING STEEL SPIKE!

492 BACK TO ISABEAU 492

Still advancing slowly, gradually realizing that this is indeed reality.

493 BACK TO NAVARRE 493

Drinking in the sight of her. About to join her as:

494 ANGLE ON IMPERIUS IN DOORWAY 494

IMPERIUS appears in the doorway, his expression turning to horror:

IMPERIUS

Navarre! Look out!!

495 BACK TO NAVARRE 495

NAVARRE wheels as the BISHOP LUNGES AT HIM WITH THE SPIKE, creasing his side! NAVARRE grabs the staff, bashing the BISHOP in the face with the heavy top end, sending him flying down the steps from the altar to the church floor.

NAVARRE is on top of him immediately, grabbing him by the chest, pulling his face up.

NAVARRE

(deadly)

Look at me. Look at me!!

The BISHOP stares into NAVARRE's face, wide-eyed.

NAVARRE (cont.)

And now - look at us.

NAVARRE swivels the BISHOP's head to face:

496 ANGLE ON ISABEAU - BISHOP'S POV 496

ISABEAU stares back, farther down the cathedral.
Suddenly: THERE IS A CRACK OF LIGHT AS THE SUN BEGINS
TO REAPPEAR!

The shaft of sunlight streams through the smashed rose
window, hitting the floor directly in front of her.

SMASH CUTS:

497 BACK TO BISHOP 497

Staring.

498 BACK TO NAVARRE 498

Staring.

499 BACK TO PHILLIPE- 499

Staring.

500 BACK TO IMPERIUS 500

Crossing himself.

501 BACK TO ISABEAU 501

The shaft of light grows wider as ISABEAU STARTS TO
PASS THROUGH IT!

Her body seems to SHIMMER IN SLOW MOTION as it absorbs
the light and continues forward.

502 BACK TO THE BISHOP 502

Almost blinded by the light.

503 BACK TO NAVARRE 503

The smile on his face growing wider as hope becomes
reality.

504 BACK TO ISABEAU 504

SHE HAS PASSED THROUGH THE LIGHT! She blinks in
disbelief, then smiles with a glow which is brighter
than the sun's rays behind her.

505 BACK TO NAVARRE 505

Letting the BISHOP drop to the floor. He rises, looks
down in contempt, RAISES HIS SWORD FOR THE FINAL BLOW!

IMPERIUS

Don't, Navarre! He belongs
to the Evil One now!

- 506 CLOSE ON NAVARRE 605
- Swinging his sword down as suddenly:
- A COLD WIND EXTINGUISHES THE CATHEDRAL CANDLES AND A CRACKLING LIGHTNING BOLT WIPES THE SCREEN!
- The zig-zag electrical shaft makes contact with the descending tip of the sword, sending a SHUDDERING CURRENT through NAVARRE's body. The sword jumps out of his hands as he tumbles backwards.
- 507 ANOTHER ANGLE 507
- NAVARRE lies on the floor. Suddenly - total quiet. NAVARRE uncovers his face, looks back to where the BISHOP was standing.
- 508 ANGLE ON WOLF - HIS POV 508
- Now at the base of the altar steps, where the BISHOP used to be: A SCRAWNY, MANGY WOLF WITH PATCHED FUR AND YELLOW FANGS! He looks back at NAVARRE, fearful, then runs off through the cathedral.
- 509 ANGLE NEAR ISABEAU 509
- The Wolf gives ISABEAU a wide berth, then scuttles off through the cathedral door with his tail between his legs.
- 510 BACK TO NAVARRE 510
- Rising. Turning to face ISABEAU. Walking toward her with a quickening pace.
- 511 ANGLE ON ISABEAU 511
- The growing SUNLIGHT has washed the area in front of her. She extends her arms, grinning, as NAVARRE JOINS HER IN THE LIGHT and they lock in a passionate embrace!
- 512 CLOSER ON THEM 512
- NAVARRE kisses her deeply, endlessly. Their two bodies seem for the moment - one.
- 513 ANGLE ON PHILLIPE AND IMPERIUS 513
- PHILLIPE watches with tears in his eyes. IMPERIUS falls to his knees in gratitude.
- 514 BACK TO NAVARRE AND ISABEAU 514
- They break. ISABEAU spots PHILLIPE - GIVES HIM A WINK!
- 515 BACK TO PHILLIPE 515
- PHILLIPE looks down, embarrassed.

