

FINAL

"THE DEVILS"

42

July 28, 1970

**THIS SCRIPT IS THE PROPERTY OF
WARNER BROS. INC.**

**NO ONE IS AUTHORIZED TO DISPOSE OF SAME.
PLEASE DO NOT LOSE OR DESTROY THIS SCRIPT.
RETURN TO STENOGRAPHIC DEPARTMENT
OF WARNER BROS. STUDIO, BURBANK, CALIF.**

"THE DEVILS"

7/28/70

FINAL

PLEASE RETURN THIS SCRIPT TO PRODUCTION MANAGER
WHEN PICTURE IS COMPLETED

FORM 226

Received from Stenographic Dept.

1 SCRIPT

7/28/70

Title "THE DEVILS"

FINAL

Signed _____

THE DEVILS

Screenplay

by

Ken Russell

Based on The Devils of Loudun by Aldous Huxley
and The Devils: a play by John Whiting

Russo Productions Ltd.,
Suite 14,
140 Park Lane,
London, W.1.

Tel: 01-629-5178

July 28, 1970

7/28/70

1.

1. INT. THEATRE

NIGHT

Music. A dimly illuminated stage. In front of the back-cloth, which represents the Universe, a large shell is seen rising from the sea. It slowly reveals an almost naked figure -- apparently that of a woman. Cherubs fly in and gown and crown the creature. DANCERS - in the form of a bird, a fish, a unicorn, a man, a woman and a star - appear and dance homage. The KING, for the strange figure is no other, scatters blessings and gold glitter over his allegorical subjects.

The audience of COURTIERS in the auditorium shout - "Long Live the King" etc., and the performance is stopped by the deafening applause which is graciously acknowledged by His Majesty. RICHELIEU, who has been standing in the front row trying to hide his despair, also claps his hands as he silently mumbles a prayer.

RICHELIEU:

Holy Ghost, touch me with Thy divine grace that I may be the torch which lights the path of our Sovereign Majesty, King Louis XIII, towards the founding of a new France, unified both in Government and Faith. Oh, Gracious Lord Jesus Christ give Thy humble servant strength to smite the heretic. Make clear to the Protestant the error of his ways, O Lord, and bring him to Thy merciful arms. In nomine Patris, et Filii, et Spiritus Sancti. Amen.

(In the name of the
Father, The Son and
The Holy Ghost. Amen)

The last half of the monologue carries on OVER the following scene.

2-3. OMITTED

4. EXT. A PLAIN

DAY

A crucified skeleton moves slowly around on a wheel rotated by the wind. The CAMERA CRANES down revealing it attached to the top of a slender tree trunk. Other trees with other martyred bodies are scattered across the landscape over which smoke is slowly drifting. In the distance, the walled town of Loudun rises up like a massive volcanic island. Into the foreground rides the armoured figure of a man, (LAUBARDEMONT), followed by a cart, containing a strange and sinister machine, drawn by FORTY MANACLED PRISONERS. TWELVE SOLDIERS guard them.

7/28/70

2.

5. EXT. ST. PETER'S CHURCH, LOUDUN

DAY

FATHER GRANDIER is delivering a funeral oration before a massive catafalque around which stand several hundred MOURNERS - ARISTOCRATS, TOWNSFOLK, RELIGIOUS. Urban Grandier is a strikingly handsome man of thirty-five, a sensualist, an intellectual, a man born to be a leader were it not for a streak of cynicism which lurks forever behind his large, dreamy blue eyes. Standing proudly on a dais high above the populace, dressed in his purple soutane, he has the manner and bearing of a prince rather than that of a priest. The crowd, including TRINCANT, MIGNON, IBERT, ADAM, PHILLIPE, LEGRAND and RANGIER, regard him with a mixture of admiration and envy and hang upon his every word.

GRANDIER:

The religious wars are over. Catholic no longer fights with Protestant. We have survived. And we owe our survival to the wisdom and humanity of one man - Georges de Sainte Marthe, Governor of Loudun. It was he who prevailed on all faiths alike to keep the peace and saved our town from self-destruction. Other towns were less fortunate. And now our friend has been killed by the plague. People of Loudun - as often as you see our city walls standing there still proud and erect then, whatever your faith, you must surely feel the need to build a temple in your hearts in remembrance of he who preserved them for you.

In nomine Patris, et Filii, et Spiritus Sancti. Amen.

(In the name of
the Father and the
Son and the Holy
Ghost. Amen)

With a great blare, cornets and sackbuts blast out the 'Dies Irae'. MONKS and NUNS join in with their Latin chant and the funeral cortege moves off through the town on a route that will take it past the Convent of the Ursulines.

6. EXT. CONVENT OF THE URSULINES

DAY

The windows near ground level of this grim building are all shuttered. There is only one open window - high up in the wall. Through it, the excited face of a nun, SISTER AGNES, peers out towards the approaching procession.

7/28/70
3.

7. INT. CONVENT OF THE URSULINES DORMITORY DAY

Sister Agnes is perched high on a human pyramid of NUNS all laughing and giggling, plying her with questions.

A NUN:

Hurry up, it's my turn.

SISTER AGNES:

No, not yet, I haven't seen him yet.

OTHER NUNS:

None of us have, ever...

Come along...

You've had long enough - hurry up...etc.

A NUN:

Quick, he'll be gone.

At this moment the door opens and SISTER JEANNE OF THE ANGELS enters. She is in her mid-twenties, has a slightly humped back, but a truly angelic face. Confronted by their Mother Superior, the guilty pyramid instantly collapses.

SISTER JEANNE:

Why have you left your devotions?

A NUN:

Everyone wanted to see Father Grandier...

SISTER AGNES:

We wanted to see the funeral procession of Monsieur Sainte Marthe, Reverend Mother.

SISTER JEANNE:

You do not have to see the coffin of Sainte Marthe in order to pray for his soul. Your prayers will be stronger with no wordly distractions. That is the purpose of an enclosed order.

SISTER AGNES:

Yes, I know, Reverend Mother - but it was a solemn Requiem and the Cardinal would have given us a dispensation to attend.

SISTER JEANNE:

The powers of your uncle, the cardinal, are not in dispute, Sister Agnes.

(CONTINUED)

7 (Cont.)

SISTER JEANNE: (Cont.)

If you are not satisfied with the contemplative life you should have joined the "Poor Clares" and nursed the victims of the plague and scrubbed out their vermin-ridden hovels.

SISTER AGNES:

But, Mother, I love our Order.

SISTER JEANNE:

Then you shall combine the two. Scrub out the convent from top to bottom on your knees and pray for the soul of Sainte Marthe at the same time...

The Nuns quickly file out, leaving Sister Jeanne alone. The SOUNDS of the cortege come closer. Sister Jeanne becomes excited, with trembling hands she selects a key from a ring within the folds of her habit and unlocks a small, shuttered window near the ground. The wall is thick and the opening narrow - she can see very little. TWO WOMEN block most of her view. The NOISE is very loud now.

FIRST WOMAN:

Every Tuesday afternoon. An hour in bed with the Vintner's widow, then off to take Confession. - The hypocrisy of it.

SECOND WOMAN:

No worse than his penitents - the pretty ones, anyway - right there in the sacristy, almost in the sight of the blessed sacrament.

FIRST WOMAN:

He could have me anywhere, even on the Holy Altar itself. There he is.

SECOND WOMAN:

Shush, that's sacrilege.

FIRST WOMAN:

Well, there's one man worth going to hell for.

(laughs)

The NOISE is louder than ever - the procession is just outside. Sister Jeanne, who has been profoundly shocked by what she has heard, tries to look out of the window, but the crowd and dense clouds of incense make it very difficult for her to see anything. The incense floats into the room - enveloping Sister Jeanne in a sensual mist. This, and the noise, effect her strangely - she falls to the floor in a trance.

8. EXT. LILY POND

DAY

In her vision, Jeanne is not deformed, nor is she dressed as a nun. Her long hair falls well below her waist. Through the mists, rising from the pond can be seen the figure of a beautiful golden-haired YOUTH. He approaches across the water and smiles down on her. She gazes adoringly up at him and begins to dry his feet and legs with her silken tresses. A wind begins to blow. Her hair is soon in disarray - her hump is revealed - vainly she tries to cover it, becomes more agitated, tears at it - rolls over screaming hysterically.

9. INT. CONVENT OF THE URSULINES DORMITORY DUSK

Jeanne, her vision shattered, is in a terrible state - rolling about on the floor all hunched up.

SISTER JEANNE:

Mercy, oh, mercy. I will find a way.
Yes, I will find a way to you. I
shall come. You will enfold me in
your sacred arms. The blood will
flow between us uniting us. My
innocence is yours.

(she pauses, precisely)

Please God, take away my hump so
that I can be on my back without
lolling my head. May the light of
Your eternal love shine upon me
and make me whole... Amen.

10. INT. GRANDIER'S HOUSE

DUSK

The room is furnished in a style more befitting a connoisseur of art than a cleric. Sensual pictures adorn the walls - pagan statues of Daphne and Diana look down on Grandier and PHILLIPE TRINCANT, a voluptuous girl of eighteen, lying naked beneath animal furs on a large divan. Grandier sips from a goblet of wine and occasionally caresses Phillippe who is petulantly reading aloud from a book.

PHILLIPE:

"Foeda est in coitu et brevis voluptas,
et taedet Veneris stasis peractae."

GRANDIER:

Translate as you go. Line by line.

PHILLIPE:

"Pleasure in lust is nasty and short
and sickness..."

(CONTINUED)

10 (Cont.)

GRANDIER:

"Weariness" ..

PHILLIPE:

"...and weariness follows on desire..."

GRANDIER:

Go on.

PHILLIPE:

"Non ergo ut pecudes libidinosse
caeci protinus irruamus illuc nam
langua scit amor peritque flamma."

(she throws the book
down, she is upset)

I can't go on - I hate it.

GRANDIER:

Your father sends you here for in-
structions - in Latin. We must not
deceive him.

(he picks up the book
and starts translating:)

"But in everlasting leisure
Like this, like this, lie still
And kiss time away.
No weariness and no shame,
Now, then and shall be all pleasure.
No end to it,
But an eternal beginning."

Phillipe bursts into tears. Grandier puts the book down
and turns to her, his hand on her breast.

GRANDIER:

Why are you crying?

PHILLIPE:

I'm pregnant.

GRANDIER:

(moving his hand from
her breast to her forehead)

So it ends. You must learn to bear
your cross with Christian fortitude.

PHILLIPE:

I'm frightened.

GRANDIER:

Of course. How can I own the child?

He gets out of bed - begins to dress.

(CONTINUED)

7/28/70
7.

10 (Cont.1)

PHILLIPE:

I'm very frightened.

GRANDIER:

And there was such bravery in love, wasn't there, Phillipe? All through the summer nights. How unafraid we were each time we huddled down together. We laughed as we roused the animal. Remember? Now it has devoured us.

PHILLIPE:

Help me.

GRANDIER:

And we were to have been each other's salvation. Did I really believe it was possible?

PHILLIPE:

Where is love?

GRANDIER:

Where indeed? Go to your Father. Tell him the truth. Let him find some good man. They exist.

PHILLIPE:

Help me.

GRANDIER:

How can I help you? Take my hand.
(she holds his hand)
There. Like touching the dead, isn't it?
(she releases his hand)
Goodbye, Phillipe. Don't be too long.

He leaves her alone in the room. She reaches for her clothes - totally wretched.

11. EXT. A STREET IN LOUDUN

NIGHT

A ghastly yellow glow from the sulphur fires illuminates a row of houses, many of which are boarded up and decorated with a bold red cross on the door. Except for the "death cart" and a stray dog - the street is deserted.

DRIVER & HIS MATE:

Bring out your dead! Bring out your dead!

Grandier appears wandering through the smoke - he seems lost, remote, almost like a sleep-walker - the figure of Dante

(CONTINUED)

11 (Cont.)

descending into the sombre regions of hell. This and the following TWO SCENES have a particularly nightmarish, unreal quality. Most of the action is played very fast in an eerie light - a sardonic scherzo - a nocturnal Danse Macabre.

Suddenly, a girl is running wildly down the street, almost into his arms. It is MADELEINE DE BROU - a creature of classic beauty, in her mid-twenties. The serenity we are to associate with her later is not in evidence at the moment. She is breathless, distraught.

MADELEINE:

Oh, Father - please come quickly.
The Apothecary and the Surgeon -
it's no good - mother is dying.

12. INT. DE BROU HOUSE BEDROOM DUSK

ADAM, the Apothecary and IBERT, the Surgeon - a couple of self-important, but generally respected medieval witch doctors - are bent over the prostrate, plague-ridden form of MADAME DE BROU. Onto her sores they sprinkle pollen which they then cover with a small glass jar containing a hornet. The screams of the dying woman punctuate their dialogue.

