

THE BLACK CASTLE

PILOT

"CHIVALRY IS UNDEAD"

Written by  
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Inspired By:

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FADE IN:

TITLES: THE BLACK CASTLE, ARAGÓN SPAIN, 1487

TEASER

EXT. THE BLACK CASTLE - NIGHT - DREAM

The Black Castle. Spain's most impressive alcazar.

The 11th century Romanesque fortress, hewn in jagged rock from Pyrenean foothills overlooks Infinity.

Four massive square towers jut above the octagonal base, six cylindrical towers line the mile-long entry path.

It is an unconquered marvel.

EXT. MAIN TOWER - BLACK CASTLE - NIGHT - DREAM

SMOKE, MONK'S CHANTS, SCREAMS carry on the NIGHT WIND.

ON: SIR SEBASTIÁN OF ARAGÓN (34,) long-haired, heroic of stature and profile, peers down from the 100-foot tower, eyes searching his forest for the illicit pyre. Smoke parts.

He gapes as a MISTY FIGURE TAKES SHAPE at forest's edge.

EXT. FOREST GATE - BLACK CASTLE FOREST - NIGHT - DREAM

A pale-gowned VEILED BEAUTY (25), MATERIALIZES at the ancient forest gate. The twisted oak trees bar her entry.

EXT. CLEARING - BLACK CASTLE FOREST - NIGHT - DREAM

In a torchlit clearing MONKS tie a HEAVING man to a stake. He SCREAMS as a SMILING MONK "tickles" his toes with lit tinder.

EXT. FOREST GATE - BLACK CASTLE FOREST - NIGHT - DREAM

The Beauty lays a blue-ringed hand on the gate. A GLOW commences, illuminates her body INCREMENTALLY LIKE MOLTEN GOLD poured into a vase. As the GLOW reaches her fingertips, the branches UNTANGLE, open. RAVENS SQUAWK, depart.

The Beauty enters, sprints towards the smoke.

EXT. BLACK CASTLE FOREST - NIGHT - DREAM

In cape, armed with sword Sebastián enters the smoky forest. Spots SHIMMER amid the smoke.

2.

EXT. CLEARING FOREST - DREAM

As The Beauty enters the clearing, Monks freeze in their tracks. Sebastián runs past her, frees the Prisoner. Rolls the scorched man in his cape. As The Beauty and Prisoner leave under Sebastian's raised sword her luminous eyes meet his-FLICKER in sudden warning.

Sebastián turns. Half-brother FRIAR DIEGO(33), has a dagger aimed at his jugular. They STRUGGLE. The dagger drops.

SEBASTIÁN

In the back? Cowardly. So on brand.

DIEGO

This is not your battle, *brother*.

SEBASTIÁN

My forest, my battle. *Half brother*.

Sebastian's K/O PUNCH to Diego's jaw KNOCKS him sideways, face to dirt near the blazing pyre. BLOOD flows from Diego's open mouth. Sebastián steps over him, grabs the dagger, leaves. The GROUND QUAKES. Dislodges the fiery stake. It rolls onto unconscious Diego's robes, envelopes him in FLAME.

END DREAM.

INT. SEBASTIAN'S BEDROOM - THE BLACK CASTLE - MORNING

A KNOCK. Sebastián wakes with a terrified start. He sits up, muscles slick with cold sweat. Alarmed, disoriented, *aroused*.

SEPHARDI MAJORDOMO ESTEBAN, (40), enters, lays a breakfast tray on a table. Pours Sebastián a cup of juice. Dazed, Sebastián drinks like a parched soldier, eats ravenously.

SEBASTIÁN

Tell me, Esteban, did the grounds  
quake this night? Did it rain or  
bluster? Did God rattle ARAGÓN?!

Esteban looks like he's been asked a trick question.

ESTEBAN

A dream, Milord?

Esteban exits. Sebastián stares at his hands. Blistered!

EXT. ALLEY - JEWISH QUARTER - HUESCA - DAY

A Raven follows a HOODED WOMAN weaving her way along an alley reeking of secrets. Passing SEPHARDI and ARAB MERCHANTS, she lays a blue topaz-ringed hand on a SOLID STONE WALL. The wall PARTS to admit her, SEALS SHUT behind her.

3.

INT. SECRET ALCHEMY SHOP - JEWISH QUARTER - DAY

Inside the torchlit Alchemy store WIZARDLY MEN twirl pendulums, POUR serums, GRIND bones, SIP tea. A HUSH falls.

INT. INNER SANCTUM - SECRET ALCHEMY SHOP - DAY

Behind the Inner Sanctum curtain, ANA de COSTA (25), drops her hood. Rose gold skin, bronze curls, pale emerald eyes: The Beauty in Sebastian's vision is a Sephardi alchemist.

A bearded ARAB ALCHEMIST MATERIALIZES behind a counter.

ALCHEMIST

Señor De Costa! Your order arrived only minutes ago.

ANA

She called to me.

Ana dons gloves, grips a deep narrow jar. The Alchemist opens a basket. A HISSING 8-foot FEMALE COBRA REARS up, curls around his hooked cane.

ALCHEMIST

Ready?

Ana nods. The Alchemist grabs the cobra below the head.

It LUNGES at Ana. She deftly catches the snake's head in a tall, narrow lab flask with a red chili pepper at the bottom. The snake BITES the chili, flooding it with golden venom.

Ana backs up, withdraws the glass container. The Alchemist coaxes the angry cobra back into the basket-secures the lid.

ANA

It worked. Venom infused the chili!

Alchemist stoppers the flask, tucks it in a leather bag.

ALCHEMIST

The key to your elixir. Chiles clot blood, venom narrows the arteries.

Ana tries to pay him. He refuses. Walks her through the shop.

ALCHEMIST (CONT'D)

Go, save your brother. Don't forget to wear gloves. I have no antidote.

ANA

(Arabic)

Bless you, wizard of life.

Ana touches the front wall. Bricks PART. She exits. The Alchemist watches the wall CLOSE. A WIZARD SNEERS.

4.

WIZARD  
You pander to dabblers?!

A SIDE DOOR opens, MEN enter. The Alchemist CHUCKLES.

ALCHEMIST  
Dabblers use *doors*, my friend.

INT. DE COSTA HOME - JEWISH QUARTER, HUESCA - AFTERNOON

Ana slips inside the family mansion, tries to enter unseen.  
ABEL DE COSTA (50), watches, eyes on the leather bag.

ABEL  
Ana. Daughter. Why do you creep?  
What dreadful new thing have you in  
your possession?

Ana smiles at Abel, her father-AKA Prisoner of the pyre omen.

ANA  
(keeps moving)  
Nothing special, Papa.

INT. CELLAR - DOOR TO ANA'S LAB - AFTERNOON

Ana unlocks her 'workshop' door, slips inside. A brief peek  
at animal specimens, candles, a Kabbala Mosaic. Door SHUTS.

EXT. MONASTERY - BLACK CASTLE - LATER

Sebastián KNOCKS on the wooden door. It's opened by SMILING  
MONK from his omen-the toe-burning rogue from the pyre.

SEBASTIÁN  
(coldly)  
Is my... is Friar Diego about?

SMILING MONK  
(nervous)  
Lord Sebastián. Friar Diego's in  
the chapel... I'll fetch him.

SEBASTIÁN  
No need.

INT. CHAPEL - THE BLACK CASTLE - DAY

Sebastián quietly enters the Gothic chapel. In the shadows  
of a pillar Diego 'romances' an unwilling YOUNG FRIAR.

Young Friar spots Sebastián, uses this to escape Diego. He  
backs out of the chapel, sprints the long dark corridor.

5.

DIEGO  
Sebastián. A surprise, of the  
unwelcome sort.

Sebastián watches Young Friar's flight.

SEBASTIÁN  
Not for your prey. He *flies*, Diego!  
You abuse your privilege.

DIEGO  
What little I have, I do enjoy. And  
your visit? Is it father?

Sebastián LAUGHS bitterly. Improvises an excuse.

SEBASTIÁN  
Sorry to disappoint. Father lives.  
I'm contemplating the dungeon for  
artillery storage. If it's dry.

INT. DUNGEON - THE BLACK CASTLE - DAY

Sebastián and Diego walk the empty, dusty dungeons.

DIEGO  
Dry as a bone. See yourself out.

Sebastián watches Diego leave thru Aragón-crested doors.

TITLES: MALAGA, MUSLIM TERRITORY

EXT. MALAGA BATTLEFIELD - DAY

ON: That same crest on armor of KING FERNANDO of ARAGÓN(40),  
observing the uneven SKIRMISH from his ironclad stallion.

AFRICAN GARRISON FIGHTERS and CHRISTIAN RENEGADES (converts  
to Islam) FIGHT LIKE MADMEN on foot, SLAMMING shields,  
hoisting lances, axes, undercutting Spain's knights.

A KNIGHT leads a charge with the banner of Castile y Leon - a  
*crimson lion guarding a gold tower*. WHOOSH! A Muslim arrow  
bull's-eyes the banner's castle thru the Knight's throat.

The dying Knight KEELS, ROLLS down the hill SMACKS into the  
MELEE-his body's trampled by mounted WARRIORS.

EXT. COMMAND TENT - MALAGA - LATER

TWO KNIGHT EMISSARIES pass thru the King's crested drapes.

6.

INT. COMMAND TENT - MALAGA - EVENING

Fernando hard stares a Messenger-hands him a tough letter.

FERNANDO  
For Al Zagal. We encourage his  
surrender with fair terms. A share  
of plunder. Wait. Buy time.

The Emissary leaves. The second Knight accepts a letter.

FERNANDO (CONT'D)  
Deliver this with all speed to  
Lord Rodrigo of Aragón in Toledo.

INT. ARMORERS WORKSHOP - TOLEDO - DAY

In a Toledo workshop, an ARMORER fits LORD RODRIGO (50's),  
lean, animated with new gold-trimmed armor. AZUCAR (30's),  
his lovely INDIAN-GITANA mistress holds a long mirror.

RODRIGO  
(jokes at his reflection)  
What do you think, Amor? Does this  
make me look fat?

AZUCAR  
Fat? Never. Handsome, perhaps.  
Vain, surely. A mark for ransom.

Rodrigo ROARS laughing. The King's Messenger enters, bows.

RODRIGO  
(reading the King's note)  
Well! It will be put to the test.  
Engrave this across the back!

He hands the King's note to the Armorer, who reads, awed.

EXT. FOREST - BLACK CASTLE - DAYS LATER

Haunted by the omen, Sebastián lays hands on the entwined  
twin oaks gate. HOOVES. He turns. Esteban. With a note.

SEBASTIÁN  
What's that in your fist?

ESTEBAN  
From his most energetic Lordship  
Rodrigo. Finally. Word.

SEBASTIÁN  
(reading)  
After these twenty twelvemonths you  
doubt Lord Rodrigo's writing  
ability, Majordomo?

7.

ESTEBAN  
No, Lord Sebastián! Just his  
judgement. On rare occasion.

They CHUCKLE in agreement, Sebastián finishes reading.

SEBASTIÁN  
Assemble a list. Fresh knights.  
Aragon's nobles loyal to the old  
ways and especially, to the King.  
No zealots. Or acolytes of Isabel.

FADE TO:

TITLES: PORT OF BARCELONA, SPAIN

EXT. DOCK - BLOOD OF ARAGÓN - NIGHT

BLOOD OF ARAGÓN, magnificent 40 TON CARAVEL floats amid OCEAN  
WAVES REFLECTING the Orion AKA "*The Three Kings*" a 15th  
century billboard of fortune.

On deck, A DRUMMER BOY(8), practices his FANFARE.

INT. RODRIGO'S CABIN - BLOOD OF ARAGÓN - NIGHT

Sebastián enters Rodrigo's posh cabin, amused. Seated at his  
chessboard, he waves Sebastián to a seat. They play briskly.

SEBASTIÁN  
(teasing, ironic)  
Are we now pirates, Father?

RODRIGO  
What are knights but brigands with  
metal jerkins and better swords?

SEBASTIÁN  
Why by sea? Costs a packet.

RODRIGO  
The ship affords speed. We aid the  
King, depart swiftly with victory,  
spoils, and our lives.

SEBASTIÁN  
We've a hundred men not a thousand.  
Forty sons of high Aragón houses,  
keen for Fernando's grace. And  
sixty Swiss killers for hire. Will  
that suffice for the King's glory?

RODRIGO  
Poorly organized hillside  
skirmishes with Al Zagal's  
renegades, Sebastián! Amateurs.



8.

SEBASTIÁN  
That's *not* what I heard.

RODRIGO  
Fernando's counting on us to shut  
the busy bastards down, for good.

SEBASTIÁN  
The company of lethal, gold-thirsty  
mercenaries joining us in Malaga  
should do the trick.

Sebastián notes the lavish new suit of armor on a table.

SEBASTIÁN (CONT'D)  
Missed you, father. Feared you  
bagged by bandits. Suit's a magnet.

Rodrigo CHUCKLES, squeezes Sebastian's hand. Moves a Pawn.

RODRIGO  
Bandits I may evade. The King, not.  
Six years! Granada's a shambles. Al  
Zagal, Boabdil backstabbing. All so  
Queen Isabel may kiss the Pope's  
ass in the Alhambra.

SEBASTIÁN  
Isabel covets the Alhambra, but  
this war's a tactical distraction.  
As she cannot control Fernando's  
manhood she castrates Aragón.

Sebastián moves a knight. Rodrigo's long-time SQUIRE PEDRO  
(40), enters. Masai-tall, muscled, skin of bitter chocolate,  
Pedro's a Morisco[converted Moor widower with two teen girls.

SEBASTIÁN (CONT'D)  
Squire Pedro, good evening!

PEDRO  
Lord Sebastián!

The men hug, LAUGHING as their breastplates CLUNK.

