

Tempeste; a Knight's Templare

by
Kip Azzoni Doyle

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piratequeenproductions@gmail.com

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NORMANDY, FRANCE - 1118 AD

A fleet of viking ships sailed by a clan of rugged VIKING NORDSMEN comes ashore.

A formal welcome by the royal family. A FRENCH DUKE, dressed in his pristine armor greets the VIKING LEADER, whose piercing blue eyes resemble those of his father, the late KING ALF TESONDUS of Denmark.

The young man steps forward to greet the French Duke who is strained but gracious and hospitable.

FRENCH DUKE

Bienvenu a Normandy, I am Duke
Francois de Bourgie, brother to
the King of France. We welcome you
to your new provence here in
Normandy. With this, we now put
all of our years of discord behind
us. We welcome you.

(With a sweep of his
arm across the
horizon)

...to your land... your new home.

The viking leader bows and turns back to beckon one of his men to bring forth a gift.

VIKING WARRIOR

It is with our deepest respect
that I present to you the sword
that my father, King of Denmark,
Alf Tesondus, gave to my mother,
Queen Alvilda, our greatest and
most famous Viking Warrior
Princess.

The Duke unveils the sword allowing himself to show his awe.

The sword is mighty and regal, the green emerald adorns the butt of the sword. He holds it and looks up to Viking warrior.

FRENCH DUKE

A gift I shall cherish as will all
generations to come. A fine and
mighty gift indeed.

(in french)

Merci vraiment, Merci.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The Viking Warrior bows and stares at the sword, his eyes lingering on its brilliance as the French Duke has one of his men take it away with holding it with great ceremony and care.

VIKING WARRIOR

It is as my mother would have wanted. We have shed much blood between our people...

(Beat)

we thank you for your generous procurement of land and we intend to help you expand the trade routes and the financial banking systems established by your own Knights Templars, along the Holy Road deep in the new world to the southward. We have heard so much about Jerusalem and beyond. It is our desire to join the great merchants from the south and welcome them here, creating wealth and opportunity for all.

(Beat)

All this will bring new prosperity and, of course, new threats. Our life's work will be to protect and defend from the many forces that will come ashore here.

FRENCH DUKE

Agreed, and with your blessing we will call your new breed of men living here, the Nordsmen. Men of the North.

The viking bows. Both turn and stare out to the sea.

FADE OUT

MONTAGE

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

THE SAME EMERALD-BUTTED SWORD THROUGH BATTLE AND RAIN,
STORM, WINTER ICE AND SNOWS, THE HANDS UPON IT YOUNG,
THEN OLD, YOUNG THEN OLD, SLICING THROUGH ARMOR BREAST
PLATES, KILLING, MAIMING, RE-POLISHED AND RE-SHARPENED.

The sword stuck in the ground to mark battle victories,
then used to knight the men of the throne, the king's
robes and crown and the coronation processions all swirl
as the years and the generations of Kings of France pass
the great sword down to their heirs...

Then the sword is carried through the deserts, sand and
battles, A KNIGHT'S TEMPLAR robe adorns the MAN in his
hand he carries the sword into battle. A MUSLIM warrior
is pierced and flung off the sword.

Off in the distance the mighty Solomon's Mount and
Jerusalem out across the endless desert sands. A
Templar's flag is stuck in the sand and Jerusalem falls
to the Christian armies. The sword raised high in bloody
victory.

CUT BACK TO:

1272 AD CLERMONT, FRANCE - DAY

Until finally the sword comes to the coronation of a
young, French king, KING PHILLIPE, 20 years old,
righteous and arrogant, he bows in his full regalia as
the old hand of his father dubs him new King of France.
Phillipe rises, all but intoxicated with his newly
appointed power.

FADE OUT:

MONTAGE:

Again, the sword battles and wins, piercing armor,
slicing through body limbs, riding astride a mighty black
horse, thrown down as the young man fucks and whores.

The hand of this King Phillipe rests the sword down as
his son is born, then we see the same hand holding the
sword over a voluptuous set breasts as he plays the sword
along her breasts down her belly.

KING PHILLIPE

If only this sword could speak...

WHORE

Mmm....pierce me, why don't you.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He smiles as he throws the sword down and plunges into the whore.

CUT TO:

INT. KING PHILLIPE'S CASTLE - DAY

King Phillipe is middle aged now. The echo of a new baby wailing.

The "COURT PHYSICIAN" comes in to announce to King Phillipe, the birth of his baby.

COURT PHYSICIAN

Your grace, it is a healthy baby girl...

A ATTENDING MIDWIFE stands holding the King's baby girl.

King Phillipe speaks with marked disdain to HIS MINISTERS and AGENTS. Well within earshot, stands his SON, 10, PRINCE JOHN, who is old enough to smile smugly and understand that there's no way in hell his younger sister will be a threat to his throne.

KING PHILLIPE

Thank God France's heir to the throne is already decided in my son, Prince John.

King Phillipe convenes with his court of lords, GUILLAUME de NOGARET and ENGUERRAND de MARIGNY. All shoot a glance to the King's young son who grins on cue.

KING PHILLIPE

(continuing and with a disdainful nod)

I will pledge him to the Templars as collateral against their significant loan to replenish our French coffers.

(cynical laugh)

What, maybe they can even teach him to be a noble warrior.

The young boy's smile vanishes from his face.

The King laughs ruefully at the court physician who stands with the midwife still holding the baby girl. The baby begins to wail and the physician and midwife shift uncomfortably.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The King swigs his wine annoyed by the baby's cries then drops his gaze dead and cold back on his son spitefully.

KING PHILLIPE

...Clearly another son would have been welcome over this screaming daughter in case this one should meet his death before he secures the throne.

KING PHILLIPE

(to the Physician
holding the young
baby)

Get that wailing thing out of here and bring her back when she is grown. I have no use for girls until they have become fine and supple virgins for the taking.

He drinks his wine and smiles lasciviously.

CUT TO:

And again the sword held in a hand that grows older, the King's mid-rift growing old and fat against the butt of the naked whore seated upon it.

The butt of the sword dangling down. King Phillipe now an old, fat, lecherous and drunken king slaps the young flesh his amulets and rings against his fat fingers. The supple ass of the whore against him, her hand reaches down and caresses the sword, slow and sensual. The whore's laughter, the old King's liquor laugh punctuated by a coughing frenzy.

EXT. FRENCH CASTLE OF KING PHILLIPE - NIGHT

A storm tears at the countryside. Lightening and a howling wind as the thunder tears the sky. Rain slats the windows and then the wail of infant child being born.

The Queen struggles with the endless labor and finally too weak to push on her own. The physician sends word for the King to make the decision.

INT. KINGS CHAMBERS - NIGHT

The physician hurries in interrupting the King who snores as he sleeps.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PHYSICIAN

Your Majesty, your young Queen can go no further on her own. We must remove the child ourselves or both will perish.

The King stares up without a moment's hesitation.

KING PHILLIPE

Save my son. What the hell good is taking a young wife if she can't even bare children right?

INT. QUEEN'S CHAMBER - NIGHT

The YOUNG QUEEN is all but dead with exhaustion, deliriously she barely responds as the physician drags the blade across her belly and the child is removed.

He holds the child up and inspects matter-of-factly.

PHYSICIAN

A girl.

The Queen smiles weakly murmuring the baby girl's name.

QUEEN

Tempeste...

As the Queen hears the healthy wail of her child, she smiles and quietly faints away. The ominous thunder claps loudly mingling with the child's cry.

As the physicians try to save the Queen from bleeding out, it is futile. TEMPESTE is born while her mother dies.

Another girl.

CUT TO:

INT. KING PHILLIPE'S SALON - DAY

The King swigs from his cup of wine, shakes his head, seemingly annoyed by the entire process, loss of the mother, birth of another daughter.

KING PHILLIPE

Ah, too many cursed women in this castle anyway!

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KING PHILLIPE (CONT'D)

(beat)

All they do is cost a bloody fortune. Dowries and more dowries. How deep in debt I am to the Church and their Templars. Bloody Templars could buy and sell my Kingdom three times over.

(Furiously)

What am I saying, Europe for that matter. All we do is war with one another and turn to God's Warriors to fund the bloodshed.

The King shakes his head in disgust and clearly with mounting resentment. He wipes the dribble from his graying beard and hurls the cup against the wall.

FADE TO:

EXT. MUSLIM VILLAGE NEAR JERUSALEM -DAY

The Muslim town bustle with life and trade in the marketplace and along the Pilgrim Road. There is peace and prosperity among the humble people who live and trade here. Their lives are simple and their traditions, though different all reflect the universal rights of passage that are respect in any land.

In this world, the women serve their men. Off apart from the world where MEN work their lands and provide for their families, there stands a Red Tent.

A young boy, 10, LAZARUS, slight and fair, dunks his hands into the red dye straining up to his elbows and kneading the cloth. He rings the cloth out soaking the blood red dye into the fabric.

Sweat builds on his brow. His face is too pretty for a boy. Eyes large and intense, framed by long dark eyelashes, he works pulling the large swath of cloth from the red water, it bleeds down his arms and drips off his elbows. He twists and squeezes the red color from the cloth.

Behind him, HIS MOTHER, a beautiful Persian woman, calls to him.

LAZARUS'S MOTHER

Lazarus, have you passed that cloth for the fifth time?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LAZARUS

Yes Mother.

LAZARUS'S MOTHER

Then it is ready. Bring it here now.

As he strains to carry the red fabric to his mother, it is heavy and stains his cheek as he heaves it to her.

LAZARUS

But why red, mother?

LAZARUS'S MOTHER

It is the color of life. It is the place where all life begins and women come to bleed new life and young girls begin their cycles. Women can have their place.

LAZARUS

(clearly with
disgust)

Ughhhh.

Lazarus's mother laughs.

Behind stands a large tent-like structure. It has nearly been covered entirely in the long strips of cloth, died red like blood.

Lazarus and his mother stretch the wet fabric in the final hanging of the cloth over the tent to complete the fabric roof over the "Red Tent".

From behind them, the WOMEN stop and smile. The YOUNGER GIRLS giggle with embarrassment as the young boy helps his mother.

A PREGNANT WOMAN rubs her belly and smiles at the tent squinting with a hand up against the setting sun behind.

Lazarus and his mother finish their work and turn back to their surprise at the cheering and thanks of the WOMEN who watch on.

Lazarus smiles and blushes deeply and his mother pulls him close when one of the YOUNG GIRLS taunts him.

YOUNG PUBESCENT GIRL

(chiding)

Pretty boy, when I bleed are you going to clean my sheets as well then?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

The young boy hides his face in his mother's skirts and she hushes the young girl.

LAZARUS'S MOTHER

That's enough from you, Ariasta.
My son's work is done here. One
day, you'd be lucky if, when he is
a man, he ceases your bleeding by
spilling a son into you.

(Beat)

But that he will reserve for a
princess not a common girl like
you. You will never have a King
for a husband! But a King will
have you as he likes!

As the girl's face twists into tears, she runs away
crying.

Lazarus looks up at his mother who bends to kiss his
forehead. A beautiful boy, the sun flecks the beads of
sweat on his face.

FADE BACK TO:

INT. TEMPESTE'S BEDCHAMBER - NIGHT

Tempeste, 10, a YOUNG and FEISTY BEAUTY, with her long
dark hair and a strong profile, forfeits the dresses and
gowns. Sewing needles are not for darning, instead they
mark the pages of the history books she steals down from
her father's library shelves and takes into her
bedchambers.

She carves a fake wooden façade of a castle replete with
castle ramparts a citadel with horses and miniature
warriors in battle armor. She carefully swings the hinged
door of the entire front off the castle and climbs inside
the cubbyhole chamber where she lights a candle and reads
by candlelight deep into the night. No one cares nor even
bothers to check on her. She is alone and happiest that
way.

On the wall she has drawn a large map of the world with
beautiful detail and colors and topography even. She cuts
the hems from her dresses using the extra fabric to
fashion them into the shapes and colors of countries and
regions.

She plucks the pins from the pincushion and uses them to
stick locations to mark the map.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

There is a curious trail of pins that seems to mark a route all the way from France down into the Holy Land. Upon closer inspection, it is the Pilgrim Road where the Knight's Templars travel and bring protection for merchants who trade and barter along the way.

She studies her books, she charts their course. There is a cross and religious effects as well. She wears a cross and seems caught up in her studies almost with religious zeal.

She speaks to herself as she studies. As if almost out-of-body, she seems to speak but her childhood voice blends to a voiceover of her adult voice as she prepares for a lifetime in The Order.

TEMPESTE

(smiling strangely as
if mimicking what
"others" might say)

You are a strange girl, Tempeste.
Choosing Templar knights and
battlefields over dolls and their
pretty little dresses.

She is fully focused and engulfed in her story. As she speaks, she plays with her soldiers, horses and miniature figurines.

TEMPESTE

But what has become of the Order
now? In the hundred years since
Hugues de Payens collected eight
of his knights and began the Order
their stated mission to protect
the pilgrims on their journey to
visit the Holy Places.

(as she speaks she
pins the route onto
the map)

From Jericho and onto Jordan, the
traditional site of Jesus'
baptism.

(Beat)

In 1118, the original 9 swore an
oath to protect the pilgrims and
observe monastic vows of poverty,
obedience, and chastity.

(Beat)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

TEMPESTE (CONT'D)

And how is it that Saint Bernard de Clairvaux's patronage rewarded such an order with immense privileges even waving all the taxes and rules for these Templars. Pope Innocente granting these poor servants, quarters in a wing of the royal palace located at the Temple of Solomon.

(Beat)

From extreme poverty to Knight's regard, the discovery of the original cloth of Jesus's robe gained them all this prestige? And this original relic, where is it now and how the institution of Church has corrupted this simple and pure mission to protect and serve, as Jesus did himself, simply, humbly, purely. What has become of this Order?

Tempeste rolls over staring at the ceiling then launches up and grabs her sword practicing her deft moves and swordsman skills in her large mirror.

TEMPESTE

Corruption, hypocrisy, greed, and power.

TEMPESTE

Is it that the Templars no longer work directly and solely for the Son of God?

TEMPESTE

I will work with the Son of God.
(with one final and
violent thrust of
the pin into the
map)
Period.

As she lands her final thrust of the sword, she stabs it vengefully into her map amongst all her pins.

INT. SEWING ROOM - DAY

Tempeste sticks several fingers with a pin but does not flinch. She squeezes blood and then turns to ask her ELDERLY MAIDSERVANT.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

And then she demands she needs more pins and needles for darning and sewing.

She sucks the fingers for added effect.

TEMPESTE

Ingrid, I seem to have run out of pins, could you please bring me more. I am preparing a train for my sister to wear on her wedding night.

Ingrid looks at the bloody and stuck fingers of Tempeste and then curiously askance at Tempeste who is hardly one to be caught up in sewing or darning.

INGRID

Mmm, yes, of course. What a lovely gesture.

Tempeste smiles aloofly and sucks her finger again.

CUT TO:

EXT. MUSLIM VILLAGE - DAY

Lazarus bends over a fire mixing herbs and flowers, in the bowl a blood red brew that he stirs. He looks back over his shoulder, in the background the panels of the red tent catch the wind and flap peacefully.

From inside the tent, there is the wailing of a young mother in childbirth. Lazarus's mother exits the tent, she is sweating and hurries over.

LAZARUS'S MOTHER

The baby is coming soon, have you mixed in the goora nuts as I told you? This is the ointment that will heal the wounds after the baby has torn the mother.

Lazarus mixes dutifully and then in disgust.

LAZARUS

Ahh, Mother, please spare me the details. Here it is, as you asked. Here.

The boy all but thrusts the bowl to his mother in disgust.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LAZARUS'S MOTHER

And bring me the herbs to quiet
the mother, the labor has gone on
too long, she needs to relax her
muscles and save her strength or
both will die.

Lazarus opens the box and pulls from it a pouch of herbs.
He hands it to his mother.

LAZARUS'S MOTHER

Mix it into a cup of water, hurry,
she must drink.

At the edge of the red tent, Lazarus freezes.

