

BLESSINGS UPON EARTH

by

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FADE IN:

EXT. LUSH ENGLISH COUNTRY ROAD, AERIAL VIEW - EARLY MORNING.

A Jaguar sedan is driving through the countryside.  
(Roll credits)

JOHN (V.O.)

Yes, Bridgette, Grandfather is fine. He only wants a few days to discuss some important things with me. You just attend to your studies sweetheart, OK?

He waits for her to answer.

JOHN (V.O.)

(continuing)

All right then sweetheart, put your mother on the phone please...  
I love you too.

INT. INSIDE THE JAGUAR -

JOHN is alone, holding the cell phone, arranging old books on the seat next to him, and driving. He waits until his wife comes to the phone and speaks to him.

JOHN

Hi... Yes, it sounds like Bridgette and Henry are happy enough, and Marcus is handling all of my business affairs, including Brailston.

He listens while she speaks.

Well, I wish I knew, lover, but whatever it is, I simply cannot evade it.

He listens.

EXT. ENGLISH COUNTRY ROAD, AERIAL VIEW -

JOHN

(continuing)

Well, I'm fairly sure he'll turn  
the title over to me, but that  
doesn't take two or three days.

(Pause) No, he was vague as usual.

He turns into the long driveway of a moderately large and  
discretely elegant English home.

JOHN

(continuing)

All right, I'm here now, love, and  
he's standing at the drive  
waiting. I'll call you this  
evening. (Pause) Yes, you can be  
sure of it. All right, Stace...  
yes, I love you too.

EXT. FRONT VIEW OF THE HOUSE, NEAR GROUND LEVEL -

A distinguished-looking older man is waiting, erect and  
proper, briefcase in hand, at the left side of the drive.  
John stops the car, and the man opens the passenger side  
door and climbs in.

EXT. INSIDE JAGUAR, VIEWED FROM LEFT AND SLIGHTLY FRONT

FATHER is holding the books in his lap, checking the  
bookmarks and post-it notes, and smiling gently.

JOHN

Well, you look very happy.

FATHER

(Closing books, deeply  
satisfied)

Yes, I am. I have done my job, and  
now I can pass my burden on to  
you.

JOHN

Your burden?

FATHER

I'm almost sorry I ever gave you  
these books, John. The truth is  
not in them.

JOHN

And the truth would be...

FATHER

Just drive, son. You'll see soon  
enough.

EXT. PULLING UP TO AN OLD MANOR HOUSE IN THE COUNTRYSIDE.  
STILL EARLY MORNING, NO OTHER ACTIVITY. -

JOHN (V.O.)

All right, Father, we are here.

FATHER (V.O.)

And we will be alone?

JOHN (V.O.)

Yes, just as you requested. There  
is no one else here.

EXT. AT THE PARKED CAR -

FATHER heads from the car into the manor house. JOHN  
gathers his books, puts his cell phone in his pocket, then  
puts his keys in his pocket and follows.

FATHER

John, I'm going into the library.  
You make sure that anything that  
could record anything is turned  
off. And lock the doors.

JOHN

All right, I'll be in momentarily.  
(End credits)

INT. THE MANOR HOUSE LIBRARY, A VERY OLD ROOM IN A VERY OLD BUT MAINTAINED ENGLISH HOME. DARK WOOD PANELING, STONE, WOOD FLOORS WITH RUGS. A LARGE DESK WITH A PANELED WALL BEHIND IT, MANY BOOKS ON THE SIDE WALLS AND FURTHER DOWN THE LENGTH OF THE ROOM -

FATHER is opening a drawer in the desk. JOHN walks in and FATHER takes a small scratch awl from the drawer, stands and pushes his chair away.

FATHER

Come back here, John.

JOHN moves to the right side of a four-foot square wall panel. FATHER remains on the left side.

FATHER

Watch now, John.

FATHER Pushes the awl into the top of the molding at the top left corner of the panel, places his hip against the panel in that area and maintains pressure, then does the same on the right. The panel unexpectedly (to JOHN) drops down two inches, then pivots out on unseen lower hinges, creating a sort of table surface. John is startled. We can see the outline of an old chest inside the wall void.

JOHN

What in God's name is this?

FATHER

Pull it out, John. Don't worry, the shelf is strong, I repaired it myself a year ago.

JOHN leans into the void and pulls out a very old wood and brass chest, very strongly built - as if designed to last millennia. FATHER pulls an odd brass key from his pocket and unlocks the chest, leaving the key in the lock.

FATHER

Open it John. Today I pass its guardianship to you.

JOHN is mystified, but opens the chest to find old books and parchment scrolls. He places them on the large desk. FATHER walks around the desk and pulls up a small chair that has been sitting against the wall.

FATHER

Sit down, John. You have a lot to familiarize yourself with. Look at this first.

JOHN opens a very old book, bound in thick leather. It is written in a female's hand. At the top is a date: 2 July, 1378. JOHN reads with astonishment.

JOHN

Father, this is written by the grandmother of Peter, the first Earl of Northiam, thirty years before he was established! What does this mean?

FATHER

Actually, I am going to leave you here, John, to read for yourself. But, it means that the early history of our family  
(pointing to the books they brought, now stacked on the corner of the desk)  
is a fabrication. Our story is fifty years older and far more scandalous than anyone knows.

EXT. AERIAL, COMING IN TO THE TOWN OF ARDRES, FRANCE AS THE BLACK PLAGUE IS CRESTING IN THE COLD, WET, EARLY SPRING OF 1348 -

FATHER (V.O.)

Our family began in 1348, the year of The Great Mortality - which we now call the Black Plague.

Dead dogs, cats, chickens and pigs litter the town, dead horses and cows litter nearby fields. Dead birds and rats are everywhere. All of these animals are in varied states of decomposition. A man is laboring mightily to drag a sled-like piece of wood with a rope tied around his chest. On the wood is the body of a woman, bloodied and blackened around all the facial openings. As we see him more closely, we see that the rope under his armpit has pulled away his garment, and that he has a plum-sized, black/red, tumor-like bubo. (Choice of music will be important.)

FATHER (V.O.)

(continuing)

In our original city of Artres in the north of France, well over half the people died. Every day bodies were added to the piles, until there was no one left to bring more. Children abandoned their parents, husbands their wives, and clergymen their parishioners.

Any piece of cloth that had touched a diseased person became an instrument of death. Even breathing the same air as the sick could be fatal.

A man has a chance to escape a bear, or to hide from a soldier, or to protect himself from deadly weather. But when the very air he breathes is a poison, all hope of escape fails, and men's minds are left without support.

Like most men, these people spent all their lives seeking the approval of others. But once there were no others to cling to, the shock of aloneness tore their minds as if they were rags.

Given a few days, this alone would have brought many to death. But Pestilence would not delay, and would not be denied his prey. So, they descended into frenzy, into despondence and into insanity, and then they died. Europe became an enormous sepulcher with only a few broken souls stumbling through it.

As our POV proceeds into the town, we see that many of the bodies lying on the streets are not animals, but are in fact humans; sometimes in piles, sometimes only one or two. Barns and pens are left open, with no animals inside. Doors and windows are open, and there is no activity in the houses. We hear people calling out, but no one answering.

VOICE #1

Water! Will someone bring me water?" and "Will someone help me?"

VOICE #2

I lay here, abandoned, in my own filth!

VOICE #3

(from a pile of corpses, weakly and coughing)

I am not dead! I am not dead!

A group of four riders on horseback rage into town, screaming. They are wearing red hoods and mismatched red clothing, with only their eyes visible.

BECCHINI #1

Death, death unto you all!

BECCHINI #2

Doom is upon you, sinners!

POV follows the riders as they loot houses, vandalize anything in their path, push people's faces into corpses (there are a few humans walking through town) and revel in menace.

FATHER (V.O.)

Groups of gravediggers gone mad,  
called the Becchini, rode from  
town to town, looting and cursing,  
sometimes killing and burning.

Among the townspeople, many shut  
themselves up in houses where no  
sick had been. They ate nothing  
but pure food, drank nothing but  
the finest wines, and regulated  
their lives with the utmost care,  
singing holy songs and having no  
communication with the outer  
world.

We pan to the "Pure House" described above, occupied with  
people that appear dour, severe, and pale. They are  
sitting, as in a home church service, singing dolefully.

FATHER (V.O.)

(continuing)

Others went the opposite way,  
going from tavern to tavern and  
from house to house, drinking,  
reveling, and restraining no  
appetite. These spent their time  
exploring all forms of  
drunkenness, ridicule and the  
mocking of others.

Pan to the party animals, reveling from tavern to house,  
drinking, singing, looting liquor and party supplies,  
sexual acts, and near-sex acts.

FATHER (V.O.)

(continuing)

Still others kept a middle course, seeking moderation. They kept flowers in their pockets to sweeten the air they breathed, trying vainly to ignore the stench of rotting flesh, and carefully inhaled them when near the sick. They ate and drank with care, but not as those that shut themselves out of the world.

We see men and women moving through the town, acting as if everything is normal, yet holding bunches of flowers up to their noses.

FATHER (V.O.)

(continuing)

Of all these, most died. The one group that lived - or at least a noticeable number of them lived - were the ones who ran away.

We cut to moderately well-dressed people, leading loaded horses, or on horseback pulling loaded carts, away from the town. We see townspeople sneering and throwing things at them as they leave.

FATHER (V.O.)

(continuing)

Realizing that no medicine would be of use, they escaped into the wilderness. They abandoned their houses, their goods, even their kinsfolk, and fled. Those that remained hated them for abandoning their duties.

EXT. AS EVENING FALLS, TWO MEN AND A WOMAN WALK AROUND THE EDGE OF TOWN, SEEKING SHADOWS. THE MEN ARE PULLING A CART, IN WHICH WE SEE A YOUNG WOMAN, CURLED UP AND VERY SICK -

FATHER (V.O.)

(continuing)

Many blamed the wrath of God and many blamed the clergy for their failure to intercede. Others blamed the physicians. The darkest of men, as was their custom, sought to blame a small group of "others" who were without any protector.

The small group (LEV, EPHRAIM, DEBRA, RACHEL) passes the back of an old house on the town's periphery, looking into the windows for signs of occupancy. At the front is an old man, coughing blood and lying on a raised front porch. He looks at them carefully, then screams.

SICK OLD MAN

Jews! Jews!

LEV looks at him, frightened and agitated. He puts down the cart handles, pulls a mace from the cart and walks quickly toward the man. He stops at the corner of the house and picks up a discarded bed sheet and continues moving quickly and deliberately. Reaching the SICK OLD MAN, he throws the bed sheet over his head and strikes him once, very hard, with the mace. Blood drips onto the porch surface.

The small group continues, outside of the town, until they find a seemingly abandoned house. They carry the sick young woman inside, wrapped in fabric.

INT. THE HOUSE -

LEV is looking out through the windows to survey the area. DEBRA is preparing sleeping pallets and EPHRAIM is bringing their few goods into the house, then covering the cart with debris beside the house.

INT. IN THE HOUSE, AS DAWN BREAKS -

LEV, EPHRAIM wake up and begin to accustom themselves to the house. DEBRA begins tending to RACHEL.

LEV

She is still improving?

DEBRA

(Surprised)

She is, Lev.

LEV

Well, take good care of her.

EXT. IN FRONT OF THE HOUSE. MOSTLY CLEAR AREA, SURROUNDED BY WOODS, WITH A PATH TOWARD THE TOWN -

EPHRAIM tightens his belt and scouts the exterior of the house. LEV joins him.

LEV

Over there, Ephraim, see if you can create something to block the path. I think you're right that we'll have to remain here until Rachel recovers... or doesn't.

DEBRA (O.S.)

Ephraim! Lev! Come in here!

The men rush toward the house.

INT. THE MAIN ROOM OF THE HOUSE -

The men come into the room, look around and see nothing.

DEBRA (O.S.)

Come to the back!

They move quickly toward the back of the house. They pass a corner, then into another small room. They find DEBRA standing near a bed, with a sick young man in it. He is weak, but appears - like RACHEL, to be recovering. There is a table next to him, with water and limes (both whole and chewed) upon it.

DEBRA

His name is Philippe, and he appears to be recovering.

The young man looks at them carefully, then lifts his head to speak, weakly:

PHILIPPE

You are Jews.

LEV

Yes, we are.

EPHRAIM puts his hand on LEV and turns him away from Debra, so that they face each other.

EPHRAIM

What are we going to do with this boy, Lev?

LEV

I don't know.

PHILIPPE (O.S.)

(Weakly)

Sir... sir...

LEV turns and locks eyes with him.

PHILIPPE

(Lifting his head with great difficulty)

I do not hate you... I will not reward you contrary to your deeds.

His head falls back to the bed, but his eyes remain fixed and intense on Lev.

LEV

(Nods slightly)

Very well. Debra, please tend to  
him as well.

LEV and EPHRAIM walk into the main room, DEBRA follows.  
EPHRAIM continues outside, but LEV stops and DEBRA  
approaches him with intensity in her eyes and voice.

DEBRA

I've never heard of anyone else  
surviving the Pestilence, Lev,  
have you?

LEV

We don't know if they'll survive,  
Debra.

DEBRA

They are recovering.

LEV

I don't know what to think. Of our  
twelve, only we four are left. We  
still don't know if any of us will  
survive this.

INT. THE MAIN ROOM OF HOUSE, AS DAWN BREAKS -

DEBRA is crouched, looking agitatedly out the window.  
RACHEL is on a woolen and fabric pallet behind her,  
stirring. She looks half-recovered. RACHEL opens her eyes,  
sees DEBRA, and rises up on one elbow.

RACHEL

Are you frightened, Debra?

Debra is surprised to hear Rachel speak. She walks to her,  
staying low so as not to be seen from outside.

DEBRA

Are you feeling better, Rachel?

RACHEL

Yes, I am better. Where are we?

PHILIPPE (O.S.)

Mademoiselle Debra, are you still here?

RACHEL

Who is that?

DEBRA holds up a finger, motioning to Rachel to wait.

DEBRA

Yes, Philippe. I will be back momentarily.

DEBRA

We are safe for now Rachel. That is a young man named Philippe. He is also recovering from the pestilence.

RACHEL

(Under her breath)

I wonder if he had the same dreams I did.

DEBRA looks at her with a bit of confusion, then turns to rise and go to the back room.

DEBRA

I'll be back in a few minutes, Rachel. Sit up for a while if you feel well enough.

DEBRA walks into Philippe's room. He is sitting up in bed, sipping water.

PHILIPPE

I am feeling better, Mademoiselle Debra.

DEBRA

Yes, I can see that.

PHILIPPE

I think I shall be able to walk later today. Thank you.

Philippe stares intently behind DEBRA, who turns to see RACHEL, who is leaning against the wall for support.

DEBRA

Rachel, you shouldn't be up yet.

RACHEL

(Ignoring DEBRA, looks  
at Philippe)

Hello.

PHILIPPE

Hello.

EPHRAIM (O.S.)

Debra? Rachel?

DEBRA takes Rachel's arm, places it around her own shoulders, and holds her hand. (Holding her up.) She begins to walk toward the front.

DEBRA

We are back here, Ephraim. We'll  
be right out.

INT. THE MAIN ROOM OF THE HOUSE -

EPHRAIM is putting down a bag of supplies, LEV is carrying another up the steps and in. DEBRA and RACHEL emerge from the hall and move back to RACHEL's bed where DEBRA sits her down. RACHEL is weak and dazed, but begins looking through her clothing, which is in a bag near her bed. She pulls out a multi-colored silk garment and smiles. LEV steps up to Rachel's bed and looks at DEBRA.

DEBRA

She's regaining her strength.

PHILIPPE (O.S.)

As am I, sir.

All turn to see Philippe walking with difficulty down the hall, hand over hand along the wall. He stops at the end and looks around the room, and stops on Rachel. LEV looks at EPHRAIM and motions to him to help PHILIPPE.

EPHRAIM

Yes, you are, but not enough to be walking.

EPHRAIM sits PHILIPPE on the opposite side of the room from Rachel. PHILIPPE's legs are weak and they collapse half-way down. EPHRAIM sits him against the wall.

PHILIPPE

(To LEV)

I want to help you, sir.

LEV

And why would you want to do that?

PHILIPPE

Because you helped me, and because there is nothing else for me to do. All of my family are dead.

LEV sits down against the wall.

LEV

I don't think you understand our world, young man.

PHILIPPE

I am sure I do not, but I know I can help you.

LEV

Perhaps you can, but we are being blamed for the Pestilence. You don't want to associate with us.

PHILIPPE

I can speak English, French and Latin. Some German too.

LEV

(Glances momentarily  
at EPHRAIM )

That *is* useful. But why wouldn't you agree with your countrymen that we are evil?

PHILIPPE

Because I was taught that things must have a reason, in order to be believed. And I see no reason to call you evil.

EPHRAIM

How do you know Latin? You are a young man, and not clergy.

PHILIPPE

My grandfather was a learned man. He studied with Magnus and Aquinas in Paris. He taught me.

Cut to Rachel, who is impressed.

LEV

And you are from a noble family, that your grandfather had the luxury of study?

PHILIPPE

(Sad for a moment)

We used to be, but that doesn't matter now.

DEBRA

No, it doesn't, and you are going back to bed,

(turns to RACHEL)

and you must lay down also.

DEBRA heads toward PHILIPPE to help him back to his bed, but LEV, standing up, waives her off.

LEV

Fix him a place here, Debra. We can use the back room for our goods.

(Turns to PHILIPPE)

Gain your strength, young man. We will talk more.

LEV and EPHRAIM head outside, but LEV stops at the door, as DEBRA is coming back into the room with blankets for Philippe.

LEV

Debra, we are expecting Rabbi Yitzak.

DEBRA looks shocked.

LEV

He ended up in Normandy. I saw his nephew at the old tavern in Calais. We will meet him there next week.

EXT. IN THE DEEP WOODS -

LEV, EPHRAIM and THE RABBI are walking and talking.

RABBI

Is there no one else still living? Only the four of you?