SEBASTIÁN  
Squire! You've been greatly missed.

PEDRO  
My daughters behave in your care?

SEBASTIÁN  
They're dawning warriors, Pedro!  
Adept at swordcraft, needle-craft.

RODRIGO  
Squire, you distract my game-what  
is it?

PEDRO

Lords. A knight with ears in the  
Inquisition spoke of new liberties  
granted friars to arrest, torture.  
*Without censure.*

RODRIGO

Diego's no saint. What happens  
behind monastery doors between  
friars is of no concern to me.

SEBASTIÁN

Not *among* friars Father! Isabel  
unleashes monks *against* Aragon's  
Jews. The Queen pursues control of  
Aragón *thru* the monks corruption.

Pedro nods, urgently inches closer. Rodrigo frowns.

PEDRO

I implore Lordship, review your  
testament before the siege. With  
Lord Sebastián at your side, should  
you both fall, The Black Castle-  
*Hoya de Huesca is most exposed.*  
You'll hand it to the bastard.

SEBASTIÁN

He'd gift it to Isabel for favor.

RODRIGO

He wouldn't?!

Pedro and Sebastián nod gravely, alarming Rodrigo.

SEBASTIÁN

His enmity is bone deep, Father.  
Diego's prayers are for your fall.

RODRIGO

A will tempts fate! I've every  
certitude we'll prevail at Baza.

EXT. DECK - BLOOD OF ARAGÓN - NIGHT - LATER

Rodrigo, Sebastián and Pedro walk the deserted deck.

SEBASTIÁN

Father. I had an omen of Aragón. We  
must prepare, treachery is afoot.

Pedro looks sharp at this.

RODRIGO

Son. You worry for naught.

Sebastián and Pedro trade dark looks. Orion POPS into view.

10.

RODRIGO (CONT'D)  
We sail under fortunate stars!

EXT. PALACE GARDEN - ALCAZAR - TOLEDO - NIGHT

ISABEL QUEEN of CASTILE (40), bejeweled, power-obsessed, famously unwashed, urgently crosses the lush moonlit garden to stone tables where a palace ASTROLOGIST pens calculations.

ASTROLOGER  
(stands, bows)  
Majesty. How may I serve you?

ISABEL  
Tonight you serve the King. What say *these* heavens on *his* behalf?

The Stargazer stares up. Stalls. The news isn't great.

ASTROLOGER  
Majesty! The Three Kings flicker!  
Allow me time to configure their  
locus with His Majesty's birth map.

The Astrologer dips quill in ink to calculate on vellum.  
Isabel SNATCHES the feather from his grasp. Leans in.

ISABEL  
You *drew* the King's chart. Speak  
plainly.

MUSIC PLAYS OVER AS:

Eyes closed, Isabel hears the Astrologer's sour news.

INT. HOLY HOUSE - HUESCA - NIGHT

In the grim, poky office of the Holy House ignoring the judgy glance of FRIAR MIGUEL CARRILLO (35), Diego drops his quill; SHUTS a ledger, fills his tall wine mug, heads for the door.

MIGUEL  
(furious, writing)  
Are these accounts for the crown  
not urgent, Friar?

DIEGO  
Indeed. Good night, Friar Miguel.

INT. DE COSTA HOME - JEWISH QUARTER, HUESCA - NIGHT

An agitated Abel enters, a SERVANT takes his coat. He's met by his calm, elegant wife MARTA, (40). Abel kisses her brow.

ABEL  
Marta. What news dear, how's Saul?

11.

INT. SAUL'S ROOM - DE COSTA HOUSE - NIGHT

Abel and Marta look in on son SAUL (18), pale, sleeping.

MARTA

Abel, he's been in bed all day.

Abel looks drained at this. Looks around. Marta SIGHS.

ABEL

Our princess didn't bother to come to the meeting with David. After all the effort to make this match!

MARTA

Abel I tried. We both know that even wealthy, decent young David is no match for Ana's true love.

INT. ANA'S LAB - DE COSTA HOUSE - NIGHT

Ana tips a few drops of venom from a vial to a heavy stone mortar. She grinds this into a paste of flaxseed and blood.

INT. CELLAR - OUTSIDE DOOR TO ANA'S LAB - NIGHT

Abel KNOCKS. No response. KNOCKS again.

ANA

Who is it?

Abel shakes his head.

ABEL

Just your old Papa.

INT. ANA'S LAB - DE COSTA HOUSE - NIGHT

Ana stoppers the vial. Opens. Abel enters, gazes at his beautiful daughter's bloodstained gloves, defeated.

ANA

Dear angry Papa.

ABEL

Ana! We ask very little of you. The least you can do is meet David.

ANA

David?

ABEL

Your *intended*.

Abel stares up, puzzled, at dried peppers on string.

12.

ANA  
Papa did you know that red chillies  
and venom can thicken the blood?

Abel lifts a cloth hiding a bloody cobra head. He GAGS.

ABEL  
Venom? You are playing with snakes?

ANA  
Saul's fading. I'm developing an  
elixir to thicken his blood. It  
would go so much faster if I were  
to study biology in Florence with  
Maestro DaVinci.

ABEL  
Absolutely not!

Abel's drawn to the GLOWING Kabbala mosaic; he runs his hands  
over it. Recognizes the gemstones imbedded in the stone wall.

ABEL (CONT'D)  
These are sapphires, rubies and  
emeralds from jewels I gifted you?!

ANA  
You know better than anyone the  
power of gems. This opens healing  
portals of Primeval Hebraic Magic.

Abel rubs his temples, SLAMS the door behind him.

INT. MASTER BEDROOM - DE COSTA HOUSE - NIGHT

Marta steps forward as Abel enters their bedroom, asthmatic.

ABEL  
What she's doing can get us killed!

MARTA  
Or save Saul? Ana's gifted. You  
know that. Her elixirs dissolved  
your goiter and my kidney stone.

ABEL  
And none of that will matter if the  
Inquisition finds that room!

TITLES: COAST OF MALAGA - FOUR DAYS LATER

EXT. DOCK - BLOOD OF ARAGÓN - MALAGA - DAWN

Rodrigo, Sebastián and Pedro lead 40 mounted Knights down the  
gangplank. Rodrigo gazes around. SILENCE. SUDDEN RUMBLE AS:

13.

60 MOUNTED MERCENARIES swarm the dock. Hardened cavaliers, all scarred leathery faces, bulging forearms, dented armor. Pedro LOBS the LEADER a heavy pouch. He examines, raises it.

His men ROAR, waving poleaxes, maces, lances, broadswords.

RODRIGO

Now, we have a battle! To Baza!

EXT. BAZA BATTLEFIELD - MORNING

From a hill's crest anxious Fernando, mounted on his bedecked stallion, surveys the uneven, messy skirmish.

An endless flood of ENRAGED MOORS pop from behind rocks and trees to make mincemeat of ROYAL KNIGHTS and FOOT SOLDIERS. Moors SPEAR, SLASH, STAB AND SKEWER knights and horses alike.

EXT. BATTLEFIELD - 3 HOURS LATER

Rodrigo, Sebastián and the 100 men swiftly find King Fernando on the crest. At the sound of HOOVES, he turns stunned.

MONTAGE:

Mercenaries BURST into the SKIRMISH, SURROUND, SANDWICH, SKEWER the ENEMY sideways with five-foot broadswords, poleaxes, lances. Cake for the tested warriors.

Aragón's Knights obey, falling in deep between rows of Mercenaries, blades bared, finishing strays.

A YOUNG PAGE ZIPS the field waves his pennant taunting MOORS.

A TRUMPETER'S crisp BATTLE FANFARE. DRUMMER BOY'S snare-a sharp STACCATO drives men forward.

END MONTAGE.

Fernando ROARS, rears his mount. Flanked by ambitious Knights ALL DIVE IN. Rodrigo rides into a HARD CLASH. A MOOR GALLOPS up, SLIDES a curved scimitar UNDER his breastplate, RIPPING UPWARD to GUT him AND steal Rodrigo's gold-plated armor.

A MERCENARY JOSTLES Rodrigo's horse to separates them.

Rodrigo's KNOCKED to the ground. Probes under his armor-his fingers DRIP BLOOD. The Moor JUMPS down to finish Rodrigo.

The Mercenary RAMS a 5-foot spear THRU the top of the Moor's TURBANED HEAD, out under the chin. Rodrigo nods his thanks. The Mercenary grins, RECOUPS his spear, returns to fight.

Rodrigo GRABS the dead man's turban, binds his gut. Tugs the armor down over the bandaged wound.

14.

SEBASTIÁN

Father!

Sebastián and Pedro GALLOP behind Rodrigo--each takes an arm, HOIST him up. Rodrigo's WARHORSE RUNS UNDER HIM.

They DROP Rodrigo into his saddle, the men return to battle.

INT. LIBRARY - DE COSTA HOUSE - DAY

Ana reads a book by Greek physician Galen. She hears SCREAMS.

EXT, PATIO - DE COSTA HOUSE - DAY

Ana runs to her panicked parents kneeling beside Saul--flat on his back. Blood spurts from a 2 inch gash. Slipping a pillow under Saul's bleeding head, Ana lays linen cloth on the gash. She looks into Saul's eyes.

SAUL

Those stairs are deadly.

ANA

Let me try something.

Ana lifts the cloth, blood SPURTS. Covering Saul's eyes, WHISPERING a prayer, Ana pours a drop of serum in the open gash. Saul SQUIRMS as the serum GELS, CLOSES the wound. Abel and Marta GASP. Abel meets Ana's gaze with respect.

EXT. BATTLEFIELD BAZA - AFTERNOON

A smoking, stinking ruin of a battle. Fernando takes a victory lap. Clusters of Aragonese and Castilian warriors sit mounted as Blood-soaked SOLDIERS sway on their feet, staring at bodies tiling the hillside. FOOT SOLDIERS and Mercenaries itching to loot--wait for the King's departure.

Sebastián, Rodrigo and Pedro ride, quietly assess the toll.

SEBASTIÁN

This is not a noble victory.

RODRIGO

You're still erect. Look about.  
Moors crushed. We lost but a few.

PEDRO

Plenty injured tho, Milord.

As the King nears them, he removes his blood-splashed helmet.

A spear WHOOSHES his way.

SLOW MO: Sebastián HEARS the spear before he sees it. He GALLOPS, arm extended, INTERCEPTS the javelin with his RAISED SHIELD. It SLAMS into the steel INCHES from the

15.

Monarch's eye; the tip PIERCES through. Sebastián lowers the breached shield, Fernando nods, jolted, smiles grimly.

The Drummer Boy BEATS A STACCATO FANFARE.

A SECOND VENGEFUL ARROW FLIES from the Archer's bow that missed the king. KILLS the boy. A GASP, a SIGH, as the lad crumbles atop his drum.

Rodrigo rides to BEHEAD the Archer. A solid gold, gem-studded helmet with a turbaned head ROLLS into the King's path. Sebastián skewers the head, FLIPS the King the helmet.

SEBASTIÁN

At your service, Majesty.

FERNANDO

Lords Aragón the glory is yours!  
Your knights delivered the day.  
Come to my tent Rodrigo and heir.

Fernando rides. Rodrigo bows, pride outweighing his pain. The Aragónese Knights CHEER, BELLOW with joy, POUND their armor.

SEBASTIÁN

Well done men! Father join the  
King. We'll finish. I'll find you.

Sebastian's 38 Knights depart with Drummer Boy's body. Pedro and Sebastián trot the field. Mercenaries and SPANISH SOLDIERS PILLAGE enemy CORPSES, STAB the dying, GRAB weapons.

PEDRO

The hired swords earned their gold!  
We lost two men by my count.

SEBASTIÁN

One a child. Fine drummer, waste of  
a life. Send his weight in silver,  
nay, gold, to his family, Pedro.

Pedro nods. Eyes sharp Pedro spots MOVEMENT under a BODY. Dismounts. FLIPS a corpse. Pulls out FEZ (20), curly-haired Arab, wiry, wide-eyed, he gapes at Pedro, resigned to death.

PEDRO

(Arabic)

It's done. Go home to your family.

The youth stares around the field tiled with Muslim corpses.

FEZ

(Arabic)

They're all here.

PEDRO

Someone will have you.



16.

FEZ  
Rather die.

PEDRO  
(Arabic)  
As Allah didn't take you I will.

Fez bows, to be beheaded. Pedro LAUGHS.

PEDRO (CONT'D)  
Stand, fool! Didn't save you just  
to behead you!

FEZ  
Why? For a slave?

PEDRO  
A page. For a noble house in the  
North. Men of honor. Look at me. Do  
you see a slave?

The youth inspects Pedro carefully. Fine armor, weaponry,  
groomed. Paternal. Confident. Shakes his head, bows.

FEZ  
No, Milord.

PEDRO  
I'm no lord. Squire Pedro  
Rodriguez. We square, then?

FEZ  
Fez. Honored, Elder Squire.

Pedro stands with Fez. Sebastián approaches. Dismounts.

PEDRO  
Here's the boss. Lord Sebastián,  
this is Fez, with your permission  
he would join us as a page.

Fez bows, touches his foot in respect.

SEBASTIÁN  
I trust Squire's judgement, always.  
Welcome, Fez. Do you handle birds?

FEZ  
I'm expert falconer and pigeon  
trainer, Milord!

Sebastián nods. Pedro tugs Fez to his saddle, all ride.

EXT. HILLTOP ABOVE BATTLEFIELD - AFTERNOON

As they cross the field, Sebastián eyes THREE HOODED RIDERS  
watching from a hill. Detected, the riders leave.

17.

INT. FERNANDO'S TENT

Behind the lush royal tent's bedroom curtain Fernando fucks his gorgeous, notorious mistress, BEATRIZ DE BOBADILLA (30). She's on top, wearing the bloody gold and emerald helmet.

