

A Jean-Jacques Annaud Film

THE NAME OF THE ROSE

based on the novel
by
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American Draft by
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Stat rosa pristina nomine
nomina nuda tenemus

"THE NAME OF THE ROSE."

PROLOGUE

Over the black screen, and the sound of a bleak winter wind, we hear an OLD MAN's voice:

OLD MAN

It isn't difficult to remember so terrible a time as that. . .

01 EXT. FIELD - DAY

We open very close on a cross, made of iron. The whistling wind is still heard. We begin to pull back from the cross. . .

OLD MAN (V.O.)

. . . A time when kings were fighting
princes and princes emperors -- and
all in the name of the selfsame Saviour!

We have now pulled away from the cross sufficiently to see that it is the ornamental top-piece of an iron helmet -- a helmet that has fallen from the head of a slain soldier -- a soldier who lies on a field littered with the bodies of dozens, then hundreds, then thousands of men. . . all wearing helmets with crosses.

02 EXT. THE FIELD - DAY

We open on another cross, this one atop the staff held by a Priest on another part of the same field. Behind him, a ragged group of standing Soldiers watch as he crosses himself over one of the fallen, blessing him. . .

OLD MAN (V.O.)

As ever, men looked . . . to the
Church for answers. . .

Looking up, the Priest sees a Second Priest of another order -- who is blessing the dead of the opposing army -- and an icy animosity flickers across their respective faces. . .

OLD MAN (V.O.)

But the Church herself was riven in two,
and men began to look elsewhere. . .

03 EXT. TOWN SQUARE - DAY

A squalid crowd of peasants -- toothless, dressed in rags, half-starving -- has gathered to watch a Messianic Figure whose chest is studded with the scabby, self-inflicted scars of a giant cross. They watch as he uses a knife to inflict himself with false stigmata. . .

OLD MAN (V.O.)

From the poorest to the richest --
the most benighted to the wisest --
they looked and looked for answers. . .

04 INT. STUDY - NIGHT

Again, we open on a cross -- a small silver one with Jesus elegantly carved on it -- hanging on a wall. . .

A thoughtful-looking man of fifty sits at a wooden desk, in candlelight, reading from an ancient text and taking notes.

Suddenly, at the sound of heavy-trodding feet, he looks up in fear. O.S., we hear the door being kicked open, and the room is flooded with torchlight.

OLD MAN (V.O.)

It was then that the Church conceived
of a most formidable weapon: . . .

05 EXT. COBBLED STREET - DAY

We open on yet another cross -- a large yellow one stitched on a pennant held aloft.

OLD MAN (V.O.)

The Holy Inquisition!

Pulling back, we see the shackled prisoner (the scholar from the previous scene) being borne down the narrow, crooked Medieval street by gruff Inquisitorial Guards, their tunics emblazoned with the Yellow Cross.

The mass of unwashed humanity that lines the street (and who are like a Hieronymous Bosch tableau) watch these events with terror and awe. The shopkeepers, peasants, etc., eye the thoughtful-looking prisoner like a leper -- or the Devil himself. Some cross themselves; some turn away, terrified. . .

06 INT. BISHOP'S PALACE - DAY

An Inquisitorial trial. . .As the Inquisitorial Guards stand grimly by, and a fierce, dark-eyed Inquisitor raises an eyebrow in reproach, a Second Inquisitor, whom we see only from behind, strives to defend the prisoner.

OLD MAN (V.O.)

And those who questioned the answers of the Inquisition soon learned its most formidable rule:

07 INT. BISHOP'S PALACE - LATER

We again see the Second Inquisitor from behind; he kneels between two Inquisitorial Guards, while the dark-eyed Inquisitor stands above him, his eyes fierce with anger.

OLD MAN (V.O.)

Any man who disputed a sentence of heresy was himself a heretic. . .and subject to be 'purified' in the same manner as all heretics!

08 EXT. INQUISITORIAL PYRES - NIGHT

The Inquisitorial court -- the Guards, the dark-eyed Inquisitor, the Bishops -- stand solemnly, their faces lit by the yellow and gold of the roaring pyres. . .The banners with yellow crosses are everywhere, and the peasants watch in awe.

OLD MAN (V.O.)

How sorely did we wait for Holy Mother Church to heal our wounds again!

We reverse on the flames, fiercely licking the night sky.

OLD MAN (V.O.)

But first, she had to heal her own!

The flames roar in an almost explosive woosh; the screen turns red, then black, in a sudden

FADE OUT

1

EXT. RIVER/FERRY - DAWN

The turbulence of the Prologue gives way to a chilly hush as dawn breaks over a brooding winter landscape. On a sluggish river, whose deep banks are laced with mist, we see a ferryboat. It is about to set off for the far bank, to which it is linked by a system of ropes, operated by two Ferryman.

Several silent Peasants already are aboard: one holds a cage of cackling chickens, another a sack of grain, a third a filthy billygoat whose devil-eyes (with vertical pupils) are uniquely unsettling.

Just as the Ferryman are about to push off, two Monks, mounted on mules, appear at the top of the track which leads to the boarding-ramp. Both of them wear the whitish habit of the Franciscan Order.

The first is a tall man of about fifty with an air of lively preoccupation. If we can read his thoughts at all, it is only by looking at his keen eyes -- which just now show an almost hidden amusement at the clever navigational ropes.

The second monk is no more than sixteen, fair and handsome. His face is open, clear-eyed, ingenuous -- and it is evident at once he is a novice in the company of his tutor. Both monks have small traveling bags, slung from the backs of their saddles.

As the monks dismount and lead their mules aboard (with a clatter of hoofs on the wooden deck) all the Peasants make diffident and swift signs of the cross. WILLIAM OF BASKERVILLE, the older of the monks, isn't looking at the peasants; he's taking a hearty draught of mountain air and admiring the scenery. ADSO OF MELK, on the other hand, nods gratefully and politely to the other passengers, as if the sign of the cross is a form of salutation meant for him personally.

2

(DELETE SCENE 2)

3

EXT. - MOUNTAINOUS TERRAIN - DAY

William and Adso now ride on a track that ascends the flank of a rocky, stark, jagged spur. Only a few trees grow here, and their black branches are eerily silhouetted against the white winter sky.

6A INT. CLERICAL OFFICE - LATE AFTERNOON

The two monks stand just back from the window, careful that they themselves are not seen. The room is dark, lighted by a single dim candle, and the sinister air of espionage is heightened by the fact we at first see the two monks from behind, their cowls outlined against the dim light coming in the window. As they speak, their heads follow William as he passes:

FIRST MONK

And what if -- God forbid! -- he learns of the crime on his own?

SECOND MONK

My Lord Abbot, you over-estimate his powers of deduction. It is far better to say nothing.

Now the Second Monk, MALACHI, turns back toward the room, and we see his face: it is as hard-boned and fleshless as a bird of prey's, with deep-set glittering eyes. He turns to address a third monk.

MALACHI

What is your opinion, Venerable Jorge?

The Lord ABBOT now also turns back -- showing us his plump and politic face -- to hear what Brother Jorge has to say.

JORGE is blind, aged and venerable. His eyes are a milky white, his ancient (uncowled) head as smooth as a skull. He sits on a bench behind a stark table, his hand resting on the leather cover of a massive Bible as if, in his blindness and wisdom, he need only touch the Book to read it. He "stares" straight ahead, speaks in a voice coated with peace and reason.

JORGE

Brothers -- I leave these worldly matters to younger men.

7 INT. WILLIAM & ADSO'S CELL - NEAR DUSK

The last of the pale winter sun comes through a narrow ogee window. The cell is spartan in the extreme: a plank bed, covered with a palliasse and two shapeless blankets, a wooden table fixed to the wall, a pair of three-legged stools, a crucifix of pale oak, a washbowl and a pitcher.

William is washing his face over the bowl; Adso sits on the bed, but angled slightly forward and pinched, staring at the floor, miserable. Without even looking up from the

washbowl, William deduces what is troubling his modest pupil.

WILLIAM

Adso. . .

ADSO

Yes, Master?

WILLIAM

(rinsing his face)

The Brother Cellarer neglected to tell us the privvy lies on the left side of the courtyard, near the third arch. . . Luckily, I saw a monk galloping to that spot, then emerging at a peaceful pace. . .

(he pats his face with a stiff towel, behind which he hides a gentle smile)
Otherwise, we might've been too modest to ask.

ADSO

(standing, relieved)

Thank you.

Adso hurries out. As William fastidiously refolds the towel, he lingers momentarily by the window; he looks at something outside and knits his brow with curiosity.

7A EXT. GRAVEYARD - NEAR DUSK

We reverse on the graveyard. Everything looks ordinary and peaceful -- dozen of identical graves, each with a raw wooden cross. We wonder what aroused his curiosity.

7B INT. WILLIAM & ADSO'S CELL - NEAR DUSK

William turns toward the bed, on which his bag lies, and begins to unpack a variety of strange objects: an Arab compass, a pocket sundial, an hourglass, a plumb bob and line, a flask of mercury, an astrolab with the signs of the zodiac, and a pair of primitive eyeglasses (more or less) made of wrought iron and thick glass lenses.

As William is laying out the last of the objects, the Abbot, fingering his thick pectoral cross (which identifies him as the Abbot) enters quietly. He is eyeing the objects on the bed with disaste and worry. Then William turns to see him, and the Abbot's frown instantly turns to the "sincerest" of smiles.

ABBOT
Dominus vobiscum.

WILLIAM
Hospis fui, suscepistis me.

The two men exchange a kiss of peace; it is on the lips, according to custom. The Abbot speaks floridly, a solid old diplomat.

ABBOT
On behalf of the Benedictine Order, I greet you, Brother William of Baskerville, and I pray that here in the monastery entrusted to my care, and chosen for the long-awaited summit, Holy Mother Church may again find peace.

WILLIAM
(speaking a formula)
On behalf of the Franciscan Order, I thank you, Lord Abbot.
(his own terse addendum)
We all want peace.

The Abbot, bows piously.

ABBOT
Brother William, I particularly praise God that you are the first of the Franciscans to arrive.

WILLIAM
It was always so planned. . .

ABBOT
Yes, but -- the fact is, a small matter has come up, the sort of matter to which your well-known skill in matters of -- worldly detection, might be fruitfully applied.

He smiles painfully while trying to think of how to describe "the small matter." William, whose direct style is so different from the Abbot's florid one, cuts to the chase.

WILLIAM
Lord Abbot, would this matter have anything to do with the brother who died yesterday?

ABBOT
(suddenly alarmed)
Who told you?!

William gestures at the window and the confused Abbot takes a look.

8 EXT. GRAVEYARD - NEAR DUSK

Again we see all the graves, identical in the fading light, and wonder how William can know that someone died yesterday.

WILLIAM (O.S.)

We have a saying in England, perhaps you know it: A little bird told me.

And only now do we notice that, on one of the far-off graves, a crow sits perched on the wooden cross while a second crow pecks at the mound of dirt beneath. . .

9 INT. WILLIAM & ADO'S CELL - NEAR DUSK

The Abbot is amazed. He paces, fingering his cross. He speaks with a swift, grim determination -- eager to disclose the nasty details as quickly as possible.

ABBOT

Then I must tell you what the birds cannot. . .The victim was a young illuminator, called Adelmo. He was endowed with the greatest talent and the liveliest imagination --

Adso re-enters quietly behind the Abbot.

WILLIAM

My novice, Adso, youngest son of the Baron of Melk --

Adso kneels, but the Abbot, pacing and eager to disclose all the worst details, doesn't seem to have heard.

ABBOT

(overlapping, without a pause)
But what makes it doubly tragic is that we found his body, horribly mutilated,

Adso, still kneeling, looks up in confusion --

ABBOT (Cont'd)

at the foot of the tower. . .He was found beneath a window which -- how am I going to say this --

WILLIAM

A window which was shut.

ABBOT

Exactly.

(almost hopefully)

A man can't slip and fall out a closed window, can he, Brother William?

WILLIAM

I suppose all things are possible in God's universe. . .

The Abbot angles forward hopefully, waiting for a plausible and innocent explanation. . .

WILLIAM (Cont'd)

But not that.

. . .The Abbot nods, dejected. He sees Adso seemingly for the first time. He's still in a kneeling posture.

ABBOT

This is -- ?

WILLIAM

My novice, Adso.

Still distracted, the Abbot vaguely blesses Adso. Then he turns to William, cultivating a more self-possessed air.

ABBOT

Brother William, I've troubled you with these disquieting facts for one reason alone: the vital importance of the coming summit. But I want you to rest assured that this monastery is now what it has always been -- for some 700 years: a perfect sanctuary of harmony and peace!

A blood-curdling cry is heard -- exactly like that of a mortally wounded man. . .On the cry, we

SHOCK CUT TO:

10 EXT. PIGPENS - DUSK

As the shrill cry continues, we now see its source: two abbey servants have cut the throat of a pig. It struggles convulsively, then dies; blood gushes from its severed throat, flows into a floor-sluice.

11 EXT. BAILEY (IN FRONT OF PIGPENS) - DUSK

An enormous stoneware jar is propped up on timber-balks beneath the pigpens' overhanging roof. A perspiring Monk in a bloody apron stirs the blood in the jar; he stands

on a log for extra height.

Another Monk carries a heavy wooden bucket out of the pigpens, joins the first and, together, they tilt a fresh batch of streaming blood into the jar.

In the background, we now see William and Adso traversing the bailey, toward the church. As ever, William seems to be thinking his own thoughts while Adso watches the blood-rite with a dread fascination, craning his neck as he passes, white-faced. . .

12 INT. CHURCH - DUSK

A carved wooden Madonna and Child are illuminated by the wavering light of candles in a heavy bronze tripod. The Madonna's enigmatic smile seems to be directed at the Monk who kneels at her feet -- a white-clad Franciscan.

ADSO (O.S.)

(whispering)

Have the other Franciscans arrived?

We now find Adso and William standing in the nave, keeping a respectful distance in the gloomy church.

WILLIAM

No, no. He lives here. It is the great Ubertino de Casale. Have you read his book, "Arbor Vitae Crucifixae"?

ADSO

I tried to, but my father --

WILLIAM

You should. He proved that Christ and the apostles had no earthly goods and from this he concluded absolute poverty must be the goal of every member of the church...You can guess how well this theory was greeted by all the rich priests in the Pope's palaces.

ADSO

I don't have to guess.

WILLIAM

(a hidden smile)

Your father's reaction was not dissimilar.

Adso nods.

WILLIAM

(more soberly, looking back to
Ubertino)

He's a saint. But now he must live like
an outlaw -- at the mercy of any abbot
who will have him.

As Adso nods, Ubertino, finished with his devotions, rises
and turns around. He moves more quickly than we would
imagine, given his age. He has electric blue eyes that
are ablaze with mystical fervor. When he sees his two
fellow Franciscans, he stops short. He speaks rapidly, as
if over-charged by a lifetime of saintliness.

UBERTINO

Fellow Franciscans, you might as well
go home now! The Devil's loose in
the abbey.

(he sniffs the air)

I don't smell him just now, do you?

(muttering)

You'd know it right away, it's a fright-
ful stench! really ghastly. . .

WILLIAM

(starting forward, overlapping)

Ubertino, it's William. William of
Baskerville.

UBERTINO

No, no, no -- William is dead. It's a
horrible, sad story, what happened to
poor William -- horrible!

He cowers as William approaches -- then blinks his eyes
with disbelief.

UBERTINO

William!

He holds open his arms and William kisses him on either
cheek.

UBERTINO

I hope you're not insulted I thought you
were dead.

WILLIAM

To the contrary. I've done my best to
be forgotten.

Hold on Adso, who wonders what they are talking about in
William's past.

UBERTINO

That was a terrible time. . . But no worse than this.

William nods, soberly. Ubertino notices Adso.

WILLIAM

This is my novice, Adso.

Adso nods, politely, but Ubertino's eyes blaze.

UBERTINO

Take him home, right away! . . . There's no hope for the summit! Especially now that the Devil is here, throwing boys out of windows. The one who died was just like Adso -- young and handsome!

Adso blinks twice, nervously. William notices out of the corner of his eye.

WILLIAM

All the more reason we must attend to that mystery before nightfall. . .

(he turns to Adso)

Would you object if we saved our prayers till after sunset, just this once. . .

ADSO

Oh -- no, master. Whatever you prefer.

13 EXT. FOOT OF TOWER/BATTLEMENTS - SUNSET

The day's last ray of red sun is reflected in the tower's only window. William, with Adso several feet away, stands over a boulder at the foot of the wall, a hundred feet below the window. He looks first at the window, then at the boulder, which is splattered with a large brown stain.

WILLIAM

A dark end for an illuminator. . .

(leaning down)

. . . still a few hairs, here. . .

As he detaches them, Adso sees something on the ground, picks it up: a small ivory-colored object.

ADSO

This looks almost like --

WILLIAM

(rushing toward him)

A tooth! Give it to me.

Adso only too gladly yields the tooth. As William examines it, Adso's attention is attracted by a noise. Looking up, he sees some abbey servants emptying garbage over the battlements. They must hoist it over the crenelations with the greatest effort.

The garbage follows the angle of the slope as it drops obliquely to a spot directly beneath Adso. Next, Adso sees a group of five or six ragged Figures hurrying to the spot where the garbage has landed. They root through the refuse with their bare hands, squabbling as they eat whatever scraps they can find. The busiest of them is a GIRL.

We cut between the peasants and Adso -- fascinated and appalled as he watches them; sometimes they come to blows over a butcher's scrap or a vegetable peel. The Girl discovers a large fish head and quickly stuffs it into a crude duffel bag. The others covet this great prize -- they grasp at the bag and pull at her arms. She runs off, evading them. She scrambles up the mountainside toward Adso, stops short just in front of him.

He sees a face that is at once fierce, dark and beautiful -- a wild beauty that cannot be hidden by dirt or destitution. . . She, in turn, is confronted with an equally unfamiliar sort of beauty -- so fair and spotless as to appear to her angelic. As they stare at each other, William's voice comes from O.S.

WILLIAM (O.S.)

Adso! Do you see what I see?

Guiltily, Adso spins around to see William, who is coming up behind him. He is pointing with the pleasure of discovery at the battlements.

WILLIAM

Those scullery scraps fell at an angle!
The refuse has to follow the lie of the land!

Adso looks behind him, again, but The Girl has vanished! He begins, surreptitiously, to scope the landscape for her as William goes on, vigorously indicating things with his hands. . .

WILLIAM

(pointing)

Therefore, if the illuminator's body came to rest over there --

He points first to the rock --

WILLIAM

-- we can be sure it followed the same trajectory as the garbage. He did not fall from the window, my boy: he fell from up there!

-- then dramatically sweeps his hand up to a spot on the wall; the spot from which the body fell is as far from where the garbage is thrown as are their corresponding landing spots, on the ground. . . As William explains the meaning of this discovery, Adso is still scanning the mountainside for the Girl; he doesn't hear his mentor.

WILLIAM

Look how high it is, Adso. Those battlements are hardly the place for a stroll! We may rule out at once the possibility of an accidental slip -- and neither is it the spot for a scuffle; a man goes up there of his own free will.

William watches as the Servants heave another load of garbage, with the utmost difficulty.

WILLIAM

Nor could anyone jettison a corpse from that height. No, the illuminator went up there with a particular purpose in mind -- are you listening, Adso?

Adso -- who had just picked out the diminished figure of the girl, far down the mountain, turns to William, begins to listen only now.

ADSO

Yes, Master.

WILLIAM

Good. Then you must have concluded, like me, that the illuminator hurled himself off the wall sua sponte. Like me, you know it was a suicide, unequivocally. . . Any questions?

13A EXT. BATTLEMENTS EVENING

As William and Adso conclude their investigation, they are being watched from the crenellated wall. We now see the face of the watcher: Malachi, hard eyes glittering.

