

THE BLACK CASTLE

PILOT

"CHIVALRY IS UNDEAD"

Written by
Judi Jordan

Inspired By:

The Black Castle, Book One, The Don Sebastian Chronicles

By Les Daniels

judijordan@gmail.com
1551 Berkeley St.
Santa Monica, CA 90404

THE BLACK CASTLE PILOT "CHIVALRY IS UNDEAD"

TITLES: *"Until death it is all life"*

-- CERVANTES

FADE IN:

TITLES: THE BLACK CASTLE, ARAGON SPAIN, 1488

TEASER

- 1 INT. BLACK CASTLE - MONASTERY DUNGEON - NIGHT - DREAM
FROM ABOVE:
MONKS IN BLACK ROBES like GIANT RAVENS fly down stairs.
- 2 EXT. MAIN TOWER - BLACK CASTLE - DUSK - DREAM
SEEN ONLY FROM BEHIND/ABOVE/POV Sebastian.
SEBASTIAN OF ARAGÓN mounts steps to the 80-foot tower.
A sudden GUST of HOWLING WIND staggers him, FLAPS his lapis
wool cape about his warrior's frame like a loose sail on a
strong mast. His long dark hair ripples wildly.
- 3 EXT. FOREST - BLACK CASTLE - DREAM
WIND BATTERS LEAFY BRANCHES as a veiled unearthly BEAUTY cuts
through the dense moonlit forest.
- 4 INT. MONASTERY DUNGEON - NIGHT - DREAM
DRACONIAN BELLS echo in the pitch-black dungeon.
Hair-raising HUMAN WAILS harmonize with the WIND.
Unseen MONKS CHANT. The chilling CACOPHONY echoes.
A single torch FLARES. PRISONERS huddle in the shadows, only
the whites of their eyes visible.
- 5 EXT. MAIN TOWER - BLACK CASTLE - DUSK - DREAM
The eyes give way to: BLINDING-BRIGHT PULSATING STARS.
They TRIGGER Sebastian. He's ALERT.
- 6 EXT. FOREST - BLACK CASTLE - DREAM
CROAKING RAVENS BLAST through tall spired pines.
The birds SOAR, CLUSTER, BLOT OUT the STARS.

7 EXT. FOREST - BLACK CASTLE - DREAM

A GLOW emanates from The Beauty in the blackness.

8 EXT. MONASTERY - FOREST - DREAM

Wide wooden doors CREAK open. TEN CHANTING, HOODED MONKS escort a DEFIANT SEPHARDI PRISONER.

FROM ABOVE:

Monks heft a stout pole, thick rope, FIREWOOD. Juggle FLAMING TORCHES against the INSISTENT WIND.

9 EXT. MAIN TOWER - BLACK CASTLE - DREAM

A MASS of RAVENS HOVER, CLEAVE above Sebastian, a CAWING BLACK CANOPY of wings. He SLASHES his 5-foot sword through feathers and beaks in a bloody FRENZY.

10 EXT. FOREST - BLACK CASTLE - DREAM

Black-hooded Monks circle round the man LASHED to the pole.

11 EXT. MAIN TOWER - DREAM

Sebastian SWEEPS jet feathers from his cape. They RISE on the wind REGAIN SHAPE to perch menacingly on the castle's SIX TOWERS. Sebastian turns, sees FLAMES RISING.

12 EXT. FOREST - DREAM

Sebastian runs toward the FLAMES. The Beauty crosses his path-bids him follow. He notes a blue topaz ring on her hand.

13 EXT. CLEARING FOREST

The Beauty enters the clearing. Monks turn. She lifts her veil fixes them with a chilling gaze. Monks sign the cross, make "devil's horns" against evil.

Sebastian RUSHES to free the man from the pyre. He's BLOCKED by A TALL MONK, DIEGO.

DIEGO

This is not your battle, *brother*.

As Sebastian CLOCKS Diego, a sly friar TORCHES the STRAW. SCREAMS rise. Flames CRACKLE. SMOKE envelopes.

Sebastian turns-The Beauty and the Prisoner are gone.

14 EXT. THE BLACK CASTLE - DREAM

He BOLTS from the forest to the castle. The GROUND TREMBLES.

15 EXT. TOWER - BLACK CASTLE - DREAM

From the high tower Sebastian watches the vast Castle lands SHUDDER, QUAKE, SPLIT. GEYSERS of BLACK WATER become ANGRY WAVES that flood the land. As the waves reach the castle, Sebastian sees the Orion cluster REFLECTED IN THE WAVES.

END DREAM.

TITLES: MALAGA, MUSLIM TERRITORY

16 EXT. MALAGA BATTLEFIELD - DAY

CLOSE ON: A CROSSBOW.

On a hillside, overlooking the FRAY, A KNIGHT holds the Royal Banner of Castile y Leon aloft. The flag's crimson lion faces the invincible gold tower.

A WHOOSH as a single arrow arches upward, impossibly high to PIERCE STRATEGICALLY THROUGH the banner's castle PENETRATING THE ARMOR of the KNIGHT holding it.

He KEELS over, pole in hand. ROLLS down the hill SMACK into the MELEE-his body's trampled by mounted WARRIORS fighting sword to spear.

Fierce AFRICAN GARRISON FIGHTERS and CHRISTIAN RENEGADES (converts to Islam) fight on foot, SLAMMING shields, hoisting lances, axes, undercutting the mounts of the assembled KNIGHTS and SOLDIERS of KING FERNANDO OF ARAGON who watches with growing concern.

This is the last chance of Malaga's Muslim resistance. THEY FIGHT LIKE MADMEN.

17 EXT. COMMAND TENT - MALAGA - NIGHT

King Fernando hands separate letters to KNIGHT EMISSARIES.

FERNANDO

Deliver this to Al Zagal, we will allow them to surrender, with fair terms. Wait for an answer.

The Knight takes off. Fernando turns to the second Knight.

FERNANDO (CONT'D)

Ride hard for Aragon. Hand this to Lord Rodrigo.

FADE TO:

TITLES: PORT OF BARCELONA, SPAIN

EXT. DECK - BLOOD OF ARAGON - NIGHT

OCEAN WAVES REFLECT glinting STARS, the Orion cluster AKA "*The Three Kings*" a 15th century billboard of fortune.

Those stars SHIMMER on 4-ft. BROADSWORDS at shafts point.

ON: SHARP BLADE EDGES tickle, TAP. Then SLASH, twist, CLANG!

RODRIGO, 6th LORD of ARAGÓN and his heir, Sebastian, PARRY across the busy deck holding silver cups of wine.

SEBASTIAN
(teasing, ironic)
We journey to war by ship, are we
now pirates, Father?

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

Father and son maneuver around 40 KNIGHTS and SQUIRES in fine armor, boarding ship with HORSES and weapons aided by SEAMEN.

RODRIGO (CONT'D)
(glances around, counts)
Apropos where are the rest of our
men?

SEBASTIAN
Burgundy thirsts. I left two
companies of men guarding the
castle and our Pyrenees border.

They CLASH swords artfully evading KNIGHTS sharpening blades, cleaning pistols, polishing armor, SEAMEN raising sails.

RODRIGO
(mock anger/respect)
Without my consent.

They adapt to the ships sway as SAILS pull the boat to sea.

SEBASTIAN
We won't be short. A company of
mercenaries joins us in Malaga.

Rodrigo's pleased. Lunges. Sebastian avoids.

RODRIGO
Excellent. Stealthy.

He jabs towards Sebastian's chin, he draws back. Sebastian thrusts, Rodrigo swerves, not quite evading. He's nicked.

RODRIGO (CONT'D)
Ah! A bit of savagery in that
pristine soul. Were it not for your
swordcraft, you'd have made a
better priest than Diego.

Rodrigo attacks, energy renewed. Sebastian advances, defends.

SEBASTIAN
Really, Father! My half brother
sets a short bar for piety, but
neither of us would entirely please
God, or you.

Rodrigo CHUCKLES, nods. Smiling, eye to eye they cease at
blades edge. Sheath swords. Drain cups. They bear-hug,
exhilarated. Sebastian wipes the blood from Rodrigo's chin.

Knights and sailors CHEER.

Rodrigo nods to a PAGE who hefts a spouted wine barrel.
Cups are filled, passed around.

Rodrigo faces the men, silver cup raised:

RODRIGO
I SALUTE YOU KINGS AMONG KNIGHTS!

19 EXT. ALLEY - JEWISH QUARTER - HUESCA - SAME

A HOODED WOMAN weaves her way thru an alley reeking of
secrets. SEPHARDI and ARAB MERCHANTS watch as she halts
before a SOLID STONE WALL between shops.

She lays a blue topaz-ringed hand on the wall.

MEN WHISPER as the STONES PART to admit her, then SEAL SHUT.

20 INT. SECRET ALCHEMY SHOP - JEWISH QUARTER

In the BUSTLING torchlit shop, collegial WIZARDLY MEN twirl
pendulums, SIFT powders into paper cones, CRUSH herbs, GRIND
bones in mortars, sip tea. A HUSH falls as the woman appears.

Only the RUSTLE of her brocade gown and FOOTSTEPS are heard
as she advances to part the curtains of the INNER SANCTUM.

21 INT. INNER SANCTUM - SECRET ALCHEMY SHOP - CONTINUOUS

The woman drops her hood, lifts her gossamer veil. Her skin
of rose gold and bronze curls recall Botticelli's Venus.

A strange GLOW rises from her like gold dust.

Meet: ANA de COSTA, aspiring alchemist and the mysterious
Sephardi Beauty haunting Sebastian's dreams.

Her light emerald eyes gleam with intellect, anticipation.

An ALCHEMIST MATERIALIZES behind a counter. Bows.

ALCHEMIST
 Senorita De Costa. Your order
 arrived just an hour ago.

The Alchemist lifts a silver dome from a dead BABY COBRA. A
 dried red chili pepper is stuck in its fangs. Ana's thrilled.

ANA
 And the venom infused the pepper?

Alchemist nods as he rolls the snake and chili in linen,
 curls it into a small basket, secures it with leather strips.

ALCHEMIST
 Yes. Chiles clot the blood. Venom
 narrows the arteries.

Ana tries to pay the Alchemist, He refuses.

ALCHEMIST (CONT'D)
 Go, save your brother.

ANA
 (Arabic)
 Bless you, wizard of life.

Ana replaces the veil, lifts the hood. Tucks the basket under
 her arm. She exits through the curtains.

22

INT. RODRIGO'S CABIN - BELOW DECK

The door to Rodrigo's cabin opens. Sebastian enters.

Rodrigo, in a leather chair studies a chessboard. Pieces
 resemble **King Fernando, King Boabdil, Queen Isabel, dukes,**
knights Inquisitors. Sebastian lays a hand on his shoulder.

SEBASTIAN
 I missed you, father. Been months.

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

RODRIGO
 This Granada... war's a shambles.
 Six years of Muslim warlords
 infighting, backstabbing. Pacts
 made, broken. All because Queen
 Isabel will kiss the Pope's ass.

Sebastian sits, moves his Knight.

SEBASTIAN
 The Queen's more devious and
 complex than credited. As she
 cannot control King Fernando's
 manhood, she castrates Aragon. And
 kisses the Pope's ass for spite.

Rodrigo moves his Knight, blocking.

RODRIGO
King Fernando prevails upon my
sword, when really it is backbone
he requires.

Sebastian glances around the cushy cabin.

SEBASTIAN
Father. Why by sea? Costs a packet.

RODRIGO
Speed! Our fresh knights capture Al
Zagal, quell the raids, avenge
Christian massacres, punish
rapists, collect some Muslim gold!
Depart with the promised glory.

SEBASTIAN
Oh, is that all? We've 100 men, not
a thousand.

RODRIGO
We do what we can. Show loyalty to
Fernando as knights of Aragon.

Sebastian SIGHS. A KNOCK.

RODRIGO (CONT'D)
Enter!