LAZARUS'S MOTHER

(Impatiently)
Oh Lazarus! Come at once!

LAZARUS

I won't!

LAZARUS'S MOTHER

You will!

LAZARUS

I hate this place. All these
bloody women. Get sister to enter!

LAZARUS'S MOTHER

I would, but she is already inside
helping the birth! Hurry up!

As Lazarus enters the tent, he is surrounded by nothing
but women. Girls who have begun their menstruation
cycles, women in theirs, and then the shriek of the young
mother deep in the last moments of delivery.

The mother grabs her young son by the scruff of his neck
and yanks him along.

YOUNG GIRLS laugh and look at him. He is mortified and
then gasps as the mother shrieks in pain and the baby's
head crests.

BACK TO:

EXT. FOREST ALONG FRENCH COAST OF NORMANDY - DAY

Tempeste gallops a fearless pace on horseback as she
heads out into the woods.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She dismounts deep in the woods where as she jumps down, her feet feel the spongy softness of the mossy covered floor of the forest. She smiles and lies on the mossy ground.

She creates a fairy house constructed of the nature's elements she can find as she bounds down a path to the beach below. Her fairy house is perched overlooking the rugged sea. She builds the miniature roof of sticks that she binds with the tall grass shoots.

She makes the house frame of larger twigs that she binds with seaweed. A porch overhang of a sun dried crab shell, the pathway of the bluest mussel shells and pebbles from the beach. She uses the green moss to garnish the roof and shingles of shards of mica and small flat rocks. The periwinkles make a beautiful pattern.

She cuts, with a working knife, swatches from her dress's hem to fashion curtains for her fairy house.

She finds the small and fragrant lily of the valley and she plucks a few rubbing some behind her ears for perfume and the others she sticks in the ground beside her fairy house as a flowery landscape.

A white sun-bleached clamshell filled with water, she makes a small pond and a tiny boat of a mussel shell with a mast and a tiny sail of cloth she has cut from her dress. She whips the mast with the cord of the tall grass.

As she collects her items from the forest, she comes to a tree and an outcropping of mushrooms.

She deftly harvests those that are safe to eat and inspects, with the careful flick of a stick. The dark stems of the poisonous mushrooms that she turns and washes her hands in the stream even at the mere sight of them she appreciates their lethal poison.

Then, in her playfulness and youth, she stops to collect a wooden piece of sun bleached and perfectly smooth drift wood. She fashions a sword out of it and out alone on the beach she stands to defend her fairy house throne.

Playing and pretending to be a great Knights Templar, a red cross of the Templar's Order is cut from her red dress and pinned to her blue overcoat. Her sword flicks and parries are adept and quite athletic.

Then she heads back into the forest and returns to the mushrooms.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Like a naughty child, she reaches down and plucks one of the poisonous mushrooms and carefully scrapes the slightest residual along the stem and then sits down to a cup of water and a biscuit.

She takes the stick and mixes it into the water and then collects some elderberries and crushes them up into the water. She drinks it down and eats the biscuit then settles back against the foot of the tree and stares at her fairy house.

Her eyes close. She begins to sweat and convulse slightly nearly vomiting but determined to keep it all down. She settles in and forces herself into a deep sleep. When she wakes it is dark and her horse is nudging her.

She startles and feels herself almost inspecting her response to the poison she imbibed.

She stands and laughs free and alive and alone for no one to bother or judge or constrain her.

FADE TO:

FLASHBACK:

EXT. SOLOMON'S MOUNT NEAR JERUSALEM - DAY

At Solomon's Mount, the Muslim townspeople wind down their day's chores. The sun sets in the distance over the great city of Jerusalem.

The Red Tent stands against the setting sun, the flaps of red fabric appear faded now as they are gently batted by the evening breeze.

The same boy, Lazarus, works with his mother as he bends over crushing leaves and flowers into a small bowl that she grinds and mixes.

Lazarus drops his work and smiles so beautifully and innocent as his ELDER SISTER, a Persian beauty, scoops him up and hugs him. They laugh as if theirs is a bond and a love that cannot be matched.

From behind the children's mother pauses from her mixing bowl work to watch on. She smiles, and rises and calling to them to come.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Soon, the streets and markets cease to bustle, children pause their games and play, the mothers rest their baskets laden with vegetables and foodstuff. The men rest from their backbreaking work. All settle into their evening prayer, all face Mecca. There is a bell that chimes and then silence, even the animals and cawing of crows and birds halt, followed by the communal "Call to Prayer". It is a sound of unity and strength, devotion and solidarity. Nothing will divide these people.

PRAYER (O.S.)

*Allahumma rabba hadhi-hid da'wa-
tit-tamma wa-salati Qae-ma Ati
muhammadanil wasilata wal fadeela
Wab ath-hu maqamam-mahmuda-nil
alladhi wa aadtha*

(O God, owner of this perfect call
and owner of this prayer to be
performed. Bestow upon Muhammad a
station in Jannah and a rank above
the rest of creation. And raise
him to the rank you have promised
him.)

As the townspeople bend to the soil, lost deep in prayer,
the MARAUDING BANDS OF CHRISTIAN (non Muslim) MEN,
trample in, ferocious and invincible from up on high.

Their horses stampede through the towns and fields
cutting a path of death and destruction as they steal and
thieve and claim the lands and the people that are not
theirs. The Band of Marauders hack through the villagers.

With a swift chop, they cut Lazarus's mother down, her
bowl of herbs spills to the ground and is trampled by the
horses' hooves. Lazarus and his sister stare on as their
FATHER runs to his wife and one of the MEN pierces his
blade through the father's chest nearly lifting him off
the ground with the force of their horses behind.

In their wake, death and agony. The silence of prayer is
replaced by screams and wails and then an eerie, deathly
silence once again.

SEVERAL of the MARAUDERS peel off when they catch sight
of Lazarus and his breathtaking sister. They kick Lazarus
out of the way and ONE OF THE YOUNG CHRISTIAN SOLDIERS
grabs the Lazarus's sister and pulls her away. She
screams and claws to break free.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Her last words as they haul her off are the echo of her voice screaming her brother's name. They pull her off towards the red tent.

LAZARUS'S SISTER

Lazarus!!

Caught up in the fury are SEVERAL OF THE YOUNG GIRLS who have stepped outside the tent to bend in prayer.

Ariasta, the young girl who had taunted Lazarus is among them. The marauders grab her and yank her inside the tent.

When the Marauder spots the young boy following, he turns and laughs as he beckons him to follow to the back side of the tent where he throws Lazarus's Sister down against the red tent and begins to beat the girl.

The sister claws at the red fabric to get away.

CHRISTIAN MARAUDER

A curious boy you are, so be it, I
will let you watch and teach you
how to take a woman!

Lazarus watches on in horror. He is frozen and cannot seem to move. Tears stream his pained cheeks. He is helpless and standing in shock and in plain sight as the Marauder beats his sister nearly unconscious before unleashing his pants to literally fuck her to death.

As the Templars move through to save the Muslim people, TWO OF THE YOUNG TEMPLARS peel off when they spot the band of Marauders up by the red tent. They separate from their troop. As they come to the entrance of the red tent, they dismount.

TEMPLAR ONE

And what is this place?

They enter the tent and see the bloody cloths of all the girls menstruation and they look disgusted then curious as the one marauder moves to plunge into the young Ariasta.

As the TWO TEMPLARS draw their swords, it would appear they are coming to save the young girl in distress. They club and hack the marauders nearly to death.

The young Ariasta cowers and stares up at their mercy, she is beaten, shaken and trembling. She peers up to them.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

ONE OF THE YOUNG TEMPLAR SOLDIERS nods to the OTHER who moves out back towards the sound of the other girl who is screaming.

Both Templars remove their armor helmets. They are none other than King of Duechy, Guillaume, and Prince of France, John. They have done nothing but save the raping for themselves.

It is a cruel and merciless twist. In their Knights Templar's uniform of the cross on their tunic, the King of Deutchy rapes Ariasta...

EXT. RED TENT - DAY

...While the Prince John rapes Lazarus's sister outside, Lazarus's sister reaches up and delivers a claw around her assailant's eyes. She screams but somehow unable to scratch across the men's eyes to deter them in any way. They seem aroused by her clawing their skin.

She screams as the men rape thoroughly, violently and end it with a lethal slitting of the girls' throat to silence them and the truth of their heinous acts.

Lazarus has watched the entire event. He has seen who and what has occurred unbeknownst to the rogue Templars.

Suddenly up from behind, the distant rumbling of horses' hooves draws closer.

EXT. PATH BEYOND RED TENT - DAY

The BAND OF KNIGHTS TEMPLARS approach led by GRAND MASTER JACQUES DE MOLAY, who leans off his saddle to scoop Lazarus up and rushes him to protection.

EXT. ROCK OUTCROPPING - DAY

The Grand Master Jacques de Molay dismounts with the boy and falls to his knees, his eyes burn with anguish. The violence of these men's actions seem to haunt him.

GRAND MASTER JACQUES DE MOLAY
You must stay here. Do you
understand me?

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GRAND MASTER JACQUES DE MOLAY

I will come back for you, I swear
as God's Will is my Charge.

Lazarus fights back the tears and insurmountable grief.

GRAND MASTER JACQUES DE MOLAY

Boy, you must obey and trust me.
Let me go now so I may carry out
God's Will for me as Templar of
the Knights' Keep. I must keep
these men from harming any others.

Lazarus struggles to nod, his eyes pools of pain and confusion. He is shaking his head and looks confused by the Templar and his words.

Lazarus fingers and then clenching the red cross on Grand Master Jacques de Molay's uniform. He is confused and shakes his head in disbelief.

LAZARUS

But, of which men do you speak?

GRAND MASTER JACQUES DE MOLAY

The Christian bandits...

LAZARUS

(shaking his head
confused)

But all Christians are bandits....

Jacques de Molay hushes the boy who he can see is in shock and remounts his horse and leaves the young boy alone and in the cover of the rocky outcropping.

EXT. RED TENT - DAY

After the Duke Guillaume and Prince John have sliced the life from the young women, they turn and pretend to stab and finish off the last of the evil marauders just as Grand Master Jacques de Molay arrives on horseback to help them.

They turn back with great zeal as they pierce the remaining life of the Marauders.

PRINCE JOHN

We have taken the last of them...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DUKE GUILLAUME

But unfortunately we were unable
to save the girls...

Jacques de Molay looks on to Lazarus's sister, a lifeless and tragic twist of flesh. Her blood sprays across the red tent. Jacques de Molay nods to the young men.

But as Molay turns back around and walks over to inspect the scene one last time, he bends over the young girl, spots her hands and finger nails, packed with the blood and flesh under her nails.

GRAND MASTER JACQUES DE MOLAY

(to himself sadly,
gently covering the
girl and delivering
her some dignity)

The scratches are never across the eyes, always clawing the face around the eyes. Why a rape victim can never bring herself to go for the eyes? We humans are repulsed by the thought of touching the actual eyeball.

And then Molay rises spotting the telltale scratches of a rape victim around the eyes of the assailant. He turns back to match the scratch marks to the markings clear and bleeding on Prince John's smug face.

He turns back forcing his words out and bites back what he has discovered and understood.

GRAND MASTER JACQUES DE MOLAY

You have done well here, I shall
be proud to report both your
valiant and impeccable efforts to
protect and defend the order.

(then nodding to
Prince John off his
scratches)

Do make sure you clean your wounds
well, one never knows how
infection will set in... whether
from being raked across the face
by a passing tree branch or from
under the nails of a dead girl...

The Two Young Knights nod aloofly and Molay turns back around seething and helpless to kill these two villains.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

His hardened eyes fall to the tear-streaked face of the young boy, Lazarus, who has run back over the place of his sister's death.

The cawing of the vultures and birds resumes high over the mutilated bodies.

END FLASHBACK:

FADE TO:

INT. KING PHILLIPE'S CASTLE FRANCE CURRENT - DAY

Tempeste gallops into the courtyard on her horse from her trek into the forest. She is vibrant and strong, flushed from the evening chill.

Her older sister GENEVIEVE, 16, comes to greet her with a smile and a loving command. Never has there been a more beautiful girl than Genevieve. Her eyes are a most exotic nearly purple in shade, her hair brown and blond and kissed by the sun.

GENEVIEVE

Where have you been Tempeste? I was worried. You've torn your dress again on the branches.

Tempeste looks down to inspect her torn hemline.

Genevieve wraps her shawl around Tempeste and walks with her. They are stopped by A MESSENGER FOR THE KING.

KING PHILLIPE'S MESSENGER

The King would like to see you, Lady Genevieve.

GENEVIEVE

(to the MAIDSERVANT)

Please draw a bath for Tempeste.

She kisses Tempeste on the forehead and leaves her.

INT. KING PHILLIPE'S SALON - NIGHT

The King is a surly old drunk, seated in a large chair. He calls Genevieve to him. She is frightened of him.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Her brother Prince John stands pouring his Father a drink.

KING PHILLIPE

(to his son)

Isn't she lovely.

Prince stares at her almost lustfully. Genevieve cannot bear to look at either men.

KING PHILLIPE

It is time. Your marriage has been arranged to the Duke of the Deuchy province. You will thank your brother, the Prince for arranging this prestigious marriage.

(beat)

And to think, the Duke has even agreed to marry you and waive the dowry.

(surly laughter)

Thanks be to God... or shall I say his Pope and his Rich Templars. This monarchy is already so in debt to the Church, it truly is... biblical...

King Phillipe and Prince John share a laugh at the joke.

Genevieve shoots a frightened look to her brother.

PRINCE JOHN

(dismissive)

Oh sister, what is it? Guillaume, the Duke of Deuchy, is one of my true and actual friends. Imagine that, we even like each other!

(beat)

And have shared many fine times together indeed as we were with the Templars crossing from Europe down to the Holy Land along the Templar's pass on the important mission of establishing trade routes along the Pilgrim's Road and banking systems all the way to Jerusalem.

The Prince smiles to his father who nods approvingly to his son. The Prince draws a deep sigh at the flash of this particular memory.

CUT TO:

FLASHBACK:

INT. BROTHEL NEAR JERUSALEM - NIGHT

An erotic and exotic orgy against steamy hot bodies somewhere in the desert lands with women, men, boys, girls, terrified, more men and more boys and girls and women... The Prince and his friend fucking their way through across the world... Brutal and violent scenes of abuse, rape and hard core twisted sexual assaults.

END FLASHBACK

CUT BACK TO:

INT. KING PHILLIPE'S SALON - NIGHT

PRINCE JOHN

Consider yourself lucky you are
not being married off to some Old
King who speaks some foreign
language and eats monkey's brains
at his royal feast.

Genevieve shoots her brother a cold, terrifying stare.

KING PHILLIPE

It is decided. A fine union for us
all.

Genevieve runs out holding her tears.

PRINCE JOHN

The women in this family need
taming, Father!

INT. TEMPESTE'S ROOM NIGHT

As Genevieve bursts into Tempeste's room, Tempeste is startled by her sister's state.

TEMPESTE

Sister, what is it?
(Comforting her)
Don't cry, dear Sister.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Genevieve buries her head on her younger sister's shoulder, but somehow there is strength in this younger sister.

GENEVIEVE

I am to be married.

(inconsolable dread)

I will surely die at his hands.

Tempeste looks at her terror.

TEMPESTE

Who is he? Genevieve?

GENEVIEVE

Duke of Deuchy.

Tempeste's heart all but stops silently knowing that her sister is right.

TEMPESTE

Guillaume?!

She steels herself against her building rage and places her older sister's head on her shoulder and quiets her and calms her like a mother.

TEMPESTE

Shhh, my beautiful sister.

CUT TO

EXT. MUSLIM VILLAGE - NIGHT

Fires blaze in the distance where the city of Jerusalem once stood regal and unscathed. Now there is chaos and discord. Unlike in earlier times, the village no longer welcomes the Knights Templars.

As night washes across the sun-drenched land, A BAND of KNIGHTS TEMPLARS steal back behind the small Muslim village where they take refuge in an outcropping and rest their battle arms down, looking defeated and battle weary and some are injured. They climb down off their horses, fatigued and hungry.