LEV

No one else, except perhaps some of our cousins in Italy.

RABBI

My God... And young Rachel was sick, then recovered?

LEV

Correct.

RABBI

The hand of God.

LEV

Rabbi, have you known of anyone else who recovered?

RABBI

No. I did hear one story, but it proved untrue.

EPHRAIM

We know of another.

The RABBI stops in his tracks, LEV and EPHRAIM stop half a step later. The RABBI, followed by the others, starts walking again.

RABBI

And you are sure of this?

EPHRAIM

Yes, a young Frenchman from a formerly aristocratic family. He will be waiting for us at the house.

The RABBI stops again.

RABBI

They are both, together, in this house?

LEV

(Concerned)

Yes.

RABBI nods "yes" and pulls a few flower buds from a low branch of the tree next to him. He smells them, thinks for a second or two, then resumes walking.

INT. IN THE HOUSE -

RABBI, LEV and EPHRAIM are entering the house. DEBRA comes out of the kitchen to welcome the RABBI warmly. RACHEL is helping in the kitchen and must clean her hands before coming out.

DEBRA

Rabbi Yitzak, I am so happy you are still alive!

(She embraces him)

RABBI

(Tears in his eyes)

My dear Debra, I had despaired of  
ever seeing you again.

EPHRAIM and LEV put down their bags and head to the back room. RACHEL emerges from the kitchen. DEBRA has released the RABBI, who walks over to RACHEL, hugs her then examines her, as would a doctor.

RABBI

It is true, my little Rachel, that  
you were sick and recovered?

RACHEL

It is true, Rabbi.

RABBI

(Finishing his exam)

And the boy who recovered? He is  
here also?

RACHEL

Yes, working in the back room.

RABBI

(With resolve)

Take me.

They head down the hall and into the room. LEV and EPHRAIM step aside. PHILIPPE is sitting at a desk and writing in account books.

RACHEL

His name is Philippe, Rabbi.

(Turns)

Philippe, this is Rabbi Yitzak.

PHILIPPE

I am pleased to meet you, sir.

RABBI

And I, you, young man.

(turns to LEV)

Has this young man been helping  
you, Lev?

LEV

He has, Rabbi. He speaks Latin and  
has knowledge of mathematics. He  
has done a fine job of repairing  
my records.

RABBI

That's good.

(turns to face RACHEL,  
then PHILIPPE)

I would like to talk to the two of  
you later this evening.

RACHEL and PHILIPPE nod acknowledgement.

RABBI

Now, why don't we prepare for  
dinner. Rachel, you should help  
your aunt Debra, should you not?

INT. THE MAIN ROOM OF THE HOUSE, ALL SITTING ON CUSHIONS ON  
THE FLOOR AND EATING IN NEAR DARKNESS. -

LEV

That was wonderful, ladies. Thank  
you.

DEBRA and RACHEL begin to clear the plates. All the men  
remain seated. PHILIPPE is uncertain what to do, but stays  
seated with the men.

RABBI

And you are ready to move on now,  
Lev?

LEV

Yes. Rachel is well and the  
pestilence seems to have passed.

RABBI

And you will be ready to accompany  
me tomorrow?

LEV looks at EPHRAIM.

EPHRAIM

We're ready.

PHILIPPE

Excuse me, we are leaving?

LEV

You know that Jews are forbidden  
in both French and English lands,  
do you not?

PHILIPPE

Yes, I do. Where will we go?

LEV

We are going back to our home in  
Antwerp. I'm not sure you should  
come.

RABBI

Lev, this young man and I need to  
talk. Will you excuse us please?

The RABBI stands and PHILIPPE slowly follows.

LEV

Certainly.

The RABBI puts his arm around PHILIPPE's shoulder and  
guides him out the door. Before he exits fully, the RABBI  
turns to the kitchen, where DEBRA is near the door and Lev  
is walking in.

RABBI

Debra, will you please send Rachel  
when she has a moment?

DEBRA

(Glances to see what  
Rachel is doing)

Yes, momentarily, Rabbi.

EXT. SOME DISTANCE FROM THE HOUSE AT THE EDGE OF THE  
CLEARING, PHILIPPE AND RACHEL SITTING ON A LOG AND THE  
RABBI FACING THEM ON A LARGE ROCK. ALL ARE DEATHLY SERIOUS  
AND FOCUSED ON THE MOMENT -

RABBI

And this tablet in your dream,  
Philippe, what was written on it?

PHILIPPE

It said "Zoe," "Alethia," and  
"Sophis." Life, truth, and wisdom.

RABBI

I see. And Rachel, what was your  
dream?

RACHEL pauses, embarrassed. The Rabbi nods and holds her  
hand to reassure her. She is weeping now. Continuing to  
weep, she lowers her face and speaks.

RACHEL

I had just walked out of a  
terrible place of war into a calm.  
Then I heard a voice; (looks up at  
Rabbi) but it wasn't really  
hearing, it was as if the voice  
was speaking inside of me. (Lowers  
her eyes again.) It said,  
"Daughter of Abraham, you also  
must leave your house. Glorious  
seeds are within thee. See that  
they grow. Arise and tend thy  
garden." And then I awoke and  
began to feel better.

The RABBI squeezes her hand, lifts her head, and kisses her  
on the forehead; tears are in his eyes. After a slight  
pause, he stands, still holding her hand, and begins to  
lead them both into the field.

RABBI

Come with me, you two.

They walk off into the field a short distance; the RABBI is looking for something on the ground.

RABBI

I need to show you something I noticed earlier.

They come upon the body of a richly-dressed nobleman, laying face-down, dead. PHILIPPE and RACHEL flinch.

RABBI

(Motioning to the dead noble)

My world has just died; your world is without form and void. Look at this and remember.

He looks them both in the face, with gravity.

(continuing)

The rules have died, along with their enforcers. What remains is to decide whether you will be a blessing upon earth, or a curse. Do you understand?

PHILIPPE and RACHEL

(In unison)

Yes, sir.

The RABBI puts his hands around both of their shoulders and heads back to the house.

EXT. IN THE DEEP WOODS -

Walking through the wilderness are the RABBI, LEV, and EPHRAIM in front, DEBRA behind them, PHILIPPE and RACHEL at the rear, conversing animatedly.

EXT. CAMP IN THE DEEP WOODS -

PHILIPPE and RACHEL are in the distance, gathering dry wood and talking. LEV, EPHRAIM, DEBRA and the RABBI are sitting around a fire in a pit (so it cannot be seen from any distance).

LEV

(Agitated)

I don't like them together all the time. They haven't stopped talking for two days.

The Rabbi lowers his head, as if expecting a blow. LEV gets up and walks toward them. The RABBI is deep in thought, still slightly curled-up. DEBRA and EPHRAIM look concerned. Then, we hear shouting. We see LEV in the distance, aggressive and animated.

LEV

No! You may not! He is not one of us, Rachel! He will never be one of us!

EPHRAIM jumps up, DEBRA slowly stands up. The RABBI does not move, save for turning to look.

EPHRAIM

LEV, what is it?

LEV

It is nothing! It will NEVER be anything!

RABBI

(Quietly)

Bring them here.

LEV

And YOU! I saved you! What right do you have to try to ruin our family!? You don't even know us!

RABBI

(Louder, to Ephraim)

Bring them here.

EPHRAIM looks at the RABBI.

RABBI

Ephraim, son of Sarah, bring them here.

EPHRAIM

Lev! The Rabbi calls! Bring them here!

LEV

(Confident that the RABBI is on his side)

Come with me!

PHILIPPE and RACHEL follow LEV to the RABBI. They stand in silence, waiting for him to speak.

RABBI

Am I to understand that the two of you wish to become husband and wife?

PHILIPPE

Yes, we do.

RACHEL

Yes, we do.

The RABBI lowers his head again, in sorrow.

LEV

(To RACHEL)

He is not a Jew! Are you crazy? Has the disease affected your mind!?

The RABBI stands.

RABBI

You two sit down. Lev, will you  
please come with me?

The RABBI Leads LEV away from the others, but saying  
nothing.

LEV

You cannot condone this, Rabbi!  
Why do you say nothing? This is  
against every tradition! It is  
against the commandments!

RABBI

Do you remember what David did  
when he was running from Saul? How  
he and his men went into the  
tabernacle, and ate sanctified  
bread that was for priests only?

LEV

*She* is not David! Neither is he!

RABBI

(Glances down and  
fleetinglly laughs to  
himself)

Lev, listen to me. You are a good  
man. You feel the burden of being  
the elder man of the family now,  
don't you?

LEV

(Eyes beginning to  
tear)

My father is dead. I am left to  
lead our family.

RABBI

And you fear you are not able.

LEV is choked-up and unable to answer.

RABBI

This is not your fault, Lev. There was no way for you to prevent this, save killing an innocent young man. Would your father have approved of that?

LEV

(Composing himself)

No... And neither would he have permitted Rachel to marry a gentile.

RABBI

(Sees that Lev will not be persuaded)

I am not your master, Lev, but I am your friend. This is beyond your control, and would have been beyond your father's control.

LEV turns in anger and heads back to the group.

LEV

(Addressing PHILLIPE)

YOU! Take whatever belongs to you and get out of here! NOW!

EPHRAIM

Lev, you can't send him away empty in this wilderness. He worked for you, and well.

LEV

Fine! Give him what he is due and get him out of here, now.

(Pulls out a dagger)

PHILIPPE backs off, facing LEV squarely, seeking distance. He gathers his few things and backs away further. RACHEL is hugging DEBRA and crying. EPHRAIM digs in his bags, barely removing his eyes from LEV. He walks to PHILIPPE, hands him a small purse of coins and a few garments and blankets.

EPHRAIM

(Quietly)

He's not really a bad man,  
Philippe, but please leave now.

PHILIPPE backs into the wilderness, glancing at RACHEL and seeking desperately to convey something to her. He vanishes into the woods.

LEV

Now! Everyone go to bed!

They all, in somber silence, prepare to sleep.

EXT. CAMP IN THE DEEP WOODS, VERY EARLY HOURS OF THE MORNING -

RACHEL crawls to DEBRA who is sleeping and nudges her awake. DEBRA opens her eyes, but catches herself before speaking.

RACHEL

Debra, I am leaving.

DEBRA

Rachel...

RACHEL

I have to, Debra. Even if you, my beloved aunt, think it is wrong, I HAVE to.

(pause)

I want the silken robe of many colors that my mother made for me, but it is with Lev's things. It is mine alone, and I want it.

DEBRA

(Looking toward the wagon)

I will leave it behind us in the morning. I'll have to hide it, but look for it after we leave. Hug me Rachel.

RACHEL

I love you, Debra. Thank you.

DEBRA

(Crying)

Please take care of yourself my  
little Rachel.

RACHEL

I will Aunt Debra, I will. And I  
will find you in Antwerp, some day  
soon, and you will see that this  
was right.

RACHEL crawls away.

EXT. CAMP IN THE DEEP WOODS, MORNING -

All are preparing to leave. DEBRA is still crying, and  
EPHRAIM tightens his belt. The RABBI is stoic.

LEV

Now we leave. Rachel has deserted  
us and our people, we have not  
deserted her. We are sons and  
daughters of the commandments.

LEV pulls the wagon himself. EPHRAIM follows, as does the  
RABBI. DEBRA follows at a distance, appearing as if simple  
sorrow is delaying her. But as the others round a corner,  
she slips the robe out of her satchel and lays it behind a  
tree.

POV shifts and we see PHILIPPE and RACHEL, holding hands,  
creeping up to the tree and taking the robe.

RABBI (O.S.)

You had no way of knowing, but I  
was an excellent tracker in my  
youth.

They turn, horrified, to see the RABBI.

RABBI

Rachel, daughter of Sarah, and  
you, young man: The hand of God is  
upon you for reasons that are  
beyond my understanding. I fear  
that your very existence will  
destroy the world I have known.  
May God grant a miracle that you  
replace it with something better.

(raising his right  
hand to heaven)

Adonai my source, whatever  
blessing remains within this old  
man, pass it to them, now, before  
I die.

He stops, they all shudder ever so slightly. He drops his  
hand, smiles sadly at them, turns, and walks off.

EXT. WALKING THROUGH ABANDONED FIELDS, SUNNY DAY -

PHILIPPE and RACHEL have been traveling for some time. They  
are carrying sacks on their backs.

PHILIPPE

(Pointing)

Rachel! Look over there!

RACHEL

Yes, but is it empty, Philippe?

PHILIPPE

Wait here, I'll go check.

EXT. APPROACHING A WELL-BUILT, WELL-KEPT, TWO-STORY HOUSE,  
A QUARTER MILE DOWNSTREAM FROM A TOWN -

PHILIPPE runs into the house, through the rooms. He comes  
back out, beaming. RACHEL is still some distance away, but  
approaching. He stands on the porch, waiving.

PHILIPPE

RACHEL, come! It is perfect, and  
it is empty!

EXT. THE APPROACH TO THE HOUSE -

PHILIPPE has taken her sack and is helping her up the stairs. He is smiling; she is afraid to let herself feel relief. She walks in and looks. She turns to him, looks into his eyes and lets herself be relived.

INT. IN THE KITCHEN -

RACHEL is going through the pantry and cupboards, finding food. Almost giddy now. PHILIPPE enters.

RACHEL

Look Philippe, almonds! *Bags* of almonds! Dried fruits! Spices!!

They embrace. There is happiness and release in the hug, followed by a touch of eros. Then they separate and feel uncomfortable but excited for a second.

PHILIPPE

Rachel, there is a room in back with tools and weapons! They are rusty, but I can clean them!

She drops her head and cries.

RACHEL

We're going to live, Philippe.

PHILIPPE

(Smiling)

Yes, we are.

(He takes her hand)

RACHEL

Philippe, go get water. Find some dry wood also. There must be some nearby. I'll make dinner!

He takes her other hand, faces her squarely and kisses her briefly. They both blush, then he turns to go outside.

PHILIPPE

I'll be back soon!

EXT. NEAR THE HOUSE -

PHILIPPE is cleaning a bucket at the stream's edge, then filling it and carrying it back to the house.

INT. THE KITCHEN -

RACHEL is washing almonds, then grinding them in a pestle to make almond milk. A fire burns in the kitchen fireplace.

EXT. AT THE FRONT OF THE HOUSE -

PHILIPPE is repairing the front door and inspecting the front of the house.

RACHEL (O.S.)  
Philippe, come upstairs.

INT. IN THE UPSTAIRS BEDROOM -

She is pulling the sheets off of a large bed, blushing slightly, which she is trying not to show.

RACHEL  
Take these outside and burn them,  
PHILIPPE. We have many others.  
(She points to a stack  
of linens)  
We will sleep in a proper bed  
tonight.

RACHEL realizes the implications of her last statement, and turns away in embarrassment. He takes the sheets and heads out, also embarrassed but excited.

PHILIPPE  
I'll burn them right away!

INT. NIGHT IN THE KITCHEN WITH A FEW CANDLES PROVIDING LIGHT -

They are at the small table, eating and drinking. They are enjoying the food and, especially, feeling great relief.

PHILIPPE  
Oh, this is so good.

RACHEL

Philippe, do you think we will be able to live here? To stay here?

PHILIPPE

I don't see why we couldn't. This place is certainly abandoned.

RACHEL

But I am a Jew, Philippe.

PHILIPPE

True, but no one else knows that.

RACHEL

Ha! Me living as a French woman? Serves them right.

(Smiling)

EXT. ON THE FRONT PORCH OF THE HOUSE, NIGHT -

PHILIPPE and RACHEL are sitting on the porch, looking downstream and to the sky. She has a small blanket with her, and wraps herself. They appear contented and relaxed. The candles are burning out in the house. RACHEL introspects hard for a moment, then gets up.

RACHEL

Philippe, will you clean up the kitchen please?

PHILIPPE

(Begins to rise)

All right.

RACHEL

Good. I'll go get the beds ready.  
(Smiles, but hidden from PHILIPPE)

She walks upstairs. He, confused, walks into the kitchen.

INT. THE STAIRWAY, OFF THE KITCHEN -

PHILIPPE walks out of the darkened kitchen and heads up the stairs.

PHILIPPE

Rachel? I'm done.

RACHEL (O.S.)

(Buying time)

Did you bolt the doors and get yourself ready for bed, Philippe?

PHILIPPE

(Stops on the stairs)

Uh, no, not yet.

RACHEL

Then please do that. Then you can go lay down in the bed I showed you earlier.

PHILIPPE heads back down the stairs.

INT. A SMALL WASH ROOM, ONE CANDLE BURNING -

RACHEL has found a small mirror. She has a small bowl of water, a washrag, some dried-out soap and some crude cosmetics. She is preening herself.

EXT. AT THE FRONT OF THE HOUSE -

PHILIPPE is naked and washing himself next to a pail of water, then putting on a clean nightshirt. (Discreet shots.)

INT. IN THE UPSTAIRS BEDROOM -

PHILIPPE leans in, looking for RACHEL. She is not there. He steps in.

PHILIPPE

I'm here in the bedroom, Rachel.

RACHEL (O.S.)

Then lay down. I'll say good night  
in a moment.

PHILIPPE

(Boyish stupidity plus  
disappointment)

Where are you going to sleep?

INT. THE SMALL WASH ROOM -

RACHEL smiles, as she is finishing her routine.

RACHEL

Just lay down, Philippe.

INT. IN THE BEDROOM -

He waits in the dark, uncertain what is happening, half-tense. We hear the bathroom door open and close. She now stands in the door, illuminated by moonlight, wrapped in a heavy blanket. He sits up.

RACHEL

Are you my husband, Philippe?

PHILIPPE's eyes are wide and his breathing is shallow. But he turns inward for a moment and takes a deep breath. He then speaks, flatly but very seriously, looking directly into her eyes.

PHILIPPE

Yes, I am.

RACHEL

Then I will be your wife.