IBERT:

A delicate dusting of pollen - nature's
most fragrant balm - eucalyptus pollen.

ADAM:

From the Greek Kaluptos - covered
flower protected by a cap.

IBERT:

(picking up jar)

A trap - for the heroic hornet.

ADAM:

Hymenopterous healer.

IBERT:

A poison to exorcise poison.

Grandier, followed by Madeleine, rushes in like a whirlwind - tears the glass cups off the suffering woman.

GRANDIER:

Yesterday - powdered mistletoe, black
cherry water, leeches, dried vipers,
sarsaparilla and poppy heads - now
hornets... and what fresh lunacy
is this - a crocodile.

(CONTINUED)

12 (Cont.)

In relieving Madame De Brou's torment, Grandier reveals that she has been lying on a crocodile.

IBERT:

Schoolgirls walking two by two.

ADAM:

Simian reptile - corpuscular circulation - invaluable aid.

Grandier throws the crocodile, and all the rest of their paraphernalia, out of the window. With cries and curses they rush downstairs to retrieve it. The priest turns his attention to the dying woman.

GRANDIER:

(tenderly: trying to believe the words he is speaking)

Turn your face towards God, my daughter. Be glad, be glad. You stand on the threshold of everlasting life... I envy you.

With a final cry of pain, Madame De Brou dies. Madeleine collapses; her arms around Grandier's neck - sobbing helplessly. Grandier takes her hands, forces them together in his own and gently lowers her so that she is kneeling by the bed.

GRANDIER:

Let us pray for her together.
We commend to thee oh Lord, the soul of thy servant Madam de Brou. Although to this world she is dead, yet to thee may she still live, and the sins she has committed in this life through human frailty, do thou in thy merciful goodness, forgive. Amen.

13. EXT. STREET MADAME DE BROU'S HOUSE NIGHT

LOUIS TRINCANT, Phillipe's father, the town magistrate, and a well-to-do citizen, is looking for the man who has brought dishonor to his daughter and the family name. He comes upon Adam and Ibert collecting their paraphernalia. The entire SCENE is bathed in the glow of burning furniture which is being thrown out of a nearby window.

(CONTINUED)

7/28/70
10.

13 (Cont.)

TRINCANT:

(shouting)

Hiding among corpses, are you?
The dead shall not save you.
Come out, you coward.

(to Adam)

Where is he?

ADAM:

Who?

TRINCANT:

The Priest, that desecrator of
virtue, Grandier. No woman
in the entire town is safe from
the lust of that man -- not
one.

ADAM:

Neither mother nor daughter.

IBERT:

Living or dead.

ADAM:

Necrophilia Interruptus.

IBERT:

Virgo Distracto - whores. Whores,
he stinks of sanctimonious
whores.

TRINCANT:

• Enough, sir. You slander my
daughter.

He draws his sword and is about to run Ibert through.

IBERT:

(terrified)

He's in the house, Mr. Magistrate,
upstairs in the house.

At this moment, Grandier comes out of the door. Adam
and Ibert see there is going to be trouble and flee.

(CONTINUED)

7/28/70
11.

13 (Cont.1)

TRINCANT:

Despoiler of my child, my innocent
lamb.

He raises his sword and lunges at Grandier who quickly looks
round for a means of defense.

GRANDIER:

Even the most innocent lamb is
destined for the lustful ram,
Monsieur Trincant.

TRINCANT:

Her lilywhite purity stained.

He lunges forward again but Grandier snatches up the croco-
dile which takes the blow. The blade snaps.

GRANDIER:

Except in sermons or in heaven,
even lilies fester sooner or later
into rotteness, Sir. Catch!

Grandier suddenly throws the reptile at the helpless Trin-
cant, who drops his broken sword to catch it. Then in a
rage he throws it down, while Grandier turns on his heel
and walks off into the darkness.

TRINCANT:

I'll see you in hell!

GRANDIER:

Walking on a living pavement of
aborted babies, no doubt.

TRINCANT:

(quivering with
anger.

You foul, God-forsaken creature.

Grandier laughs from the distant darkness, but his laughter
has a bitter, hollow ring.

14. EXT. OUTSIDE THE WALLS OF LOUDUN

DAY

Grandier and FATHER MIGNON, a fellow priest, are sprinkling
holy water into a large open plague pit full of the recent
dead. Sulphur fires burn at the corners. Iron crucifixes
glow in the flames. In the distance, a plague cart
approaches followed by a solitary mourner, Madeleine De Brou.

(Continued)

7/28/70
12.

14 (Cont.)

MIGNON:

My cousin tells me his daughter is pregnant. You have your whores. Why did you have to meddle with her?

GRANDIER:

It seemed a way.

MIGNON:

A way to what?

GRANDIER:

I begin to understand at last that all worldly things have a single purpose for a man of my kind. Politics, power, women, riches, pride and authority. I choose them with the same care that your cousin, Monsieur Trincant, might select a weapon. But my intention is different. I need to turn them against myself.

MIGNON:

To bring about your end?

GRANDIER:

I have a great need to be united with God.

MIGNON:

You are sick.

Mignon walks away leaving Grandier to look with interest across the pit to Madeleine who watches the anonymous body of her mother tipped, with all the other swathed corpses, into the grave. With tear-filled eyes she returns his look, then slowly turns away as Grandier continues his prayers for the dead.

GRANDIER:

Non intres in iudicium cum servo tuo Domine, quia nullus apud te iustificabitur homo, nisi per te omnium peccatorum ei tribulatur remissio.

(Enter not into judgement with thy servant, O Lord: for, save thou grant him forgiveness of all sins, no man shall be justified in thy sight)

7/28/70
13.

15. INT. CONVENT OF THE URSULINES: JEANNE'S CELL DAY

Sister Jeanne and Madeleine face each other. A large iron grille separates them.

MADELEINE:

...I attend Mass daily, I love God, and now that both my parents are dead I am free to serve Him. I know I have a vocation, Reverend Mother.

JEANNE:

You look pious enough. A face like a Virgin Martyr in a picture book. And what is that in your hand - ah, yes, a pretty pocket edition of the "Imitation of Christ" in red morocco. Respectful black weeds, very becoming - and downcast eyes - hiding what? Virtue or lechery?

Madeleine gets up to leave.

JEANNE:

Ah, so you have one sin, at least, the sin of pride...sit down...

Madeleine sits down.

JEANNE:

...perhaps you think me over zealous. I have to be. I have not been Mother Superior here for long. I must be certain you have a true vocation before I can allow you to join our community.

MADELEINE:

But I have, Mother, I swear it.

Jeanne holds up her hand for silence and continues.

JEANNE:

Do you know why most of us are here?

MADELEINE:

Because you love our Lord Jesus Christ and wish to serve Him.

JEANNE:

(giving a harsh laugh)
Most of the nuns here are noble-women who have embraced monastic

(CONTINUED)

7/28/70
14.

15 (Cont.)

JEANNE: (Cont.)

life because there was not enough money at home to provide them with dowries. Or they were unmarriageable because ugly, and a burden to the family. Communities which ought to be furnaces where souls are forever on fire with the love of God, are merely dead with the grey ashes of convenience. Here is a book by the founder of our order - Angela Merici. When you have studied it, come back and I shall question you.

MADELEINE:

Thank you, Mother.

Madeleine takes the book and, rather bewildered, goes out.

JEANNE:

God bless you!

16. INT. GRANDIER'S HOUSE

DAY

Grandier and Madeleine De Brou. She, slightly scandalized. He is relaxed, friendly - very informal.

GRANDIER:

Most religious believe that by crying "Lord, Lord" often enough they will contrive to enter the Kingdom of Heaven. A flock of trained parrots could just as readily cry the same and with as little chance of success. You can do more good outside the cloister than within. Among the Ursulines or the Carmelites you will be hiding your light under a bushel. Your place is here, in Loudun, our free city, your vocation, to give a shining example of wisdom to all the foolish virgins whose thoughts dwell only on perishable vanities. Now I must take Confession.

MADELEINE:

Yes, Father - thank you.

He hurries out, followed by Madeleine.

7/28/70
15.

17. INT. ST. PETER'S CHURCH

DAY

Father Mignon is saying Mass to a small congregation. Grandier stands in a corner hearing confession from Phillipe while others, lurking in the shadows, await their turn.

PHILLIPE:

(very worked up,
in tears, whispering)

But you did love me. It was love,
I know it. All those hours we spent
together in each others...

GRANDIER:

(angry, cutting in -
also whispering)

That is enough, you will not wallow
complacently in your own filth.

PHILLIPE:

But your sins, what about them?

GRANDIER:

Every soul must bear its own burden.
To confess is to ask forgiveness,
not to blame others.

(aloud, to some
gossiping women)

Be quiet there!

PHILLIPE:

But what shall I do?

GRANDIER:

You must not merely resign yourself
to the humiliation it is God's good
pleasure that you must suffer -
you must embrace and actively will
it. Now go, and do not sin again.
For your penance fast for the
remainder of the day on your knees
before God begging his forgiveness.

As Phillipe walks away Grandier mumbles a prayer.

GRANDIER:

Deinde ego te absolvo a peccatis
tuis, in nomine Patris, et Filii
et Spiritus Sancti. Amen.

(I absolve thee from
your sins, in the name
of the Father and of the
Son and of the Holy Spirit)

(CONTINUED)

17 (Cont.)

Madeleine approaches, almost against her better judgement. Although it is but a few moments since they talked, they now adopt the attitude of strangers, respecting (to start with) the usual anonymity of the confessional.

MADELEINE:

Forgive me, Father, for I have sinned.

GRANDIER:

When did you last confess, child?

MADELEINE:

A week ago, Father.

GRANDIER:

What have you to tell me?

MADELEINE:

Father, I have sinned. I have suffered from pride.

GRANDIER:

We must always be on guard.

MADELEINE:

I worked all of yesterday and all of the night in the hospital nursing the victims of the plague and I was pleased with myself.

GRANDIER:

God allows us satisfaction in the work we do.

MADELEINE:

I have also been guilty of anger.

GRANDIER:

Tell me.

MADELEINE:

Sister Jeanne of the Angels provoked me. I wished her.... elsewhere.

GRANDIER:

You are absolved. Anything else. Come now, others are waiting.

He peers around him - notices a pretty face awaiting her turn.

(CONTINUED)

17 (Cont.1)

MADELEINE:
I've had unclean thoughts.

GRANDIER:
(his attention
engaged once more)
Of what nature?

MADELEINE:
About a man.

GRANDIER:
What is his name?

MADELEINE:
I... I think of him in the early
hours of the morning - my bedroom
is suffocatingly hot - my thoughts
...are sinful - and yet they are
so tender. My body - Father - my
body - I wished to be touched.

GRANDIER:
Have you tried to put these thoughts
out of your mind?

Madeleine drops her head, looks away.

GRANDIER:
... Or do you like them?

MADELEINE:
I have prayed.

GRANDIER:
Do you wish to be saved from this?
Answer.

MADELEINE:
No! I wish to take - no, possess -
no, destroy me. I love you. Him.
I love him. In the convent I would
have been safe...I love you.

The mass bell rings three times for the consecration. During
these few moments everyone drops to their knees in prayer -
then, everything resumes as before. Grandier struggles
hopelessly against his inclinations and then resigns himself.

GRANDIER:
Go back to my house. Wait for me
there.

(CONTINUED)

7/28/70
18.

17 (Cont.2)

Madeleine exits - trembling with released emotion. Grandier glances impatiently around. A dozen more penitents to get through. An OLD WOMAN comes up.

OLD WOMAN:

Forgive me, Father, for I have sinned.

GRANDIER:

But you were here only yesterday.

OLD WOMAN:

Yes, Father, but since then I have been guilty of er...guilty of... what was it now...

GRANDIER:

If you have forgotten it - perhaps God has too...

18. INT. GRANDIER'S HOUSE

DUSK

Madeleine is kneeling in prayer before a statue when Grandier enters. He approaches quietly, takes her head in his hands and kisses it.

MADELEINE:

Hail Mary, full of grace,
The Lord is with thee,
Blessed are you among all women,
Blessed is the fruit of thy womb, Jesus
Holy Mary, Mother of God,
Pray for me, a Sinner
Now, and always. Amen.

GRANDIER:

(gently)
I want to tell you...

MADELEINE:

Yes?

GRANDIER:

You know the love-making...

MADELEINE:

Yes.

GRANDIER:

Madeleine - I want to tell you.

(CONTINUED)

7/28/70
19.

18 (Cont.)

GRANDIER: (Cont.)
Among the clothes dropped on the floor, the groping, the sweating, and the soiled sheets - among all this there is some love.

MADELEINE:
Human love?

GRANDIER:
You understand?

MADELEINE:
I think so.

GRANDIER:
Do I love you?

MADELEINE:
I think so.

GRANDIER:
Then what else can I give you?