The King climaxes LOUDLY.

BEATRIZ  
Winning suits Majesty.

Fernando LAUGHS. Removes the helmet, sets it aside.

FERNANDO  
It suits all but the vanquished. We  
very nearly were. Aragón saved the  
day. Nothing short of a miracle.

Beatriz finds him aroused again. Mounts him. GROANS.

BEATRIZ  
Miracles beget miracles, Majesty!

EXT. DECK - BLOOD OF ARAGÓN - SUNSET

MOANS. Wounded Knights, Squires get stitched, bandaged. Pages clean armor, sharpen blades. Fez sews Drummer Boy's shroud.

Men SING "Spanish Knight":

KNIGHTS  
(singing)  
My ornaments are arms, my pastime  
is in war, my bed is cold upon the  
wold, my light the stars alone.  
  
My journeys are long, my slumbers  
short and broken, from hill to  
hill, I wander still, kissing thy  
token.  
I ride from land to land, sea to  
sea. Some day more kind, I hope to  
find, some night to kiss thee, some  
night to kiss thee.

EXT. FERNANDO'S TENT - SUNSET

The Three Hooded Figures ride to the King's tent.  
Fernando's ARMED GUARDS crossed poles block entry. A hood's  
lowered. Isabel. And her GUARDS. The King's guards kneel.

GUARD  
(SHOUTS in warning)  
MAJESTY! THE QUEEN!

Isabel dismounts.

18.

INT. FERNANDO'S TENT - SUNSET

Fernando hears. Dons a robe, grabs sword, instructs Beatriz.

FERNANDO  
Stay here, I warn you. Do not move.

His Guards flank the curtained area as Isabel enters.

FERNANDO (CONT'D)  
My Queen. What brings you to the  
heat of the battle? Is it Juan?

Isabel's sharp eye discerns movement behind the curtains.

ISABEL  
Your heir misses his sire. Juan's  
health falters but it is not the  
prince alone that delivers me here.

Isabel sits. Fernando reluctantly joins her.

ISABEL (CONT'D)  
I'll be brief, I assume you are  
whoring after your battle.

Fernando doesn't bother denying it. Isabel is ICE.

ISABEL (CONT'D)  
The Astrologer foresaw ill  
portents. Calamity. Unless we expel  
or burn EVERY. LAST. JEW.

FERNANDO  
(bored, heard it before)  
You rode days to tell me that?

ISABEL  
The stars trumpet urgency. We may  
eliminate the Moors in battle, but  
wily Aragonese Jews control our  
wealth! They leave or die. We annex  
their gold before they can run.

FERNANDO  
*My queen, your noble Castilian  
domain may be expendable but I  
honor the old ancestral laws of  
Aragón that tolerate Jews.*

ISABEL  
*Jewish blood stains Aragón's noble  
lineage. The Pope has been most  
tolerant. Do not test his mercy.*

FERNANDO  
And you marvel why our bed is  
cold!? I'll not cede Aragón.

ISABEL  
It's written in your stars, my  
King. Take this seriously or fail,  
*as you very nearly did here.*

FERNANDO  
This was a resounding victory, I'll  
not have you paint it otherwise!

ISABEL  
Of course not, *husband.*

Isabel stands. Nods coldly to the bed, the curvaceous shadow.

ISABEL (CONT'D)  
Do be careful Fernando, *five  
bastards are quite enough.*

EXT. FERNANDO'S TENT - DUSK

Sebastián and Rodrigo arrive to see the hooded figures ride.

INT. FERNANDO'S TENT - DUSK

A PAGE pours wine for Fernando, Rodrigo and Sebastián.

FERNANDO  
A thrilling day. Taunted by death,  
unscathed. We are grateful, Aragón.

SEBASTIÁN  
Majesty. An honor.

The RUSTLE of silk. Beatriz emerges dressed, party-ready.

BEATRIZ  
My Lords. I toast my King's health.

FERNANDO  
Leave us, Senora.

Beatriz curtseys sourly steps out. Fernando looks rattled.

RODRIGO  
Majesty?

FERNANDO  
The Queen just left.

Ah. SEBASTIAN Oh. RODRIGO

FERNANDO  
Insisting on expulsion in Aragón.  
You've friends among Jews, Moors  
and Gitanos warn them. That is all.

20.

Rodrigo's shaken, angry, he barely contains it.

RODRIGO  
Majesty! Young men-only sons-of  
Aragon's nobility-just *risked their*  
*necks* defending *their* King and the  
old laws' tolerance of worship!

FERNANDO  
As is their *and your* DUTY, Rodrigo!

Fernando STARES Rodrigo down. Hesitates, explains.

FERNANDO (CONT'D)  
The Queen insinuated the Pope's  
*clemency* for my Sephardi blood  
wavers. My great-great-grandmother  
descended from Babylonian Jews.

RODRIGO  
Indeed, Majesty is that not then  
the *heaven-sent calling* of Aragón?!

FERNANDO  
Die's cast. I can't test the Pope's  
conviction without crawling up his  
ass in chase of Isabel!

LAUGHTER from outside. Beatriz, listening. Fernando scowls.

SEBASTIÁN  
Expulsion is harsh reward for  
Sephardi gold funding this war.

Fernando goes to his desk. Scrawls on vellum, signs, seals.

FERNANDO  
(shows it to Rodrigo)  
Best I can do. The appointment of  
Aragon's Inquisitor to your  
incompetent bone-idle sodomite  
bastard, Diego. Instruct him to  
look the other way in Aragón.

EXT. SHIP DECK - BLOOD OF ARAGÓN - EVENING

Fez WHISPERS Arabic prayers as he sews the young Drummer  
Boy's shroud. Dejected, Sebastián and Rodrigo board.

SEBASTIÁN  
Died for a king whose word is dust.

Sebastián checks on wounded knights. Seamen prepare to sail.

RODRIGO  
Hard thing to lose a son.

PEDRO  
I suppose that hinges on *which* son.

INT. RODRIGO'S CABIN - BLOOD OF ARAGÓN - NIGHT

Pedro removes Rodrigo's armor. Slipping into bed, Rodrigo hides his gut wound. Pedro sees blood inside the breastplate. Frowns. Rodrigo's eyes signal: "ignore it". Sebastián enters.

Sebastián sits beside Rodrigo pats his hand in shared regret.

RODRIGO  
What glory Pedro-my son saved the King! Make a note for his legend!

PEDRO  
I saw. Excellent shield work!

RODRIGO  
I nearly perished of pride! Legacy secured for the next generation.

PEDRO  
Milord Sebastián, duty calls! Those heirs won't make themselves.

SEBASTIÁN  
How quickly did my moment of glory sour to dereliction of succession!

RODRIGO  
Sebastián. Marry. Beget a son that gives you the joy you've given me.

SEBASTIÁN  
I shall try, Father.

RODRIGO  
Surely someone at court pleases you sufficiently to wed?

SEBASTIÁN  
Fernando's plucked every noble beauty. I'll not be a cuckold legitimizing his bastards.

RODRIGO  
And Pedro's daughters? They're beauties!

SEBASTIÁN  
(horrified)  
They are *children*! I require a woman. No offense, Squire.

PEDRO  
None taken.

22.

RODRIGO  
(yawns wide)  
Pedro have Captain dock at Cordoba.  
Sebastián and I must pay a call.

SEBASTIÁN  
Goodnight, Father.

Sebastián exits. Pedro stands over Rodrigo, concerned, he folds the bedsheet back. It's spotted with blood.

PEDRO  
Let me have a look, Milord.

Rodrigo SNATCHES the sheet back.

RODRIGO  
Fuck off, please. It's nothing.

Pedro stares him down. Rodrigo SIGHS. Reaches under the bed. Hands Pedro a rolled document.

RODRIGO (CONT'D)  
Witness, then secure this.

INT. PALACE OF ISAAC ABRAVANEL - CORDOBA - 2 DAYS LATER

Sebastián and Rodrigo drink tea with Spain's wealthiest Jew, humanitarian ISAAC ABRAVANEL.

ABRAVANEL  
Fernando's reasonable. I'll offer a  
king's ransom for Cordoba's Jews.

RODRIGO  
The Queen's untenable ransom of  
faith is your obstacle, dear  
friend. We came to offer you the  
vantage of time. As you did me.

Abravanel takes in the dusty armor of Rodrigo and Sebastián as they stand, embrace him. This was a pressing visit.

ABRAVANEL  
Let no man say that Lord Rodrigo  
and his son do not honor their  
debts, or abandon their friends.

SEBASTIÁN  
Move your assets, Rabbi Abravanel.  
Quickly. Things change faster than  
the wind. This ends the 'Two  
Spains' as we know it. We'll defend  
the old laws, but blood will spill.  
Sephardi and Christian. I am sorry.

Abravanel clasps Sebastian's hand to his chest.

ABRAVANEL  
 Brothers-in this life-and the next.

INT. HOLY HOUSE - DAYS LATER - EVENING

A MESSENGER hands Friar Miguel a leather-sheathed document.

INT. DIEGO'S ROOMS - HOLY HOUSE - MORNING

Two FIGURES RUT under white sheets in a canopied bed.  
 A KNOCK. A second KNOCK. A third. Diego's head pops up.

DIEGO  
 What is it?!

MIGUEL  
 Urgent church business.

Diego's hand parts the closed curtains. Friar Miguel drops the document in Diego's upturned palm. Exits, SLAMS the door.

Annoyed, Diego resumes his pleasure, opens the document, reads. He stops, mid-stroke. His mouth drops open, the ends turn up into a smile. He pulls out, lays back. Stretches.

DIEGO  
 Enrique! Kiss the cock of your new  
*Inquisitor.*

Wily, impish FRIAR ENRIQUE (22), pops up, does as he's told.

INT. HOLY HOUSE OFFICE - MORNING

Diego re-reads the King's document for the 100th time. Friar Miguel enters. Stops, stunned.

MIGUEL  
 So early, Friar? Good morning!

DIEGO  
 Inquisitor! Difficult to believe.

MIGUEL  
 Indeed.

Diego inspects the signature. Holds it under Miguel's nose.

DIEGO  
 Is it a forgery to humiliate me?

MIGUEL  
 Seems unlikely. Why?



DIEGO

I'm the bastard of a disgraced nun.  
A constant reminder of my noble  
father's sin. My half brother  
despises me, I've never even met  
the King! Why elevate me?

MIGUEL

Perhaps God forgave Friar de la  
Villanueva that others might?

DIEGO

Lower men than I've been promoted.  
Vile converso Torquemada for one.

MIGUEL

IF entrusted with this honor, what  
would *Inquisitor* Diego do first?

DIEGO

Burn every Jew in Aragón in  
gratitude to their Catholic  
Majesties!

Miguel nods. Worst fears confirmed, he exits the office.

INT. HOLY HOUSE - CORRIDOR - MORNING

Miguel PRAYS quietly, urgently as he walks.

MIGUEL

Archangel Miguel, Prince of Peace,  
He after whom I am named-guide and  
protect my endeavors to stop unjust  
murders in Christ's holy name.

Behind a pillar, Diego's lover Friar Enrique OVERHEARS this.

INT. ANA'S BEDROOM - DE COSTA HOUSE - EVENING

A KNOCK. Ana opens the door, elegantly dressed for dinner.

ABEL

Ana come down, we have a guest.

INT. PATIO - DE COSTA HOUSE - EVENING

DAVID HERRERA, tall, pleasant-looking turns at Abel and Ana's  
arrival. Stunned by Ana's beauty his smile spreads from ear  
to ear. He advances Ana steps BACK into Abel, turns to him.

ANA

Papa. No.

He gently ushers her forward.

25.

ABEL

David Herrera, this is our  
daughter, Ana. Ana, David.

David takes Ana's hand, kisses it, before she can retract it.

ANA

Ah, Mr. Herrera, I apologize.  
For my father. He mistakenly  
believes I would make someone a  
good wife. You seem a fine person,  
who deserves better. Good evening.

Ana steps around Abel. Exits. David nods to Abel.

DAVID

I like her. I wish to confirm the  
engagement, Señor De Costa.

David leaves. Marta and Abel trade wary glances.

INT. HOLY HOUSE OFFICE - DAY

Diego's back in his old groove, drinking and self-doubting.  
Miguel's transcribing. Enrique rushes in with an EMISSARY.

ENRIQUE

Inquisitor! An Emissary from  
Inquisitor General's Office...!

Diego sets his wine cup down, struggles to look alert. The  
EMISSARY gives Diego a scroll, hands Diego's cup to Enrique.

EMISSARY

Inquisitor Villanueva. Specifics.

DIEGO

It *is* real, then?

Diego opens, reads. Enrique and Miguel watch wide-eyed.

EMISSARY

You are to be received by Her  
Majesty and Inquisitor General  
at the Aljaferia. Be prepared.

DIEGO

Friar Miguel compiles a list of  
Aragon's wealthiest Jews for  
immediate arrest as we speak.

This is news to Miguel. All heads turn his way. He nods.

INT. ANA'S BEDROOM - DE COSTA HOUSE - AFTERNOON

Ana's reading. Abel KNOCKS, enters. Glances at stacked books.

ABEL

David has the temperament to abide  
your arrogance which we have  
nurtured for far too long.

ANA

He's too good for me.

ABEL

You are not evading marriage  
forever, Ana. David wants to  
formalize the agreement.

Ana stares. She pivots. Calls his bluff.

ANA

Alright, Papa! I agree to marry  
David-but first-I want-I must go to  
Florence to study with DaVinci to  
complete the serum to save Saul.

ABEL

DaVinci. You're serious. Of course!  
You drive us crazy-you remain sane.

ANA

To save Saul's life, I'll sacrifice  
my own. I'll marry David Herrera.

Abel stares, thinking. Ana doesn't lie or renege.