516 BACK TO NAVARRE 516
 Having noticed ISABEAU's wink.

517 BACK TO PHILLIPE 517
 Raising his head, suddenly WINKING BACK, but finding himself staring at:

518 BACK TO NAVARRE 518
The dark, deadly face of NAVARRE! NAVARRE stares coldly, then SUDDENLY GRINS!

519 WIDER ANGLE 519
 NAVARRE kisses ISABEAU again as THE SHOWER OF LIGHT POURS OVER THEM.

Sc. 154 in Original Script OMITTED .

520 EXT. SKYLINE ABOVE ROAD - DUSK (PT. MODEL + PT. 520
 (155) CORTINA)

The sun hovers blood red on the horizon, painting the evening clouds pink and gold. We hear the SOUND OF HORSES.

521 ANGLE ON RIDERS 521

ISABEAU and NAVARRE ride side by side at a lazy walk, their horses almost touching, eyes only for each other. Together the two of them turn to look down at the road below.

522 ANGLE ON PHILLIPE AND IMPERIUS

PHILLIPE stands in the road, next to IMPERIUS on his mule cart. They acknowledge the couple with a grin. PHILLIPE watches them go wistfully. IMPERIUS looks over.

IMPERIUS

Don't worry, little thief.
 Your time will come.

(pause)

I'm heading back for the
 abbey.

(smile)

To discover where the wind
 comes from. May I drop you
 somewhere along the way?

PHILLIPE hears something, looks off down the road.

523 ANGLE DOWN ROAD - HIS POV 523

A small wagon approaches in the distance, driven by a beautiful, innocent, rosy-cheeked PEASANT GIRL.

524 BACK TO PHILLIPE

524

PHILLIPE

Actually - I'm headed in the other direction.

IMPERIUS

I fully expect to meet you at the Pearly Gates, little thief.

(nice smile)

Don't disappoint me.

IMPERIUS lumbers off down the road in his cart. PHILLIPE turns back, then notices something, stops, frozen.

525 ANGLE ON THE SETTING SUN - HIS POV
(156)

525

The sun sets below the horizon. THE HOWL OF A WOLF rolls across the landscape! PHILLIPE tenses. Could it be?

526 BACK TO NAVARRE AND ISABEAU

526

NAVARRE's face darkens, staring at the disappearing sun. ISABEAU silently clutches his arm. She has made it through - but has he?

527 BACK TO PHILLIPE

527

Slowly, apprehensively, PHILLIPE turns back to look.

528 ANGLE ON SKYLINE - HIS POV

528

On the skyline - a riderless horse!

529 BACK TO PHILLIPE

529

Terrified. Looking further ahead along the skyline.

530 BACK TO SKYLINE

530

Mounted on the huge Stallion ahead: BOTH NAVARRE AND ISABEAU. Her arms are wrapped around him, her laughing face nestled against his chest.

531 BACK TO PHILLIPE

531

Grinning broadly. Giving a WHOOP! They've made it!

532 EXT. SKYLINE - SUNSET
(157)

532

The Stallion stumbles slightly - ISABEAU steadies herself, putting her hand on NAVARRE's sword hilt.

533 CLOSE ON SWORD HILT

533

As ISABEAU's hand wraps around it. At the top of the hilt, the BISHOP's ring has been permanently embedded in the empty socket.

533 cont

533

ISABEAU's hand adjusts around the hilt, then stops, her fingers feeling for something curiously. At the far side of the hilt - the green emerald has disappeared.

534 EXT. SKYLINE - WIDE ANGLE

534

(158)

The afterglow of the sun streaks the clouds with brilliant colors. NAVARRE's booming VOICE thunders down.

NAVARRE

Damn you, Gaston! Damn you!...

ISABEAU's PEALING LAUGHTER mixes in. CAMERA PANS down from the skyline to the road:

The small wagon with the lovely PEASANT GIRL disappears into the distance, illuminated by the dazzling sunset.

PHILLIPE (V.O.)

It belonged to my mother....

GIRL (V.O.)

It's...beautiful...

PHILLIPE (V.O.)

Actually, it's my only memory of her...

FADE OUT

FINIS