MADELEINE:
I am a simple person. I see the world as I have been taught. I am sinful, but I do not think that God has deserted me. I would not be afraid to come before Him with you - even in our sin.

GRANDIER:
You make me ashamed.

He throws her cloak round her shoulders and bundles her towards the door. He closes the door behind her, a chastened man.

19. INT. ST. PETER'S CHURCH

NIGHT

Grandier prostrate before the altar. A shaft of moonlight illuminates the scene.

GRANDIER:
Oh, my dear Father, it is the wish of your humble child to come

(CONTINUED)

19 (Cont.)

GRANDIER: (Cont.)
to Your Grace. I speak in the
weariness of thirty-five years.
Years heavy with pride and ambi-
tion, love of women and love
of self. I prostrate myself
before you now in ravaged humility
of spirit. I ask you to look
upon me with love. Show me a way.
Or let a way be made. Let me do
something for others without self-
interest. Let me be more like
Sainte Marthe whom we buried.
Oh, God - Oh, my God, my God.
Release me. Free me. These
needs. Have mercy. Free me.

Rex tremendae majestatis, qui
salvandos salvas gratis, salva
me, salva me, fons pietatis.

(Thou, O awe-
inspiring Lord,
saving e'en when
unimplored, save
me, mercy's fount
adored)

20. INT. CONVENT OF THE URSULINES CHAPEL NIGHT

The community is at prayer. The chapel is bare, unfriendly
and cold, as are all the rooms in the convent. Jeanne
speaks fast, but her words are hard and well articulated.
The NUNS mumble the responses - they are aimless, bored.

JEANNE:
Heart of Jesus, delight of all
saints...

NUNS:
Have mercy on us.

JEANNE:
Heart of Jesus, of Infinite
Majesty...

(CONTINUED)

20 (Cont.)

NUNS:

Have mercy on us.

JEANNE:

Heart of Jesus full of goodness...

NUNS:

Have mercy on us.

JEANNE:

Heart of Jesus fount of all life.

NUNS:

Have mercy on us... etc.

Jeanne repeats this well known prayer automatically. The words have induced in her a state of trance. She stares fixedly at a crucifix of the Sacred Heart. The prayer continues over her entire vision.

21. SACRED HEART

Jeanne, as her dream-self, is gathering blooms from a single, beautiful flowering tree. She garlands herself with flowers. In the distance, rising through the clouds, is the crucified figure of the Saviour we saw in the chapel. At the centre of the glowing Sacred Heart stands the "dream" Grandier. Jeanne runs towards him, her arms full of flowers. As she nears him the flowers which form her dress begin to turn into the heavy impediments of the church - crucifixes, Sacred Hearts, religious books, rosary beads which twist round her legs and trip her up. She pulls herself along the ground towards him still offering him the remaining flowers in her outstretched hands. Before he can accept them, they wither and die - turning into hard, leather scourges. The 'ideal' Grandier stares down at her, pityingly. Jeanne hammers at the 'heart' as the vision fades.

7/28/70
22.

22. INT. CONVENT OF THE URSULINES: CHAPEL NIGHT

Tears are streaming down Jeanne's face as she returns from her dream world back to the hard reality of her every day existence.

JEANNE:

Heart of Jesus, burning furnace of
charity...

NUNS:

Have mercy on us.

JEANNE:

Heart of Jesus, pierced with a lance.

NUNS:

Have mercy on us.

JEANNE:

Heart of Jesus, King of all Hearts...

NUNS:

Have mercy on us.

23. INT. GRANDIER'S HOUSE. DAY

Grandier and Madeleine discussing marriage - seriously,
but with good humor.

GRANDIER:

Marriage is a law of nature and there-
fore the law of God.

MADELEINE:

I don't question whether marriage is
a natural and Holy thing, but whether
it is a right and proper thing that
a priest might marry.

GRANDIER:

There isn't one law in the new testa-
ment which forbids one to marry. In
fact, marriage is exalted so high it
becomes a sacrament.

MADELEINE:

Virginity is also praised as a noble
virtue. Saint Paul says that he who
marries does a good thing, but he
who remains chaste does something
better.

(CONTINUED)

23. (Cont.)

GRANDIER:

Then I am content merely to do a good thing and leave the best to those who can face it. Christ never forbade the Apostles to marry - most of them were married - with families.

MADELEINE:

But they gave them all up to follow Him, nevertheless.

GRANDIER:

Out of convenience, not obligation. Imagine all those wives and children dragging behind across those endless deserts and up the mountains. No - they all remained well and truly married to the end.

MADELEINE:

So there is no law of God compelling Grandier to be celibate.

GRANDIER:

I take the words of our Creator for my Gospel - "It is not good for man to be alone."

They embrace - are about to kiss.

MADELEINE:

You have almost put my conscience at rest.

They kiss. There is a big explosion from somewhere outside. They run out of the room.

24.

EXT. CITY WALLS NEAR ST. PETER'S

DAY

A large CROWD has gathered in the street. LAUBARDEMONT, an agent of Cardinal Richelieu, about thirty - cunning - not without charm, but wholly unscrupulous and devoid of humanity, is directing operations. A vast complicated engine of destruction, driven by convicts on treadmills, is tearing down the battlements. Laubardemont wears very modern armour and carries a gun (the first we have seen so far). He throws himself into the task with relish. Grandier arrives on the scene and confronts him.

GRANDIER:

Who is responsible for this?

(CONTINUED)

24. (Cont.)

LAUBARDEMONT:

(amused)

Jean de Martin, Baron de Laubardemont,
First President of the Court of Appeal,
Member of the Council of the State and
now His Majesty's Special Commissioner
for the demolition of the fortifications
of Loudun -- at your service, Father.

GRANDIER:

And for what purpose has His Majesty
authorized the destruction of our
town, Baron de Laubardemont?

LAUBARDEMONT:

I should have thought you would be the
first to guess the reason, Father, and
the first to condone it. Loudun is a
nest of dangerous Huguenots - they out-
number us good Catholics two to one.

GRANDIER:

But every single Protestant in Loudun
remained loyal to the King and France
throughout the entire religious wars.

LAUBARDEMONT:

Today's loyalty is no guarantee against
tomorrow's rebellion, Father.

GRANDIER:

I speak as I find. Let me read His
Majesty's proclamation.

LAUBARDEMONT:

Don't concern yourself with politics,
Father - your penitents are waiting.

He wheels his horse away from Grandier who strides across to
the Tocsin and rings the alarm. When she catches up with
him, Madeleine takes over while Grandier makes for the church.

25. INT. GRANDIER'S HOUSE DAY

Grandier is rummaging through some papers - he finds what
he is looking for and runs out.

26. EXT. CITY WALLS NEAR ST. PETER'S DAY

A large uneasy CROWD has gathered to watch the demolition
work. Grandier returns with a band of MILITIA.

(CONTINUED)

7/28/70
25.

26 (Cont.)

GRANDIER:

I ask you again. Where is His Majesty's Proclamation authorizing this demolition.

For a moment it seems that Laubardemont will ignore him, but he thinks better of it. He tries to make light of the situation.

LAUBARDEMONT:

It's been delayed. The matter of a few days - a mere formality.

GRANDIER:

Should one more stone be torn from our city walls you will be dead before it touches the ground.

Laubardemont, very uneasy, but hoping to bluff it out.

LAUBARDEMONT:

For a common priest, you act uncommonly like a Governor, Father. Where is your authority?

GRANDIER:

(producing document)

Here - by the authority of our late Governor, St. Marthe - assuring me full powers until such time as a new election is held.

The two men look at each other. The atmosphere is tense. The machine is still working. A great stone block is poised, about to fall. Grandier lifts his hand, the militia raise their cross-bows - all pointed at Laubardemont who suddenly cracks - gives a signal.

LAUBARDEMONT:

Stop! Work will cease from this moment pending the arrival of His Majesty's proclamation.

Work stops. Everyone relaxes. Laubardemont rides off, followed by Trincant, Mignon and Adam who have been present throughout. Ibert continues watching, finishing off his lunch. The crowd surges round Grandier demanding to know what is happening.

7/28/70
26.

27. EXT. THE PALACE GARDENS

DAY

Richelieu is explaining a document to the King who is more interested in shooting game than in the Cardinal's discourse. ARMOURERS supply him with freshly loaded guns. Admiring COURTIERS stand nearby waiting to applaud.

RICHELIEU:

It's a simple matter to understand, Your Majesty. The self-government of the small provincial towns of France must cease. The first step is to pull down all kinds of fortifications.

KING:

(to release the birds)

Yes!

The King fires his gun.

28. EXT. TOWN SQUARE OF LOUDUN

DAY

Grandier stands on the platform of the alarm bell.

LEGRAND:

So it's the turn of this city.

RANGIER:

Is everything to come down?

GRANDIER:

That's what they want. It's a trick, of course. Whenever there's a so-called Nationalist revival in this country it means one thing - somebody is trying to seize control of the entire country. The real significance of our walls is that we are self-governing. Richelieu hates this. He misleads the King.

29. EXT. THE PALACE GARDENS

DAY

RICHELIEU

(to the King)

If France is to fulfill her own destiny, she must be free within herself.

King:

(to release the birds)

Yes!

The King fires his gun.

7/28/70
27.

30. EXT. TOWN SQUARE OF LOUDUN DAY

GRANDIER:

Ignorant and crafty provincials like us cannot see beyond the city walls. So they are ordered to be torn down - will it broaden our view?

31. EXT. THE PALACE GARDENS DAY

RICHELIEU:

(to the King)

Such men, sire, see with little vision. Their loyalties are to their cities, not France.

KING:

(to release the birds)

Yes!

The King fires his gun.

32. EXT. TOWN SQUARE OF LOUDUN DAY

GRANDIER:

When a man's intent on power, as Richelieu is, he can justify his actions with absurdities.

33. EXT. THE PALACE GARDENS DAY

RICHELIEU:

(to the King)

Such fortifications provided opportunities for an uprising of the Protestants.

KING:

(to release the birds)

Yes!

He fires his gun.

34. EXT. TOWN SQUARE OF LOUDUN DAY

Grandier:

With our walls gone we shall be defenceless - at the mercy of any enemy - as helpless as a country village. And with the security of our independence gone - our freedoms would go too. We must write to the King. Declare our loyalty. Trust in his wisdom and justice.

7/28/70
28.

35. EXT. THE PALACE GROUNDS

DAY

The King fires his gun.

KING:

No! ... all the others if you like, Richelieu, if you can manage it - but not Loudun. We once promised dear old Sainte Marthe, the late lamented Governor, that we would never touch one teeny, weeny stone of his precious city. You would surely not expect us to go back on our word?

RICHELIEU:

Of course not, Your Majesty.

KING LOUIS:

(to release the birds)

Yes!

The King fires his gun. We see a bird released from a cage, but it is a human bird - a Huguenot dressed in feathers. The luckless prisoner runs for cover, but is felled by the King's bullet before he reaches safety. Dogs run out and tear the unfortunate to pieces. The Members of the Court applaud.

KING LOUIS:

Another Protestant bird for your bag, Richelieu.

RICHELIEU:

Honorably done, Sire.

KING LOUIS:

'Bye, 'bye, blackbird!

36. INT. CONVENT OF THE URSULINES JEANNE'S CELL NIGHT

The room is small and sparsely furnished - a bed, a crucifix, one picture, a chair and a desk. By the light of a candle, Jeanne is reading a letter while brushing her gorgeous, long blonde hair.

JEANNE: (v.o.)

Father Moussault was a good man. It was God's will, but his death leaves us with a problem. We need a new Father Confessor, and although I have never seen you, Father Grandier, God

(CONTINUED)

36 (Cont.)

JEANNE: (Cont.)

has often put you into my thoughts lately. Become our new Director, oversee our spiritual needs and provide the guidance we need. Yours in Christ, Sister Jeanne of the Angels.

She seals the letter with a drop of hot wax from the candle, writes Grandier's name on the outside, crosses herself and blows out the flame.

37. INT. ST. PETER'S CHURCH

NIGHT

Grandier and Madeleine are kneeling in front of the altar. He is blessing the ring.

GRANDIER:

Benedic - Domine, hunc annulum, quem nos in tuo nomine benedicimus - ut quae cum gestaverit, fidelitatem integram suo sponso tenens, in pace et coluntate tua permaneat, atque in mutua caritate semper vivat. Per Christum Dominum nostrum.

(Bless* this ring, O Lord, which we bless* in thy name. May she who is to wear it be ever faithful to her husband. May she enjoy the peace of a mind docile to thy will, loving and being loved in thee as long as life shall last. Through Christ our Lord.)

MADELEINE:

Amen.

GRANDIER:

. With this ring I thee wed; this gold and silver I thee give; with my body I thee worship; and with all my worldly gifts I thee endow. In the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost. Amen. Confirma hoc, Deus, quod operatus in nobis. (Confirm O God what thou has wrought in us.)