13B EXT. FOOT OF TOWER - EVENING

William seems very pleased with this conclusion -- a challenge well met. Indeed, he is smiling. But Adso is more upset by his Master's conclusion. He quietly mutters the word "suicide" -- so gravely stigmatized, so unmentionable. . .

ADSO

Suicide! What could cause a brother to end his life in such unholy sin. . .

William is chastised by Adso's words; he grows more sober.

WILLIAM

I apologize, Adso. I have all the answers except the important one.

William now looks up at the battlements -- as if contemplating the terror of such a jump.

WILLIAM

I suppose he must have felt his lot was Hell, in any case.

15 INT. REFECTORY - NIGHT

ABBOT

We praise Almighty God that there are no grounds for suspecting the presence among us of an evil spirit -- either from this world, or another.

The Abbot addresses the black-robed monks congregated at the refectory tables. He has placed William on his right at the table of honor which dominates the spacious room. Also at this table are Malachi and Jorge.

ABBOT

We praise Him that the summit, by which we hope to heal the wounds between the Emperor and our Holy Father in Rome, may now proceed without a shadow of fear. We praise the Almighty, lastly for sending us Brother William of Baskerville -- a -- a man whose former duties -- onerous to him, but performed for the greater glory of Holy Mother Church --

Angle on Adso, again perplexed by this reference to his master's past --

ABBOT (Cont'd)

-- insure us that his findings are true and correct.

16 EXT. BAILEY - NIGHT

A black cat snakes through a gap and lands noiselessly on the flagstones of the bailey, his phosphorescent eyes shining out of the darkness.

17 INT. REFECTORY - NIGHT

The monks eat their humble dinner in silence. As a plate of fish is handed around, A READER, at a lecturn, reads aloud from the Rule of St. Benedict in subtitled Latin:

READER

(subtitles)

. . .St. Benedict then writes: 'The tenth degree of humility decrees that a monk be not quick or read to laugh, for it is written, "The fool lifteth up his voice in laughter."' . . .St Benedict then writes: 'The eleventh degree of humility decrees that. . .'

Meantime, several quick shots around the refectory tables:

Jorge murmurs the words in unison with the reader, fervently.

A young, brown-skinned, Moorish-looking Monk (VENATIUS) stares at Jorge with ferocious hatred.

William notes this gaze of Venatius.

A flabby and effeminate Monk whose features seem painted on (BERENGER) stares at young Adso lustfully.

William notes this, too.

18 EXT. ABBEY - NIGHT

The menacing bulk of the abbey is outlined against the night sky; the sinister hoot of an owl comes from the direction of the graveyard.

19 INT. SACRISTY - NIGHT

Rocking rhythmically from side to side, a Monk recites

verses from a psalter lying open on a lecturn. When he reaches the bottom of a page, he takes a nut from a basket on his right, transfers it to a basket on his left, and starts reciting from the next page.

20 EXT. KITCHEN GARDEN - NIGHT

Remigio, the cellerar, moves through the shadow garden surreptitiously, clutching his big keys to keep them quiet. Now he uses them to unlock a decrepit door leading out of the monestary precincts; he hurries quietly toward the stables.

20A INT. WILLIAM & ADSO'S CELL - NIGHT

Adso lies on the bed, ostensibly asleep but blinking at the ceiling. William is perched on the window-sill, in the darkness, making astrological observations with his astrolab and marking them down on parchment. They speak quietly.

ADSO

Master?

WILLIAM

(still looking through the eyepiece)
What is it?

ADSO

If I may ask -- what onerous duties was he talking about? Weren't you always a monk?

WILLIAM

(unconcerned, looking through the eyepiece)
Even monks have pasts, Adso. On the other hand, I think you've enough to occupy your attention at the moment without hearing about mine.

ADSO

(wanting to ask something; then dropping it)
Yes, I -- yes. . .

Even more intrigued than before, he turns to a sleeping position.

ADSO

(in Latin)
God keep you till morning.

WILLIAM
And you, Adso.

He turns from his eyepiece and makes a tender sign of the cross over his pupil.

21 INT. SCRIPTORIUM - NIGHT

Open close on Venatius, the brown-skinned monk we saw at dinner. His eyes travel back and forth in the dim light; he must be reading a book. His thick lips tighten as he tries to suppress a laugh, but it leaks out, anyway. He covers his mouth as he chuckles.

22 INT. BERENGER'S CELL : NIGHT

The flabby and effeminate Berengar, whom we also saw at dinner, stands in shadowy moonlight, disciplining himself with a small whip of leather thongs. He produces a steady mortifying Flick, flick, flick of leather on skin. . .

23 INT. WILLIAM & ADSO'S CELL - NIGHT

Adso lies asleep. The Flick, flick, flick of Berengar's whip can be heard in here, O.S. Hearing it, William disengages himself briefly from his astrolab, looks at the wall through which the noise is coming, betrays no particular surprise or emotion, then goes back to surveying the stars.

24 INT. SACRISTY - NIGHT.

The rocking monk is still reading. He finishes the last verse on a page, then transfers the last remaining nut from the right-side basket into the left-side basket, which is now filled to capacity.

25 INT. HENHOUSE - DAWN

A rooster is asleep, his head under his wing. The church bells ring loudly, O.S., sounding matins. They wake up the rooster, rudely. He jumps up, assumes a crowing position, and proudly harkens the new day.

26 INT. CHURCH - DAWN

The monks are arrayed in wax-polished pews on either side of the choir. Rich reverent voices fill the great church.

We find William and Adso at the end of a pew; Adso solemnly devotes himself to a sublime Madonna in a stained-glass window.

Some of the monks are falling asleep. The "succentor" who is circulating with a little lantern comes to one, wakes him, hands him the lantern, takes the seat himself. The new succentor walks with the lantern till he finds another sleeping monk, wakes him, hands him the lantern, etcetera.

Among the voices that fill the church, one stands out for its crystal purity: Berengar. He sings with profound emotion and tears in his eyes.

Remigio, snoring, is handed the lantern. It is all he can do to rouse himself after his nocturnal exertions -- whatever they were.

Over the notes of the Te Deum which so beautifully fill the church, there is suddenly the sound of frenzied feet from outside. Two Swineherds burst into the church and rush up to the Abbot. As the Swineherds speak to the Abbot, gesturing madly at the door, the Abbot looks horrified. The singing dies away; everybody knows something has happened. Only a deaf old Monk continues to sing.

The Abbot looks at William across the room; the reproach in his eyes is evident even from this distance.

27 EXT. PIGPENS/LEAN-TO - DAWN

Pan up the huge jar of blood outside the pigpens. When we get to the top, we see two stiff human legs extending out toward the sky.

The Swineherds, followed by the Abbot and all the monks, rush into frame, panting. They freeze with horror at the sight: a body has been planted in the jar, the sides of which are coated with congealed blood.

Supervised by Remigio, the terrified servants extract the corpse from the jar, with great difficulty. Sucking sounds accompnay the extraction.

The corpse is laid on the ground; from the thighs upward, it seems to be coated in thick lumpy jam. A bucket of water is thrown over it, and a human face appears from beneath the blood. William squats down beside the dead man: it is Venatius, the Moorish-looking monk.

When he stands, William sees the assembled monks eyeing him in silence. The Abbot's expression is most grim. William holds his reproachful glare.

WILLIAM

(tersely)

Well. We may rule out suicide right
right away, this time.

Now the Abbot steps forward. He speaks in a dramatical-
ly self-righteous tone; he is only ostensibly addressing
just William; he attempts to unify himself with his
flock, against William.

ABBOT

Brother William, we of the Benedictine
Order are not permitted to assuage our
grief and horror with jests.

WILLIAM

I was not jesting, Lord Ab --

ABBOT

(not stopping, rising above William)
But even if we were, I could not do so
now, when I feel I share with you some
measure of responsibility for Brother
Venatius's death.

WILLIAM

(unruffled)

My Lord Abbot --

ABBOT

For had you not concluded that Brother
Adelmo's death was by his own hand --
and had I not believed you -- this second
murder might well have been prevented!

William waits a beat, this time, to make sure the Abbot is
finished. Then he speaks calmly.

WILLIAM

I still believe the illuminator took his
own life, Lord Abbot. . .

The Abbot squints with rage; Malachi smiles as he sees
William's credibility draining away; Adso looks with
something close to pity at his Master -- afraid his pride
is boxing him into a corner. William alone seems absol-
utely confident.

WILLIAM

And whether this second tragedy is in
some way linked to the first, I intend
soon to discover.

Everyone stares at William; the onus has shifted to him
as decidedly as if he were the murderer!

Open on Venatius's naked, swarthy body, laid out on a table and draped with a sheet as various procedures are performed on the corpse.

We hear the voice of SEVERNIUS, the herbalist-monk who runs the dispensary, at first O.S. He is a spirited man whose passion for herbs rivals William's for facts.

SEVERINUS (O.S.)

I use sorrel-root to treat catarrh,
and I grate a stem of adderwort for
diarrhea.

Now we see his delighted face as he prepares Venatius's final toilet; he's happy to have a man like William to talk to.

Now we see Adso, as nauseated as we are as he watches the two men blithely clean and handle the waxy corpse. Quietly, he leaves the room. As he does, we see that the walls of the dispensary contain a fantastic array of scientific-looking objects: alembics, retorts, phials, flasks and jars filled with liquids of various colors. Larger jars hold snakes. There are tritons preserved in alcohol, shelves filled with books. Leafy herbs grow in pots.

SEVERINUS

Adderwort is also good for female complaints.

WILLIAM

(as he wipes the corpse's foot
with a cloth)
Do you treat many females?

SEVERINUS

None. But it is nonetheless good to know. I keep many substances here I might not ever use.

WILLIAM

Such as the arsenacho I noticed on your shelf?

SEVERINUS

(cheerfully)

Yes, exactly. As lethal as the day is long. I probably have enough to erase the entire abbey. . . I also have herbs for sustaining the male erection, but I shall never get a chance to try them out, not here!

William smiles fleetingly, but then notes something that seems to distress him: a distinct brown stain on the finger of the corpse.

SEVERINUS

It is a shame about poor Brother Venatius! He knew Greek as no other monk, and he came all the way from Africa, so great was his love for learning!

William tries to wipe the stain off Venatius's finger with a cloth, but it is permanent.

WILLIAM

Tell me, Brother Severinus: are there any other brothers who might know about the poisonous properties of herbs?

Whereas another man might grow defensive at such a question, Severinus is too proud to be anything but boastful.

SEVERINUS

Brother William, nobody has my knowledge!

29 EXT. CHURCH PORTAL - DAY

Adso stands alone, studying with great interest a huge triangular tympanum surmounting the portal. It teems with painted sculptures -- some vivid and some faded, depending on their exposure to the elements.

We see it with him: Christ, on a throne, dominates the stone imagery. Beneath Him -- teeming and entwined -- is a whole world of animals, old men, angels, saints, demons and rosettes. Vivid among these are the depictions of Satan's bestiary: harpies, dracontopods, chimeras, baboons, gorgons, salamanders, hyenas, gryphons.

Adso is so intensely immersed in this imagery that the everyday sounds of the abbey die away: all we hear is the moaning wind, cutting through the stone edges. He stares at a group of bound figures crying out in torment as they burn at the stake; because of the reflections cast by a nearby pond, the flames appear truly to lick at their legs and feet.

Behind Adso, we now see a horrible squat figure coming toward him. Adso is too intently involved with the images before him to notice: he stares at a man on all fours being sodomized by a gryphon-eyed satyr with vertical pupils, a pot-belly and shaggy fur. The man is crying in agony, and a real tear follows a track down his

cheek, already green with moisture.

Then -- horrifyingly -- a monster with the face of a gargoyle points a grim finger of warning at Adso.

MONSTER

(in a grating voice)

Beware il diablo! Penitenziagite!

Adso backs up in terror -- then bumps into something, and turns with a cry.

It is William. . . Then William accosts the monster on the portal, taking hold of its arm.

WILLIAM

You said Penitenziagite?

The "monster" frees itself from William's, grasp, steps back from the portal. He is a simian-looking monk with a dirty habit and a hunch-back called SALVATORE.

WILLIAM

Dear Brother, you said Penitenziagite, there's no point denying it!

Salvatore -- looking frightened and alarmed -- crosses himself.

SALVATORE

Poor Salvatore no stupido. I have say nothing!

He backs away from William -- still staring with fear at him -- till he sees Remigio, the cellarer, who is standing in the bailey, and who has witnessed the whole odd event. As he heads for Remigio, the hump on Salvatore's moves! He takes several more steps before this bizarre phenomenon is accounted for: a cat meow's from inside the habit.

30 EXT. BAILEY/PIGPENS - DAY

In front of the deserted pigpens, near the jar, William bends over the muddy ground, trampled by the panic-stricken monks.

WILLIAM

We're lucky to have such damp ground.

ADSO

Yes. . .

(on second thought)

Why?

WILLIAM

(following a set of tracks)

It is often the parchment on which the criminal writes his unwitting autograph.

(now pointing)

This set of tracks was writ twice as deep as the others. So. We conclude their author is a man as big as two, or else. . .?

ADSO

An author -- I mean a man who was carrying another.

WILLIAM

Exactly, dear boy.

(following the tracks, he points)

Commit the shape of this shoe to memory.

As we angle on a distinct sandal mark of crude design, we also note two parallel furrows which accompany the footprints where the ground is softest.

31 EXT. BAILEY/TOWER - DAY

Still following the tracks, they now reach the middle of the deserted bailey, followed by some pecking hens.

WILLIAM

What do we read now?

Adso looks.

ADSO

That the footprints are leading away from the jar.

WILLIAM

Or toward it -- if the man was walking backwards, dragging the body of someone whose heels left the second set of furrows. If I am not mistaken, this page is telling us --

But now, as they stare intently at the ground, a forty-pound boulder lands not six feet away, obliterating the track, causing mud to splash in every direction and the hens to cackle and flee, wildly. Adso is terrified. William very briefly glances up at the crenelated wall from which the boulder was dropped, then continues to survey the footprints, as if nothing has happened; Adso still cranes his neck upward, fearing another bomb.

WILLIAM

Don't bother, my boy: someone spent most of his morning dragging up that extremely cumbersome missile; there won't be a second.

(looking back at the tracks on the ground, catching up his former train-of-thought)

Now, if I am reading this page correctly, it is telling us Venatius was already dead when he was dragged to the jar. . . Thus -- these tracks will lead us to the place where he met his murderer. . .

They follow the tracks. William studies them intently. But Adso, ignoring William's advice, keeps gazing upward to the top of the wall as they go. William follows the track so intently that he almost runs into the door of the massive tower that throws its sinister shadow. As he looks up, we pan up (and up and up) the tower from his point of view, till it comes to seem positively monolithic, and commensurately sinister.

32 INT. SCRIPTORIUM - DAY

In a huge, long chamber, forty Copyists, Illuminators, Translators, etc. are at work, copying manuscripts at desks and lecturns arranged in rows. They work intently and in silence; the only sound to be heard is the scratch of quills on parchment. Over-seeing this work is Malachi.

Someone opens the heavy, creaking door to the scriptorium -- breaking the hush. All the diligent brothers look up to see William and Adso, entering.

They all continue to stare as Malachi hurries to the door to greet -- or fend off -- the visitors.

WILLIAM

(very quietly)

I wonder if we might have a look at the late illuminator's desk.

Malachi looks around at the many brothers -- still staring -- before speaking, quietly.

MALACHI

Brother, your request is most unusual.

WILLIAM

As are the circumstances of the late

WILLIAM (Cont'd)
brothers' deaths.

Malachi hesitates -- then yields, indicating a desk across the room.

They eyes of the many Brothers follow William and Adso as they walk to the desk. On it, surrounded by artist-materials and colored inks, is an unfinished psalter-page. It is the utterly fantastical and brilliantly-rendered in the richest of paints -- gold leaf, cobalt blue, coral red -- and the most daring of styles.

William fits his odd, iron-and-glass "eyeglasses" onto his nose. This device arouses considerable curiosity among the Brothers; a Copyist tugs on his colleague's habit and points.

COPYIST
(whispering)
Oculi de vitro cum capsula!
(Subtitle:)
Eyes in boxes, attached to spoons!

William, meantime, studies the psalter-page with great admiration.

WILLIAM
(to Adso, whispering)
The Abbot didn't exaggerate his talent.
Or his imagination. An illuminator in
a less tolerant monestary might well be
burnt for such bold conceits.
(amazed, amused, he shakes his
head with wonder)
Look at it! The hunter fleeing the rab-
bit, the beggar giving alms to the
prince -- he's turned the whole world
upside down!

Adso, awed, nods his agreement.

ADSO
(whispering, pointing)
And this?

Near the bottom of the page is an elegantly scripted sentence in Latin, with the drawing of a rose.

STAT ROSA PRISTINA NOMINE NOMINA NUDA TENEMUS

WILLIAM
He's paraphrased the last couplets of a
litte-known poem by Gregorius de Tours.

WILLIAM

(reciting from memory)

'The once-proud rose now grows morose,
Blackens, and withers, comatose.
Till in its place it's earth that grows.
What remains? The name of the rose.'
. . .Well. It's said those who leave the
world often leave behind a final message;
it seems Brother Adelmo has left us one.

ADSO

Yes but -- what is the message, Master?

WILLIAM

(a beat, staring at the page)

The poet's meaning is clear enough: he
affirms the way the names of things out-
live the things themselves. . .how we
can summon forth a flower in the dead of
winter, just by knowing its name. But
as for poor Adelmo. . .

(now looking up at Adso).

We can't hope to know his meaning till
we know why he took such a dire step.

Chilled and sobered, Adso nods. Suddenly, high-pitched
shrieks ring out. . .A gray mouse is scampering across the
flagstones and Berenger (whose plucked eyebrows and rouged
lips are even more conspicuous in daylight) has jumped
onto his stool. The rest of the Brothers -- momentarily
relieved from the mood of fear that has gripped the abbey,
break out in good-hearted, child-like laughter. . .

. . .Now angle on Jorge who has appeared from nowhere and
whose opaque eyes are enraged by the mirth; he slaps a
stick against a lecturn with such force that a jar of gold
powder explodes, surrounding him in a halo of droplets.
At the crack of the stick, all the Brothers fall silent.

JORGE

Verba vana aut risui apta non loqui!

The Brothers instantly and guiltily go back to work. . .
Jorge walks to William with the facility of a sighted man.

JORGE

Brother William, I am sorry you had to
see me reprimand the brothers so harshly;
I know you belong to an order that is in-
dulgent toward laughter.

WILLIAM

Please don't apologize, Venerable Jorge.
It is true Saint Francis himself liked
to laugh, but here we are your guests,

WILLIAM (Cont'd)
and abide by the strict Rule of Saint
Benedict.

JORGE
Thank you, Brother William. It is among
our most sacred precepts: we cannot per-
mit such outbursts among men of faith,
for laughter begets doubt.

WILLIAM
Indeed -- although in matters other than
faith, it is sometimes good to doubt.

Several Brothers look up from their work, amazed at Wil-
liam's boldness, however gingerly stated. . . As the eru-
dite argument escalates, we angle occasionally on Adso,
who turns from William to Jorge like he's watching a
tennis match.

JORGE
Brother William, there are no matters
other than faith. When the pagan scrib-
blers wrote their 'innocent,' 'secular'
plays -- Pliny, Tacitus, Aristophanes --
-- they induced in men a taste for vul-
garity that undermined their faith in
their own dignity. . . Even in my blind-
ness, I well recall how laughter makes
men look like monkeys.

WILLIAM
Although, as The Philosopher pointed out,
monkeys don't laugh. Only men do.

JORGE
Quite true. . . Just as only men sin.
But that doesn't make it any more pleas-
ing to God. As you know, Brother Wil-
liam, nowhere in the Scriptures does it
say that Christ laughed.

WILLIAM
Yes -- although as you know, Brother
Jorge, nowhere does it say that He
didn't.

JORGE
(getting perturbed)
"Stultus in risu exaltat vocem suam."