SQUIRE PEDRO enters. Masai-tall, muscles of stone, skin of
bitter chocolate, Rodrigo's long-suffering Morisco [converted
Moor] single dad to two teen girls. Sebastian and Pedro trade
ironic glances as Rodrigo studies the chess board.

SEBASTIAN
Squire Pedro, good evening.

PEDRO
Good evening, Lord Sebastian.

The men hug, LAUGHING. Their armor CLUNKS.

SEBASTIAN
Squire! You've been missed.

PEDRO
(flattered, pleased)
My daughters do well in your care?

SEBASTIAN
They're dawning warriors, Squire!
Adept at swordcraft, needle-craft.

Pedro EXHALES. Lingers. Rodrigo knows he's holding back.

RODRIGO
Squire?

PEDRO
 (hesitates)
 Lordship. One of the good knights
 lately boarded has a trusted ear in
 the monastery. He shared something.

Rodrigo's impatient, he HATES gossip. And Diego's misdeeds.

RODRIGO
 More poison.

SEBASTIAN
 Father. Information wins wars.
 Listen, then decide.

Pedro inches closer.

PEDRO
 I prevail upon your lordship to
 review your will and testament
 before this siege. With Lord
 Sebastian at your side, The Black
 Castle-the *Hoya de Huesca* is most
 vulnerable. It leaves the
 bastard... *Friar Diego* free to
 claim against the estate.

RODRIGO
 (stubborn)
 That tempts fate. I've every
 certitude we'll prevail at Baza.

Frustrated Pedro holds Sebastian's glance for a brief second.

23 EXT. DECK - BLOOD OF ARAGON - NIGHT - MOMENTS LATER

Rodrigo, Sebastian and Pedro walk the broad deck, deserted
 but for a few Seamen tending sails. The black waves RIPPLE.

SEBASTIAN
 (quietly)
 Father. I had a dream...

Sensing another 'will chat' Rodrigo tries to distract
 Sebastian as the Orion constellation POPS into view.

RODRIGO
 Son, look! We sail under fortunate
 stars! THE THREE KINGS!

Sebastian GROANS. His mind FLASHES BACK to his nightmare:

24 EXT. TOWER - BLACK CASTLE - DREAM - FLASHBACK

Standing on the upper tower Sebastian watches the Castle
 lands SHUDDER, SPLIT. BLACK WAVES GUSH from the gaps, RUSH
 toward the castle, the Orion cluster REFLECTS IN THOSE WAVES.

25 INT. HOLY HOUSE - HUESCA

In the dark, poky office of the Dominican's grim monastery, FRIAR DIEGO drops his quill; SHUTS a ledger.

Ignoring the judging glance of dedicated FRIAR MIGUEL CARRILLO, elbow deep in accounts, Diego fills a tall tin mug to the brim with dark wine.

Diego doesn't give a shit what Miguel thinks.

Born of a walled-in nun[imprisoned] during her confinement, Diego, bastard of Aragón's richest lord, is angry. His shame is snarled with pride, seasoned with bitterness, seared with resentment. Anxious for his patrimony and Rodrigo's death.

DIEGO
(screw you)
Good night, Friar Miguel.

MIGUEL
(screw you back)
Good night, Friar Diego.

26 EXT. GARDEN - HOLY HOUSE

Diego drifts into the Gothic monastery's moonlit garden. Sits. Drinks. Waits. FRIAR ENRIQUE, young, handsome appears.

ENRIQUE
Diego. Blind drunk already?

Enrique sips flirtatiously from Diego's mug.

DIEGO
Not too blind to see the pitchfork
under that robe, young devil.

ENRIQUE
Your sire is off to war.

DIEGO
With any luck he will return...
(off the friar's look)
In a shroud. Let's pray the stars
find a quick end to him.

27 INT. PALACE - ROOMS OF PRINCE JUAN OF ASTURIAS

ISABEL OF CASTILE enters the lavish rooms of princeling JUAN of ASTURIAS, 10. She PUSHES her way through a bowing entourage: PAGES, a TUTOR, a PRIEST.

MUSICIANS PLAY as a DOCTOR tends frail, curly-haired Juan reclining on a brocade bed. Isabel strokes his hair.

ISABEL
My angel. How fare you?

JUAN

I wish to do a hundred things but
lack the force to even stand. When
does Father return? I miss him.

Isabel turns to fetch a silver candy box, removes a sweet.

ISABEL

A lemon drop will revive you.

In that instant, Juan's fallen asleep. Alarmed, putting up a
strong front, Isabel kisses him. Stands. Makes her way out.

28

EXT. PALACE GARDEN

Isabel urgently crosses the lush moonlit garden to a stone
table where the 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, buying time. The news is not great.

ASTROLOGER

(stalling)

The Three Kings blaze, Majesty!
Allow me time to configure their
locus with Majesty's birth map.

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

ISABEL

(not fooled)

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

MUSIC PLAYS OVER AS:

Isabel listens to the Astrologer's sour news. Leaves.
The Astrologer EXHALES. Stares skyward, signs the cross.

29

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

In her secret cellar workshop, Ana de Costa plays with fire.
She lights incense on altars of silver, copper, gold.

Assembles powders, spices, lines them up on a table below
hanging specimens: bat, turtle and snake bleed into dishes.

Ana aligns a sacred diagram of the Orion constellation to a
Kabbala wall mosaic chart embedded with gems. It GLOWS on a
few select stars.

Ana opens a vial. Pours golden liquid over blood-colored powder. Pricks her finger, adds a few drops of fresh blood. Grinds this in a mortar with pestle. IT BUBBLES.

EXT. JEWISH QUARTER - HUESCA

ABEL DE COSTA, Isabel's chief moneylender, rushes through the dim, deserted streets.

30 EXT. DE COSTA HOME - JEWISH QUARTER, HUESCA

Abel enters, a SERVANT takes his coat. He's met by his calm, elegant wife MARTA, Abel holds her close, kisses her brow.

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

MARTA
Abel, Saul sleeps. He's been in bed most of the day.

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

ABEL
And our princess? She didn't bother to attend the meeting with David. After all I did to arrange this marriage. He waited for two hours. I looked a fool! It was unthinkable rude, Marta. Could you not see to that?

Marta shrugs. Abel knows what she's up against. Pats her arm.

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

Abel EXHALES.

31 INT. ANA'S SECRET ROOM

Ana painstakingly pours a golden serum from the heavy stone mortar via funnel into a vial. It's not easy.

32 INT. CELLAR - OUTSIDE DOOR TO ANA'S SECRET ROOM

Abel KNOCKS. No response. KNOCKS again.

ANA
Who is it?

Abel shakes his head.

ABEL
Just your old Papa.

33 INT. ANA'S SECRET ROOM

Ana pours a last drop into a vial. Stoppers it. Lays a white cloth over specimens. Wipes her fingers.

MORE KNOCKING. She opens the door. Abel enters. Ana kisses his cheeks. Abel gazes at Ana; the miracle of his daughter's great beauty still astounds him.

ANA
Dear angry Papa.

ABEL
Ana! I ask very little of you. The least you can do is to show up to meet David.

ANA
David, who?

ABEL
(annoyed)
Your *intended*.

ANA
Sorry, Papa. I rather think he's *unintended*. Saul is fading. I'm working on a new elixir to fortify his blood. It would go so much faster if I could study in Florence with Maestro DaVinci?

ABEL
Absolutely not!

Abel's eye is caught by the cloth-covered plate. He lifts the rag to reveal the baby cobra oozing blood. He fights a GAG, drops the linen. Stares at dried peppers dangling on string.

ANA
Did you know that red chillies and venom cause the blood to clot? Is Saul's life not more pressing than marrying me off to some stranger?

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

ABEL
(aghast)
Are these sapphires, rubies and emeralds from necklaces I gave you?

ANA

(nods)

Papa, you of all people know, gems
exert great powers. This map opens
portals of Primeval Hebraic Magic,
Alchemy and Kabbala for healing.

Abel holds his head, feels his brain might burst. He runs
out, SLAMS the door behind him.

34 INT. DE COSTA HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Marta steps forward as Abel returns asthmatic.

ABEL

HaShem protect us, what she is
doing in there will get us killed!

MARTA

Or save Saul? Her serums dissolved
your goiter and my kidney stone.

ABEL

None of that will matter if the
Inquisition finds that room!

TITLES: COAST OF MALAGA - FOUR DAYS LATER

35 EXT. DECK - BLOOD OF ARAGÓN - DAWN

Morning mist dissolves. A SAILOR in the Crow's Nest SHOUTS.

SAILOR

(land sighted!)
¡Tierra a la vista!

36 INT. RODRIGO'S CABIN - BELOW DECK

Pedro enters Rodrigo's cabin. A Page fastens his breastplate.

PEDRO

Lord Rodrigo, we near the coast,
Malaga's in sight.

RODRIGO

Have the captain lower the Aragon
sail, no need to tip our hand after
all this costly stealth at sea.

Sebastian enters, hears the directive.

SEBASTIAN

Indeed not, I gave the order.

37

EXT. DECK - BLOOD OF ARAGON

Aragon's flag's lowered as the ship nears port. Knights, Squires, Pages, Seamen assemble on deck.

Rodrigo FLIPS his 3-ft. Rapier blade over Sebastian's shoulder.

Sebastian turns to see: Pedro CATCH IT by the hilt, hold it high. Men CHUCKLE at Rodrigo's theatrics.

SEBASTIAN

I shouldn't try that with Fernando,
Father. I doubt his reflexes are a
match for Squire's.

Knights in earshot CHUCKLE, including Rodrigo.

RODRIGO

Killjoy.

38

EXT. PORT OF MALAGA - DOCKS - EARLY MORNING

Sunrise reflects in the blinding armor of 40 MAGNIFICENT KNIGHTS as splendid WAR MOUNTS descend the gangplank.

The Knights raise PENNANTS OF ARAGON'S GREAT HOUSES.

Rodrigo assesses the posh knights. They're prepared for a chivalrous joust, not the hard-core ruthless warfare ahead.

Rodrigo gestures to Sebastian who rides up, leans in.

RODRIGO

(anxiously)

Son, where are those mercenaries?
These pampered heirs of Aragon's
noble houses are no match for Al
Zagal's hordes!

SEBASTIAN

Patience. The mercenaries are
coming. They earn their gold in the
frontline, they care not for glory.

ON CUE: The quiet port ERUPTS with dissonant MUSIC of WAR: breastplates CLASH like cymbals, HOOVES like castanets on stone.

CUT TO:

60 MOUNTED SWISS MERCENARIES SWARM the dock. Scarred leathery faces, bulging forearms and dented armor. The descendants of Vikings; career killers surviving by wits and winning.

Relieved, Rodrigo rides ahead GREETs the hardened cavaliers. Pedro LOBS their LEADER a pouch who raises it.

His men raise pole axes, maces, broadswords, CHEER.

RODRIGO
Now, we have a battle!

Rodrigo leads his Warriors and Knights to BAZA.

39 EXT. BAZA BATTLEFIELD

From a hill's crest an anxious FERNANDO, mounted on his bedecked stallion, surveys the uneven battle.

An endless flood of enraged MOORS pop from behind rocks and trees to make mincemeat of royal knights and foot soldiers. They SPEAR, SLASH, STAB AND SKEWER knights and horses alike.

40 EXT. BATTLEFIELD - 3 HOURS LATER

Rodrigo, Sebastian and their 100 MEN swiftly ride up behind Fernando, assessing the problem. These Moors fought dirty. This is uncharted territory for knights, not for Mercenaries.

Fernando's STUNNED. He turns to recognize the armored, helmeted Lord Aragón. WEEKS early, but so needed!

FERNANDO
(sees the pennants)
Lord Rodrigo!? YOU GREW WINGS! My
dear cousin, a most welcome sight!
And with Aragon's best nobles.

Rodrigo's pleasure at this desired reaction is obvious.

RODRIGO
Your kinsman are here to fight, not
fuck about, Majesty! With your
permission?!