MADELEINE:

A templo sancto tuo, quod est in Jerusalem. (From thy Holy temple in Jerusalem.)

(CONTINUED)

37 (Cont.)

GRANDIER:

Kyrie eleison. (Lord have mercy on us.)

MADELEINE:

Christe eleison. (Christ have mercy on us.)

GRANDIER:

Kyrie eleison. (Lord have mercy on us.)

They kiss. From the back of the church Adam and Ibert watch the illicit ceremony, unobserved. Madeleine and Grandier drink from the communion chalice.

MADELEINE:

We should step out into the sunlight.
Bells should tell the world about us.
It shouldn't be night, and as quiet as this. Dear God, my husband, kiss me.

38. INT. CONVENT OF THE URSULINES CORRIDOR NIGHT

Sister Agnes listens open-mouthed to a pathetic litany issuing through the open grille of Sister Jeanne's cell. A nun comes along and she, too, stops to eavesdrop.

JEANNE:

Sacred heart of Grandier, have mercy on us. Sacred lips of Grandier, have mercy on us. Sacred arms of Grandier, have mercy on us. Sacred hands of Grandier, have mercy on us. Sacred prick of Grandier, have mercy on us. Oh, Sacred prick of Grandier, have mercy on us. Have mercy, oh, oh, oh, have mercy - Grandier ... Oh, oh... have mercy, Grandier, Grandier, Grandier.

The sisters become alarmed as Jeanne screams out in ecstasy - they try to throw wide the door, but a chain prevents it opening more than a few inches.

SISTER AGNES:

Sister Jeanne, Sister Jeanne, are you ill?

A NUN:

Oh, it's not the plague. Please God, don't let it be the plague.

(CONTINUED)

38 (Cont.)

SISTER JEANNE:

(appearing at the grille)

Ssh! Father Grandier is here with me.
He loves me.

She closes the grille in their faces. Sister Agnes and the Nun look at each other in amazement. Muffled laughter seeps through the door.

39. INT. CARDINAL RICHELIEU'S RECORDS OFFICE DAY

A large, impersonal area full of filing cabinets. These are supervised and kept under lock and key by an army of YOUNG CLERICS and NUNS. Laubardemont is reading to Richelieu the facts from the file on Urbain Grandier.

LAUBARDEMONT:

(reading)

Son of a lawyer ... Nephew of the learned Canon Grandier of Sainte. Educated for ten years at the Jesuit College of Bordeaux as schoolboy and later as undergraduate, theological student, and after his ordination in 1615 as Jesuit novice. Failed to enter the Company as he felt no vocation to subject himself to so rigid a discipline. At twenty-seven, after two years of advanced theology and philosophy, presented by the Jesuits with the important living of St. Peter's at Loudun. Made canon of the Collegial Church of the Holy Cross - again a gift of the Jesuits.

RICHELIEU:

With such a background it is not surprising that your priest is proud and wilful. If he were allowed to become Governor he would protect Protestant and Catholic alike.

(CONTINUED)

39 (Cont.)

LAUBARDEMONT:

He would have command of the most heavily fortified town in all Poitu, Your Eminence.

RICHELIEU:

And the most dangerous Protestant stronghold. As long as it stands we shall never gain control of the South West. It must be razed to the ground.

LAUBARDEMONT:

And we could use the masonry to build your new town of Richelieu...

(this has obviously occurred to Richelieu as well)

...except the rebel priest will not allow one stone to be touched.

RICHELIEU:

And neither will the King. A whim of the moment! In the fullness of time he will come to see that it is God's Will.

LAUBARDEMONT:

And what of the militant Father Grandier, Eminence? He is far from whimsical.

RICHELIEU:

If only for the good of his immortal soul the priest must be humbled - his pride crushed. But with that Jesuit upbringing it won't be easy. You know what they say - "Give us the first seven years of a man's life and you can have the rest, you will never break him."

LAUBARDEMONT:

I, too, have a maxim, Eminence. Give me three lines of a man's handwriting and I will hang him.

They exit smiling through the swing doors.

40. INT. CONVENT OF THE URSULINES CORRIDOR NIGHT

Sister Jeanne walks the dark, deserted corridors holding a candle to light her way. Distant SOUNDS of wild laughter and hysterical shouting lead her towards the nuns' dormitory.

40A. INT. CONVENT OF THE URSULINES DORMITORY NIGHT

From the doorway Jeanne watches unobserved. A strange ceremony is taking place. A NUN, dressed as Grandier, is marrying by candlelight a NUN, dressed as Madeleine.

'GRANDIER' NUN:

(with mock solemnity)

And do you, Madeleine de Brou, take me, Urbain Grandier, priest of this parish, for your unlawfully wedded husband?

'MADELEINE' NUN:

(with mock modesty)

I do...most unreverend Father.

'GRANDIER' NUN:

Then I now pronounce us Man and Wife.

She slips a ring on her finger and they kiss. The other NUNS are still laughing, chanting...

OTHER NUNS:

Kyrie eleison, Christe eleison...
...and they shall be one flesh...
What Satan hath joined together let
no man put asunder...

Giggling and kissing the 'married' couple collapse onto a bed. Suddenly the terrible realization that she has just been witness to an event that actually happened strikes Jeanne like a thunderclap.

JEANNE:

(like a wail of despair
from the dead)

Aaah...aaaahh...

Immediately there is absolute quiet. The contrite Nuns freeze in their tracks. Sister Agnes is the first to break the long, agonized silence.

SISTER AGNES:

It was nothing, Reverend Mother,
nothing but high spirits - just a
game...

(pause - then in
bold desperation)

It's only a rumor!

Jeanne is in despair - the bottom has dropped out of her world.

41. INT. CONVENT OF THE URSULINES JEANNE'S CELL DAY

Sister Jeanne (holding the returned book on St. Teresa), in a white fury, faces an appalled Madeleine through the bars of the grill.

JEANNE:

Whore, strumpet, hypocrite - to tell me you have no vocation! - Of course you have a vocation - FORNICATOR.

She grabs at Madeleine's clothes through the grill - they tear as she breaks free.

JEANNE:

Fornicator, sacrilegious bitch, seducer of priests - that's your calling!

Sobbing, Madeleine runs away from the grill. Jeanne, too, is weeping, tears of regret as she sinks to the floor. She pulls a mirror out from beneath her blanket, looks at her reflection.

JEANNE:

If only he could have seen me first - my face under its coif is like an angel's face peeping through a cloud. And my eyes...

Sister Agnes bursts into the room - very excited. Jeanne hides the mirror.

SISTER AGNES:

Oh! I'm sorry, Reverend Mother, but our new spiritual director is here in the chapel. He wants to see you!

JEANNE:

Grandier! Grandier!

She jumps to her feet, runs out of the room in a state of happy delirium. Sister Agnes follows her.

42. INT. CONVENT OF THE URSULINES CORRIDORS DAY

Jeanne running towards the chapel. Sister Agnes following.

JEANNE:

(breathlessly)

Grandier! Grandier! It's not too late - you'll see - you'll see.

43. INT. CONVENT OF THE URSULINES CHAPEL DAY

Jeanne arrives full of expectation. FATHER MIGNON confronts her through the grill.

JEANNE:
(puzzled)
Father Grandier...?

FATHER MIGNON:
Father Mignon!

JEANNE:
My letter was to Father Grandier.

FATHER MIGNON:
Father Grandier regrets that he cannot accept the invitation to become Director of your house. I am to be your new Confessor. Father Grandier has not the time. He has pressing duties in the town.

JEANNE:
(stunned)
Pressing duties in the town.
(laughs)
Pressing duties in the town. I must address myself to God in this matter. Habit. Habit. It will never do. It must be to man.

Sister Agnes who has witnessed all this, withdraws as Jeanne begins her confession. Her illusions have been totally destroyed - Grandier has rejected her, she wants revenge.

JEANNE:
He talks to me of love - lewd and obscene. He plies me with caresses - lustful and wanton. He enters my bed at night and takes from me that which is consecrated to my Divine Bridegroom, Jesus Christ.

MIGNON:
And what form does this incubus take?

JEANNE:
Why, Father Grandier, of course.

MIGNON:
My dear, do you understand the seriousness of what you are saying?

(CONTINUED)

43 (Cont.)

JEANNE:
(calmly)
Yes. Help me, Father.

Father Mignon recognizes in this accusation the means with which to bring about Grandier's downfall.

44. OMITTED

45. INT. GRANDIER'S HOUSE NIGHT

Grandier and Madeleine peacefully sleeping.

46. INT. ADAM'S APOTHECARY SHOP NIGHT

A crazy clutter of the medieval, medical mind. Horses' hooves, human bones, the fetus of a whale, retorts, jars... and, dominating everything, the suspended crocodile under which evidence against Grandier is being discussed by Trincant, Mignon, Adam and Ibert. Laubardemont is in charge of the proceedings.

MIGNON:
...but, of course, I can prove nothing.
She may be simply a hysterical woman.

ADAM:
Mere conjecture, as you say, Father.
Surely our evidence is sufficiently
damning in itself.

IBERT:
Blasphemous nuptial mass.

LAUBARDEMONT:
Observed from the back of the church
in complete darkness.

IBERT:
And fornication. I've heard it.
Through the keyhole.

ADAM:
It's documented. Ten. Four. And
half past eight - yesterday.

LAUBARDEMONT:
Your patriotism does you proud,
gentlemen - but it is not enough.

(CONTINUED)

46 (Cont.)

TRINCANT:

Well, my daughter's pregnancy - is that not evidence enough.

LAUBARDEMONT:

Evidence of fornication, certainly, but whether lay or clerical it might be difficult to prove, as you well know, Mr. Magistrate. No, Father Mignon's evidence holds the most promise - it needs substantiating, of course, but it is a case of genuine possession by devils and Grandier himself was proved to be involved...yes, I think it bears investigation, gentlemen.

IBERT:

I shall be only too happy to give you any medical advice, Baron.

ADAM:

And I'll comment on any chemical or biological manifestations.

TRINCANT:

May I attend as a disinterested party?

LAUBARDEMONT:

Father?

MIGNON:

Certainly, if this is a genuine case, the more the merr... er, she already complains of a spasmodic swelling of the belly.

ADAM:

Fascinating!

IBERT:

Not unusual. Sense of false pregnancy. Known it before. Nothing to do with the devil - wind!

LAUBARDEMONT:

Conjecture is useless. We need a professional witch-hunter. We must send for Father Barre.

47. OMITTED

7/28/70
38.

48. INT. PLAGUE HOSPITAL

DAY

A long, narrow room crowded with beds and plague victims. Grandier is anointing one of the dying. Madeleine, who is bathing another patient, glances across at him with adoration.

GRANDIER:

Respice quaesumus Domine famulum
tuum in infirmitate sui corporis
fatiscentem, et animam refove, quam
creasti: ut, castigationibus emendatus,
se tua sentiat medicina salvatum. Per
Christum Dominum Nostrum, Amen.

(We beg of Thee, O Lord, to turn Thy
eyes towards Thy servants lying here
weak and weary. Warm with new life
the soul Thou didst create in them.
And if for their own good Thou hast
made them suffer, let them feel now
that Thy healing hand has taken their
suffering away. Through Christ Our
Lord, Amen)

49. INT. CONVENT OF THE URSULINES: CHAPEL

DAY

Jeanne stands near the altar. Laubardemont, Adam, Ibert, Mignon, Trincant and Barre are nearby. The Nuns kneel in prayer. There are also two clerks present recording everything - and an expectant congregation.

BARRE:

Good morning, Sister, my name is
Father Barre. Are you well?

JEANNE:

I'm very well thank you, Father.

BARRE:

Excellent. Will you kneel down.

Jeanne kneels, Barre stands over her.

BARRE:

(whispering)

Are you there? Are you there?
Come now, declare yourself. In
the name of Our Lord Jesus Christ.

Jeanne looks up at Barre - all innocence.

BARRE:

Dear Sister in Christ, I must question
you.

(CONTINUED)

49 (Cont.)

JEANNE:

Yes, Father.

BARRE:

Do you remember the first time your thoughts were turned to evil things?

JEANNE:

Yes, Father, I had a vision of a beautiful golden-haired youth walking on the waters of a lake. I dried his person with my hair...

There is a titter from the congregation. Laubardemont gives Barre a black look.

JEANNE:

...I had a great knowledge of love which persisted throughout my prayers. I was unable to rid him of my mind for several days.

BARRE:

Who was this man?

JEANNE:

(innocently)

A beautiful golden-haired youth.

LAUBARDEMONT:

(whispering to Barre)

This is nothing. This public exorcism was a mistake. Let us stop it now before we become the laughing stock of the entire town.

BARRE:

(to Jeanne, kindly)

We are unconvinced, my dear sister. And if our conviction remains untouched I do not have to remind you that you face eternal damnation...