WILLIAM
True, but idiots aren't the only ones
who laugh. Even saints have been known
to employ comedy to ridicule the enemies

WILLIAM (Cont'd)
of the faith. I'm sure you remember that when the pagans plunged St. Maurus into the boiling water, he complained his bath was too cold, so that the governor dipped his hand in and scalded himself.

The listening Monks suppress smiles. Jorge seems to sense this --

JORGE
I am sure you will agree we've had enough idle talk -- just as I am sure you will agree this is the last day on which any man should be laughing!

WILLIAM
(sobered and sincere)
Forgive me, Brother Jorge. I do indeed.

Mildly appeased, Jorge turns with a grunt, and goes back toward a desk in a dark recess of the scriptorium. Watching him, William leans down toward a Copyist.

WILLIAM
Which desk was the translator's?

The Copyist points across the room, and William starts in that direction. However, Berengar forestalls him: he deposits a large stack of books on the second empty desk, with an air of utter defiance. Although it's clear to William -- and us -- that Berenger is trying to hide something, William pretends not to have noticed.

WILLIAM
I believe we've seen all there is to see, Adso; and we've disrupted the brothers' work quite enough.

33 (DELETE SCENE 33)

33A EXT. STAIRCASE OUTSIDE KEEP

William pulls shut the heavy door behind him as they exit.

WILLIAM
Well, Adso, what did you deduce from that visit?

ADSO
(deadpan)
That we're not meant to laugh in there.

William doesn't bother to conceal his smile; Adso is attaining his wit, if nothing else.

33B EXT. BAILEY - DAY

They traverse the bailey.

WILLIAM

But did you notice how few books were on the scriptorium shelves? All those scribes, copyists, translators, illuminators, theologians, researchers, thinkers -- where are the dozens and dozens of books they need for their work?! Where are the books?

ADSO

Is this -- is this a test, Master?

WILLIAM

What do you mean, dear boy?

ADSO

I mean -- with all respect -- most of the time when you ask me a question, you already know the answer.

William smiles with self-knowledge.

ADSO

Do you know where the books are?

WILLIAM

No. . .

(but he turns around dramatically,
looks up at the tower)

Although I have a strong suspicion.

And again we hold on the mysterious, monolithic tower.

34 INT. STABLES - EVENING

Salvatore, the monster-monk, bends over the stable floor, picking out horse apples. He inspects them with great care, choosing only the roundest and plumpest, then hungrily skewers them on a twig, kebab-style, before hiding them in his habit. Suddenly William's voice comes, O.S.

WILLIAM (O.S.)

Tell us about Penitenziagite!

Salvatore swings around to see William, Adso close behind.

SALVATORE
Pauvre Salvatore know nothing!

WILLIAM
(coming closer)
So you said. Just before you shoved a
rock over the battlements.

Salvatore's eyes go round with fear.

WILLIAM
Your hump leaves a distinctive shadow,
Brother Salvatore. Now tell us all
about it before I tell the Abbot: we
want to know about Penitenziagite; we
want to know about your heretical past;
we want to know about Dolcino!

The series of flashbacks which now follow comprise a very
swift, tightly cut montage.

35 (FLASHBACK) INT. A CATHEDRAL - DAY

A brightly-painted stone Madonna is shattered by a black-
smith's hammer. A horde of beggars, dressed in ragged
tunics and hose which show their bare buttocks, pillage
the church as they cry:

BEGGARS
Penitenzia

36 (RETURN TO PRESENT) INT. STABLES - EVENING

Tears run down Salvatore's cheeks. He weeps like a child,
on his knees, kneading his big hands together, terrified.

SALVATORE
Praego, no burn Salvatore!
(he grasps William's legs, looks
up at him imploringly)
I only did follow Dolcino! I never
knowed what I was doing!

37 (FLASHBACK) EXT. BISHOP'S PALACE YARD - NIGHT

In brief violent shots we see a fat Bishop being dragged
off his richly caparisoned horse as he tries to escape the
mob; his miter rolls onto the ground; a ragged figure
hauls him across the courtyard, his simian face filled
with exultation. It is Salvatore. He yells:

SALVATORE
Penitenziagite!

Another Beggar hacks off the Bishop's hand with a hatchet and triumphantly displays fingers filled with rings whose precious stones gleam in torchlight. He yells:

BEGGAR
Penitenziagite!

And as he turns to us, we recognize the beefy, red-nosed face of Remigio, the abbey cellarer.

WILLIAM (V.O.)
So the cellarer was with you. . .Anyone else?

SALVATORE (V.O.)
Por favor, no!, I am swearing it, No-body else!

Now the mob grows even more excited. They look up in reverence as a red-bearded man, hairy, half-naked and muscular, rides into the courtyard on a beautiful horse, his red hair flowing in a mane. The crowd begins to chant:

MOB
DOLCINO! DOLCINO! DOLCINO!

37A (FLASHBACK) EXT. TOWN SQUARE - DAY

The Bishop's already-stripped corpse lies alongside those of several richly-attired priests; their corpses are being stripped of their rings and clothing by several of Dolcino's followers. . .These followers hand the clothes up to Dolcino, who stands atop a stone fountain with still more followers. They pry jewels from the Bishop's miter and tear wide strips of rich cloth from his habit. Dolcino tosses these treasures to the congregated, wretched townsfolk. Meantime, we hear Salvatore.

SALVATORE (V.O.)
We did never kept nothing! Rien! Ja-
mais! Like the blessed Jesu, we did
gave it all away!

Now Dolcino throws up his fist and shouts:

DOLCINO
Penitenziagite!

And the wretched mob responds thunderously.

MOB
PENITENZIAGITE!

37B (RETURN TO PRESENT) INT. STABLES - EVENING

Salvatore still clings fiercely to William's legs, his face buried in the folds of William's habit. He is mumbling and sobbing.

SALVATORE
Praego, no burn Salvatore, praego,
no burn Salvatore. . .

WILLIAM
We'll speak again, Brother!

38 INT. CLOISTER - EVENING

William and Adso walk slowly in the evening light.

ADSO
When will you tell the Abbot, Master?

WILLIAM
Tell him what, my boy?

ADSO
That -- that you've found the murderer.

WILLIAM
Have I? Who is he?

ADSO
Salvatore. He was with Dolcino -- he
tried to push the rock onto our --

William stops walking. He talks softly so no one else will hear all this dangerous talk about heretics.

WILLIAM
Dear boy, don't talk like an inquisitor.
He may have followed Dolcino -- but that
doesn't make him a murderer like Dolcino.
I'll grant you the Dolcinites made things
very difficult for us Franciscans. . .
They took our ideas about the wealth of
the Church and carried them to fatal
extremes. But their only 'heresy' lay
in their stomachs; they were starving!
(he shakes his head, sadly)
Starving for everything -- food, know-
ledge, justice, starving to make sense

WILLIAM (Cont'd)
of their very lives. And all the while
the fat priests continued solemnly to
intone in Latin -- which the wretched
peasants could not even understand.

ADSO
Still, Master. . . The boulder.

WILLIAM
The boulder was my fault. I frightened
the poor fellow -- frightened him half
to death. You don't speak of a man's
past so readily. I'm one who knows.

Adso nods, chastised.

WILLIAM
But I needed a knowledgeable ally to help
me find the murderer and I know a fellow
like that sees many things in a place
like this. Now, I may proceed that much
faster; which is why I think we must now
arrange for your return home.

ADSO
(shocked, wounded)
Home! Am I in your way so much, Master?

WILLIAM
(gently)
Not at all, boy, to the contrary. . .
But this is coming to be a dangerous
place.

Now, angle on a different part of the cloister. A monk
stands staring at the vaulted ceiling. . . And from that
ceiling, we hear William's hushed voice, carried along by
an acoustical echo:

WILLIAM (O.S.) (Cont'd)
You've seen already how Salvatore acted
when he felt he might be exposed. And
the true murderer in this abbey is sub-
tler -- and more ruthless -- by far. . .

Now we see the monk who has heard all, via the echo: the
omnipresent, hard-eyed Malachi.

42 EXT. BAILEY/TOWER - NIGHT

William and Adso move, furtive as shadows, toward the tower, holding a masked lantern. At the tower door, William draws an L-shaped piece of iron from his habit, and picks the lock with a criminal's dexterity.

42A EXT. KITCHEN GARDEN - NIGHT

Remigio gingerly opens the kitchen door he earlier unlocked.

43 INT. SCRIPTORIUM - NIGHT

The vast room is eerily moon-lit. At the late translator's desk (which William wanted to approach, earlier) a Monk sits reading a book. . . Coming closer, we recognize the effeminate Berenger. He is reading a huge tome inscribed on ancient parchment. Moistening a finger, he turns a page. Whatever he is reading is so fascinating that he excitedly mouths the words. A nervous giggle escapes his lips.

Then he looks up in alarm: someone has entered the scriptorium from the far end. Berenger sees the bobbing approach of a lantern. . .

He darts, noiselessly, to the farthest row of desks, hides behind them. . . William and Adso go straight to the very same desk, the dead translator's. As William searches through various books and papers, he whispers.

WILLIAM

You'll leave by the barge tomorrow.

ADSO

(dejectedly)

Yes, Master.

WILLIAM

But for now, we'll see what the poor translator was up to at the end. . .

Now he finds something that piques his interest: a piece of parchment with tiny Greek script.

WILLIAM

(putting on his "eyeglasses")

Tiny Greek letters, hard to make out.

He holds the paper closer to his face -- then sniffs it.

WILLIAM
A faint smell of acid. . . Could it be
-- ? Adso, bring that lantern closer.

Adso does so, and a strange phenomenon occurs: the heat of the lantern causes brown marks to appear on the parchment: a cryptogram of cabalistic signs.

WILLIAM
It is! Closer!

Adso brings the lantern closer, and the signs appear even more distinctly. Meantime:

WILLIAM
It's a secret code, written in sympathetic ink -- a distilled acid that appears when exposed to heat. . . Some kind of zodiacal alphabet. . .

As they watch it closely, they hear a muffled sound from the other end of the room and look up keenly. William quickly sets his eyeglasses on the book which Berenger left open, grabs the lantern and heads in the direction from which they heard the sound. Adso follows.

WILLIAM
Who's there?!

44 INT. SCRIPTORIUM - VENATIUS'S DESK - NIGHT

Meanwhile, Berenger has tiptoed back to the desk. With trembling hands, he shuts the book he had been reading so intently (inadvertantly sandwiching William's eyeglasses between the pages) and grabs it.

45 INT. SCRIPTORIUM - NIGHT

William, kneeling, has found the source of the noise: a book hurled to the ground by someone hoping to lure him from the translator's desk. Now he hears someone blundering into a lecturn and hurries back to Venatius's desk.

46 INT. SCRIPTORIUM - VENATIUS'S DESK - NIGHT

William searches the desk keenly.

WILLIAM
My eyeglasses --

ADSO

They were in that book. Someone took the book!

As they look at each other, the heavy door slams, O.S.

47 INT. SCRIPTORIUM STAIRCASE - NIGHT

Berengar, clasping the precious book to his chest, half-tumbles down the stairs, fearful and hurried. . . We hear William and Adso pursuing from the darkness, behind, and then William's voice echoes down the stairs:

WILLIAM (O.S.)

Stop in the name of Christ! (Christ! . . .
. . . Christ! . . . Christ!)

But Berengar only picks up speed, charging out the door.

48 EXT. BAILEY/TOWER - NIGHT

Berengar dashes madly across the bailey. Just as he disappears from view, William and Adso burst out the tower door, unflagging in their pursuit.

49 EXT. WALKWAY/ARCHES - NIGHT

WILLIAM

Go that way!

William points in the direction of the kitchen, while himself pursuing the unknown prey in another direction. Adso runs toward the kitchen swiftly. The lantern flame blows out as he runs -- leaving him in an eerie near-darkness.

50 INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

A door opens; we see the moonlit corridor behind it. Adso carefully makes his way into the room. Behind him, a figure darts silently into an alcove. Adso moves into the room, looking everywhere as he goes. Some embers still glow beneath the cauldron, and he goes that way, intending to re-light his lantern.

Hearing footsteps in the corridor, he freezes. The footsteps draw nearer. Adso falls to all fours, and takes a hiding place in a deep long alcove where firewood is stacked.

As the figure enters, we assume Adso's P.O.V., so that we see only his skirts and feet; but the keys dangling at his paunch identify him as Remigio.

REMIGIO (O.S.)
(husky and lustful)
You bitch! You beautiful little bitch!
Where are you?!

He comes precariously close to Adso's hiding place; Adso crawls back deeper into the alcove -- and unexpectedly bumps into Someone! A piece of firewood tumbles off the top of the pile with a dull thud. Remigio retraces his steps.

REMIGIO (O.S.)
Is that you? Is that my little vixen?

Adso summons the nerve to see who else is frightened and hiding in the alcove. . . It is The Girl -- the feral but beautiful girl he saw among the peasants. She is huddled against the wall with a limp cloth-covered bundle clasped to her breast; she stares back at him like a cornered she-wolf. Remigio's now-petulant voice comes from right above them:

REMIGIO (O.S.)
Come along, you silly bitch! Where are you!

Adso and the Girl hold their breath. . . Eventually, Remigio stomps off, muttering as he goes. He leaves the kitchen, closing and locking the door behind him.

Left alone, Adso and The Girl are staring at each other for the second time: An aristocratic young novice, immaculately well-groomed; and a destitute half-wild peasant. All they have in common is physical beauty -- if in widely disparate forms: fair and dark, refined and rustic. A log crackles on the hearth.

51 INT. DISPENSARY/BALNEARY - NIGHT

Moonlight gleams on the various jars, phials, etc. The potted herbs throw dappled moonlight over everything, and the place is most mysterious by night.

Now, the desperate Berengar enters, winded, weak and grimacing; he is obviously in the throes of some horrible physical agony. It seems to require all his strength for him just to cross the room, and then twice that for him to hoist the mysterious book he's still holding onto the back of a shelf, where he hides it behind a stack of ancient herbals. As he does so, William's glasses fall to the

floor; we hear one the of lenses break with a tinkle. Berengar stops to pick them up. The lens is badly starred. He slips the glasses into his habit. Seized by another fit of pain, he sways and half-falls toward the door, exiting.

52 INT. FIREWOOD ALCOVE (KITCHEN) - NIGHT

Adso and The Girl are utterly alone, locked in, and know it. Amazed by the utter softness and cleanliness of his hands and fingernails, she takes one of his hands in her own, strokes the smooth nails, palpates the soft skin. Afraid of what this is arousing in him -- but unable to deny it -- Adso breathes deeply, watches her, shivers. Now she holds the soft hand to her cheek, her lips, amazed by the softness of it, eager to feel it. Then, almost involuntarily, Adso's fingers begin to caress the cheek they are being held against. The Girl, aroused, draws the hand lower, to the neck, the shoulders, the breasts. They stare at each other. Her eyes shine out of the gloom; his eyes are wide. Her eyelids begin to flutter, languorously and she lies back, stretches out, like an allegorical depiction of Temptation.

For Adso, it is no mere allegory; he kneels beside her. As he strokes her hair -- wanting to stop, but unable to, he utters an almost silent prayer:

ADSO

Pulchra enim sunt ubera quae paululum supereminet et tument modice. . .

EXT. GRAVEYARD - NIGHT

Salvatore crouches by an iron cage; hungrily, he eyes two huge rats he has captured there. Now, he looks up fearfully; William is standing there.

WILLIAM

You caught them here?

SALVATORE

(nodding with pride and vigor)
Here they are more fat.

WILLIAM

Do you -- eat them?

Salvatore nods again, rubbing his belly, his eyes happy. Then he waves his finger back and forth, no-no.

SALVATORE

Mais non jamais pas in Lent! And never

SALVATORE (Cont'd)
on the Fridays! I am good Christian!

54 INT. FIREWOOD ALCOVE (KITCHEN) - NIGHT

Adso's face is in a grimace of ecstasy; he bites his lips to keep from moaning. He lies with The Girl on the flagstones. Her wiry dark arms are clasped around his neck. She gives a low, blissful, unabashed moan. . .

We now intercut through a series of swift and accelerating images: their bare bodies and palpating hands; the embers on the hearth; the kitchen's stone columns; the Madonna's pert bodice; Adso's lips on The Girl's naked shoulders; Dolcino amid the naked bodies; the billy-goat's devil-eyes; The Girl's enraptured face; the face of the sodomized soul on the stone portal; The Girl pulling down Ado's head to kiss his lips; Adelmo's emotionally charged images of the world turned upside down. . .

Now The Girl throws back her head and utters a throaty low free orgasmic laugh which fills the alcove and then the kitchen; Adso, too, reaches ecstasy, with a silent grimace, and then, as when as if the blood is gone from his body, he loses consciousness: his head bends and his tense body goes limp. The Girl strokes his sleeping head, trapped, for the moment, beneath his inert body.

55 EXT. GRAVEYARD - NIGHT

William, fingertips at his temple, stands over Salvatore, concentrating hard to assimilate the facts he is learning, especially given Salvatore's bizarre ways with words.

WILLIAM

Let me be sure I am understading you, Brother. You say that, on the night of the illuminator's death, you saw the translator being handed a small scroll of parchment by Berenger, the assistant librarian.

SALVATORE

(shaking his head)

Nein, nein, nein. Not Berengar, not the man-woman. He colors on the lips, did you know it? Nein, Berengar, he crying that night. Right there (he points out into the graveyard) groo-hoo-hoo. Like a damsel.

He has mimicked Berengar's tears, with disgust.

WILLIAM

Then who was it who had the parchment?

SALVATORE

Was the beautiful one, was Adelmo, who did falling from the tower. He give the paper! Rrrrh.

By "Rrrrh," Salvatore means to express him impatience with William's slowness to understand.

WILLIAM

I'm sorry if you find me dull-witted, Salvatore. You must admit you have a unique way with words.

Salvatore shrugs his shoulders, proud but modest.

WILLIAM

Now, to whom did the illustrator give the paper?

SALVATORE

The translattitor (sic). The black one.

WILLIAM

(seemingly formulating a significant conclusion)

So the first man to die gave it to the second. . .

(then to Salvatore)

All right. What happened then?

SALVATORE

Then I eating, and then -- 'Ahhhhhh!'
Pauvre little Adelmo. Very beautiful.
Opposite of me. But dead! Aaak!

He slaps his skull with an open palm to convey the smashing of Adelmo's skull.

Then the rat-trap snaps, Aaak! and the new prisoner scurries madly around the cage.

56 INT. FIREWOOD ALCOVE (KITCHEN) - NIGHT

The fire has burnt out and the cold is bringing Adso back to consciousness. He gets up, looks around him, collecting his thoughts, even as he begins quickly to dress.

He sees The Girl's abandoned filthy bundle at his feet and begins to unwrap it. Because of the dimness of the light and the weird nature of its contents, what he finds confus-

es him for a moment; then he shrinks back, in horror. He holds an enormous flaccid heart, clotted with blood, and sinewed with white shreds of flesh; the gelatinous organ still seems to be beating!

Understandly faint, Adso tries to steady himself by holding onto a nearby table. But then, as if in slow motion, his body crumples -- down onto the flagstones.

Angle on the kitchen door. It is unlocked and someone slowly pushes it open, with a creak. We hold on two sandaled feet, which pad over to Adso's body. A hand reaches down, and slaps Adso's cheeks. Adso's eyes open. He looks up to see. . . William.

57. EXT. BAILEY - NIGHT

As William and Adso make their way across the dark deserted bailey, William must struggle to keep his voice down.

WILLIAM

Adso, sovez raisonnable! If I haven't taught you to use reason even in the most harrowing of moments, then I haven't taught you a thing. . . If we can't study the facts around us even when we're frightened -- especiallly when we're frightened -- then we're doomed to be as ignorant as the inquisitors want us to be! They frighten a man with the pyre or the rack or the Devil, until he sees the world as they want him to. But we have minds, my boy, we must use them!