She drops the blanket. She is wearing the silk robe of many colors. Nothing else. He pulls back the covers, she pours herself upon him, they kiss and embrace. They are completely unskilled and a bit clumsy, but this is a moment of the purest consummation. We do not see fine details but the scene lingers before a fade.

INT. THE PAPAL COURT AT AVIGNON

The Pope, on his throne, is speaking to a group of 40-50 Cardinals, Bishops and Priests. FOCAULT is a young, servile Priest, bringing a cup of water to a BLIND BISHOP, then kneeling next to him.

POPE

We must act to restore order, immediately. Every man must remain in the place where he was set by God.

BISHOP #1

Our people are being chased from their parishes, Holiness. Many peasants are angry at us.

POPE

Yes, I understand, but our people must return and take their places, immediately.

BISHOP #2

We also lack Priests, Holiness.

POPE

Quite true. So, you will give even the youngest Priest his own Parish, and we will provide new Priests as quickly as possible.

BLIND BISHOP turns to FOCAULT, who is kneeling next to his chair.

BISHOP

That will be you, Focault. Listen carefully and learn.

POPE

(Turns to the Cardinals, who are grouped to his left)  
Cardinal Bea, please repeat our conversations to this gathering.

CARDINAL BEA, A tall, elegant older man stands. The POPE sits.

CARDINAL BEA

I, first of all, wish you all to understand the gravity of the situation in which we find ourselves. The Church has labored for many centuries to achieve stability and salvation for the children of men. We reconstituted the Glory of Rome when it was failing, we prevailed against innumerable threats, and we have delivered centuries of stability and assurance to the children of men. Never since creation has there been such a time, when men could pass from birth to death, knowing their proper place in the world, having it prepared for them, and being held safely within it all their days.

Now, a great death has threatened this great salvation. Many men are displaced, confused and violent, even against us, their devoted ministers, by God's grace toward them.

The Holy Church is to men as the spirit of God was to creation - bringing order and life to what was previously without form and void. This order of Christ, which we worked centuries to perfect, has been wounded.

A civilized life without Kings and Nobles we might imagine, but a civilization without a Universal Church cannot be. With no anchor for men's souls, life would consist of little but chaos and death.

The peasants are ignorant and utterly unstable when left to themselves. The nobles are little more than criminals dressed in robes. Only the clergy, upholding our Lord's plan in its purity, can hold civilization together. God's Order *must* be retained. All else is darkness and evil.

FOCAULT is in rapt attention. The CARDINAL has touched his instincts and he has found a clear purpose for his life.

POPE

(Standing as CARDINAL  
BEA sits)

Let those words sink in to the deepest soul, ministers of God. And go, restore God's Order. In so doing you will find favor with God and with us.

EXT. NEAR THE HOUSE, MONTHS LATER -

PHILIPPE is working in the field, gathering the fruits of a small, late harvest. It is cold, though not yet freezing. He finishes loading his cart and heads back to the house. There is smoke coming steadily out of the chimney.

EXT. AT THE FRONT OF THE HOUSE -

PHILIPPE pushes the cart up against the front steps and carries a basket of vegetables into the house.

INT. IN THE KITCHEN -

RACHEL turns as he walks in. She is obviously pregnant.

RACHEL

Put them on the table, Philippe,  
I'll clean it all this evening.  
Did you find anyone with  
experience with infants?

PHILIPPE

I think so; the mother of  
Frederick from town. He said she  
has been midwife five times.

RACHEL

We should visit her soon and make  
arrangements.

EXT. BY THE STREAM, NOW WINTER, SNOW COVER -

PHILIPPE and RACHEL are walking upstream to the midwife's  
house, carrying a gift basket. The sun is almost set.

RACHEL

And you say this woman is nice?

PHILIPPE

No, I said that her son is decent  
enough. I'm guessing that she is  
also.

RACHEL

(Concerned)

All right.

As they walk and talk, they are at the edge of the town  
which is to their right. As they pass the church, lights  
are visible in the rectory window.

INT. THE RECTORY

Foucault stands, interviewing a seated local man.

FOCAULT

And what disorder have you seen?

INFORMER

A Jewess, Father. She is the sister of Lev, the Jew wool trader. I used to see them along the coast, in my cousin's fishing boat.

FOCAULT

And she is here in this city?

INFORMER

Yes, she is pregnant and meeting tonight with the midwife.

EXT. IN THE SQUARE OF THE SMALL TOWN, NIGHT -

PHILIPPE and RACHEL look for the right house. They are referring to a rough map of the town.

RACHEL

Three candles in the first floor window?

PHILIPPE

Yes. It should be just ahead on the right. Yes! Here!

They walk to the house, knock, and are welcomed in.

INT. THE MIDWIFE'S HOUSE -

PHILIPPE, RACHEL, MIDWIFE and FREDERICK are sitting in a parlor. There is a loud knock on the door. The MIDWIFE rises and opens the door to the INFORMER. With him are the local LAW ENFORCER and FOCAULT - tall, severe and almost gaunt. They all stand.

MIDWIFE

You may step inside.

The three come in and stand in the entry.

INFORMER

That's her, that's the Jew.

LAW ENFORCER

(Raises his hand to  
stop the INFORMER from  
continuing)

And you know this how?

INFORMER

As I told the Priest, she is the  
sister of Lev the wool trader.

PHILIPPE

That is a lie! She is my wife. We  
came from Paris to escape the  
disease.

FOCAULT

(Snidely turns to  
RACHEL)

And from which district of Paris  
do you come, mademoiselle? I  
studied in Paris.

PHILIPPE

She is NOT a Jew!

MIDWIFE

Stop! All of you! This is my home!  
You may not conduct an inquiry  
here.

FOUCAULT

(Viciously)

Yes, very well then. You and your  
'wife' will show yourselves at the  
church tomorrow morning for  
examination.

The three accusers begin to leave. The LAW ENFORCER turns  
to PHILIPPE.

LAW ENFORCER

At the moment, the penalty for  
outlawry is death, with a reward  
being offered by the King.

EXT. BY THE STREAM, DEAD OF NIGHT -

PHILIPPE and RACHEL are walking nervously home. PHILIPPE is engrossed with his map. Alternatively, he is surveying the landscape and making marks on the map. RACHEL looks very frightened.

INT. INSIDE THE HOUSE, MOONLIGHT ONLY -

PHILIPPE is at the kitchen table, hurriedly making notes on large papers. He crumples one sheet and throws it onto smoldering embers in the fireplace. It smokes, flames-over, and turns quickly to ash.

PHILIPPE

(Not looking up from  
his papers)

Rachel, just throw everything down  
the stairs. Take only one bag of  
your personal items.

EXT. AT THE FRONT OF THE HOUSE -

PHILIPPE is loading the cart. He places several garments in an oil cloth and wraps the package carefully. He ties it around his waist. RACHEL comes to the front with a bucket full of food (almond butter, fruits, etc.)

PHILIPPE

(Still not focused on  
her)

Rachel, put on a pair of my warm  
pants and your worst shoes.

RACHEL

(Fear erupting as  
anger)

Are you mad? Why would I want to  
do that?

PHILIPPE

Rachel! We could die! I don't have  
time to explain. Do it!

RACHEL goes back, to do as he said.

EXT. BY THE STREAM, EARLY MORNING, VERY COLD, ICE ON THE BANKS AND THE ROCKS -

PHILIPPE and RACHEL are walking immediately next to the stream. They see several men in the distance, milling about.

RACHEL

(Looking at the men,  
terrified)

Philippe?!

PHILIPPE

Just a little further and we'll be safe. Keep moving Rachel, we'll make it!

RACHEL

They are coming for us, Philippe!  
I can't run!

We see that the men include the three from the previous night, plus a few others, carrying weapons.

PHILIPPE

Rachel, look at me!

(She does)

We are going to make it. Now, grab the back of the cart and push. We are going to cross the stream.

She pauses and considers the suicidal nature of being soaked, in freezing weather, in the wilderness.

PHILIPPE

I prepared for this, Rachel. You will be all right. The alternative is certain death.

She quickly walks to the back of the cart and begins pushing. He pulls with considerable effort. He groans as he steps into the water. She screams when she steps in. The water is nearly waist-deep in the middle.

PHILIPPE

Keep pushing Rachel! Keep walking!  
I crossed here before! We can do  
it!

RACHEL

I can't feel my feet!

PHILIPPE

Just keep moving your legs,  
Rachel. Hold tight to the back of  
the cart, I'll pull you!

With great effort, they come up the other side, shivering uncontrollably.

Change POV. The pursuers stop, shocked to see them take such insane action.

LAW ENFORCER

Well, they will be dead soon.

FOUCAULT

Can we follow to be sure?

LAW ENFORCER

If you esteem yourself worthy of  
walking on water, then by all  
means, do so, Priest! If not, I'll  
recover their bodies tomorrow,  
when I'm on that side of the  
river.

FOCAULT is insulted by the remark, but says nothing.

Previous POV. PHILIPPE is pulling the cart fiercely, fighting to keep his shivering hands gripped to the handles. RACHEL is half hanging from the back of the cart (arms inside the cart, body outside) and half pushing with her barely-controlled legs.

PHILIPPE

Just over this rise, Rachel. Only  
thirty more steps! Count them!

They cross the rise, accelerate on the other side, lose control, stumble, and fall. But they are out of view of the pursuers. PHILIPPE picks himself up, staggers toward RACHEL, who is sprawled on the snow, shivering deeply. PHILIPPE grabs her legs and pulls her down the slope to the grassy area (rather than a snowy area) near the package. He pulls off her shoes and strips her to the waist. (Discreet shots.) He opens the oil-cloth package on his waist, pulls out a towel and vigorously dries her with it. She is nearly in shock and does not move, save to hold one hand on top of her baby (belly). He, with difficulty, puts a pair of thick pants on her, followed by heavy socks and shoes. Then he goes behind her and picks her up.

PHILIPPE

Walk, Rachel! You must walk and not stop. Do it!

RACHEL

(Walking with pain)

It hurts!

He strips himself bare to the waist (discreet shots) and puts on dry clothes. He uprights the cart and pulls out a bag of nuts.

PHILIPPE

Here, Rachel. (Gives her the bag.)  
Eat and walk.

He pulls the cart. They begin to shiver less. She walks next to the cart, with one hand on it for support.

EXT. ACROSS THE STREAM FROM THE CENTER OF TOWN, LOOKING AT A SMALL RISE -

PHILIPPE and RACHEL are pulling the cart. He looks up and realizes where they are. He looks at RACHEL, who seems considerably better. He drops the cart handles. He takes her hand and leads her up the rise.

PHILIPPE

Come with me.

They stand at the top of the rise, which slightly overlooks the town. They see their pursuers some distance away, walking and talking.

PHILIPPE

(Gesturing and  
screaming in defiance)

You! You!

The pursuers, in shock, turn and walk towards the two, close enough to see and hear.

PHILIPPE

Yes! You! You Murderers!

The pursuers stand still. Philippe raises his hand to heaven, like the RABBI. He is shaking, but with emotion rather than cold. He is crying from emotional overload, but, with great effort, continues in pure defiance.

PHILIPPE

(First four words  
almost stacatto, in  
escalating volume)

WE WILL NOT DIE! It is not over!  
It is NEVER over! We will live! We  
will THRIVE! And if your world  
will not accept us, then your  
world will END!!

EXT. NEAR THE FRENCH COAST EAST OF CALAIS, THE NEXT DAY -

They are trudging through difficult terrain, scanning for pursuers.

RACHEL

I have to rest, Philippe.

He puts down the cart, moves the contents to make a spot for her, and sits her down.

PHILIPPE

I'll look down the coast.

PHILIPPE wearily runs up a small hill and scans the horizon. RACHEL pulls a blanket over her shoulders (she is already dressed warmly) leans back and closes her eyes. The camera holds on her until she is awakened with a start as PHILIPPE (not in view) picks up the handles and begins pulling her. POV then pulls back to show PHILIPPE and the general area.

RACHEL

Philippe, I can walk.

PHILIPPE

Take your rest Rachel. This is smooth ground and I see a fisherman in the distance.

EXT. AT THE STRAIGHTS OF DOVER, SOFT, SANDY GROUND, A FISHING BOAT IS TIED OFF AT THE SHORE AND ONE LONE FIGURE ON IT IS MENDING NETS -

PHILIPPE and RACHEL approach. The ground is very difficult, so she climbs out and helps.

PHILIPPE

Sir! Sir!

The BOATMAN, surprised to hear a voice, turns to see. PHILIPPE and RACHEL draw near, with difficulty.

PHILIPPE

Sir! May we purchase a ride from you?

BOATMAN

(Seeing their situation)

With what?

PHILIPPE

I can work, and we have some spices.

The BOATMAN surveys them carefully.

BOATMAN

You ran off with the neighbor's  
daughter, did you?

PHILIPPE

No... I...

BOATMAN

I'll give you a ride, if you help  
me finish these nets.

PHILIPPE

Yes, sir!

RACHEL

Thank you, sir. You are kind.

BOATMAN

Kind? You don't know me, young  
lady.

RACHEL is taken back by his last comment, but they continue  
onto the boat. The BOATMAN and PHILIPPE carry the cart on.  
RACHEL sits.

BOATMAN

And where is it, my young  
scoundrel, that you would like to  
go?

PHILIPPE

England.

BOATMAN

Ah, the father must be a powerful  
man. I am impressed.

PHILIPPE

That's not the way it is.

BOATMAN

I don't really care how it is,  
son. I'm just happy to see living  
souls. I haven't seen anyone who  
appeared healthy for weeks.

The BOATMAN looks at RACHEL, who has fallen asleep in a pile of blankets.

BOATMAN

And I had never thought that new life could come forth in the midst of such desolation.

(Looks at the sky)

Well, if we are to cross the channel, we had best start now.

EXT. ON THE ENGLISH COAST, EAST OF DOVER, NIGHT -

The BOATMAN and PHILIPPE are tying the boat to an empty dock.

BOATMAN

We will stay here for the night, then find someplace for you in the morning.

Rachel, having slept long, stirs. PHILIPPE prepares his spot next to her and the BOATMAN prepares his own.

EXT. FOGGY MORNING, ON THE BOAT, DOCKED ON THE ENGLISH COAST -

RACHEL is sitting at the other end of the boat and mending the nets. The BOATMAN wakes up. PHILIPPE is in a deep sleep. The BOATMAN walks to RACHEL and sits.

BOATMAN

I think he needs more sleep.

RACHEL

Again, you are kind.

The BOATMAN picks up the netting and begins repairing it alongside RACHEL. He gets contemplative.

BOATMAN

I am not a good man, young lady. Certainly I was not. A year ago I might have assaulted you and robbed you, possibly worse.

RACHEL keeps working, showing no expression.

BOATMAN

(continuing)

But after seeing the blackest death ever imagined by the darkest heart, even I need to preserve life. And you have life in you.

He pauses and she looks up.

BOATMAN

Has pestilence made me a saint?

RACHEL looks at him with an expression that says, "I have no idea." The BOATMAN surveys the area as the fog clears.

BOATMAN

Oh, my.

RACHEL

What is it?

BOATMAN

Look! We are not in a good place.

Camera pans to a nearby plague town. A black flag is flying and we see smoke and piled bodies, etc.

BOATMAN

You should wake him now.

RACHEL walks carefully to PHILIPPE and wakes him, as the BOATMAN unties the boat and pushes away. PHILIPPE rises and helps with the sails. RACHEL sits back down at the nets.

PHILIPPE

I assumed the pestilence had finished in England.

BOATMAN

I have heard that it has in  
Hastings, but not in Dover.  
Apparently not in Folkestone  
either. Here, finish tying this  
sail then you can go back to the  
nets and earn your passage.

PHILIPPE ties-off the sail, walks to RACHEL at the nets and begins working. He dips his hand in the open bag by her and pulls out some nuts to eat.

EXT. OFF THE ENGLISH COAST, AFTERNOON, APPROACHING RYE -

BOATMAN is working the sails, PHILIPPE and RACHEL remain working on the nets. BOATMAN looks into the distance.

BOATMAN

Look now, my crew, there is your  
destination, the Ancient Town of  
Rye.

PHILIPPE

Ancient Town?

BOATMAN

Freedom from taxes and customs,  
the right to hold their own  
courts.

PHILIPPE

Wonderful!

BOATMAN

No, not so wonderful. The French  
like to attack it. I will leave  
you here, but you should go  
inland, several miles at least.  
You don't want to survive the  
pestilence only to die by the  
sword.

They are approaching the port. No black flag, but dead bodies are seen.

BOATMAN

Help me with this line, son.

They tie the boat at a dock and unload. BOATMAN is on deck and PHILIPPE and RACHEL are next to him on the dock.

BOATMAN

My name is Carter. (PHILIPPE looks nervous) and you probably shouldn't tell me yours. (Smiles.) Your net-mending was good. I shall be pleased to employ you again.

PHILIPPE

Thank you.

BOATMAN

Take care of your wife, son. And I wish you well, young lady.

RACHEL

Thank you kind sir.  
(Smile)

EXT. IN THE TOWN OF RYE, ALMOST DUSK -

PHILIPPE and RACHEL, with cart, walk off the dock.

PHILIPPE

Rachel, from here on, you should use the English version of my name - Phillip. Your name is fine.

RACHEL

All right... Phillip.

EXT. IN THE FROZEN FIELDS OF NORTHAM, IT IS SNOWING. THEY ARE APPROACHING A STRONG STONE HOUSE, WITH A SMALL CLUSTER OF HOUSES NOT FAR AWAY AND A SMALL TOWN A BIT FURTHER -

Phillip is pulling the cart, Rachel is walking very slowly next to it. She is heavily pregnant.

RACHEL

No further, Phillip. One of those  
houses will have to work.

As they are growing closer, Phillip sees an old pile of  
corpses in the distance, then stops the cart and clears a  
spot for Rachel to sit. He wraps her in a blanket and  
covers her with the oil-cloth to keep the snow off of her.

PHILLIP

Sit here, Rachel. I'll be back  
soon, with a place for you to  
stay.

EXT. THE STONE HOUSE -

Phillip opens the door.