Jeanne throws herself forward on her stomach - grinding her teeth. The restless spectators begin to show renewed interest.

BARRE:

...speak, speak!

JEANNE:

It was night. He came to me.

BARRE:

Name him.

(CONTINUED)

49 (Cont.1)

JEANNE:

The beautiful, golden-haired youth entered my room, smiling.

BARRE:

Was he alone?

JEANNE:

No, six of his creatures were with him.

BARRE:

Then?

JEANNE:

He took me gently in his arms and carried me to the chapel. His creatures each took one of my beloved Sisters.

BARRE:

What took place?

JEANNE:

Oh my dear Father, think of our little chapel, so simple, so unadorned. That night it was a place of luxury and scented heat. Let me tell you. It was full of laughter and music. There were velvets, silks, and the wood wasn't scrubbed - no, not at all. Yes, and there was food. High animal flesh, and wine, heavy, like the fruit from the East. I'd read about it all. How we stuffed ourselves.

An outburst of laughter from the crowd. Discomfort from the conspirators.

LAUBARDEMONT:

• This is a child's vision of hell!

BARRE:

Ssh!

(to Jeanne)

Go on.

JEANNE:

I forgot. We were beautifully dressed. I wore my clothes as if they were part of my body. Later, when I was naked - I fell among thorns. Come here.

Jeanne whispers to Barre - then laughs...

(CONTINUED)

49 (Cont.2)

BARRE:

She says she and her sisters were compelled to form themselves into an obscene altar and were worshipped.

JEANNE:

Again.

She whispers to Barre - then laughs.

JEANNE:

And then my love and I in a naked embrace ascended into the heavens and bathed in a sea of stars...

(she sinks back in peace and tranquility)

...I have found peace.

Barre nods to Adam and Ibert who erect a screen around Jeanne, then disappear behind it themselves. Some of the congregation who had obviously expected something more spicy start drifting out.

LAUBARDEMONT:

That was no devil. She spoke with her own voice. The voice of an unhappy woman.

BARRE:

Do not be so easily deceived. Her very innocence is a sham - a mask of deceit devised by the cunning of Satan. Be assured the fiend is silently lurking in some hidden recess of her body. This medical examination will reveal him - and then we will do battle.

Laubardemont, far from convinced, leaves Barre mumbling prayers and crosses over to Trincant.

LAUBARDEMONT:

(angrily)

This is a fiasco - your daughter may have to testify after all and we shall need further evidence. His rooms must be searched - find out when he is away -

TRINCANT:

Yes, Excellency, yes.

(CONTINUED)

49 (Cont.3)

Laubardemont leaves a somewhat frightened Trincant and goes over to hear what Adam and Ibert have to say as they come out from behind the screen wiping their hands, rolling down their sleeves.

LAUBARDEMONT:

Well?

IBERT:

Well, as a professional man.

ADAM:

He speaks for me.

IBERT:

I don't like to commit myself.

LAUBARDEMONT:

Even so.

ADAM:

Well, let's put it this way. There's been hanky panky.

BARRE:

Don't mince words, there's been fornication.

IBERT:

Rather.

BARRE:

Lust! She's been had.

ADAM:

I'll say.

BARRE:

Thank you, gentlemen. That's all I need. Asmodee - Asmodee - festering fruit of her unclean womb, thou shalt not escape me. Gentlemen, prepare for the exorcism.

Adam and Ibert go off. Laubardemont goes behind the screen with Barre.

BARRE:

My beloved Sister.

JEANNE:

Yes.

BARRE:

It must be extreme measures.

(CONTINUED)

49 (Cont. 4)

JEANNE:

What do you mean, Father?

BARRE:

The fiend must be forced from you.
Forced.

Adam and Ibert return. They wear dirty bloodstained aprons. Ibert is carrying a phallic looking brass syringe almost two feet in length while Adam carries a steaming kettle which he proceeds to pour into a bowl. Barre turns to Mignon who is hovering nearby.

BARRE:

Consecrate the water, please, Father
Mignon.

Father Mignon blesses the water. Barre looks approvingly at the syringe, then turning towards Jeanne, locks her in a half-Nelson and whispers in her ear.

BARRE:

Through that instrument, my child,
lies your salvation.
(shouting)
Do you hear me, Asmodee?

JEANNE:

(in devil's voice)
Mercy, mercy. Unhand me - you stupid
Christ loving cunt.

BARRE:

(triumphantly)
Hah - you are within. The anti-Christ
has spoken.

JEANNE:

No, no. I didn't mean it.

BARRE:

Too late, Asmodee. Do you expect mercy
now, after your blasphemy and filth
against Our Lord?

JEANNE:

Father! Father Barre, it is I speaking
to you now, Sister Jeanne of the Angels.

BARRE:

Ah, Asmodee, you speak with many voices.

(CONTINUED)

49 (Cont. 5)

Jeanne bites Barre's hand. With a cry he releases her. Laubardemont and Adam grab Jeanne and manhandle her, while Ibert draws the hot water up into the syringe.

JEANNE:

But it is I, Father. Beloved Mother of this dear convent.

BARRE:

Silence beast - are you ready, Ibert?

IBERT:

Quite ready.

JEANNE:

(screaming)

No, Father. No, Father, no .. no..
noooooooh!

BARRE:

Hold her steady, steady.

JEANNE:

Aaaahhhh!

With some difficulty the instrument is driven deep into Jeanne's body - and a quantity of hot Holy Water discharged.

BARRE:

I conjure thee, ancient serpent, by the judge of the living and the dead, by thy maker, by the maker of the world, by him who has the power to cast thee into ghenna, that from this servant of God, who hastens back to the bosom of the church, thou with the fears and afflictions of thy fury do speedily depart.

JEANNE:

(simultaneously with
above - devilish voice -
demented)

Jesus King of Shit, Jesus lover of
Buggery, Jesus, teacher of sodomy,
Jesus fucker of virgins, have mercy
on us - mercy - Oh Christ - No - Christ
no - aah! Oh, no take it out - Christ
your prick - your filthy prick - ahh,
ahh, ahh...

As the stream of blasphemy continues, Laubardemont is seen whispering to Sister Agnes.

(CONTINUED)

LAUBARDEMONT

As a favoured niece of Cardinal Richelieu, I think you should know how displeased His Eminence is with this heretic Father Grandier, my child. He has set himself up against your uncle's will, the church's will, Christ's will. He has taken possession of your dear Reverend Mother. His evil spirit pervades the entire convent. You are resisting him, but soon he will have his way - you will scream, you will blaspheme, you will not be responsible for your actions. But your uncle, who has great hopes for you, will forgive you and on the day this man's transgression is broken the Cardinal in his compassion will shower you with benedictions, indulgences - gifts.

Meanwhile Barre turns to Adam and Ibert.

BARRE:

She is full of devils. I detect the voice of Isacaaron lodged in the alimentary tract. Purge him, purge him.

Jeanne, reduced almost to a piece of meat on a butcher's slab, is rolled over and given an enema consisting of two quarts of steaming Holy Water. She screams - continues to scream. Pandemonium breaks out. Sister Agnes, who has been listening with growing excitement both to Jeanne's mounting hysteria and Laubardemont's whispering - is the first to go. She shrieks, shrieks again - goes into screaming convulsions. The hysteria spreads - soon all the nuns are at it - pandemonium!

Jeanne, now barely conscious, lies on the floor in a pool of her own excrement. Adam and Ibert are packing up their instruments. Trincant looks at his watch.

TRINCANT:

The devil, it seems, departed from the Mother Superior at two o'clock precisely.

IBERT:

Exemplary evacuation.

ADAM:

Diabulous excretia.

(CONTINUED)

49 (Cont. 7)

LAUBARDEMONT:

(bending over Jeanne
and stroking her head)

Who was responsible for this evil
possession, Sister Jeanne of the
Angels? Who was this golden-haired
youth?

JEANNE:

(very weakly)

Grandier.

LAUBARDEMONT:

Tell his rank.

JEANNE:

Priest.

LAUBARDEMONT:

Of what church?

JEANNE:

St. Peter's.

The congregation, who had been drifting out of the chapel
through boredom, now surge back in and jostle with each
other for the best view. Barre and Mignon have abandoned
Jeanne and are now busy exorcising the other Nuns. A few
voices in the audience are raised in objection to the
spectacle.

RANGIER:

These good Sisters are innocent - they
have been deliberately provoked by
the priests.

LE GRAND:

It is the priests who are depraved -
it is they who are guilty of sacrilege.
They have desecrated God's House with
a shameful and blasphemous spectacle.

They are shouted down by the remainder of the crowd, but they
do not go unnoticed.

LAUBARDEMONT:

(to Trincant)

Who are these dissenters?

TRINCANT:

He is a baker, Legrand - and that fellow,
Rangier, owns the largest hotel.

(CONTINUED)

49 (Cont. 8)

LAUBARDEMONT:

(taking in the
delighted crowd)I think we may soon acquire an interest
in the catering trade, my friend.

TRINCANT:

Excellent, excellent, it seems business
will be brisk.

LAUBARDEMONT:

Yes, I think the tourist season will
start early this year. We'll need a
larger theatre.

The crazy cabaret continues.

50. INT. GRANDIER'S HOUSE

DAY

Grandier is hastily dressing for a journey. Madeleine
enters with some shopping. She is agitated and remains
uneasy throughout the scene. Grandier, oblivious to any
danger, is carefree.

MADELEINE:

You have heard, then - you are in danger,
you are leaving.

GRANDIER:

Danger from whom?

MADELEINE:

Sister Jeanne - the nuns at the convent.
They have accused you of...

GRANDIER:

(laughing)

Come along, say it - devilish fornication.
Poor crazy ladies. No, they are not my
reason for leaving. Something much
more important.(he hands her
a document)a message from the King. He has granted
me an immediate audience, we had a mu-
tual friend in dear Old Sainte Marthe.
The city will be saved yet.

MADELEINE:

(unconvinced)

That is good news. But wouldn't it be
more prudent to stay here and crush these
slanders and then go to the King.

(CONTINUED)

50 (Cont.)

GRANDIER:

On the contrary, with me away the entire ridiculous fantasy will dissipate itself. By the time I return it will be all forgotten.

MADELEINE:

I wish I could share your optimism. This Mother Superior, Sister Jeanne, have you offended her in any way?

GRANDIER:

I don't know that's possible. I've never seen her.

MADELEINE:

Then why has she chosen you as her unholy rapist? Is it just to avenge herself against me?

GRANDIER:

You look frightened.

MADELEINE:

You're the one who should be frightened - I have seen her - she's dangerous.

GRANDIER:

She's certainly notorious. I, also, heard stories about her on the streets this morning. They made me laugh. I thought you'd be doing the same.

MADELEINE:

You still haven't answered my question. Why should it be you?

GRANDIER:

Secluded women. They give themselves to God, but something remains which cries out to be given to Man. Imagine being awakened in the night by a dream. A dream of your childhood, or of your lover, or even the vision of a good meal. Now, this is sin. And so you must take up your little whip and scourge your body. We call that discipline. But pain is sensuality and in its vortex spin images of horror and lust. My beloved Sister in Jesus seems to have fixed her mind on me. There is no reason - a piece of gossip perhaps, overheard, magnified. Anything found

(CONTINUED)

50 (Cont.1)

GRANDIER: (Cont.)

in the desert of a frustrated life can
bring hope. And with hope comes love.
And with love - comes hate. So I
possess this woman. God help her in
her terror and unhappiness.

He is now ready and relaxes his feverish haste for a moment
to take Madeleine in his arms.

GRANDIER:

(continuing)

... and God bless and cherish you till
my return.

They kiss and he hurries out leaving her thoughtful and
troubled.

MADELEINE:

(quietly)

God speed.

51. INT. ST. PETER'S CHURCH

DAY

Jeanne with the syringe stuck down her throat. Adam holds
her, Ibert applies the plunger - Barre prays. The church,
which is packed with tourists and sight-seers, is in pande-
monium. Trincant, Phillippe and Mignon are there.

More exorcists have been called in to deal with the Ursulines
who are now all possessed and going through an incredible
series of acrobats. Jeanne vomits. Ibert drops to his
knees to analyze the fiendish 'pact.' Laubardemont keeps
an eye on everything.

BARRE:

Tell me. Tell me.

IBERT:

Aaah... that looks like a left ventricle.

ADAM:

A part of the heart of a child.

BARRE:

Sacrificed at a witch's Sabbath, no
doubt. And look - the ashes of a
consecrated wafer.

ADAM:

And that's blood, thick blood, the
blood of a man.

(CONTINUED)

51 (Cont.)

BARRE:

Grandier.

IBERT:

And that slimy substance - could only
be semen.

BARRE:

Grandier! Grandier!

Jeanne, reduced to the state of animalism, writhes about
grunting like a pig. The Duc de Conde enters, dressed in
the height of fashion. He is an aristocratic sodomite -
camp page-boys and queer courtiers dance attendance on him.