Fernando nods.

Rodrigo and Sebastian ride to the waiting MERCENARY LEADER.

SEBASTIAN
Sir. Your men will lead, with your
customary aggression. Our knights
will fall in between to tidy up,
finish off the injured, are we
clear?

MERCENARY CHIEF
Perfectly. We kill, you clean.

Pedro and Sebastian ride among Knights passing strategy.
A few YOUNG unseasoned KNIGHTS BALK.

KNIGHTS
We *knights* should lead!

Pedro directs their eyes to the brutish Muslim fighting.

PEDRO
 (shrugs)
 You will die.

Sebastian nods, rides down the line.

SEBASTIAN
 Obey and live. To the rear!

ON: Mercenaries BURST into the SKIRMISH, SURROUND, SANDWICH and SKEWER the ENEMY from the side with razor-sharp five-foot broadswords, poleaxes, lances.

Aragón's Knights fall in deep between rows of Mercenaries, follow with blades, finishing off, catching strays.

A YOUNG PAGE ZIPS the field taunting MOORS out of hiding with red and gold Aragón-crested pennants.

A TRUMPETER TOOTS crisp BATTLE FANFARE, the DRUMMER BOY'S snare's sharp STACCATO drives men.

ON:
 Fernando ROARING with glee. Rears his mount. Raises his sword. Flanked by Aragón's men, he races forth.

ALL DIVE IN, flanking him. Not to be outdone, Rodrigo rides into a HARD CLASH between Moors and Spaniards.

ANGLE ON: Rodrigo as a MOOR GALLOPS ALONGSIDE him, SLIDES his curved scimitar UNDER Rodrigo's breastplate, SLICES UPWARD trying to GUT him AND steal Rodrigo's gold-plated armor.

A Mercenary JOSTLES Rodrigo's horse-separates them.

Rodrigo's KNOCKED from his mount. On the ground, he feels under his armor, his hand comes away DRIPPING BLOOD.

As the Moor LEAPS from his horse to finish off Rodrigo, the mounted Mercenary RAMS a 5-foot spear THRU the top of the Moor's TURBANED HEAD, and out under the chin.

The Mercenary YANKS back his spear, returns to the fray.

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

Hears GALLOPING behind him. Turns.

SEBASTIAN (CONT'D)
 Father!

Sebastian and Pedro TROT up behind Rodrigo-each takes an arm, lifting him up. Rodrigo's warhorse RUNS UNDER HIM.

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

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

Ana pours gold serum over snake venom, crushed chili. She pricks her finger over a dish, spoons serum over her blood. It solidifies, like gelatin. She prods it. It's firm. She transfers this to a vial. Pockets it.

She opens the door-hears SCREAMS from upstairs.

42 INT. DE COSTA HOUSE - PATIO

Ana runs across the patio. She finds her parents kneeling beside Saul who's spouting blood from a 2 inch gash like an artery. Marta's PANICKED.

Ana slips a pillow under Saul's bleeding head, presses a linen cloth down. She looks into Saul's eyes.

ANA
What happened?

SAUL
(joking)
Slipped. Bottom stair's deadly.

Behind him, Abel and Marta shake their heads in despair.

ANA
Let me try something.

Ana lifts the cloth, blood keeps SPURTING. She covers Saul's eyes, pours serum on the open cut. Saul SQUIRMS, but they watch the cut CLOSE as the serum GELS. Abel and Marta GASP. Ana EXHALES, wipes the excess, and blood away.

ANA (CONT'D)
Papa, would you mind giving Saul
your study as his room, those
slippery stone stairs are deadly.

Abel nods. Marta kisses Saul, goes to arrange it.

43 EXT. BATTLEFIELD - AFTERNOON - LATER

A SMOKING, STINKING RUIN OF A BATTLE.

Aragonese and Castilian knights sit mounted in clusters.

Blood-soaked WARRIORS sway on their feet, staring at the bodies of Moors and their countrymen tiling the hillside. FOOT SOLDIERS itching to loot wait for the King to depart.

ON: Sebastian, Rodrigo and Pedro mounted, assessing the toll.

Fernando takes a victory lap across the field saluting MEN, makes his way toward them.

SEBASTIAN

(quietly)

This is not exactly what I'd term 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: Sebastian HEARS the spear before he sees it.

He GALLOPS, arm extended, to INTERCEPT the javelin with his RAISED SHIELD. It SLAMS into the steel INCHES from the monarch's eye; the tip PIERCES through. Sebastian lowers the breached shield, Fernando nods, jolted, smiles grimly.

The Drummer Boy PLAYS A STACCATO FANFARE.

A SECOND VENGEFUL ARROW FLIES from the bow that missed the king. KILLS the boy.

A GASP, then SIGHS, as the lad crumbles atop his drum.

ON: Enraged Rodrigo, his sword BEHEADS the would-be ASSASSIN.

A solid gold, gem-studded helmet with a turbaned head beneath it ROLLS into the King's path. He INHALES.

Sebastian skewers the head, FLIPS the king the gorgeous helmet. He CATCHES it.

SEBASTIAN

At your service, Majesty.

Bushed and tardy, TWO KINGS GUARDS appear, sheepish.

FERNANDO

Men, you're derelict! Aragón the
glory is yours. Come to my tent.

Rodrigo bows his head, hiding his pain; the King rides off.

Sebastian's 39 blood-splashed Aragónese Knights gather. One gently lifts the Drummer Boy's body onto his saddle, mounts.

SEBASTIAN

Well done, all! Return to the ship.
Father, we can finish here.

Rodrigo nods, SPURS his horse. The Knights follow him.

Pedro and Sebastian trot the field watching Mercenaries and SPANISH SOLDIERS PILLAGE enemy CORPSES, STAB the dying, SNATCH swords, daggers, pick pockets.

PEDRO
I count only two of ours dead.
Plenty wounded, though.

SEBASTIAN
I'll check the far side.

Pedro nods. Sebastian rides to the far side of the field.

Pedro rides slowly amid the carnage. Sees MOVEMENT under a BODY. Dismounts. FLIPS over a corpse. Pulls out a curly-haired ARAB YOUTH, wiry, wide-eyed, scared, blood-stained, not wounded. He stares up at Pedro resigned to death.

PEDRO
(Arabic)
It's over. Go home to your family.

The youth stares around the field tiled with Muslim corpses.

FEZ
(Arabic)
They're all here.

Pedro feels for this kid.

PEDRO
Well, surely someone in your
village will have you.

Fez shakes his head.

FEZ
I won't return dishonored. I would
rather die.

PEDRO
(Arabic)
Well. Allah did not take you, so
perhaps I will.

Fez kneels, ready to be beheaded. Pedro LAUGHS.

PEDRO (CONT'D)
Get up, foolish boy. I didn't save
you just to behead you!

FEZ
Then why? For a slave?

PEDRO
No. 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 a squire, not a lord. Pedro
Rodriguez. Are we square, then?

FEZ
(nods)
I am... Fez. I'm honored to aid
you, Elder Squire.

Pedro mounts. Extends a hand, Fez takes it, Pedro pulls him
into the saddle behind him. Sebastian approaches.

PEDRO
Here comes the boss.

Sebastian rides toward Pedro, curious about his new friend.

44 EXT. HILLTOP ABOVE BATTLEFIELD

He notices THREE HOODED FIGURES emerge on the hilltop
overlooking the battlefield, watching.

As Sebastian stares, they quickly ride off.

45 EXT. BATTLE FIELD EDGE - MOMENTS LATER

Sebastian smiles at Pedro and nervous Fez in the saddle.

SEBASTIAN
Friend of yours, Squire?

PEDRO
This is our new page, Fez. If
lordship approves. Fez, Sebastian
of Aragon, son of Rodrigo 6th Lord
Aragon, who claimed the day.

Fez inclines his head. His manners are impeccable.

FEZ
Milord. Clement Squire Pedro spared
my life I'm in his debt, and yours.

SEBASTIAN
Hmm. Sadly we are down a page.
Squire Pedro has my trust and
instinct for good men. Do you
handle birds, Fez?

FEZ
(perks up)
I am expert falconer, Milord!

SEBASTIAN
Squire, take Page Fez, join the men
at the ship. Lord Rodrigo and I
follow after we meet with the King.

Pedro SPURS the horse. Fez holds tight. They ride.

PEDRO
(shouts)
You now serve the great house of
Aragón, Young Fez! Do not fall
short.

Fez' wide eyes match his grin. In the mayhem of death he's
found a father figure, a job and protection.

FEZ
(grateful)
I will not, Elder Squire!

PEDRO
(touched)
Squire Pedro will do.

Pedro SPURS his horse, Fez holds on tight.

46

INT. FERNANDO'S TENT

In the lush royal tent's curtained bedroom Fernando fucks his
gorgeous, cunning mistress, BEATRIZ DE BOBADILLA. She's on
top, wearing the bloodstained 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.
Which we very nearly were. Aragon
saved the day. Nothing short of a
miracle.

Under the sheet, Beatriz finds him aroused, again.

BEATRIZ
Miracles beget miracles, Majesty!

She mounts him. More GROANS of pleasure.

FADE TO:

47

EXT. DECK - BLOOD OF ARAGON - SUNSET

MOANS. Wounded Knights and Squires get stitched, bandaged.
Pages clean armor, wipe blood from weaponry, sharpen blades.

Fez sews up the 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.

FADE TO:

48

EXT. FERNANDO'S TENT

The Three Hooded Figures approach the King's tent.
Fernando's ARMED GUARDS cross poles over the entry.

The Figure in the center lowers her hood. It is Isabel. Her
companions lower their hoods. The QUEEN'S GUARDS.

Fernando's guards kneel, panicked.

GUARD

(SHOUTS in warning)

MAJESTY! THE QUEEN!

The Queen's COMPANIONS assist her to dismount.

49

INT. FERNANDO'S TENT

Fernando hears SHOUTS. Dons a robe, grabs a sword.

FERNANDO

(to Beatriz)

Stay here, I warn you, do not move.

He steps out from the curtained area to see Isabel enter. His
Guards at her heels are unsure what to do.

FERNANDO (CONT'D)

My Queen. What brings you to the
heat of the battle? Is it Juan?

Isabel's sharp eye discerns a shadow move behind the brocade
curtains encircling the bed.

ISABEL

Our heir misses his king and
father. He could be in better
health, but it is not the prince
alone that brings me here.

Isabel sits. Fernando reluctantly joins her.

ISABEL (CONT'D)
 (peers over his shoulder)
 I will be brief, as I assume you
 are whoring after your battle.

Fernando does not bother to deny it. Isabel is ICE.

ISABEL (CONT'D)
 The Astrologer confirmed ill
 portents unless we expel or burn
 EVERY. LAST. JEW. In the kingdom.

Fernando leans his chin on a fist. He's heard it all before.

FERNANDO
 Isabel. You rode three days to tell
 me that?

ISABEL
 The stars trumpet urgency. We
 eliminate the Moors by battle, but
 tenacious Jews control our wealth.
 They go or die. We seize their gold
 before they escape with it.

FERNANDO
 (angry)
 Do what you will with territories
 of *your domain*. I honor the old
 laws. Of Aragon. *My family*. I know
 that you consider yours *expendable*.

Isabel's jolted. Long suspected of poisoning her brother for
 Castile's throne this is the first time Fernando's raised it.

ISABEL
 My brother died of causes
 regrettable but natural. As for the
 Jews—even *those whose blood stains*
the noble lineage of Aragon are at
peril! The Pope has been most
 tolerant. Do not test his mercy.

FERNANDO
 Save your threats, wife. You are
 warned, I'll not cede Aragon.

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, my King.

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

ISABEL (CONT'D)
 I'll convey your salutations to our
 heir. Do be careful Fernando, five
 bastards are quite enough.

50 EXT. FERNANDO'S TENT

Sebastian and Rodrigo arrive in time to see the mysterious
 hooded figures ride off.