Near the marketplace, TOWNSPEOPLE gather to eat and drink. Lazarus, a young man now, and several OTHERS carry bowls of food to the local Muslims. LAZARUS'S UNCLE is the proprietor of the local eating establishment.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LAZARUS'S AUNT joins her husband in preparing the food for the Muslim townspeople. Several Muslim warriors throw down their swords and bloody weapons.

MUSLIM WARRIOR

(To Lazarus)

You, bring me a drink. I've slaughtered Templars all day and the last one to fall I nearly drank his blood for the thirst that I have.

Muslim warrior spits.

MUSLIM WARRIOR

Allah taunts me with this work bringing me to the brink of desiring to drink the blood of these Christian thieves who have stolen from us our land and our rights.

(his rally cry)

Death to them all!

(Exuberantly)

Bring me wine, to rinse the iron taste of their blood I have tipped at my sword's point today and for all those to come.

All hail the warrior. Lazarus looks frightened and pours the wine and then backs away. His hands up to his elbows are still stained red from his dying the cloth.

MUSLIM WARRIOR

(stopping to grab

Lazarus's frail arm)

What's this? You look as if it is you who has been bathing in blood today.

Lazarus backs away, frightened. He quickly rolls the sleeves down on his tunic and nods dutifully.

LAZARUS'S AUNT

Nephew, scrub those hands of yours. Enough of the color red today.

(Dutifully to the

Muslim Warrior)

My nephew helps me dye the fabrics and mixes balms and potions to cure those who are wounded, that is all.

(nervous laughter)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

LAZARUS'S AUNT (CONT'D)

I assure you he is no killer. That
is an honor reserved for the might
and strength of our great Muslim
Warriors like yourselves.

With that, Lazarus backs away with a bow and his aunt
places food in front of the hungry soldiers.

INT. COOKING HEARTH - DAY

Lazarus enters where his UNCLE ladles the food into the
bowls. His uncle leans close to him.

LAZARUS'S UNCLE

Lazarus, be quick and quiet, bring
this food to the Knights Templars
and make sure their cups are full.

LAZARUS

But Uncle, you see the warriors
have arrived.

LAZARUS'S UNCLE

Do as I say and do it well or they
will kill us all if they know we
are sympathetic to the Templars.

(Beat)

The Templars have saved our
village from much worse and it
must be Allah's will to help these
men.

LAZARUS

(Angrily)

But, their god is not ours!

LAZARUS'S UNCLE

There are many mysteries that
Allah unfolds for us at every
turn.

(Beat)

You are right, their God may be
different, but no matter, these
are righteous men. Now go!

EXT. MUSLIM VILLAGE - NIGHT

After the Muslim soldiers are lost in their food and
wine, Lazarus carries the bowls and slips out the back of
the tented hearth unnoticed.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

As he steals along the outskirts of the village making his way unseen to the Templars hideout, Lazarus stops and stares down at the food, he removes a pouch and with a vengeance he stops to pour the contents into the bowls of food.

He seems torn and hesitates when he looks up to recognize that it is Grand Master Jacques de Molay among those waiting for him with his food.

Lazarus changes his mind and jams the pouch back into his robes as Grand Master Jacques de Molay embraces him when he sees him again after so long.

GRAND MASTER JACQUES DE MOLAY

It is you, Lazarus, how you have
grown my little man.

LAZARUS

You have come back!

GRAND MASTER JACQUES DE MOLAY

As I promised, my young friend.

Lazarus smiles when he sees Grand Master Jacques de Molay but to the rest, he trusts none. He presents the food to the Templars who smile with deep thanks.

GRAND MASTER JACQUES DE MOLAY

Lazarus, your uncle makes the best
food I have ever tasted anywhere
in my weary travels. It is quite
possible that he has made my world
back home in France impossible.
All the times that I am struck
with an insatiable craving for his
stew.

(bending to smell the
delicious meal)

Ahhh, thank him for me. Oh how I
will miss this meal when the
endless winter drags its cold
blanket of snow over us back in
the North.

(beat)

What I wouldn't give to stay here
just so I could eat this blessed
meal made with such care and feel
that sun on my back.

Lazarus smile beams.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

LAZARUS

I will indeed tell Uncle that he
has made you happy, Sir Jacques de
Molay.

GRAND MASTER JACQUES DE MOLAY

(weary)

Ay, fat and happy!

LAZARUS

And Sir Jacques de Molay if you
grow too fat, you won't be able to
squeeze into that metal gown you
wear.

The Templars smile wearily to the young boy.

GRAND MASTER JACQUES DE MOLAY

Then, young Lazarus I will have to
give it to you. Maybe one day you
will wear it yourself.

LAZARUS

Oh no Sir Jacques, I wouldn't wear
it, it's too hot for that silly
metal costume. I would rather melt
it down and trade it for a goat or
some hens for my Uncle so he could
make more food!

(beat)

Besides the Muslim Soldiers would
kill me as they boast they are
killing your Templars, so many
that they can't even keep count
anymore.

TEMPLAR 2

That they are, I know the count...
20,000 Templars have been killed
in this year alone.

GRAND MASTER JACQUES DE MOLAY

Yes, and remind me, what year is
this? I have long forgotten what
year it is or even what day it is.

LAZARUS

The year is 1291 and the day is
what you would call Friday. Friday
the 13th.

TEMPLAR

It is the day we must be gone from
here.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

TEMPLAR (CONT'D)

After so many years we strove to peacefully protect the Pilgrim Road, we have lost our hold and the fallen from grace in the eyes of our Muslim hosts and even now our Christian backers, the Pope and all his European Kings back in Europe. How far the mighty have fallen, from the days when our Muslim brothers, your ancestors, taught us how to trade and how to borrow. Inventing the system of paper credits all along the Pilgrim Road. Banking as it would become.

Suddenly, and out of nowhere, Lazarus bleats out.

LAZARUS

Sir Jacques, take me back with you. I want to see this world you speak of. Don't leave me again.

The Templar is caught up in the unfamiliar snare of emotion and stares hard at the young boy much like a father might and unable to deny a son.

EXT. OUTSKIRTS JERUSALEM - DAY

As the Templars move out, wounded and broken fleeing the world they had fought years to protect, there are mixed sentiments by the villagers. Their despair mixed with deceit and mostly just enveloped in chaos.

The Templars leave at daybreak under the cover of darkness.

Lazarus packs his various pouches of herbs among his few clothes.

EXT. PILGRIM ROAD BACK TO EUROPE - DAY

The date is 1291, the Templar Warriors, with Lazarus in tow, leave the small village.

Duke Guillaume of Deuchy and Prince John of France, now also older, are back in the fold with MANY OTHER TEMPLARS.

EXT. DESERT - NIGHT

Standing in solitude, Templar Molay raises his eyes as if finishing off his prayers. He takes in the intensity of the desert night so clear and beautiful. He stares out at mighty Jerusalem high and mighty and Solomon's Mount, his eyes burn.

GRAND MASTER JACQUES DE MOLAY

(pleading with God)

God in heaven, our days here are over. How I hate to feel we are slinking back home. This Christian mission to protect and covet the Holy Sepulchre has been my life.

(Shaking his head

smiling bitterly)

Exactly the contradiction, my mission but clearly not God's. Man's ego determining what God wants for us. My emotion derived from my ego. Ego stemming from fear and how ashamed I am, a supposed man of the cloth, I cannot remember the oldest tenet, that one cannot be in Fear and in Faith at the same time.

(turning violently)

We go now! It is your Will, God's will. But that I had heeded Your word earlier, so many Christian lives would have been saved. Free to go home to their families. My ego, my will. Not Yours God...

Molay scans the sky for forgiveness, stemming his imperceptible tears... then rashly turns back and assumes his commanding role for none to witness his crack in emotion.

EXT. CAMP - DAWN

The MEN break camp and are pulling out.

Lazarus turns back and gives one last look to Jerusalem's imposing walls.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LAZARUS

(To himself)

That it be Allah's will that I
return home one day when Jerusalem
belongs to our God again and not
to those who play God.

Lazarus turns back to see Molay call Prince John and Duke
Guillaume and their troops forth. Lazarus watches from
behind, seething at the sight of these two rapists.

GRAND MASTER JACQUES DE MOLAY

(To Prince John and
Duke Guillaume)

It is best if we move swiftly to
get out with the least amount of
blood shed. Your men are not
injured and can move quickly. You
travel with your band first. Scout
the activities and have a man
report back to us. I will move the
men as best I can, some are
injured and will slow our course.
We should meet up in the town of
Acre. God willing in 4 days time.

DUKE GUILLAUME

God's speed to you Grand Master
Molay. We will deliver our men
safely.

Molay turns back and speaks to the entire Templar TROOP.
The MEN are holding their special amulets and talismans
that they wear in battle. They pray and sing powerful hex-
songs when they break into their march and head to
battle.

GRAND MASTER JACQUES DE MOLAY

(charging up his
troops)

Templars, you are God's most elite
fighting force!

(Beat)

You are highly trained and
equipped.

(Beat)

You are a Shock Troop whose
squadron charge with your English
Long Bow and Cross Bows will
eradicate these grunt Muslim
warriors with their rattan shields
and turbans. Their recurve Bows
will not penetrate nor pierce our
thicker armor.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

GRAND MASTER JACQUES DE MOLAY

(Beat)

Need I remind you that the force
of one man, the heft of his armor
and his horse equals sheer pain
and death to these warriors.

(Beat)

You are forbidden from retreating
in battle unless you are
outnumbered 3 to 1...

A DEDICATED TEMPLAR / TEMPLAR FLAGBEARER calls to Grand
Master Templar Molay.

TEMPLAR FLAGBEARER

And even if I am, Grand Master I
will never retreat! Not even if
ordered by my great commander!
Even if our Templar flag falls,
God will help me hold it high.

Heaving his mighty sword high over his head, Grand Master
Templar Molay rallies his troops.

GRAND MASTER JACQUES DE MOLAY

We have conquered these lands for
centuries to protect the Holy
Grail! God bless Our Duty to
protect and serve You, God in
Heaven! This is our Templar code!

The MEN cheer.

ANOTHER TEMPLAR

I will die valiantly for my God's
mission, my Templar creed.

Molay blesses his Templar Men. The Duke and Prince bow
officiously and move their troops out.

MONTAGE:

As the men trudge across the desert countryside, it is
treacherous and slow, the Muslim warriors are fierce and
determined to wipe their lands of these intruders.

EXT. DESERT TOWN OF ACRE - DAY

The MUSLIM WARRIORS are hungry for a fight. Their uniforms are entirely different than the Templars. The Templars armor is much thicker, their horses making them appear larger than life.

MUSLIM CHIEF WARRIOR
(to his men before
battle)

Today, we take back our land.
Reclaim all that is ours! Wipe
these Christians from our land and
till our soil with their blood so
our lands will prosper from their
death and the end of their
presence here. They may have once
outnumbered and outpowered us with
their weapons and strength, but we
are desert people and we will
outsmart them with our own weapons
born of the hot desert sun and the
endless sands. We will scorch them
and watch them beg for water and
our mercy.

THE WARRIORS cheers and pound their shields.

They spot the Templars arriving.

EXT. TOWN OF ACRE MUSLIM ENCAMPMENT - NIGHT

Under the cover of night, the Muslim chief orders an elaborate ambush, sending horses and camels with fire torches lashed to their saddles, in from one side of the town's entry along the road. The Templars, believing they are being attacked from that direction, are then virtually massacred from behind where they are completely vulnerable.

So many men fall. Prince John and Duke Guillaume escape death. The Prince takes an arrow through his thigh, it's a big wound. Duke Guillaume helps his friend to safety.

They take refuge and hide it out as the TEMPLAR MEN stand and die.

EXT. DESERT BATTLEFIELD - DAY

And then the agonizing sun as the Templars are surrounded and massacred those that didn't die immediately soon expire wounded and crawling for cover under the relentless desert sun.

As the King leaves the battle helping his wounded friend, the Prince, the flag-bearing Templar catches the sight of the two men leaving the battlefield. He looks confused and in this moment of slacked vigilance, a great javelin pierces the flag-bearer, his eyes freeze in death as he seems to lock eyes with the Duke who cowers away to hide with his Prince.

As the flag-bearer goes down, he plants the Templar flag in the soil, but it falls and is trampled in the dirt and blood of the battlefield.

Against the crook of a rocky outcropping the Duke and Prince lie motionless in the cooking sun. The MUSLIM WARRIOR CHIEFTAIN and his men surround the two pathetic Templars.

MUSLIM CHIEFTAIN

You embarrass the Templar order.
Cowards, are you both! Rather than fighting to the death as is the Templar order you allow yourselves to be captured and ransomed by surrendering what remains of your hold on our land. Your lives will restore us Gaza.

The Muslim Chieftain shakes his head in disgust at these weak and cowardly men.

MUSLIM CHIEFTAIN

Seize them. Clearly they are heirs to some European thrones or their hands would be bloody.

(flicking the Duke's
hand in disgust)

Look barely a callous. These are the hands of one who rules from his throne...

(beat)

Take them, we will get ransom. At least I know my opponent worthy in the great Warrior Templar Molay.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MUSLIM CHIEFTAIN (CONT'D)

He, I am honored to have known,
his devotion pure and honest and
though his beliefs lay
diametrically opposed to ours, he
always only believed. For that, I
will spare him his life, the death
of his mission is a mortal wound,
I know. That he must come collect
the corpses and the remains, among
them you both, worthless warriors
and living dead.

(Beat)

It's a shame we must even bother
the Great Templar Jacques de Molay
with this unworthy trade. But, a
telling sign that the Templar
Order has fallen when its men are
but frightened wilting flowers.

The Warrior Chieftain thrusts his sword at the meek
Templars, they cower.

WARRIOR CHIEFTAIN

Know this! In our soil, even the
flowers can kill you.

CUT TO:

MONTAGE:

INT. CHURCH FRANCE - DAY

Tempeste a young woman now, crosses herself and looks
up. She studies the image in the stained glass window
over her. It is a knights Templar bearing the Templar's
uniform, but she looks curiously and realizes the Templar
is not a man, but a woman. (the famous stained glass
window as seen in the history of the Templar order, one
of which was a female.)

She smiles as she stands she draws strength and resolve
from the image.

EXT. ALONG PILGRIM ROAD HEADED FOR ACRE - DAY

As Molay and his men come over the rise and spot Acre in
the distance, the battle rages on.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The Templars are hopelessly outnumbered and up against centuries of rage by a Muslim force that uses every weapon and every last tactical resource they can muster.

The mounds of sand the Templars leap over on their horse are the perfect traps where the stakes are concealed and impale the horses, the Templars lie on the ground flailing and no match for the killing rage that boils in the Muslim blood.

Molay stops in shock. He calls back at once.

GRAND MASTER JACQUES DE MOLAY

To those injured and unable, break camp here and I shall return. Those able, we must charge and bring reinforcements to our men up ahead.

Molay shoots Lazarus a look.

GRAND MASTER JACQUES DE MOLAY

Lazarus, help with the men here, move them with care and caution. I will meet up with you, I promise.

Lazarus bows.

LAZARUS

Yes sir, go with care.

Molay nods.

GRAND MASTER JACQUES DE MOLAY

And you, my son.

Lazarus watches as he rides off.

EXT. DESERT - NIGHT

The Desert is alight with the full moon and stars. The great Muslim Chieftain and Grand Templar Molay face the vast desert and speak from their mounts on horseback.

Little need be said, men of few words and mutual respect.

MUSLIM CHIEFTAIN

Go now. Your God has not abandoned you, nor will He ever. But for His men here on earth they are not as pure.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MUSLIM CHIEFTAIN (CONT'D)

Be careful, in you I have known a
worthy adversary and if not for
the different lands from where we
come, our blood is the same and so
too our destiny.

GRAND MASTER JACQUES DE MOLAY

We know who we are... the children
of our Gods.

MUSLIM CHIEFTAIN

(nodding)

Go now and deliver yourself home
safely.