DE CONDE:

I don't wish, my dear Father, to dis-
turb your devotions, and I would never
suggest that a member of the Royal
Family - be he the King's own brother -
(Barre rises)
took precedence over God...all the same.

BARRE:

I am at your service, Sire.

DE CONDE:

These raving women are possessed of
devils I take it?

BARRE:

Acting on the instigation of a priest,
Sire.

DE CONDE:

So I understand - most amusing - pray
proceed...

Barre blésses the monstrance while de Conde makes himself
comfortable in a throne chair and addresses one of his pages.

DE CONDE:

... Those are women, darling. Look well.
Vomit, if you wish. No, don't touch
them. Man is born of them. Cross
things - nasty. Breeding ground. Eggs
hatched out in hot dung. Don't wrinkle
your little nose, pet. Take this scent.

(hands a pomander
to the Page)

Some men love them. This poor deluded
priest, Grandier, for example ...
deserves all he gets.

(CONTINUED)

51 (Cont.1)

BARRE:

With your permission, sir, I'll begin.

DE CONDE:

Please do so.

BARRE:

But first I have a declaration to make.
This, sir.

(holds up the
monstrance)

contains the holy eucharist ...

Jeanne snores. Barre faces front and holds the monstrance
above his head.

BARRE:

... Heavenly Father, I pray that I may
be confounded and that the maledictions
of Dathan and Abiram may fall upon
me, if I have sinned or been at fault
in any way in this affair.

DE CONDE:

A very commendable gesture. Bravo!

The PAGES clap. Barre turns towards Jeanne.

BARRE:

Leviathan! Leviathan!

LEVIATHAN:

(speaking through
Jeanne; sleepily)

Go away.

BARRE:

Rouse yourself.

LEVIATHAN:

You bore me.

BARRE:

I am only a humble man but I speak in
the name of our Lord Jesus Christ.

Jeanne looks through a COURTIER's legs.

(CONTINUED)

51 (Cont.2)

LEVIATHAN:

(speaking through
Jeanne)

Don't keep bringing that imposter's
name into the conversation.

BARRE:

It disturbs you, eh?

DE CONDE:

Reverend Father, I notice that you
don't speak to these creatures in
Latin, as is usual. Why is that?

BARRE:

They're not conversant with the
language. You'll understand, sire,
that there are uneducated as well
as educated devils.

DE CONDE:

Quite.

Jeanne looks through the Courtier's legs.

LEVIATHAN:

(speaking through
Jeanne)

I haven't travelled much.

There is deep laughter, taken up by the other Devils.

BARRE:

Listen, filth ...

LEVIATHAN:

You're always so personal.

BARRE:

I'm going to speak a name to
you. Grandier.

LEVIATHAN:

Oh, that's a sweet noise. Do
it again.

(CONTINUED)

51. (Cont. 3)

Jeanne and the Nuns rise.

BARRE:

Grandier.

LEVIATHAN:

Yes, I like that.

BARRE:

You know him?

LEVIATHAN:

We serve him. Don't we?

DEVILS:

(speaking through
the Nuns)

Grandier! Grandier!

There is pandemonium. The Nuns put their arms round the Courtiers' necks. They push them to the floor screaming.

DE CONDE:

Father, may I try this?

Taking a box from a Page.

BARRE:

What is in the casket, sire?

DE CONDE:

A holy relic from the King's own chapel. A phial of the blood of our Lord Jesus Christ...

Mignon and Barre drop to their knees. Kiss the box most reverently.

DE CONDE:

... Tell me, Father, what effect would the close proximity of this relic have on devils such as these?

BARRE:

It would put them to flight.

DE CONDE:

At once?

BARRE:

Immediately. I couldn't guarantee, of course, that when the relic was removed, they wouldn't return.

(CONTINUED)

51 (Cont.4)

DE CONDE:

Of course not. That would be asking too much. Would you like to try?

BARRE:

In the name of our Heavenly Father,
I conjure thee, most frightful beings,
by this most sacred substance, to depart.

Muttering a prayer, he applies the box on Jeanne's forehead. Jeanne throws herself back and screams. The Nuns all scream. At once, in a number of horrible screams, the Devils leave their bodies by way of their distorted mouths. There is a silence. Barre holds the box up triumphantly then Jeanne rises to her full height. She speaks calmly, with the voice of a young girl, in her own person. The Nuns all stand.

JEANNE:

(quietly)

I am free! I am free!

She goes to De Conde, kneels and kisses his hands.

DE CONDE:

(suffering the kiss
with distaste)

I'm very pleased to have been of
some service, madam.

He crosses to Barre.

BARRE:

You see!

De Conde takes the box from Barre, opens it, holds it upside down and displays it around. It is empty.

DE CONDE:

You see, Father?

BARRE:

(after a moment)

Ah, sire, what sort of trick have
you played on us?

DE CONDE:

Reverend sir, what sort of trick are
you playing on us? Goodbye, ladies -
have fun - come along, my darlings.

He exits, laughing, with his clique. The sight-seers applaud him uproariously. The Nuns are hushed, terrified. The silence is broken by Mignon. He starts to run in circles,

(CONTINUED)

51 (Cont.5)

and demonic laughter is heard. The Nuns become possessed again. They SCREAM and rock hysterically. Mignon seizes Sister Agnes and dances with her.

LEVIATHAN:

(speaking through Mignon)

Fooled again.

BEHERIT:

(speaking through Agnes)

Make way.

Barre stares about him with horror, then wielding his cross like a club, he plunges into the crowd and lays about him.

BARRE:

We are besieged. The Te Deum,
play the Te Deum.

The organ blares out - Barre SCREAMS a prayer.

52. EXT. COUNTRYSIDE

DAY

Madeleine sits happily in a sunny dell. By her side is a bouquet of wild flowers, in her hand a letter which she is reading.

GRANDIER:

(v.o.)

A quick word before I leave for home. The King was very sympathetic. After reading our petition, he dictated a letter ordering Laubardemont to leave our walls intact. I could hardly believe that so important a thing could be settled so easily. The more I think about it the more it seems that the King's heart was moved by something more than usual good sense and understanding.

53. EXT. DESOLATE LAKE

DAY

Grandier rides along the shore.

GRANDIER:

(v.o.)

I know I am a weak, bad man. But after this journey I may find the strength to change. To summon towards myself the goodwill and wisdom that lies in the people of Loudun.

(CONTINUED)

53 (Cont.)

Grandier dismounts - gets bread and wine from his saddlebag and celebrates Mass.

GRANDIER:

(v.o.)

How often we have destroyed ourselves!
Time after time we have lost our city.
We lost it through vanity, and we lost
it through greed - and we could easily
lose it again through dissention. But
we will not. For whether Loudun is made
of wood and stone and earth or is simply
a dream in the minds and the longing of
her people - does not matter ...

Madeleine approaches with her flowers. They take communion together.

GRANDIER:

(v.o.; continuing)

... The King has secured our stones -
now we have to show him that the city
is the strength that lives in the hearts
of men - that greed and dissention will
never destroy her.

They mount the horse together and ride off.

GRANDIER:

(v.o.; continuing)

... and with God's help we will change
her walls to terraces that have the
colour of stars...

53A. EXT. LOUDUN DAY

Grandier and Madeleine riding towards the city.

54. INT. ST. PETER'S CHURCH DAY

The exorcisms continue. Screaming Nuns, praying Priests,
everywhere.

BARRE:

Adjuro te, serpens antique, per
Judicem vivorum et mortuorum, per
factorem tuum, per factorem mundi,
per eum qui habet potestatem mittendi
te in gehennam, ut ab hoc famulo Dei,
qui ad sinum Ecclesiae recurrit, cum metu
et exercitu furoris tui festinus discedas.

(CONTINUED)

54 (Cont.)

BARRE: (Cont.)

(I conjure thee, ancient, serpent by the Judge of the living and the dead, by Thy Maker, by the Maker of the world, by Him who has the power to cast thee into gehenna, that from this servant of God, who hastens back to the bosom of the Church, thou with the fears and afflictions of Thy fury speedily depart)

Barre collapses by Jeanne.

BARRE:

(continuing)

Save yourself, my daughter, save us all, dispel your evil seducer forever - send him back to hell ... give us peace - give us peace!

JEANNE:

(jumping up and shouting)

I have prostituted myself. I have prostituted myself for Grandier. He was well pleased. He offered to make me a princess in the Devil's court. He took me to a Witch's Sabbath.

RANGIER, THE HOTELIER:

These proceedings are designed to implicate an innocent man.

LEGRAND, THE BAKER:

The nuns and priests are guilty - not Father Grandier - there is a plot, a scheme to take him from us. And when he has gone - to take our city from us - our freedom.

Laubardemont looks worried, but only for a moment.

JEANNE:

Diabolical liar, you, you who were there. You are the blackest priest, the most sacriligious sacrificer, you kisser of the devil's rump, you.

LAUBARDEMONT:

(to the MILITIA, who have been standing by in the side chapels)

Arrest that man.

(CONTINUED)

54 (Cont.1)

SISTER AGNES:

And his friend's wife fornicates with Incubi. His hostelry harbours a coven of witches. His daughters are fucked by goats.

BARRE:

The mark of the cloven hoof is everywhere.

LAUBARDEMONT:

(to the Troops)

Arrest him. Surround the hostelry. Interrogate all persons found there. Bring his wife and daughter to the keep.

As the soldiers lead the two protesting citizens away - their fellows, some of whom were about to raise their voices in similar protest, become docile - keep their thoughts to themselves.

JEANNE:

And Grandier is their Master and Grandier bears the five marks of the evil one -

Adam and Ibert prick up their eyes, the clerks are poised ready to write.

JEANNE:

The first mark is on the right shoulder - the place where criminals are branded. The second is on the tongue, the third on the rump and the fourth and fifth on the right testicle and the left testicle. If no blood flows when these areas are cut or pricked, then that is the true sign of the devil.

Grandier's voice suddenly booms from the back of the church. Jeanne, who has been on her knees during the denunciation and unseen by Grandier, falls forward on her face - trembling with guilty spasms.

GRANDIER:

No - call me vain and proud - the greatest sinner ever to walk God's earth. But a Satan's boy I could never be - I haven't the humility. I know what I have sown, I am prepared for what I shall reap. But do you know, Reverend Mother, what you must give to have your wish about me fulfilled? I will tell you. Your immortal soul to damnation. May God have mercy on you.

(CONTINUED)

54 (Cont.2)

BARRE:

Seize them!

Grandier and Madeleine are surrounded by soldiers and led off. Jeanne is crying. The nuns get more worked up than ever, they throw their skirts over their heads, make obscene gestures and blasphemous remarks. The crowd lap it up. Laubardemont and Trincant look on approvingly.

TRINCANT:

At this rate I think we'll have to open another hotel, Baron.

LAUBARDEMONT:

Why not clear out the plague hospital - substantial building - plenty of beds. We shall need a larger state for the next performance.

55. INT. GRANDIER'S HOUSE

DAY

Grandier is pinioned in a terrifying inquisitional chair made of shining steel. Bands of metal encircle his head. His eyes stare out in agony through steel rims. His tongue has been pulled far out of his mouth and held down while sharp metal probes stab at it. A choked scream rasps in his throat. Barre, Mignon, Adam, Ibert and six guards are present.

56. OMITTED

57. EXT. CONVENT YARD

DAY

Jeanne is standing in the convent yard in the pouring rain. She has a rope around her neck and stares at a solitary bare tree. She mumbles a prayer - her eyes are full of sorrow. She is about to expiate her sins.

58. INT. CONVENT DORMITORY

DAY

Sister Agnes and a nun are lying on a bed in each others' arms. Other nuns are laughing, playing cards, strumming a lute, etc...

A NUN:

... I was never any good at prayer.

(CONTINUED)

7/28/70
60.

58 (Cont.)

SISTER AGNES:

Nor me.

A NUN:

We could have spent our lives on our knees.

SISTER AGNES:

And no one would have heard of us.

A NUN:

They're selling my picture in the town.

SISTER AGNES:

We're famous.

A NUN:

Are you worried about being damned?

SISTER AGNES:

No.

A NUN:

Not since your beautiful legs have been so admired.

She pulls up Sister Agnes' habit revealing her legs.

SISTER AGNES:

What do you think of in chapel?

A NUN:

New ways.

Sister Agnes makes crude gesture. The nun nods and laughs. They resume their love-making.

59. INT. CONVENT A NUN'S CELL DAY

Laubardemont is reading from a document. A nun listens with a certain misgiving.

LAUBARDEMONT:

...and this said Priest, Urbain Grandier, did debauch and defile my person six times between midnight and dawn on the night of July the 13th in the year of our Lord, 1634.

He gives her a pen and indicates where she should put her signature. The nun hesitates. It is obvious she knows the accusation to be untrue.