51 INT. FERNANDO'S TENT

A PAGE pours wine for Fernando, Rodrigo and Sebastian.

FERNANDO
 (drinking to forget)
 A thrilling day. Taunted by death,
 unscathed. We are grateful, Aragón.

SEBASTIAN
 Majesty. An honor.

Behind them the RUSTLE of silk. Beatriz emerges dressed.
 Rodrigo and Sebastian bow courteously. She lifts a goblet.

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

Smiling they nod, begin to exit.

FERNANDO
 Lord Rodrigo, Sir Sebastian.
 A word, alone, Senora.

Beatriz curtseys, steps outside. Fernando looks uneasy.

RODRIGO
 Majesty?

FERNANDO
 (quietly)
 The Queen just left.

Ah. SEBASTIAN Oh. RODRIGO

FERNANDO
 Yes. She. We... proceed with the
 expulsion edict in Aragón. You've
 friends among the Jews, Moors and
 Gitanos. Warn them. That is all.

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's angry at this reproach.

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

Fernando STARES Rodrigo down. Hesitates, explains.

FERNANDO (CONT'D)
 The Queen implied the Pope's
clemency for my Sephardi blood is
 in question. My great-great-
 grandmother descended from Jews
 exiled from Babylon.

RODRIGO
 (well aware, grow a pair!)
 Is Majesty not then the *heaven-sent*
protector of governance of Aragón?!

FERNANDO
 ENOUGH! The 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.

SEBASTIAN
 Expulsion is harsh reward for
 Sephardi loans funding the 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 Aragon.

Rodrigo nods, beaten. Sebastian's uneasy.

52

EXT. SHIP DECK - LATER

Pedro watches Fez WHISPER Arabic prayers as he sews the small
 canvas containing the Drummer Boy.

Rodrigo and Sebastian board glumly. Sighting the blood
 stained drum, Sebastian crouches by the body, signs the
 cross. Fez watches Rodrigo, Pedro do the same.

SEBASTIAN
(standing)
Poor boy. He died bravely.

Rodrigo casts a fond glance at Sebastian who SPEAKS with injured knights as the seamen ready the ship to sail.

RODRIGO
(tears well)
A hard thing to lose a son.

PEDRO
I suppose for some, that hinges on
which son.

53 INT. HOLY HOUSE - DAYS LATER - EVENING

A MESSENGER hands Friar Miguel a leather-sheathed document.

54 INT. DIEGO'S ROOMS - HOLY HOUSE

Two FIGURES RUT under white sheets in a canopied bed.

A KNOCK. A second KNOCK. A third. Diego's head pops up from beneath the sheet.

DIEGO
(vexed, breathless)
What is it?!

MIGUEL
Urgent church business.

The door CREAKS open. 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 as he opens the document, reads. He stops, mid-stroke.

His mouth drops open, the ends slowly turn up into a smile. He pulls out, falls against the pillows. Stretches lion-like.

DIEGO
Kiss the cock of your new
Inquisitor.

The sheet's flung back. It's Friar Enrique. He does as he's told. Diego ROARS, a demon is born.

55 INT. RODRIGO'S CABIN - BELOW DECK - CONTINUOUS

Pedro frees fatigued Rodrigo of his armor. Rodrigo hides the stomach wound, slips into bed. Wiping the armor, Pedro sees blood inside. Rodrigo shakes his head: "ignore it".

RODRIGO
 What a day, Squire! My son saved
 the King and secured the Black
 Castle for future generations.

PEDRO
 (chuckles)
 I was there. Excellent shield work!

Pedro bows to Sebastian playfully. Sebastian waves this away.

RODRIGO
 I nearly perished of pride!

PEDRO
 (joking)
 Remind Lord Sebastian that future
 generations don't make themselves!

RODRIGO
 True. Delay not, Son! Death visits
 all men. Marry. Beget an heir who
 gives you the joy you've given me.

Rodrigo grasps Sebastian's hand.

RODRIGO (CONT'D)
 Surely someone at court pleases you
 enough to wed and get heirs?

SEBASTIAN
 At court, Father?! Fernando's
 plucked every noble beauty. I'll
 not be an unwilling cuckold
 legitimizing his bastards.

RODRIGO
 Such cynicism. Sir Geoffroi would
 be disappointed.

SEBASTIAN
 Sir Geoffroi would want me to hold
 off for a lady of virtue and honor.

PEDRO
 Milord's idol Sir Geoffroi!
 A century and a third dead his
 advice still holds!

Rodrigo regards Pedro, eyes full of friendship as he quotes:

PEDRO (CONT'D)
 "Young men who desire to seek such
 an honorable life, who love and
 fear God and His might, and because
 of this love and fear will beware
 of and refrain from evil deeds ...
 Ah!

Old age, you should indeed be disconsolate when you find yourself in the body of one, of whatever rank he may be, *who could have achieved so much in his youth, but has done nothing, in relation to what he can and should do according to his rank!*"

Pedro, Rodrigo and Sebastian SIGH for very different reasons.

SEBASTIAN

I do dream of a mysterious beauty leading me on a chase. I can't call it peaceful. But it is *stimulating*.

The men CHUCKLE.

RODRIGO

(yawns wide)

Tomorrow, Sebastian and I will visit a friend in Cordoba. Pedro alert Captain to dock there.

SEBASTIAN

Goodnight, Father.

Sebastian 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.

56

INT. HOLY HOUSE OFFICE - MORNING

Diego's re-reading the King's document for the 100th time. Friar Miguel enters. Stops short, stunned. Diego's never set foot in the office before noon.

MIGUEL

So early, Friar? Good morning!

DIEGO

(reading)

Inquisitor! Difficult to believe.

MIGUEL
(dryly)
Indeed it is.

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

DIEGO
Is it real, or a forgery to
humiliate me?

MIGUEL
(amused, testing)
Who would do that? And why?

DIEGO
I am detested. My father, my half
brother despise me. I'm the bastard
of a disgraced nun. I've never even
met the King! Why honor, trust me?

MIGUEL
(intrigued)
Why indeed? Perhaps God found his
path to Friar de la Villanueva?

DIEGO
Inquisitor? Perhaps. Lower men than
I have been elevated. That vile
converso Torquemada for one.

MIGUEL
(trick question)
What would *Inquisitor* Diego do
first?

The very darkest shade of Diego ascends as he begins to
imagine the document as real.

DIEGO
(no hesitation)
Burn every Jew in Aragon in
gratitude to their Catholic
Majesties!

Miguel nods. INHALES, EXHALES. Worst fears confirmed, his own
personal counter-mission is clear. He exits the office.

57 INT. HOLY HOUSE - CORRIDOR - SAME

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.

58

INT. ANA'S BEDROOM

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

ABEL

Ana come down, we have a guest.

Ana is wary, but follows, she has no choice.

59

INT. PATIO - DE COSTA HOUSE

DAVID HERRERA, tall, pleasant looking SPEAKS to Marta. He turns. His smile spreads from ear to ear as Ana nears. Stunned by her beauty he advances. Ana steps BACK into Abel.

She turns to him, glaring.

ANA

Papa. No.

He gently ushers her forward.

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 must apologize.

(pause)

For my father. He mistakenly believes I would make someone a good wife. You seem like a fine person, who deserves better. It was a pleasure. Good evening.

Ana inclines her head. Steps around Abel. Briskly exits. David, smitten, undeterred, nods to Abel.

DAVID

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

David leaves. Marta and Abel trade wary glances. Saul emerges from his ground-level room. The gash healed-a fine red line.

SAUL

What did I miss?

Abel and Marta embrace Saul. Coast clear, Ana appears.

ANA

Dear Saul. How do you feel?

SAUL

Cold. Terrified. What kind of God steals a man from his loved ones?

60

INT. HOLY HOUSE OFFICE

Diego's back in his old groove, drinking and self-doubting. Miguel's writing. Enrique rushes in, breathless.

ENRIQUE

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

Diego struggles to look alert. The EMISSARY offers a scroll.

EMISSARY

Inquisitor Villanueva. Specifics.

DIEGO

It *is* real, then?

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

EMISSARY

(eyes on Diego's wine cup)
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.

61

INT. ANA'S SECRET ROOM

Ana, apron over her dinner gown is making serum. Abel enters.

ABEL

David's a fine young man. He has
the temperament to abide your
arrogance which we have nurtured
for far too long.

ANA

(mixing)

I agree.

(pause)

He is 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 need-to 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.

Ana stares at Abel, he knows she's not lying.

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 are 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.

62 INT. SAUL'S ROOM - DE COSTA HOUSE - LATER

Ana's at Saul's bedside. The scar's healed-he's still sick.

SAUL
 You can't leave. I'm recovering.

ANA
 The serum stopped the bleeding but
 does not cure. I need to perfect
 the elixir to heal you from inside.

63 INT. ANA'S SECRET ROOM - DE COSTA HOME - CONTINUOUS

Ana's packing before Abel can change his mind. A KNOCK.

MARTA
 Ana, it's Mama.

Ana opens. Marta gives 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 am *related* to the great *Simeon ben Semah*- alchemist, Mathematician, astronomer, scientist... *surgeon*?

MARTA

The house has been in my family for centuries. During his studies in Aragón he lived and worked here.

Ana runs hands down the granite table stunned to see SPARKS as a STARRY DIAGRAM of the heavens GLOWS in the stone.

MARTA (CONT'D)

Simon ben Semah died only forty four years ago, in 1444. He was known by the acronym *Rashba*.

ANA

Rashba? He signed the Kabbala map! Saul and I inlaid in the gems that activated the drawing.

Ana points at the corner of the TWINKLING mosaic, the blade's engraved name matches the Hebraic signature in a corner.

ANA (CONT'D)

I should show you the rest.

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

MARTA

This room was sealed by a rabbi!

64

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

Ana waves, candles BLAZE revealing a full-blown Alchemy Lab.

Life-sized male and female anatomy mosaics and a massive Kabbala Tree of Life GLOW on a wall.

Suspended Glass Holograms with Alchemic formulas and Hebraic Angelic Symbolism CHANGE in the candlelight. Charts and Symbols are etched in brass, imbedded in the floor.

MARTA

(immersed in the magic)
Oh, daughter.

Ana uses her finger to 'write' a formula on the glass. ANGELIC FORMS MANIFEST from the holograms at Ana's shoulder.

Marta GASPS. The Forms HOVER, then DISPERSE.

ANA

This room is a portal to worlds of the Sefirot, souls, and angels. They aided me with the elixirs for you and Papa. Technique's what I lack; why I'm going to Florence.

MARTA

Ana, you must be very careful. This would get us all killed!

ANA

No, saved. Simon-Rashba-left clear instructions to build these altars, to access the portal that heals. Keep my secrets, Mother.

Marta embraces Ana tightly.

MARTA

Our secret. HaShem protect you.

65

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

Sebastian 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 Sebastian 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.

SEBASTIAN

(quietly, urgently)

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.

Sebastian bows his head, SWIMMING IN STRANGE PREMONITION.

66 EXT. GANGPLANK - SHIP - PORT OF BARCELONA - DAY

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

67 EXT. DOCK - GANGPLANK - BARCELONA - DAY

Aragón's Knights descend the gangplank into port. Rodrigo, Sebastian and Pedro wait; allow Knights their deserved glory.

As pennants of Aragon's noble houses unfurl, CHEERS rise.

68 EXT. PORT OF BARCELONA - DAY

Fez rides behind the Knights, 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 for Fez and the body. SOMEONE CLAPS, unleashes ROARS:

CROWD
ARAGON! ARAGON! PROTECTOR OF OLD
LAWS! GOD BLESS LORD RODRIGO
PROTECTOR OF ARAGON!

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

69 EXT. DECK - SHIP FOR FLORENCE - DAY

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

SLOW MO/POV Ana:

Two Lords, glorious Knights, ride slowly, majestically through a MIXED APPLAUDING CROWD of SEPHARDI, CHRISTIANS, GITANOS, ARABS in line to board ships.