PHILLIP

Hello! Is anyone here?

He walks through the house and freezes as he walks into a  
room. He takes off his scarf and continues. We now see a  
dead woman on the floor. PHILLIP uses the scarf to drag the  
body out of the house by the feet. As he leaves the house,  
he looks toward Rachel to be sure she can't see what he is  
doing. He drags the body down a slope some distance from  
the house.

We see PHILLIP stacking the third body, a child. He drops  
his scarf. Then he walks toward Rachel.

PHILLIP helps Rachel into the empty front room, then  
carries in the goods from the cart.

PHILLIP

You'll have to stay here while I  
clean this place. Stay comfortable  
and warm. I will work as fast as I  
can.

EXT. AT THE SIDE OF THE HOUSE, EARLY THE NEXT MORNING -

PHILLIP is throwing a few cushions on a small fire. Rachel  
walks out to see.

PHILLIP

(Looking up)

That's it. I'm done. The house is clean.

RACHEL

This baby is coming soon.

PHILLIP

How soon?

RACHEL

Not today, but we are alone and neither one of us has ever delivered a baby.

(Sees that he is very tired)

Come inside Phillip, I have a place for you to sleep.

EXT. AT THE CLUSTER OF HOUSES, AFTERNOON -

PHILLIP is standing in the center of the cluster.

PHILLIP

Hello? Is anyone yet living?  
Hello!

A large man (RICHARD) emerges at the corner of a house. He is perhaps ten years older than PHILLIP.

RICHARD

Yes, we are alive.

PHILLIP

My name is Phillip. My wife and I are living in the stone house.

RICHARD

And the Whitehead family who lived there?

PHILLIP

All dead from the pestilence. I'm sorry. And your people?

RICHARD walks toward PHILLIP.

RICHARD

My wife and myself yet live. The  
rest of ours are dead. Others  
still live in Northiam.

(Pointing to the town)

PHILLIP walks to Richard. They shake hands.

PHILLIP

Again, I am sorry for your loss.

RICHARD

And I for yours. Then you are to  
remain my neighbors?

PHILLIP

Yes, I think we will.

(Hesitates)

Richard, does your wife have any  
experience as a midwife?

INT. THE UPSTAIRS BEDROOM OF THE STONE HOUSE

MARGARET (RICHARD's wife) has just delivered Rachel's baby.  
PHILLIP walks in. RACHEL is holding the child. PHILLIP sits  
next to her.

PHILLIP

(In awe)

She is perfect.

RACHEL

(Tears of relief and  
joy)

She is. May we call her Sarah,  
after my mother?

PHILLIP

Yes, I would like that.

RICHARD returns with the bucket and rags. MARGARET wets a  
rag and prepares to wash baby SARAH.

MARGARET

Phillip, Richard, we are not yet done. Go. Work. Make us wealthy women.

RACHEL is lost, looking at her daughter. RICHARD puts his hand on MARGARET's shoulder, squeezes, and walks out. PHILLIP kisses RACHEL (she smiles lovingly), and heads toward the door.

PHILLIP

Let me know if you need anything.

MARGARET

Don't worry, I will. Go work.

Door closes in front of camera, ending shot.

EXT. THE HOUSES AND FIELDS OF NORTHIAM, A DARK, COLD DAY -

PHILLIP and RICHARD are each pulling a cart. They approach an abandoned house, put down the carts and walk in.

INT. IN THE ABANDONED HOUSE, KITCHEN -

They are looking through the pantries and storage cabinets.

PHILLIP

There are jars of grain and nuts here, Richard. Spices too.

RICHARD

Good. There are bottles of oil here.

They pause momentarily and look at each other.

PHILLIP

We take it back to my place and split it up?

RICHARD

That sounds good. (Walks around a corner, opens an outside door)  
Ho! Phillip, there are four bags of seed here!

PHILLIP

Excellent! Let's take this load  
back then return for the seed.

EXT. THE CENTER OF NORTHAM, A CROWD IS CHASING AND  
ASSAULTING A MAN WHO IS APPARENTLY RETURNING, CARRYING A  
LARGE BAG -

PHILLIP and RICHARD are pulling their carts not far away  
and notice the commotion. They put down their carts and run  
to the tumult.

PEASANT #1

You useless bastard! You left us  
to die!

PEASANT #2 (FEMALE)

You said you were our physician!  
You said you would heal my son!  
And my husband! And they died!

PEASANT #3

(Running to the  
beating)

The physician?! Where is that  
traitor?!

PHILLIP

Who is the man they are attacking?

RICHARD

Morton, the physician.

PHILLIP

Did he do some evil?

RICHARD

No, they all hate him for failing  
to heal their relatives, but his  
daughters died also. Then he fled.

PHILLIP

We have to stop this.

PHILLIP moves quickly to the center of the action. RICHARD is a step behind.

PHILLIP

ENOUGH!

RICHARD tosses one man several feet away from the action. Phillip pushes another. RICHARD rotates so that they all see his bulk and his anger. The mob freezes instinctively for just a moment.

PHILLIP

This man's family died, as well as yours! Don't you think he would have healed them if he could!? He is a man, not God! Will you blame him next for winds and rains?

RICHARD

Will any of you argue with that?

PHILLIP

We do not kill men for lack of ability, else we would all be dead. Now go home and think about what you did here today.

The crowd disperses. PHILLIP and RICHARD pick up the doctor. His nose is bleeding and he has cuts on his arms. RICHARD hands him a cloth to clean himself.

PHILLIP

Come, doctor. You can stay at my home for a few days.

They head toward the carts, helping DR.MORTON. RICHARD is carrying DR. MORTON's bag and tosses it in his cart as he reaches it. They walk away toward the stone house.

INT. THE PAPAL COURT -

The court is empty, save for the POPE, the BLIND BISHOP, FOCAULT, and a SCRIBE. A few servants walk in and out, bringing drinks to the men, cleaning and repairing. The four men are at the Papal throne. The POPE sits upon it, while the others are on chairs around it.

POPE

(To the BLIND BISHOP)

So, what is it that your young assistant has found, old friend?

BLIND BISHOP

I assigned him to work a circuit in the region of Ardres, Holiness. There are not enough Priests available to give each a parish, so we have them circulating among parishes.

POPE

And there are so few priests that this is necessary?

BLIND BISHOP

Yes.

POPE

I shall try to give you more priests. (Nods to scribe, making sure that he writes this.) But, I interrupt. Please continue.

BLIND BISHOP

Young Focault has found Jews - Radonite traders - coming and going between England and France. Worse, it seems that some Jews have married Christians.

The POPE looks agitated.

BLIND BISHOP (CONT.)

Focault and a local Sheriff attempted to arrest one pair, but they escaped.

POPE

I see. And what is it that you wish from me, Focault?

FOCAULT

Order the princes to provide me men, Holiness, so I may apprehend these disturbers of The Peace.

POPE

You do not know what you ask, young Focault. Doing such things is neither simple nor without cost.

FOCAULT

Then what help can I have, Holiness? The Peace must be protected.

POPE

I can give you no help now, Focault. I could send a general warning to the princes of the area, but most would ignore it.

Focault is frustrated and dejected.

POPE (CONT.)

You are disappointed, my young Priest. Don't despair; the battle is long. Keep working. The day will come when I will call upon you to serve me in this way, but not now. (Pauses) Though I may be able to bring the Inquisition to your area. I will inform your Bishop if so.

The POPE makes the sign of the cross as a benediction upon Focault.

POPE (CONT.)

Go out now, my son. I will send your Bishop out momentarily.

FOCAULT exits, the POPE leans toward the BLIND BISHOP.

POPE (CONT.)

Spend some time training him if  
you can, old friend. His zeal may  
be very useful for us later.  
Encourage it.

The camera pulls back as the POPE again makes the sign of  
the cross and the BLIND BISHOP rises to leave.

RACHEL (O.S.)

Phillip? Are you close?

INT. THE STONE HOUSE. BRIGHT DAY.

RACHEL is working in the kitchen. Baby SARAH is sitting in  
a grape basket. RACHEL hears OS noise and looks out the  
window.

RACHEL

Phillip!

PHILLIP (O.S.)

Yes.

RACHEL

Phillip, come here. There is a  
group of men coming to our door.

PHILLIP hurries down the hall, shares a frightened look  
with RACHEL, and motions to the large cabinet in the corner  
of the room. Phillip opens the door.

PHILLIP

Yes. What is it you wish?

INT. LOOKING OUT OF THE DOOR -

The group of eight men stops.

SERF #1

You are Phillip, the newcomer?

PHILLIP

I am.

SERF #2

You protected the physician.

PHILLIP

Yes, I did.

SERF#1

It is time to plant! We need seed.

INT. LOOKING INTO THE KITCHEN -

RACHEL is approaching with an old (but sharpened) short sword. Phillip raises his right hand (outside view of the serfs) to waive her off.

PHILLIP (ALMOST O.S.)

Wait here one moment.

PHILLIP closes the door and leans against it. RACHEL is standing in the kitchen doorway.

PHILLIP

My God, Rachel, they're looking to me as their Lord. I can't do that.

RACHEL

I don't see that you have much choice. You're the only one who gathered seed.

PHILLIP

I'm not a Lord!

RACHEL

Phillip! Think! What are your options?

PHILLIP

None. But I don't know how to do this.

RACHEL

Certainly you do. Go out there and pretend. You've seen Lords.

He looks at RACHEL, surprised at her audacity and letting his mind focus.

INT. LOOLOOKING OUT OF THE DOOR. ALMOST PHILLIP'S POV -

PHILLIP opens the door and stands erect to address them.

PHILLIP

Very well, you may come back an hour after dawn tomorrow and I will make arrangements with you.

SERF #1

We will be back tomorrow, an hour after dawn... Sire.

The group turns and walks away.

INT. LOOKING INTO THE KITCHEN -

Phillip closes the door and half falls against it. RACHEL remains in place.

PHILLIP

My God, Rachel, they just made me their master.

RACHEL

They need someone to rely upon, Phillip.

PHILLIP

Why? They could do the same things I am doing!

RACHEL

Yes, but they don't think so.

PHILLIP

I don't like this.

RACHEL

Regardless, you had better go talk to Richard and come up with a plan. You have less than a day.

EXT. AT THE HIGHEST POINT NEAR THE STONE HOUSE (A VERY SMALL RISE), EARLY MORNING NEXT DAY -

PHILLIP and RICHARD are dressed in their finest clothes, with many bags of seed in carts behind them. The serfs begin to line up. Phillip has a large book in his hand. RICHARD stands next to him, a mace hanging from his belt.

PHILLIP

(To serf #1)

Your name?

SERF #1

Wilson.

PHILLIP

(Writing)

And how many acres will you till, Wilson?

SERF #1

Four of my own sire, and two of yours.

PHILLIP

Very well, Wilson. I will give you seed and will stand to your defense.

(Turns)

Richard, please give Wilson six bags of seed.

(Turns back)

Work hard, Wilson. And you may call upon me any Lord's Day afternoon.

SERF #1

Thank you, sire.

Phillip nods and SERF #1 walks with Richard to the cart. SERF #2 steps up.

PHILLIP

Your name?

MARGARET (V.O.)

Well, I am glad that the seed held out.

INT. INSIDE THE STONE HOUSE, NIGHT. SPARSELY FURNISHED DINING ROOM. PHILLIP, RACHEL, RICHARD AND MARGARET ARE EATING DINNER -

PHILLIP

Just barely. But they are all contented for now.

(Faces RICHARD)

Richard, I'm afraid that we might have a problem.

RICHARD

(Laughing)

Oh, really? Which of the many are you considering?!

PHILLIP

I don't like these arrangements...

RICHARD

Would you rather be a serf?

PHILLIP

Well, no.

RICHARD

Then you'll have to get used to this.

PHILLIP

All right, but what about you? I'm not going to be *your* Lord!

RICHARD

Yes, you will, Phillip. There can only be one Lord, and they would never accept me, a man they have known as an equal. This is the way of the world.

(Pours wine)

Here, Lord, have some more wine.

PHILLIP

(Displeased but  
resigned)

Thank you.

RICHARD pours for himself, then slides back in his chair,  
relaxing and drinking.

RICHARD

Drink, my friend. Then, we'll  
consider what to do with the ton  
of wheat that we'll have in a few  
months. And, how to survive until  
then!

EXT. MID-DAY. JUST DOWN THE HILL FROM THE POINT WHERE  
PHILLIP AND RICHARD MADE ARRANGEMENTS FOR SEED -

PHILLIP, RICHARD and DR. MORTON are putting up a post-and-  
beam structure. DR. MORTON is carefully watching PHILLIP  
and RICHARD place a post.

DR. MORTON

Move the top slightly to the  
right. Just a little more. Good!  
Don't move.

DR. MORTON hurries to shovel a dirt mixture into the  
posthole. They are tamping the ground as a man approaches.

RICHARD

Oh my God. Doctor, look who is  
coming.

DR. MORTON

(Looking up, then  
walking.)

Paul Taylor!

DR. MORTON greets TAYLOR and escorts him to the new  
structure.

PHILLIP

An old friend of yours?

RICHARD

A friend of my uncle, actually. He was so often away on merchant trips that I never knew him well.

The men greet each other, shaking hands.

TAYLOR

Ah, Richard, good to see you again. And you must be Phillip.

PHILLIP

I am. A pleasure to meet you.

TAYLOR

Likewise. I am sorry that I cannot stay and talk, but I am still searching for my brother's family. I fear they are all lost, but I must search further.

RICHARD

I know they headed west, Paul.

TAYLOR

Yes, Andrew said the same. Thank you. I'll be back in a few days.

(Turns to PHILLIP)

Then I'd like to talk about trade with you.

PHILLIP

I think it shall be a pleasure.

TAYLOR

Very well, then. I will be back.

RICHARD

Godspeed.

The three men go back to work. TAYLOR leaves.

EXT. LATE AFTERNOON, SAME DAY. AT THE NEW BUILDING -

The three are putting away their tools and surveying their work for the day. The KING'S BROTHER rides up, accompanied with two armed men.

RICHARD

Look, it's Prince John, the King's brother.

The three put down their work and walk to the riders.

KING'S BROTHER

Which of you is Phillip?

PHILLIP

I am, Lord Prince.

KING'S BROTHER

You are young.

PHILLIP

Yes, sire.

KING'S BROTHER

You provided seed for the townspeople?

PHILLIP

With Richard's help, yes.

KING'S BROTHER

I hear also that you have defended the innocent and kept order.

PHILLIP

In a small way, yes, I have.

KING'S BROTHER

What is the state of Northiam?

PHILLIP

Very bad, sire. I haven't gone through the church for records, but more than half of the residents of Northiam have died. However, the living are engaged in planting, and the pestilence is fully gone.

KING'S BROTHER

(Surveying him)

And these men are helping you build a granary?

PHILLIP

Yes.

One of the armed men leans to the KING'S BROTHER and says something.

KING'S BROTHER

(To the armed man)

Yes.

(Turns to PHILLIP)

Then I leave you as Lord Protector of the city, young man.

One of the armed men is writing in a book, recording the events.

PHILLIP

Sire... I am no Lord.

KING'S BROTHER

(Laughs) It is not I who wish you to be Lord, Phillip, it is the townspeople who have faith in you. Don't fight your destiny. I will return within the year to check on your progress. You are Protector of this city.

(Turning and  
addressing RICHARD and  
DR. MORTON)

You men will bear witness to the  
rest of the town that I made this  
man City Master.

RICHARD, DR. MORTON

Yes, sire.

The KING'S BROTHER and the armed men ride off.

EXT. AT THE SIDE OF THE GRANARY, DUSK -

PHILLIP is on a small home-made ladder, pounding dowel pins  
into batten boards (old-style siding). The granary is  
almost complete; RACHEL is helping him, handing him the  
pins and keeping him company. Baby Sarah is laying on a bed  
sheet a few feet to the side.

RACHEL

(Surveying the work)

You really don't have much further  
to go, Phillip.

PHILLIP

Yes, we made a lot of progress  
today, but I'm still not sure how  
hard it will be to finish the  
inside. I've never done fine  
carpentry.

An armed man appears behind them - from behind the house.  
He has approached with stealth and is obviously a highly  
skilled soldier.

AGENT

Hello Lord Protector.

RACHEL lets out a short, startled scream; PHILLIP remains  
still and silent, but turns and focuses hard on the man.

AGENT

I am the agent of Prince John, our King's brother and defender of his subjects.

RACHEL is terrified but silent. She picks up SARAH and takes a step backward.

AGENT

You need not fear me, ma'am, I come only as a messenger of the Prince.

PHILLIP

Then why have you come to us with stealth, as if we were prey?

AGENT

Apologies, Lord Protector, those were my orders. The Prince found it necessary. Now, would you please ask your wife to excuse us? We have private matters to discuss.

PHILLIP

(Coming down the ladder)

It's all right, Rachel. Take the baby inside. I'll be in soon enough.

RACHEL, still looking very pale and terrified, heads in.

PHILLIP

Now, what may I do for you, sir?

INT. THE STONE HOUSE, FIRST FLOOR -

PHILLIP walks in the door and closes it behind him.

PHILLIP

Rachel?

He hears noise in the back room and head there. Rachel is inside the room. PHILLIP tries to open the door and finds it barred.

PHILLIP

Rachel, it's me. (Pauses, and can hear her breathing hard) The Agent is gone, Rachel. All is well.

The door opens and PHILLIP walks in. He sees that RACHEL had surrounded herself and SARAH with furniture and is holding a dagger.

PHILLIP

It's all right, Rachel.

RACHEL throws the dagger across the room (away from PHILLIP). Her terror changes to anger and tears.

RACHEL

There was no way to escape, Phillip. How can you be safe if there's nowhere to run?

PHILLIP

Princes and their messengers may be stupid, Rachel, but they are not always evil.

RACHEL

Maybe not to you, but they are to me!

PHILLIP

All right, I understand. I'm sorry. (Hugs her for a moment, then begins to pull away.) Come, bring Sarah and sit at the table. I'll explain to you what is happening.