(CONTINUED)

7/28/70
61.

59 (Cont.)

LAUBARDEMONT:

... and remember, Sister, that any attempt to retract part or all of your statement at any time will result in your being condemned - not only in the next world, but also in this one, as well.

As she quickly signs, cries from outside are heard. Laubardemont glances out of the window, then hurriedly makes for the door.

60. EXT. CONVENT YARD

DAY

Jeanne has hanged herself from the tree. A group of distraught nuns are trying unsuccessfully to reach her. Laubardemont rushes through the teaming rain, hauls himself up on the branch and cuts her down. Her sisters catch her. Laubardemont takes her in his arms, carries her across the courtyard.

JEANNE:

(weakly)

- I have wronged an innocent man.

LAUBARDEMONT:

My poor deluded child. It is not you speaking, but the devils within you trying to protect Grandier. The exorcists have failed - we must resort to sterner measures.

61. INT. GRANDIER'S HOUSE

DUSK

Grandier lies on his bed - he cannot sleep. Outside the cell he hears drunken Breton sightseers - singing. Workmen are boarding up the windows.

GRANDIER:

God I want ... Christ I need
Thy ... Christ, Christ ...

(he cries:
he cannot pray
he is afraid):

(CONTINUED)

7/28/70
62.

61 (Cont.)

GRANDIER: (Cont.)

God I thought I had found you
and now you have forsaken me.
To make a man see in the
morning what the glory might
be, and by night to snatch it
from him.

(he drops
to his knees)

Most Heavenly Father, though
I struggle in Your arms like
a fretful child ... No. No.
What is there in myself which
makes for a purpose? Nothing.
Nothing.

The cell door opens - a figure enters.

GRANDIER:

What have you done to
Madeline?

FATHER AMBROSE:

My name is Ambrose, I do not
know what they have done to
Madeleine. I was told of your
trouble, my son. The night
can be very long.

GRANDIER:

Yes.

FATHER AMBROSE:

I thought I might read to
you. Or, if you'd like it
better we can pray together.

Grandier remains silent.

(CONTINUED)

7/28/70
63.

61 (Cont.1)

Father Ambrose turns to go.

GRANDIER:

Stay with me.

Ambrose stops and turns. The JAILER locks the door and goes away.

GRANDIER:

Help me.

AMBROSE:

I will try.

GRANDIER:

They are destroying my faith.

AMBROSE:

Go to God, my son.

GRANDIER:

Nothing going to nothing.

AMBROSE:

God is here, and Christ is now.

GRANDIER:

That is my faith. But how can I defend it?

AMBROSE:

By remembering the Will of God.

GRANDIER:

Yes. Yes.

AMBROSE:

By remembering that nothing must be asked of Him, and nothing refused.

GRANDIER:

(rising)

Yes. But this is all in the books. I've read it and understood it, preached about it a thousand times. And it is not enough. Not enough. Not now.

AMBROSE:

Christ is here.

(CONTINUED)

61 (Cont.2)

GRANDIER:

You're an old man. Have you gathered no more than these sanctimonious platitudes in all your years? Wait, I'm sorry. You came in charity. The only one who has done so. I'm sorry.

AMBROSE:

Suffering must be willed, affliction must be willed, humiliation must be willed, and in the act of willing...

GRANDIER:

They'll be understood. I know, I know.

AMBROSE:

Then you know everything.

GRANDIER:

I know nothing. Speak to me as a man, Father. Talk about simple things. What does God want of us?

AMBROSE:

Ourselves.

GRANDIER:

But I am unworthy.

AMBROSE:

Have you greatly sinned?

GRANDIER:

Greatly.

AMBROSE:

Even young girls come to me nowadays and confess things I don't know about. So it's hardly likely that I'll understand the sins of a young man of the world such as yourself. But let me try.

GRANDIER:

There have been women and lust; power and ambition, wordliness and mockery.

AMBROSE:

Remember. God is here. You speak before Him. Christ is now. You suffer with Him.

GRANDIER:

I dread the pain to come. The humiliation.

(CONTINUED)

7/28/70
65.

61 (Cont.3)

AMBROSE:

Did you dread the ecstasy of love?

GRANDIER:

No.

AMBROSE:

Or its humiliation?

GRANDIER:

I gloried in it. I have lived by the senses.

AMBROSE:

Then die by them.

GRANDIER:

What did you say?

AMBROSE:

Offer God your pain and your pleasure.
He is not a fool.

GRANDIER:

Yes.

AMBROSE:

Let Him reveal Himself in His own way.

GRANDIER:

Give Him myself.

AMBROSE:

It is all any of us can do. We go to
Him as we can ... All is forgiven.

GRANDIER:

(strongly)

Then let Him take me as I am. It is
sin going to forgiveness.

62. EXT. ST. PETER'S CHURCH

DAY

A stage has been erected. The exorcisms have become a truly public spectacle. A vast crowd watches the NUNS being put through their paces with great relish. Sister Jeanne is forcibly held down by Adam and Ibert whilst Laubardemont and Barre stand nearby. Trincant, Phillipe and Mignon are there. A band is playing nearby.

(CONTINUED)

62 (Cont.)

BARRE:

Duly constrained, the Devil is bound
to speak the truth. So speak, fiend,
before you are driven out.

He gives Jeanne a lash with his whip then mumbles prayers.

LAUBARDEMONT:

What do you say about the great
Cardinal, the portector of France?

JEANNE:

(with Devil's voice)

He is the scourge of all my good friends.

LAUBARDEMONT:

Who are your good friends?

JEANNE:

(with Devil's voice)

The heretics - the Huguenots. They
are Satan's good friends and faithful
servants.

BARRE:

Point them out. Point out your friends,
fiend.

JEANNE:

(in Devil's voice)

There - there and there - no no - no,
I must not betray them - there - there,
- no, no, nooo! There! Release me.

She finishes pointing and now, almost demented, hurls her-
self off the platform onto the crowd below.

JEANNE:

(in her own voice)

Release me. Mercy, mercy - deliver
me from the priests ...

BARRE:

The fiend is trying to escape just
punishment - return him to God's wrath.

As those unfortunates pointed out by Jeanne are protestingly
arrested, the remainder of the crowd chant approval as she
is man-handled back onto the platform. Barre whips her
unmercifully.

(CONTINUED)

7/28/70
67.

62 (Cont.1)

BARRE:

Show thyself, fiend - release this
innocent soul from your domination.

Jeanne in mental and physical agony/ecstasy.

63. INT. ST. PETER'S CHURCH

DAY

A court has been set up. Grandier, dressed in full canonicals looking his finest, stands between a large audience and thirteen judges, the Leader of whom is Trincant. Laubarde-
mont, acting as Public Prosecutor, is summing up. Barre,
Mignon, Ibert, Adam and Phillipe are there and FORTY SOLDIERS.

LAUBARDEMONT:

We have heard the evidence laid against
you by sober citizens...

CUT TO Legrand and Rangier who were arrested earlier and
now seem worn and shame-faced.

LAUBARDEMONT:

... your house has been searched.
Various manuscripts have been found.
There was a pamphlet directed against
His Eminence, Cardinal Richelieu. You
have also roused the temper of the
populace against His Eminence by denouncing
him in a public place. Letters and note-
books of a more personal kind were also
discovered.

(turning to JUDGES)

A treatise on celibacy in the priesthood
was also found. The man seems to have
been in love when this was written.

(he waves a few pages
of notes in the air)

We have also the written confession of
his 'wife' ...

GRANDIER:

What have you done with her?

LAUBARDEMONT:

... too distressed by the realization
of her guilt to give personal testimony
saying that she did go through a mock-
marriage ceremony with the accused in
his own church of St. Peter's. There
were also letters from other women, one
of which appears to suggest that he has
committed sexual intercourse under the
very roof of the church itself.

(CONTINUED)

63 (Cont.)

GRANDIER:

For the love of Jesus Christ, if you wish to destroy me, then destroy me. Convict me for exposing political chicanery and the evils of the state and I will plead guilty - but what man can face arraignments on the idiocy of youth, old love letters and pathetic objects stuffed in drawers or at the bottom of cupboards kept for that day he would need to be reminded that he was once loved.

LAUBARDEMONT:

To continue the evidence, my Lords. We have heard real devils speaking through the mouths of Ursuline nuns swear again and again that the accused is a sorcerer. And since, when duly constrained, by a Holy Exorcist, the devil is bound to tell the truth, it follows that ...

GRANDIER:

(very cool)

Lies, lies and heresy. The devil is a liar and the father of lies. If the devil's evidence were admitted, the virtuous people would be in the greatest danger, for it is against these that Satan rages most violently. I have never laid eyes on Sister Jeanne of the Angels. But Satan has spoken and to doubt his word is sacrilege. You have totally perverted Christ's own teaching - this new doctrine, Laubardemont's new doctrine, Barre's new doctrine, invented especially for this occasion, is the work of men who are not concerned with fact, or law, or theology but only in a political experiment to show how far the will of one man can be pushed to destroy not only one man - or one town - but one nation.

Laubardemont looks black - he signals for Grandier to be led away. The public seem disturbed by what they have heard. A feeling of unrest, dissatisfaction pervades the church.

64. INT. GRANDIER'S HOUSE

DAY

Grandier enters escorted by Laubardemont and TWO SOLDIERS. Adam and Ibert are waiting.

(CONTINUED)

7/28/70
69.

64 (Cont.)

GRANDIER:
Good morning, Mr. Surgeon.

IBERT:
And good morning to you.

GRANDIER:
Good morning, Mr. Chemist. What have
you got there?

ADAM:
(stammering)
It's a razor.

GRANDIER:
(after a pause, to
Laubardemont)
Must it be this way?

LAUBARDEMONT:
Yes, Order of the Court.

GRANDIER:
Well, Mr. Surgeon, all your study and
training have brought you only to this.
To be a barber.

LAUBARDEMONT:
Get on with it. The judges are
waiting to pass sentence.

GRANDIER:
Just a moment.

He touches his black curls and then fingers his moustaches.

GRANDIER:
Have you a glass?

IBERT:
No, no. Of course not.

LAUBARDEMONT:
There's this.

He takes an empty silver cup from the tray, polishes the base
of the cup on his sleeve and hands it to Grandier, who looks
long and deeply at his reflection. He returns the cup to
Laubardemont and kneels beside the tray. They shave him
bald.

7/28/70

70.

65. INT. ST. PETER'S CHURCH

DAY

Grandier kneels before the JUDGES to hear his sentence. His biretta is knocked off. He is bald and clad in a shift impregnated with sulphur. The crowd snigger at this pitiful spectacle. Trincant, Ibert, Adam, Phillipe, Mignon and Laubardemont.

TRINCANT:

(reading)

"Urbain Grandier, you have been found guilty of commerce with the Devil. And that you used this unholy alliance to possess, seduce and debauch certain Sisters of the Holy Order of St. Ursula. You also have been found guilty of obscenity, blasphemy and sacrilege. It is ordered that you proceed and kneel at the doors of St. Peter's and St. Ursula's and there with a rope round your neck and a two pound taper in your hand, ask pardon of God, the King and Justice. Next, it is ordered that you be taken to the market place, tied to a stake and burned alive; after which your ashes will be scattered to the four winds. It has been decided that a commemorative plaque shall be set up in the Ursulines' chapel. The cost of this, yet to be ascertained, will be chargeable to your confiscated estate. Lastly, before sentence is carried out, you will be subjected to the Question, both ordinary and extraordinary. Pronounced at Loudun, the eighteenth of August, sixteen-thirty-four, and executed the same day." Have you anything to say?

GRANDIER:

(turns to his
JUDGES)

My Lords, I am innocent of the charges and I am afraid. I fear for my salvation. I am prepared to go and meet God but the horrible torment you have ordered for me on the way may drive my wretched soul to despair. Despair, my Lords. It is the gravest of sins. It is the short way to eternal damnation. Surely in your wisdom you do not mean to kill a soul. So may I ask you, in your mercy to mitigate, if only a little, my punishment.

(he looks from
face to face)

(CONTINUED)

65 (Cont.)

GRANDIER; (Cont.)

Very well. I have the hope in my heart that as this day ends, Almighty God, my beloved Father in Heaven, will glance aside and let my suffering atone for my vain and disordered life. Amen.

The crowds are heard to murmur "Amen." Some of the WOMEN cry.

BARRE:

Devil. Witch. Heretic.

LAUBARDEMONT:

(to the CLERK)

Clear the court.

(he turns to Grandier
as the SPECTATORS
leave)

Confess your guilt. Tell us the names of your accomplices. Then perhaps, my Lords, the Judges, will show mercy.

GRANDIER:

I have had no accomplices. These crimes are not my crimes. Please stop this foolishness. We both know why I was brought to trial - we both know why I have been found guilty.

LAUBARDEMONT:

Just put your name to this document and we can forget the next stage of the proceedings.