70 EXT. PORT OF BARCELONA - CONTINUOUS

As the impromptu parade ends, Rodrigo and Sebastian 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 Sebastian.

ON: Rodrigo, he spots Ana first. NUDGES Sebastian to look as:

The WIND KNOCKS Ana's hood back unleashing her bronze curls.

Ana's cape parts, scabbard and pistol revealed.

ON: Sebastian. A lady warrior. Their 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.

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

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

SEBASTIAN
(groans)
Ever the hero.

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

Sebastian holds dying Rodrigo who clearly SAVORS the HOOPLA. Pedro rides up, dismounts, knows it over, nods to Sebastian.

RODRIGO
(smiling)
Ever the fool! I wished to die in
my own bed, not as a public
spectacle.

Sebastian strokes his father's head as his eyes flutter.

SEBASTIAN
(tears streaking)
Father. This is how knights fall
and legends rise. You were my hero
every day of my life. I love you.

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

KNIGHTS
Y Viva Rodrigo of Aragon!

POV Sebastian: through the CHAOS he sees Ana, transfixed, eyes full of empathy, hand on her heart. He STARES at her massive blue topaz ring. The Beauty in his dreams lives.

ON: Ana as her ship pulls away, Sebastian REFLECTED in her bright eyes.

71 EXT. ROAD - FLORENCE - DAY

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

72 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.

CUT TO:

73

EXT. FRONT PATH - BLACK CASTLE

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

FEZ

He was very great lord. I saw him
fight, laugh, and cry.

74

INT. CRYPT - BLACK CASTLE - DAY

Sebastian and Diego stand on opposite sides of the stone coffin as Rodrigo's visage is slowly concealed by his carved likeness on the lid, slid into place.

Pedro hovers, holds a scroll behind his back.

PEDRO

A word, Lord Aragon.

Sebastian nods. Pedro hands him Rodrigo's last-minute will. Diego watches, eyes narrowed as Sebastian reads.

Their eyes meet.

75

EXT. BLACK CASTLE - MOMENTS LATER

Diego departs, angry, dry-eyed, silent on his mule.

FROM BEHIND: Sebastian CANTERS his black mare from the gravel path to the vast estate now in his hands. He traverses streams and fields, silently WEEPING.

76

INT. DEL GIOCONDO PALAZZO - FLORENCE - DAY

Ana and the Sentinel enter a palazzo. Ana hands the packet to her father's contact SENOR GIOCONDO. He peeks inside. Gives Ana a receipt.

77

EXT. ATELIER DA VINCI

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

78

INT. ATELIER DA VINCI - 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.

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.

79

EXT. BLACK CASTLE - DAY

ESTEBAN, Black Castle's Sephardi Majordomo, opens the door.

ESTEBAN

(coldly)

Friar De La Villanueva.

DIEGO

(colder, sinisterly)

Inquisitor.

ESTEBAN

He is in the stables. *Inquisitor*.

80

EXT. STABLES - BLACK CASTLE

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

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

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

SEBASTIAN
Brother, as you wish. He's a
warhorse. A bit bold for a friar?

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

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

SEBASTIAN
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. Now I am Isabel's man.
Shall we ride to court together?

SEBASTIAN
I'll find you there, I must attend
to a few things. Enjoy your mount.
You are suited.

Diego climbs into the saddle, his black robe lifting.
Sebastian fights a smile as the mighty horse THROWS Diego.
He remounts struggles for control. Finally, he rides off.

81

INT. ATELIER DA VINCI - DAY

Ana's harassed. A STUDENT rudely handles her books,
astrolabe, tools. As he reaches for Ana's Alchemic ledger,
she SLAPS his hand.

STUDENT
How dare you, Jewess!

He catches sight of her red leather scabbard. Steps back.

ANA
Surely you know not to touch the
tools of another without asking.

Eyes fixed on the thick ledger he asks:

STUDENT
What does a Jew in Florence need to
know beyond counting coins?

ANA
I need to know how God heals. If
you can tell me that, I'll leave.

Ana turns her GAZE on the student; he backs away-PUSHED BY
INVISIBLE FORCE, he tumbles over a stool, terrified. Ana
flashes her pearly smile at the ONLOOKERS. They scatter.

82

EXT. LA ALJAFERIA PALACE - ZARAGOZA - DUSK

Diego makes a grand entrance and poor impression on his new
boss, INQUISITOR GENERAL TORQUEMADA, who arrives by mule.

TORQUEMADA
(at Diego's stallion)
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 now.

83

INT. AUDIENCE CHAMBER - LA ALJAFERIA PALACE - LATER

Torquemada's bulbous eyes bore into Diego and Sebastian.
As they near the Monarchs. LADIES IN WAITING and COURTIERs
feast calculating eyes on the handsome half-brothers.

Isabel detects the siblings mutual enmity, contemplates how
to use this to her advantage. The men bow, stand back.

ISABEL
Beloved Lord Aragón will be missed.

FERNANDO
Indeed, Sirs. We appreciate your
haste to court after your loss.

Sebastian hands a small chest to a PAGE for Fernando.

SEBASTIAN
Of course, Majesty. Father esteemed
loyalty foremost.

FERNANDO
As his great sacrifice upheld.

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

Fernando snubs Diego, hands Isabel the chest of gold florins.

ISABEL
 Gold is most welcome, *Lord Aragón*.
 But we require your sword as well.
 Rodrigo's legend must be upheld!

SEBASTIAN
 (ambiguous/defiant)
 I serve the crown, Majesties to
 honor my father, Rodrigo de la
 Villanueva, sixth Lord of Aragón.

ISABEL
 (fabricating)
 It was the wish of Lord Rodrigo
 that Grand Inquisitor mentor
 Inquisitor Diego to distinction.

Torquemada eyes infamous dilettante Diego with suspicion.

DIEGO
 Thank you, Majesty.

Torquemada inserts himself like a rusty dagger.

TORQUEMADA
 Friar Diego's *unlikely* ascension is
 an opportunity to intercept wealthy
 Aragonese Jews *if he dares*.

ISABEL
 (stoking the animosity)
 I have no doubt Diego will find his
 footing with Grand Inquisitor.

Fernando peers over the edge of his wine cup anticipating
 Isabel's next clumsy move to preempt Sebastian's future.

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

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

Isabel nods her dismissal.

ISABEL
 Callous. It may wait. For now.

EXT. GARDEN - LA ALJAFERIA PALACE - MOMENTS LATER

Sebastian quits the palace in silent rage. He's buttonholed by LUIS DE SANTANGELO and GABRIEL SANCHEZ the highest-ranked Conversos in Isabel's court. Sebastian recognizes them. Nods.

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

SEBASTIAN
(cuts him off)
Gabriel Sanchez. Treasurer General
of Aragón. The crown's trusted men
of finance. A pleasure, gentlemen.

LUIS
May we speak? Privately?

They lead to a privy garden alcove. The men look around before speaking; they finish each other's sentences.

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.

SEBASTIAN
(quietly)
My father was, and is still,
through me-a friend to the Jews. My
brother may prove otherwise, sadly.

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

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

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

Sebastian 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.

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

LUIS
Believe us, we have tried for years
to persuade, forestall. Isabel
ceased to hear.

She wants absolute rule of the kingdom as she cannot control her lusty King.

SEBASTIAN
Understood.

GABRIEL
An ambitious Captain, Cristobal Colon has ambitions of westward exploration.

LUIS
He might be persuaded to take Jews.

SEBASTIAN
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.

SEBASTIAN
What size investment?

GABRIEL
Two million Maravedis.

SEBASTIAN
(to the two men)
And you get?

LUIS
Passage on the ship.

SEBASTIAN
(leaning in)
Arrange a meeting at the port of Barcelona, gentlemen.

85

EXT. BALCONY - LA ALJAFERIA

Diego and his shady new pal FRIAR AGUERO watch Sebastian and the Converso 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
 (chuckles, licks his lips)
 Unappetizing testicles, eh? I bow
 to your experience.

DIEGO
 (disgusted)
 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
 (wary)
 Thank you Friar, if the need arises
 I will seek you out.

86 INT. CRYPT - BLACK CASTLE - LATER

Sebastian sits down facing Rodrigo's sleeping marble figure.
 He fits a cup in the carved hands above a sword hilt.

Lifts his cup. Sits on the prayer bench. Drinks. SIGHS.

SEBASTIAN
 Father. Wake up and take back your
 lordship. This court is a scheming
 sack of serpents. Every damned
 trick you warned me of was played
 by Isabel with a distressing lack
 of decorum. The King's deed is
 safely tucked, I daresay she'll
 contest. I miss you.

Sebastian rises. Leaves.

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

87 EXT. PYRES - HUESCA SQUARE - A WEEK LATER

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

MIGUEL
 Inquisitor. A visitor. From Toledo.

Diego looks startled. He runs toward his horse.

88

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 approaches with a water pitcher, cups, pours. Aguero claps a pudgy hand over 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.

89

INT. ATELIER DA VINCI - MAGIC HOUR

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
(orating)
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.

90 INT. OFFICE - HOLY HOUSE - DAY

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

FRIAR AGUERO
Your dungeon is as empty as my cup.

Miguel side eyes Aguero as he pours the last drops out.

DIEGO
Fetch me Carlos Gomez. Now!

MIGUEL
Gomez, the tavern keep?

Diego stares down Miguel.

DIEGO
The *informant*. Yes.

MIGUEL
Inquisitor. There is a process.
I am compiling the list you
required, unsolicited reports of
suspects. Not fabricated gossip for
hire. Witnesses. Evidence gathered,
verified. These souls deserve our
justice, discernment, mercy.

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

Miguel fumes at this big, fat lie.

91 EXT. STREET - HUESCA

Miguel EXHALES in the silent darkness. Crosses himself.

92 INT. GOLDEN CHALICE TAVERN

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

MIGUEL
Carlos Gomez!

GOMEZ turns his bloated, battered, one-eyed visage to Miguel.

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

Carlos bows, dances out behind Miguel to APPLAUSE.

93 INT. DIEGO'S INQUISITION OFFICE

Carlos' puckish humor fades at the sight of Diego in full Inquisitor/grim reaper gear between two candles in the dark. Agüero the chubby demon, stands, pores oozing wine and worse.

Carlos begins to sit.

DIEGO
Stand! This is no tavern chat!

Carlos stiffens. Friar Miguel takes notes at a podium.

DIEGO (CONT'D)
I need names of every moneylending Jew in Aragón. Friar Carrillo will verify. A lapse in secrecy is punished by imprisonment beside the 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.

94 INT. ATELIER DA VINCI - DAYS LATER

Students watch spooked as a sparkling, golden alchemic cloud surrounds Ana. She coaxes distillation uses her hands in magical patterns to compress the cloud.

Suddenly, the cloud BURSTS, RAINS into a wide funnel over a jar. Ana pours the golden liquid into flasks. Corks them.

Students GASP. Maestro Davinci approaches.

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 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
God forbids this blasphemy!

ANA
It's *science*, imbecile!

Ana's eyes SPARK, she faces him. The mouthy student retreats.

DAVINCI
Poor is the pupil who does not
surpass his master. Even God wants
us to exceed Him.

ANA
Elohim-the Almighty-promises
eternal life. All healing is
achieved only with His blessing.

Maestro smiles as Ana cleans and packs her tools.

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

ANA
Thank you, Maestro. I'm honored.

MAESTRO
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.

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

ANA
(playfully)
Please do not write that in my
recommendation to the society.

DAVINCI
Madonna de Costa. Ana. I cannot
refer you. Even as my best student.
As you know, it's forbidden for
females. And dangerous. Use that
gift-with discretion.

ANA
(frustration to rage)
Maestro! How will I be allowed to
apply it I am not acknowledged?!

Ana's eyes natural power BOILS blood to BURSTING in the class
beakers. STUDENTS GASP. UPROAR.

95 EXT. ALCHEMISTS LAB - FLORENCE - NEXT DAY

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

STUDENT
Go home, witch!