They walk toward the dining room table. RACHEL hands Sarah to PHILLIP, then heads into the kitchen.

RACHEL

Here, put Sarah in her seat, I  
have food prepared.

PHILLIP places the baby in a basket-type seat next to the  
table and sits.

RACHEL (O.S.)

Talk to me Phillip; what was that  
about.

PHILLIP

I need to write a formal request  
to the Prince and send it to  
Westminster.

RACHEL

(Walking in with food)

I don't understand.

PHILLIP

The King's brother, who  
established me... he wants me to  
beg him to appoint a Priest for  
Northiam.

RACHEL

Why?

PHILLIP

They are preventing the Order of  
Dominic from sending Priests.

RACHEL

(Brings the last load  
and sits)

Go on.

PHILLIP

The Pestilence has weakened the Pope's power, and the Prince wants to appoint his own Bishops and Priests. And he doesn't want Inquisitors in England. So, I am to write a letter begging his help, since there has been none from the Papacy.

RACHEL

Won't that make the Church angry?

PHILLIP

Perhaps, but I have to follow the Prince, who has treated me well. And I most certainly don't want Inquisitors here.

RACHEL

God, no. But why such urgency and secrecy?

PHILLIP

Because the Dominicans are on their way to England now.

RACHEL, again, is terrified.

PHILLIP (CONT.)

Don't worry, Rachel, these are preachers, not inquisitors. (She is incredulous.) Yes, I know, the lambs will be followed by wolves.

RACHEL

Yes.

PHILLIP

It won't get that far. We'll get a Priest who is loyal to the Prince. And the Prince is no friend of the Dominicans.

RACHEL

Good.

EXT. A HIGH SPOT IN THE FRENCH COUNTRYSIDE -

The BLIND BISHOP and FOCAULT are riding horses (slowly, as the BISHOP is blind) from Avignon.

BLIND BISHOP

You have barely spoken a word,  
Focault. You are dejected?

FOCAULT

I am unhappy, Bishop. We have Jews  
living in our parishes and the  
Pope does not act. How am I to  
restore order? I have studied  
this; the rule of the Church is  
actual salvation, being lived by  
men on this earth. Whatever  
disturbs that is manifestly evil.

BLIND BISHOP

Yes, my young friend, but remember  
that Jesus said we do not know the  
times and seasons that God has put  
in his own power. Have you read  
the Epistles of Paul?

FOCAULT

Some of them.

BLIND BISHOP

In them you will find that Paul  
was often in weakness, much as you  
are this day. But when it was  
God's time, Paul's words and deeds  
were with power, so much that the  
devils were forced to obey him.  
(Slight pause) Your day will come,  
Focault, even if it is not this  
day.

BLIND BISHOP stops his horse, forcing FOCAULT to stop, for  
emphasis. FOCAULT remains dejected.

BLIND BISHOP (CONT.)

His Holiness is aware of you,  
Focault, and I assure you that  
some day you will have great works  
to do. And I now charge you, as  
Paul did Timothy, to be urgent, in  
season and out of season. Show  
your righteous zeal in whatever  
ways you may, Focault. If it must  
be in small ways for now, show  
yourself faithful in them. Then,  
the great works will come to you.

FOCAULT looks off at a town below them. His face changes  
from dejection to domination and tyranny.

FOCAULT

Then I shall simply root out  
disorder in every area that comes  
under my hand, whether large or  
small. I will now show my zeal.

BLIND BISHOP

(Facing slightly away  
from FOCAULT and  
obviously unable to  
see his troubling  
expression.)

Yes, Focault. Do this and you will  
become a Prince of the Holy  
Church.

FOCAULT surveys the area again, beaming with arrogance,  
dominance and power. Then he rides on, leading and guiding  
the BLIND BISHOP.

EXT. AT THE GRANARY, AUTUMN, EVENING -

Baskets of grain are stacked high all around the periphery  
of the room and at lower heights in much of the remaining  
space. PHILLIP sits at the large table writing in account  
books. RICHARD walks away from the end stack of baskets and  
takes a seat at the end of the table near PHILLIP.

RICHARD

A final 38 bushels of wheat. We have a lot of grain to sell-off.

PHILLIP

Thank God for Paul Taylor, but we'll have to help him.

RICHARD

Yes, but we'll have time now. Only Altman's grain remains, and it won't be ready for a few days at the least. We can go home and rest.

PHILLIP closes his account book. He appears tired, then appears pained as Richard prepares to leave. He is dreading going home. RICHARD decides to raise a sensitive matter.

RICHARD

Phillip, I don't wish to intrude, but is everything well with Rachel? She hasn't seemed herself lately.

PHILLIP

(Relieved to be able to talk about it)

No, she's not, Richard, and I don't know what to do about it.

Richard doesn't want to ask for details, so he waits.

PHILLIP

At the very moment when she was able to relax, she became unhappy.

PHILLIP pauses, realizing where this conversation could lead.

PHILLIP

(continuing)

She doesn't know who in her family may be alive or dead.

RICHARD

Phillip, before the pestilence we had an old Priest here. He was a good and kind man. I nursed him when he fell ill, and he told me many things.

PHILLIP

Such as?

RICHARD

He told me that the pestilence would pass, and that life would return to its ways... and that the return would be difficult for many.

PHILLIP

(Surprised)

Did he say why?

RICHARD

No, he was close to death and speech was difficult, but he made me promise to remember.

PHILLIP

Thank you, Richard. I think your Priest was a wise man.

Richard prepares to speak, but there is a knock at the door, and it opens. Rachel appears. She sees Richard and tries to appear cheerful.

RACHEL

Hello Richard.

(Speaks to Phillip)

Have you two finished as promised?

PHILLIP

Yes, we'll have a few final chores later, but we're done for now.

RICHARD  
(Standing to leave)  
I'll leave you now. Good night.

Richard leaves.

PHILLIP  
Where is Sarah?

RACHEL  
She just fell asleep.

RACHEL is unhappy, and inspects the stacked bags of grain.

RACHEL  
(Accusingly)  
So, are we rich yet?

PHILLIP  
(Angry and feeling  
unjustly treated)  
Rachel, what is the problem? Do  
you want to go back to being  
hunted?

RACHEL  
(Angry and breaks into  
tears)  
This is not my life, Phillip! I am  
not a Noble woman, I am a Jew!

PHILLIP  
No one here knows that.

RACHEL  
I know it!

PHILLIP  
And why should that matter?

RACHEL

(Speaking over  
PHILLIP)

And here I am sleeping in a dead woman's house, living her life! I have no idea if my own family are alive or dead. All of my instincts are wrong for this. Phillip, this isn't my life!

PHILLIP

(Angry and hurt)

So, was Lev right? You can't be happy with a Gentile?

RACHEL

I didn't say that, and I didn't mean that! (pause) But what of our children? Can they survive as half-Jew, half-Christian?

PHILLIP

Our children can be whatever they want to be!

RACHEL

Can they?

PHILLIP

Yes, they can!

(She thinks he is  
being naive.)

I don't care what the cost is, Rachel. We can give this up and go back to France, or to Antwerp, or somewhere else if need be.

RACHEL

Where we might well die.

PHILLIP

My children's minds will not be enslaved!

Rachel weeps at his goodness and at his innocent discounting of the world's ugliness. She sits in Richard's chair.

RACHEL

Phillip, you are Lord of a city,  
and you deserve it. You are noble,  
you are good and you are brave.  
But I am tied to you. My children  
will never be anything but English  
nobles. I don't know if I can  
accept that. It was easier when we  
were running.

PHILLIP rises and paces, Rachel sits, crying. Phillip stops and faces her, anger and hurt in his eyes.

PHILLIP

Could you be happy in Antwerp?

RACHEL

I don't know... but can we try,  
Phillip? Please?

PHILLIP

(Takes an angry,  
pained breath)

Yes, I think we can, after I get  
some of the grain sold.

RACHEL

(Weeping now)

Phillip, I'm sorry. You don't  
deserve this. I would like to be  
as strong as you, but I can't.

He stands next to her and caresses her head. She puts her head on his leg and hugs him. (Still seated.) He looks of into the distance, resigned and unhappy.

PHILLIP (V.O.)

I very much appreciate this,  
Richard.

INT. THE LARGE FRONT ROOM OF THE STONE HOUSE, MORNING -

RICHARD is reviewing papers at the table and MARGARET is tending to SARAH. PHILLIP is checking their bags and RACHEL is upstairs getting her last few items.

RICHARD

I only hope that you and Rachel  
can find some of your relatives.

PHILLIP

I have no hope for mine, Richard,  
but I do hope to find Rachel's  
brother and aunt at least.

RICHARD

So, you will be going to Rye, then  
to Kent?

POV change. RACHEL comes down the stairs. This saves Phillip (honest to the core) from having to lie on the spur of the moment.

RACHEL

I think I am ready.

Back to Phillip and RICHARD.

PHILLIP

Yes, Rye then Kent. All right,  
Rachel, I'm ready as well.

RACHEL picks up SARAH and hugs her deeply.

RACHEL

(Tears)

All is well, my love. Aunt  
Margaret will take good care of  
you for a short while. Don't grow  
too much while I am away.

(Sobs)

RACHEL hands SARAH to MARGARET, then hugs them both.

EXT. ON A HILLSIDE ABOVE THE PORT OF RYE, WHICH IS VISIBLE BELOW THEM. A COOL AUTUMN DAY -

PHILLIP and RACHEL are behind some brush and changing clothes - from the garments of prosperous people to those of laborers.

PHILIPPE

Ready?

RACHEL

(Worried smile)

Yes... Philippe.

EXT. THE PORT OF CALAIS, DUSK -

PHILIPPE and RACHEL disembark from the boat and head into town.

PHILIPPE

The inn they spoke of should be just down this street. We can get a meal there too. Now, where is that tavern?

RACHEL

It is the other direction from the port, not far. Anyone I know will be there several hours after dark.

They walk into the inn.

EXT. OLD TAVERN AT MIDNIGHT -

PHILIPPE and RACHEL walk into the tavern. They sit at a table against the wall.

PHILIPPE

Do you see anyone you know?

RACHEL

No, not yet. If we don't find someone here, I'm sure we can find a boat at the harbor.

PHILIPPE

I know, but it would be a lot better to travel with stealth.

RACHEL

Wait, Phillip, I know that man in the corner.

PHILIPPE

Who is he?

RACHEL

A wool trader. Not a Jew.

PHILIPPE

(Frightened)

Would he turn you in?

RACHEL

I don't think so, but we never know for sure. Oh my God, Phillip, he saw me.

PHILIPPE

Let's get out of here.

PHILIPPE gets up, grabs RACHEL's hand and walks out.

EXT. THE DARK STREET NEXT TO THE TAVERN. MIDNIGHT IN A MEDIEVAL TOWN -

They walk quickly, but hear footsteps (in the dirt, not on pavement) following them.

JANSEN

Rachel, stop.

They continue walking. PHILIPPE feels inside his coat for a dagger.

JANSEN

It is I, Jansen [Yan-sen], the wool merchant.

They look at each other and stop simultaneously. JANSEN reaches them and stops. PHILIPPE releases his grip on the dagger.

JANSEN

You should not have left the tavern so abruptly, Rachel. It attracts attention.

RACHEL

I'm sorry, Mr. Jansen, but I sensed danger.

JANSEN

(Confused)

Well, of course.

(Turns to PHILIPPE)

Where is Ephraim?

PHILIPPE

Ephraim is here? In Calais?

JANSEN

Yes. I thought you came with him.

PHILLIP

No, this is a surprise.

JANSEN

Oh dear Lord. You don't know.

RACHEL

Know what!?

JANSEN

Lev has been caught by the Dominicans.

RACHEL

(Buries her face in PHILIPPE's chest)

Oh GOD, no!

PHILIPPE

For how long?

JANSEN

Two days. They came with a local Priest, determined to capture a Jew.

PHILLIP

(Very serious)

And what was this Priest's name, Jansen?

JANSEN

Focault.

RACHEL is visibly terrified, and PHILLIP, for the first time, looks lost.

JANSEN

You need not fear; he left this morning to bring his Bishop. He is not expected back for several days.

PHILLIP

(Composing himself)

And you say Ephraim is here?

JANSEN

Yes, he was supposed to meet me at the tavern at about this time.

PHILIPPE

Jansen, will you send Ephraim to the inn as soon as you see him?

JANSEN

Certainly.

PHILIPPE

Thank you, Jansen. I hope to return the favor some day. Send Ephraim to the room of Mr. Harper.

JANSEN

I will. Harper.

PHILIPPE and RACHEL walk back to the inn.

PHILIPPE

We'll get him out, Rachel. Ephraim will help us, and we'll all be far gone by the time Focault returns.

Off-screen knocking on a door.

INT. THE ROOM AT THE INN. A STRAW BED, A SMALL TABLE AND TWO CHAIRS. NIGHT -

Philippe opens the door for Ephraim. He gets him quickly inside. They embrace. RACHEL rushes to EPHRAIM and they embrace.

EPHRAIM

You know about Lev?

PHILIPPE

Yes, we do. Please, sit down, Ephraim.

EPHRAIM sits on the bed, next to Rachel. She leans against him.

PHILIPPE

Have you seen the place where they are holding him?

EPHRAIM

Yes.

PHILLIP

Can you draw it?

PHILIPPE sits on the chair and pulls out papers and quills.

EPHRAIM

I can. Rachel, I have a note for you from Debra. She made me carry it in hope of finding you.

EPHRAIM pulls out the large note, hands it to RACHEL, then sits with PHILIPPE at the desk; they get to work.

INT. IN THE ROOM AT THE INN, NIGHT, LIGHTS OUT -

PHILIPPE crawls into bed. RACHEL is asleep. PHILIPPE cuddles up to her. She stirs.

RACHEL

You are finally coming to bed?

PHILIPPE

Yes. Ephraim went back to his camp. Rachel, with proper materials, can you make me look like a Dominican?

RACHEL

Uh.. yes.

FADE

EXT. JUST OUTSIDE OF CALAIS, THE NEXT MIDNIGHT -

EPHRAIM, RACHEL and PHILIPPE are sitting in a quiet spot, going over their final plans. PHILIPPE is dressed as a Dominican, complete with the tonsure haircut. (Not shaved, but short.) EPHRAIM is hooded and tied as a prisoner - his hands tied behind his back, a long stick across his back at his elbows, a rope through his mouth and around his neck. RACHEL is dressed as when they entered town.

PHILIPPE

All right, Rachel. We will be back soon. Your only job is to make noise if officials approach.

RACHEL

God speed.

EXT. IN FRONT OF THE JAIL -

PHILIPPE is leading EPHRAIM roughly. They arrive at the jail door. PHILIPPE knocks. The jailer opens the small viewing door.

PHILIPPE

Benedicere, laudare, praedicare,  
brother. I have a second Jew, the  
brother of the first.

JAILER

Where is Brother Albi?

PHILIPPE

I do not know, but I need to get  
this man inside, he is a difficult  
prisoner.

JAILER

(Looks them over)

Very well.

The jailer opens the door, they walk in. The jailer closes  
the door.

JAILER

(Inspecting EPHRAIM)

Yes, he does look like the other.

PHILIPPE

Bind him properly.

The jailer shoves EPHRAIM viciously across the room. But as  
he turns away, PHILIPPE pulls out a mace and strikes him in  
the head. The jailer crumbles instantly. PHILIPPE drops the  
mace and hurries to untie EPHRAIM. EPHRAIM finishes untying  
himself, picks up the mace in violent anger and strikes the  
still-moving JAILER. He dies instantly.

PHILIPPE opens the interior door and goes into the torture  
room. LEV is alone with a device called a "pear" in his  
mouth. He has dirt and the paths of tears on his face.  
PHILIPPE rushes over and releases the pressure on the pear,  
slowly. EPHRAIM follows shortly.

PHILIPPE

Unshackle him, Ephraim, this will  
take a minute. If we do it too  
quickly it will hurt him worse.

EPHRAIM unties LEV, who begins to rub his wrists and move his legs. PHILIPPE continues to release pressure slowly. Lev tries to say something.

PHILIPPE

Not yet, Lev. Be still until you are ready.

EPHRAIM runs to the front door and checks outside. Then he pulls the JAILER by the ankles into the torture room. Lev looks at the JAILER blankly. PHILIPPE continues to release pressure.

EPHRAIM

There is no one outside.

PHILLIP

Good. All right, Lev, I am going to pull it out now. But do not shut your mouth too quickly.

PHILIPPE pulls out the pear. EPHRAIM hands LEV a towel, with which LEV covers his open mouth and chipped front teeth.

LEV

(Muffled)

Thank you.

PHILIPPE

(Smiles)

You are my wife's brother.

They rise and head out, locking the JAILER into the torture room and taking the key. The same with the outer door. They walk away quietly and quickly.

EXT. JUST OUTSIDE OF CALAIS AT THE PLACE WHERE RACHEL IS WAITING -

RACHEL

(Hugging LEV)

Oh, Thank God! Are you all right?

LEV

(Tears)

I was wrong about your husband. I  
am sorry.

PHILIPPE

(Taking off his  
Dominican robe)

Listen, we all have to leave now,  
and get as far from here as  
possible by morning.

EPHRAIM gathers two bags that were placed in a low spot a  
few feet away. LEV works his jaw with his hands, and RACHEL  
digs in her bag, pulling out a large letter. PHILIPPE puts  
on a hat.

RACHEL

Ephraim, you will give this to  
Debra please?

EPHRAIM

I promise.

RACHEL and EPHRAIM walk to PHILIPPE and LEV, joining the  
conversation.

PHILIPPE

Ephraim has made arrangements to  
get you to Antwerp. There is too  
much to tell you now about our  
affairs, but Ephraim knows. All is  
well.

LEV

Some day I will repay you.

PHILIPPE

(Pauses, surprised by  
his own thoughts)

Your people have many things to  
teach, Lev. Some day you will  
honor me by teaching them to my  
children.