ABEL

Agreed. I'll give you a packet for  
Signore Giocondo. You will stay  
there and travel with a sentinel.

ANA

Yes, Papa.

ABEL

Ana. You're blessed with great  
intellect. In another time, you'd  
be a queen, an empress, a pharaoh.

ANA

I'm content to be an Alchemist with  
a loving father. It could be worse.

INT. SAUL'S ROOM - DE COSTA HOUSE - AFTERNOON

Ana's hands Marta a vial of serum. Saul's in bed still weak.

SAUL

Don't leave. I'm recovering.

27.

ANA

The serum stops the bleeding *but*  
*does not cure*. I need to create an  
elixir to heal you *from inside*.

INT. ANA'S SECRET ROOM - DE COSTA HOME - NIGHT

Ana's packing. A KNOCK.

MARTA

Ana, it's Mama.

Ana opens. Marta hands Ana an engraved dagger in crimson  
leather scabbard.

MARTA (CONT'D)

It belonged to my Majorcan ancestor  
whose gifts you've inherited.

Ana reads the Hebraic inscription. Elated, Ana hugs Marta.

ANA

I'm *related* to the great *Simeon ben*  
*Semah*- alchemist, Mathematician,  
astronomer, scientist... *surgeon*?!

MARTA

Simon passed just forty four years  
ago. He was known by the acronym  
*Rashba*. During his studies in  
Aragón he lived and worked here.

Marta runs a hand along the granite table-they're shocked to  
see it SPARK a STARRY DIAGRAM of the heavens in the stone.

ANA

*Rashba* signed the Kabbala chart  
Saul and I activated with gems!

Ana presses a BLUE TOPAZ in the chart. Marta's mouth drops.  
The wall opens to a deep, cavernous chamber. Ana's basic  
outer workroom's a decoy for the ancient Hebraic arts within.

MARTA

This room was sealed by a rabbi!

INT. BIG ALCHEMY LAB - ANA'S SECRET ROOM - NIGHT

Candles illuminate a full-blown Alchemy Lab. Life-sized  
anatomical mosaics-male and female, a massive Kabbala Tree of  
Life GLOW on a wall. SUSPENDED GLASS HOLOGRAMS calculate  
Alchemic formulas. Hebraic Angelic Symbolism and Astrological  
Charts are etched in brass, imbedded in the floor.

MARTA

(immersed in the magic)  
Oh, daughter.

28.

Ana writes magical equations on the glass, it releases ANGELIC FORMS from the holograms. Marta GASPS.

ANA

This is a portal to worlds of the Sefirot, souls, and angels. They helped me with the elixirs for you and Papa. Technique's what I lack. Why I must go to Florence.

MARTA

Ana, you must be very careful.

ANA

It's my destiny to complete Simon-Rashba's work he left directives to build the altars, access the portal. Keep my secret, Mama.

MARTA

Our secret. HaShem protect you.

EXT. GANGPLANK - SHIP - PORT OF BARCELONA - DAYS LATER

Ana and her SENTINEL ascend the ship's gangplank for Italy.

EXT. DOCK - BARCELONA - GANGPLANK - BLOOD OF ARAGÓN - DAY

Aragón's Knights descend the gangplank into port. Rodrigo, Sebastián and Pedro wait; allow Knights their deserved glory. As pennants of Aragon's noble houses unfurl, CHEERS rise.

EXT. PORT OF BARCELONA - DAY

Behind the Knights, Fez leads a horse with the Drummer Boy's body. He wears the blood-stained drum across his back. GASPS, SILENCE for the small corpse ONLOOKERS sign the cross. SOMEONE CLAPS, unleashes ROARS:

CROWD

ARAGÓN! ARAGÓN! PROTECTOR OF OLD LAWS! GOD BLESS LORD RODRIGO PROTECTOR OF ARAGÓN!

Rodrigo sits a bit taller ignores the pain. A path clears.

EXT. DECK - SHIP FOR FLORENCE DAY

Ana follows the CLAMOR, runs to the ship rail to investigate.

SLOW MO/POV Ana:

Two glorious Knights ride slowly, majestically thru CHEERING SEPHARDI, CHRISTIANS, GITANOS, ARABS in line to board ships.

EXT. PORT OF BARCELONA - DAY

As the impromptu parade ends, Rodrigo and Sebastián pause, remove helmets. A ROAR for the handsome father and son.

ON: Ana, strong, delicate, spectacular, hooded Italian cloak of cerulean blue blowing. Her eyes fix on Sebastián.

ON: Rodrigo, he spots Ana first. NUDGES Sebastián to look as: The WIND KNOCKS Ana's hood back unleashing her bronze curls.

Ana's cape parts, scabbard and pistol revealed. As she closes the cape, he spots the blue topaz ring on her left hand.

ON: Sebastián. The Beauty from his vision's a warrior. Ana and Sebastian's eyes lock in mutual thunderstruck wonder.

ON: Rodrigo who CHUCKLES at Sebastian's utter bedazzlement.

The CHUCKLE becomes a COUGH. Rodrigo KEELS OVER, TUMBLES from his horse. His armor CLUNKS on the stony ground.

Sebastián tears his eyes from Ana to see Rodrigo's smile frozen. Blood drools from his lips, seeps from his armor.

Sebastián LEAPS from his mount. Cradles his father, slices the leather straps of Rodrigo's breastplate. Lifting it-blood GUSHES through the makeshift bandage OVER his hand.

SEBASTIÁN

Ever the hero.

RODRIGO

Ever the fool-I wished to die in my own bed not as a public spectacle.

POV Rodrigo: A CROWD HOVERS over, signs the cross, PRAYS, WEEPS, SHOUTS his name. WOMEN WAIL, dip rags in his blood.

Sebastián sits holding dying Rodrigo who clearly SAVORS the HOOPLA. Pedro nods to Sebastián stroking Rodrigo's head as his eyes flutter and life departs.

SEBASTIÁN

(tears streaking)

Father. This is how knights fall and legends rise. I shall miss you.

Rodrigo's eyes close. Sebastián kisses his brow, stands, holding him. A ROAR. Pedro and Knights HOIST him on shields.

KNIGHTS

Y Viva Rodrigo of Aragón!

POV Sebastián: through CHAOS Ana, hand on heart, eyes full of empathy as her ship leaves. He STARES at her blue topaz ring.

ON: Ana, Sebastián REFLECTED in her bright eyes.

30.

EXT. ROAD - FLORENCE - DAYS LATER

Ana GALLOPS the road to Florence with her Sentinel.  
The TOWERS OF THE GATE OF ST. NICHOLAS come into view.

EXT. PARAPETS - FRONT TOWER - BLACK CASTLE - DAY

Fez, and a YOUNG PAGE struggle to secure a massive roll of black canvas between parapet gaps of the front tower. Done. They RELEASE it. It UNFURLS, SLAPPING the stone wall.

EXT. FRONT PATH - BLACK CASTLE - DAY

POV: Fez and the Page stare up at the black mourning banner emblazoned with Aragon's crest, Rodrigo's name.

INT. CRYPT - BLACK CASTLE - AFTERNOON

Sebastián and Diego on opposite sides of Rodrigo's stone coffin as the lid with his likeness is slid into place. Pedro hovers, holds a scroll behind his back.

PEDRO  
A word, Lord Aragón.

Pedro hands him Rodrigo's last-minute will. Diego watches, eyes narrowed as Sebastián reads. Their eyes meet.

EXT. BLACK CASTLE - MOMENTS LATER

Diego departs, enraged, dry-eyed, silent on his mule. Sebastián CANTERS his black mare down the path, across the vast estate, streams, fields, silently WEeping.

INT. DEL GIOCONDO PALAZZO - FLORENCE - DAY

Ana and the Sentinel enter a palazzo. Ana hands the packet to her father's contact SEÑOR GIOCONDO. He gives Ana a receipt.

EXT. ATELIER DA VINCI - FLORENCE - DAY

Ana arrives. Pays an ASSISTANT to study. The assistant runs to LEONARDO DAVINCI (36), with the purse. He glances at Ana, and her guard. Appraising. Nods. Ana waves the Sentinel away.

INT. ATELIER DA VINCI - FLORENCE - DAY

DaVinci observes Ana unpacking exotic tools; astrolabe, oil. Books of Hebraic magic, Torah, Kabbala. She hangs specimens, burns frankincense, sandalwood, rose to purify her space.

31.

Rich, lovely, armed, Ana intimidates the all-MALE STUDENTS.

DAVINCI  
(intrigued)  
Madonna De Costa, would you agree  
that wisdom is the daughter of  
experience?

ANA  
Indeed, Maestro DaVinci.

DAVINCI  
Excellent. During your time here I  
will ask you to learn *how to see*,  
and understand how *everything*  
*connects to everything else*.  
You bring certain knowledge and  
rituals, watch to see how they  
align with what we experience here.  
Now, what do you hope to achieve?

ANA  
A miracle, Maestro DaVinci. I wish  
to prolong life.

DAVINCI  
I teach science and biology.

Ana nods, gazes about. Shimmering HOLOGRAPHIC PRESENCES,  
GUIDES EMANATE; surround her, then dissipate.

ANA  
Yes. The rest is in hand, Maestro.

EXT. BLACK CASTLE - DAY

Esteban opens the front door to Diego in Inquisition regalia.

ESTEBAN  
Friar De La Villanueva.

DIEGO  
Inquisitor.

ESTEBAN  
He is in the stables. *Inquisitor*.

EXT. STABLES - BLACK CASTLE - DAY

Diego covetously admires Tomas, Rodrigo's charger as Fez  
brushes his coat to a high gleam. Sebastián watches.

DIEGO  
I should wish to have father's  
horse, Tomas, *as you have all else*.

Sebastián ignores the barb. PATS the great horse's flank.



SEBASTIÁN

As you wish. He's a warhorse. Bit bold for a friar?

Sebastián waves Fez to saddle the horse. He does this.

DIEGO

*Inquisitor.* I am now part of Isabel's divine hierarchy.

SEBASTIÁN

Inquisitor. You do realize that Father never expected-nor wished-you to take this seriously? Aragón has long-standing laws that protect Jews in our jurisdiction.

Diego SNORTS, stroking the silver-rigged leather saddle.

DIEGO

He might have had that conversation with me *before* I was bartered to the Church. I'm Isabel's man now. Shall we ride to court together?

SEBASTIÁN

I'll find you there. Enjoy your mount. You are suited.

Diego's THROWN by the mighty horse. Finally, he rides off.

EXT. LA ALJAFERIA PALACE - ZARAGOZA, ARAGÓN - DUSK

Fez halts the coach at the 11th century Moorish palace, La Aljaferia. Sebastián exits somberly attired-long dark hair under a black velvet cap, dark blue leather doublet and wool cape with Aragón's crest. All chosen not to upstage the King.

Sebastian's discreet magnificence exacts SIGHS from LADIES and respectful glances from the NOBLES and MINISTERS.

He carries a gem-studded box as he enters the Moorish portal.

By contrast Diego's outfit black leather red fox-lined cape, huge silver cross and black warhorse misfired vexing ONLOOKERS and hater boss, INQUISITOR GENERAL TORQUEMADA(55).

Frog-faced Torquemada fakes humility arriving in drab woolen cloak on a sorry mule. He SNARLS as Diego grandly dismounts.

TORQUEMADA

Smacks of pride. My Inquisitors do God's will with humility!

DIEGO

This was my father's mount, it is my last vestige of him.

TORQUEMADA

God is your father! Act and dress accordingly. This is *not* Rome!

INT. AUDIENCE CHAMBER - LA ALJAFERIA PALACE - LATER

Isabel waves the brothers forward. The men bow, kneel, rise.

ISABEL

Beloved Lord Aragón will be missed.

FERNANDO

Indeed Aragón. We value your haste to court after your great loss.

Gritting his teeth Sebastián hands the jeweled box to a PAGE.

SEBASTIÁN

Thank you Majesties. A true loss. Father's loyalty never wavered.

FERNANDO

We are well aware of his sacrifice.

DIEGO

Father also prized piety, which I shall endeavour to exemplify.

Fernando SNORTS at Diego who flinches. The King opens the box, nods. Passes it to Isabel, who admires the gold florins.

ISABEL

Gold is most welcome, *Lord Aragón*. We require your sword as well. Rodrigo's legacy must be upheld!

SEBASTIÁN

(preempts her trap)

Legacy indeed, Majesties! My father's legend in Aragón and beyond is the noble honor due his lifetime of fair play. My Lord Rodrigo's very public passing left no doubt of his sacrifice for the Crown. With his last breath Father bade me vow to protect Aragón's old laws. As his heir I gave blood oath to defend Aragón in his good name.

Sebastián hoists Rodrigo's BLOODY BANDAGE, neatly folded. Someone CHEERS. APPLAUSE. Fernando smiles. Isabel's vexed.

ISABEL

What a fine son you are, carrying Lord Rodrigo's torch. And Grand Inquisitor Torquemada will no doubt mentor Inquisitor Diego to distinction.

DIEGO  
(horrified)  
Thank you, Majesty.

ISABEL  
Aragón. Your fortunes now resolved,  
you must wed. I have notions of a  
beneficial union. With Burgundy.

SEBASTIÁN  
(no way)  
Majesty. A wedding on the heels of  
Lord Rodrigo's end may appear...

ISABEL  
Callous. It may wait. For now.

EXT. GARDEN - LA ALJAFERIA PALACE - MOMENTS LATER

Sebastián quits the palace in silent rage. He's buttonholed  
by LUIS DE SANTANGELO (35), and GABRIEL SANCHEZ (37) highest-  
ranked Conversos in Isabel's court. Sebastián nods.

LUIS  
Lord Aragón. I am Luis Santangelo.  
Our Queen's comptroller. This is...