Maestro SHOVES the student aside. Catches up to Ana as she
mounts her horse. Hands her a velvet folder.

MAESTRO
Your reference. Master that rage.

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.

Birds hover over Ana in strange formation as she GALLOPS off.

96 INT. SAUL'S ROOM - DE COSTA HOUSE

Marta enters Saul's room with a letter. He's on his bed.

MARTA
For you, son. From Ana.

SAUL
Thank you, Mother.

Marta hovers. Saul waits until she leaves to open it. Reads. Smiling he pares an apple with a small knife. It slips. He cuts his finger. Watches blood flow resigned. Slips away.

97 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.

98 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.

99 INT. DIEGO'S OFFICE - HOLY HOUSE - LATER

Diego and Aguero examine valuables seized from the prisoners.

MIGUEL

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

FRIAR AGUERO

Do not 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 grants 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, catalog these valuables for delivery to the Queen.

100 EXT. VINEYARD - THE BLACK CASTLE - DAY

Sebastian rides the Black Castle vineyards to clear his head. GITANOS [GYPSIES] pruning the freshly picked vines bow.

He waves to them, slows down to speak to a GITANO.

GITANO

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

Sebastian nods, still hurting.

SEBASTIAN

I won't either.

101

INT. GYPSY WINE CAVE - NIGHT

Sebastian enters the lively, torch-lit Gitano wine cave. MEN cull leaves, sort grapes from massive trays into huge wooden press tubs.

AZUCAR

I am so sorry about ...our Rodrigo.

SEBASTIAN

He died well. Better than any man, any knight, lord or king can hope. With a smile, in Majesty's good graces, with a weeping audience, praying him into paradise.

AZUCAR

Dios, Rodrigo! To die in the middle of Spain's busiest port-I miss him.

SEBASTIAN

You loved him. He left you this.

Sebastian hands her a small box. She clasps it, unopened. Young GITANAS [women, girls] dance barefoot in the tubs of fruit as TEEN BOYS play mandolins and tambourines, hungrily watching the maidens.

Sebastian's GITANA Winemaker AZUCAR, magnificent Spanish-Indian nods to him. They watch the press dance.

AZUCAR

I had to separate the boys they got too excited in the grapes!

Sebastian CHUCKLES, recalling his own lustful adolescence.

SEBASTIAN

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

AZUCAR

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

SEBASTIAN

How so?

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

SEBASTIAN (CONT'D)
The secret ingredient is... opium?

AZUCAR
The King tasted it, named it Royal,
and demanded we supply only him.
Rodrigo said it kept him chipper.

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

SEBASTIAN
Chipper? Manic. Reckless. Certainly
explains his rash behavior of late.

Azucar looks curious.

SEBASTIAN (CONT'D)
Azucar, carefully separate Royal
vintage from the house wine.
Stamp barrels with crowns until I
decide how we proceed.

TITLES: PORT OF BARCELONA

102 EXT. PORT OF BARCELONA - DAYS LATER

Ana descends the gangplank from Italy with her sentinel.
Ana dismisses her sentinel, hands him a purse.

ANA
I'll be fine from here, thank you.

103 EXT. STREET - HUESCA, ARAGÓN - DAYS LATER

Turning into a narrow street Ana's horse is caught in a CRUSH
of ACTIVITY. She's stunned. The town square's a terrifying
spectacle. GUARDS flank a chained cortège of 20 NAKED JEWISH
MEN and WOMEN holding thick green candles.

Inquisitor Diego trots his black stallion. Behind him, Friar
Miguel rides a mule in clear despair.

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

FRIAR MIGUEL
Lord, deliver me from this circus.

Ana raises her hood as Carlos Gomez SPITS, TRIPS an OLD WOMAN
in the chain gang.

CARLOS GOMEZ
Clumsy Jews.

As the chained woman trips, she TUGS the line to the ground. SCREAMS rise. A MAN jumps from his horse to aid the old woman to stand. Retrieving her candle, Sebastian averts his eyes.

FEMALE PRISONER
I'm sorry, senor.

SEBASTIAN
No, I am sorry. So very sorry.

Ana INHALES. Recognizes Sebastian. He remounts and joins Pedro in the dense crowd. Ana follows them, LISTENING.

PEDRO
Whose terrible idea was it to
anoint him Inquisitor?

SEBASTIAN
Fernando. Already a disaster.
Diego's been Inquisitor for a
fortnight. It's impossible to
question, and convict twenty cases
in 14 days. It must be reversed!

PEDRO
Sooner than later.

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

Ana navigates her horse through the crowd, to an alley.

104 EXT. ALLEY

Ana watches Sebastian and Pedro ride into the square.

105 EXT. MAIN SQUARE

Under the wary eyes of the CROWD and the direction of Aguero, the twenty Jews are bound with rope to wooden frames above stacked firewood. Friar Miguel's nauseous.

DIEGO
Guilty of heresy. You're sentenced
to death.

Diego signals his PYRE MASTER to light the fires. Sebastian, sword bared, SPRINGS from his horse onto the scaffold.

Runs the row, SLASHES ropes. Freed prisoners tumble down, jump, run, melt into the crowd. CHEERS, ROARS. Diego FUMES.

Sebastian folds back his cape. Lordly in breastplate, tall boots, he looks down on Diego, ADDRESSES the crowd.

SEBASTIAN

Aragón resists lawless executions!
These people have not been properly
tried! This is *not* Castile! This is
Aragón! Our laws, supported by the
6th Lord protect *our* Jews. As your
7th Lord *I insist upon them!*

106 EXT. ALLEY

ON: Ana's expression. Shock, awe, respect, desire.

107 EXT. MAIN SQUARE

TWO ELDERLY MEN that failed to escape the pyre are bound.
Diego grabs a torch, lights the wood. HOWLS fill the air.

DIEGO

(turns to the crowd)

I'LL NOT BE DEFIED!!

Pedro rides up, cuts the men loose, SHOVES them from the
scaffold INTO the CROWD. This time the men escape. LAUGHTER.

Crazed, Diego rears his stallion at SPECTATORS.

108 EXT. DE COSTA HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Breathless, Ana returns home. A GROOM takes her horse.

109 INT. PATIO - DE COSTA HOUSE - DAY

A SERVANT opens the door, Ana enters the patio. Something's
wrong. 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
an apple. We came home from temple.
Found him. Horrible.

Ana and her parents huddle, WEEPING.

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

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

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

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

112 INT. CORRIDOR - PARENTS ROOM - DE COSTA HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

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

113 EXT. CALLE CONDE - CORDOBA - DAYS LATER

Ana arrives just in time to see Don Abraham, Master Alchemist arrested by the Inquisition.

114 INT. DON ABRAHAM'S ALCHEMY SHOP

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.

115 INT. CLOSET

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

116 INT. ALLEY

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

117 EXT. STREET - CORDOBA

Ana turns a corner to retrieve her horse. A RIOT's in progress: JEWS against HOLY GUARDS. Ana SHOVES thru to her mount. Family friend RABBI JOSEF RUBINO spots her.

RABBI JOSEF

ANA! ANA!

On her horse Ana hears her name. She rides to Rabbi.

RABBI JOSEF (CONT'D)

Ana? What are you doing in Cordoba?

ANA

I came for Don Abraham. He was just arrested. That's why they riot?

RABBI JOSEF

Among other malice. Follow me.

118

INT. RABBI'S HOME - CORDOBA - EVENING

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

RABBI JOSEF
Tomorrow we escort you home.

Ana flashes her scabbard.

ANA
No need. I've ridden Italy
unscathed.

Miriam and Rabbi, arms folded, stare in disbelief at Ana.

RABBI JOSEF
Certainly with a sentinel? Your
good sire would not allow this
reckless visit. What business did
Abel have with Don Abraham?

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

RABBI JOSEF	ANA (CONT'D)
A cure?! Elohim does not work through women.	Oh, <i>really</i> ? Did he not work through Maria the Jewess?

RABBI JOSEF
You know too much.

ANA
That we may agree upon, Rabbi.

119

INT. HOLY HOUSE OFFICE - DAYS LATER

Diego and Miguel labor over Gomez' list. Aguero SNATCHES it.

FRIAR AGUERO
That empty dungeon can hold every
one of Aragon's moneylenders.

Miguel stares at Diego, worried.

MIGUEL
A lengthy roster. It's costly to
feed so many prisoners.

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

Aguero SUCKS loudly on the last drops of wine.

DIEGO

Friar Miguel, make two copies of the list, give them to two pairs of guards to make the arrests. I will see to more wine.

Miguel nods. Takes quill to paper. Diego and Aguero exit.

120 EXT. STREET - HUESCA - LATER

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

121 EXT. TEMPLE - JEWISH QUARTER

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

122 INT. ENTRANCE - TEMPLE

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

123 INT. MAIN ROOM - TEMPLE

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

RABBI

An angel has whispered-we must act.

124 INT. WINE STORAGE - CELLAR

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

SEBASTIAN

What the hell?! Why are you here?

DIEGO

(startled, guilty)

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

SEBASTIAN

The Royal is earmarked for the King. I can spare one for your hell raising. Fez will deliver it. Now go. I can't see you without wanting to shove you off the tower!

DIEGO

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

Sebastian TIPS the ladder to lift Diego by the throat.

SEBASTIAN

With no remorse. I've no doubt
Father spins in his box at the shit-
spouting, Jew-burning fiend he's
spawned!

125 INT. BLACK CASTLE - CRYPT - NIGHT

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

SEBASTIAN

Father. I want to slay him! This
can't be what you intended.

The wine in the cup on the coffin evaporates, as if drunk.
Sebastian DOZES.

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

Sebastian chases the veiled Beauty through the darkening
forest. Night FALLS, swallowing her. Sebastian's thwarted.

A hand grips his shoulder. Sebastian turns. He's nose-to-nose
with the GHOST of legendary 14th century French knight, SIR
GEOFFROI DE CHARNY.

Sebastian crosses himself. INHALES. Takes a step back.

SIR GEOFFROI

You know who I am, Lord Aragón?

Sebastian nods, gazing at the ghost's breastplate.

SEBASTIAN

Your crest. Sir Geoffroi De Charny.
Knight of knights. Father held you
in great esteem. We devoured your
books. There, chivalry survives.

The Ghost CHUCKLES.

SIR GEOFFROI

What Spaniards glorify, the French
distrust.

SEBASTIAN

Naturally.

Sebastian marvels as De Charny LAUGHS again, he sounds *alive*.

SEBASTIAN (CONT'D)

You left a warm French grave to
delight me, Sir Geoffroi? I'm
honored. Why does my father resist?

SIR GEOFFROI
 Sir, am I not welcome? Patience.
 Lord Rodrigo adapts poorly to
 afterlife. Don't be selfish.

Sebastian stares, awestruck.

SIR GEOFFROI (CONT'D)
 Now, sir, what is to be done with
 your luckless brother, his wicked
 abuse of power? You face a great
 battle, Sebastian of Aragón.

SEBASTIAN
 Can it be honorably won?

SIR GEOFFROI
 As you know, each war's unique.
 You've won. You'll lose. Win again.
 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.

The Knight FADES. Sebastian reaches out to delay his leave.
 His hand cuts through the ghost; WISPS OF DUST FLY.

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

SIR GEOFFROI
 A rare event-second life. Seize it!

De Charny's essence is SUCKED to shadow.

END DREAM/VISION

127 INT. BLACK CASTLE - CRYPT - NIGHT

The empty cup on the crypt CLATTERS to the stone floor.
 Sebastian wakes, STARTLED. Pedro enters. Hands him a note.

PEDRO
 Milord I clearly heard voices but
 find you alone. What exists here?

SEBASTIAN
 (shaky, reading)
 Visitors.

PEDRO
 Living or dead?

SEBASTIAN
 Both. And I assure you, the dead
 are better company.