GRAND MASTER JACQUES DE MOLAY

(nodding and clasping

the Muslim

Chieftain's forearm)

Yes, I will die there in that place
I know to be my home.

(Beat)

Yet, here I have known truth.
There, I know truth is bought and
sold...

The Muslim Chief warrior bows and reins his horse takes
leave back to his men and his world.

Molay watches him leave, his horses' trail kicking up the
sand. There, off in the distance, the prisoners for
exchange.

As it settles, there he spots the two coward Templars,
Duke Guillaume and Prince John.

Molay grits his teeth understanding the price he has had
to pay for these worthless soldiers who have cost him
everything.

He turns and rides off back to his camp of broken men and
their broken mission. Prince John and Duke Guillaume move
to follow Molay meekly out of this land.

EXT. CAMPFIRE OF WOUNDED MEN - NIGHT

Lazarus tends to the wounds of those he had been charged
to help along with other servants acting to care for and
tend wounds and bear water.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Molay and only a handful of men limp back to find Lazarus and the remaining men. All are battle weary and gravely injured and wounded.

Lazarus looks relieved to see Molay. When the Duke and Prince ride in behind Molay, Lazarus's expression goes cold.

GRAND MASTER JACQUES DE MOLAY
(hiding his own
discomfort)
Lazarus, the Prince has been
wounded, please tend to him.

Lazarus and his HELPERS help the Prince down from his horse.

The Duke points to Lazarus as he calls to Molay.

DUKE GUILLAUME
(to Molay)
Are you certain this Muslim is
equipped to handle this kind of
wound?

GRAND MASTER JACQUES DE MOLAY
(snaps)
Sir, I would beg that you speak
with a faint more respect both to
this young man who has managed
this entire brigade today and also
to ME!

The Duke, who has barely a scratch on him, reins his horse away without the slightest apology.

Lazarus stares at Molay sensing the discord.

EXT. ENCAMPMENT NIGHT

Lazarus works over the Prince, his eyes are black and cold as he labors to save the leg of the man who raped his sister.

The Duke comes behind him.

DUKE GUILLAUME
(Ominous)
You do anything but save his life
and limb and I will snuff yours
out.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Molay spots the Duke speaking to Lazarus who does not even flinch but continues on mechanically and completely emotionless.

Lazarus stares dead-like watching as the Duke turns to leave. Without hesitation, Lazarus packs an herbal remedy onto the wound.

LAZARUS

The Areca Catechu... the betal
palm...

As he holds the wound, Lazarus works his magic with his deep knowledge of mixed potions that can either heal or poison or keep his victim strung out and unstable.

LAZARUS

(To the delirious
Prince John)

There. This will ensure you live,
and every step you take from now
on, you will know you are alive,
the pain will remind you.

The Prince listens uncomprehending anything from his state of delirium.

Lazarus grinds the herbal compress onto the leg and the Prince cries out.

LAZARUS

(Enjoying the
Prince's pain)

Good, that means it's working.

The Prince screams then passes out again. Lazarus holds his bowl of herbs and in a strange fugue-like state, he takes the grounding spoon from the bowl and takes the mouthful of herbal concoction into his mouth and then leaves the Prince.

Lazarus stares out into the dark, his brow sweating and his skin gray and pasty like death were near.

He looks up to the heavens.

LAZARUS

God, inoculate me against the
poison of these herbs and these
men. Grow me strong enough to
survive them. With each dose I
take, make my very touch poison!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

He lies down next to the fire, his breathing at first rapid and erratic grows deeper and steadier. Soon he sleeps, the fever, convulsions and sweating pass.

As Lazarus wakes up and leans into the fire to warm himself at night, Grand Master Molay calls him over weakly.

GRAND MASTER JACQUES DE MOLAY
Boy, anything in your pouches that
can help with a wound?

Lazarus bows to Molay respectfully.

LAZARUS
Yes sir, who is it who is injured?

Sweat beads Molay's brow as he strains to speak.

GRAND MASTER JACQUES DE MOLAY
You seem to have the healing hands
of God, curing all these men...

Lazarus notices the big man's strained look. No one has realized that their great master is sgravely injured. As Lazarus rolls the man over in his armor, Molay shoots him a look, not here, not in front of the men.

LAZARUS
(quick to understand)
Come sir, please show me where the
injured man is.

Lazarus, with surprising strength, helps Molay up and all but walks him off where they are alone.

EXT. REMOTE AREA AWAY FROM CAMP - NIGHT

Lazarus immediately lays Molay down and strips his gear off him gently. The great man struggles stoically not to wince, but when the armor is off, Lazarus reveals a gash that has sliced deep through the intercostal muscles and several ribs.

LAZARUS
This is a significant wound.

GRAND MASTER JACQUES DE MOLAY
Oh son, God has kept me going this
long so let's just clean it up,
shall we.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LAZARUS

Well, I'm not sure God had anything to do with it. The armor must have been all but binding this wound together. I have unleashed the bloody gates now. We need pressure and we need to work fast.

GRAND MASTER JACQUES DE MOLAY

(Holding pressure on
the wound)

Well I can help until I pass out.

Lazarus unfurls his sack that holds his kit. The blood red fabrics he has fashioned into strips, reminiscent of his earlier days at the Red Tent with his mother. He touches them carefully then unpacks his bowls and herbs and raw sewing needles.

LAZARUS

The thread I have is far too weak to hold this wound.

Lazarus pulls at the thick thread from the hem of Molay's Knight's Templar tunic.

LAZARUS

Sorry old man.

Molay lays back down. Lazarus concocts an herbal blend and adds some water he has carried. He swipes the threads through the herbs and then threads the bone needle he has. The needle is sickle-shaped.

GRAND MASTER JACQUES DE MOLAY

Good God Boy, what is that?

LAZARUS

(as he swipes the
threads through the
potion)

The thread I have managed to strip from your...

(with exaggeration)

Godly tunic which is a perfect host of all sorts of fetid infectious remnants, not to mention other men's blood.

(Beat)

I am passing it through a type of disinfection bath that ought to kill anything that lives in the dead men's blood and entrails.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Lazarus sets to work with a laconic smile. Molay is hardly amused.

GRAND MASTER JACQUES DE MOLAY
(Weakly eyeing to the
impressive needle)
I meant that!

LAZARUS
This is my needle fashioned in the
shape of a sickle made of bone.
Trust me, it works quite well.

GRAND MASTER JACQUES DE MOLAY
You with all your many, many years
of experience. What are you, 14?

LAZARUS
I am not 14, I am a young looking
17 year old.

Molay rolls his eyes, sure, then winces.

LAZARUS
(continuing)
And, I have sewn up my share of
cavities.

GRAND MASTER JACQUES DE MOLAY
(Trying to speak but
the pain...)
Have you now?

LAZARUS
Yes, first I cut the women's belly
open, then I sew them up...

Molay suddenly stops Lazarus's hand with swift speed and strength.

GRAND MASTER JACQUES DE MOLAY
You what?
(Beat)
Is that some kind sick pastime of
yours? mass murderer?

Lazarus works but as if annoyed by all the questions and details.

LAZARUS
Judging by all the blood on your
hands, that actually would be You!
(beat)
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

LAZARUS (CONT'D)

No, somewhere between cutting the
women open and sewing them up, I
remove the baby...

GRAND MASTER JACQUES DE MOLAY

(Releases the boy's
hand trying to feel
comforted)

Hmmm.

LAZARUS

I guess I actually try to preserve
lives...

GRAND MASTER JACQUES DE MOLAY

Well, let's see if you can
preserve mine a little longer?

LAZARUS

If My Sir would kindly hush up I
would begin...

(Added effect of
respect and a bow)

Sir.

GRAND MASTER JACQUES DE MOLAY

(With a groan)

God! Have you always been so ...
quite contrary?

Lazarus places the butt of Molay's sword in his teeth.
Molay bites down and moans as Lazarus sets to work sewing
and bathing his wound in the ointments and herb bath.

After he is finished, Lazarus looks spent.

LAZARUS

If God allows you to live. Then
may this help as the last defense
against infection.

He picks up the bowl he had dunked the threads in and
splashes it on the closed wound.

With unbearable pain, Molay bites down on his sword butt
and then passes out. You can almost hear his skin seared
by the potion Lazarus has doused him with.

Lazarus sits down hard and stares at the ground ahead of
him almost the walking dead himself. Clearly, emotion
left him a long time ago. His fine features turn steel-
like. His eyes stare dead ahead.

CUT TO:

EXT. FRENCH BROTHEL - NIGHT

Tempeste sheds the royal dresses and gowns and dons the urchin clothing and dirties her own face coming along the back entrance and alley of the brothel

It is clear that she barely even need worry she will be missed. She is not important in the eyes of her Father, King Phillipe, nor to anyone really except her sister, Genevieve, for whom Tempeste would risk death itself to protect.

INT. FRENCH BROTHEL - NIGHT

MONTAGE:

Tempeste steals into the dark recesses of the pub and brothel watching as the SOLDIERS, MEMBERS OF THE COURT, and yes, the GREAT KNIGHTS TEMPLARS disappear inside to swap their stories and unload the burdens of the travels in their cups of wine and in their whores.

The brothel owner takes Tempeste back into the darkness behind the stairs and shows her the secret door that leads down a passageway and out to safety in case there is ever danger.

BROTHEL OWNER

The door is here, feel along the step and press. If ever anyone threatens the girls or you, you can always escape through here.

Ecstasy, erection, ejaculation mingle with the sounds and smell of rancid ale and sloppy sex. The sagging old whore and now BROTHEL OWNER, calls to Tempeste, the dirty urchin young woman.

BROTHEL OWNER

You, go clean the blood from the bed in the rooms in back. We have a fresh and feisty lot tonight. Get on with it!

Tempeste nods and absorbs all as she listens to the men, picking up shards of stories and facts.

A KNIGHTS TEMPLAR lays his word on the table and nods as Tempeste places the mug to him. He speaks to some sort of HIGH COURT OFFICER.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KNIGHTS TEMPLAR

By the time of the Templars end as an order, there would have been a breakdown in security along the pilgrim road to Jerusalem. Disruption in trade east to west. By that time almost all Christian holdings/cities had been retaken by Muslims. Christian forces being defeated. Christian refugees trying to make it back to Europe. Theory that without the Crusades and the lands in the Middle East, the Templars as an institution had outlived their usefulness.

Tempeste watches unnoticed, unrecognized as the MEN OF COURT, her brother and his friends including, Duke Guillaume, the future husband of Genevieve, come in for drink and special favors including virgins they pay to rape and take.

It is violent and terrifying, but Tempeste watches on as she blends in swiping up cups and serving the wine, clearing the tables and washing the dishes.

CUT TO:

EXT. PILGRIM ROAD BACK TO EUROPE - DAY

Grand Master Molay scans the horizon, he is on edge and aware of the impending danger as they move slowly across a hostile countryside.

Lazarus walks beside his horse.

GRAND MASTER JACQUES DE MOLAY

(as his eyes flick
the horizon)

Only you truly know how hungry
death is for us.

LAZARUS

Yes sir.

GRAND MASTER JACQUES DE MOLAY

You have stolen me from death's
grips this time. My wound heals
almost miraculously. Whatever you
have done, it is God's work...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LAZARUS

No, it was clearly Allah's Will
that you should deny death one
more day.

Lazarus smiles up to Molay and then his eyes follow
Molay's to the horizon.

LAZARUS

But, they will come before long
with plenty of men if we do not
reach Constantinople and the ships
soon.

As they both stare out knowingly, they hear further back
in the procession, Prince John scream out. He rides on
his horse, his leg is bound and with each movement of his
horse, he cries out. The pain is intolerable. King
Guillaume orders the procession halt.

DUKE GUILLAUME

Halt! We must let him rest!

The procession stops, the Prince yells for some men to
help him off the horse and Lazarus.

Grand Master Molay grits his teeth as Lazarus runs back
dutifully to help Prince John.

PRINCE JOHN

Boy, bring me more of the
medicine. This itching is
unbearable!

Lazarus bows as the MEN lift the Prince off his horse and
lay him down to rest.

Molay doubles back to speak heatedly to the King
Guillaume.

GRAND MASTER JACQUES DE MOLAY

(seething to Duke
Guillaume)

This is my command!

(Beat)

And either that man's leg must
come off to save him from obvious
infection or we will have to leave
him behind to join the slower
moving injured men.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

DUKE GUILLAUME

(Incensed)

He is a Prince of the highest
ranks in France! How dare you make
such a callous and ludicrous
recommendation! Nonsense!

GRAND MASTER JACQUES DE MOLAY

(infuriated)

We cannot slow every time he
commands. It is too dangerous to
the rest of the men. We are out
here vulnerable enough as it is! I
cannot endanger every man! Not for
any man, King or Prince or any
other!

Molay reins his horse back and watches on as Lazarus
opens the Prince's bandage, the wound looks clean of
infection. Lazarus shrugs to Molay.

LAZARUS

I don't understand Grand Master
Molay. The itching should signify
healing. I can apply more neem oil
for that but...

Lazarus opens the dressing.

LAZARUS

(continuing)

the wound is...

GRAND MASTER JACQUES DE MOLAY

(Completing his words
angrily)

... is completely clean!

Lazarus swabs the herbal concoction on the wound and
rebinds the leg. The Prince shrieks nearly passing out.
Lazarus continues his work.

GRAND MASTER JACQUES DE MOLAY

Enough! We can do no more for this
man.

As Duke Guillaume approaches ready to all but draw his
sword threateningly on Molay, Molay eyes him and stares
the Duke down.

GRAND MASTER JACQUES DE MOLAY

You do not want to do that, I
assure you!

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

GRAND MASTER JACQUES DE MOLAY

You will stay behind with your
Prince and make him your stead.
The rest of us will move out.

(beat)

My Orders from Pope Bonafice were
to deliver you...

(exaggeratedly)

BOYS... home alive while trying to
teach you to become warriors of
God.

(frothing anger)

Most certainly your monarch
fathers...

(nodding to the lame
Prince John)

King Phillipe, and you... from
whatever rich Duke's loin you
sprang, merely pledged you both as
collateral for the endless debt
your little kingdoms have incurred
from our Templar Order.

(spitting mad)

It is clear to me that you are
worth more dead than alive. Let
the great Salam Haddin babysit you
from here and rock your precious
head in the cradle of his sickle.

Grand Master Molay turns his horse ready to head off.

DUKE GUILLAUME

(Re-sheathes his
sword)

Out here you play God in your
deserted kingdom, and...

(sarcastic)

...why do you suppose you Templars
have been all but abandoned out
here in this desert where once
your armies brimmed with able
bodies and willing men?

Duke Guillaume laughs sardonically then seethes.

DUKE GUILLAUME

Because back in Europe, we are the
Gods of worlds that actually
matter. We are the rulers, the
King and Monarchs. And we grow
deathly tired of you righteous and
rich Templars...

(beat)

yes... perhaps we are sinners and
we grow envious of your wealth...

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

DUKE GUILLAUME (CONT'D)

(beat)

How is it you few pilgrims marched
into the Holy City of Jerusalem
some one hundred years ago mere
beggars and thieves and sauntered
out across continents pardoned of
all rules and regulations, taxes
and tariffs by the Pope and who
else?

(Beat)

God himself?

The Duke laughs angrily.

DUKE GUILLAUME

What could have possibly
ingratiated that senile old Pope
so convincingly that you Templars
were anything but freebooters,
hooligans and crooks, the best the
world has ever known?

GRAND MASTER JACQUES DE MOLAY

(dismissive)

It would seem that the same Pope
of whom you speak blasphemously is
also the same Pope who shows
compassion and mercy and
generosity in replenishing the
empty exchequers of these little
Monarchies and Kingdoms wherein
you like to play God... poorly I
might add...

(With fervor and
wrath)

But mostly, the Pope is Our Holy
Father, the representative of
Jesus Christ here on Earth! And
Earth is made up of more than just
your beloved Europe or France.

DUKE GUILLAUME

Very well, carry on with your
dutiful minions across your
borrowed Kingdom that now has
raised up and hunts you Godly men
down.