SEBASTIÁN  
Gabriel Sanchez. Treasurer General  
of Aragón. The crown's trusted men  
of finance. A pleasure, gentlemen.

LUIS  
May we speak? Privately?

They enter a privy garden alcove. The men speak quietly.

LUIS (CONT'D)	GABRIEL
May we firstly offer our	<i>Sincere condolences, Milord.</i>
deepest condolences, Milord.	Lord Rodrigo was a true hero.
	To us all.

SEBASTIÁN  
You heard. My father was-still is,  
through me-a friend to the Jews. My  
brother may prove otherwise, sadly.

Sebastián spots Diego intriguing with a FRIAR on a far palace  
balcony. Luis and Gabriel follow his hard gaze.

SEBASTIÁN (CONT'D)  
Speak of the devil. What odd manner  
of monk does he conspire with?

GABRIEL  
Aguero. Dishonored friar persona  
non grata at court. You've the eyes  
of a Peregrine Falcon.

35.

Sebastián shrugs, turns back to face the ministers.

LUIS  
Lord Aragón. The future of Spain's  
Jews cusps on apocalypse. New and  
arduous edicts will emerge-soon.

SEBASTIÁN  
As Conversos, you're late to their  
deliverance.

LUIS  
Tried years to sway her. Isabel  
seeks absolute rule of the kingdom  
as she can't control the King's....!

SEBASTIÁN  
Ardors. Understood. How may I help?

GABRIEL  
Captain Cristobal Colon has  
ambitions of westward exploration.

LUIS  
He could be persuaded to take Jews.

SEBASTIÁN  
The man they call The Italian?  
He's been nipping at Isabel's  
skirts...

LUIS  
Unsuccessfully. Fund him and we  
have a back-door solution for the  
evacuation.

SEBASTIÁN  
What size investment?

GABRIEL  
Two million Maravedis.

SEBASTIÁN  
(to the two men)  
And you get?

LUIS  
Passage on the ship.

SEBASTIÁN  
Arrange a meeting at Barcelona's  
port. Aragón's too risky.

EXT. BALCONY - LA ALJAFERIA

Diego and FRIAR AGUERO (40), watch Sebastián and Ministers  
depart.

FRIAR AGUERO

Inquisitor, I'd wager my fat left testicle that tête-à-tête did not have the crown's blessing. Isabel's Jews plot. Backed, no doubt by your fine lord brother's new fortune.

DIEGO

Friar, your tasteless bet advances treachery where it may not exist.

FRIAR AGUERO

Unappetizing testicles, eh? I bow to your experience.

DIEGO

My brother is a cunning warrior, but he has neither palate nor patience for statecraft.

FRIAR AGUERO

I have familiarity in the ways of wily Jews. The Queen relies too keenly on Torquemada. Act boldly, establish yourself in Isabel's eyes, or become his whipping dog.

DIEGO

He's no friend, that is certain.

FRIAR AGUERO

A man *needs* friends at court. I shall gladly mentor your ascent.

DIEGO

If need arises I will seek you out.

INT. CRYPT - BLACK CASTLE - LATER

Sebastián stands at Rodrigo's stone crypt. He fits a wine cup in the carved hands above a sword hilt. He sits, lifts a cup.

SEBASTIÁN

I'll put your gold to good use.

Sebastián drinks. Leaves.

ON: Rodrigo's cup as the wine DRAINS. Empty, the cup tips over, a single red drop drools down the pale tomb.

EXT. PYRES - HUESCA SQUARE - A WEEK LATER

Diego inspects a row of pyres in work. Miguel approaches.

MIGUEL

Inquisitor. A visitor. From *Toledo*.

37.

Diego looks startled. He runs toward his horse.

INT. DIEGO'S OFFICE - HOLY HOUSE

Diego enters, appalled to see Aguero peering at his papers. He puts himself between the desk and the odd monk.

FRIAR AGUERO  
Inquisitor. Here to assist, oversee  
and expedite.

DIEGO  
Friar. I did not invite you.

FRIAR AGUERO  
No, but you need me. This can't  
proceed with dry mouths.

Miguel lifts a water pitcher-Aguero covers his cup.

FRIAR AGUERO (CONT'D)  
I am allergic to water. I believe  
the King's wine comes from  
Inquisitors vineyard?

At Diego's nod, Miguel fetches a wine pitcher.

FRIAR AGUERO (CONT'D)  
As to my stay...

DIEGO  
Your stay?!

Miguel, all ears, slowly pours dark wine into Aguero's cup.

INT. ATELIER DA VINCI - FLORENCE - DUSK

Drops of blood PLOP in a white marble mortar. Gold flakes,  
a pearl of mercury, splash of sulphur. Ana's in her element.

Above Ana's lab table her SPECIMENS drip blood into glass  
beakers: snake, bat, hawk, tortoise, ox, and stag's heads.

MALE STUDENTS SNEER as Ana WHISPERS reading Hebrew from her  
ledger. Maestro DaVinci nears Ana protectively.

DAVINCI  
Experiment is the interpreter of  
nature. Experiments never deceive.  
*It is our judgment which sometimes  
deceives itself because it expects  
results which experiment refuses.*

He glances at the troublemakers.

DAVINCI (CONT'D)  
Give Signorina De Costa the respect  
every scientist deserves in that  
process. Or go.

SILENCE. Ana's heavy steel mallet POUNDS a tiny diamond to  
powder. She adds it to the mortar, GRINDS with her pestle.

INT. OFFICE - HOLY HOUSE - DAY

Aguero HUFFS up the cellar steps to the office, enters.

FRIAR AGUERO  
You build pyres-where are the Jews?

DIEGO  
Friar. Fetch me Carlos Gomez. Now!

MIGUEL  
Gomez, the tavern keep?

DIEGO  
The *informant*. Yes.

MIGUEL  
Inquisitor. There's a process.  
I'm compiling the list you require,  
unsolicited reports of suspects not  
forged gossip for pay. Witnesses.  
Evidence verified. These souls  
merit justice, discernment, mercy.

DIEGO  
Do not lecture me! Aragón rules of  
process are now at my discretion.

Miguel fumes at this big, fat lie.

INT. GOLDEN CHALICE TAVERN

The tavern ROWDIES MOCK Miguel. He disregards them, SHOUTS.

MIGUEL  
GOMEZ!

CARLOS GOMEZ(40), turns a pitted, one-eyed visage to Miguel.

MIGUEL (CONT'D)  
Inquisitor will see you. Now.

Carlos bows, dances out behind Miguel to APPLAUSE.

39.

INT. DIEGO'S INQUISITION OFFICE

Carlos' puckish humor fades beholding Diego in Inquisition regalia shadowed between candles. Chubby demon Aguero stands, oozing wine and worse. Carlos' knees buckle, he sits.

DIEGO  
Stand! This is no tavern chat!

Carlos obeys. Anxious Friar Miguel transcribes at a podium.

DIEGO (CONT'D)  
I need names. Every moneylending  
Jew in Aragón. Friar Miguel  
Carrillo will verify. All lapses in  
secrecy are punishable by  
imprisonment with Jews you betray.

CARLOS  
And I get?

Diego produces a small chest brimming with coin. Opens it.

DIEGO  
As many coins as names, Gomez.

A grin splits Carlos' face. Miguel stares in horror.

INT. ATELIER DA VINCI - FLORENCE - DAYS LATER

Spooked students stare at Ana as a sparkling, gold alchemic cloud hovers. Twisting her hands in magical patterns, Ana coaxes distillation of fog over a wide funnel on her table.

Suddenly, the cloud BURSTS, RAINS into the funnel to a beaker. Ana pours the golden fluid into flasks. Corks them.

DAVINCI  
Signorina De Costa. Please defend  
your experiment.

Ana lifts linen with delicate blood-stained fingertips to reveal a human forearm-hand attached-on a silver plate.

ANA  
Blood is the river by which all  
bodily things flow.

Using a dropper Ana draws blood from animal specimen bowls. Uncorks a serum flask, adds drops of blood.

ANA (CONT'D)  
These species survived plagues as  
humans perished! I am convinced  
that the secret of regeneration is  
hidden in nature and the blood!

Ana takes scalpel to the human hand, cuts a gash in it.



ANA (CONT'D)  
By isolating the vulnerable  
component in human blood I have  
unlocked a compatible, creature-  
based serum to prolong human life.

Ana punctures a vein with a hollow cobra tooth, drops gold  
serum INTO THE VEIN. The serum VISIBLY PASSES THRU THE VEIN  
to the gash. It CLOSES. DaVinci APPLAUDS, a student SHOUTS.

STUDENT 1  
A trick!

STUDENT 2  
God forbids this blasphemy!

ANA  
It's *science*, imbeciles!

INT. ATELIER DA VINCI - FLORENCE - NEXT DAY

A YOUNG FARMER arrives with a basket--approaches the STUDENTS.

FARMER  
I've a fresh dead rabbit to sell.

Bored GROANS from students. Ana steps forward. Opens the lid.

ANA  
What happened?

FARMER  
Fell from the cart, got run over.

Ana pays the Farmer. All watch Ana make a tiny incision in  
the rabbits heart. She inserts the hollow cobra fang drips  
gold serum, clear serum and a drop of blood into the fang.  
Waits. The rabbit twitches revives. JUMPS down, HOPS away.

STUDENT  
Another trick!! Witch!

ANA  
Your stupidity is not my problem.  
Your obstinacy is. Just because you  
lack intellect to understand HOW it  
works does not make it a trick.

Ana's eyes SPARK. Davinci advances. Mouthy student retreats.

DAVINCI  
Poor is the pupil who does not  
surpass his master. Even God wants  
us to exceed Him. Learn from this,  
don't fear it.

Maestro Davinci smiles as Ana cleans and packs her tools.

DAVINCI (CONT'D)

Bravo, Ana! I welcome you to the  
maligned society of alchemists.

ANA

Thank you, Maestro. I'm honored.

DAVINCI

There are three classes of people.  
Those who *see*. Those who see when  
they are shown. Those who do not  
see. You see mortal renewal where  
the esoteric *seduces* chemistry.

Ethereal mandolin MUSIC drifts in. Ana closes her eyes.

ANA

Yes, Maestro. Alchemy and Kabbala  
are lovers, not adversaries.

DAVINCI

A poetic heart, the cold logic of a  
chemist, the serpentine soul of the  
magician with the resources to see  
it through. I envy you.

ANA

Please do not write that in my  
recommendation to the society.

DAVINCI

Madonna de Costa. Ana. I cannot.  
Even as my best student. It's  
forbidden for females. Dangerous.  
Use your gift-with discretion.

A beaker of blood on Ana's table begins to BUBBLE.

ANA

Maestro! How will I be allowed to  
apply it I am not acknowledged?!

Ana's power BOILS blood. The beaker BURSTS. UPROAR.

EXT. ALCHEMISTS LAB - FLORENCE - NEXT DAY

Ana exits. She carries her ledger and basket with her  
'subjects'. The STUDENT SHOUTS from the doorway:

STUDENT

Go home, witch!

Ana stares him down. Maestro SHOVES Student aside. Catches up  
to Ana as she mounts her horse. Hands her a velvet folder.

MAESTRO

Your reference. Master that rage.

42.

Ana opens it. Her portrait amidst her alchemic beakers *sketched on parchment in Maestro's unmistakable hand*. On the back, an address: Don Abraham. Calle De Judios, Cordoba.

Ravens hover over Ana in strange formation as she GALLOPS.

INT. SAUL'S ROOM - DE COSTA HOUSE - DAY

Marta enters, waves a letter. Saul's abed, pale as a sheet.

MARTA

For you, son. From Ana. I'm going out, do you want anything?

SAUL

I have everything I need.

Marta exits. Saul opens the letter. Reads. Smiling, he pares an apple with a small knife. It slips. His palm SPOUTS blood.

He stares in horror at Ana's serum vial on a high shelf across the room. Saul gets out of bed, struggles to stand. Gripping the edge of the bed, he crawls toward the shelf. Drained, he rests on the floor to revive. Passes out.

EXT. DE COSTA HOUSE - LATER

A SERVANT exits the house, pours a large jug of water into the street to announce a death, and release bad spirits. As the stones are wet, WAILING is heard.

INT. SAUL'S ROOM - DE COSTA HOME

Saul's eyes are closed, arms and hands extended, close to his slight body. His jaw is bound. MEN lift his body to a straw pallet, feet to the door. They cover him with linen; a lit candle placed near his head. Abel and Marta WEEP, devastated.

INT. DIEGO'S OFFICE - HOLY HOUSE - LATER

Diego and Aguero greedily assess prisoners levied valuables.

MIGUEL

Inquisitor. I'll gather statements from prisoners and review evidence provided by Señor Gomez.

FRIAR AGUERO

Don't bother. We have their names. Their wealth presumes their guilt.

MIGUEL

The Inquisition is about heresy, not taxation!

FRIAR AGUERO  
Aren't you a pious little pisser?  
The Queen granted our all-powerful  
Inquisition secrecy. Look into the  
Jews faces, smeared with guilt.

Miguel stares aghast at Diego, completely in Aguero's thrall.

DIEGO  
Friar list valuables for our Queen.

EXT. VINEYARD - THE BLACK CASTLE - DAY

Sebastián rides the Black Castle vineyards. GITANOS [GYPSIES]  
pruning the freshly picked vines bow.

GITANO  
Lord Sebastián! We were sorry to  
hear about Lord Rodrigo. Tonight we  
press, he never missed it.

SEBASTIÁN  
Nor shall I.

INT. GYPSY WINE CAVE - PYRENEES - NIGHT

Sebastián enters the busy torch-lit wine cave. MEN cull  
leaves add grapes to huge wooden press tubs. Azucar enters.

AZUCAR  
I am so sorry about ...our Rodrigo.