SEBASTIAN (CONT'D)
 (folds the note)
 Have Fez prepare the carriage for
 an early trip to Barcelona.
 Tomorrow. Need you to ride along.
 I'll be bearing substantial coin.

128 EXT. STREET - CORDOBA - DAY

Rabbi, Miriam and Ana ride the narrow streets post-riot.

129 INT. ENTRY - DE COSTA HOME - TWILIGHT

Ana enters with the Rubinos. Marta embraces Rabbi, Miriam.

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

130 INT. SEBASTIAN'S BEDROOM - BLACK CASTLE - LATER

Sebastian tests the Royal as he reads edicts. Pedro enters.

PEDRO
 Bad tidings or sour wine?

Sebastian pours Pedro a small cup of red. He tastes it.

PEDRO (CONT'D)
 Hmm. Nothing wrong with the wine.

SEBASTIAN
 The secret ingredient is opium. Did
 you know about that, Squire?

PEDRO
 It wasn't my business to tell Lord
 Rodrigo how to court the King.

SEBASTIAN
 You urged father to a will-for that
 I am most grateful.

PEDRO
 Power is a million iron filings
 drawn to a single magnet. You are
 Lord Rodrigo's heir-Spain's
 mightiest magnet! Command it.

Pedro leaves. Fez enters, helps Sebastian undress.

FEZ
 Milord, must I convert like Squire?

SEBASTIAN
No, Fez. Not yet. Squire converted
many years ago to wed a Catholic.

Fez nods, lays Sebastian's doublet on a form, brushes it.

FEZ
I don't want to leave your good
service, Milord. We are a family.

SEBASTIAN
We are, Fez.

131

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

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, 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
How did you get this?

RABBI JOSEF
Someone slipped a list in the
temple prayer slot. Jews have an
angel inside the Inquisition.

ABEL
Who could have imagined
that?!

RABBI JOSEF (CONT'D)
Where there's evil may there
also be good!

ABEL
I'm indebted to you. Allow me to
pay your passages to Lisbon. We
have a home there! We leave
tomorrow 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.

MIRIAM
Go where, Josef?!

MARTA
Abel! What's happened?

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

132 INT. CELLAR - OUTSIDE DOOR TO ANA'S SECRET ROOM - CONTINUOUS
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 GASPS.

MARTA
Pack! Inquisition's arresting
moneylenders. Your father's on the
list. We leave early for Lisbon.

ANA
And the good news?

MARTA (CONT'D)
The wedding's off.

133 INT. ANA'S LAB - CONTINUOUS

As Ana packs, the SPECTRE of Alchemist DON ABRAHAM EMANATES.
His purple book SNAPS OPEN, FLOATS before Ana's eyes.

DON ABRAHAM
Ana de Costa, blood of Rashba-READ!

ANA
(reads)
Oh unjust rulers! Oh evil kings!
May it be His will that you sow and
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 Aragon and Castile!

The room goes dark. Tiny specks of light twinkle, disperse.

134 INT. PATIO - DE COSTA HOUSE - SAME

Abel, Marta, Rabbi, Miriam FEEL the earth TREMBLE. It POURS.

135 INT. THRONE ROOM - SAME

As Isabel and Fernando conspire with Torquemada, THE GROUND
 SHAKES. QUAKES. Tiles CRACK, SPLIT THE LENGTH OF THE VAST
 ROOM. As they RUSH to leave, windows SHATTER. RAIN POURS IN.

136 EXT. HERRERA HOUSE - JEWISH QUARTER - SAME

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

DAVID
 Father, proceed without me. I'm
 staying to marry Ana. We'll join
 you in Ankara. Safe journey!

David watches the wagon depart out of sight. Behind him:

HOLY GUARD
 Senor Herrera?

David turns. TWO HOLY GUARDS arrest him.

HOLY GUARD (CONT'D)
 Where's your father Herrera Senior?

DAVID
 Gone. Weeks ago. With the gold.

137 INT. DIEGO'S OFFICE - HOLY HOUSE - HALF HOUR LATER

Drenched Holy Guards deliver shivering David to Diego's
 office. Aguero, Diego and Miguel stare at the prisoner.

MIGUEL
 The dungeons are now at capacity,
 Inquisitor. May the arrests pause?

DIEGO
 Yes. Interrogations may begin.

138 EXT. CARRIAGE - DE COSTA HOUSE - DAWN

Ana exits with her leather alchemy satchel, Abel tucks a
 pouch in his weskit, hands a bag to the COACHMAN.

139 INT. CARRIAGE - DE COSTA HOUSE - DAWN

Marta flinches as ROARS of a MOB grow closer. Abel enters the coach. Rabbi climbs in, shuts the door. Miriam stays outside.

RABBI JOSEF
Herrera's David was arrested. The
rest escaped. I'll see you safely
to port. Miriam lock the door!

Miriam nods. Abel EXHALES. The wagon MOVES.

140 I/E. STREETS - JEWISH QUARTER

The coach JOLTS over cobblestones. Ana looks back.

ANA
It's been weeks since the failed
pyre--the wind still breathes fire.

Abel and Marta stare at Ana. Rabbi just shakes his head.

ABEL
What failed pyre, Ana?!

ANA
In Huesca. A crowd in the square
watched the new Inquisitor tie Jews
to pyres. It was *twice* interrupted
by gracious young Lord Aragón.

Rabbi SIGHS. Marta's pale. Abel's perplexed.

MARTA
Ana?! You didn't think to
tell us?

ABEL
Wait-- aren't those two
brothers?

ANA
I'd arrived to find Saul gone.
How could I add to your pain?

RABBI JOSEF
The noose tightens! Don Isaac
Abravanel and Abraham Senior tried
to buy Cordoba's Jews freedom! The
she-wolf of Castile *refused!*

141 EXT. PATH - BLACK CASTLE

Pedro and Fez load Sebastian's new coach. He advises Esteban.

SEBASTIAN
Majordomo. Sentries are doubled in
each tower. Have food and water
brought to men at arms. They are
not to leave their stations. Wine
only off duty. Under no situation
is Inquisitor to be admitted!

Should he demand wine, and he will,
have it delivered. No passage.
Guards at the gates round clock.
No harm may come to our staff!

ESTEBAN
(hand on dagger scabbard)
Understood, Milord. Fear not.

142 I/E. SEBASTIAN'S COACH - TRAVELING

Pedro follows on horse as Fez navigates the road to Barcelona clogged with carts, wagons and horses of Sephardi fleeing for Portugal. Fez steers the carriage alongside De Costa's wagon.

143 I/E. DE COSTA WAGON - TRAVELING

Sighting the Aragón carriage crest, Abel averts his face.

ABEL	MARTA
Let them pass, driver!	Abel?

Ana sees the enormous jet horses pulling the Aragon-crested coach. The carriage nears, Ana INHALES. Is it *him*?

144 I/E. SEBASTIAN'S COACH - TRAVELING

As Fez accelerates, Sebastian looks up from his documents. Spots Ana. The blue cape. The ring, those eyes. It's *her*. Pedro notices, amused.

145 I/E. DE COSTA WAGON - TRAVELING

Ana dares glance again. For a brief, fleeting moment their carriages are eye-to-eye before Sebastian's passes. He nods in recognition, smiles. Ana's eyes blaze with joy.

Abel squirms as the coach passes. Marta observes all keenly.

MARTA	ABEL
Abel! What is it?	As the Queen's largest moneylender, I hold royal gems as collateral.

Marta INHALES. Abel nods, pats his pocket.

The sound of WINGS. Ana glances up. A formation of birds.

146 EXT. PORT OF BARCELONA - DAYS LATER

The De Costas arrive. Ana spots Sebastian's coach.

- 147 EXT. DOCK - THE MADONNA - MOMENTS LATER
- The De Costas wait to board. Abel hands Rabbi the house keys.
- 148 EXT. TAVERN - PORT OF BARCELONA
- Sebastian greets Luis Santangelo, Gabriel Sanchez, and CAPITÁN CRISTOBAL COLON. The men enter the tavern. Fez and Pedro wait by the coach.
- 149 INT. WINE CELLAR TAVERN
- Colon sits in a private room with Luis, Gabriel, Sebastian.
- SEBASTIAN
Capitán. You wish to sail to the Indies. I'm prepared to advance the two million Maravedis *if* you agree to take as many Jews as viable.
- COLON
But Her Majesty?!
- LUIS
Leave the Queen to me-she'll gladly take all the credit with no risk.
- 150 EXT. DOCK - THE MADONNA
- Abel notices Pedro watching them, panics. He SHOVES ahead to bribe the purser as Ana and Marta wait in line.
- 151 EXT. TAVERN - PORT OF BARCELONA
- Rabbi waits by the tavern to board a wagon back to Huesca.
- 152 EXT. DOCK - THE MADONNA
- Abel waves to Marta, she hurries ahead, certain Ana follows. Eyes fixed on the tavern for a last glance of Sebastian, Ana sees TWO HOLY GUARDS slither behind Rabbi. Ana waves at Rabbi to run, he waves back. Guards GRAB him. Ana runs to his aid.
- 153 INT. WINE CELLAR - TAVERN
- Sebastian stands, rolling the signed documents. Shakes hands.
- SEBASTIAN
Gentlemen, Capitán. God speed.
- He leaves the valise of gold.

154

EXT. TAVERN

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

Ana locks arms with Rabbi, faces the Guards.

ANA
Let this man go. He has
nothing the crown wants!

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

SEBASTIAN
Release him!

A *TUG OF WAR* as Sebastian, hand on his sword hilt, takes Rabbi's free arm. The Holy Guards *WRENCH*, Rabbi's coat *RIPS*. Ana, hand on her scabbard, *ELBOWS* a guard. Sebastian draws his sword as a guard puts Rabbi in a choke hold.

Pedro runs up, knowing Sebastian's temper. Gets between them.

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

Eyeing the bared swords, guards retreat. Rabbi nods to Ana, Sebastian, Pedro. Sebastian quickly recovers his chivalry.

SEBASTIAN
Senorita. Ports and pyres, we meet
in the most unusual places.

ANA
Sadly, that is where Jews are most
likely to be found these days.

Colon, Gabriel and Luis emerge from the tavern.

LUIS
Senorita Ana De Costa! In
Barcelona?!

ANA (CONT'D)
I have traveled much further
than this, Minister
Santangelo!

SEBASTIAN
Most worldly Senorita left for
Florence as Father and I returned
from Malaga. Ships passing in the
light.

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

ANA
A pleasure, and this is Rabbi Josef
Rubino of Cordoba.

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

Colon bows, kisses Ana's hand to Sebastian's amusement.

COLON
Senorita. Rabbi. A pleasure.

GABRIEL
Senorita Ana. How are you, your
family? We were most grieved to
hear of your brother's passing.

ANA
It's been difficult. 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	RABBI JOSEF
Ah. It's not the first time I	Your ship! This is all my
have altered my plans to	fault!
their dismay.	

ANA	RABBI JOSEF (CONT'D)
Don't fret Rabbi. There are	Almighty tasks me again!
other ships leaving for	
Lisbon!	

SEBASTIAN
Excuse us for a moment.

Sebastian and Luis CONFER with Colon. Pedro approaches Ana.

PEDRO
The 6th Lord Aragón was a great
friend to Rabbi Abravanel and
Abraham Senior. His son is as just.

The sky opens, POURS just as Sebastian returns.

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

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

SEBASTIAN
Because I asked him to.

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

155 EXT. MAIN GATE - BLACK CASTLE

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

DIEGO
(drunk)
Where is my brother?

Esteban appears.

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

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

156 INT. SEBASTIAN'S COACH - TRAVELING - LATER

Ana reads as Sebastian PLAYS his LUTE. Rabbi sleeps.

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

ANA
I have no interest in the
impersonal, Milord.

SEBASTIAN
As a lady of marriageable age,
intellect, wealth. Lovely. Very.
What forestalled your leap?

ANA
To wed, Milord? I'm impossible, as
Rabbi trumpets, or as Lordship
gently notes, *independent*. Despite
that, my father arranged marriage
with a boy-it was cancelled.