Having said his piece, William now settles down to the facts, growing more gentle with his novice.

WILLIAM

Now, dear boy, dear Adso, ask yourself: Does any man have a rib cage large enough to accomodate a heart of that size?

ADSO

No. . .
(terribly relieved)
No!

WILLIAM

That was the heart of an ox at the very least. . . And didn't you say you thought you saw another person in the kitchen? A female, wasn't it?

ADSO
(cautiously)
Yes. I'm practically sure of it.

WILLIAM
So you see, it seems simple: a lustful monk, with access to the scullery (someone called Remigio, whom you also think you saw) brought a girl into the abbey so that he could exchange offal for the pleasures of her body.

ADSO
(hurt and horrified)
You mean -- a harlot?!

WILLIAM
Not at all, Adso. I know very little about such matters, but I feel rather certain a harlot would've insisted on steak, at the very least. No, I mean a poor peasant girl with a horde of hungry siblings, who'd much prefer to give herself for love than gain, but who hasn't that luxury in life.

Adso nods, brow knitted, as he tries to comprehend the gamut of new feelings confronting him. . .

58 (DELETE SCENE 58)

58A INT. WILLIAM & ADSO'S CELL - NIGHT

William and Adso are preparing for bed. Adso watches William, wanting to say something very badly.

WILLIAM
. . . In any case, whatever happened in the kitchen has no bearing on our investigations. No. After my talk with Salvatore, I'm certain Berengar will be able to answer all our questions, tomorrow.

ADSO
(sadly)
You mean tomorrow, after I board the barge.

WILLIAM
(who had forgotten)
Yes, Adso, I suppose I do.

ADSO
Master, sovez raisonnables. How do you

ADSO (Cont'd)
expect me to learn if you send me away
in the middle of things? . . .

William swings around; Adso looks terrified.

ADSO
With all due respect.

They stare at each other for a moment. William's face shows nothing -- but it is only too clear that he is too fond of Adso, and too pleased by his intellectual boldness to bother to pretend he is angry with his insolence. He turns away, begins to turn down the bed; clearly, he is weakening. . . .

WILLIAM
Well -- we'll see what comes to pass.

59 EXT. ABBEY/COUNTRYSIDE - DAWN

In long shot, we see the mountain shrouded in mist, which now lifts enough to show us the great stone ship that is the abbey. . . .

60 INT. BALNEARY - DAY

Two lay Brothers stagger into the bath-house next to the dispensary, lugging a heavy cauldron of steaming water between them. One of them draws the curtain that encloses the first cubicle, intending to empty the water into the tub. . . . But he freezes in mid-movement, and gives out a horrified cry.

61 EXT. GATEHOUSE/BAILEY - DAY

The porter unbolts a wicket door set into one of the massive gates. Four gaunt Franciscans enter the abbey precincts (in the same pale, unpretentious habits that William and Adso wear -- although grimy after their journey), leading goats which hold their meager belongings. Ubertino has come to greet them. A Franciscan speaks:

MICHEL DE CESENE
Peace be with you, brother porter.

Another, gazing on the abbey's architecture, speaks with wonder.

GIOVANNI BONAGRAZIA

St. Francis be praised! The wondrous architecture of this place must surely mirror the spiritual peace which lives here!

But at this very moment, wildly-running monks spill into the bailey and panic-stricken abbey servants make a bee-line for the open gate, hoping to escape the monastery. Remigio and Salvatore rush up to bar their escape, bellowing at the Porter:

REMIGIO

Shut the gate! Shut the gate!

SALVATORE

Vaderetrovaderetro!

Entangled in his habit, Salvatore trips and falls into a puddle; the Porter, meantime, hurriedly releases a rope, and the heavy portcullis comes crashing down with a metallic clatter, its sharp teeth biting into the ground.

The confused Franciscans drop to their knees and pray; Ubertino still stands, sniffing the air, trying to scent the Devil, again.

62 (DELETE SCENE 62)

63 INT. BALNEARY - DAY

We open on the tub where the bloated body of Berengar lies just beneath the surface of the water. His face, in rigor mortis, wears a half-smile, half-grimace. He is taken out of the tub by two servants, supervised by Severinus.

As they lay him on the floor, we find William, who spots his own (broken) eyeglasses at the foot of the bath; having sequestered this item in his own habit, William now kneels by Berengar, as Adso watches him. Immediately, he removes one of Berengar's sandals, holding it sole-up: we recognize the distinctive pattern found on the earth outside the pigpens. A look passes between William and Adso.

In the meantime, a party consisting of the Abbot, Malachi and blind Jorge are led into the baths. The Abbot sees Berengar and looks away with disgust. William now stands.

ABBOT

Brother William, I think we had better talk at once.

He looks around at the nervous monks and servants. . .

ABBOT

In private.

WILLIAM

Yes, of course. . .

The Abbot turns, assuming William will follow him:

WILLIAM (Cont'd)

As soon as I've had the opportunity
to examine the corpse with Brother
Severinus.

The Abbot closes his eyes and breathes deeply, suppressing
his rage.

64 INT. DISPENSARY - DAY

The tips of Berengar's thumb and forefinger (on the left
hand) have the same brown stain we saw on Venatius's fin-
ger. William, wearing his eyeglasses (with only one good
lens) is examining the stains, over the dispensary table
where the corpse lies. This time, Adso makes a point of
staying and watching, earnestly attempting to hide his
disgust.

WILLIAM

He was left-handed.

SEVERINUS

(cheerfully, without judgment)

Yes, yes. Brother Berengar was inverted
in many ways.

WILLIAM

Are there other left-handed brothers
here in the abbey?

SEVERINUS

None.

WILLIAM

I noticed the same stains on the trans-
lator's fingertip.

SEVERINUS

(nodding)

Ink-stains.

William lifts the sheet covering Berengar's face. He
pries the dead man's jaws apart and piers into his mouth.
The tongue is black. Severinus gasps.

WILLIAM

He didn't write with his tongue,
I presume.

65 INT. CRYPT - DAY

Two candles create a calm chiaroscuro effect, their light reflected in gold vases and candelabra, jewel-encrusted chalices, onyx goblets, engraved caskets, camec-studded reliquary crosses, crystal ewers, Gospel books with carved ivory colors. . .

WILLIAM (O.S.)

The key to the entire mystery is written on this piece of parchment.

William stands over the Abbot, who is seated in a chair William seems to have forced him into, and who is barely listening; Also, on the other hand, watches and listens keenly.

WILLIAM

What do you see here?

The Abbot breaks his distracted gaze away from the treasures of the room to look at the parchment.

ABBOT

(with terse annoyance)

A few lines of Greek.

WILLIAM

Yes, a few lines of Greek written by the translator -- random notes about the book he was reading, just before he died. You see how the calligraphy changes --

(pointing to a more erratic script)
From this point on, he was dying.

Annoyed by the boldness of William's claim, and uncertain of its pertinence, the Abbot merely stares at the page. Now William points to a colored smudge.

WILLIAM

And what's this, would you say?

ABBOT

(by now very annoyed with this 'game')
A smudge of blue paint.

WILLIAM

But not just any blue. This shade was

WILLIAM (Cont'd)
developed by your finest illuminator --
Brother Adelmo. He alone used it, and
this smudge was left by him. Further-
more, it's clear the illuminator had
possession of this page before the trans-
lator: do you see the way Venatius's
Greek notes run over the blue paint?

The Abbot's patience wears out. He jumps up from his
chair.

ABBOT
In the name of God, how dare you speak
of such trifles when my abbey is at the
mercy of a murderer! I should have
known the abilities ascribed to you
were mere fictions when you claimed poor
Adelmo killed himself!

WILLIAM
(overlapping)
He did, Lord Abbot, he did kill himself.
And if you will bear with me, I shall
prove it.

He elegantly gestures at the Abbot's chair; the Abbot grum-
pily re-seats himself.

WILLIAM
Adso, bring that candle over here.

As Adso holds the candle down by the Abbot, William holds
the parchment page close to it. As before, the crypto-
gram's cabalistic signs slowly appear; the Abbot glares
at it as if it were his worst enemy.

WILLIAM
The direction of the upstrokes and down-
strokes indicates these signs were pen-
ned by a left-handed person. Berengar
was the only left-handed monk in the mon-
estary. So we may now conclude that all
three dead men once held this secret
paper, and Berengar wrote it. . .What
kind of secret knowledge do you suppose
Berengar had access to?

ABBOT
I am certain you'll now tell me . . .

WILLIAM
He was the assistant librarian. He knew
nearly all there was to know about the
books of the abbey. Beyond this, when

WILLIAM (Cont'd)

we ask ourselves what the three dead men had in common, we come to a certain conclusion. Adelmo was a supremely gifted artist, but as famed for the bold wit of his illustrations and his general intellectual curiosity as he was for his talent, would you agree?

The Abbot says nothing.

WILLIAM

Venatius, I'm told, was a brilliant translator who came halfway across the world so great was his passion for learning. For books. . . Books are what these three men had in common, books and the love of books. Now, let us suppose that somewhere in this abbey, there is a secret library --

ABBOT

God forgive you, that is absurd.

WILLIAM

(without pause)

A place where books are kept because they are considered rare or fragile -- or spiritually dangerous.

ABBOT

I warn you, Brother William --

WILLIAM

(without a pause)

-- I stand warned. Let us further suppose that Adelmo, a beautiful young man by all accounts, so eagerly wanted to read one of those secret books that he was willing to give himself to the assistant librarian --

ABBOT

Brother William!

WILLIAM

-- a man of certain unholy passions, in order to do so.

ABBOT

I've heard enough!

WILLIAM

(by now ignoring the protests)
The illuminator struck such a bargain,

WILLIAM (Cont'd)
but was soon so racked with guilt that
he decided to take his own life. . . But
before doing so, he decided to give this
piece of parchment, for which he was
about to pay so dear a price, to his col-
league in learning, the translator.. .

(William's reconstruction of events -- Scenes 66 through
70C -- takes the form of a rapid, elliptical, sepia-toned
montage.)

66 (FLASHBACK) EXT. GRAVEYARD - NIGHT

Panning the crosses, sinister against the night sky, we
find a monk weeping and wringing his hands by one of the
graves. The pale moonlight shows us the classically beau-
tiful face of ADELMO, the illuminator. . .

Now, another monk joins him. Adelmo gives him the parch-
ment and hurries off. The other monk tries to hold him
back, but in vain. As the other monk sadly watches Adelmo
recede into the darkness, we see his face: Venatius.

ABBOT (V.O.)
But how can you --

WILLIAM (V.O.)
There was a witness.

We hear the snap of Salvatore's iron-rat cage, O.S., then
angle on Salvatore, turning away from the two other monks
he has been watching in the distance, then nodding with
pleasure at his latest catch.

WILLIAM (V.O.)
Then. . .

66A (DELETE 66A)

66B BLACK SCREEN

Over the black screen, we hear the long, despairing cry of
a man falling to his death.

67 (FLASHBACK) EXT. BATTLEMENTS - NIGHT

A figure falls from the battlements, and bounces diagon-
ally down the mountainside. It lands at the foot of the
cliff with a muted thud.

WILLIAM (V.O.)

The day after Adelmo's death, Venatius followed the directions on the parchment; he went looking for the book.

68 (FLASHBACK) INT. INDETERMINATE PLACE - NIGHT

Venatius, with the parchment in his hand, makes his way slowly along a blurred, indistinct corridor, somewhere.

ABBOT (V.O.)

Where did he go to find it?

WILLIAM (V.O.)

If forced to say -- I would guess the upper part of the tower.

Wherever he is, he finds the book -- an ancient tome -- and takes it.

69 (FLASHBACK) INT. SCRIPTORIUM - NIGHT

Seated at his desk in the deserted room, Venatius jots down the Greek notes on the parchment. Suddenly, he puts his hand to his throat. With his last bit of life, he manages to slip the scroll onto the lower shelf of the desk. But when he tries to rise, he falls dead.

ABBOT (V.O.)

But he was found outside! You know that as well as --

WILLIAM (V.O.)

Yes, I do.

70 (FLASHBACK) EXT. BAILEY - NIGHT

We track the parallel furrows leading from the door of the tower. . .

WILLIAM (V.O.)

When the assistant librarian discovered the body, he was afraid suspicion would fall on him. . .

. . .until we find Berengar, dragging the translator's body.

WILLIAM (V.O.)

So he tried to confuse the issue.

Now at the jar, Berengar props Venatius up against it.

With great difficulty, he lifts him up by the legs and tips him into the jar, head first. . .Blood overflows in all directions. Berengar hurries off. We angle on one of his footprints -- the distinctive sole-print of his sandal.

70A (FLASHBACK) INT. SCRIPTORIUM - DAY

Berengar deposits the stack of books on the parchment tome to conceal it from William.

WILLIAM (V.O.)

The book was once within our grasp. . .

70B (FLASHBACK) INT. SCRIPTORIUM - NIGHT

Berengar, alone in the darkened scriptorium, giggles as he reads, looks up as William and Adso enter. . .

WILLIAM (O.S.)

And then once again. . .

(1)

70C (FLASHBACK) INT. BALNEARY - NIGHT

Berengar is in the tub. His mouth gapes in a silent scream of agony, and then he sinks beneath the water. Bubbles form on the surface.

71 (RETURN TO PRESENT) INT. CRYPT - DAY

The Abbot, thinking his own thoughts, caresses a richly chased ciborium; he does not look at William.

WILLIAM

We therefore conclude, Lord Abbot, that each of these deaths turns on the position of a book in Greek -- a book which rests in some secret part of the abbey.

The Abbot continues to caress the ciborium; his massive ring catches the candlelight and reflects it onto a huge ruby in a reliquary which, in turns, emits a blood-colored shaft of light. He still does not look at William.

WILLIAM

When I know what the book is, I will know who the culprit is.

(he flourishes the parchment)

Unfortunately, I cannot read the 'map' which leads to the book. Perhaps you can.

Slowly and deliberately, the Abbot takes the parchment

while rising from his chair. As he speaks, he holds the scroll near -- and ever-nearer -- a candle in a jewel studded candelabrum. We cut between the scroll's precarious trip toward the flame and Adso's wide-eyed face as he watches it.

ABBOT

Brother William, three of my monks are dead. God forgive you for the fantasies and ludicrous assumptions you have committed in a sacred place.

Inevitably, the parchment bursts into flames. Adso moves instinctly to grab it, but William calmly holds him back.

ABBOT

It is in name of the Allmighty that I destroy this evidence of your sad fantasia. I do not intend to let your unholy conjectures endanger the most important meeting of this century; and as you know only too well, the Pope's envoys arrive in less than a day!

WILLIAM

I do indeed.

Suddenly, Malachi speaks, having appeared from nowhere.

MALACHI

And did you also know the great Bernardo Gui will be among those envoys?

Although he ostensibly keeps his equilibrium, the blood drains from William's face. Adso sees this and knits his brow with perplexity and concern. But William recovers quickly enough.

WILLIAM

No. I did not know it. . . But I cannot let that prevent me from continuing my investigations. Unlike Bernardo Gui, I believe in truly finding the culprit before burning him.

As the Abbot gasps and Malachi smoulders at this outrage, William swiftly takes Adso's arm, and leads him out.

71A EXT. BAILEY OUTSIDE CRYPT

William and Adso emerge, blinking, into the light of day. William walks fast, and Adso struggles to keep up.

ADSO
Who is he, Master? Who is Bernardo Gui?

WILLIAM
I'm afraid you'll find out only too soon, dear Adso.

72 EXT. CLOISTER - NIGHTFALL

MICHEL DE CESENE
William, stay out of this affair.

William stands surrounded by his fellow Franciscans in their humble patched robes. Very disturbed, they all speak at once.

UBERTINO
I told him so in the first place.

He sniffs the air. . .

HUGH OF NEWCASTLE
It may be the work of a heretic, who hopes to ruin the summit!

GIOVANNI BONAGRAZIA
The survival of our whole order is at stake!

Michel de Cesene stares gravely at William.

MICHEL DE CESENE
If -- by some mischance -- you're wrong, William, neither I nor the Emperor will be able to save you, this time.

William holds his gaze. Giovanni Bonagrazia falls to his knees.

GIOVANNI BONGRAZIA
We must pray!

All -- save William -- fall to their knees.

73 EXT. PEASANT VILLAGE - NIGHTFALL

Six squat hovels, built of stone, mud and branches and thatched with rotting straw, are clustered at the foot of the mountain dominated by the abbey. The thin smoke of fires rises from holes in the thatch. A white skeleton of

a tree clings to a rock, a symbol of sterility.

Adso -- overwhelmingly out of place but impelled by an equally overwhelming curiosity -- puts his eye to a crack in a hovel wall.

74 INT. PEASANT HOVEL - NIGHTFALL

By a dim peat fire, men women and children of all ages lie cheek by jowel -- a ragged clutter of humanity. Pigs grunt in a corner and three hens roost on a perch coated in droppings. An emaciated Old Man lies beneath them, snoring and toothless.

A slender Girl is cooking over a pot. When she turns, we see it is The Girl. We see Adso's eyes glued to her through the crack.

From the perch, one of the hens excretes on the face of the snoring Old Man. The Peasants roar with laughter, exposing their black gums and general toothlessness. When the Old Man jumps to his feet -- and hits his head on the perch -- the laughter grows even more convulsive. Peasants are doubled-over, writhing, crying with laughter.

The Girl bursts into the same, low, throaty laugh that accompanied her moment of ecstasy in the kitchen alcove.

75 EXT. PEASANT VILLAGE - NIGHTFALL

Hearing the laugh, Adso closes his eyes and draws a deep breath, before turning away from the hovel. . .

76 INT. CHURCH - NIGHT

The cowed Monks, led by the Choir, sing Compline, the end of their day. In the back row, we find William -- who is looking sideways -- and Adso. William attracts Adso's attention with a nearly imperceptible nudge, and he too, looks sideways. We reverse on

Malachi. He emerges from a gloomy side-chapel, with gray cobwebs adhering to his cowl and streaming out after him.

77 (DELETE SCENE 77)

78 INT. CHURCH - LATER THAT NIGHT

Hold on the door of the church, some time later. It opens and William and Adso steal in, this time holding their lan-

terns. Swiftly and silently, they walk to the side-chapel from which Malachi earlier emerged.

79 INT. SIDE-CHAPEL - NIGHT

The altar's sculptural decoration is a row of skulls with deep eye sockets, resting on a pile of thigh bones.

WILLIAM

Which one of them frightens you the most.

Adso looks from scary skull to scary skull; one has a jaw which seems frozen in evil laughter.

ADSO

That one.

WILLIAM

(reaching for it)
My choice, exactly.

He applies pressure to the forehead, inserts a finger in the open mouth, tries to rotate the whole skull -- but it is only when he inserts his fingers into the eye sockets that we hear a telltale click. . . The altar slowly moves, swiveling on a hidden pivot; a black opening appears.

80 INT. SECRET STAIRWAY - NIGHT

First, total darkness. Then a rectangle of light becomes slowly visible; William and Adso step through it with their lanterns in hand. The rectangle closes behind them. They proceed down the stairs, toward a foreboding underground passage.

81 INT. OSSUARY - NIGHT

They come into a passage with niches in the walls on both sides. Some of the niches are filled with bones, others with skulls arranged in pyramids, others with skeleton-hands, their fingers entwined. Adso follows William's lantern. A skull wobbles as he passes it; the jaw drops open and the eye sockets seem to glare at him. He is momentarily frozen, but hurries to catch up to William.

82 INT. UNDERGROUND PASSAGE - NIGHT

William waits for Adso to catch up. When he does, Adso offers a sporting smile, however unconvincing. . . They continue.

83 (DELETE SCENE 83)

84 INT. FORK - NIGHT

They stand at a triple-fork. Which passage to take? There is a scurrying, and Adso jumps. . . A rat scurries between his legs, into one of the passages. Instantly William follows the rat, walking swiftly.