SEBASTIÁN  
Yes. But he died well. Better than  
any knight, lord or king may dream-  
in Majesty's good graces, a weeping  
crowd praying him to paradise.

AZUCAR  
Dios! Only Rodrigo could make art  
of death! I miss him. Horribly.

SEBASTIÁN  
He truly loved you Azucar.

Azucar weeps. Sebastián hands her a small box. She hugs it,  
unopened. They watch GITANAS [women, girls] dance barefoot in  
grape tubs. TEEN BOYS PLAY mandolins and tambourines.

AZUCAR  
I had to separate the boys. They  
got too excited in the grapes.

SEBASTIÁN  
So boyish... ardor is not the  
secret sauce of our vintage? The  
King appeared *renewed* at Baza.

AZUCAR

No. Milord. No semen in our Royal!  
The King had no need of coaxing-but  
of *diversion*-as Lord Rodrigo urged.

SEBASTIÁN

What? How so?

His gaze falls on a tray of freshly picked Pyrenees poppies.

SEBASTIÁN (CONT'D)

The secret ingredient is... opium?

AZUCAR

The King insisted we supply only  
him. Said it kept him chipper.

Sebastián INHALES with shock at Rodrigo's audacity, secrecy.

SEBASTIÁN

*Chipper?* Manic. Reckless. Certainly  
explains his rash behavior of late.  
Separate Royal vintage from house  
wine in crown-stamped barrels. I'll  
decide how we proceed.

TITLES: PORT OF BARCELONA

EXT. PORT OF BARCELONA - DAYS LATER

Ana descends the gangplank with her Sentinel, pays him.

ANA

You may leave me here, thank you.

EXT. STREET - HUESCA, ARAGÓN - DAYS LATER

A chilling cortège as HOLY GUARDS force chained NAKED  
SEPHARDI: 19 MEN and an ELDERLY WOMAN holding green candles  
to the pyre. SHOUTING, half-drunk Diego trots his stallion.  
Behind him, Friar Miguel rides a mule in obvious despair.

DIEGO

Heretics and false Conversos have  
no place in Catholic Spain! Beware  
the fate of those in defiance of  
edicts of her perfect Majesty,  
Isabel of Castile!

FRIAR MIGUEL

Lord, deliver me from this circus.

Riding into an alley Ana's abruptly blocked by the CRUSH of  
ACTIVITY. Ana raises her hood pats her sheathed dagger rides  
close to the wall, eyes on Carlos Gomez who SPITS, TRIPS the  
chained naked Woman.

CARLOS GOMEZ  
Clumsy Jew.

The chained woman TUGS the line to the ground. SCREAMS rise from the CROWD. Ana watches Sebastián jump from his horse, help the woman to her feet, cover her with his cape.

FEMALE PRISONER  
Thank you. I'm sorry, Señor.

SEBASTIÁN  
It is I who am sorry, Señora!

DIEGO (O.C.)  
Let it be known! The Monarchs edict condemns Jews, heretics! False Christians pay the ultimate price!

EXT. MAIN SQUARE - HUESCA - DAY

Ana recognizes Sebastián-tails him thru the dense CROWD to Pedro. Ana tugs her hood low, stops within earshot.

PEDRO  
What was Fernando thinking?

SEBASTIÁN  
I blame the Royal. Opium wine makes for poor decisions. Diego's been Inquisitor for but a fortnight. It's impossible to interview and convict twenty cases in 14 days. I'll put a stop to it.

PEDRO  
Sooner than later, please.

Ana sees Sebastián and Pedro quietly ride behind the scaffold where Diego BLUSTERS as MONKS bind Jews to a row of pyres.

DIEGO  
False Conversos! Heretics! You're Sentenced to death by order of Her Majesty Isabel the Catholic!

BOOS as Diego waves the PYRE MASTER to light the fires.

Sword bared, Sebastián LEAPS from saddle to scaffold-runs the row-SLASHING ropes wearing the breastplate Rodrigo died in! The CROWD CHEERS-freed prisoners TUMBLE-vanish among SPECTATORS. Elated ROARS. Diego FUMES. Ana watches bedazzled.

SEBASTIÁN  
Aragón resists lawless executions!  
*THIS IS NOT CASTILE! THIS IS ARAGÓN!* Laws enforced by Rodrigo, 6th Lord protect our Jews. As your 7th Lord I insist on them!

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ON: Ana. Her eyes reveal awe, admiration, relief. Finally.  
A man as passionate, possibly as fearless, as she.

Sudden CHAOS. Monks drag TWO ELDERLY MEN back to the pyre!  
Diego unceremoniously grabs a torch, lights the wood. HOWLS.

DIEGO  
(turns to the crowd)  
I'LL NOT BE DEFIED!!

Pedro GALLOPS behind Diego long arm extended-his 5-foot  
sword SLASHES the men free. He rides to the front, SHOVES  
them from the scaffold INTO the CROWD.

Ana blocks MONKS with her horse-secures the mens getaway.  
LAUGHTER. Sebastián recognizes Ana, smiles in delight.

Diego rears his stallion at MOCKING SPECTATORS, they scatter.

EXT. DE COSTA HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Breathless with excitement, Ana enters the house.

INT. PATIO - DE COSTA HOUSE - DUSK

Ana proceeds to the patio. Marta stares into the fountain.

ANA  
Mother, I'm back.

MARTA  
Oh, Ana. Good. Saul...

Marta turns. Ana sees her torn dress. Abel enters, his robe  
torn. She knows. Ana TEARS her sleeve BURSTS INTO TEARS.

ANA  
Oh, no. When did it happen?

ABEL  
A week ago. He cut himself. Paring  
a stupid apple. We were only gone  
for an hour! Found him. Horrible.

Ana and her parents huddle, WEEPING.

INT. ANA'S ROOM - DE COSTA HOUSE - NIGHT

Ana unpacks her DaVinci drawing. Flips it over. The address  
on the back: Don Abraham, 13 Calle Conde, Cordoba.

INT. SAUL'S ROOM - DE COSTA HOUSE - DAWN

Ana dresses in Saul's clothes, the scabbard and her cape.

47.

INT. CORRIDOR - PARENTS ROOM - DE COSTA HOUSE - NEXT DAY

Ana slips a note under the door of her parents' bedroom.

EXT. CALLE CONDE - CORDOBA - DAYS LATER - AFTERNOON

Ana arrives as DON ABRAHAM (60), Master Alchemist is arrested by the Inquisition. His dark eyes meet her bright ones in acknowledgement. He nods Ana in the direction of his shop.

INT. DON ABRAHAM'S ALCHEMY SHOP - CALLE DE CONDE - AFTERNOON

Ana slips in. Fills a basket with tools, vials of elements the Inquisition left scattered. A purple ledger FLIES into her grasp. FOOTSTEPS. Ana looks for a door. Finds a closet.

INT. CLOSET - DON ABRAHAM'S ALCHEMY SHOP - AFTERNOON

Inside the closet, Ana finds a door. It opens to the street.

INT. ALLEY - BEHIND DON ABRAHAM'S ALCHEMY SHOP - AFTERNOON

Ana runs down an alley. Hears sounds of a REBELLION.

EXT. CALLE CONDE - CORDOBA - AFTERNOON

Ana turns a corner to get her horse. A RIOT's in progress: JEWS vs. HOLY GUARDS. Ana SHOVES thru to her mount, her hood drops. Family friend RABBI JOSEF RUBINO (50), spots her.

RABBI JOSEF

ANA?

INT. RABBI'S HOME - CORDOBA - EVENING

At Rabbi's modest home his kindly wife MIRIAM (40), makes dinner. They eat. Through the open window, RIOT grows LOUDER.

RABBI JOSEF

Tomorrow we escort you home.

ANA

(flashes her scabbard)  
No need. I've ridden Italy  
unscathed.

Miriam and Rabbi stare, shocked.

RABBI JOSEF

Italy!? Dressed as a boy? Surely  
your good sire did not condone this  
reckless visit to Don Abraham?



ANA

Saul died. Of the blood sickness.  
I came for Don Abraham's help with  
a serum to cure the blood.

RABBI JOSEF

Poor Saul-I'm very sorry. But a  
cure? You waste your time. Elohim  
does not work through women.

ANA

Oh, really? Did he not work through  
Maria the Jewess?

RABBI JOSEF

You know too much.

ANA

That we may agree upon, Rabbi.

EXT. STREET - CORDOBA - DAY

Rabbi, Miriam and Ana ride from Cordoba.

INT. HOLY HOUSE OFFICE - DAYS LATER

Diego's drinking again. Miguel's relieved. Not Aguero.

FRIAR AGUERO

Where is the list Friar Miguel? The  
arrests must continue! Inquisitor!  
That arrogant brother of yours  
cannot succeed against the Queen!

DIEGO

I am tired, Aguero! I will return  
to this when I am recovered.

FRIAR AGUERO

Excuses! Arrest the vermin before  
they scatter *and Isabel hears!*

Aguero empties a pitcher into his cup, leaves the office.

DIEGO

Friar Miguel make two copies of the  
list for guards to resume the  
arrests. I'll arrange more wine.

Miguel nods puts quill to paper. Diego exits.

EXT. STREET - HUESCA - EVENING

Miguel hands lists to TWO GUARDS. He hustles down an alley.

49.

EXT. TEMPLE - JEWISH QUARTER - EVENING

Miguel reaches the temple. He pulls a third list from his sleeve, stuffs it thru a prayer slot in the wall. Runs.

INT. ENTRANCE - TEMPLE - EVENING

A RABBI watches the long list pushed through. Reads it.

INT. MAIN ROOM - TEMPLE - EVENING

The Rabbi rushes into the main room. He stands before the altar. Waves ALL in attendance to draw closer.

RABBI

An angel has whispered-we must act!

INT. WINE STORAGE - CELLAR - BLACK CASTLE - NIGHT

Diego DRAGS a ladder to the shelf of crown-stamped wine barrels. Climbs. Sebastián enters.

SEBASTIÁN

What the hell? Your home is the Holy House you've no business here.

DIEGO

I have a visitor. I require a barrel of The Royal.

SEBASTIÁN

The Royal's earmarked for the King. You'll receive a barrel of house wine monthly. We'll deliver. Look at you! Poor Father surely spins in his box at the shit-spouting Jew-burning fiend he's spawned!

DIEGO

Your superiority is delusional, brother. You'd kill me instantly were there no eyes upon you.

Sebastián TIPS the ladder, lifts Diego by the throat.

SEBASTIÁN

I'm a warrior. Killing comes easily. But as Father's successor I respect and protect-the laws he died for. Acquaint yourself. The consequences of ignorance are dire.

Sebastián DROPS Diego to the stone floor.

50.

INT. CRYPT - BLACK CASTLE - NIGHT

Sebastián fits a full cup in the stone hands of Rodrigo's coffin. He sits on the bench facing, drinking.

SEBASTIÁN  
Father, how do we remedy this?

Wine in the cup on the coffin DEPLETES as Sebastián DOZES.

EXT. FOREST - BLACK CASTLE - TWILIGHT - DREAM/VISION

Sebastián chases the veiled Beauty through the darkening forest. Night FALLS, swallowing her. A hand grips his shoulder. Sebastián turns. He's nose-to-nose with a GHOST: legendary 14th century French knight, SIR GEOFFROI DE CHARNY.

Sebastián crosses himself. INHALES. Takes a step back.

SIR GEOFFROI  
You know who I am, Lord Aragón?

Sebastián nods, gazing at the ghost's breastplate.

SEBASTIÁN  
Your crest. Sir Geoffroi De Charny.  
Knight of knights. Father held you  
in great esteem. We devoured your  
books. Only there does chivalry  
survive.

The Ghost CHUCKLES.

SIR GEOFFROI  
What Spaniards glorify, the French  
distrust.

SEBASTIÁN  
Naturally.

Sebastián marvels as De Charny LAUGHS he sounds *alive*.

SEBASTIÁN (CONT'D)  
You left a warm French grave to  
delight me Sir Geoffroi? My father  
is uncharacteristically silent.

SIR GEOFFROI  
Patience, Aragón. Lord Rodrigo  
resists afterlife-if he returns now  
he may become stuck between worlds.  
In the pause, I'm his envoy.

SEBASTIÁN  
And wine taster?

Sir Geoffroi LAUGHS. Sebastián nods. Awestruck.

SIR GEOFFROI

We must discuss what is to be done with your unfortunate brother, his wicked abuse of power. You face a great battle, Sebastián of Aragón.

SEBASTIÁN

Yes. Can it be honorably won?

SIR GEOFFROI

As you know, each war's unique. You'll pay the ultimate price. Unlike most, you'll rise. Risk therefore. *Be bold in all things, trust your own eyes and heart only.*

Sir Geoffroi FADES. Sebastián reaches out to delay his leave. His hand cuts through the ghost. WISPS OF DUST FLY.

SEBASTIÁN

Sir Geoffroi! Please. What does that mean-rise?

SIR GEOFFROI

A rare event-second life. Seize it!

Sir Geoffroi De Charny's essence is SUCKED to shadow.

END DREAM/VISION

INT. CRYPT - BLACK CASTLE - NIGHT

The empty cup on the crypt CLATTERS to the stone floor. Sebastián wakes, STARTLED. Esteban appears, distressed.

ESTEBAN

Lordship. Inquisitor's visit... Sephardi staff are fearful.

SEBASTIÁN

Tell them that I will protect them. Diego's not to set foot in the Castle ever. He now resides at the Holy House. Castle monastery and dungeons are to be closed, barred. Chapel use by staff and locals only. Guards at all entrances.

Relieved Esteban nods, exits. Pedro enters with a note.

SEBASTIÁN (CONT'D)

(reads the note)

Squire, have Fez prepare the carriage. We three depart for Barcelona at sunrise. Arm well. I'll be bearing substantial coin.