SEBASTIAN
His great loss, my good
fortune.

ANA (CONT'D)
He was arrested, by your
brother. May I exercise equal
curiosity?

SEBASTIAN
Half-brother, full demon. You may.

ANA

How does a noble knight, bold lord
of quality, tutelage, chivalry and
genteel appearance remain... free?

SEBASTIAN

(whispers)

Wealth. I'd no need to marry. Lord
Rodrigo inherited a fortune. Mines,
vineyards, crops. I stayed behind
to enhance it as he went to war to
ensure his heroic legacy with the
King. My sire died gloriously and
freed me to be my own lord.

Ana takes this in. Nods. More in love every minute.

SEBASTIAN (CONT'D)

Did that sate your curiosity?

RABBI JOSEF

Doubtful, Lordship! Ana De
Costa is the most curious
female in Spain.

ANA

Yes. It is most articulate.
I am quite humbled.

SEBASTIAN

I pursue the impossible: a clever,
educated, courageous, loving wife
to provoke my ambitions for Aragon.

Ana's eyes widen, narrow. Rabbi glares in warning. Sebastian
KNOCKS, Fez stops the coach. Pedro rides up.

PEDRO

Milord?

SEBASTIAN

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?

Sebastian glances at Ana, she nods. Rabbi shrugs.

RABBI JOSEF

We are your prisoners, Lord
Aragón.

ANA

Harsh, even in jest, Rabbi.

SEBASTIAN

He jests not.

RABBI JOSEF

I jest not.

157

EXT. INN - LERIDA - NIGHT

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

INNKEEP

Yes?

PEDRO

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

The Innkeep stares down Pedro. Looks behind him sees Rabbi and Ana with Sebastian.

INNKEEP

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

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

158 INT. TAVERN - LATER

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

SEBASTIAN

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

Sebastian watches Ana and Rabbi merge into the shadowy corridor. The sway of Ana's body ignites Sebastian's VISION.

159 INT. FOREST - BLACK CASTLE - TWILIGHT - VISION

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

160 INT. UPSTAIRS - INN

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

To borrow a phrase from his Lordship-you amaze me. His brother barbecues your neighbors!

ANA (CONT'D)

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 (CONT'D)
 Perhaps there is some truth
 in that. It may yet be
 mastered.

RABBI JOSEF
 Ana. You test the universe. Rich,
 refined, nobly dressed, educated,
 traveled. Shielded by your delicate
 coloring, and wealth in this unjust
 world! *You're a secret Jew.* For
 most Jews things are different.
 Soon, you'll need to choose.

Ana enters her room, Rabbi the next room.

161 INT. TAVERN

Sebastian corners the rude innkeep at the reception desk.

SEBASTIAN
 A word.

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

SEBASTIAN
 In the morning I should like to see
 the ledgers; if you wish to retain
 your situation as innkeep.

Innkeep eyes Sebastian shrewdly.

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

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

162 INT. SEBASTIAN'S ROOM - INN

In the room beside Innkeep's Sebastian LISTENS.

163 INT. CORRIDOR - INN - AN HOUR LATER

Sebastian silently opens Innkeep's door.

164 INT. INNKEEP'S ROOM

Sebastian nabs him fully dressed, climbing out the second
 story window. He tugs him in, throws him to the floor.

SEBASTIAN
Blackmailing a lord? Threatening a
knight? You are too vile and too
stupid to run any business of mine.

165 INT. CORRIDOR - INN

Sebastian exits the room, **wiping his blade** with a strip of
linen. Ana watches in the shadows, by the wall.

He goes to her. Her mouth dares him.

ANA
Knave, villain, hero?

He draws within inches. Steps back to gather himself.

SEBASTIAN
Whatever I am, Senorita de Costa,
is yours. Eternally.

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

166 INT. COACH - INN - DAWN

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

ANA
Rabbi, I know that you are far from
pleased, but 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.

Rabbi side-eyes Ana. Sebastian enters with the inn's ledger.
Smiles. Closes the door. KNOCKS. They take off.

167 I/E. ROAD TO HUESCA

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

SEBASTIAN
I apologize for the offensive
innkeep. I hope you rested a bit.

ANA
I slept well Milord, thank you.

SEBASTIAN
What do you peruse, Senorita?

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

RABBI JOSEF
Ana. Why?!

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

RABBI JOSEF
Betrayed by her king, burned
by the English. That ended
well.

ANA
The power of females to excel
is greatly underestimated.

SEBASTIAN
I vow to never underestimate
you, Senorita de Costa.

ANA (CONT'D)
And I promise to trust
Lordship to protect myself
and my people.

RABBI JOSEF
What vows you make-how to keep them
whilst Lordship's brother lives?

Ana and Sebastian stare at Rabbi. SILENCE. Sebastian LAUGHS.

SEBASTIAN
I wrestle with that very problem.

168

INT. DIEGO'S OFFICE - HOLY HOUSE - HUESCA

Friar Miguel pretends to work while eavesdropping.

FRIAR AGUERO
The dungeons overflow. Push forward
the Auto De Fe.

DIEGO
Autos cost dearly. My brother holds
the gold, and he is traveling.

FRIAR AGUERO
What of all the jewels and coin
retrieved from the prisoners?!

DIEGO
Delivered to the crown.

FRIAR AGUERO
All of it? That was stupid.

DIEGO
Honest. I've no desire to cheat the
Queen and lose my post.

FRIAR AGUERO
 More fool you, not to cheat the
 cheaters! Heretics bolt in droves.
 Send men to recover the fortunes.

169 EXT. GARDEN - HOLY HOUSE - LATER

Diego swills Royal in the garden, Friar Enrique appears.

ENRIQUE
 He's here to ruin you, Diego.

DIEGO
 No. He's Isabel's creature.

ENRIQUE
 Are you certain? Be certain.

170 EXT. DE COSTA HOUSE - JEWISH QUARTER - HOURS LATER

Ana and Rabbi exit the coach, Sebastian carries Ana's bag.

SEBASTIAN
 Fez drive the carriage outside the
 Quarter. Rest for an hour. Return.

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!

Rabbi bows goes inside. Ana stays behind.

	ANA	SEBASTIAN
Milord.		Sebastian.

171 INT. DE COSTA HOUSE

Ana walks ahead. Sebastian follows. Miriam appears.

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

Miriam's jaw drops. She curtseys. Rabbi reappears.

RABBI JOSEF
 I'm off to temple for news. Lord
 Aragon, my gratitude.

172 INT. GARDEN - DE COSTA HOUSE

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

ANA
I won't be long, Sebastian.

Maid SARA lays wine, cheese. Sebastian nibbles. Ana returns quickly in an amethyst brocade gown. Sebastian's wowed.

173 EXT. STREET - JEWISH QUARTER

Armed with daggers and axes, Carlos Gomez and a TALL HOODED MAN pillage abandoned homes of the Quarter's wealthiest Jews. KNOCKING, TRYING locked doors, RATTLING gates, entering.

174 INT. MAZE - GARDEN

Ana and Sebastian walk the maze. He takes her hand.

SEBASTIAN
Senorita, you beguile me.

ANA
How? Why?

He tucks her arm in his as they stroll the maze.

SEBASTIAN
I was raised by a superstitious father. Typical of knights-thank the symbolic, fanatical, luck-driven nature of our risky calling.

Pauses. They enter the tall maze. It ENVELOPES them.

SEBASTIAN (CONT'D)
Men dressing in suits of steel and feathers, to be drowned in blood, guts and glory.

ANA
Not so different from ladies at court, Milord? Sebastian.

Sebastian marvels at their ironic chemistry.

SEBASTIAN
My Lord Rodrigo had a mania for precursors, marks, signals, stars.

ANA
He was intuitive, magnificent.

SEBASTIAN
I love, miss him
-he was a handful! I fear I've inherited his nature.

ANA
Really? How so?

SEBASTIAN

Before his death my recurring dream
became a waking dream, in which I
saw this very ring. A prophecy.

ANA

In life, religion and magic often
converge. May I show you something?

Ana walks ahead of Sebastian just like in the dream. She
drapes a veil over her head. He BLINKS at this. Follows her.

175 EXT. HOUSE - JEWISH QUARTER

Gomez exits a home lugging a sack of booty. His hooded thug
walks ahead, KNOCKING on doors, RATTLING gates.

176 INT. MAZE - GARDEN

Ana leads Sebastian to the maze's center. He's stunned to see
a standing astrolabe. The sun sets. The astrolabe CLICKS.
Gears WHIR. Star Sirius POPS.

ANA

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

Ana points, Sebastian looks up. Then down at Ana.

SEBASTIAN

(recites the Iliad)

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 hedge, his lips find her
soul. Ana meets his passion. They PITCH into the deep hedge.

LAUGHING deliriously, they emerge, eyes shiny with worship.
Then... a KNOCK. Another KNOCK. KNOCK. KNOCK.

SEBASTIAN

Someone has terrible timing.

ANA

Or no key. Rabbi?

177 INT. ENTRY - DE COSTA HOUSE

KNOCKING persists. The gate is RATTLED. Sebastian opens.

178 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! Sebastian! Don't touch...

Sebastian pulls the dagger away.

... the dagger.

Blood SPURTS from his heart. Ana plugs her veil in the wound pushes down. Rabbi enters.

ALL ACTIONS BLUR AS ANA TAKES CHARGE.

ANA (CONT'D)

Rabbi! Keep the pressure on!

Ana pushes Rabbi's hand on the wound. Fez tucks his livery jacket under Sebastian's head. PRAYS in Arabic.

Pedro enters, takes in the CHAOS with horror signs the cross.

PEDRO

Christ, Our Lord, preserve him!

FEZ

Allah! Save good Lord Sebastian!

RABBI JOSEF

Lord Aragón cannot die here!
In a Jewish house! Almighty!
We're lost!

ANA

Rabbi! Stop your cowardly wailing! Stay calm, keep the pressure while I fetch my serums. Pray! Miriam! Clean water! Linen!

Ana runs to the cellar. Miriam HUSTLES. Pedro kneels by Fez.

PEDRO

Who did this?!

FEZ

I don't know, Squire! I just returned for him. I saw no one.

Pedro examines the black dagger's handle: Crosses, crucifixes. Shakes his head. All roads lead to Diego.

179 INT. ANA'S ALCHEMY ROOM - DE COSTA HOUSE

Ana, hands shaking, opens her bag. Extracts two serum vials, one clear, one golden. She runs out.

180

INT. ENTRY - DE COSTA HOME

Josef steps back, pale, helpless as Ana rushes in.
 Sebastian's still. Ana pushes him aside-FURIOUS.

RABBI JOSEF
 He's dead, Ana.

ANA
 No, he's not! Pray! Everyone!

Ana furiously WHISPERS incantations, pours water over linen
 lays it on the gash, sops the blood. Incision now visible,
 Ana pours gold serum directly into the wound.

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

Rabbi, Pedro and Fez's prayers CHORUS in Hebrew, Arabic,
 Spanish. Sebastian's blood continues to flow. Rabbi and
 Miriam GASP as Ana slices her left palm with the dagger.

Ana makes a blood fist over the vial; drops PLOP. Pours it
 into the wound MASHES her bloody palm to his heart. SHOUTS:

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 Sebastian! Depart! DEPART!

Miriam, Pedro, Fez and Rabbi watch stunned as ENERGY visibly
 rises from Ana's body. Her eyes FLASH, hair RIPPLES, RISES.

Ana raises her hand. All lean in-watch stunned as the dagger
 wound SLOWLY CLOSES. Ana EXHALES, FAINTS on Sebastian's body.

MIRIAM
 Ana!

RABBI JOSEF
 Ana!

Pedro gently lifts Ana. They leave Sebastian for dead.

ON: Sebastian HEAVING, his body CONVULSING BACK TO LIFE. He
 INHALES. Eyes open, irises striated with THE THREE KINGS.

END PILOT