(beat)

May you fight the Muslim thugs to
the death over this vast sea of
sand that they rightfully seek to
repossess.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

DUKE GUILLAUME (CONT'D)

But I will keep a handful of men
as I retreat from this wasteland
that bears no fruit whatsoever and
return to my little kingdom where
MY SOIL harvests the wine YOU
anoint the blood of Christ that
you and your Pope drink. It is MY
WINE and I decide whose blood to
spill and whose blood to drink.
(delivering the final
blow)

And one last thing... the boy
stays with us.

Grand Master Molay stops dead without even turning back.

DUKE GUILLAUME

By pain of death, the boy will
stay with the Prince of France!
(beat)

You have no choice, Molay. You are
no good to your men out here dead.

Molay, still refusing to turn back to look, his body
tenses as he is clearly torn between getting his men
safely home and being executed on the spot.

LAZARUS

(stepping forward
courageously)

I must stay with the Prince in
case the infection spreads...

Molay reins his horse back around to Lazarus. His eyes
burning, he climbs down off his horse.

Molay's eyes stare at Lazarus while he speaks to the
King.

GRAND MASTER JACQUES DE MOLAY

The Boy will take my horse and
will carry my sword.

Grand Master Molay unbuckles his sword for Lazarus.

GRAND MASTER JACQUES DE MOLAY

You can borrow it and return it to
me when I see you back in France.

LAZARUS

(protesting)
But Sir, what about you?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (6)

GRAND MASTER JACQUES DE MOLAY

(Hushing the boy)

I have an army of dead men whose
swords we carry back with us.

(beat)

I will surely find one that suits
me and works well enough.

EXT. MUSLIM VILLAGE - NIGHT

While Duke Guillaume and his few men, including Prince John, do their best to hide. Their armor gives them away. King Guillaume commands Lazarus to infiltrate the town and steal the traditional garb for the men to conceal their Christian identities.

DUKE GUILLAUME

(To Lazarus)

We will rest here while you boy
fetch us some less conspicuous
clothing. Once we blend in better,
we can travel unhampered and beat
it to Constantinople and arrive
even before that bastard Molay.

EXT. DESERT ENCAMPMENT - NIGHT

Lazarus returns to their hiding place and dumps the garments and robes. The King and Prince along with the other men shed their armor and assume the look of local Muslim men.

PRINCE JOHN

Boy, bring me more medicine for
the pain.

Lazarus obeys mixing the healing (only Lazarus knows the truth that in fact it is a toxic) blend.

LAZARUS

Here, drink this it's chamomile
and celandine while I bind your
leg again.

The Prince drinks and grimaces and then when he feels the wound burn with Lazarus's herbal blend he immediately shrieks in pain and swats Lazarus across the face.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PRINCE JOHN

Goddamn it Boy! Have you nothing
that can kill the pain instead of
make it worse?

Lazarus rubs his cheek from the blow, collects the
spilled bowl and retreats.

Duke Guillaume stands abruptly and has clearly grown
restless and bored of the wearisome travel.

DUKE GUILLAUME

As long as I am dressed like one
of them, I may as well be able to
fuck one of their women.

He seems to be thrashing about trying to jerk off but
ripe and aching to fuck.

He is crazed and trying to figure out a way to get a
woman, but it is clearly too dangerous.

INT. TENT DESERT - NIGHT

As Lazarus works under the tent stowing his herbs and
bowl, his eyes go black and dead as he adds more to the
mixture and, with a twisted pleasure, he licks the edges
of the bowl with his finger.

In a trance like state, he seems not to care about
anything. His hands move to replace the bowl and herbs in
his satchel but his expression is blank as if he can feel
nothing at all (unlike the first time he tasted it and it
nearly killed him.) He has grown more immune to this
healing "poison".

From behind, Duke Guillaume enters the tent to see the
young boy, so fair and almost effeminate. He takes a long
draught off his cup of wine either drunk or uncaring, he
grabs the young Lazarus from behind. It is confusing and
erotic, this young boy Lazarus almost looking feminine.

DUKE GUILLAUME

So pretty a boy, I might almost
think you a girl ripe to be
plucked.

Lazarus turns back, his look seductive and twisted as if
begging to be ravaged.

Duke Guillaume rips into the young boy, raping him
violently and completely.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Lazarus stands numb and emotionless. His beautiful eyes seem possessed with some deadly intent.

EXT. DESERT ENCAMPMENT - DAY

The men are ready to move out. Prince John is helped up into his saddle by his men. Lazarus ensures that his wound is properly dressed for the trip.

Duke Guillaume walks over to his horse looking ghostly white and sickly. He leans over and throws up violently and raises up staring at the rest of the men. Prince John speaks, his speech slurred with pain and opiate as he ridicules Guillaume.

PRINCE JOHN

What's wrong with you? You act like a woman with child who throws up at the slightest thing

(Back to the men)

Seems our Duke has come down with a bad case of bad whoring. You ought to be careful where you stick that.

Duke Guillaume stands and stares at Lazarus with marked unease.

Lazarus walks to the Duke dutifully and seemingly oblivious to the Duke's weakened state or unease.

LAZARUS

May I help you mount, My Lord?

The Duke shoves the boy out of his way and weakly makes his mount.

CUT TO:

INT. TEMPESTE'S ROOM - NIGHT

As Tempeste leans over her make-believe battlements, she has, over the years of her continued work, erected an entire citadel now.

She tactically studies and moves her figurines into positions, her TEMPLAR knights in their armor, she finishes whittling their ship.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Hidden in a panel is a small bottle of some elixir, she retrieves it and places several drops on her tongue. She suddenly is overcome carried away by the potion. Her eyes glaze and her brow perspires.

She continues with deft expert skill, working her knife along the wood and is focused in a fixed-like stare.

Her hair hangs down and as she blows the wood of the last shavings from her knife and with her puff, her hair reveals...

CUT TO:

EXT. SHIP OFF COAST OF ACRE - DAY

...The ship pulling through a dark fog (what had been Tempeste's long hair) and the ship seems to come to life, Tempeste's breath becoming a gust of wind that fills the sails and sends the Knights Templars on their course home.

On the deck, Molay stares back off the stern behind them they leave the desert lands receding and Jerusalem and the Holy Mount that he spent his life protecting is fading behind them.

With a sad gaze, he turns back around ominously to stare off the bow ahead of them knowing what his future brings and what greets him when he returns home to France.

EXT. ANOTHER SHIP IN TRAVELING FLEET - DAY

Aboard another ship, Lazarus watches the Christian men vengefully and warily. His look is possessed, that of a brother and son who will stop at nothing to avenge his sister, his mother's, his father's brutal deaths at any cost.

The men all carry on, drunk and loud, Lazarus is forced to "sleep with one eye open" if at all. He watches the men vigilantly, focused on the Prince and Duke.

Duke Guillaume grabs himself lustfully and gives Lazarus the sign that he wants him. Lazarus plays him and taunts and seduces and then mixes his concoction of potions and fights to swallow it down. Poison and deadly, he continues to strengthen his immunity to it. He is bold as he goes to Guillaume and takes him...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

(from raped to controller and raper...) Guillaume is weakened by the poisonous seduction. Lazarus pumping his poisons into him and Guillaume weakened sickened and strangely growing addicted to this drug, this Lazarus. Beautiful deadly Lazarus... A hermaphrodite. Deadly and seductive. A miasma.

CUT BACK TO:

INT. TEMPESTE'S ROOM - NIGHT

Tempeste stands in front of her mirror, she practices her metamorphosis. She is swathed in a flowing beautiful and mysterious gown with a head dress like the harem women that partially covers her face. She seems dressed almost in the Muslim garb, her eyes seductive, inviting alluring. She is beautifully ethereal.

As she turns to study herself in the mirror, she spins and binds herself in the garment so tight as to bind her breasts as if not female, but a male's chest. She wraps herself in a way that her arms and shoulders are stronger and masculine. Her hair bound back and her appearance is now masculine, handsome and strong.

She completes her wardrobe with a sword and pants, a jacket and she is transformed. Her dexterity with her sword is uncanny. She slices the candlewick and douses the light as she heads out.

INT. BROTHEL - NIGHT

Where once Tempeste worked as an "urchin" girl cleaning and serving the drunken men, now she steps into the brothel as one of the men.

She scans the room and recognizes the regulars. Then she spots a table of Templars drinking and leaning into their conversation. At the table, Grand Master Templar Molay and his men. He slams his drink back to ease the tense expression on his face.

As Tempeste studies the men, the brothel owner steps up leaning into Tempeste. Her old face and old body still trying to hang onto the days when she serviced men and they came back for more and more.

Now, she is in Tempeste face unaware of who she is. Her breath and odor mingle like rancid as sex and booze.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BROTHEL OWNER
(Leaning in close in
a worn out
seduction)

I don't believe we've seen you
around these parts before, what is
your pleasure?...

Tempeste stares coolly at the brothel owner, her entire
persona has morphed into that of a strong and virile
young man.

She stares fearless of being detected by the brothel
owner and plays the old woman, letting her eyes wander
past the old woman to follow the most exotic young
prostitute girl who is offering herself up to Molay.

Tempeste conceals her shock at seeing Molay and his men
seemily seeking favors from this prostitute girl.

Tempeste watches on the exchange between the prostitute
and Molay. The prostitute bows her head subserviently and
leaves the table where Molay and his men are seated.

The brothel owner follows Tempeste's gaze and nods
intuitively. She calls back to the young prostitute.

BROTHEL OWNER
(Back to the
prostitute)
You, come here, there is someone
who wants you.

The prostitute looks over, her eyes at once pierce
Tempeste. Strangely, it's as if the crowded room falls
away.

The prostitute comes over and takes Tempeste's hand in
hers to guide her to the back room.

It is electrifying and sexually charged. As they head
through the crowd, a GROUP of ROWDY MEN enter. In the
group are the Duke and Prince. They are drunk and slam in
to the crowd, calling out to the brothel owner.

DUKE GUILLAUME
Queen of this house, bring us your
best and freshest, ripest and
ready.

The Duke swigs a bottle and stumbles nearly toppling a
table near Molay and his men. As he pulls himself up, he
has come nearly face to face with Molay.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

DUKE GUILLAUME

Well, well, well, look where God's warriors are this evening.

(beat)

Shouldn't you be in church, old man?

Molay seethes.

PRINCE JOHN

Let him be, friend, there will be plenty of time for all of that. I'm horny and my balls are as blue as they are hard...

The Duke laughs and spots the exotic prostitute who is with Tempeste.

DUKE GUILLAUME

I'll have her!

He pulls his sword and points it to Tempeste's prostitute.

DUKE GUILLAUME

You! By order of the King of France, come here!

Tempeste steps in front of the prostitute protectively. Her hand goes instinctively for her sword.

She doesn't speak but instead marches straight at the Duke whose sword is at her eye. She draws her sword.

She parries easily and pins the Duke with her sword, and slices his face, just enough to mark him and humiliate him.

He grabs his cheek and wails. Molay and his men stand to create a distraction and commotion allowing Tempeste, who as quickly as she appears, disappears.

She sweeps past the prostitute girl, grabbing her hand. They escape out the back through the hidden door under the stairs and down a secret passageway that she knows so well from her days at work in this whorehouse.

EXT. BROTHEL - NIGHT

Once safely out of harm, Tempeste stares at the prostitute who bows meekly in thanks for saving her.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Their eyes lock on each other, nothing is said, nothing is as it seems. It is sexually charged, but there is something more...

INT. BROTHEL - NIGHT

The Duke cups his face as the blood gushes from his fresh wound.

The Prince struggles with Molay who shoves the Prince off of him as others step in to break up the fight.

PRINCE JOHN

You have no idea the royal shit
you have just stepped in...

GRAND MASTER JACQUES DE MOLAY

(laughing and
pretending to smell
shit, he inspects
the bottom of his
boot)

Then you better get out of my way
or I'll wipe it on you.

EXT. BROTHEL - NIGHT

Tempeste and the prostitute lean in and kiss passionately and then Tempeste points for the prostitute to flee to safety down the dark path.

TEMPESTE

Go now!

Tempeste watches her go, her flowing robes disappear into the darkness. Tempeste turns and runs into the night back past the brothel to collect her horse and is gone.

CUT TO:

INT. PAPAL RESIDENCE, ROME ITALY - DAY

POPE BONAFICE, an old man, sits in his great room surrounded by gold and grandeur. With much pageantry and pomp, Prince John is presented a private audience with the old Pope. He still limps from his battle injury to the leg.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Prince John bows obsequiously to the Pope who is unimpressed.

PRINCE JOHN
(Greeting the pope,
kissing his ring)
Our Holy Father.

POPE BONAFICE
What could possibly bring you
limping all this way? It is
certainly not to recount how the
grand master Templar Molay saved
your wretched life in exchange for
Gaza, our last stronghold in our
great campaign in the Holy Land.

Prince John grits his teeth and smiles supplicating.

PRINCE JOHN
No. Holy Father. That battle was
won by the Muslim forces long
before we were taken captive.
Anyone fighting in that grueling
land could see that though the
excursion into the Holy Lands was
once a prosperous and most
honorable mission, the Templars no
longer possess the power they once
did. It would almost seem as if
they no longer had the Pope's
blessing nor coveted the support
of the Papal State as they once so
absolutely and spellbindingly had.

POPE BONAFICE
You speak well beyond your place.

PRINCE JOHN
With all due respect, Holy Father,
I speak as the future King of
France who is to inherit the
impoverished kingdom from my
father, King Phillippe, already
deeply indebted to the Templars...

POPE BONAFICE
And what would you like me to do
about that? It sounds like you are
asking me to excommunicate the
Templars, strip them of all that
they have fought and sacrificed
and freely died to earn and keep
and protect.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

POPE BONAFICE (CONT'D)

What now, would you like me to
pardon your debt to them?

The Old Pope laughs sardonically.

PRINCE JOHN

By what means did these Templars
become so highly elevated? And
themselves pardoned of the burden
of tax and tariff? No longer mere
mortals, but the Knights of God
and his holy Pope...

The Pope muses, his wit scathing.

POPE BONAFICE

I see, envy and greed, how
predictable. The Templars
sacrificed all in the name of God
and the protection of his Holy
Sepulchre.

(Beat)

But now it seems that according to
the mighty monarchs of Europe, the
true wealth lay not in the
preservation of God's infinite
power, in protecting the shrine
wherein the story of God and his
son Jesus Christ, rest here on
Earth. Now, it would seem that the
Kingdom of God should shift to
where the real power of Man lay,
in Europe? Along the trade routes
where material goods and wealth
should replace the Faith and the
Infinite power of God. And should
the Kingdom of God also forgive
the debts of all his children who
play war with their arms and
weapons?

(Beat)

Tsk tsk No, it hardly seems
correct that God should fund these
little genocidal spats.

(Beat)

Fly away home now young Icarus
before your wings of wax that your
father Daedalus crafted for you,
should melt against the sun you
reach so high to be burned by.
Your hubris will get you nothing
more from me. In fact, heed my
warning.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

POPE BONAFICE (CONT'D)

I shall indoctrinate a Papal Bull
that will not excommunicate the
Templars but will instead and, in
direct opposition to your demands,
reinforce that I, the Pope, have
absolute supremacy over earthly
power even above a King.

(pounds his fist on
the desk, the purple
ink splashes from
from its silver
well)

Unam Sanctam - The Order of Papal
Supremacy!

(beat)

In fact tell your father, King
Phillipe, that sending his young
arrogant son here in his stead has
angered me and I shall
excommunicate him instead of the
Templars!

(waving the young man
away dismissive)

Go home and play nicely in your
little kingdom for clearly you
have no grasp of how things work
in the elevated realm of God. Toil
for your worldly wealth and remain
the impoverished monarch that you
truly are. The Templars should not
have saved you. Indeed a wretched
soul are you, ignorant in all
matters spiritual and holy. With
your feet soldered in the mundane,
how could you ever hope to soar
above the trappings of avarice and
greed.

Prince John turns and sweeps his hands across the Pope's
bounty and grandeur, mocking him.