52.

INT. ENTRY - DE COSTA HOME - TWILIGHT

Ana enters with the Rubinos. Relieved, Marta embraces Rabbi, Miriam. Abel scowls at Ana. She shrugs.

ANA

Look who I found in Cordoba, Papa!

Abel embraces Rabbi.

MARTA

Rabbi, Miriam! A blessing. Please stay as long as you wish. Our home has too many empty rooms.

INT. SEBASTIAN'S BEDROOM - BLACK CASTLE - LATER

Sebastián tastes the Royal reading edicts. Pedro enters.

PEDRO

Bad tidings or sour wine?

Sebastián pours Pedro a thimble of red wine. He tastes it.

PEDRO (CONT'D)

Hmm. Nothing wrong with that wine.

SEBASTIÁN

Except the secret ingredient, opium. Did you know that, Squire?

PEDRO

Wasn't my business to tell Lord Rodrigo how to woo the King. He wouldn't have listened anyway.

SEBASTIÁN

You urged father to a binding will-for that I am eternally grateful.

PEDRO

A selfish act Milord. I loathe Diego. Always have. You're Aragon's only defense from his ill intent.

INT. ABEL'S OFFICE - DE COSTA HOME - LATER THAT DAY

A MAID escorts Señor Herrera to Abel's office. He looks up.

ABEL

Herrera! What is it, my friend?

HERRERA

Abel. David can't marry Ana. I've arranged marriages for my sons with Turkish women, we part for Ankara-I return the dowry. My apologies.

53.

He lays a jewel pouch on Abel's desk, runs out the door.

ABEL  
What? You insult my family!

Rabbi catches the tail end, enters.

RABBI JOSEF  
Coward! He got wind of the Huesca  
Tavern list, and didn't tell you.

ABEL  
Huesca Tavern list?!

Rabbi hands him a scrap of paper, a hasty copy of the list.

RABBI JOSEF  
Money lenders. Isabel's creditors.  
Sold out by Gomez the tavern keep.  
To arrest. By wealth. Get packing.

Abel reads it. Herrera's top of the list. Abel hugs Rabbi.

ABEL  
And you got this how?

RABBI JOSEF  
Slipped in the temple prayer slot.  
Jews have an angel inside the  
Inquisition.

ABEL  
Who could have imagined that?!  
Allow me to pay your passages to  
Lisbon. We leave for Barcelona.

RABBI JOSEF  
I won't abandon our people. If  
Miriam wants to go, she may.

Miriam and Marta enter, catch the tail end. See Abel's panic.

ABEL  
We part for Lisbon. At dawn. Tell  
Ana to pack. The wedding's off!

INT. OUTSIDE DOOR TO ANA'S LAB - DE COSTA HOME - NIGHT

Marta makes her way in the darkness. KNOCKS.

MIRIAM  
Ana! Open! I have news, good, bad!

Ana opens the door, wiping her hands of blood.

MARTA  
Pack! The Inquisition arrests  
moneylenders.

Your father's on the list. We leave early for Lisbon. Seal off that room as best you can.

ANA  
And the *good* news?

MARTA  
The wedding's off.

Ana pries the topaz, emerald and rubies stones from the Kabbala chart with the dagger. The wall goes BLANK.

INT. ANA'S LAB - DE COSTA HOUSE - NIGHT

Ana packs her bag. The SPECTRE of Alchemist DON ABRAHAM EMANATES, his purple ledger OPENS, FLOATS before Ana's eyes.

DON ABRAHAM  
Ana de Costa, blood of Rashba, your work is not done. Read.

Ana's eyes scan the text. A curse. She balks.

ANA  
I'm no witch, sir!

DON ABRAHAM  
But you are a thief! Deploy my magic or be undone by it. READ!

ANA  
(reads reluctantly)  
Oh unjust rulers! Oh evil kings!  
May it be His will that you sow,  
not reap! That your house be  
destroyed.  
That upon you fall shock,  
consumption, fever, and diseases  
that cause hopeless longing and  
depression. This curse I lay upon  
you, Isabel, Fernando, and your  
kin, in the name of the Jews of  
Aragón and Castile!

The room goes dark. Tiny specks of light twinkle, disperse. Ana's first hint of fear as the stone floor SHIFTS, RIPPLES.

INT. PATIO - DE COSTA HOUSE - NIGHT

Abel, Marta, Rabbi, Miriam feel the ground MOVE. It POURS.

INT. ISABEL'S ROOMS - ALCAZAR, TOLEDO - NIGHT

Isabel intrigues with Torquemada. The floor SHAKES. Tiles CRACK, SPLIT. Windows SHATTER. RAIN POURS IN. SCREAMS.

55.

EXT. HERRERA HOUSE - JEWISH QUARTER - NIGHT

Five doors down from the De Costas, RAIN DRENCHES Herrera and his THREE SONS boarding the wagon for Turkey. David balks.

DAVID  
Father, go without me. I'm staying  
to marry Ana. Safe journey!

David watches the wagon pull away. His father casts a last backward glance as the wagon turns the corner out of sight.

Behind him:

HOLY GUARD  
Señor Herrera?

David turns. TWO HOLY GUARDS arrest him.

EXT. CARRIAGE - DE COSTA HOUSE - DAWN

The De Costas exit. Ana hauls her leather alchemy satchel, Abel tucks a pouch in his vest. Marta hands a COACHMAN a bag.

INT. CARRIAGE - DE COSTA HOUSE - DAWN

Abel enters the coach. Rabbi climbs in, shuts the door.

RABBI JOSEF  
Herrera's David was arrested. The  
rest escaped. I'll see you to port.  
Miriam lock the doors, do not open!

I/E. SEBASTIAN'S COACH - ROAD TO BARCELONA - DAY

Fez steers Sebastian's Aragón-crested coach along the narrow road to Barcelona jammed with Sephardi fleeing the Inquisition. Pedro rides alongside on horseback.

I/E. DE COSTA WAGON - ROAD TO BARCELONA - DAY

As the De Costa's wagon nears Sebastian's carriage, Ana spots Aragón's crest on the door. Abel sinks down in the wagon.

ABEL  
Slow down, driver! Let them pass!

MARTA  
Abel?

Ana INHALES. Is it *him*? As the carriages align she turns.



56.

I/E. SEBASTIAN'S COACH - ROAD TO BARCELONA - DAY

Fez accelerates to pass. Sebastián looks up from his papers. Spots Ana. Leans out. The blue cape. Those eyes. It's *her*.

I/E. DE COSTA WAGON - ROAD TO BARCELONA - DAY

Carriages eye-to-eye, Ana's gaze meets Sebastian's. He beams. Ana smiles back, eyes ablaze. As his coach passes Sebastián turns. His eyes widen on Ana's in recognition. The vision!

Sound of WINGS, sudden darkness. Ana and Sebastián look up-a huge FLOCK OF RAVENS block the sun. Abel cowers in his seat.

MARTA

Ana? Abel! What is happening!?

ABEL

That coach bears Inquisitor's crest! We're the crown's chief moneylender, owed great sums. Isabel's gems are our security.

Abel pats his pocket. Marta INHALES. Ana faces her parents.

ANA

Relax Papa. That is the *good* Lord Aragón. Yesterday he disrupted the Huesca pyres, saved twenty Jews with his sword! It was thrilling.

Abel and Rabbi stare at her, speechless. Marta LAUGHS.

MARTA

We have six days to Barcelona, an abundance of time for Ana's news of DaVinci and the new Lord Aragón.

RABBI JOSEF

DaVinci?!?

EXT. TAVERN - PORT OF BARCELONA - DAYS LATER

Fez pulls the coach up to the tavern. Sebastián exits with his leather satchel of gold enters the tavern. Pedro follows.

EXT. PORT OF BARCELONA - AN HOUR LATER

The De Costas arrive. Ana spots Sebastian's coach-sees Pedro exit the tavern. Abel shoots her a warning glance.

EXT. DOCK - THE MADONNA - MOMENTS LATER

The De Costas wait to board. Abel hands Rabbi the house keys.

57.

INT. WINE CELLAR - TAVERN - DAY

Colon sits in a private room with Luis, Gabriel, Sebastián.

SEBASTIÁN

Capitán. You wish to sail to the Indies. I'm prepared to advance the two million Maravedis *if* you agree to take on as many Jews as viable.

COLON

But Her Majesty?!

LUIS

The Queen will gladly take all the credit with none of the risk.

EXT. DOCK - THE MADONNA - DAY

Abel, still anxious sees Pedro eyeing him. Panics. He SHOVES ahead to bribe the purser as Ana and Marta wait in line.

EXT. TAVERN - PORT OF BARCELONA - DAY

Rabbi waits by the tavern to board a wagon back to Huesca.

EXT. DOCK - THE MADONNA - DAY

Abel waves to Marta who hurries ahead, certain Ana follows. Eyes fixed on the tavern for a glance of Sebastián, Ana sees TWO HOLY GUARDS slither up behind Rabbi. Ana waves at Rabbi to run, he waves back. Guards GRAB him. Ana runs to his aid.

INT. WINE CELLAR - TAVERN - DAY

Sebastián stands, rolling the signed documents. Shakes hands.

SEBASTIÁN

Gentlemen, Capitán. God speed.

He leaves the valise of gold.

EXT. TAVERN - PORT OF BARCELONA - DAY

Sebastián emerges from the tavern to see Ana SPRINTING from the dock. His eyes follow her to the Guards WRESTLING Rabbi. Sebastián STRIDES, he and Ana arrive at the same moment.

Ana locks arms with Rabbi, faces the Guards.

ANA

Let him go. He has nothing the crown wants!

RABBI JOSEF  
Ana, run! Don't get involved.

SEBASTIÁN  
Release him!

A TUG OF WAR-Sebastián grabs Rabbi's free arm-Guards WRENCH Rabbi's coat it RIPS-Ana ELBOWS a Guard Sebastián draws his sword-a Guard takes Rabbi in a choke hold. Pedro steps in.

PEDRO  
Do you not recognize Lord *Knight*  
Aragón! Kin of the king?! These are  
his guests! Release them. Now.

The Guards retreat. Rabbi nods to Ana, Sebastián, Pedro.

SEBASTIÁN  
Fearless Señorita! Ports and pyres,  
we meet in the most unusual places.

ANA  
Sadly, Milord, that's where Jews  
are most likely found these days.

Rabbi gawks as Colon, Gabriel, Luis emerge from the tavern.

LUIS  
Señorita De Costa! In Barcelona?!

ANA  
Minister Santangelo!

SEBASTIÁN  
Worldly Señorita sailed for Italy  
the day Father and I returned from  
Malaga. Ships passing in the light.

ANA  
A sad yet unforgettable day Milord.  
All of Aragón mourns. Truly.

Sebastián nods, moved, his eyes never leaving hers.

LUIS  
Ah then, a proper introduction?  
Señorita Ana De Costa, may I  
present Sebastián De La Villanueva,  
7th Lord Aragón, Knight of the  
sacred Order of Alcántara.

Sebastián kisses Ana's hand-her topaz ring radiates power.

ANA  
A pleasure! This is Rabbi Josef  
Rubino of Cordoba a family friend.

LUIS  
Our honorable friend, Capitán  
Cristobal Colon, of Genoa.

COLON  
Señorita. Rabbi. A pleasure.

GABRIEL  
Señorita Ana. We were most grieved  
to hear of your brother's passing.

ANA  
A difficult time. My parents and I  
depart on *The Madonna* to Lisbon.

COLON  
But! Is that not *The Madonna*?

All turn. Ana's alarmed parents wave, SHOUT into the WIND  
from the deck rail as *The Madonna* leaves port. Ana waves.

ANA  
Ah. It's not the first time I have  
altered my plans to their dismay.

RABBI JOSEF  
Ana your ship-this is all my fault!

SEBASTIÁN  
Excuse us for a moment.

Sebastián and Luis CONFER with Colon. Pedro approaches Rabbi.

PEDRO  
Rabbi 6th Lord Aragón was friend to  
Rabbi Abravanel and Abraham Senior.  
His son's equally as honorable.

The sky opens just as Sebastián returns. Ana raises her hood.

SEBASTIÁN  
Allow me to escort you to Huesca.  
Capitán Colon will arrange passage  
but it will be days before you can  
sail to Lisbon. He will send word.

ANA  
That is most gracious, Lord Aragón.  
Why would Capitán help us?

SEBASTIÁN  
Why, Señorita? I asked him to.

Sebastián aids Anna, Rabbi inside. Fez shuts the door. Rain  
PATTERS on Fez' leather cape. He slaps the reins, smiling.

60.

EXT. MAIN GATE - BLACK CASTLE - DAYS LATER

Drunk Diego's denied entry by TWO STEEL-PLATED MEN-AT-ARMS.

DIEGO  
Where is my brother?

ESTEBAN  
His Lordship is away, I'll inform  
him of your visit, Inquisitor.

DIEGO  
I require funds. Find him, or I  
shall have you all arrested, Jew.

INT. SEBASTIAN'S COACH - ROAD TO HUESCA - DAYS LATER

Ana reads as Sebastián PLAYS his LUTE. Rabbi dozes, listens.

SEBASTIÁN  
May I ask a question of a personal  
nature, Ana?

ANA  
I have no interest in the  
impersonal, Milord.

SEBASTIÁN  
Exquisite lady of marriageable age,  
intellect, wealth. What forestalled  
your leap?

ANA  
To wed, Milord? I'm *impossible*, as  
Rabbi will attest. Despite that, my  
father arranged marriage with a  
nice boy. It was cancelled.

SEBASTIÁN  
His great loss, my good fortune.

ANA  
He was arrested, by your brother.

SEBASTIÁN  
Half-brother. My mother died giving  
me life. My grieving father was  
consoled by a nun. A bit too well.  
Diego was born ten months after.