GRANDIER:

I'm sorry.

LAUBARDEMONT:

I fear for you, Grandier. I have seen men before you take this brave standing in the chance of the Question. It was unwise, Grandier. Think again.

GRANDIER:

No.

(CONTINUED)

65 (Cont.1)

LAUBARDEMONT:

You will go into the darkness before your death. Let me talk to you for a moment about pain. It is very difficult for us standing here, both healthy men, to imagine the shattering effect of agony. The sun's warm on your face at the moment, isn't it? And you can curl your toes if you want in your slippers. You are alive, and you know it. But when you are stretched out in that little room, with the pain screaming through you like a voice, let me tell you what you will think. First "How can man do this to man?" Then, "How can God allow it?" Then, "There can be no God." Then, "There is no God." The voice of pain will grow stronger, and your resolution weaker. Despair. Grandier. The gravest sin. Don't reject God at this moment. Reconcile yourself. For you have bitterly offended Him. Confess.

GRANDIER:

No.

LAUBARDEMONT

Very well. I ask you once more. Once more. Will you sign?

Grandier shakes his head.

LAUBARDEMONT

Take him away.

GRANDIER:

I would like to ask something.

LAUBARDEMONT

What?

GRANDIER:

May I have Father Ambrose with me?

(CONTINUED)

7/28/70
73.

65 (Cont.2)

LAUBARDEMONT

No. If you want spirtual consola-
tion, address yourself to one of
these gentlemen.

Laubardemont indicates the stony faces of Father Barre
and Mignon.

66. INT. GRANDIER'S HOUSE

DAY

Father Barre and Mignon are exorcising the instruments of
torture. Adam and Ibert are there.

GRANDIER:

Devils in pieces of wood now,
Barre?

BARRE:

If they are not driven out,
your Devils, might, by their
infernal arts, prevent the torture
from being as excruiating as
it should be and then you would
never confess and your soul would
be damned for eternity.

Grandier is seized by TWO SOLDIERS, pinioned, his feet put
in the metal boot.

BARRE:

Are you ready to confess?

GRANDIER:

I'm only too ready to confess my
real sins. I have been a man. I
have loved women. I have enjoyed
power.

(CONTINUED)

66 (Cont)

BARRE:
That's not what we want. You've
been a magician. You've had
commerce with devils.

GRANDIER:
No!

Barre drives in the first wedge.

GRANDIER:
(continuing)
Father, where is the Charity of
St. Francis?

MIGNON:
Hit.

Grandier screams.

MIGNON:
(continuing)
Confess. Confess.

GRANDIER:
(calm)
Father, do you believe, in your conscience
that a man ought, merely to be delivered
from pain, to confess a crime he has not
committed?

BARRE:
More wedges.

Barre inserts another wedge between his legs and drives it
home.

GRANDIER:
Please God don't let this pain make
me forget you.

LAUBARDEMONT:
(entering)
No confession?

(CONTINUED)

7/28/70

75.

66 (Cont.1)

BARRE:

He called on God to give him strength.
His God is the devil and did so. Made
him insensible to pain.

GRANDIER:

Take no notice of these tears. They
are the Devil's tears.

LAUBARDEMONT:

Confess.

GRANDIER:

No.

LAUBARDEMONT:

There are six thousand Christian souls
waiting for you in the market place.
Tell me, do you love the Church?

Grandier is almost fainting with pain - his voice is a whisper.

GRANDIER:

Not today.

LAUBARDEMONT:

Do you want to see it grow more powerful,
more benevolent, until it embraces every
human soul on this earth?

Grandier nods.

LAUBARDEMONT:

(continuing)

Then help us to achieve this great purpose.
Go to the market place a penitent man.
Confess and by confessing, proclaim to
those thousands that you have returned
to the Church's arms. By going to the
stake unrepentant you do God a disservice.
You give hope to unbelievers. Such an act
can mine the very foundations of the Church.
You are no longer important. Think. Are you
any longer important?

GRANDIER:

I never was important.

LAUBARDEMONT:

Then make a last supreme gesture for the
Catholic faith.

There is a pause. Laubardemont eagerly leans forward, then
Grandier looks up. His face is drawn in an agonized smile.

(CONTINUED)

7/28/70
76.

66 (Cont.2)

GRANDIER:

Go away, Laubardemont, you are becoming tedious.

LAUBARDEMONT:

Did you know that the King has gone back on his word because of your crimes? The walls are to come down, the city will be destroyed. We have won.

GRANDIER:

You have lost.

LAUBARDEMONT:

Confess. Confess.

GRANDIER:

No.

LAUBARDEMONT:

Sign.

Grandier turns away.

67. EXT. ST. URSULA'S CONVENT

DAY

Grandier, clinging onto a litter, is pulled through the crowded streets by six mules - up the door of St. Ursula's Convent where the community await him. ARCHERS stand by to see there is no trouble.

LAUBARDEMONT:

(to Grandier)

Get down.

GRANDIER:

What is this place?

LAUBARDEMONT:

It is the Convent of St. Ursula. A place you have defiled. Do what must be done.

Grandier laughs.

Barre tips Grandier out of the litter. He falls full length on his back. We SEE his legs are shattered to pulp - splintered bone, marrow, blood!

GRANDIER:

Deus meus, miserere mei Deus.
(My God, have pity on me)

(CONTINUED)

7/28/70
77.

67 (Cont.)

LAUBARDEMONT:

Ask pardon of this Prioress, and these good Sisters.

GRANDIER:

Who are these women?

LAUBARDEMONT:

They are the people you have wronged. Ask their forgiveness.

GRANDIER:

I have done no such thing. I can only ask that God will forgive them.

There is a silence. Jeanne comes down the steps and stands above Grandier. She and Grandier stare at each other.

JEANNE:

(after a pause)

They always spoke of your beauty. Now I see it with my own eyes and I know it to be true.

GRANDIER:

Look at this thing which I am, and learn the meaning of love.

Grandier is lifted on to the litter, watched by Jeanne - her eyes full of compassion, the procession moves off. MONKS chant the "Dies Irae" to the accompaniment of blaring instruments. The crowd is jubilant - there is a feeling of carnival in the air. Side shows and booths line the route to the square.

68. EXT. PUBLIC SQUARE

DAY

The procession arrives. The square is packed, it is all but impossible to get Grandier to the stake. SPECTATORS watch from the gargoyles of the church. A BAND plays. The crowd behave like fans at a football match.

69. INT. TRINCANT'S HOUSE

DAY

Phillipe, Adam, Ibert and Trincant are getting drunk. Trincant takes a child from its cot and holds it up to the window. THREE SERVANTS and a NURSEMAID are there.

TRINCANT:

Watch bastard! See how your mother's honour was avenged!

(CONTINUED)

69 (Cont.)

IBERT:

Lucky little bastard. Not every day
baby sees daddy burnt to death.

The child howls. Everyone screams with laughter.

70. EXT. PUBLIC SQUARE

DAY

The masses scream and fight for a good view, while the privileged scramble onto the specially erected grandstands. Grandier is taken down from the litter, lifted onto the iron seat and lashed to the post.

EXECUTIONER:

I must ask your forgiveness, Priest, for what I must do, but you can make a speech if you like, and then, before the fire is lit, I'll strangle you. I promise it will be quick.

GRANDIER:

God Bless you.

Barre and Mignon sprinkle everything with Holy Water.

MIGNON:

Confess. Confess.

BARRE:

Behold the cross of the Lord, let its enemies take fright: the lion of the Tribe of Juda has conquered the root of David. I exercise thee, creatures of wood, in the name of God the Father Almighty, and in the name of Jesus Christ his Son our Lord, and in the power of the Holy Ghost...

MIGNON:

Confess, confess. Beg forgiveness.

GRANDIER:

(shouting)

Forgive me for defending your city so badly.

Barre hits him brutally about the mouth with crucifix. Grandier flinches.

(CONTINUED)

7/28/70
79.

70 (Cont.)

BARRE:

See how he flinches, see how he denies his Redeemer. Confess.

GRANDIER:

I have finished confessing give me the kiss of peace and let me die.

BARRE:

Kiss the devil, kiss the evil fiend - the anti-Christ the sink of all iniquity - all evil.

The crowd screams for him to deliver the kiss. Barre hesitates, then climbs up onto the pile of wood and kisses Grandier's cheek.

VOICE:

Judas.

CROWD:

Judas. Judas. Judas.

Barre jumps down, snatches up a twist of straw, plunges it in a brazier - then waves the flaming brand in Grandier's face.

BARRE:

Confess, you are the devil's servant, confess, renounce your master.

GRANDIER:

Father, I am about to meet the God who is my witness and I have spoken the truth.

BARRE:

Confess, confess. You have only a moment to live.

GRANDIER:

Only a moment - and then I go to that just and fearful judgement to which, Reverend Father, you too must soon be called.

BARRE:

Confess, confess.

Barre throws down the torch and the pyre leaps into flames.

GRANDIER:

(to the Executioner)
Is this what you promised me?

The Executioner tries to stamp out the flames but there are too many.

(CONTINUED)

7/28/70
80.

70 (Cont.1)

EXECUTIONER:

Where is the noose?

CROWD:

Strangle, strangle, strangle...

The Executioner looks for the noose. It is in Father Mignon's hands, tied in dozens of knots. He snatches it away but it is useless, the flames have taken hold. The FATHERS continue to throw Holy Water onto the flames - which immediately turn into steam.

Laubardemont gives the signal. The machine, which has remained dormant for so long, springs into life - the city walls begin to crumble. The crowd is oblivious.

GRANDIER:

(shouting at the unheeding crowd)

Don't look to me - look to your city. If your city is destroyed your freedom is destroyed also.

BARRE:

Unrepentant to the last - the fiend still speaks. Confess. Confess.

GRANDIER:

If you would remain free men - fight - fight them or become their slaves.

He is overcome by a fit of coughing.

BARRE:

The wretch is trying to cheat justice by suffocating.

MIGNON:

Another of Satan's tricks.

Barre throws a bucketful of Holy Water into the smoke - the coughing stops.

BARRE:

Exorciso te, creatura fumi.
Effugiat atque discedat a te nequitia
omnis ac versutia diabolicae fraudis.
(I exorcise thee, O unclean spirit,
may all the wickedness of your devilish
trickery flee and leave you)

(CONTINUED)

70 (Cont.2)

Suddenly the blackened thing in the midst of the fire speaks.

GRANDIER:

(smiling)

Deus Meus, miserere mei Deus -
(My God have pity on me). Forgive them -
forgive my enemies.

Snow begins to fall in the shape of a whirling blizzard. The cord breaks and the body falls forward into the flames. The city walls continue to crumble. Mignon starts to go mad. The Executioner scatters a shovelful of ashes to each of the four corners and then the crowd surges forward for souvenirs - dragging pieces from the fire, burning their hands. Fighting for bits. Madeleine wanders across the square - her hair has turned white - her hands are bound in bloody bandages. She looks without seeing - as a human being she no longer exists. Grandier's ashes blow in her face.

71. INT. JEANNE'S CELL

NIGHT

Jeanne is whipping herself when Laubardemont enters. Distant SOUNDS of demolition.

JEANNE:

I'm purging my own devils.

LAUBARDEMONT:

What devils?

JEANNE:

Isacaaron, Balaam...they say they can stand up to the church, but they can't stand up to this bitch!

LAUBARDEMONT:

Jeanne, you are being hysterical.

Jeanne stops the flagellation and looks at Laubardemont, startled.

JEANNIE:

Where's Father Barre - I was expecting him.

LAUBARDEMONT:

Off to Poitiers - a nun is reported to be having commerce with your Isacaaron in the form of a three-legged dog.

(CONTINUED)

7/28/70
82.

71 (Cont.)

JEANNE:

But there was going to be a public exorcism tomorrow - in St. Peter's. Perhaps Father Mignon could manage...

LAUBARDEMONT:

Father Mignon is quite demented. He's been put away. Keeps babbling that we have destroyed an innocent man and with no signed confession to prove otherwise everyone is of the same opinion. A pity that - could lead to trouble. But he served his purpose - up to a point. No, with Grandier gone you are no longer possessed, it's simple.

JEANNE:

(shocked)

What shall I - we do.

LAUBARDEMONT:

Pray for your salvation - do penance. Stay here quietly, of course, what else. There'll be a few tourists occasionally to brighten things up - but they won't last long - soon the town will die and you will be left in peace - and oblivion.

He turns to go - reaches the door - turns back.

LAUBARDEMONT:

Oh! I nearly forgot.

He throws a blackened bone at her feet.

LAUBARDEMONT:

Souvenir!

(CONTINUED)

7/28/70
83.

71 (Cont. 1)

He smiles and goes out. For some time Jeanne gazes at the bone, then picks it up tenderly and kisses it. She then puts it up between her thighs crying softly and sweetly...

JEANNE:
Grandier! Grandier!

THE END