(Hearing this, Rachel  
begins to weep.)

LEV

(Grabbing PHILIPPE's  
hands)

I swear I shall.

PHILIPPE hugs him, then turns to face EPHRAIM and RACHEL  
also.

PHILIPPE

We have to go.

They all hug silently. PHILIPPE and RACHEL walk off to the  
left, EPHRAIM and LEV to the right.

RACHEL

Where are we going, Phillip?

PHILIPPE

To meet Jansen at a dock in  
Wissant, then back across the  
channel.

They walk down the road, seeking shadows.

EXT. ON A BOAT, THE NEXT DAY. MID-CHANNEL -

PHILLIP and RACHEL are seated on the deck, against the  
side. PHILLIP is still wearing his hat.

RACHEL

I still can't believe that all of  
that really happened.

PHILIPPE

It almost seems a dream... aside  
from my new haircut.

(Rubbing his head and  
smiling)

RACHEL

(Squeezes his hand)  
Thank God we went.

PHILIPPE nods his head and squeezes back. They sit quietly for a moment.

RACHEL

Phillip, we still have my problem.  
What sort of people will we be?

PHILLIP

I've thought about that, Rachel,  
and I return to something my  
grandfather told me.

(Slight pause as he  
turns to face her more  
directly)

He said that for a man to know  
himself, he must live and study in  
many places; only then will he be  
able to divide between what other  
men expect of him and what he  
expects of himself.

(Looks into her eyes  
sincerely and sadly)

I think this has been thrust upon  
us before we were ready.

RACHEL

So we're never really going to be  
*anything*, are we?

PHILLIP

No, only whatever it is that we  
are in our souls. (Pause) But I am  
confident that we are blessings  
upon earth, Rachel. (Turns back  
and sits squarely against the  
side) And I think that is all the  
solace we ever have.

RACHEL

Then it will have to be enough.

She puts her hands in his lap, clasps his hands, and leans  
her head on his shoulder.

CAMERA FOCUSES ON THEIR HANDS AS THE SURROUNDING AREAS BLUR.

TIME-LAPSE MOTNAGE SEQUENCE - THE HANDS AGE, THE VISIBLE CLOTHING CHANGES FROM LABORER'S CLOTHING TO THE FINE GARMENTS OF NOBLES. THE BLURRED AREA BECOMES A FOG AND IMAGES OF LIFE FADE IN AND OUT - CHILDREN, BRINGING GRAIN AND WOOL IN AND OUT OF THE GRANARY, FAMILY GATHERINGS.

CAMERA PULLS BACK TO FIND PHILLIP AND RACHEL SOME TWENTY YEARS OLDER, ON A BETTER BOAT, LADEN WITH CARGO, AND PULLING UP TO THE DOCK AT RYE, BEING MET BY A SMALL CROWD OF FAMILY AND WORKERS WHO WILL BE MOVING THE CARGO.

FADE.

EXT. SLOW AERIAL SHOT, A FIELD NEAR THE STONE HOUSE. THE GRANARY HAS BEEN EXPANDED INTO A MERCHANT'S MEETING HOUSE, WITH A NEW GRANARY BEHIND IT. MORE AND BETTER HOUSES. PURPOSEFUL ACTIVITY IN THE TOWN. BEAUTIFUL SUMMER DAY. -

PHILLIP and RACHEL, obviously older, are walking toward home (and the town) down a broad path. They are accompanied by their late-teenaged son, MICHAEL, their teenaged daughter, DEBRA, and their 11 year-old son, JAMES.

PHILLIP

So, Michael, what did you think of the Lollard preacher?

MICHAEL

Well, I'm sure he's right about having the scriptures in English, Father. We can read the Latin, but no one else in town can.

RACHEL

And what about you, Debra? James?

DEBRA and James look at each other.

DEBRA

I think a lot of the people liked him, but the church leaders will be angry when they hear about him.

SARAH and her husband JOHN approach.

JAMES

Look! It's Sarah and John! Can we go to their house Mother? She's going to let us make pies.

DEBRA

Can we?

RACHEL

If Sarah is ready to have you to her house, you can go, but you had better ask again.

JAMES and DEBRA run to SARAH, MICHAEL stays. RACHEL follows and talks to SARAH. PHILLIP and MICHAEL continue. Then, a commotion is heard from the town. PHILLIP and MICHAEL both stop and look into the distance. They see smoke rising.

PHILLIP

Rachel, Sarah go back home.

JOHN

(To SARAH)

I should go with your father.

SARAH nods, JOHN jogs to PHILLIP and MICHAEL.

PHILLIP

James, run to Uncle Richard's house. Tell him to hurry to town. Then go directly home.

JAMES

Yes, Father.

(He runs)

PHILLIP, JOHN and MICHAEL jog toward the town.

EXT. IN NORTHAM. A SMALL HOUSE IS ON FIRE AND A CROWD HAS GATHERED -

A clergyman is haranguing a Lollard, for the benefit of the crowd. The Lollard holds his own. Mixed reactions among the confused crowd.

CLERGYMAN

We have been studying the Holy Scriptures for a thousand years, and you unlearned Lollards will teach us?

LOLLARD

Studying the scriptures toward what end? To enrich the people? Or to enrich yourselves? Are we the better for it? Or are you?

The crowd inches slightly toward the clergyman. He begins to back up.

CLERGYMAN

And you would take the Holy Scriptures - the jewel of the clergy - and toss them before swine?

LOLLARD

We give people an opportunity to hear from Jesus himself. And once they do, they learn what hypocrites you are!

PHILLIP enters the scene, hearing the last exchange.

PHILLIP

(Pointing to  
CLERGYMAN)

John, hold this man. If he speaks, strike him.

(Turns to the others)

You people! Get water! Hurry! If a wind comes, your house will be next! Go!

PHILLIP turns to the Lollard and walks toward him.

PHILLIP

You! What happened?

LOLLARD

I don't know. I was alone, eating a small meal. I heard a commotion outside, then my neighbor screaming "fire." I came out to find this clergyman yelling at me and saying that heretics will be crushed.

PHILLIP

Very well. Hurry and save your home if possible. I will help you rebuild.

LOLLARD

Thank you, Lord Protector.  
(Rushes off)

PHILLIP

(Quietly, privately)

Michael, help the people and talk to them. See if you can find out who was in league with the clergyman.

MICHAEL

Yes father.

MICHAEL joins the bucket brigade. PHILLIP walks to JOHN and the CLERGYMAN.

PHILLIP

Come with me.

He leads them around a corner to an isolated area. He pushes the CLERGYMAN roughly against the wall and pushes his forearm into his throat.

PHILLIP

Who sent you here?

CLERGYMAN

I am under orders of Focault,  
Bishop of Calais, sent to deal  
with these unlicensed preachers.

PHILLIP

Then why didn't you speak to me  
first? Why did you enter the city  
as a thief?

CLERGYMAN

I am a minister of the Church. I  
do not have to explain myself to  
you.

RICHARD arrives and watches silently, mace in hand.

PHILLIP

Wrong! We do not allow arson here.  
Your status as Clergy makes no  
difference. Who set the fire?

CLERGYMAN

I didn't see.

PHILLIP

Richard, this man burnt down a  
house. He claims some sort of  
authority, but he came into the  
city covertly. I see no proper  
action here, except to bind him  
and send him to the Sheriff. Do  
you agree?

RICHARD

I would prefer to kill him now,  
but yes, I agree.

PHILLIP

Good. John, you help Richard. I'll  
go write the charges against him.

RICHARD and JOHN take the clergyman away, roughly. PHILLIP  
heads back toward the stone house. SARAH comes to meet him.

SARAH

What happened, Father?

PHILLIP

A small arson, Sarah. It's under control, and John will be taking the offender to the Sheriff.

SARAH

A Clergyman?

PHILLIP

(Distant, talking to her as if she were RACHEL)

Yes. And I'm getting a bad feeling from this. Something I haven't felt since... you were small.

PHILLIP's mind returns to the here-and-now. He takes his daughter's hand as they walk, then kisses her on the forehead.

PHILLIP

But don't worry my sweet Sarah. It will be all right.

SARAH's eyes say that she is no longer a child.

SARAH

I can take the children back to my house if you'd like, Father.

PHILLIP

Well, I think *they* would like it. (Smiling) We'll send them shortly. First I have an errand for James.

SARAH

(She kisses her dad on the cheek)

All right. I'll start getting ready to make pies. Don't wait too long to send them.

PHILLIP

I won't.

SARAH heads off toward her house and PHILLIP walks the last few yards toward his own.

INT. SARAH'S LARGE, OPEN KITCHEN, MID-DAY -

RACHEL and PHILLIP are sitting at SARAH's table. RACHEL is chopping herbs for dinner and PHILLIP is eating a small cake and drinking almond milk. JAMES and DEBRA run through, then out to play. RACHEL calls to DEBRA before she exits.

RACHEL

Debra, would you go to our house  
and get me two onions please?

DEBRA

I will!

DEBRA happily runs out. We hear a knock at the front door.

SARAH

I'll get it.

SARAH heads out of the kitchen. We hear steps, then the door opening.

SARAH (O.S.)

Uncle Richard! Come in, my mother  
and father are in the kitchen.

RICHARD and SARAH walk into the kitchen.

SARAH

Please, Uncle Richard, have a  
seat.

RICHARD

Thank you.  
(He sits)

SARAH

Would you like anything?

RICHARD

No, thank you, I just stopped by  
to give your father a message.

PHILLIP

Oh, and what is that?

RICHARD pulls a sealed Royal Order from his pocket and  
hands it to PHILLIP. PHILLIP opens it.

RACHEL

Is that a Royal Order?

RICHARD

Yes, a messenger just delivered it  
to me at the Granary.

RACHEL

So, what does it say, Phillip?

PHILLIP

I have been ordered by the King to  
be at Westminster in a week.

RACHEL

Should I be worried, Phillip?

PHILLIP

No. I am a Lord and I expect to be  
called to Court at some point.  
But, I'll soon find out! (Pause)  
And I am excited about seeing the  
great city of London.

RICHARD (O.S.)

That's the last of it, Phillip.  
You are loaded.

EXT. BETWEEN THE STONE HOUSE AND THE OLD GRANARY, EARLY  
MORNING, NOT FULLY LIGHT -

RICHARD is loading PHILLIP's large horse. PHILLIP kisses  
RACHEL, DEBRA and JAMES, then walks to RICHARD.

RICHARD

(continuing)

The best route to Westminster is through Maidstone. And if you don't arrive by nightfall, get off the road and stay someplace safe.

PHILLIP

I understand. Thank you.

PHILLIP mounts his horse to head off.

GUARD #1 (O.S.)

State your business with the Court.

EXT. AT THE GATE OF WESTMINSTER. DUSK -

PHILLIP is on his horse, facing two armed guards.

PHILLIP

I am Phillip, City Protector of Northiam, East Sussex, appearing at the order of King Edward.

GUARD #1 points to the side of the gate. There is an open bale of straw and a trough of water.

GUARD #1

Wait over there. You can feed and water your horse.

PHILLIP

Thank you.

EXT. IN THE COURTYARD OF WESTMINSTER PALACE, JUST AFTER DUSK -

PHILLIP (on foot) and his horse are being led by an official.

OFFICIAL

Your arrival is fortuitous. The King is having a dinner this evening with a doctor of the law and a theologian.

PHILLIP is half-intimidated, half-excited. He continues walking and leading his horse.

OFFICIAL

Groom!

A groom comes, running slowly.

OFFICIAL

Take care of the Lord Protector's horse.

GROOM

Yes, sire.

OFFICIAL

Your room has a wash-basin, and there are maids. Dinner will begin in one hour, so you have time to wash. Then, walk to the main hall and stop at the door. You will be asked who you are. Tell them and do as they say. At the dinner, you may speak your mind, but show respect.

PHILLIP

Thank you, I will do so.

INT. THE GREAT HALL OF WESTMINSTER, A DINNER FOR TWENTY IS BEING SERVED -

PHILLIP enters through the large doors. The Herald cries.

HERALD

Phillip, Lord Protector of Northiam, East Sussex.

A well-dressed man escorts PHILLIP to his chair.

KING EDWARD

(To PHILLIP, raising  
his glass)

Welcome, Lord Protector, my  
brother spoke well of you.

PHILLIP

Thank you, sire. The Prince your  
brother was kind to me.

KING EDWARD

I understand that you have a love  
of books, Lord Northiam. Is this  
true?

PHILLIP

Yes, sire, it is.

KING EDWARD

Then I think you will enjoy this  
evening. Please, discuss with the  
learned to your content. On your  
left is the chief doctor of law  
from Oxford, on your right my  
personal physician, and in front  
of you is a doctor of theology;  
the favorite of my son John.

PHILLIP is excited, his mind expanding rapidly with  
questions.

KING EDWARD

You look pleased, Lord Northiam.

PHILLIP

Yes, sire, VERY pleased.

KING EDWARD

Enjoy, my Lord, enjoy.

INT. THE GREAT HALL OF WESTMINSTER, DINNER IS OVER AND ONLY THREE REMAIN, PHILLIP AND THE DOCTOR OF LAW SITTING TOGETHER, AND THE KING NEARBY -

PHILLIP

But how can it be that ignorance of the law is no defense? No one can know every ruling.

DOCTOR OF LAW

You misunderstand. Our common law does not expect you to remember rules, only to act as a reasonable man. Keep your agreements, do no harm...

KING EDWARD

(As he stands)

Gentlemen, I'm sorry, but that is enough for one evening. Unlike you, my attendants need sleep.

The King leads them out of the hall.

KING EDWARD

Lord Northiam, you will see me before you leave in the morning.

PHILLIP

Yes, sire. Good night.

INT. THE KING'S STUDY -

The door is held open for PHILLIP, he walks in.

KING EDWARD

Sit down, Lord Northiam.

PHILLIP

Yes, sire.

KING EDWARD

Now, let us dispense with pleasantries.

PHILLIP sits, half-comfortable, and nods assent.

KING EDWARD

(continuing)

The Baron of Hastings is one of the few that I trust. He says that you allow wool traders free run of Northiam.

PHILLIP doesn't know what to say and sits motionless.

KING EDWARD

(continuing)

My days of leniency are over. I want my tax money.

PHILLIP

Taxing the traders will only drive them away, Sire, and Northiam will cease growing.

KING EDWARD

I don't need another city, I need taxes.

PHILLIP

And what of the many Lords in your realm who have no use for their excess grain? Northiam can give them a way to exchange it for wool, for fabrics, for foreign products.

KING EDWARD

Yes, that is nice, but what good does it do *me*?

PHILLIP

Much! Right now, tons of grain are left waste every year. If the Lords can trade them before they rot, all of that value will remain. Wouldn't you like to have another thousand ounces of gold in circulation?

KING EDWARD

Of course.

PHILLIP

Then establish Northiam as an  
Ancient City.

KING EDWARD

That status has not been granted  
since the Conquest.

PHILLIP

Grant it now. If you do, it will  
be the same as hundreds of ounces  
of gold to you, every year.

KING EDWARD

I do not believe that.

PHILLIP

Have all your Lords in the south  
report. Count up the wasted grain.  
Then calculate the value of that  
waste in gold. That is what you  
gain, annually, by granting  
Northiam Ancient status.

KING EDWARD

And give up my wool taxes?

PHILLIP

To get more in return, Sire.

KING EDWARD

But not *directly* in return!

PHILLIP

No, not directly.

KING EDWARD

Then, no! You will tax them, Lord  
Northiam!

Phillip prepares to speak again, but the King precedes him.

KING EDWARD

Tell the traders that I promised  
you protected status in a year.  
Convince them to stay.

Phillip's instincts are to refuse to become a liar, but he realizes that this would be dangerous.

PHILLIP

I don't know how long they would  
believe me.

KING EDWARD

Ha!

KING EDWARD stands and begins to walk around, speaking in a loud voice.

KING EDWARD

A promise is easy, Lord Northiam!  
Some crisis will always arise and  
allow you to break it.

PHILLIP

Sire...

KING EDWARD

(Stands and pounds his  
writing table)

NO! I WILL HAVE MY TAXES!

KING EDWARD stands and waits. PHILLIP has no option left.

PHILLIP

I will send them.

KING EDWARD

GOOD! (Moving toward him and  
speaking quietly) You are clever  
and learned, Lord Northiam, but do  
not mistake acknowledgement for  
love. I have a kingdom to  
maintain, and I expect to hear  
that you have made the merchants  
pay! Now, you may go.

PHILLIP

Sire.

PHILLIP bows his head slightly, rises, and leaves.

EXT. THE ROAD FROM LONDON TO MAIDSTONE, COUNTRYSIDE. DAY -

PHILLIP rides slowly through the countryside. He hears horses approaching from behind and turns. JOHN OF GAUNT and the AGENT, who delivered a private message earlier, approach.

JOHN GAUNT

Hail, Phillip, Lord Protector of Northiam. (Approaches and stops) I am John of Gaunt.

PHILLIP

A pleasure at last to meet you, Lord Prince.

AGENT

Good to see you again, Lord Protector.

PHILLIP

And you, good Knight.

JOHN GAUNT

May I talk with you as you ride, Phillip?

PHILLIP

Certainly Lord Prince.

GAUNT nods to the AGENT, who rides on in front of them, keeping distance. GAUNT and PHILLIP begin to ride slowly, next to each other.

JOHN GAUNT

My father was insistent on taxes again? (Smiling)

PHILLIP

(Smiling back)

Yes, he was. That is common?

JOHN GAUNT

For him, yes. (Becomes serious)  
But you will have to do as he  
says.

PHILLIP

I will, but I wish he would have  
listened to me. A free city in  
Sussex would help much, and  
Northiam is perfectly situated.

JOHN GAUNT

I agree with you, Phillip. Perhaps  
at some future time. (Pauses) But  
there are more important things I  
need from you now, Phillip.

PHILLIP

You need only ask, Lord Prince.  
What is it?