ANA  
The stars did him no favors.

SEBASTIÁN  
Yet they gleamed upon me at the  
port. Senorita's beauty and learned  
conversation quickened these days.

ANA

Milord excels at listening. May I also inquire? How such a chivalrous gentleman-knight of tutelage and peerless aspect remains at large and heirless?

SEBASTIÁN

Ah. Destiny? Discernment? Or a restless warrior sire that chose to delegate? Father inherited mines, vineyards, crops-he preferred adventure to oversight. His willing sword for the King kept Father bloodied and in gold. When I wasn't knighting, I ran the estate. My sire's passing freed me to marry for love and lawful heirs.

ANA

Independence must be glorious.

SEBASTIÁN

Overvalued. Losing Father altered my appetite for solitude I am now burdened with an urgent quest.

ANA

Oh?

SEBASTIÁN

An elusive myth, I seek a brave, loving accomplished pristine wife that shares my ambition for Aragón.

Ana INHALES. Rabbi's eyes pop open in warning. Sebastián smiles. KNOCKS, Fez stops the coach. Pedro rides up.

PEDRO

Milord?

SEBASTIÁN

Do you recall the small inn at Lerida my father owns? We'll dine and rest there this night.

PEDRO

Fine idea, Milord. Tis late-but who could refuse the new lord?

Sebastián glances at Ana, she nods. Rabbi shrugs.

RABBI JOSEF

We are your prisoners, Lord Aragón.

ANA

Harsh, even in jest, Rabbi.

62.

EXT. INN - LERIDA - NIGHT

The rustic inn's dark. Pedro RAPS on the door. Sebastián, Ana and Rabbi follow. A GRIZZLED INNKEEP in nightshirt opens.

INNKEEP

Yes?

PEDRO

Good evening, Señor. Lord Aragón is here and desires food and lodging for himself and his guests.

The Innkeep stares down Pedro, Rabbi and Ana with Sebastián.

INNKEEP

The Lord Aragón is dust! I serve no impostors, infidel Moors or Jews.

The man begins to shut the door. Sebastián BLOCKS it.

INT. TAVERN - INN LERIDA - LATER

Sebastián, Ana, Rabbi, Fez and Pedro endure bowls of chewy lamb stew. Pedro keeps a sharp eye on the shady Innkeep.

SEBASTIÁN

Señor, Rabbi, choose your rooms. We depart early.

Sebastián watches Ana and Rabbi enter the murky corridor. In the shadows her blue topaz ring SPARKS, revokes his VISION.

INT. FOREST - BLACK CASTLE - TWILIGHT - VISION

The veiled beauty, the chase, the pyre, the monks. MAGIC.

END VISION.

INT. UPSTAIRS - INN LERIDA - NIGHT

Ana and Rabbi walk the corridor, WHISPERING.

RABBI JOSEF

Tonight was a blessing in disguise. We saw what awaits us in Isabel's Spain! Open hatred. Ignorance, terrible lamb stew!

ANA

And yet, Rabbi, I have found a great protector. Possibly more.

RABBI JOSEF

His brother barbecues our people!

ANA  
He saved Jews in Huesca, *and you*.

RABBI JOSEF  
Ana you thrive on risk and fantasy!  
Rescue by a noble knight! A death  
sentence for a Sephardi woman!

ANA  
There is some truth in that. It may  
yet be mastered.

RABBI JOSEF  
You taunt destiny! Rich refined  
nobly dressed. Shielded by your  
fair color in this unjust world!  
*You're a secret Jew, Ana.* Soon,  
you'll need to choose.

Ana enters her room, Rabbi the next room.

INT. TAVERN - INN LERIDA - NIGHT

Sebastián corners the surly Innkeep at the reception desk.

SEBASTIÁN  
A word.

INNKEEP  
It is late, sir. I wish to sleep.

SEBASTIÁN  
In the morning I'll see the ledgers  
if you wish to keep your situation.

INNKEEP  
My silence is worth the price of  
this establishment. Consorting with  
Jews and infidels won't please folk  
of Lerida *or the Inquisition*.

Sebastián lets the man pass, he follows, notes his room.

INT. SEBASTIAN'S ROOM - INN LERIDA - NIGHT

In the room beside Innkeep's Sebastián LISTENS.

INT. CORRIDOR - INN LERIDA - NIGHT

Sebastián silently opens Innkeep's door.



64.

INT. INNKEEP'S ROOM - INN LERIDA - MOMENTS LATER

Sebastián nabs Innkeep escaping from the second story window. Tugs him inside. Grips the man upright. Stares in his eyes. The man SPITS in his face. Sebastián smiles.

SEBASTIÁN  
(looks out the window)  
Quite a fall you're about to have.

Sebastian's sword runs the Innkeep through. He shoves him out the window. CRUNCH! The man LANDS face up on a stone pile.

INT. CORRIDOR - INN LERIDA - MOMENTS LATER

Sebastián exits the room **wiping his blade** with linen. Ana watches in the shadows. He goes to her. Her mouth dares him.

ANA  
Knave, villain, hero?

He draws within inches. Steps back, collects himself.

SEBASTIÁN  
Whatever I am Señorita de Costa, is  
yours. Eternally. If you choose.

Eyes locked, Ana retreats into her room, Sebastián his. Rabbi opens his door, Looks both ways. Corridor's empty.

INT. COACH - INN - DAWN

Fez sets a food basket on the seat. Rabbi and Ana climb in.

ANA  
Rabbi, please try to behave kindly  
until we arrive safely home.

RABBI JOSEF  
Safely?! That despicable innkeep  
will have us arrested before we  
touch the main road.

ANA  
Oh, I don't think so.

Sebastián enters with the inn's ledger. Smiles. Closes the door. KNOCKS. The coach moves. Rabbi side-eyes Ana.

I/E. ROAD TO HUESCA - LATER

Rabbi, Sebastián and Ana read. Sebastián closes the ledger.

SEBASTIÁN  
What do you peruse, Señorita?

ANA

Oh, an account of the trial of the  
Maid of Arc I bought in Florence.

RABBI JOSEF

Ana. Why?!

SEBASTIÁN

It is surely fascinating. A young  
woman, leading seasoned knights,  
took six towns before she was...

RABBI JOSEF

Betrayed by her king, blazed by the  
English. That ended well.

ANA

The power of females to excel is  
greatly underestimated.

SEBASTIÁN

I vow never to underestimate you.

INT. DIEGO'S OFFICE - HOLY HOUSE - NEXT DAY

Friars Miguel and Enrique eavesdrop while they work.

FRIAR AGUERO

Jails full. Ready our Auto De Fe.

DIEGO

Autos cost dearly. My brother holds  
the gold. He is traveling.

FRIAR AGUERO

I doubt his readiness to finance  
pyres! What of the jewels and coin  
fetched from the prisoners?!

DIEGO

Delivered to the crown.

FRIAR AGUERO

All of it? That was stupid.

DIEGO

I'll not steal from the Queen.

FRIAR AGUERO

More fool you! Have Gomez collect  
valuables Jews abandoned to sell.

EXT. DE COSTA HOUSE - JEWISH QUARTER - EVENING

Ana and Rabbi exit the coach, Sebastián carries Ana's bag.  
Rabbi unlocks the gate to the splendid De Costa mansion.

RABBI JOSEF  
Lord Aragón, thank you. I hope  
these six days have not completely  
ruined your good opinion of Jews!

SEBASTIÁN  
Never, Rabbi Rubino. God bless.

Rabbi bows, goes inside. Ana stays behind. Fez waits.

SEBASTIÁN (CONT'D)  
Fez drive the carriage outside the  
Quarter. Rest for an hour. Return.

INT. ENTRY - DE COSTA HOUSE - NIGHT

Ana enters. Sebastián sets her bag down. Miriam emerges.

ANA  
Miriam, wife of Rabbi, his  
Lordship, Sebastián of Aragón.

Miriam's jaw falls-she drops a wobbly curtsy he steadies her.

SEBASTIÁN  
Señora, a pleasure.

Rabbi reappears, kisses baffled Miriam, runs past.

RABBI JOSEF  
I'm off to temple for news.

EXT. GARDEN - PATIO - DE COSTA HOUSE - NIGHT

Ana leads Sebastián into the fragrant garden. Fountains, a  
tall flowering hedge maze and trees evoke a sly mini-forest.

EXT. STREET - JEWISH QUARTER - NIGHT

Armed with axes Carlos Gomez and a HOODED THUG enter homes  
vacated by Huesca's wealthy Jews-they leave with PLUNDER.

EXT. MAZE - GARDEN - DE COSTA HOUSE - NIGHT

Sebastián tucks Ana's arm in his, they enter the maze.

SEBASTIÁN  
Señorita. Ana, you intrigue me  
beyond reason. Scholarly yet  
romantic, logical yet sensitive.  
Refined yet fearless. Exquisite.

ANA

I am not without fear, Sebastián.  
But I will not be a slave to it.

SEBASTIÁN

Good. Father was superstitious.  
Typical of knights-given the  
symbolic, fanatical, luck-driven  
nature of our risky calling.

ANA

Knighting no longer appeals to you,  
Sebastián?

SEBASTIÁN

Men in suits of steel and feathers,  
drowned in blood, guts and glory? I  
was born a half-century late. Honor  
and chivalry-died with Rodrigo.

ANA

You mourn, my Lord. Rightly so.  
You were magnificent at the port.  
Brazen from battle, then shattered!  
A gallant farewell-glory enough for  
two lifetimes-Aragón respects their  
new lord and honors the late lord.

SEBASTIÁN

Father was a handful-I fear I've  
inherited his nature. Life's become  
a prophecy unfolding.

ANA

All great men endure prophetic  
dreams. Use them to anticipate and  
prepare but do not allow dreams to  
distract. Stars are my advisors.

Ana walks ahead of Sebastián. He follows her thru the maze.

EXT. HERRERA HOUSE - JEWISH QUARTER - NIGHT

At the Herrera house-five doors down from the De Costas,  
Gomez and his Thug load more sacks of spoils onto a cart.

EXT. MAZE - PATIO - DE COSTA HOUSE - NIGHT

Ana and Sebastián reach the maze's axis. He's stunned by her  
huge astrolabe. Gears WHIR. Star Sirius POPS in the sky.

ANA

The bright Sirius, when low in the  
sky, sparkles red and flashes blue.

SEBASTIÁN

(finishes her Iliad quote)  
Sirius rises late in the dark,  
liquid sky, on summer nights, star  
of stars, Orion's Dog they call it,  
brightest of all, but an evil  
portent, bringing heat and fevers  
to suffering humanity.

They hold a long, loaded glance at the dark prophesy.

ANA

Homer. So much prowess in one  
knight. Does it not burn you,  
Milord, to outshine the stars?

Sebastian's heart's armor shattered he pins Ana in an embrace  
of surrender against the maze. Ana's passion meets his-they  
PITCH into the foliage LAUGHING deliriously they emerge, eyes  
shiny with worship.

Then... a KNOCK. Another KNOCK. KNOCK. KNOCK.

SEBASTIÁN

Someone has terrible timing.

ANA

Or no key. Rabbi?

INT. ENTRY - DE COSTA HOUSE

KNOCKING persists. The gate's RATTLED. Sebastián opens.

INT. ENTRY - DE COSTA HOUSE

A FLASH of steel. A THUD. CLAMOR of departing FOOTSTEPS. Ana  
runs in to see him flat on his back, knife in his heart.

ANA

No! Sebastián! Don't touch...

Sebastián pulls the dagger away.

... the dagger.

Blood SPURTS. Ana plugs her shawl in the wound pushes down.  
Miriam enters-SCREAMS. Rabbi enters with Fez and Pedro.

ANA (CONT'D)

Rabbi! Keep the pressure on! I'm  
getting my bag. I'll be right back!

Ana pushes Rabbi's hand on the wound. Fez tucks his jacket  
under Sebastian's head. Pedro lays his doublet over him.

PEDRO

Christ, Our Lord, preserve him!

FEZ  
Allah! Save good Lord  
Sebastian!

RABBI JOSEF  
He can't die in a Jewish  
house!

As Ana grabs her alchemy bag, Pedro examines the dagger.

PEDRO  
Crosses, crucifixes. Who did this?!

FEZ  
I don't know Squire!

Hands shaking, Ana grabs two vials of serum: one clear, one golden. Sebastian's gone still. Josef lifts his hand.

RABBI JOSEF  
He's dead, Ana.

ANA  
He can't-he's *not*! PRAY! EVERYONE!

Ana WHISPERS incantations sops blood as prayers echo: Hebrew, Arabic, Spanish. Ana pours gold serum into the heart wound.

ANA (CONT'D)  
Elohim! In Your name, by Your will  
I act, holy one. I call down  
healing to Sebastián son of  
Rodrigo! Shield him from the dark  
spirits, demons, reverse the  
darkness, guard the healing!

Rabbi and Miriam GASP as Ana slices her left palm with the dagger-makes a blood fist over the clear vial-it goes SILVER. Ana pours this into his heart MASHES it in with open palm.

ANA (CONT'D)  
By the name of King of all kings,  
appointed over the smiting of evil  
spirits-the spirit that lies among  
the graves, the spirit that lies in  
the body, the blood, and the soul  
of Sebastián! Depart-Depart-DEPART!

Miriam, Pedro, Fez, Rabbi GAPE-waves of ENERGY pour from Ana. Her eyes FLASH hair RIPPLES, RISES. Ana lifts her hand-all watch the dagger gash SLOWLY CLOSE. Ana FAINTS, job done.

RABBI JOSEF  
Ana!

Pedro gently lifts Ana. They leave Sebastián for dead.

ON: Sebastián HEAVING INHALING body CONVULSING BACK TO LIFE. His eyes snap open, irises striated with THE THREE KINGS.

END PILOT