WILLIAM
Rats love parchment even more than scholars do.

Adso catches up to William, holds onto the hem of his habit to avoid another separation.

85 INT. SPIRAL STAIRWAY - NIGHT

They toil up a narrow, endless staircase.

WILLIAM
(breathless, counting)
161, 162, 163. . .
(turning to Adso)
Courage! We've just passed the scriptorium!

86-99 (DELETE SCENES 86-99)

85A INT. SECRET LIBRARY (1ST CHAMBER) - NIGHT

As we hold on ground level, a trapdoor lifts. First we see lanternlight, then the heads of William and Adso.

WILLIAM
(looking around with delight)
It does exist! I knew it must!

And as they climb out, we see the room: a windowless chamber lined with massive cabinets whose shelves hold books of every size and description, lying on their sides. In the middle of the room, there is a table with still more books. William looks around him, drinking it all in.

WILLIAM
I wonder how much more there is!
Come!

There are four staircases: two heading up, two down. On top of each, the lintel is adorned with a scroll contain-

ing a quotation from "Revelations:" "NOMEN ILLI MORS;"
"OBSCURATUS EST SOL ET AER;" "GRATIA VOBIS ET PAX;"
"PRIMOGENITUS MORTURUM." William hurries down a stair-
case and Adso follows.

85B INT. SECOND CHAMBER - NIGHT

This room is identical to the first -- windowless and booklined with a table in the center and quotations on the lintels. Unable to control himself, William sets down his lantern, puts on his "eyeglasses" and picks a book from the shelves.

WILLIAM

The Beatus of Liebana, annotated by
Eumbertus of Bologna! Adso -- this
is Paradise on Earth!

(setting it down; picking up another,
beautifully illuminated book)
Aristotle's "History of Animals,"!
Contrary to the Bible he states that
hares don't chew the cud like cattle --
so it's hidden in here! They must think
our faith is very weak! How many more
rooms? How many more books?!

And he hurries out, taking the staircase on the right.

In the meantime, we have been intercutting with Adso, who has picked up a book from the table -- one with Persian script but a universal subject. Wide-eyed, he is looking at an anatomical drawing of a naked woman composed of vividly-painted overlays. As he folds them back, one by one, the secrets of the female body are revealed, until he comes to a foetus, snugly resting in the womb. When he looks up from the book -- William is gone. Uncertain which staircase to take, he chooses the one on the left.

85C INT. THIRD CHAMBER - NIGHT

Adso comes into yet another identical chamber; but William is nowhere to be seen.

ADSO

Master?

Then William's voice is heard, O.S., but seemingly very close -- so close he doesn't realize they're not in the same room.

WILLIAM (O.S.)

Oh, Adso, this is really a treasure
trove! What do they think? that you

WILLIAM (Cont'd)
can keep new ideas from coming into
the world?

ADSO
Master?

Adso tries to follow the voice; he hurries over to one of
the descending staircases.

WILLIAM (O.S.)
Ideas have a life of their own -- when
will they learn that?

85D INT. FOURTH CHAMBER - NIGHT

Adso comes to yet another identical chamber. William
isn't there, either. He calls out, anxiously.

ADSO
Master?

William's reply comes in an eerie, distant echoe.

WILLIAM (O.S.)
Yes? . . . (yes? . . . yes? . . . yes?)

Adso hears the ceiling creak under the weight of someone's
movements.

ADSO
Wait for me!

85E INT. ANOTHER CHAMBER - NIGHT

WILLIAM
I am waiting for you, dear boy.

Whoever is moving around -- it isn't William. Enthralled
by another rare book, he is poring over it intently. Ad-
so's dismayed retort echoes into the room.

ADSO (O.S.)
But -- I can hear you walking! . . .
(walking! . . . walking! . . . walking!)

WILLIAM
I'm not walking, Adso. I'm down here.

85F INT. FOURTH CHAMBER - NIGHT

WILLIAM (O.S.)
(here. . .here. . .here. . .)

The floorboards continue to creak, above. Adso eyes them with dread.

ADSO
Then I don't know where you are! I'm lost!

85G INT. ANOTHER (WILLIAM'S CHAMBER) - NIGHT

ADSO (O.S.)
(. . .lost!. . .lost!. . .lost!. . .)

WILLIAM
Stay calm, Adso. It appears we're in a labyrinth.

No reply; we're left to imagine Adso's response on our own.

WILLIAM
Are you there?

ADSO (O.S.)
(grimly)
Yes. (. . .es. . .es. . .) How do we get out? (. . .out?. . .out?. . .)

WILLIAM
With great difficulty, if at all. You see, that's the charm of a labyrinth.

85H INT. FOURTH CHAMBER - NIGHT

WILLIAM (O.S.)
inth. (. . .inth. . .inth. . .inth.)

Adso fails to see the charm; his face stiffens with alarm.

WILLIAM (O.S.)
Adso, dear boy, keep calm, and read loudly from a book! (book!. . .book!
. . .book!)

ADSO
Yes. All right.

He takes up a large book from the table.

85I INT. WILLIAM'S CHAMBER - NIGHT

Adso's voice reverberates as he reads. William sets down his lantern and moves swiftly from place to place with his hands cupped to his ears, trying to locate the source of the echo.

ADSO (O.S.)
(echoing all the while)
Qui animan corpori per vitia contur-
bationesque commiscent. . .utrinque
quod habet utile ad vitam necessar-
ium. . .

85J INT. FOURTH CHAMBER - NIGHT

As Adso reads, William's voice echoes in.

WILLIAM (O.S.)
Continue to read, but leave the room
you're in and turn left whenever you
can. . .(can. . .can. . .).

ADSO
Yes, Master. . .Just one moment.

He sets down the big book, hitches up his habit and reaches down to the long woolen hose he's wearing for warmth. He raises one of them to his mouth, and severs a thread with his teeth. He ties the thread to the table leg. Then he picks up a smaller book, chosen at random.

WILLIAM (O.S.)
Adso? (. . .so. . .so. . .so?)

ADSO
Yes, I'm walking now.

As Adso sets off, the yarn unravels slowly with every step, taut enough to lift the hem of his habit; he leaves a trail, like a spider, as he enters the staircase, disappearing from our view.

ADSO (O.S.)
(reading)
The great Avicenna states that amorous
daydreams cause irregular breathing and
quicken the pulse. . .

100 (DELETE SCENE 100)

101 INT. ANOTHER CHAMBER - NIGHT

As Adso emerges into yet another chamber, his yarn trailing out behind him, he is checking his pulse.

ADSO
(looking around, calling out)
Master? Can you hear me?

No reply. He takes a few steps into the room, reading from the same passage.

ADSO
(reading, fascinated, upset)
The lover's eyesight soon fails; his
eyes shrink, and he can no longer weep.

He's not halfway into the room when his string breaks. The first stocking is almost gone. He sets down book and lantern long enough to tie the a string from the second stocking to the existing trail. Then he continues.

ADSO
The sinful lover's lips dry out --
(he touches the tip of his tongue
against his upper lip, checking)
and are soon covered with running pustules.

Adso breaks off, looks and listens. Nothing. He continues, heading for the left-hand staircase.

ADSO
(reading)
He spends his days lying inertly on his
back, having sacrificed the will to live
for a few moment's pleasure.
(ajectly)
Master?

Adso is very forlorn indeed. Then:

WILLIAM (O.S.)
Adso?!

William's voice is very near and very loud -- as if amplified. Adso jumps, freezes.

ADSO
Master!

WILLIAM (O.S.)
I lost your voice for a moment, but now
you seem very close. Keep turning to
your left.

And Adso goes into the stairwell.

102 INT. CHAMBER (WITH MIRROR) - NIGHT

Adso comes into yet another identical chamber. He
freezes: Somewhere in the gloom, the bobbing yellow light
of a lantern can be seen. Dodging back around the corner,
he cries out.

ADSO
I see a lantern.

William's voice comes from behind him!

WILLIAM (O.S.)
Don't move. Stay calm, boy.

The lantern draws nearer; we can just make out the man
holding it. Adso whispers:

ADSO
I can see a man. . .

The man halts.

ADSO
He's stopped moving.

WILLIAM (O.S.)
Has he? Now what is he doing?

ADSO
Raising his lantern. . .

WILLIAM
How many times?

ADSO
Three times.

WILLIAM
Then you see me. Raise your lantern.

Adso does so. They converge from opposite sides of the
room, Adso still trailing his yarn. They are only a few
yards apart when Adso cries out: gazing at him from the
shadows on his right is a monster whose body undulates
like an evil apparition. He leaps back toward William --
both to take cover and to protect his mentor from the

demon.

But William simply waves his lantern at the apparition -- steps forward, steps back, steps forward again.

WILLIAM

Don't be foolish, dear boy.
(he starts confidently toward it)
It's only a mirrorrrrrrrrr ---

A trapdoor opens at William's feet! As he plummets, he just manages to grab the side of the bookcase beside him. He hangs on for dear life. His lantern goes falling into a sinister chasm -- clattering as it goes. At the bottom, it bursts into flames, showing us the white skeletons of a few others who did not manage to hold on.

As William clings tenaciously to the bookcase, it slowly tilts outward under his weight, then tips over and falls. It comes to rest jammed, diagonally, directly over the trapdoor: the books go falling down, down, down into the chasm, bouncing and echoing off the walls as they go, making a sound like the wingbeats of frantic birds.

William -- hampered both by his robes and middle-age -- reaches hand over hand to cross the gap, in the manner of a mountaineer. With a precarious, winded progress -- he reaches the other side, where Adso hauls him to safety.

The trapdoor closes up again, creaking slowly, then snapping shut, like the jaws of an alligator. As William straightens out and dusts off his clothing, he draws the logical conclusion, (as ever):

WILLIAM

Well. I'd say we're nearing our goal.

Adso, still appalled, blinks twice.

103 EXT. GATEHOUSE - NIGHT

The full moon shines in a cloudless sky. The Porter is opening the massive gates. Through them comes a richly appointed coach drawn by white horses, with the Papal crest on its side. . . Then, in stark contrast, a second vehicle enters -- a sinister wagon with a dark leather canopy, drawn by two black horses. On its side is a large yellow cross of the inquisition. Lastly, two men-at-arms enter, grim-faced and helmeted on horseback, with yellow crosses emblazoned on their tunics.

ADSO

Super thronos viginti quatuor. . .The
inscription on the parchment!

With his head held back, Adso is reading the inscription over the mirror; it is so cold in the room, his breath is visible. William is aglow with excitement. He hands the lantern to Adso.

WILLIAM

This is where the answer lies!

As Adso holds the lantern for him, William quickly slips on his "eyeglasses" and then reaches into his habit for a copy of the cryptographic parchment. Seeing it, Adso blinks. William doesn't have to look up from the parchment to know Adso's reaction.

WILLIAM

I hope you didn't think I gave him the
priceless evidence without first copying
it. . .

(consulting the page with perplexity)
'With your hand above the idol, press
the first and seventh of four. . .'
Idol. What 'idol'?

He fiddles with various carved ornaments above some stone statues on the walls, muttering all the while.

WILLIAM

First and seventh. . .

He returns to the mirror, puts his ear to it, taps it, pushes it. Adso continues to hold the light for him dutifully, though shivering more and more.

William drags a bench from beside the central table to the mirror, stands on it, and manipulates the carved letters above the mirror. Nothing. Then he tries to pull the mirror off the wall with his fingers. Nothing. Frustrated, he climbs off the bench, picks it up, and runs at the mirror with it (like a battering ram).

This causes the mirror to boom like a huge gong. He shakes his head. While the room still reverberates, he notes a faint, ticking sound.

WILLIAM

Do you hear that?

ADSO

It -- it's my teeth.

Adso's teeth are chattering; angle on his bare, sandaled feet -- both stockings completely sacrificed. He adds, pridefully:

ADSO

I'm not afraid -- I'm cold.

William gives the mirror a parting glance.

WILLIAM

We will return.

ADSO

Please, we don't have to leave on my acc --

WILLIAM

(looking balefully at the mirror)
No, no, it's eluding me, anyway.
(shaking his head in self-reproach)
I must think!
(forcing himself to look away from the maddening mirror)
We'll come back!

He starts toward one of the (four) exits -- then stops.

WILLIAM

(trying to remember)
To find your way out of a labyrinth,
mark each fork --

ADSO

Master?

WILLIAM

Shhh. I'm trying to remember. To find your way out of a labyrinth. . .

ADSO

Master, I --

William shakes his head -- doesn't want to be bothered. He concentrates, fingers to temples -- then notes the thread trailing taut after Adso. His face brightens with relief -- and pride.

105 EXT. CHURCH PORTAL/BAILEY/GATEHOUSE - NIGHT

William and Adso cautiously emerge from the dark portal of the church. Adso holds a big ball of wool, formerly his hose.

WILLIAM
Well done, Adso, you --

ADSO
Master, look! The Pope's envoys have arrived.

And from Adso's point of view, we pan the bizarre spectacle of a nocturnal welcoming ceremony.

Under the bright moonlight, we see the Abbot -- roused from his bed -- kneeling to wash the plump pink feet of CARDINAL BETRAND DEL POGGETTO, who is attired in fine cloth and white fur. He wears a broad-brimmed hat with a gleaming brooch on it. Behind him are four papal Legates, watching the scene with lofty disdain, and two Archers of the Papal Guard. As a few monks in their bed-clothes kneel to the Cardinal; he blesses them with a single gracious finger.

Still panning, still from Adso's P.O.V., we come to rest on an eagle-eyed Monk of the Dominican Order, wearing a black-white sleeved habit. His bloodless, penetrating gaze immediately sends chills up our spines.

ADSO
That's him, isn't it, Master: That is Bernardo Gui!

A cloud passes over William's face, but still he says nothing.

105A (FLASHBACK) INT. BISHOP'S PALACE - DAY

In a very brief fragment from the montage which opened the movie, we see Bernardo Gui -- the Inquisitor from those early scenes, standing over the faceless Man who kneels between two Guards.

105B (RETURN TO PRESENT) EXT. PORTAL/BAILEY/GATEHOUSE

ADSO
Who is he, Master? What is he to you?

But William takes hold of Adso's arm and steers him swiftly toward the dormitory, without answering.

105C & 106 (DELETE SCENES 105C & 106)

107 INT. STABLES - NIGHT

The Girl is seated astride a large, empty barrel lying on the ground. Her crude-duffel bag is slung around her. Inside the barrel, a candle is burning.

Now we see that Salvatore is on his knees before the girl -- between her splayed thighs. Nearby, three candles -- one of them black -- are lighted on an upturned milking stool. In the middle of the stool's underside, a black cat meow's loudly from one of Salvatore's rat cages. Intrigued by all of this, a horse is watching from a nearby stall.

Salvatore now crushes an egg with one of his huge hands, then lets the contents dribble onto a heap of carefully-arranged horse manure. Next, he pulls a dead black cock-eral out of his habit, plucks out one feather, and gives the bird to The Girl. She swiftly snatches this offering and stuffs it into her bag.

Salvatore next toasts the feather over a candle flame. He seizes one of The Girl's bare feet, and brushes it with the singed feather. She giggles; it tickles her.

Now Salvatore begins to lick the foot, with long, amorous strokes of the tongue. The Girl -- very ticklish -- wriggles around on the barrel and pounds her fist on Salvatore's head -- trying to make him stop. But, too inflamed to stop, he licks her ankle, her calf, her thigh. . .

Planting her other foot against Salvatore's chesk, she gives him a shove and bursts out laughing; Salvatore falls back against the upturned stool. The candles fall into the straw, which catches fire. The horse stamps and whinnies -- frightening the rest of the stable; the pigs begin to squeal madly; all at once, it is pandemonium.

108 INT. DORMITORY STAIRCASE - NIGHT

Bleary-eyed and half-dressed, the Brothers hurry downstairs -- awakened by the commotion in the barn.

109 INT. STABLES - NIGHT

Now the stables are lit by lanterns. All that remains of the quickly-extinguished fire is a sodden circle of charred straw. Salvatore and The Girl are being held by men-at-arms. He is white as a sheet; she is struggling like a captured beast.

Bernardo Gui has already convened a summary court of inquiry. The diabolical objects -- caged black cat, up-turned stool with black candle -- are exhibited on a box of oats. Present in the throng of spectators are the Abbot and Malachi; William and Adso now appear, elbowing their way to the front.

Bernardo Gui dramatically lifts the black cat by the scruff of its neck and flourishes it for the audience -- who cower in terror as the poor animal spits furiously.

Then he directs his gimlet eyes at Salvatore.

BERNARDO GUI

What's this?

Salvatore, blinking, looks around nervously, says nothing. Bernardo Gui, still holding his penetrating gaze on Salvatore, indicates The Girl with a crisp nod of the head.

BERNARDO GUI

Search the creature!

With swift, ungentle efficiency, the Men-at-Arms comply; as they wrest The Girl's bag from her, she fights them all the way -- trying to bite and kick them and vociferating loudly in her unintelligible local dialect.

THE GIRL

Niente ho fatto di male! Era per nutri carne! Non ho furato!

But it's to no avail; they flourish the dead black cockal. The Girl's eyes flash repeatedly, imploringly toward Adso. His brow knits into hard concern; he has no idea what to do.

Bernardo Gui speaks, outraged: but it is not a surprised or inspired outrage; it is a professional, contrived outrage.

BERNARDO GUI

How many times have I seen these same ghastly objects of Devil-worship?! The black cat, the black cockeral, the black candle. . .

He shakes his head with ostensible pity and despair for the "devil-worshippers" and their misguided ways.

Adso meantime, presses close to William.

ADSO

But -- it's for the food, not the devil!
Tell him!

Bernardo Gui turns to William, whom he must've noticed some time before.

BERNARD GUI

You've seen them too, Brother William.
Do you recall the woman in Kilkenny who
had intercourse with a demon posing as a
black cat --

WILLIAM

(overlapping)

I'm sure you needn't draw on my memories
to formulate your conclusions, Lord Ber-
nardo.

BERNARDO GUI

No. Not when faced with irrefutable evi-
dence: a witch, a monk seduced, Satanic
rites. . .

(he turns to the Abbot)

And tomorrow, we shall know if these
events are connected to the even graver
mystery which afflicts this abbey.

The Abbot nods, half-ashamed but half-grateful. . .

BERNARDO GUI

(to the Men-at-Arms)

Lock them up, so we may all sleep safe-
ly tonight!

Salvatore hangs his heavy head as he is borne out -- over-
whelmed by the fate he has been dealt; The Girl, however,
struggles fiercely at every step -- as determined as she is
confused. She casts a last imploring glance at Adso, who
watches them carry her out with the greatest intensity and
frustration.

110 INT. WILLIAM & ADSO'S CELL - NIGHT

ADSO

You said nothing!

He cannot even look at William; he faces the wall.

WILLIAM

You must believe me, Adso, nothing I
might have said would have made a dif-
ference.

ADSO
(still to the wall)
You're so ready to speak the truth when
it comes to books and ideas --

WILLIAM
(earnestly trying to reach him)
Adso, the Inquisition has its own rules,
however terrible. . .I know the girl's
only crime is to be beautiful and hungry.
But Bernardo Gui had already arrayed his
'evidence' and 'facts'. . .These cannot
be refuted with words. Only with evidence
that is more persuasive can we have
any hope to discredit --

ADSO
(bitterly)
I'm pleased you know so much about the
Holy Inquisition and its rules!

William rests his hand on Adso's shoulder. Then, dramatically:

WILLIAM
I know all about it, Adso. . .I was
once an inquisitor myself.

Adso pulls away from William to stare him straight in the
face; he is in shock. He doesn't want to believe it.
William nods as if to say, Yes, it's true.

WILLIAM
I could say it was another time -- an
earlier and more benign era of inquis-
ition -- but that does nothing to erase
the shame in my heart -- the shame that
is so vividly stirred by the sight of
Bernardo Gui. . .You see, one day it was
my 'duty' to preside at the trial of a
man -- an admirable man -- whose only
crime was to have translated and anno-
tated some ancient texts.