PRINCE JOHN

Mathew 23:16 "Woe to you, blind
guides! If anyone swears by the
temple, it means nothing; but if
anyone swears by the gold of the
temple, he is bound by his oath."

(Beat)

You blind fools! Which is greater:
the gold, or the temple that makes
the gold sacred? If anyone swears
by the altar, it means nothing;
but if anyone swears by the gift
on it, he is bound by his oath."

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

PRINCE JOHN (CONT'D)

(Beat)

You blind men! Which is greater:
the gift, or the altar that makes
the gift sacred?

(Beat)

Therefore, he who swears by the
altar swears by it and by
everything on it. And he who
swears by the temple swears by it
and by the one who dwells in it.

(in closing)

And he who swears by heaven swears
by God's throne and by the one who
sits on it.

Pope Bonafice smiles unaffected in the least.

The Prince can barely conceal his rage and as he abruptly
turns to storm out, his gait uneven yet thundering.

EXT. KING PHILLIPE OF FRANCE CASTLE GARDENS - DAY

Prince John and his dear friend CLEMENT walk. Clement is
dressed in full church attire, great robes flow and sweep
the dirty ground. He walks with John. Clement is not the
Pope, not yet.

They laugh and clearly are good friends.

PRINCE JOHN

Do you remember as children I
would always try to get you to
hunt the squirrels with me. You
wouldn't do it. And then when I
had killed them. I would gauge
their eyes out with a stick and
you would just watch over my
shoulder. You didn't want to hurt
them, but in you was some morbid
and grotesque fascination to watch
me as if almost scientifically as
I dissected them. DO you remember
that?

Clement stops and stares at John. His eyes are intense
and smiling at John.

CLEMENT

I remember everything we used to
do together.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

John laughs dismissive. Clement watches the handsome man laugh off a memory he himself has always clung to.

PRINCE JOHN

Boys will be boys. Come now. I
should not speak of such things
with the future Pope.

John bows in playful ritual and respect for the future Pope Clement.

PRINCE JOHN

To our New God On Earth. May we
all prosper in the name of the
Lord.

CLEMENT

(staring at John)
Praise be to God.

They smile at their new alliance and walk on.

CUT TO:

MONTAGE:

INT. PAPAL RESIDENCE - DAY

OLD POPE BONAFICE dead over his plate of poisoned figs,
his Papal Bull signed and sealed with his Papal Crest.
His robe and garments are soiled from the dysenteric
letting of his bowels.

HIS ATTENDANTS recoil as they enter the grandeur of the
Pope's private quarters to find the Pope dead. The foul
stench and such a vile and ignoble death.

INTERCUT:

INT. FRENCH CATHEDRAL/ ROMAN CATHEDRAL - DAY

We sweep between: the ornate and grandiose high mass and
marriage ceremony of Genevieve and Duke Guillaume and
then to: the Highest of Godly Ceremonies: the crowning of
the new Pope Clement.

INT. FRENCH CATHEDRAL - DAY

The procession is awe-inspiring. Genevieve is ethereal in her beauty as she steps forward trembling to meet her arranged husband, Duke Guillaume de Deutchy at the magnificent alter.

Tempeste holds her veil and watches her beautiful sister released by an uncaring nod from her father and brother into the talons of the vulture, King of Deutchy.

The Church is filled with citizens and officials of the highest rank and order. Molay is there with others of the Templars order, but it is clearly not of his own volition.

The manservant, Lazarus, stands at attendance to offer final touches to the Duke's costume, then steps back into his place of SUBSERVIENCE. Lazarus and Molay swap an imperceptible and knowing glance.

Tempeste holds her sister's hand when she sees her trembling, she squeezes it assuredly. Then Tempeste bows her head and seethes as her sister trembling, shakes a tear from her eye and stains her perfect cheek on this momentous day. The tear falls slowly down against the white wedding gown.

CUT BACK TO:

INT. PAPAL CITY CATHEDRAL - DAY

The MOST PIOUS MEMBERS of the Catholic Church gather in their most regal and formal robes and attire.

The FRANKINCENSE is swung and the candles lit, the new Pope Clement is ordained...

Outside the rains drench and puddle. The thunder booms. All is not right in the Heavens.

CUT BACK TO:

EXT. FRENCH CATHEDRAL - DAY

Genevieve and Guillaume step out into the day. It is not a glorious day, no sunshine spilling down on the new Duchess or her Duke. Rain and storm clouds, wind that catches Genevieve's veil and rips it up to the heavens, pulling it clean out of Tempeste's hands.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Tempeste gazes up as the veil climbs up on the back of the winds and sails up into the sky. (God is calling this child Genevieve home early, Tempeste knows...)

The procession files out into the storm and hurries into carriages from the ceremony to the large feast and banquet awaiting them.

INT. KING PHILIPPE'S CASTLE - NIGHT

Full roasts, full wine glasses, full regalia. The swirl of women, wine and food have all at the banquet giddy and drunk on what should be a joyful occasion.

Tempeste watches on as her brother Prince John scans the room for a willing wench in her party dress. There all the same in the end, in his eyes.

Duke and Duchess Genevieve sit receiving their guests and well wishes. Genevieve looks somber, forcing and faking a smile.

Tempeste doesn't fake anything. She is disgusted and distraught by this union.

King Phillippe is no better than the rest. Drunk and old and dying. God why can't he just die is the sentiment all three of his children share. From John to Genevieve to Tempeste alike but all for such different reasons: power, fear, and vengeance respectively.

INT. PRIVATE CHAMBERS OF THE DUKE DEUTCHY - NIGHT

Genevieve is raped with a violence so severe by her new husband. He rips and tears her so violently that the virgin Genevieve lay unconscious, cast aside, beaten and bleeding.

Her wedding gown is bloodied and ripped high over her head, exposing her naked, defiled body.

When he is done, the drunken Duke stagger/stands and trips on her limb, stumbling over her unconscious body. He stands and angrily kicks her like a dead corpse. He staggers out.

CUT TO:

INT. DUKE DEUTCHY'S CHAMBERS NIGHT

In the darkness, SOMEONE gently moves Genevieve to the bed, unbuttons the gown and removes it from her.

On the bed, the hands work to bathe her broken body, gently and softly with warm soaks and a wet cloth. The hand daubs Genevieve's split lip. She is completely unconscious and unresponsive to anything.

A pouch of herbs is carefully opened. A paste is mixed and daubed on Genevieve.

The hands are careful and work like silent shadows.

EXT. CASTLE RAMPARTS WALL - DAY

Tempeste frets pacing and peering out to the hills. She stands almost as if at watch, waiting impatiently. Finally, the Duke of Deutchy comes to pay her brother a visit.

Tempeste spots the Duke's procession, straining to see who she can, her sister nowhere in the ranks. Tempeste watches from on high as they arrive through the castle gates below.

Beside him, his manservant (Lazarus) collects the Duke's gloves and cape as he peels it off and tosses them to him. The Manservant is slight, almost androgynous and pretty.

Quickly Tempeste runs down the rampart stairs to the entry. She runs down and scoops up the wine from the MAIDSERVANT.

TEMPESTE

Here, let me help you. I should like to serve my brother and my sister's new husband for their toast to our families' unity.

The MAIDSERVANT nods and bows politely to Tempeste. As she prepares the tray, her brother, the PRINCE, and Duke Guillaume enter the parlor. They speak in muffled tones.

PRINCE JOHN

And how was our little virgin?

Duke Guillaume grabs his balls and squeezes them.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DUKE GUILLAUME

It was a nice tight fit. I thought
I would burst until I had her
fully and thoroughly.

PRINCE JOHN

(feigning respect for
his sister)

Now, now, that is my sister you
speak of.

And without a moment's hesitation, the Prince reaches out
and grabs Duke Guillaume's balls, squeezing and rubbing
them playfully, lustfully. The Duke smiles at him,
guiding his hand up and down as he taunts the Prince on.
It is twisted play.

DUKE GUILLAUME

Jealous?

The Prince smiles and grabs the Duke's hardness. The Duke
winces in a pleasure / pain.

Tempeste's eyes widen in shock and then something settles
over her as if all innocence was just drained out of her,
replaced by a knowing dread of what this monster of a man
is capable of against her sister.

Something comes over Tempeste as she stands now hardened.
She raises her eyes, her gaze is fierce and burning.

Here now stands, Tempeste, a fiercely loyal protector,
but mostly just fierce. She begins, stalking into the
room and then immediately her act begins. She feigns
clumsily as she carries the tray of wine.

Her fat father, King Phillipe, is escorted in behind her
by his entourage. She steps in and bows and smiles and
watches the men. Her father presiding over the great
toast. The MEN toast to the marriage.

KING PHILLIPE

To the marriage of our kingdoms
and to all those we shall conquer
out beyond.

The men drink heartily.

DUKE GUILLAUME

And to providence and prosperity
and to leaving for these new
worlds at once.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

DUKE GUILLAUME (CONT'D)

My new bride has inspired me into action that she and the children she will bear me should want for nothing and our realms are secure and bursting with fortune.

The Prince shoots a knowing look at this rogue whose appetite for fucking is never satiated. As the Duke raises his cup for a toast, Tempeste watches carefully. There is a claw mark barely hidden by the high collar of the Duke's frock.

His eyes slide over to her when he senses Tempeste staring at him.

The Duke shifts his attention back to the men.

He raises his glass.

DUKE GUILLAUME

And to our old friend and new Pope, Clement. May his reign bless us all with great prosperity and wealth.

PRINCE JOHN

(picking up on Guillaume and adding to his speech almost as an afterthought)

And peace naturally, peace, enough peace on earth that our mighty Pope will finally see no need for the Warriors of God who have roamed the Earth and enjoyed such freedom from the constraints of us mere mortal men. What was established by his forefather, Pope Innocente, and the likes, should hardly be his cross to bear. May he be unencumbered by all the previous and old Papal orders and Papal Bulls that have be pre-ordained for so many years.

(beat)

Here's to the end of the order of God's warriors and all their financial liberties and all their heretical freedom to pretend to be servants of God, all the while raping and pillaging in the name of the Father, the Son and The Holy Spirit! Heretics all of them!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

DUKE GUILLAUME

(Toasting)

Yes! Out with the old and in with
a new more just and accountable
reign where there are no favorites
and no special ACCOMMODATIONS for
God's fighting army. Long Live our
new Pope Clement!

The men toast and carry on. Tempeste, who has buried her shock at this talk, now places the tray down shakily.

She curtsies demurely and takes leave. As she goes, Duke Guillaume eyes her salaciously.

EXT. HALLWAY OFF SALON KING PHILLIPE - DAY

She closes the door behind her and turns to race off down the hallway, all but knocking down Duke Guillaume's manservant.

He bows to Tempeste. She glares at him. The look they swap is of mutual curiosity. As bold as Tempeste is to the manservant, so is the Manservant as beautiful and effeminate a boy/man to Tempeste. She looks ready to fight him, and he looks as fragile as a flower, she grabs his arm urgently.

TEMPESTE

What has become of my sister? I
know something is wrong! You, of
all people, must be able to tell
me what he has done to her.

MANSERVANT

(almost casual and
condescending)

Nothing is wrong. Your sister is
resting as she should be following
her first nights as Duchess... and
all that entails.

TEMPESTE

You take me for a foolish girl, do
you?

She pulls her hand away violently and... The Manservant parries with fierce quickness, agility and surprising strength. He clamps her hand in his. His eyes pierce hers.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MANSERVANT

You must believe me. Come to her
after the Duke and your brother
leave for their journey to Spain.
I will show you myself.

TEMPESTE

You trick me! What, am I to follow
you... find you out on the pilgrim
road to Spain?!

MANSERVANT

(standing so close)

The Duke intends to replace me for
a younger, more careful servant. I
am unworthy. Apparently, I shall
be relegated to attendance of the
Duchess.

Tempeste eyes the Manservant. He is too pretty, he is too
close. She pulls back and leaves trying to shake off her
storm of emotions.

TEMPESTE

(turning back)

What is your name, Servant boy?

He smiles to her and bows slightly. His eyes pierce her.

MANSERVANT

Lazarus.

She eyes him suspiciously. Does she know these eyes?

CUT TO:

MONTAGE:

EXT. PARIS FRANCE - DAY

The streets are filthy. Urchins and beggars, people are
burning their own banisters from their houses to stay
warm. Those forced to live out in the filthy street are
freezing to death. Dead bodies litter the streets. It is
a bleak and very impoverished existence to the commoners
living in France under King Phillippe's reign.

Looming in the background, the great and very grand
King's Castle. Immense and ornate.

INT. KING PHILLIPE'S COUNSEL - DAY

Inside the king's castle, the rich lavish life flows on insensitive to the oppressive poverty that either kills the people or weighs on them so heavily they have grown hopelessly despondent.

King Phillipe and his council discuss in a room gilded with so much lavish decor and a long table where all sit in council.

KING PHILLIPE

It is settled we will levy heavier taxes to finance this god forsaken Flemish war that never ends.

KING'S FINANCIAL COUNSELOR

With all due respect, your majesty, there is no more that the people can possibly pay. The poverty is so oppressive that people are virtually paralyzed by it. Sickness is wracking them as well.

(Beat)

Refuse and garbage pile up and vermin roam freely carrying disease. We must take care.

KING PHILIPPE

All the better if an act of God comes and cleans the refuse away...

(Beat)

Of course the threat to those of us who defend this country is of grave concern, no doubt.

King swigs his wine and eats his food.

KING PHILLIPE

How am I suppose to keep these lazy people safe from all the forces as work, war is expensive. They want safety? They want more food? They want, want, want... beggars all of them. Let them all rot, this kingdom will never fall to invasion. Not while I am king! Raise the taxes! And coin more money. Let them feel richer for the time being.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KING'S FINANCIAL COUNSELOR

But your majesty you cannot flood
the market with more coinage. It
will completely devalue our
monetary system!

KING PHILIPPE

(turns violently on
his counselor)

And what then do you suggest? I
need solutions not more problems.
Until you figure out what that is,
we will make more money and raise
the taxes.

As the counselor bows and storms off, he mumbles
something under his breath as he passes the other
counselors outside the king's chambers.

KING'S FINANCE COUNSELOR

We will all be slaughtered by the
crowds.

CUT TO:

MONTAGE:

INT. MONEY MINTING - DAY

Coins spill off the money presses, the tax collectors are
all but wresting the last coins from the French people.
It is a violently and hopeless situation. The people are
fed up!

EXT. PARIS STREETS - DAY

Paris is swarming with desperate people who seem to move
through the streets of the city like a black plague by
night. Like diseased rats, the filthy populace are all
swarming towards the king's castle.

EXT. KING PHILIPPE'S CASTLE - NIGHT

The KING'S GUARDS sense the pressure mounting. Gates are
closed down. Torches illuminate the black river of people
crowding towards the castle. The lit torches snake
towards the castle.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The guards are trying to raise the bridges off the moats, they struggle in time before the MASSES descend on the castle.

The guards fall back behind the gates and alert the King.

INT. KING'S COURT - NIGHT

Chaos ensues.

KING'S COUNSELOR

The gates will not hold. The riots
have begun along the outer bank.
They are coming!

KING PHILLIPE

Call in the guards, I must get out
of here.

KING'S COUNSELOR

The guards are defending the wall.
It's too late! There is no way
out...

MOLAY and his men peel back their robes. They have blended in with the angry crowds and come forth to the gate.

GRAND MASTER JACQUES DE MOLAY

(to the guardsman)

Let us in we are Templars, we are
here to deliver the King to
safety. This crowd will not rest
until they have his head on a
stake.

The guards confer nervously and ONE GUARD runs inside to seek an order from the King's counselors. The crowds start to hurl lit torches over the wall and gate.

There is such a force that they begin to trample one another and press each other so tight up against the gate that young children begin to suffocate and are squeezed to death, their little lives snuffed out by a crowd's rage.

Purple faces, drool stalactites from their mouths as they die then and there, rigor mortis as they die pressed so tight against their King's gates, an uncaring King... He returns nodding to let Molay and his men in.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GUARD

We will drop a line down under the dark cover of the stable wall. There is a area we can conceal the movement of your men. We must hurry.