JOHN GAUNT

You are learned, Phillip, you must  
know what happened to the Cathars  
of Albi.

PHILLIP

Indeed I do. They were  
slaughtered, along with many  
others who had the misfortune of  
living near them.

GAUNT stops. PHILLIP stops also, and the two face each  
other.

JOHN GAUNT

The Pope is giving orders to  
prepare the same for the Lollards.

PHILLIP

(Incensed)

I know the Lollards, there are several in Northiam. They are good people.

JOHN GAUNT

You understand, of course, that goodness does not endear them to the Pope or to the Cardinals.

PHILLIP

Yes, I know. They reward sheep and punish thinking men. (Pause) But what can I do, Lord Prince? Northiam is small and of no real importance.

JOHN GAUNT

(Begins riding again)

I have my own reasons for protecting the Lollards, Phillip; perhaps they are not as pure as the Lollards' own reasons, but I do want to protect them. And what I need now is loyalty. I need to know if you are my ally in this... even if my brother Edward is not.

PHILLIP

Sire, I shall be in no position to resist if Prince Edward gives me orders, but you may be sure that I will do everything in my power to prevent the Lollards from being harmed.

JOHN GAUNT

I can ask no more than that, Lord Northiam.

V.O. The noise of several men expressing dissatisfaction.

INT. INSIDE THE OLD GRANARY, A MERCHANTS MEETING, NIGHT -

Six men are at the large table and several others at small tables brought in for the occasion. JOHN is at the door and acting as butler. Glasses, water and wine are on the table. PHILLIP is standing at the main table, addressing them.

PHILLIP

I don't like it either, but I have no choice. If I defy the King, I die, and whoever replaces me will be much less friendly to you.

The crowd quiets down.

PHILLIP (CONT.)

Rest assured that I tried, friends. The King wouldn't listen.

TAYLOR

So what happens now, Phillip?

PHILLIP

I will begin, immediately, charging a one-fifth tax on all wool leaving the Northiam area.

TAYLOR

Phillip, you must understand that this makes you an adversary to these men.

PHILLIP

Yes, Paul, I do. From now on, I'll have to take money from you against your will. Please believe that I would never do this to you, but by force.

TAYLOR stands and raises his glass.

TAYLOR

You never have, Lord Northiam. I believe.

THE MERCHANTS  
(Standing and raising  
their glasses)

Aye!

PHILLIP  
Thank you, old friends.  
(Steps away and turns  
to JOHN)  
Keep filling glasses, John.

He pours wine and the noise level goes up.

INT. INSIDE THE OLD GRANARY, LATER THAT NIGHT -

There is a knock at the door. The party continues as JOHN  
opens the door to see (in the candle light) MICHAEL.

JOHN  
MICHAEL! (Turns) Everyone, Michael  
is back!

MERCHANT #1  
Michael! Welcome back!

MERCHANT #2  
You were slow returning home,  
young Michael. What was her name?

Laughter. PHILLIP rises and hugs his son, then brings him  
back to a table and sits with him.

PHILLIP  
So, you spent time with your Uncle  
Lev?

MICHAEL  
Yes. I learned a lot from him.

PHILLIP  
Good.

MICHAEL

But John Gaunt was right, Father.  
Actions against the Lollards are  
being prepared at Avignon.

MICHAEL stops and is very serious.

PHILLIP

Tell me, Michael.

MICHAEL

They appointed Focault to oversee  
it all. (Slight pause) And, he  
will be coming here personally.

PHILLIP drops his head.

PHILLIP

Oh my God. I should have known it  
would come to this.

JOHN, talking with a merchant, looks over at PHILLIP and  
MICHAEL. He stays in place, but watches the scene  
intensely.

MICHAEL

I should get back to the house,  
Father. I saw Mother when I  
arrived and promised her that I  
would be right back.

PHILLIP

You didn't say anything about this  
to her, did you?

MICHAEL

No, certainly not.

PHILLIP kisses him.

PHILLIP

You are a good son, Michael; a good man. Go home and tell your mother about your trip, then come back. Say nothing about Focault. I will tell her later.

MICHAEL

Yes, Father. I'll be back shortly.

PHILLIP motions to John, who has been watching and who reacts immediately. John sits in MICHAEL's spot.

PHILLIP

John, we have real trouble. I'll explain, but first I need paper and pen.

John instantly gets up and fetches the paper and pen. He sits down as he hands the paper to PHILLIP, who immediately begins writing. TAYLOR notices, keeps talking, but puts down his wineglass.

PHILLIP

(Barely looking up)

John, go find Dr. Morton and ask him to meet me at my house in the morning. Tell him it's important.

JOHN goes out, PHILLIP continues making notes. TAYLOR makes his way over.

INT. CLOSE-UP ON PHILLIP, WRITING. -

On the left on the top page, he is drawing boxes with titles in them: "Bishop," "Avignon," "Lollards," "King," "Prince," "Us," and "Traders." On the right he scribbles single-line notes: "Conflicts," "Jurisdiction," "Communication," "Assets," and "Liabilities."

TAYLOR (O.S.)

The news is very bad?

PHILLIP looks up, startled. TAYLOR sits.

PHILLIP

Yes, very bad, Paul. Will you come to my house tomorrow morning? I'd, uh...

TAYLOR

(Hand on PHILLIP's shoulder, rises)

Say no more. I'll be there.

PHILLIP (V.O.)

All right, if we're all ready, let me be blunt: We have a serious problem, much worse than becoming tax-gatherers.

INT. THE DINING ROOM OF THE STONE HOUSE, THE NEXT MORNING -

The dinner table has been cleared. RACHEL and SARAH are putting pitchers of water, glasses, plates, fruit and nuts onto the table. Papers, ink, and quills are on the table. Seated are PHILLIP, JOHN, RICHARD (who looks old and frail), DR. MORTON, and TAYLOR. RACHEL and SARAH alternate between taking care of the kitchen and children, and standing in the doorway, listening.

PHILLIP

The Bishop of Calais is coming, and for reasons that I'd rather not explain, if he sees Rachel's face or my own, our entire family will be tortured and killed.

DR. MORTON

Oh, my.

PHILLIP

Yes. So, we have to come up with a plan.

TAYLOR

You can always run away, Phillip. Go live quietly somewhere else.

PHILLIP

That might work, Paul, and I will keep it in mind, but we are now well-known and many, and running would make our friends suspect.

RICHARD

What about simply killing the Bishop?

PHILLIP

If the Bishop dies, blame must be clearly placed. Otherwise, a Papal Legate will be dispatched to examine everything. Even Gaunt couldn't protect us from that.

They all sit motionless for a moment.

TAYLOR

This is a complex problem, Phillip.

PHILLIP

Yes, it is.

MICHAEL appears at the door.

MICHAEL

Father, there are mounted clergymen here, asking for you.

Phillip walks outside, preceded by JOHN and followed by RICHARD and TAYLOR.

EXT. IN FRONT OF THE STONE HOUSE -

RICHARD, though now weak, is expending great effort to show his mass and to appear strong. Phillip steps toward the men.

LEGATE

You are Phillip, Lord of Northiam?

PHILLIP

I am. And you are?

LEGATE

I am the messenger of Bishop Foucault of Calais.

PHILLIP

Then what is your message?

LEGATE

The Bishop was not pleased with your handling of his assistant. He waited for an apology, but you never tendered one.

PHILLIP

You are referring to the arsonist?

LEGATE

He was in pursuit of heretics.

PHILLIP

He was burning houses.

LEGATE

Regardless, the Bishop will be meeting Prince Edward here at Northiam in three days. You will be held to account for your actions. Prepare your pleadings.

The LEGATE and his two men ride away. PHILLIP and company walk back in. RACHEL does not show terror, as before, but she looks at PHILLIP with force.

INT. THE OFFICE/DINING ROOM OF THE STONE HOUSE -

They sit back down. RACHEL is distraught, but tries not to show it. SARAH takes her by the arm and leads her upstairs.

SARAH

Come, mother, let's go upstairs and do some mending.

JOHN

This is bad.

MICHAEL

Very bad.

TAYLOR

They are prepared to convict you,  
Phillip. Running is sounding  
better.

PHILLIP

(Distant look,  
speaking to himself)

Find a way to make it happen as we  
wish.

JOHN

What?

PHILLIP grabs some papers and a quill.

PHILLIP

We know who is coming and when,  
correct?

JOHN

Yes, we do.

PHILLIP

So, the solution is not to stop  
the events, but to make them  
happen *our way*.

INT. THE DINNING ROOM TABLE IN THE STONE HOUSE, NIGHT -

SARAH, JOHN and MICHAEL are at the table, papers and quills  
in front of them. Phillip comes down.

SARAH

Is mother all right? She's been  
crying most of the day.

PHILLIP

She will be, Sarah. I've gone through such things with her before.

PHILLIP sits with them, sad and serious.

PHILLIP

Crisis and death were not supposed to enter your lives. Your mother and I just barely escaped such things in our youth and we never expected them to stain you. You deserve better, and I am sickened that it is back.

SARAH

Father, we are not children anymore.

PHILLIP strokes her hair lovingly.

PHILLIP

I know, Sarah, I know. But I didn't want you to taint your souls with blood.

JOHN

Father, to save is no shame.

PHILLIP

(Slight pause)

Yes, you're right, John. Thank you. Still, it saddens me that it has come to this.

SARAH squeezes PHILLIP's hand.

MICHAEL

We've gone over the plans, Father. We can do this. What else concerns you?

PHILLIP

I want all of you to be completely sure that it is necessary to kill these people.

MICHAEL

We are already well-convinced, father.

PHILLIP

Regardless, Michael, I want the three of you go over these plans again, and as you do I want you to carefully examine the justice of what you will do.

PHILLIP rises and goes around the table kissing each of them on the head.

PHILLIP

Do this for me. Do this for yourselves.

SARAH, JOHN, MICHAEL

Yes, Father.

JOHN takes the papers. PHILLIP walks back upstairs.

JOHN

All right, from the beginning, slowly.

FADE

INT. IN THE OLD GRANARY, VERY EARLY MORNING -

PHILLIP is inspecting JOHN and MICHAEL, who are standing, dressed in the colors and coat of arms of Prince Edward.

PHILLIP

Well, you both look like proper servants of bloody Prince Edward. Put on your cloaks.

They both put on large cloaks that cover their garments.

PHILLIP

You are ready, my sons. If you are not afraid now, you soon will be. That cannot be helped. Do the job anyway. Kill the assistants, and let your colors be seen. Above all, do not allow the Bishop to arrive here until Richard signals you. Is this clear to you?

JOHN

Yes, sire.

MICHAEL

Yes, sire.

PHILLIP kisses them both.

PHILLIP

God be with you. Your cause is just, and the men you will slay are evil.

They mount their horses and leave. PHILLIP walks to the doorway and watches them ride away. SARAH approaches.

PHILLIP

Are you ready, Sarah?

SARAH

Yes, Father. I have the drug Dr. Morton prepared.

She shows him a vial.

PHILLIP

You'll also have to get the Knight to drink it, Sarah.

SARAH

I can do this, Father.

PHILLIP

And if he doesn't wish to drink?

SARAH

He will. But if he does not...

She pulls back her cloak to reveal a dagger.

SARAH (CONT.)

(Half-smiling to  
comfort him)

I've never yet seen a Knight that  
wouldn't let a smiling girl  
inspect his colors.

PHILLIP

My precious Sarah, you were always  
a pillar.

She kisses him and exits. PHILLIP paces back and forth in  
the granary, deep in thought.

EXT. DAWN. JOHN AND MICHAEL ARE ON HORSEBACK OVERLOOKING  
THE PORT OF RYE. A BOAT IS COMING INTO PORT. -

JOHN

This will be the one, Michael.

MICHAEL

Yes, it will.

They remove their cloaks and grip their swords.

INT. IN THE OLD GRANARY -

RACHEL walks in.

RACHEL

Are you all right?

PHILLIP

(Leaning his head on  
her forehead)

I don't think anyone is ever all  
right in such a situation.

RACHEL

I know.

He takes a deep breath and gently moves away.

PHILLIP

I can do this, Rachel. Go home and wait for the signal.

RACHEL

Is Richard going to be all right?

PHILLIP

Yes, but you should send James up to help him.

RACHEL

Not James, Phillip! He's still a boy!

PHILLIP

Then let him become a man, Rachel. Bestow your blessing on him and send him. There is nothing to lose.

EXT. JOHN AND MICHAEL ON HORSEBACK OVERLOOKING THE PORT OF RYE. A BOAT IS DOCKED AT THE PORT. -

They see the Bishop and two men disembark. JOHN and MICHAEL look hard at each other.

MICHAEL

This is it.

JOHN

Let's go to our spot and wait.

They ride down the hill.

EXT. IN FRONT OF THE STONE HOUSE -

DEBRA watches the distant hills. She sees something.

EXT. THE DISTANT HILLS -

Near the top of a high hill, we see a red flag waiving.

EXT. IN FRONT OF THE STONE HOUSE -

DEBRA runs to the door of the house.

DEBRA

They are coming, Mother! The  
Prince is coming!

Rachel appears in the doorway.

DEBRA

Run and tell your Father, Debra.  
Then hurry back.

RACHEL watches DEBRA run to the granary.

INT. THE KITCHEN OF THE STONE HOUSE -

Rachel goes to the end cabinet and pulls out a dagger. She places it carefully into an inner pocket and practices drawing it quickly.

EXT. JOHN AND MICHAEL, ON HORSEBACK, ON THE HILL, AT THE SIDES OF THE ROAD -

They look down the road, through the trees, and see three men headed their way. They look at each other and draw their swords. They back their horses up so they will be fully hidden until the Bishop's party passes them.

EXT. ON THE VALLEY ROAD -

The Prince and his Knight ride slowly toward town.

EXT. HIGH ON THE DISTANT HILL -

JAMES is rolling the red flag and placing it into a bag.  
RICHARD is sitting on a rock.

JAMES

I'm scared, Uncle Richard.

Richard reaches for him and seats James next to him.

RICHARD

So am I, James. We'll sit here and  
be scared together, but we will do  
our job. Right?

JAMES

(Looking into  
Richard's face)

Right.

EXT. ON THE HILL ABOVE RYE -

SLOW MOTION: The Bishop's party is just past JOHN and  
MICHAEL, whose faces have gone white. FOCAULT is at the  
front and center, with his assistants behind him, left and  
right. MICHAEL and JOHN charge. FOCAULT's men hear the  
noise of the horses and begin to turn. JOHN has the shorter  
distance and reaches his man before he has a chance to  
react. He stabs him in the lower back. The man arches  
violently and falls from the horse. MICHAEL's man begins to  
turn inward before MICHAEL arrives and the horse's rear  
juts out to block MICHAEL's sword. MICHAEL stabs the  
horse's rear. The horse crumbles on that side, sending the  
rider tumbling. MICHAEL turns his horse and slashes the man  
as he tries to get up.

RETURN TO NORMAL SPEED: JOHN rides in front of FOCAULT. He  
blocks the horse and puts his drawn sword in FOCAULT's  
face.

JOHN

You will stay just as you are,  
Bishop.

("Bishop" is spoken as  
a pejorative)

MICHAEL dismounts to finish the two men. JOHN sees him  
hesitate.

JOHN

Just make your hand do it,  
brother. They are evil destroyers  
of your family.

Michael trusts in and out of one's neck, then the other.  
The horses wander away.

JOHN

Now, hand me this murderer's  
reigns and let's go.

EXT. IN FRONT OF THE STONE HOUSE -

The PRINCE and his KNIGHT arrive. RACHEL and SARAH emerge  
from the house.

RACHEL

Greetings, Lord Prince. I am the  
wife of Lord Northiam.

PRINCE

Greetings. Where is your husband?

RACHEL

(pointing)

He is at the granary, sire,  
preparing your tax account. May we  
take your horses to water?

(Pointing to a water  
trough next to the  
granary)

PRINCE

Yes, you may.

The PRINCE and KNIGHT dismount and hand their reigns to the  
ladies. The KNIGHT looks carefully at SARAH. She smiles at  
him. They walk to the granary.

RACHEL

Phillip!

PHILLIP emerges from the granary, pen in hand.

PHILLIP

Lord Prince, greetings.

PRINCE

I hear that you have taxes for me?

PHILLIP

Yes, sire, I do. Come in, I will show you my accounts and get them for you.

PRINCE

Good. That makes me happy.

SARAH

Would you like something to drink, my Lords?

PRINCE

You may bring me water as I review my accounts.

(Turning to his  
KNIGHT)

Have whatever you like, Pitman, and check the horses' hooves.

KNIGHT

Yes, sire.

The PRINCE and PHILLIP walk into the granary. SARAH walks with the Knight to the horses, which RACHEL has tied to the trough.

SARAH

And what would you like, Lord Knight?

KNIGHT

(Leering, but making sure RACHEL doesn't see)

Will you bring me some sweet wine?

SARAH

(She smiles and blushes)

I'll be right back.

INT. IN THE GRANARY, AT THE LARGE TABLE -

PHILLIP and the PRINCE are sitting together. PHILLIP is explaining the numbers in his accounts book.

PHILLIP

I hold wool from ten merchants. On this page, I record all items that enter this building. And on these, I record everything that goes out.  
(flipping pages)

INT. THE KITCHEN OF THE STONE HOUSE -

SARAH has one glass each of water and wine in front of her. She pours liquid from her vial into the wine. She picks it up and swirls it, takes a deep breath and heads back out.

INT. IN THE GRANARY, AT THE LARGE TABLE -

PHILLIP and the PRINCE are still looking at the books.

PRINCE

And how do you charge the taxes?

PHILLIP

When they take the wool out. I use the pages in the back of the book for that.  
(flipping pages)

EXT. AT THE SIDE OF THE GRANARY -

SARAH walks up to the KNIGHT.

SARAH

(smiling)  
Your sweet wine, sire.

KNIGHT

Very sweet, I'm sure.

He drinks, heartily.

SARAH

I'll be right back.

She walks to the front of the building glances at the KNIGHT at the corner. He looks normal. She walks in.