And now, as William speaks, we see the events he describes
in MONTAGE. We are drawing from the same montage as that
which opened the movie -- but certain crucial camera angles
will be different.

110A (FLASHBACK) EXT. COBBLED STREET - DAY

Again we see the shackled Prisoner being borne down the
narrow, crooked medieval street by the gruff Inquisitorial
Guards, wearing their tunics emblazoned with yellow crosses

and holding the heraldic banners which show the same symbol. Again we see the mass of unwashed humanity (like a Hieronymus Bosch tableau) watching these events with awe and fear. The ragged peasants, shopkeepers, etc., eye the thoughtful-looking prisoner like a leper or the Devil himself. Some cross themselves; some turn away, terrified. . .

111B (FLASHBACK) INT. BISHOP'S PALACE - DAY

As the Inquisitorial Guards stand grimly by -- and Bernardo Gui squints his eyes with rage -- the faceless Man from the opening montage pleads for the Prisoner's life before the impassive, richly-attired Bishops. This time we see that the faceless Man is William.

.. WILLIAM (V.O.)

I did everything I could to secure his acquittal -- but the book had been deemed an affront to the Scriptures. . .

We see the pile of manuscript pages --

WILLIAM (V.O.)

In the mind of the Inquisition, he was already guilty. . .My words fell on deaf ears.

110C (FLASHBACK) INT. BISHOP'S PALACE - SOME MINUTES LATER

They are dragging out the Prisoner.

WILLIAM (V.O.)

Did I say deaf ears, Adso? That was too kind.

Now angle on William, head bowed and hands together, flanked by the two Inquisitorial Guards. As Bernardo Gui stands over him, pronouncing him a heretic, we again hear William, in voice over. . .

WILLIAM (V.O.)

You see, among the laws of the Holy Inquisition there is one that states, He who disputes a sentence of heresy is himself a heretic, and susceptible to the same punishment.

110D EXT. INQUISITORIAL PYRE - NIGHT

Now, as the pyre is lighted, and the poor Prisoner writhes in agony, the whole Court drops to its knees, reverently. William alone remains staunchly standing. Bernardo Gui,

kneeling next to him, glares fiercely -- almost daring him to remain on two feet.

We hear Adso -- by now softened toward his master.

ADSO (V.O.)

And then, Master? What happened then?

The flames consume the Prisoner, who mouths a silent scream.

WILLIAM (V.O.)

The prisoner was burned at the stake.

Now, at the last moment, as Bernardo Gui glares, William drops to his knees.

WILLIAM (V.O.)

And I am still alive.

110E (RETURN TO PRESENT) INT. WILLIAM & ADSO'S CELL - NIGHT

William stares vaguely out, drained by these awful memories; this time, it is he who cannot look at Adso. . . For his part, Adso's fury as given way to a frightened understanding.

ADSO

And The Girl. What -- what will happen now?

An earsplitting cry of pain rings out as we

SHOCK CUT TO:

111 (DELETE SCENE 111)

112 INT. BASEMENT FORGE - DAY

A vise closes on a man's wrist, crushing it. It is Salvatore. He is held by two Inquisitorial Guards. The Torturer who manipulates the vise wears a red hood with two eye-holes; now, as Salvatore's screams grow raw, he releases the vise's terrible grip. . .

Arrayed in the forge, lit by smoking torches, are the instruments of torture: a rack, boots, mallets, thumbscrews, nails, etc. Bernardo Gui is seated on a stool. Beside him stands a Recorder -- a young monk with a goose quill, poised to jot down the prisoner's confessions in a ledger.

Now Bernardo Gui gets up, walks to Salvatore. The hunchback looks up, frightened and broken; Bernardo Gui smiles

faintly, gently.

BERNARDO GUI

Brother Salvatore, these torments hurt me as quite as much as they do you. But only you may put a stop to them. Please -- let us stop now! I feel certain you never really shared Dolcino's beliefs.

SALVATORE

Never! Jamais!

BERNARDO GUI

(nodding, confidential)

I feel that someone you know urged Dolcino's beliefs on you. . . Please, Brother Salvatore, for both our sakes, search your soul, tell me.

Salvatore knits his brow; we can't tell what he is thinking or might say.

SALVATORE

I search, your veneratable (sic) magnificence, I am doing to search!

The Recorder's goose-quill squeaks harshly. . . We pan up the stairs where, hidden in the gloom, the cellarer watches his captured colleague -- terrified he will talk. As Salvatore screams again, O.S., Remigio flinches.

113 INT. REFECTORY - DAY

Open on Michel de Cesene, whom we find delivering a speech he reads from a parchment page; he is near its end.

MICHEL DE CESENE

. . . the dispute which has brought us here has brought death to many, my beloved bretheren. . .

We now see that he addresses the great summit. The two delegations sit across from each other at the high table: on one side, the fat papal envoys, expensively dressed: Betrand del Poggetto, Jean d'Anneaux, Jean de Baume and the Bishop of Alborea. On the other side, the gaunt Franciscans in their plain habits: Hugh of Newcastle, Jerome of Kaffa, Giovanni Bonagrazia, and Ubertino de Casale. Michel de Cesene stands at the head of the table.

MICHEL DE CESENE

It has wounded the unity of Holy Mother Church, and it has caused each of us to

MICHEL (Cont'd)
grieve deeply in his heart.

We now see that William and the Abbot are also at the table, although at a short distance from the two delegations.

MICHEL DE CESENE
Thus do we praise God that we are finally seated, all together. All Christians everywhere wait to hear what we will decide in this venerable place. We have, really, but one question to resolve: in its simplest form, we must decide if Christ owned the clothes He wore. . .

(The Papal envoys exchange weary, sarcastic smiles.)

MICHEL DE CESENE
(noting this, and growing more fierce)
For none of us may presume to violate His example!

As Michel de Cesene goes back to his seat, Bertrand del Poggetto walks to the head of the table with great pomposity and his remarks in hand, on parchment.

Meantime, as Michel de Cesene takes his seat, he speaks to Ubertino next to him.

MICHEL DE CESENE
(whispering)
Brother Ubertino, what are you doing here?

UBERTINO
The Cardinal invited me to speak for the Franciscan cause. . . I thought it was ever-so-kind of him!

As Ubertino smiles his half-mad beatific smile, Michel de Cesene looks up the Cardinal with suppressed rage; just now, the Cardinal begins to speak.

BERTRAND DEL POGETTO
Beloved Bretheren of the Franciscan Order, our Holy Father in Rome has entrusted me and my fellow bretheren --
(an imperial nod to the other fat men)
to undertake an urgent mission for which he has long waited. We presume to speak for him only with the greatest humility.

At this moment, the door of the refectory creaks open. The

Abbot looks over with annoyance. It is Severinus who has entered, and he hurries over to William -- red-faced but terribly eager to speak to him. Bertrand del Pogetto squints with annoyance, then continues.

BERTRAND DEL POGETTO

Our Holy Father in Rome and we ourselves stand most egregiously accused of collecting and amassing worldly goods for our own worldly comfort and pleasure. How grievously the Pope and we are wounded by these words!

In the meantime, Severinus kneels down by William and whispers fiercely. . .

SEVERINUS

You must come quickly!

WILLIAM

Brother Severinus -- I cannot.

He indicates discreetly everyone and everything.

SEVERINUS

I've found something in the dispensary!

Bertrand del Pogetto's voice rises with annoyance:

BERTRAND DEL POGETTO

. . . even the grandest monument to God is but a pale reflection of his greatness! It is only by building the most magnificent monuments to His greatness that we may hope to vanquish the Holy Infidel and bring men to the faith!

Looking up, William notes all the Papal envoys glaring at him. The Abbot, nearby, is even more annoyed, if that is possible. Finally, we see the other Franciscans, who are filled with embarrassment.

SEVERINUS

(whispering fiercely)

Brother William, it's the book you've been searching for! I'm sure of it!

William is desperate to go see -- but cannot.

WILLIAM

Brother, don't touch it. Go back to your dispensary and lock the door. Don't open the door to anyone, do you understand?

SEVERINUS
(nodding)
I'll be waiting.

William nods, and squeezes Severinus's hand, gently. Severinus hurries out of the refectory. The Abbot squints at William who is watching Severinus go.

William now tries to fix his attention on the speaker, but we can see he is burning with impatience.

BERTRAND DEL POGETTO
. . .they are not the palaces of the
Pope -- but the palaces of God!

114 (DELETE SCENE 114)

115 (DELETE SCENE 115)

116 INT./EXT DISPENSARY - DAY

We hold on the dispensary door as footsteps hurry toward it. The door opens and Severinus enters. As he comes in, he is eagerly, almost cheerfully, pulling a glove onto his right hand and thus does not notice the state of the room at once. Now, he looks up -- and is aghast.

The dispensary has been ransacked and rifled in its every part: flasks, bottles, books, papers -- all have been tossed about by someone looking for something.

On one corner of the main table, amid the debris, lies the book. Severinus stares at it, then around him, feeling the culprit must still be present, since the book is. . . He moves forward stealthfully until a cowed figure -- whom we see from behind -- steps out from behind a large shelf; he advances unhesitatingly toward Severinus, ruthlessly unafraid. Severinus stands stock-still -- outraged and frightened.

SEVERINUS
You!

But even as he says this, the unidentified monk raises a heavy armillary sphere into the air, and crushes it onto Severinus's head. He collapses, instantly dead.

The murderer (still unseen to us) conceals the book in his habit. Then in an insanely ironic gesture, he bends over the herbalist's body, and blesses it.

117 INT. GRANARY/ADJOINING ROOM - DAY

In the spacious granary (which has a vaulted roof and resembles an inverted ship's hull) Remigio is levying tithes from the local peasants; with great deliberation and self-importance, he weighs a measure of grain while the poor haggard wretches -- in awe of the powerful cellarer -- stand in line with their contributions of beans, turnips, chickens.

Remigio's attention is now captured by Malachi -- who is beckoning to him from the adjoining room, beyond the peasant's range of vision. Remigio importantly indicates to the peasants to wait, and hurries over.

117 INT. ADJOINING ROOM - DAY

Malachi holds onto Remigio's arm urgently.

MALACHI

Brother, you must escape! Salvatore has just this moment told the Inquisitor all!

Remigio goes wide-eyed.

MALACHI

Yes -- all about your past! He told him about the relic of Dolcino you keep hidden in the dispensary.

REMIGIO

But -- how did he know?

MALACHI

There's no time to wonder! Fetch the relic and run for your life, I beg you!

REMIGIO

Thank you, Brother!

Remigio dashes to the trapdoor and disappears. . . Malachi is about to follow. He hesitates when he notices something on his own sandal: a few droplets of blood. He wipes them off against the straw, then proceeds.

119 (DELETE SCENE 119)

120 INT. REFECTORY - DAY

Jean d'Anneaux, fat and red-faced, jumps out of his seat at the refectory table, pointing with accusation, shouting

loudly:

JEAN D'ANNEAUX
You Franciscans are so 'close to the
people' you sleep in their beds!

Ubertino, directly across the table, shouts back:

UBERTINO
I wouldn't speak of lust, Jean d'Anneaux!
Not when half the women of Europe are hid-
den in the Pope's palaces!

Then all the delegates from both sides of the table jump up from their seats and begin yelling insults in their various native tongues. . . It's a cacophonous explosion; the brothers bodies angle forward -- like bar-brawlers daring each other to take the first punch.

As the Abbot wrings his hands -- trying to regain order -- and the politic Michel de Cesene does much the same, William quickly surmises he may now go to the dispensary without being missed. He swiftly leaves his seat, heading for the door. . .

Where he meets Bernardo Gui; he stands in the doorway, watching the commotion with his lips curled into a sardonic smile. He indicates to William he had better wait, then calls out:

BERNARDO GUI
Bretheren, if you please! Something has
happened!

The others fall silent. We note that fat Jean d'Anneaux has his hands around gaunt Giovanni Bonagrazia's neck in a way that suggests Laurel and Hardy -- Stan blinking and Ollie enraged. But now he releases his grip to heed the Inquisitor's words, and Giovanni falls on his rear. . .

BERNARDO GUI
Something of the utmost gravity.

121 (DELETE SCENE 121)

122 INT. DISPENSARY - DAY

The Men-at-Arms hold onto the cellarer. . .

REMIGIO
He was dead when I came in, I swear
it! Listen to me, why don't you!

. . . Bernardo Gui enters, followed by the Abbot, the two

delegations of the summit, and William. William shakes his head almost imperceptibly when he sees the body of Severi-
The Abbot shoots an Angry gaze at Bernardo, then tries to shepherd the delegations back to the summit.

ABBOT

Dear Brothers, these matters are well
in hand! Let us return to our --

But they all want to see what's going on -- especially now
that William has knelt by the corpse and is turning it face
up.

ABBOT

Please, my Brothers --

Bernardo Gui, in the meantime, walks straight up to Remigio,
taking from a Man-at-Arms the relic that was found on
him.

BERNARDO GUI

Remigio de Varagain, I had already ordered your arrest on other charges. I
see now I was correct, although I reproach myself for being too late.

Now he glares at William, who has turned Severinus over and
is stripping the glove off his hand to check his fingertips
for stains.

BERNARDO GUI

Perhaps another responsible party is also
reproaching himself! Had he not chosen to
look in the wrong direction, several men
of God might still be with us.

William does not do Bernardo Gui the honor of looking up
from his searches; the Franciscans look to each other
nervously and the Papal envoys whisper to each other -- all
wondering what William is doing. Meantime, the Men-at-Arms
drag the cellarer out, swiftly and boldly, and the Abbot
tries to get everybody back to the refectory.

ABBOT

Please, my Brothers, let us return. . .

123 & 124 (DELETE SCENES 123 & 124)

125 INT. CHAPTER HOUSE - DAY

Open on the cellarer's face. We hear Bernardo Gui's voice.

BERNARDO GUI (O.S.)
You do not deny that you fought alongside the murderer and heretic, Dolcino?

REMIGIO
I do not deny that in my youth I confused the love of Jesus Christ with my desire for freedom and my hatred of the fat and self-satisfied bishops!

Many have crowded into the gallery which surrounds the floor of the chapter house to see the Inquisitorial trial: the two delegations, William, Jorge, Malachi, the Abbot, various other monks. . . Still more monks watch from the cloisters, from which the chapter house is visible.

Bernardo Guidoni presides at the head of a massive table, set between columns. Facing him are the prisoners: Remigio, The Girl, and Salvatore. They are shackled at the wrists and ankles -- although Salvatore's wrists hang uselessly after his night of torture and he looks blank, compliant, lobotomized, glazed-eyed.

BERNARDO GUI
(as if weary)
To repeat, Remigio de Varagine: you do not deny that you fought alongside the murderer and heretic, Dolcino.

REMIGIO
(defiantly, even proudly)
No, I don't deny it, Lord Bernardo!
I affirm it!

A murmur of shock passes among the monks. . .

126 INT. CHURCH - DAY

Adso prays fervently beneath the Madonna. . .

ADSO
Hear me, blessed Virgin, hear my humble prayer. . . I have seen her terrible poverty. I know that she has nothing, nothing at all, except your love. You alone may save her. . . Do not forsake her, blessed Virgin, hear my prayer.

Near to tears, he bows his head, crosses himself.

126A INT. CHAPTER HOUSE - DAY

Remigio seems paradoxically emboldened and liberated by the

bad turn Fate has dealt him. . .

REMIGIO

I should thank you, Lord Inquisitor!
You've given me back my courage now that
I've nothing left to lose and no secrets
to keep. . . You see, in the eleven years
I have been in the abbey, I have grown ex-
pert in extracting tithes from the peas-
ants. I take their clothes, their grain,
their. . .

(he glances almost imperceptibly
at The Girl)

I've become truly greedy and lustful,
now that I'm a 'good Christian.'

(he looks hard at Bernardo Gui)

But today you have reminded me, Lord Ber-
nardo, today you have given me the cour-
age to remember.--

BERNARDO GUI

Yes, let me remind you: that you looted
the property of good Christians!

REMIGIO

Yes! To give it back to those they had
stolen it from in the first place! We
thought we broke the Commandment in the
name of a higher justice!

The spectators begin to murmur.

BERNARDO GUI

That you wantonly destroyed and burned
Church property.

REMIGIO

Out of the belief that universal poverty
was the message of Our lord! We sinned
because we loved Him inordinately --

The murmur grows louder. . .

BERNARDO GUI

And lastly that you killed good Christ-
ians --

REMIGIO

Killed false Christians, who were slowly
killing others in their self-righteous-
ness and greed! That is how we saw it
in our youthful love for the Lord!

The courtroom is in an uproar, but Bernardo Gui rises above
it.

BERNARDO GUI

In other words, you burned, looted stole
and killed because you loved the Lord.

REMIGIO

Those words are yours -- but I don't deny
my former deeds. But just as I truly con-
fess them, I swear on the Scriptures I did
not kill Brother Severinus -- or any of
the brothers who died here before him.

As Bernardo Gui speaks, below, we see Adso making his way
into the courtroom to watch the proceedings. He stares in-
tently at The Girl.

BERNARDO GUI

The case has been tried, the charges
proven. Remigio de Varagaine, whom
you have just heard confess, is a here-
tic! Heretical is the relic we found
in his possession!

He holds up the phial which holds a floating finger with a
charred nail. Frightened ripples go through the gallery.

BERNARDO GUI

Heretical, also, is his colleague, Sal-
vatore! Heretical, as well, is the witch
with whom Salvatore was found in flag-
rante delicto -- amid their devices
of devil-worship!

William sees Adso, staring at The Girl.

BERNARDO GUI

Heretical, lastly, and most horrifying in
the eyes of God, are the murders that have
sullied this sacred place and which resem-
ble all too clearly the crimes practised
by the heretic Dolcino and his followers.
Remigio, Salvatore and the witch are no
longer ours; they now belong to the pur-
ifying flames, to which they will be taken
at night's fall tomorrow; there is no
need to delay matters, for surely no one
wishes to contest the just sentence of
the Holy Inquisition.

Bernardo Gui looks over at William with a hidden smile.
Adso, too, looks at William, keenly and anxiously. Wil-
liam sits with head bent in concentration -- or is it shame
that he will again fail to speak up. A long and anguished
moment. Then William stands.

WILLIAM

Remigio de Varagine and his fellow prisoners are innocent of the murders that have cursed this abbey!

Confused and outraged murmurs rise up in the gallery. William only speaks louder.

WILLIAM

For none of the prisoners can read Greek -- and these terrible crimes rest entirely on the theft and possession of a book in Greek!

As William begins to delineate the thesis with which we are already familiar, the outraged Abbot does not even attempt to silence the crowd. The Franciscans are horrified with embarrassment; Bertrand del Pogetto, seizing on a opportune excuse by which to leave in outrage, gestures to his fellow Papal envoys, and proceeds to walk out -- with the haughty disdain of a respectable theatre patron scandalized by an obscene performance. We track them. . .

Meantime, William continues to outline his crazy-sounding thesis in the B.G. ("This book has now been returned to a secret chamber. The chamber can be opened only by means of this formula: 'manu supra idolum age primum et septimum de quatuor', a formula found on a cryptographic parchment, and revealed only when a sympathetic ink is held close to a flame." The book contains the following sentences, or fragments thereof: 'to say one thing and mean another. . .', 'a terrible poison that gives purification. . .'; and 'the shameless stone that rolls over the plain. . .'). . . Michel de Cesene hurries from his seat, rushing after the Pope's men, who are heading out into the Cloisters.

126B EXT. CLOISTERS - DAY

Michel de Cesene catches up to the Papal party.

MICHEL DE CESENE

Cardinal, I beg of you -- return to the meeting so we may discuss more important matters! We Franciscans are as astounded as you by Brother William's outburst!