GRAND MASTER JACQUES DE MOLAY

Yes, we know where.

The Templars fight their way through the crowds around to where they can see the line dangle.

High antics as the Templars risk life and limb to protect their King.

GRAND MASTER JACQUES DE MOLAY

How are the tunnels? Can we get him out through there?

GUARD

No they are already flooded, people moving through them like sewer rats. We must hurry, we can't hold them off much longer.

Molay sweeps his eyes overhead and barks the urgent commands as the Templars piece together a plan that includes stringing a line from Castle rampart out to a neighboring structure and pulling the king and his key counselors out over the crowds.

There are 5 counselors who crowd the line to be next as the time is running out. Molay stops them.

GRAND MASTER JACQUES DE MOLAY

The line won't hold. My men get out first. You will have to fend for yourselves!

He strips off his robes that he and his men had used to blend in with the crowds.

GRAND MASTER JACQUES DE MOLAY

Here, blend in. Disappear. Be inconspicuous for once in your lives and you might just survive this.

The council members holler.

SHOUTS(O.S.)

This cannot be! Your majesty, please!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

The King shoves himself to the line first ignoring his counselors' pleadings. His largesse strapped onto the line and helped by the Templars.

INT. OTHER TENEMENT NEAR CASTLE RAMPART - DAY

At the other end of the line, two other templars work almost as if choreographed, efficient and intuitively. In the darkness, they search the wall for places to secure the line. There is a reinforced pulley for a water bucket and a cleat for hoisting up water from below.

The one Templar peers down to the rancid foul water below nearly. Gagging in disgust, we see it is Tempeste who quickly slices the bucket and it topples back down. Lazarus cleats off the line and lights the torch.

Waving their torch, Lazarus and Tempeste alert Molay where to aim show his arrow so it can carry the line across the long span from the castle.

Molay's first arrow cannot deliver the heavy line all the way. Molay digs deeper and with more intensity, his arrow finds the mark.

The Templars at the other end work swiftly to thread the line through the pulley and cleat it off, and send it back to Molay, doubling the lines up.

They sweep the torch twice to signal for them to start sending the king across.

They are the only two men Molay can save, the rest turn back and try to blend in.

As the King is half way across the span, he pauses and gasps in fear of falling.

TEMPLAR

(God how she bites
her tongue back in
hatred of her fat
father the King)

It is ok your highness, all is
well. Just keep moving please.

The King looks terrified as he scampers and is slid along the reinforced line by one of the Templars.

The seconds man, the chief financial counselor freezes and his reaction is different, he seems in shock at what has befallen the people of France.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He regains his composure and continues across the line with the help of another Templar.

Molay hand-over-hands it quickly when he sees the panic ensuing. The last Templar who has stayed behind, struggles to contain the remaining counselors.

Molay hurries and turns back to swipe the torch signaling him to come. But as the other counselors claw their way to make it to the line, they gang up on the Templar who holds the line and one stabs him and another shoves his body off the rampart.

Molay cries out as the man falls to his death. Full-blown pandemonium as the rest of the counselors fight for the line and the crowds claw from behind them.

2 counselor members brawl, one makes it out onto the line while the other falls to his death. Half way over the span, the other struggles to hang and swing across the line, but he can't carry all the weight of his clothes, jewels and robes.

Then the crowds throng onto the line.

Molay and the men watch from the other building as the one counselor is about to lose his grip and the crowds are all crowding the line. One of the Templars steps forward (Tempeste) and definitively slices the line with her sword. The other Templar (Lazarus) calls to Molay.

LAZARUS

We must move now!

They hurry the King along the darkened building and down into the tunnels below and out of the city to safety.

INT. KING PHILLIPE'S COUNTRY RESIDENCE - DAY

The King has fled the city to his resplendent chateau out in Clermont France.

He calls his new council together VARIOUS FINANCE MINISTERS and AGENTS, GUILLAUME de NOGARET and ENGUERRAND de MARIGNY and with it, the Prince John and Duke Guillaume are there. Pope Clement is also there as the guest of King Phillipe.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KING PHILLIPE

With the grave state of my people,
it is with deep gratitude that you
have come to us to bless our
people and our country. We are
indeed in great need of spiritual
guidance and reinforcement to
deliver us through these darkest
times for our nation.

There is not a shred of authenticity to any words spoken
by King or Pope.

POPE CLEMENT

Yes, and for the Church, with our
beloved Pope Bonafice now resting
in heaven, we must bridge the
secular and religious divide and
come together for mutual support
of Church and State.

ENGUERRAND DE MARIGNY

(addressing Pope
Clement)

His Eminence, am I correct that
you yourself were not as devoutly
supportive of the Templar order?

POPE CLEMENT

Curiously this Order of the first
"Warrior Monks" was indeed an
incarnation of Pope Innocente
whose patron Saint Bernard de
Clairvaux in 1129 patroned the
Order and helped bring Pope
Innocente to his reign.

ENGUERRAND DE MARIGNY

And given the utter depleted
coffers our country now must
refill, tell me Pope Clemente, are
you of the opinion that all these
wars deep into the Holy Land are
what they once were?

(Beat)

Should we not turn our attention
inward to our own people here
dying and starving?

The Pope nods understanding where this is leading.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

POPE CLEMENT

It is time to turn homeward, yes.

PRINCE JOHN

And is it not so Chief Counselor de Marigny that the debt that my father has born all these years is to none other than these Templars who squander it on more wars in lands that are of no matter to our poor starving men, women and children here in our homeland.

POPE CLEMENT

Indeed it does seem an unjust burden for a monarch to bear while these Knights Templars who once were assumed to have captured prizes that capsized the rationale of earlier Popes and their religious zealots.

DUKE GUILLAUME

What could have ever rendered such a powerful man as the Pope, the representative of God on Earth, so seduced by this order of men?

POPE CLEMENT

The hem from the cloth of Christ is a very compelling shred of truth.

(beat)

No doubt it bought these men great freedom and liberty and yes, fortune.

KING PHILLIPE

This order has outlived its worth and held a knife to my throat for long enough.

PRINCE JOHN

These Templars are no more than mere men pretending to be so chaste and pious. All the while laughing and counting their money while they enjoy the privileged title as God's soldiers, frequenting the same brothels as mere men enjoying the obscene kiss, just like mere men, drinking ale and wine from the same cups as the mere men.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

KING PHILLIPE

It is true, it has been reported that these men have performed heretic acts. The Obscene Kiss, the pleasure of lust and sloth and greed and the sin of flesh.

PRINCE JOHN

Their rituals include such acts as spitting on the cross...

The Pope is listening and, though he feigns shock, he understands the entire ploy.

KING PHILLIPE

Forgive me, your Eminence, it is thanks to these great Warrior Monks, that I was saved from the most violent uprising of the Masses in Paris. I feel conflicted in my soul as if I should express my deepest gratitude to these men, yet...

In a gauged pause, all pretend to weigh this important decision. The Pope speaks.

POPE CLEMENT

These acts of heresy are met by death to all other mere men! To do so with the direct Warriors of God themselves who have been given every honorable treatment and freedom to roam carefree of the same burdens that these mere men must pay to their country and king, is too easy a fate and too merciful a penalty for these extreme heretics. If these accusations be true, we will gather these men and we will submit them to questioning...

KING PHILLIPE

Of course, you place me in a very difficult position.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

KING PHILLIPE (CONT'D)

It was my plan to collect us all here for this next week to assemble this ad hoc and emergency session and render decisions about the future of the monarchy with sound and strategic council from our assembly of ministers. We must balance the threats of financial demise with the pressure that mount from the North, the Kings of England and the Flemish... It was my hope to bring Pope Clement into the fold to provide us his spiritual guidance and blessing as we face these challenges. That aside, it was then to be followed by our welcoming within a weeks time as my honorary guests, the Knights Templars who so valiantly saved my life not so long ago.

The council all look to the King with noted disdain.

PRINCE JOHN

No mind, we can always thank them first and then...
(With a certain
twisted pleasure)
...Ask a few little questions of them.

The Pope nods.

POPE CLEMENT

They will answer to the rumors of this heresy. I would demand the immediate and quiet rounding up of Templars out in the outer reaches of the kingdom. Start as far from the core so we have no contamination of truth by the spread of fear or consortium among the Order.

ENGUERRAND DE MARTIGNY

Rumors are like a mosaic pierced by shards of truth.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

POPE CLEMENT
(menacingly)
Keep the shards from touching,
isolate and uncover the truth...

CUT TO:

MONTAGE:

EXT. SMALL FRENCH TOWN - DAY

The Templars are home at repose, tending their fields, daily life chores hammering the horse's shoes, sharpening their swords and stoking the fires to work as iron smith, some pray in church.

ONE does drink and show weakness, loneliness and desire for the flesh of the whore in the local brothel. But he resists and downs his drink and leaves torn by the struggle to live in God's light.

INT. TEMPLAR'S BED CHAMBER - NIGHT

In his prayer of self- flagellation, he whips his back and prays harder to his God. There is pain and a deep seeking on his face, a deep and ecstatic desire to understand and accept the love of God. His prayer is mumbled in latin and speaks of sacrifice and love of God...

EXT. FRENCH COUNTRYSIDE - DAY

Out in distant towns and outer reaches of the kingdom, the Templars are called forth in what they believe to be an honoring of their service...

Scenes of Templars emerging unaware and trusting in the smiles and gracious gestures as MEN arrive on horseback with arms open and smiles.

The Templars are humbly honored to accept the recognition of their service to the Lord.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MAN OF KING'S GUARD

We invite you to come and bless
our banquet in thanks for all the
service and protection you provide
our people of France. It is our
best wish that we may celebrate in
unity and with a blessing and a
bountiful feast. God deems it so.
Our people need to have hope now
more than ever.

As the Templars are called forth, they go willingly and with pleasure. Almost like a veil closing over them as they head off from their towns, the roads they are led down seem to devour them in a swarm of Kings Guardsmen who silence them and remove them from society, swiftly and effectively silencing them from spreading the word to other Templars.

INT. GENEVIEVE'S CHAMBERS - DAY

Genevieve is not well, Lazarus presses on her belly, it is distended. She moans and sweats, delirious with pain.

LAZARUS

(his face tense with
concern)

She is with child.

Tempeste looks at Lazarus with that incongruous mix of shock, joy, and great fear.

LAZARUS

Whether caused by such a violent
rape, it is not possible to say,
nor is it likely, but it is indeed
a cursed pregnancy and her body is
wracked. The egg is trapped in the
fallopian tube. She will either
rupture it surely, or...

As he presses down gently, Genevieve nearly passes out in pain. Lazarus flicks his eyes to Tempeste.

Tempeste places her hand gently on Genevieve's belly and a tear falls to her sister's white skin. She kisses the belly and the baby she will never meet.

Genevieve begs Tempeste to end her pain.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GENEVIEVE

Please Sister, take me home.
Please as we swore when we were
little, take me home to our secret
forest. Lay me down and let me
sleep Tempeste. I want to rest
now.

Tempeste looks at her and nods then to Lazarus who hands her the cup. Tempeste calms her sister and then makes her drink.

TEMPESTE

Ssshh sister, drink this it will
help with the pain. Sleep my
beautiful sister.

Genevieve thanks Lazarus and then places his hand in her sister's. And then finally her own hand upon theirs.

GENEVIEVE

Please look after my sister. She
is strong but she is not
invincible.

Genevieve smiles weakly and then she is gone. Tempeste's tears fall bitterly.

EXT. KING PHILLIPE'S COUNTRY RESIDENCE - DAY

Molay and his men enter into the King's chateau gates. There is high ceremony and fanfare for the Knights Order.

Molay is humble. He smiles and waves with deep humility. The King and Duke Guillaume and Prince John and all the highest counsel members greet Molay and his men.

GRAND MASTER JACQUES DE MOLAY

King Phillipe, it is our honor and
pleasure to serve you. It is God's
will for us. There is no need for
all of this.

KING PHILLIPE

Nonsense, without you, this
monarchy would have been toppled
by the very people I seek to
protect. I bring you here to thank
you and also to seek spiritual
refuge with the Soldiers of God.
Help me to understand and grow my
faith...

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KING PHILLIPE (CONT'D)

It is the greatest honor to host
the Grand Master Jacques de Molay!

CUT BACK TO:

INT. KING PHILLIP'S COUNTRY CHATEAU - NIGHT

The banquet that night is lavish and excessive. The men eat and drink and celebrate. Women fondle and throw themselves at the Templars who abstain but not without challenge.

CUT BACK TO:

EXT. FOREST CLEARING - NIGHT

The lake steams from the evening air. The sky bleeds to darkness. Tempeste and Lazarus perform a ritual for Genevieve. Tempeste bows her head in prayer for her sister's soul to reunite with God.

TEMPESTE

(Lighting candle for
her sister)

The Book of Eli... "And Enoch
walked with God: then he was no
more; for God took him."

She bows her head.

TEMPESTE

Genevieve go now, home. Your soul
shall be free to God, your body,
no matter.

Tempeste turns away and reaches her hand to Lazarus.

TEMPESTE

We will bury her next to our
mother.

(In tears to
Genevieve)

I failed you my sister. I promised
I would protect you and I have
failed you.

Lazarus pulls Tempeste to him hushing her and holding her. His rage building as well.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LAZARUS

No. We do not fail them. They are taken from us when our Gods deem. Failure would be our choosing not to avenge their untimely deaths.

(beat)

Her husband has already taken this life of hers. He can beat her and ruin her no more. Dying is a singular act.

Lazarus holds and kisses Tempeste's head tenderly.

LAZARUS

As is birth...

(Beat)

She will go from here now born into her God's arms.

She turns to Lazarus, her eyes welling up with tears as she struggles to understand.

FLASHBACK

INT. DUKE GUILLAUME'S BED CHAMBER - NIGHT

As Tempeste recounts the violence in a haunting, hollow voice.

TEMPESTE (O.S.)

People can pretend they cared for the beautiful daughter of the King of France who died like a peasant beaten to death at the hands of the man whose baby she carried and whose child and wife he snuffed out with that final blow to her belly.

DUKE GUILLAUME

What is the matter with you, you worthless wife. What man would be satisfied by your sallow gaze and weak body. Come on and satisfy your man!

Genevieve's final moan as she lifts her battered arm to protect her belly from the blows he delivers to her unborn child. And all goes black.

INT. GENEVIEVE'S BED - DAY

It is Lazarus who opens the door to find her dead in the morning light. He lifts her from the bed and walks out with her limp body out into a blinding white light...

END FLASHBACK

EXT. FOREST ROAD TRAVELING - NIGHT

Tempeste and Lazarus ride out to find Molay and the men. Tempeste dresses like Lazarus, brandishing the Templar cross on her arm.

In the cold night's air, her breath fogs. They press on. As they cross through a small town, they spot a band of ANGRY TOWNSMEN and they appear to be dragging MEN from the tavern.

In the flash of their torches, they both spot the Templar's cross on the tunic of the men who are strung up to be dragged behind the horses.

Tempeste impulsively urges her horse forth to get closer. Lazarus rides to block her and she tries to evade him.

One of the MEN on his horse, turns back to see the commotion as he spots Tempeste and Lazarus fighting.

Lazarus pulls Tempeste down off her horse she fights him until he slaps her hard across the face and she freezes.

Lazarus moves fast as he rips a cloth from his saddlebag. He wraps Tempeste's shoulders and head and covers her uniform. He pulls a blanket from the other saddlebag and wraps it over his shoulders. The man approaches on horseback.

MAN ON HORSEBACK

You! Stop!

As he rides to Tempeste and Lazarus and nears, he squints to see something like the templar cross on Tempeste's armband, but just as he looks ready to call out, Lazarus throws the blanket over Tempeste and covers the cross and Lazarus pulls Tempeste into a violent kiss, mauling her and making out with her with abandon and whispers to her.

LAZARUS

We do not have a second chance to get this right. Something is wrong.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Tempeste pulls back and slips into a drunken role. She rubs her face dramatically and curses Lazarus.