INT. THE GRANARY -

SARAH walks to the table and sets the water in front of the Prince.

SARAH

Your water, Lord Prince. Father, I neglected to ask you. Would you like anything?

PHILLIP

Er, yes. Water would be nice as well.

SARAH

I will return shortly.

EXT. AT THE SIDE OF THE GRANARY -

SARAH inspects the KNIGHT as she approaches. He is sweating.

SARAH

Mother, Father would like some water. Would you get it please?

RACHEL

Very well.

RACHEL goes into the house. SARAH walks up to the KNIGHT, suggestively. She slowly walks past him, to induce him to follow.

SARAH

Do you actually live at the great palace?

He follows, but is beginning to struggle. He is trying to hide it, in front of a pretty girl.

KNIGHT

I do.

SARAH

(Gushing) Oh, come! (Leading him behind the house and away from the granary.) Tell me, what is it like? Is it beautiful?

The KNIGHT staggers.

KNIGHT

I...

He falls, convulses briefly, and is still. SARAH runs back to the front. She meets RACHEL by the horses, and takes the glass of water from her.

SARAH

I think he is dead, but you should make sure.

SARAH heads to the granary door with the water and enters.

SARAH

Your water, Father.

She watches the PRINCE as she hands the water to her Father. Seeing the PRINCE adding numbers, she nods to her Father, with a stony expression.

PHILLIP

Thank you, my love.  
(He nods back)

SARAH leaves.

PHILLIP

Would you like to see my coin storage, Lord Prince?

PRINCE

(With subdued greed)  
Yes, I would.

The PRINCE stands and turns.

EXT. HIGH ON THE DISTANT HILL -

RICHARD and JAMES are watching intently.

RICHARD

Can you see what is happening,  
James?

JAMES

Not very well. I see a few people  
moving by the house, but it is  
hard to tell. I still see nothing  
on the road from Rye. I feel bad.

RICHARD

(Pulls him close)

James, there is nothing better we  
can do than to complete our  
duties. They are relying upon us.

INT. AT THE BACK OF THE GRANARY -

PHILLIP opens the heavy door at the back of the granary,  
into the room where he keeps valuables. (Door is hinged on  
the left and opens into the room. The PRINCE enters first.  
As PHILLIP crosses the threshold, we slip into SLOW MOTION  
and see his right hand reach back around the door frame and  
come back with the same old short sword we saw earlier when  
the serfs demanded seed. He thrusts it into the PRINCE's  
right kidney, twists and withdraws it.

Returning to REGULAR SPEED, the PRINCE, while collapsing,  
draws his sword, pivots, and deftly plunges it into  
PHILLIP's lower belly. The PRINCE drops, taking his sword  
with him.

PHILLIP grabs his belly, groans, and crunches forward. He  
drops his sword and walks, slowly and painfully, back to  
the main room, holding his stomach tightly. He closes and  
locks the front door, then limps to the side, where he  
takes some fabric from a shelf. He begins wrapping it  
tightly around his belly. He looks up at the small, high  
window on the side nearest the house (where he is). (Use  
low camera angle to show he is isolated here.)

PHILLIP

SARAH, are you there?

SARAH (O.S.)

Yes, Father, I am here.

PHILLIP

Good. Good.

SARAH (O.S.)

Is everything well, Father?

PHILLIP

Everything is well. Go waive your  
flag to Richard.

SARAH's steps are heard running toward the front.

RACHEL (O.S.)

You don't sound right, Phillip.

PHILLIP

I'm all right, Rachel. Nothing yet  
of the Bishop?

RACHEL (O.S.)

No, not yet.

PHILLIP

All right. I have work to do here.  
Let me know when the Bishop  
approaches.

RACHEL (O.S.)

I will.

EXT. IN FRONT OF THE STONE HOUSE -

SARAH waives a large blue flag.

EXT. HIGH ON THE DISTANT HILL -

JAMES

There, Uncle Richard! There! They  
are ready for the Bishop!

RICHARD

Good, good! Hand me our blue flag,  
James.

JAMES grabs the flag, which has been waiting at their feet, and hands it to RICHARD. He stands and waives it. SARAH ceases waiving and RICHARD hands the flag back to James, who rolls it and puts it down.

RICHARD

One more chore, James. One more  
only.

INT. IN THE GRANARY -

PHILLIP drags the dead body of the PRINCE into the main room. He is weak, dazed and in shock, talking to the dead body.

PHILLIP

I stabbed you in the back, didn't  
I? Well, you deserved it. I know  
how many innocent people you  
massacred at Caen.

He leaves the body near the window and walks to the back wall, where he wipes his hands, then picks up a letter from a cabinet.

PHILLIP

But, you got me, didn't you? You  
were a hell of a swordsman!  
Striking me on your way to the  
ground? Not even seeing me well? A  
hell of a swordsman.

He shuffles back to the body.

PHILLIP

So, now I have something extra for  
you.

He kneels in front of body, opens the letter and reads it, then folds it back.

PHILLIP

I have a letter for you. It's from the Bishop, telling you - very arrogantly - that he has jurisdiction over the Lollards, and over you.

PHILLIP searches, almost tenderly, for inside pockets. He finds the right one.

PHILLIP

Aha! This is where you put it. I'm sure it made you very angry. If I were a tyrant like you, it would have made me angry too!

He puts the PRINCE's garments back in place, then, with considerable pain, stands up.

PHILLIP

Very well, my Lord Prince, your work is done for now.

He covers the PRINCE with a large blanket and staggers to a bucket of water and a pile of rags. He tucks the rags under his right arm and picks up the bucket with the same hand, keeping his left hand tightly over his bandaged stomach. He drags himself to the back room.

EXT. ON THE ROAD FROM RYE -

JOHN, MICHAEL and the BISHOP come out of a wooded area into an open area. JOHN and MICHAEL look around to verify that they are alone.

BISHOP

Help!

Instantly, MICHAEL strikes him in the back with a long mace. The BISHOP groans and nearly falls from his horse.

JOHN

Do you think we are playing here,  
Bishop? It wouldn't hurt my  
feelings to kill you now. Now ride  
silently or die quickly!

INT. AT THE BACK OF THE GRANARY -

PHILLIP is on his hands and knees, washing the PRINCE's  
blood from the floor.

PHILLIP

Just one more devil to deal with,  
and this one won't be armed.

He drops the rag in the water and stands up, again with  
considerable pain. He carries the bucket to the side and  
staggers to a chair at the table. He struggles to tighten  
the bandage around his belly.

EXT. HIGH ON THE DISTANT HILL -

RICHARD

Look, James. Is that them?

JAMES

Yes! Yes! It is!

RICHARD

All right, young man, waive the  
yellow flag.

JAMES jumps to the bag, pulls out the yellow flag and  
waives it with all his strength.

EXT. IN FRONT OF THE STONE HOUSE -

SARAH

There it is, mother! The Bishop  
will be here in a few minutes.

RACHEL

Go tell your Father, Sarah.

EXT. AT THE SIDE OF THE GRANARY -

SARAH speaks into the high window.

SARAH

Father?

INT. IN THE GRANARY -

PHILLIP gets up and shuffles to the window.

SARAH (O.S.)

Father!?

PHILLIP

I am here, Sarah.

SARAH (O.S.)

The Bishop comes.

PHILLIP

Good. Have them throw him in, then  
shut the door.

SARAH (O.S.)

I will Father.

PHILLIP again tightens his bandage and gathers his  
strength.

PHILLIP

Almost done. Now, I need a sword.

He walks haltingly to a wall cabinet and pulls out a sword.  
It is medium-weight, and approx. 24 inches long. PHILLIP  
lowers his head, breaths heavily and paces.

EXT. AT THE FRONT OF THE OLD GRANARY -

JOHN and MICHAEL are holding the BISHOP, twisting both arms  
behind him for control. MICHAEL knocks hard on the door.

MICHAEL

We are here Father, with your old  
friend.

PHILLIP (O.S.)

Throw him in and leave.

They open the door and thrust FOCAULT in. He falls on the floor. The door begins to close.

INT. IN THE OLD GRANARY -

The door closes. (Door opens in, hinged on the left [house] side.) PHILLIP enters the frame from the left and slashes the Bishop's right Achilles tendon. (Backhand.) FOCAULT screams and crawls away to the wall and struggles to stand. PHILLIP staggers in an arc, following the travel of his blade. He circles around, in front of the Bishop, about six feet removed.

PHILLIP

Do you remember me, you evil  
bastard? I had to risk the lives  
of my wife and unborn child  
because of you! (Tears in his  
eyes)

PHILLIP slashes his sword at FOCAULT, who recoils.

BISHOP

(Defiant)

I am a Prince of the Holy Church!

PHILLIP

You are a dung rat, and I just  
asked you a question!

(Thrusts the sword  
into FOCAULT's left  
deltoid)

Do you remember us?!

BISHOP

Yes, you are the Jew lover!

PHILLIP yanks the sword out. FOCAULT screams and falls to his knees. PHILLIP's inertia takes him back, then he circles to FOCAULT's left. FOCAULT crawls away, toward the center of the room.

PHILLIP

Are you proud of the crusade  
against the Cathars, son of Satan?

BISHOP

The Cathars were damnable  
heretics!

PHILLIP

The Cathars were fools, but men do  
not deserve death for foolishness.  
*This* is for the Cathars!

He stabs through the bottom of FOCAULT's right foot, then  
pulls the sword out.

PHILLIP

And *this*, Oh Prince of the  
Corrupt, is for the gentle  
Lollards whom you are preparing to  
kill!

He does the same thing to the other foot. FOCAULT tries to  
crawl away.

PHILLIP

And *this* is for my loving  
daughter! (Tears on his face now)

Phillip kicks the BISHOP in the groin, from behind. FOCAULT  
wretches.

PHILLIP

And *this* is for my noble wife!

He stomps with all his might on FOCAULT's low-mid back,  
knocking the remaining wind out of him.

PHILLIP staggers to the covered body of the Prince while  
FOCAULT gasps for air.

PHILLIP

Before you die, pig, I want you to  
see what will happen next!

He uncovers the PRINCE, then walks to FOCAULT and leans toward him.

PHILLIP

See? You will be blamed for  
killing him! Then, my family is  
safe from you forever.

PHILLIP returns to FOCAULT, kicks him onto his back, then kneels around him. (Fighter's mount.)

PHILLIP

Time to die.

He thrusts the point of his sword just under FOCAULT's solar plexus, less than an inch deep. He moves into position to thrust it into FOCAULT's heart and leans close. The butt end of the sword is against PHILLIP's stomach, above and to the right of the wound.

PHILLIP

Finally, Focault, you find your  
moment of truth. After a life  
spent worshipping control and  
violently forcing it upon men,  
control has failed, and your soul  
stands alone.

FOCAULT

(Weakly)

Don't.

PHILLIP leans close.

PHILLIP

This is what you were trying to  
avoid, isn't it, Focault? You fear  
what you actually deserve. You  
loved your office because it  
shielded you from an honest  
accounting of your soul.

FOCAULT

No.

PHILLIP

Other men struggle to make peace  
with existence, but you... you  
were clever enough to escape. And  
not only that, but you were able  
to cloak your cowardice in...

FOCAULT

NO!

FOCAULT throws his arms around PHILLIP in an instinctive convulsion. The sword slides into his heart and he dies. PHILLIP is horrified to be embracing the monster, and shocked that FOCAULT killed himself rather than having his soul exposed. He rolls off onto his hands and knees, holding his wound, and wretches.

RICHARD (O.S.)

Phillip!

RICHARD enters and helps PHILLIP into the chair.

RICHARD

You are injured.

PHILLIP

Yes, but those two are dead.

PHILLIP begins to stand, barely erect, one hand on his belly.

CHANGE TO PHILLIP'S POV -

RICHARD

Sit down, Phillip.

FADE to white as he falls.

INT. THE UPSTAIRS BEDROOM, CONTINUE PHILLIP'S POV - FADE IN FROM WHITE -

PHILLIP opens his eyes to see RACHEL treating his wound. She is crying slowly and steadily. His vision turns to the books piled on a night-stand next to his bed.

RACHEL continues to treat the wound. He winces.

PHILLIP

It cannot be healed, Rachel. I  
will die.

RACHEL

(Sobs)

I know.

PHILLIP is in pain and shock, but now awake.

RACHEL

Everything was done as planned,  
Phillip, but the King is here and  
wishes to talk to you. Are you  
able to do this? Do you remember  
what to say?

PHILLIP

Yes, I remember, but stay with me,  
Rachel. Squeeze my hand if I start  
to say something wrong.

RACHEL walks to the door and speaks down the stairway.

RACHEL

You may come up, Highness.

KING EDWARD walks to the bed and pulls up a chair. RACHEL  
holds PHILLIP's hand.

RACHEL

It is the King, Phillip.

KING EDWARD

Tell me, Phillip. What happened?

PHILLIP

(Straining to speak)

The Bishop attacked...

KING EDWARD

He attacked you, Phillip?

PHILLIP

Your son first, then me...

KING EDWARD

He stabbed my son in the back?

PHILLIP

(Groans and shudders)

Yes...but your son killed him... I  
tried to help... but I am not as  
quick as when I was young.

PHILLIP collapses again and breathes with great difficulty.  
The KING lowers his head in disappointment.

KING EDWARD

(Taking PHILLIP's  
other hand)

All will be well, Lord Northiam.

EXT. IN FRONT OF THE STONE HOUSE -

The KING and a Knight emerge. Three other Knights are  
waiting with their horses. The King speaks to the Knights.

KING EDWARD

Take my son's body. We will bury  
him at Canterbury as he wished.

The King turns to MICHAEL, who is also standing in front.

KING EDWARD

Young Michael, you are the new  
Lord of Northiam. Collect taxes as  
your father learned to do, and all  
will be well.

As KING EDWARD rides off, RACHEL takes JOHN's sleeve to get  
his attention. He leans in to hear her speak.

RACHEL

(Low monotone)

Go to the tavern in Calais, John.  
Find my brother Lev. Bring him  
carefully, but bring him now.

INT. THE UPSTAIRS BEDROOM -

RACHEL is wearing a cloak, seated on the edge of the bed, feeding wine to PHILLIP. They are alone and the door is shut. He is in and out of consciousness.

RACHEL

Drink more, my love. It will dull  
the pain.

PHILLIP

(Opening his eyes)  
All is well?

RACHEL

It is done, Phillip. We are safe.

PHILLIP

Good. I will never have to lie  
again.

RACHEL gets him to drink more.

RACHEL

No more need to be anything less  
than what you are, my noble  
husband. Ever.

She puts down the wine, stands and drops the cloak, revealing her old silk robe of many colors. She crawls into bed and gently embraces him. His breathing is labored. She stays, caressing him and weeping quietly.

EXT. IN FRONT OF THE STONE HOUSE, NEARLY DUSK -

The entire family is waiting in front. RACHEL walks out the front door, again in her cloak.

RACHEL

My husband has died.

The children cling to SARAH and cry. MICHAEL goes mournfully inside to take care of the body. RACHEL walks, slowly and alone, to the large open field behind the house.

INT. IN THE OLD GRANARY, CANDLE-LIGHT ONLY -

RACHEL and LEV are performing the Jewish Tahara ritual. SARAH, JOHN and MICHAEL hold basins of water, white cloth and white linen. RICHARD and the LOLLARD stand outside the door, watching DEBRA and JAMES and standing guard. Not a word is spoken.

Mournful music plays. (Loreena McKennitt?)

RACHEL and LEV weep steadily as they wash the body with great respect. A clean cloth is draped around PHILLIP's groin and buttocks, which only RACHEL lifts slightly to wash beneath. Washing complete, they wrap the body in clean linen. The body wrapped, they put a linen robe on him, stand before the body and pray, then walk out.

FADE

EXT. SLOW AERIAL SHOT, RACHEL WALKING IN THE FIELD. SHE IS VERY OLD NOW; CARESSING AND TALKING TO HER GRANDCHILDREN -

FATHER (V.O.)

Rachel lived on for another twenty five years, loving and teaching her family to the third generation. It was she that wrote the history of our family and it was she that strengthened it to endure. During all these years her body was strong and her mind undimmed.

The children run back to the house, leaving her alone.

FATHER (V.O.)

(continuing)

Then, she died, having loved and guided them to the end.

RACHEL's image fades after FATHER says "then she died."

INT. THE SHOT CONTINUES INTO THE DINING ROOM OF THE STONE HOUSE. HER BODY LIES IN THE DINNING ROOM, WRAPPED THE SAME AS PHILLIP'S. HER (OLDER) FAMILY STANDS BESIDE THE BODY, PRAYING -

FATHER

(continuing)

Just as you, John, will guide our family now.

The camera turns to the FATHER of 2017, sitting at the desk, which is in the same spot the dinning room table occupied. We now see that this room was originally the dinning room of 1348. FATHER is sitting in the same spot normally occupied by PHILLIP. The JOHN of 2017 is also sitting at the desk.

FATHER

(He stands)

Are you prepared to do this, John?

JOHN stands.

JOHN

I am.

FATHER

Then this day I pass my title to you. You are Lord Northiam. You will use all of your abilities to be a blessing upon earth, regardless of any authority or judgment but your own. And you will carefully prepare your children to do the same.

JOHN

I will do this.

His FATHER shakes his hand and kisses him on the cheek.

FATHER

I know you will, son. You are a good man... probably a better man than I.

JOHN

Thank you, Father.

Father turns and heads to the door. He opens it and turns.

FATHER

Take as long as you wish, John.  
I'll watch over your wife and  
children until you return.

John nods acknowledgement and FATHER leaves. John falls into the chair, takes a breath, then rises and walks to the front door.

EXT. AERIAL SHOT, IDENTICAL TO THE ONE OF RACHEL IN THE FIELD WITH HER GRANDCHILDREN -

JOHN walks, hands on his head, deep in thought, into the field. We now see that the old Stone house remains as the front of the large Manor House.

JOHN continues walking.

THE END