BERNARDO DEL POGETTO

(self-righteously)

Brother Michele de Cesene -- there is nothing left to discuss! The actions of the cellarer demonstrate only too clearly the logical outcome of your ideas. The summit is now concluded!

BERNARDO GUI

Remigio de Varagaine, self-confessed heretic and murderer, will be burned, along with his two accomplices, as we have already said. . .

(a pause; then turning)

As for Brother William of Baskerville: he has relapsed into the errors of which he was formerly purged. Having sought to protect yet another heretic from just punishment, he will be taken to Avignon for confirmation of my sentence by papal authority. There, the proper measures will be taken to insure the final purification of his soul!

Adso watches, aghast, as the Men-at-Arms surround William, who shows not a flicker of resistance or emotion, and other Men-at-Arms bear The Girl and the other prisoners out of the courtroom.

127-129 (DELETE SCENES 126-129)

130 INT. CORRIDOR (OUTSIDE WM. & ADSO'S CELL) - NIGHT

A Man-at-Arms paces up and down the corridor, keeping watch over William's door.

131 INT. WILLIAM & ADSO'S CELL - NIGHT

William, deep in deductive thought, peers keenly at the cryptographic parchment through the good lens of his "eyeglasses." Adso, meantime, paces fiercely, with the awareness that both the objects of his love and esteem have been sentenced to die. He is astounded by William's seeming calm.

ADSO

Master, how can you --

WILLIAM

(looking up, a pale smile)

It is the only hope. . .

Adso nods, chastised.

ADSO

Master, there -- there's something I have to tell you. You must take my confession.

And as Michel de Cesene forlornly watches the Pope's men pompously stride off, we cut back into the chapter house.

126C INT. CHAPTER HOUSE - DAY

William is at the end of his speech.

WILLIAM

If we consider this sentence to be the true one, other monks will meet their deaths! Still more men will be found with black fingers and black tongues!

The hall is in an uproar as William resumes his seat, looking neither right nor left. Adso gazes at him with a mixture of pity and admiration.

It seems that only Bernardo Gui is unfazed; in fact, he wears a thin smile of self-satisfaction.

BERNARDO GUI

Since the sentence has been disputed, we are forced to extract the prisoner's confession of murder! Take him to the forge.

Remigio leaps up, filled with fear.

REMIGIO

No! I won't live through a night like Salvatore!

(he gazes down on his befuddled
and glazed-eyed friend; quietly)
I'd rather burn now!

BERNARDO GUI

Let it be noted the prisoner wishes to confess -- and has not been subjected to torture. . . You will offer your confession now, Remigio de Varagine.

REMIGIO

I killed the illuminator because --
(thinking)

I envied his beauty. I killed the translator because -- he could read Greek. I killed Berengar because -- because he reminded me of my mother. And I killed the herbalist because -- because we heretics love to kill! There!

WILLIAM
I know, Adso.

ADSO
No, not this, Master. I'm afraid you
don't know me.

WILLIAM
I do, Adso. . .

He holds his novice's gaze for a moment, then looks down at the parchment before he speaks -- out of respect for Adso's modesty, or from his own, or both: neither of them is even remotely accustomed to such tenderly intimate words.

WILLIAM
When I found you in the kitchen that
night, I knew at once what had happened.
Even before I woke you.

William looks up benevolently, and Adso drops to his knees, before William.

ADSO
Let me confess it, Master. . .

He rests his hand gently on Adso's head, like a confessor -- but finishes his thought.

WILLIAM
But it was only later -- and in the days
that have followed -- that I knew you
were dazed not so much by the act itself
-- as by love.

Staring at the floor, Adso nods.

WILLIAM
I wouldn't feel ashamed, dear boy. Not
after all that we've seen here. Yours
seems to be the only example of love
to be found in a very dark and ugly
world.

Still kneeling at Williams feet, but unable to look at him, Adso impulsively clasps his master's hand.

131A INT. CORRIDOR (OUTSIDE WM. & ADSO'S CELL) - NIGHT

The Man-at-Arms is summoned by a pounding on the door from inside the cell. He opens the door to Adso, who indicates he wants to go out. As Adso hurries out, the Man-at-Arms looks in on William, who is again studying the cryptogram.

In a dark, dank, narrow cell, The Girl is chained at the wrists to two rings embedded in the wall. Her exhausted, half-naked body sags from time to time, and it is all she can do to bring herself back erect. She is opposite a sunken window -- in itself almost a form of torture, since a steady, bleak wet wind blows through it, causing her to shiver ceaselessly.

Just now, Adso appears at the window. He wriggles through it nimbly, and drops down onto the flagstones.

She flinches at the sound of his footfalls -- wondering what new torment is in store.

ADSO

No, no, don't be afraid. . .

She raises her weary sagging head to see Adso.

ADSO

Yes, yes, I've come.

(he sees her state, shakes his head)

Please -- don't give up! You mustn't!

But she has long since given up hope. She speaks to Adso in her unintelligible native dialect.

THE GIRL

Come tu se' cortese, o amor. . .
e po' cotanto zovenetto. . .

ADSO

Please, you must listen to me --
when they say, 'Do you renounce the
Devil,' tell them Yes! Yes!

But she continues to ramble, murmuring into her chest, too weak to hold up her head.

ADSO

They'll ask you -- 'Do you accept Jesus
Christ as your Lord and Saviour' -- and
you must say Yes! You must!

THE GIRL

E po' cotanto zovenetto. . .Come tu
se' tanto doze e vago. . .

Shaking his head, realizing she cannot understand him, Adso brushes the matted strands of hair from her face and eyes and gently wipes away the sweat on her forehead with his

sleeve. . . Seeing how she shivers, he presses his body up against her, warms her breasts, shoulders, throat. . . She continues to murmur, rambling, and his words overlap hers.

THE GIRL

I tuo' carpei son come le spighe. . .
Eo ti son tanto dappresso. Hai si buon
sentore. . .

ADSO

He's thinking, my Master, even now.
He's cleverer than they are -- he'll
save you. He knows everything -- he
even knew how much I love you, he
knew it right away. . .

THE GIRL

. . . Tu se' come 'l mele che nutrica
al primovere. . .

ADSO

Don't give up hope, I beg you!

She hangs her head, muttering. Now, a door clangs from deeper inside the dungeon, and footsteps begin to come closer. Adso looks up keenly. She continues to murmur.

He presses her hand in his, catches his hands on the window ledge, lifts himself out.

135 EXT. ABBEY GATEWAY/MOUND/RIDGE - LATE AFTERNOON

Under a gray and threatening sky, the wicket door in one of the great gates swings open. Michel de Cesene and his party of threadbare Franciscans leave the abbey, leading the goats which hold their meager belongings.

As they make their way down the muddy track with the aid of pilgrims' staffs, the massive gates behind them open. The imposing white Papal coach now exits the abbey, led by its white horses and escorted by its impressively uniformed Papal Archers. As the coach passes and overtakes the humble Franciscans, it splatters them with mud.

Now, we angle on another part of the monestary grounds: on a mound overlooking the valley, near the abbey walls, Inquisition Guards supervise abbey Servants in the erection of three black stakes for the executions to come tonight. Other servants, trudging along in single file, carry bundles of faggots to the place of execution, laying them in mounting pyres at the foot of the stakes.

Lastly, we angle on the ridge of abbey, overlooking the dreadful pyres. Adso stands there, watching in silence. We pan up to the dead gray sky, listening to the hammer blows of the men building the stakes.

MATCH DISSOLVE TO:

136 EXT. SKY/CHURCH PORTAL - EVENING

As the sky thickens with twilight, the hammers blows give way to silence. . .

We see the monks of the monestary swiftly and silently filing into church for their evening devotions.

William and Adso are followed closely by the Man-at-Arms charged with looking over William. William speaks quietly and cautiously, staring straight ahead.

WILLIAM

Adso, I have solved the cryptogram. . .

Adso looks at him, hopefully, but William maintains his steely, discreet, forward-looking stare.

WILLIAM

Since it's plain my escort is a diligent fellow, I'm afraid you shall have to enter the labyrinth alone.

Adso casts a backwards glance at the "escrot," then follows William's lead, speaking carefully, while staring straight ahead. He conceals his fear beneath a layer of keenly-whispered bravado.

ADSO

Now?

WILLIAM

After.

They enter the church. The Man-at-Arms waits outside, taking his post by the door.

137 INT. CHURCH - EVENING

Jorge is in the pulpit, his smooth skull and whitened eyes lit from below by candles mounted on a tripod. He speaks with great and mounting emotion.

JORGE

. . .Brethern, let us be warned and humbled by these unhappy events -- if not

JORGE (Cont'd)

ordained by God, at least sanctioned by Him to abase our pride. When the pyres are lighted tonight, let the flames purify each of us in his heart. Let us not seek ways of knowledge outside the Holy Scriptures, for the Lord is coming soon! He is coming to raise the dead, and on that blessed day, he will lift the scales from our eyes, brothers, and we will know all!

The entire monastery is arrayed in the pews. We see William and Adso seated on a side aisle; Bernardo Gui, close to the front; the Abbot, at the foot of the pulpit steps.

When Jorge pauses, we hear what seems to be the sound of a sleeping, heavily-breathing monk, somewhere in the dark church. The succentor, lantern in hand, begins instantly to look for the offending monk. As Jorge speaks, below, we cut between the succentor, seeking the sleeping monk, and William, who is instructing Adso before he enters the labyrinth. He produces a pair of gloves from his habit and hands them to Adso.

WILLIAM

When you get inside, you will need these.

ADSO

Why, Master?

The succentor, holding the lantern, spots the sleeping culprit, and hurries toward him, as we hear Jorge, O.S.

JORGE (O.S.)

Let us praise the Almighty that the bloody-eyed and cloven-hoofed Antichrist has been purged from our sacred precincts and now our monastery has returned to peace!

But just as Jorge praises the peace, the succentor shakes the sleeping monk -- who topples loudly onto the flagstone floor with a cry. It is Malachi -- blue in the face, tormented, dying!

Forgetting where they are -- filled with pure panic -- the monks from the neighboring pews jump from their seats, some crying out, as they form a circle around Malachi.

MONKS

His tongue is black! Jesus, Mary and Joseph! His fingers are black as coal! It's as Brother William foretold it!

MONKS (Cont'd)
He's dying with blackened fingers!

Jorge is descending rapidly from the pulpit -- feeling for the arm of the Abbot.

JORGE
God save us, what's happened now?

ABBOT
It's Brother Malachi!

JORGE
(stricken)
Dear God! Not Malachi!

. . .Jorge, overcome by grief, stumbles swiftly away. . .

Bernardo Gui, with his mighty Men-At-Arms in tow, forces his way through to the center of the circle of monks around Malachi.

Meantime, we see William, who seizes on this moment of pandemonium to escape. Grabbing hold of Adso's arm, he hurries silently toward the side-chapel that holds the entrance to the underground passage. . .

137A INT. SIDE CHAPEL

William and Adso hurry along the passage. . .They come to the secret entrance and William swiftly and surely manipulates the skull which opens the door.

137B INT. CHURCH - NIGHT

As Bernardo Gui stands up from where he has been kneeling beside the body of Malachi, he is surrounded by frightened and confused monks.

One of them stammers out what all of them are thinking.

MONK
L-Lord Bernardo -- Brother William was right! He knew that someone else would --

BERNARDO GUI
(drowning him out)
Yes, he knew! Just as I'd have known, were I the murderer!

The Monks are astonished.

BERNARDO GUI

For William of Baskerville, whose soul
so craves the purifying flames, would
do most anything to confute a just sen-
tence of the Inquisition. . . If any
other brother doubts the justice of
the sentence, let him now step forward!

Brothers stare blankly, blink nervously, hang their heads
or fidget -- but not one steps forward.

137C INT. UNDERGROUND PASSAGE/OSSUARY

William and Adso hurriedly traverse the passage.

ADSO

Master -- surely now that everyone has
seen you're right, Lord Bernardo won't
dare to --

WILLIAM

(overlapping, hurrying onward)
Dear boy, he'll do what he likes and
no one will say a word! Our only hope
is to bring out such striking evidence
of the true murderer that the abominable
Gui is utterly disgraced and dis-
credited! Now, hurry!

138-139 (DELETE SCENES 138-139)

140 INT. WILLIAM & ADSO'S CELL - EVENING

Men-at-Arms tear the cell apart, with brutal relish; Gui
opens William's bag of precious instruments; he holds up
the plumb bob or Arab compass as gingerly as if it were a
live scorpion; his men momentarily fall silent -- struck
by such clear evidence of Devil worship. . .

141 INT. FORK/PASSAGE TO STAIRCASE - NIGHT

William and Adso -- so much surer in their movements this
time -- reach the fork, and take the proper passage. We
track them as they walk, swiftly. . .

WILLIAM

You remember that the cryptogram said
'Manu supra idolum age primum et sept-
imus de quatuor.'

(subtitle)

WITH YOUR HAND ON THE IDOL, PRESS THE
FIRST AND SEVENTH OF FOUR.

WILLIAM (Cont'd)
. . .What does 'idolum' mean?

ADSO
Idol.

WILLIAM
Yes, but in Greek -- the translator's
preferred tongue.

ADSO
An image.

WILLIAM
And what was the image we saw --

ADSO
(as they reach the staircase)
None -- except our own in the mirror.
(as they start up the stairs)
The mirror!

142 EXT. MOUND - EVENING

As night falls, the Executioner, his leather hood folded back on his shoulders, checks to see that the faggots have been satisfactorily stacked on the muddy ground.

The jocular Men-at-Arms who watch over the stakes and pyres chat among themselves. A few local urchins have dared to come up the hill to watch, and a Man-At-Arms chucks at stone at them; they scatter.

142A INT. SPIRAL STAIRCASE - EVENING

William continues to unravel the cryptogram as they quickly -- if breathlessly -- ascend the interminable stairs. Adso is first; William is coming as quickly as his fifty-year-old frame will carry him, but of course, Adso is quicker.

WILLIAM
'Super thronos viginis quatuor' --
that was the inscription above the
mirror.

ADSO
Four words! So we must press the first
and seventh of the four words above the
mirror!

14B INT. FIRST CHAMBER - NIGHT

They rise up through the trapdoor -- Adso first.

WILLIAM

I thought so too at first -- till it struck me quatuor has seven letters.

ADSO

The first and seventh letters of the word four! I'm sure you're right, Master -- Please hurry!

WILLIAM

(breathlessly)

I am, boy, believe me!

143 (DELETE SCENE 143)

144 INT. BASEMENT PASSAGE - NIGHT

Bernardo Gui looks on while his Men-at-Arms push and prod the three barefooted prisoners down the passage leading from their cells. Remigio wears a look of proud defiance; Salvatore smiles and nods and his tormentors, sweetly, as if the torture he has suffered has reduced him to the mental age of an uncomprehending child. The Girl -- far beyond hope -- allows herself to be prodded along like a once-proud, now broken, beast.

144A INT. CHAMBER WITH MIRROR - NIGHT

Adso and William, still hurrying, come into the room with the mirror -- but Adso stops William, whispering fiercely.

ADSO

Master, someone is there!

The other intruder into the labyrinth raises his lantern; it is the Abbot.

ABBOT

I see now you were right, Brother William! I shall go first --

As he turns to walk, William calls out --

WILLIAM

No, Lord Abbot!

-- But it's too late. . . The trapdoor swallows up the Abbot and sends him falling down into the deep chasm. Adso shuts his eyes and William shakes his head, appalled, as they

hear his dying screams; then the door closes over him -- at first creaking, then snapping shut, with a hideous finality.

144B EXT. BAILEY - NIGHT

As if in a continuous motion, another door slams shut with a brutal finality; it is the door which leads from the dungeons onto the bailey.

Now, as the barefooted prisoners are held just outside the dungeon door, The Girl's eyes open slightly, and we reverse on a dramatic tableau:

As snow gently falls around them, a huge congregation of monks, standing two-by-two in their black habits, and each holding a candle, waits to accompany the prisoners to the place of execution. Bernardo Gui nods -- first to the congregated monks, then to the men-at-arms. As all begin to walk somberly out of the bailey, behind an Inquisition Guard bearing a pennant with the Yellow Cross, the monks begin to chant in plain song; it is utterly haunting and funereal.

MONKS

Credo in unum Deum. Patrem omnipotentem, facorem caeli et terrae, visibilium omnium et invisibilium. . .

145 INT. SECRET LIBRARY - ROOM WITH MIRROR - EVENING

As Adso holds the lantern high, William stands on the bench to manipulate the letters "Q" and "R" of the word QUATUOR in the carved scroll above the mirror.

WILLIAM

Pray to God I'm not mistaken. . .

There is a faint click, and then another. As William quickly steps down from the bench, the entire frame of the mirror gives a jerk; the mirror slowly pivots. William and Adso look at each other before crossing the pitch-dark threshold into the secret chamber.

145A INT. LIBRARY - SECRET CHAMBER/ROOM W/ MIRROR - EVENING

As they enter the almost completely blackened room, we see the back of a Monk, his cowl drawn up, so we cannot know who he is. He sits behind the library table which is set facing the far wall.

WILLIAM

You must've flown to this chamber to reach it before us, Jorge de Burgos.

JORGE

William of Baskerville, you have discovered many things since you arrived at the abbey; the short way through the labyrinth is not one of them. . .

As they cross and walk all the way around the table. . .

WILLIAM

I regret to say yet another victim must be added to the list: the Lord Abbot.

JORGE

(shaking his head with true regret)
I am sorry any of them had to die -- had to bring death upon himself. . . Even my trusted Malachi fell victim to man's first sin -- curiosity. I suppose you, too, are curious to know what the book is.

As they come around the table, we see Jorge has the book on the table before him -- a brownish tome with a thick leather cover, streaked blue-and-green with mildew.

WILLIAM

It is the second volume of Aristotle's 'Poetics' -- his treatise on laughter.

Adso mirrors our amazement. . .

JORGE

Indeed, Brother!
(he pushes to book toward Wm.)
Read! You've earned the right!

William doesn't pick up the book at once; he begins to pull on the gloves he earlier tried to give Adso. . .

WILLIAM

(pulling on the gloves)
We haven't the time to read it -- only to confirm it is indeed the book.
(rapturously, to Adso)
Do you realize, Adso -- this has so long been lost to the world some had begun to doubt it ever existed. . .
(lovingly lifting up the book)
This is probably the only copy left in the world.
(he reads aloud, in bliss)
'We shall now discuss comedy. . . and the

WILLIAM (Cont'd)

way in which it stimulates our delight in the ridiculous, thereby producing the pure emotion that finds expression in laughter.' . . . You know, Brother Jorge, even knowing as I do your aversion to laughter, I cannot fathom why you singled out this particular book.

Jorge still seems almost cocky. . .

JORGE

No? Give it to the boy, perhaps he can!

WILLIAM

I'm afraid we haven't the time. Nor would I wish Adso to touch the poisonous, sticky pages without the protection of gloves, like those I'm wearing.

Jorge's face falls at this news; we can see his cockiness give way to a hidden sense of panic. Meantime, William peels one sticky page from another to turn it, by way of a demonstration.

WILLIAM

Indeed, he might even be tempted to wet his finger to turn a page. . .

And William pantomimes the bringing of his finger close to his tongue. . . Adso realizes at once that William has described the means of murder; he's horrified.

ADSO

(almost silently)
My God! So that's it!

Now, from Off-Screen, the plaintive chanting of the Monks becomes audible. Hearing them, William realizes there is no time to delay. He sets the book down on the table (angle close on Jorge as he notes the noise of this), picks up the lantern, again, and goes to help Jorge to his feet.

WILLIAM

I must insist you come now, Brother Jorge. Outside -- and in front of all the others -- I will learn why you singled out this book.

Nodding with seeming acquiescence, Jorge stands -- feeling the lantern's heat close to his face. He picks up the book and then, as he lifts it up, he swings its massive weight against the lantern in William's hands. The lantern crashes loudly to the floor, and the room is plunged into blackness. (Jorge does not relinquish the book when he

swings it.)