TEMPESTE

Hey, you son of a hairy-assed
whore...

Lazarus cocks a glance sideways at her as in, "really? A hairy-assed whore?" The Man on horseback comes upon them.

MAN ON HORSEBACK

By the Order of the King, explain
yourself!

LAZARUS

(drunkenly)

Argh, she's really just beyond
explanation at this point... she
is a sloppy drunk. I'm trying to
get her home and she insists on
stripping for all the men in the
world. Why do women always want to
do that?

Tempeste slaps Lazarus across the face pretending a drunken punch. She smiles sloppily and presses her breasts up from her bodice... The man dismounts and comes closer, he is not buying it.

MAN ON HORSEBACK

I don't recognize you from these
parts? Where are you going?

LAZARUS

I told you friend, all I want to
do is go home...

Lazarus appears to sit down drunken and defeated. The man comes close to Tempeste. Tempeste continues the drunken ruse.

TEMPESTE

Look out or you might suffocate in
the crevices of my mountains...

She presses her breasts together and staggers close to the man who is looking straight at the valley between her breasts.

LAZARUS

Wench put them away now. We are
going home!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Tempeste looks at the man on the horse and winks then thrusts his face into her breasts and suffocates him, he pulls his head up gasping for air and she punches him with a stone and he goes down with a thud. Lazarus rolls his eyes at her.

LAZARUS

You got me there! A creative kill,
I'll give you that.

Tempeste smiles, feigning a drunken wink. Off in the distance, they can hear the townspeople crying out for the blood of the Templars.

TOWNSMEN'S SHOUTS (O.S.)

Death to the Templars! By order of
King Phillipe, let them burn as
the heretics they are!

Lazarus and Tempeste look confused but they don't stop to try to understand. They both instinctively know where they have to go.

LAZARUS

Molay!

TEMPESTE

We must hurry!

They rein their horses and are off.

INT. KING PHILLIPE'S COUNTRY CHATEAU - DAY

MONTAGE:

The Duke Guillaume and Prince John smile as they announce to the King who sits upon his throne.

PRINCE JOHN

Father, allow the Duke and I to
head the inquisition of these men.
It is based upon our years of
service under the Grand Master
Molay that we feel we know best
their elaborate scheme to steal
from the throne by posing as
warriors of God and all the while
killing raping and pissing on the
Cross worse than even the greatest
atheist.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PRINCE JOHN (CONT'D)

(Beat)

We will reveal the truth of this
Templar's order by whatever means
necessary! God's truth will always
prevail... no matter how painful
it might be to learn his servants
have betrayed his Grace and Faith.

Molay and his men are plied with drink and food, the
Templars' are slow and sloppy. The prostitutes come on
hard and the Templars cannot resist them.

One Templar is so drunk he falls against a gilded cross
and it crashes to the ground. He stumbles and passes out
on the cross, he drools and pisses himself there atop the
cross.

Prince John and Duke Guillaume summon their guardsmen,
who have feigned drunken behavior alongside the Templars,
to sudden action.

PRINCE JOHN

Seize these men! Heretics all of
them! Look to the man who spits
and urinates on the cross of God!

He points to the drunken Templar sprawled out on the
floor atop the broken cross.

The slow and drunken Templars are rounded up by King
Phillipe's men in a violent force.

CUT TO:

EXT. KING PHILLIPE'S COUNTRY CHATEAU - DAY

Tempeste and Lazarus arrive too late. The Templars have
all been taken away.

EXT. KING'S GUARDS OUTPOST ENCAMPMENT - DAY

The Templars have been beaten, suffer LACERATIONS and
deep wounds.

Molay holds out as he watches the twisted pleasure of
Prince John and Duke Guillaume.

DUKE GUILLAUME

I am particularly fond of this
torture.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DUKE GUILLAUME (CONT'D)

It came to me in a dream the other night after the most exotic prostitute rode me and I could swear she was laced with some sort of hallucinogen. I awoke to this most lucid idea.

Duke Guillaume takes aim and shoots the Templars' horses one by one through the heart where their large Templar cross robe drapes their front.

PRINCE JOHN

Good shot, but nothing particular novel about killing a horse. Though I'm sure such a slaughter is heartbreaking to these men who have been known to mount their mounts...

The horse goes down. Their Templar mounts watches on through their beaten and swollen eyes.

DUKE GUILLAUME

No my good Prince, this is where things start to veer off a bit.

Duke orders the gutting of the horses.

DUKE GUILLAUME

Gut the animals, clean the cavities.

Prince John smiles curiously.

CUT TO:

EXT. ENCAMPMENT - NIGHT

The last Templar is tressed out. The Guards thrust the Templars head through the anus of his horse. Holes have been cut through the horse's rib cage.

By nightfall the guardsmen complete the scene:

The Templar is wearing his horse: his arms through the holes cut out in the horse's rib cage. His head through sticking out through the anus and his legs lashed.

ONE OF THE GUARDSMEN completes the final suture as he sews the Templar into his horse's belly.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The horses are all in a line with the Templars heads sticking out. It is a most terrifying and twisted sight.

The Templars try to move their heads but the anus so tight they are flailing in strangulation.

Prince John applauds Duke Guillaume's twisted torture.

PRINCE JOHN

Indeed what hallucinogenics were
you taking to have thought this
up...

DUKE GUILLAUME

I told you that whore's nether
regions were inspiring.

(beat)

Guard, give those men a bit of
room to breathe.

The guard slices the horses' anuses allowing for the
templars to breathe.

DUKE GUILLAUME

I'd hate to ruin the best part.

CUT TO:

EXT. ENCAMPMENT - DAY

Tempeste and Lazarus hear the loud humming from off the
road. They halt as they ride up to the noise. Lazarus
spots the vultures in the sky as they come upon the
scene. Vultures, maggots, flies feasting on the men and
the horses.

Tempeste swoons from up on her saddle as she gags and
projectile vomits straight down her horses' face.

Her horse spooks and bucks. Tempeste is immobilized and
Lazarus turns quickly and grabs Tempeste's horses reins
to try to calm the animal. Tempeste grabs the horse's
neck and Lazarus steadies the animal.

He pulls Tempeste and the horse away from the scene, all
the while, Lazarus scans the men's faces trying to
decipher if any are Molay.

INT. TORTURE CHAMBER PARIS - DAY

A group of experienced interrogators make up the
Inquisitors and Clergy.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LEAD INQUISITOR

The truth will be extracted from
these heretics but no blood must
will be drawn.

The inquisitor nods and the soles of the Templar's feet
are thrust into the fire.

INQUISITOR

There are 5 initial charges
against the Templar Order.
Renouncement and spitting on the
cross during initiation into the
Order. Second: stripping of the
man to be initiated and the thrice
kissing of the man by the
preceptor on the navel, posterior
and mouth. The third: telling the
neophyte Templars (novice Templar)
that unnatural lust was lawful and
indulged in commonly. The fourth:
that the cord worn by the neophyte
day and night was consecrated by
wrapping it around the an idol in
the form of a severed human head
with horns known as Baphomet... or
Mohammed...

As the inquisitors voice grows distorted to the near dead
templar, whose once vehement denial of the charges soon
warp into the templar broken body as he nods weakly yes
and then again his feet are burned until the bones fall
out of the skin.

CUT TO:

INT. DARK DUNGEON - DAY

Molay and his closest men who saved the King, are
suspended from the ceiling of the dungeon.

Some Templars are suspended upside-down or placed in
thumbscrews.

Questions are fired at them.

INQUISITOR

Devil worshipper? Homosexual?
Obscene kiss, urinating on the
cross, do you confess to denying
Christ?!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

With weights attached to some of the Templar's feet, the weights are dropped and the wrenching crushing sound of bones and body parts ripping and tearing and the horror of a dying man's last scream...

The final man strapped to the ceiling with weights attached to his genitals is none other than Molay. Molay screams against the brutal torture, his resolve ever strong.

GRAND MASTER JACQUES DE MOLAY
Within one year, God will summon
both Pope Clement and King
Phillipe to His Judgment for these
actions.

And then the weights are dropped and his last words are silenced with the severing of his spinal cord and the sound of his body ripping in two.

But the words are a curse that echo through the kingdom.

FADE TO:

EXT. KING PHILLIPE'S CASTLE COURTYARD - DAY

King Phillipe is old. He wheezes as he breathes. His cough is liquor-riddled.

KING PHILLIPE proclamation to the people of France is a complete farce.

KING PHILLIPE
The dissolution of the Templar
Order is enacted with a sad heart
not by definitive sentence but by
the apostolic provision. A Papal
Bull "Ad Providum" ordered by Pope
Clement grants the vast land and
wealth to the realm of the
Hospitallers which we shall fold
into the special care of French
protection.

Both Prince John and Duke Guillaume swap a knowing look that the fortune is all theirs.

INT. KING'S CASTLE SALON - NIGHT

That night, the prostitutes are paraded forth in their low-slung dresses. The banquet and wine pour forth in full regalia.

PRINCE JOHN
(toasting King
Phillipe and Duke
Guillaume)
In celebration of the King's
forgiven debt and new found
fortune.

He laughs with Duke Guillaume.

Tempeste watches on and steals along the wall in dark corners. She is possessed by a rage so deep within. She unsheathes her knife as she watches on fully aware of the ruse and corruption of the Templars reputation for the King, her father's, personal gain.

As she impulsively looks ready to run into the room and deliver the deadly blow to the men she despises, she is thwarted by a sudden and silent hand that cups her mouth.

She fights and then is rendered unconscious by the ethers on the cloth.

She is removed undetected.

She is awakened by a strong smell wafted under her nose. As she comes to with a start, she is groggy and confused. She is dressed in the beautiful veiled robes.

Staring at her, the exotic prostitute girl she had known back in the brothel.

EXOTIC PROSTITUTE GIRL
(whispering gently)
Ssshhh, sheath your sword and be
smarter, Tempeste.

Tempeste locks eyes with the beautiful eyes of the prostitute girl.

FLASHBACK

EXT. BROTHEL - NIGHT

The beautiful prostitute girl stands in the dark and removes the Templar cloak that hides who Tempeste's true (and female) identity.

The gentle hand caresses her face. The prostitute girl gently closes Tempeste's eyes and holds her hand over them as she leans in for the kiss they share. Tempeste seems lost in a dream, drugged or possessed...

As the prostitute removes her hand from her eyes, Tempeste opens her eyes and moves to remove the girl's veil, but the girl gently stops her and Tempeste is left staring longingly at the girl.

CUT BACK TO:

The same gentle hand covers Tempeste's eyes and leans in to kiss her. As the prostitute pulls back, Tempeste lifts her hand to gently remove the veil and reveal the true identity of the prostitute girl.

It is Lazarus. He places a drop of poison on his tongue and he kisses her sharing the drop.

LAZARUS

Seduce them and then spill your
passion on them. Spill your poison
in them... Fox glove digitalis to
mimic the symptoms of a heart
attack.

Lazarus veils Tempeste completing her seductive garb.

MONTAGE:

INT. KING PHILLIPE'S BED CHAMBER - NIGHT

The young prostitute (Tempeste) comes closer, she dances like a shadow around him until she finally kisses him and the poison pulses through his veins until he ceases to breathe.

The exotic prostitute girl, her eyes wide and seductive, comes forward to Prince John and Duke Guillaume who together take the other prostitute girl (Lazarus).

Shrouded in a haze of ecstasy and the suspended seduction, Lazarus starts on the two men.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Tempeste joins Lazarus and the orgy is complete as the men watch prostitute one and two kiss erotically. The drop of poison slipped onto Lazarus's tongue to share in an open mouth kiss with Tempeste. As the two prostitutes work the men into a full arousal, they deliver the kisses that render the men paralyzed.

The men are strangely overcome by the sensation and unable to express to each other fear or understand that they are in fact being poisoned.

Lazarus and Tempeste step back and watch the Prince and Duke. They remove their veils and stare curiously waiting for the expressions of the men change.

Once satisfied, the men are aware of the prostitutes' real identities, Tempeste and Lazarus unsheathe their knives and slit the throats in near perfect synchronicity.

TEMPESTE

Avenging the death of Grand Master
Templar Jacques de Molay.

LAZARUS

Only one question now remains: who
is left for this great nation?

Tempeste looks at him a smile so seductive, alluring and aloof. He smiles. He has taught her well.

EXT. LAKE NEAR PAPAL RESIDENCE, ROME - DAY

Pope Clement is lounging on a rowboat being rowed by one of the priests who had acted as the Head Inquisitor during the dismantling of the Templars.

In another rowboat two men stand at guard to protect the Pope.

The lake is idyllic, calm waters and dappled light of a setting sun.

With sudden and swift capture, both rowboats are capsized and the men are swallowed up by the water. No one surfaces.

CUT TO:

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The mysterious hands stuff and gorge the men on honey and porridge. One Priest's belly ruptures, others vomit and are re-fed the same vomituous mix of honey and porridge.

CUT TO:

EXT. LAKE NEAR PAPAL RESIDENCE - NIGHT

Under the nightfall, the rowboats are strangely configured, sealed together one clamped atop the other. They are anchored in the shallow and fetid pond waters.

They are hidden camouflaged by strategic placement of reeds and branches. The priests and Pope and the guardsmen are all piled inside the rowboat and their mouths bound, arms and legs bound.

Tempeste's voice echoes on.

TEMPESTE (O.S.)

"The fact that both rulers died within a year, as predicted, only heightened the scandal surrounding the suppression of the Order. The source of this legend does not date from the time of the execution of Jacques de Molay. And God indeed has avenged the death of the great Templars...

EXT. LAKE NEAR PAPAL RESIDENCE - DAY

Men on horseback cross and recross the pond and entire area in search of the Pope and his men.

They stop in defeat unable to find the Pope.

Meanwhile down by the pond, the swarm of bees and flies drone on. The scent dogs bark, but are unable to detect the scent beyond the devouring hum and black cover of bees and flies.

When they finally discover the sealed rowboats, it is the most horrific death and one of the men passes out when they peel the boats apart. The sight so god-awful.

CUT TO:

EXT. PORT OF LA ROCHELLE FRANCE - DAY

FRIDAY, OCTOBER 13TH, 1307

Against the early morning fog, the fleet of 18 Templar ships sets sail out into a ghost fog and are never seen again.

Tempeste and Lazarus watch from the shoreline from their horseback.

EXT. ROSSLYN CHAPEL SCOTLAND - DAY

Tempeste and Lazarus ride up to the mighty and austere chapel.

Tempeste in her padded habergeon outfit as was that of the Templars and concealing her femininity.

In the saddle bag, Tempeste carries a satchel wrapped in the Templar's white tunic bearing the great red Templar cross.

She removes it carefully. It is the Holy Grail, the Sangreal: a piece of the true cross upon which Jesus was crucified.

She places it in the ground in a hidden trough. She removes her precious sword that had been Alvilda's before the generations had delivered it into her hands. She carefully places the precious items in the ground beneath the Rosslyn Chapel.

TEMPESTE

The sword that came to us from these northern reaches. Centuries ago from the hand of the great warrior princess and feared Alvilda, and here I return it to a worthy resting place, here in the Northern reaches of Scotland. The Nordsmen and this sword may they ever guard the sangreal.

She holds the ancient piece of wood of Jesus's cross. It is an awe-inspiring sight.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TEMPESTE

Here, the splinter of proof that
Jesus lived and died and was
crucified upon the cross. As
discovered in the 4th century by
our great Templar Knight ancestors
in the Holy City of Jerusalem.
Evidence that elevated the
Templars to their rightful place
of great power and prestige as the
warrior monks in God's army. To
protect and defend the pilgrims
and the Holy Grail.

Lazarus piles the stones atop the burial site to hide
them for safekeeping. Tempeste reaches for a stone and
helps close the burial site.

She crosses herself in deep prayer.

LAZARUS

What was and what has become, in a
Dual Faith Period, our Templars
bore the toll. Now let it rest.

And with that, Tempeste rests the final stone in place.
Then rests her head on Lazarus's shoulder.

TEMPESTE

All is as it should be. Amen.

FADE OUT.