We hear a frantic scuffle. The blind man, accustomed to the dark, has managed to evade William's grasp.

ADSO

Master?

WILLIAM

He's gone!

William frantically strikes a flintlock instrument, sending a spray of sparks. He manages to achieve a low, glowing flame on the wick, and touches it to the lantern. Just as the lantern-wick begins to sputter, they hear the ominous creaking of a door.

WILLIAM

The mirror! He's shutting us in!

With their only light coming from the sputtering lantern, they hurry toward the sole exit, bumping into a table, a chair, a bookcase as they go. They reach the mirror as it reaches a very narrow aperture. William quickly sets down the lantern, then slides it noisily across the flagstones into the next room so that he may brace himself against the narrowing doorway.

WILLIAM

Go!

As Adso squeezes through the narrowing aperture, he watches in horror as Jorge's hands grope pathetically for the lantern -- and then find it. Again, he steals their light.

145C EXT. MOUND/HILLSIDE - EVENING

As the fine snow falls around them, the monks are drawn into a semi-circle, intoing the "Kyrie" in plainsong.

MONKS

Kyrie eleison, Christe eleison,
Christe audi nos. . .

The chidlike Salvatore joins in, hoarsely and cheerfully.

MONKS/SALVATORE

Sancta Trinitas, unus Deus. . .

As the men-at-arms prepare to attached the prisoners to the stakes, we see that a number of ragged peasants from The Girl's village, have come timidly to watch. . . Still more peasants are coming up the hill.

14532 : INT. SECRET LIBRARY/STAIRCASE/NEW CHAMBER - EVENING

Total darkness.

ADSO

Master?

WILLIAM

Shhh.

We hear a sharp grating sound; William sends another spray of sparks out of the Medieval "lighter," but cannot raise a glow.

WILLIAM

(whispering, to Adso)
Keep striking this.

ADSO

But we'll never get out in time --

WILLIAM

Shhh!

A beat. . .What is William planning? Now, he calls out loudly, as he did when he was trying to locate Adso in this labyrinth when they were separated. . .

WILLIAM

You confound, me Brother! There are blasphemous books in this library, and necromantic tracts. Surely they are more dangerous by far. Why this book?

Adso sends up a spray of sparks, and we see William waiting with head cocked -- waiting for Jorge's dogmatism to be aroused, so they may follow his voice. But there is no response. Jorge seems to be either out of hearing-range, or unwilling to answer. Then:

JORGE

Because it was written by the Philosopher! You know it as well as I, Brother:

(As he speaks, we hear William and Adso setting off. . .)

WILLIAM

(overlapping, whispering)
This way!

JORGE (Cont'd)

. . .Each time they have discovered one of his pagan works, men have chosen to believe him!

As Jorge continues to speak, we note that his voice is growing nearer; even if we can't see William and Adso, we know they are coming closer as they ascend a staircase.

JORGE (Cont'd)

It is utterly incredible! Even men of faith listen to this -- man! -- Aristotle, over the words dictated by God in the Scriptures! How can this be!?

145E EXT. MOUND - EVENING

Now, in an oppressively leaden light -- halfway between evening and night -- Bernardo Gui stands before Salvatore on his stake. Beside Bernardo, a Guard holds up a cross -- the Inquisitorial "inducement" for a heretic to renounce his sinful ways.

BERNARDO GUI

Do you, Salvatore, renounce the Devil and embrace Jesus Christ as your Lord and Saviour?

Salvatore, whose mind is gone, nods and smiles gently as he looks down on the Inquisitor. He breaks into a sweet child's song; it is utterly haunting in its innocence. Remigio, on his stake, shakes his head piteously and laughs in a kind of growl at the tragic absurdity of it all; the girl, on her stake, seems beyond consciousness, muttering, exhausted, into her chest.

145F INT. SECRET CHAMBER/STAIRCASE - EVENING

Adso has achieved a precarious pale glow on the Medieval "lighter;" we see that he and William have entered a new (and closer) chamber. . .

JORGE (O.S.)

Before they found his treatise on physics, men gazed on the heavens with awe and respect.

. . . as they swiftly cross the chamber, the light goes out, despite Adso's fervent attempts to keep it glowing, by puffing on it. . .

JORGE (O.S.) (Cont'd)

Now he has convinced them the world was made of slime and ooze, and they gaze only into gutters! The man's the very devil, I tell you!

145G EXT. MOUND - NIGHT

Bernardo Gui and the Guard with the cross now stand before Remigio's stake.

BERNARDO GUI

Do you, Remigio de Varagaine renounce the Devil and embrace Jesus Christ as your Lord and Saviour?

REMIGIO

What for? Better to die quickly than to spend my days 'learning to love God' in an Inquisitorial jail the size of a coffin, shitting myself and dying slowly! The Devil I renounce is you, Bernardo Gui!

Remigio passionately spits the words down at the Inquisitor; but Bernardo Gui shows no trace of surprise or emotion.

145H INT. STAIRCASE - NIGHT

Suddenly there is light! William and Adso are halfway up the stairs; at the top landing, the lantern flickers from the next chamber. Holding his finger to his lips, William indicates to Adso they must not make a sound. They climb ever-so-slowly -- one step at a time.

JORGE (O.S.)

But I agree with you, Brother William! Every book in this tower is a danger visited upon a frail and sinful race. That is why not one of them must ever leave this place. . .

He seems to choke, like Malachi before him, and William and Adso exchange a silent look of concern.

JORGE

Oh, my dear Brother -- you cannot tell me the Scriptures are not enough! They are good and true; there cannot be two truths! What creatures are we to seek another? . . . William, this is not a library: it's a prison! A prison for the Devil's children! I have seen to it that not one shall ever see the light of day!

William and Adso have nearly reached the top of the stairs.

153C EXT. MOUNT - NIGHT

The executions have commenced. Salvatore's pyre has been lighted -- but because of the snow, it smoulders without catching flame. Now, at a nod from Bernardo Gui, the faithful Executioner kneels by the pyre, leans slightly over it, and blows on the faggots. Little flames shoot up, licking the legs of Salvatore, who still sings, sweetly.

153D INT. STAIRCASE/CHAMBER/DESCENDING STAIRCASE - EVENING

As William and Adso take the last step on the staircase, they hear an odd gurgling sound. Now, as they clear the landing, they see Jorge, bizarrely illuminated by the lantern, which is set on the library table before him. He is seated behind the table, just steps from one of the descending staircases.

A frightening green saliva leaks from his lips; he is devouring the book! He winces as he chews on a poisonous strip of parchment.

William takes a single, silent step into the room. But Jorge instantly senses his presence. He picks up the book, from which he has eaten several pages; others pages hang limply, already shredded into strips so that he may eat them.

JORGE

You see? I am ready to die for the truth!
I am become the very tomb of this book
which should never have been written.

He gives out with what seems like at first a moan -- but which is a joyless laugh.

ADSO

My God -- he's laughing!

Jorge holds the half-shredded book to the lantern flame. The torn strips flare up immediately. As William darts forward -- desperately hoping to save the book -- Jorge sweeps the flaming book out at the lantern -- this time sending the lantern flying into the near wall. It crashes against a dessicated cabinet filled with dusty parchment books; instantly, they explode into flames, like so much tinder. William and Adso futilely try to extinguish the flames.

Jorge, meantime, hurries -- half-falling -- down the descending staircase, the smouldering book clutched to his breast. William draws the still-lighted lantern from the debris of books, and then he and Adso follow, down the stairwell.

Jorge's strangled voice echoes up to them:

JORGE (O.S.)

All the books die with me! Every last
lie now expires!

As they come down the stairwell, it is already filled with smoke from the next chamber; then we see flames shooting up from that chamber, as well. . .

153E EXT. MOUND - NIGHT

We cut directly from the flames in the labyrinth to the flames which burn up Salvatore's legs. We hold close on his face; his already monstrous features are even more twisted; tears run down his cheeks and he sweats fiercely from the head. . . Yet he stills sings his little child's song; now, as the flames rise to consume him, it is a tormented child who sings.

But the crowd of ragged peasants who have gathered and swelled in numbers do not look at the pyres; they look beyond Guidoni and his men -- at the abbey. They murmur and point. We reverse on the tower, from which black smoke is pouring. Now flames are seen, rising from the tower's high reaches, to the sky.

The cry of "FIRE" is taken up by the monks; they dash wildly for the abbey as the tocsin sounds, taking the Men-at-Arms with them. . .

153F INT. NEXT CHAMBER

Here, too, books are aflame. The book which Jorge clutches to his chest is sodden with poison and merely smoulders, now that the strips have burned. But Jorge himself has caught fire, at the sleeves, and is a human torch. He is both literally and spiritually on fire, his eyes ablaze with mystical fervor, as he sacrifices himself to his holy crusade. He moves swiftly to another row of books and sets them aflame. A second before William and Adso enter -- half-blinded by smoke -- he stumbles down yet another set of stairs.

Adso grabs William's arm as William hurries across the burning room. He must shout over the sounds of crackling wood and parchment, sizzling leather, tumbling beams. . .

ADSO

Master -- there's no point! We must
get out! We must save the others and
ourselves!

William looks around him, appalled by and grieving for the burning books; the leather-bindings wheeze like dying men.

WILLIAM

You go, Adso! Forestall them -- tell them what has happened and that I'll soon emerge. . .

It is becoming an inferno. Adso tugs imploringly on William's arm, almost weeping, so desperate is he to save his beloved Master.

ADSO

Please, Master, I beg you to come with me!

But William looks over at a book on the floor as a beautifully rendered parchment page -- rich with gold, blue, red inks -- shrivels upon itself as it is bleached then blackened by the flames. He can hardly stand the sight of it.

WILLIAM

Adso, I cannot!

After a second's hesitation, Adso takes the lantern and hurries toward the other descending staircase (dark and flameless). William follows Jorge down the smokey hole.

EXT. MOUND - NIGHT

All the monks have departed, leaving only Gui his Executioner and two Men-At-Arms to carry out the burnings. The peasant-crowd has ventured all the way up the mound now, and their diffidence has given way to a certain feral boldness. Two of the stakes -- Remigio's and Salvatore's -- are already spent.

The Executioner is lighting the third pyre and, as before, he is kneeling by it, blowing on the faggots, which just now begin to blaze. . . Suddenly, the hulking figure of a half-wild Man leaps from the rabble, and pushes the Executioner down onto the pyre, holding him face down in the flames.

As the Executioner screams, the Men-At-Arms move quickly toward the Man. But they slow down in their movements, and their eyes show fear when they see dozens of the peasants kneeling down -- eyes trained on the Men-at-Arms -- to pick up stones and rocks from the ground. . .

155A INT. STAIRCASE/CHAMBER - NIGHT

Adso, lantern held out before him, hurries down a set of stairs as fast as his feet will carry him. He is muttering a prayer almost silently all the while.

ADSO

Please, God, save her, save them both.

He comes into a chamber, chooses one set of descending stairs, hesitates, goes down the other. We hear him, muttering, O.S.

ADSO (O.S.)

Guide me, blessed Mary. . .

Holding on the chamber, we hear an explosion, and a roar of new flames.

155B INT. STAIRCASE/CHAMBER - NIGHT

The roar continues. William, at the edge of a staircase, watches roof timbers cut him off forever from Jorge -- who surely must have perished under the collapsed room. William retreats back up the staircase. . .

. . . And comes into the previous chamber. He goes to a bookshelf that has not yet caught fire, and begins to peruse the gold-lettered titles on the leather bindings. A roof beam collapses, crashing loudly, but William's concentration is not broken. He pulls a heavy book down from the shelf.

EXT. BAILEY - NIGHT

Fire engulfs the tower, bathing the abbey's walls in a red and yellow glow. Monks hurry this way and that, carrying every kind of receptacle. A panicked monk tosses a bucket of water uselessly at the tower door.

158 (DELETE SCENE 158)

158A EXT. CHURCH PORTAL - NIGHT

The tormented stone figures on the portal are now lit by the glow of flames. . .

158B EXT. CHURCH

As we hold on the massive door, it slowly opens. Dozens of rats scurry out, and then Adso emerges, coughing, his face smudged with smoke.

159 INT. STABLE - NIGHT

A horse whinnies in terror as flames take hold of the stable roof. Bernardo Gui untethers the horse, and jumps astride him.

160 EXT. BAILEY - NIGHT

Bernardo Gui urges the horse through the smoke and turmoil. Fanned by the wind, the fire has spread to every part of the abbey. Monks and servants are dashing in every direction, and Bernardo's horse runs full tilt into two monks holding a brimming bucket -- sending them flying.

161 EXT. GATEHOUSE - NIGHT

Even the gatehouse is in flames. Smoke pours from the massive gates and wooden-arches as frightened servants flee the abbey.

Bernardo reaches the gatehouse -- but the animal balks at entering the firey gates.

Now we see Adso -- just as he sees Bernardo. The deepest anger and determination cross Adso's face -- a juvenile fury born of sorrow and anguish. He hurries toward the Inquisitor. Bernardo thrashes the horse and it gives a bound but Adso -- filled with rage -- spreads his arms to block the horses path. The horse rears, throwing Bernardo to the ground. One of his feet is caught in the stirrup. Adso seizes the horses reins. He is almost tearful with anger and emotion; the words almost catch in his throat.

ADSO

So you've done it already! It's already done!

BERNARDO GUI

What? What are you saying, boy?!

ADSO

You had no right! My master is in there!
(he gestures at the blazing tower)
He's there with the true murderer! When he comes out, we'll take you to Avignon to burn!

BERNARDO GUI

I admire your faith, my boy. But no one is coming out of there! Now help me up!

The realization that his beloved Master is also probably

gone only doubles his tearful fury. As Bernardo begins to sit up -- propping himself on one elbow -- Adso fiercely and impulsively kicks him back down.

ADSO

No! You're going to answer for these deaths! For all of them!

Bernardo notices that the rope which supports the heavy iron portcullis is burning fiercely and about to give way. He speaks with a sardonic smile.

BERNARDO GUI

Will I? The heavens will decide.

But as the rope gives way and the heavy metal grille with its lethal spikes comes toward the ground, the horse is frightened by the sound; he bolts, knocking Adso through the air (frightening but saving him) and bringing Bernardo halfway through the gates, where he is severed in two by the crashing porticullis.

Adso, stunned by unhurt, hurries back to his feet. He runs first to the church door. Monks are running in every direction. He calls out to two as they pass.

ADSO

Have you seen him? Did he come out?

. . . But soon realizes it is futile to ask in this panic and chaos. . . Casting a backward glance at the door, he runs toward the ridge which over looks the mound. . .

EXT. MOUND/RIDGE - NIGHT

Off in the distance, lighted by the burning abbey, Adso sees the two burnt and one unburnt pyres. Suddenly there is some hope (where there was none) and he drops onto one knee, prayers fervently. . .

ADSO

Please God, please. . .

161C EXT. CHURCH - NIGHT

The door creaks open, and smoke pours out. The door begins to creak closed, again, but a coal-black, sandaled foot comes out to hold it open. Then William emerges, completely black-faced, singed and frayed, but proudly bearing four untouched tomes.

Angle on Adso who sees William -- and runs across the yard in his joy.

ADSO
Master!

WILLIAM
Dear boy! Give me a hand!

William holds out the heavy books, and Adso takes some of the load.

ADSO
(nearly weeping with joy)
Are you all right?

WILLIAM
(catching his breath, coughing)
Quite. He said -- not one of those children would see the light of day. How long have they languished in that prison already? But here are four -- living and breathing.

ADSO
And is one of them. . .?

WILLIAM
(he shakes his head)
Tragedy beset the book on comedy. . .But we shall take our lead from Aristotle, and laugh in the face of it. . .And you, dear boy -- did you succeed?

ADSO
I don't know yet, I just don't know.

We cut from William's sympathetic fatherly face to Adso's face, lit red and gold with flames, filled with hope, and worry. . .

DISSOLVE TO:

162 EXT. MOUND/BATTLEMENTS - DAWN

Off in the distance, we see the two burnt pyres and the one unburnt silhouetted against the pale dawn sky.

We reverse on Adso; he must force himself to walk away.

163 EXT. ABBEY PRECINCTS - DAWN

The ruins of the abbey now lay exposed against the first light of day. Smoke still spirals up from the blackened skeletons of walls. A charred roof timber breaks loose and splashes into a bathtub. Poisonous locking smoke is snaking along the ground of what was once the dispensary. In

some places, the fire still burns -- almost languorously finishing its job. When the wind blows, sparks glow and float like incandescent butterflies.

We find William, strapping three of the four books he has saved onto a cart horse whose tail is scortched. Next to this is Adso's donkey, already loaded. Now, as Adso approaches, William looks up.

WILLIAM

Are you ready, my boy?

Of course, Adso is not really ready; he has not learned the fate of The Girl. He tries to hide his dejection.

ADSO

Yes, Master.

William nods at Adso, with gentle understanding.

Then he turns to take a last look at the burnt-out abbey -- the once supreme buildings and precincts, now reduced to rubble. Almost unconsciously, he murmurs something.

WILLIAM

'Till in its place it's earth that grows.
What remains? . . .'

ADSO

(confused)

Master?

WILLIAM

(snapping back to consciousness)

I was thinking of Adelmo's last work -- the world turned upside down. He might have drawn this very tableau: the monk who burnt down the abbey to save it. The guardian of souls who took so many. The keeper of the faith who had so much that he had none. . .

(he looks up to Heaven)

Do you see it, Brother Adelmo? You were right: it is upside down!

(he looks down to Hell)

And what about you, Brother Jorge? Do you see how laughable the truth can be?

Adso is astonished to see that William seems to be chuckling.

164 EXT. COUNTRYSIDE - MORNING (SNOW)

The ground is white with snow, which falls in fat lazy

flakes. William and Adso slowly descend the track leading from the abbey on their mounts. Adso looks about -- his face dejected. William is reading the fourth of his books as he goes. As he turns a precious page of parchment, he all but carresses it with his finger-tips.

Now Adso blinks -- as if confronted by an apparition -- and his face fills with emotion.

We reverse on The Girl as she steps from behind on rock, onto the track. William, still reading, does not see her.

Adso halts his mount, and The Girl comes to him. Their youthful smiles conceal much deeper emotions. Adso reaches to stroke her hair, her cheek, his every gesture indicating his amazement and gratitude that she is alive; it is as if he must touch her flesh to make sure she's really there. She captures his hand, kisses it. William is still reading and riding slowly onward, oblivious. Adso looks at his Master -- now some distance away -- then back to The Girl.

As William unknowingly increases the distance between himself and his novice, we hear the Old Man's Voice we heard over the opening scenes. . . It too is soaked with emotion, as if the Old Man is reliving the young man's life. . .

OLD MAN (V.O.)

My master was too immersed in his book to see how little time he was granting me to choose between them! Even now, when I am so very old, I cannot tell you how I made my decision: I was a mere boy, forced to choose between knowledge and love, passion and reason! . . .

We angle on William, reading his book, steadily advancing, drawing away.

OLD MAN (V.O.)

Did I choose rightly? I cannot say. I only know this:

Now we come very close on William's face; we are touched by the joy that lights it as his eyes follow the words of his precious volume:

OLD MAN (V.O.)

After all he taught me and made me see, I would like to say my master's face is the one I best remember, after all these years. . .

Now we angle back on Adso and The Girl; we see that he is urging his mule forward, and her hand is slipping slowly

from his. . .He stares back at her, wide-eyed, until he can no longer stand it, no longer bear the pain of parting. . . She touches her hand to her lips, as if feeling the residue of his touch. . .

As he rides away from her, we hold on The Girl's face, so wild, beautiful, passionate. . .

OLD MAN (V.O.)

But his is not the face I remember. . .

No! his is not the face. . .

And we hold on The Girl's face as she watches then vanish, as we slowly

FADE TO BLACK

THE END.