

THE SHROUD

EPISODE 6

"THE POWER AND THE GLORY"

by

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THE SHROUD. EPISODE 6. THE POWER AND THE GLORY.

INT. TOMB — DAY

A small, dark crypt. Eerily similar to the tomb of Jesus.

On a stone slab lies a body, completely wrapped from head to toe in white linen.

CHARNY suddenly enters the tomb, in his knight's armor. He looks around. Disoriented. Confused.

He spots the body. Steps slowly toward it.

Suddenly a blinding WHITE FLASH OF LIGHT bursts forth from the body, bathing the entire crypt in white. Charny turns away, shields his eyes from the powerful rays.

Then, just as quickly as it appeared, the light fades out. The crypt returns to darkness.

Charny cautiously opens his eyes. He looks toward the stone slab to find the body gone. Only the white burial shroud remaining, half hanging off the edge of the stone.

Charny resumes his slow, steady approach. Gently picks up the shroud, unravels it to reveal--

HIS OWN FACE -- imprinted into the cloth, like a mirror reflection, staring back at him.

Off Charny's horrified face... CUT TO-

TITLES: THE SHROUD

Charny suddenly BOLTS AWAKE--

He sits up, and we realize he is

INT. BELOW DECK, CYPRIOT SHIP — DAWN

28 OCTOBER 1344

Silence, but for the creaking of the ship.

He rubs his head, still shaken from the vivid dream.

Then he reaches in his shirt. Pulls out a small locket. Flips it open to reveal

A SMALL PORTRAIT OF JEANNE. Faded. But unmistakable.

Off Charny, somber...

EXT. CYPRIOT SHIP- AEGEAN SEA - MORNING

Charny emerges from below deck. Walks across the length of the warship. Alone at this early hour.

He looks at the sun just breaking on the horizon. A chill in the morning air.

CHARNY

Are you watching my every move,
Saracen?

Behind him, HAROUN walks up, like a hooded ghost. Joins him at the bow of the ship.

HAROUN

The long voyage has not dulled your
senses.

Charny says nothing. Looks out at the waters.

HAROUN

Sleep eludes you as well?

CHARNY

I have not slept in a long time. And
when I do...

He stops himself. Realizes he's said too much.

HAROUN

There are only nightmares?

Charny gives him a side glance -- he's sharp, this one.

CHARNY

The same one. Over and over.

HAROUN

Is it the coming battle that
disrupts your slumber? Or something
else?

Charny shoots him a menacing glare.

CHARNY

I thought I had told you to mind
your own affairs.

HAROUN

Your affairs are mine now,
Frenchman.

Haroun gives him a subtle smile.

HAROUN

We made a deal. As such, our lives
depend on the other. We cannot
survive this apart.

He leans in close.

HAROUN

Our fates are entwined.

CHARNY

You just remember our plan. Umur Bey
is to remain alive until I know the
monk and the shroud are safe.

HAROUN

I know my part to play, Frenchman.

A quiet beat, as they look at the peaceful waters.

HAROUN

Does it perchance have something to
do with the portrait?

Charny raises a suspicious eyebrow.

HAROUN

Your nightly troubles. Are they
related to the chain you keep close
to your breast--

Charny suddenly GRABS Haroun and SLAMS him up against the
edge of the boat.

CHARNY

(deadly)

You keep her name out of your
tongue, Arab.

HAROUN

I have a son!

The words hit Charny. He loosens his grip slightly.

HAROUN

I *had* a son.

Haroun's lips begin to tremble. Charny lets him go.

HAROUN

His name was Ali.

Haroun's eyes well up as the memories bubble to the surface.

HAROUN

The attack was so sudden. There was no warning.

He looks down at his hand, which shakes.

HAROUN

The attackers came to our village in disguise at first, dressed in our native robes. But when the slaughter began, that's when we saw the cross of your Christian god.

He looks solemnly toward the horizon.

HAROUN

I had been away collecting wood. When I returned, I joined the fight, but it was too late. The Christians razed all our homes to the ground.

A single tear rolls down his cheek.

HAROUN

I found Ali among the rubble. His body was so scorched, I could barely recognize him.

Charny closes his eyes, moved.

HAROUN

I swore then I would avenge my son for the rest of my days. But I was lost. A sword without aim. Umur Bey found me and gave me purpose.

Haroun locks eyes with Charny, grim.

HAROUN

So you see, Frenchman, when I see you look at that portrait, it is because I know what it means to fight not for your God or for your king... but for someone you love.

Charny clenches his fist, overcome with sorrow.

HAROUN

When I saw Umur Bey show kindness and compassion to that Christian priest, again and again, it was as if he lit the flame himself that took my son.

He steps closer to Charny.

HAROUN

Now I am on a boat filled with enemies -- those who wear the symbol of their Christ god. Just like those men who took my son's life. Men like you.

He gets almost nose to nose with Charny.

HAROUN

That is how much I want Umur Bey dead.

Haroun walks away, leaves Charny unsettled.

INT. PERTHUIS CHAPEL - DAY

STEFANO stands by the altar, lifts up the chalice, eyes closed.

STEFANO

*Domine, calicem hunc sumamus,
poculum vitae aeternae, et de illo
bibemus. Hic est enim sanguis Dei
tui.*

He sips from the cup.

In attendance, JEANNE kneels among a few parishioners, eyes closed and hands clasped in prayer.

EXT. CHAPEL - LATER

Stefano stands by the entrance, greeting parishioners as they exit the mass.

As Jeanne exits next, Stefano leans in closer.

STEFANO

Madame Toucy, may I speak with you a moment?

She nods, as Stefano leads her aside.

STEFANO

I'm going back to Monte Cassino.

JEANNE

You're leaving?

STEFANO

I'm afraid I've spent too much time away from the abbey. I must reaffirm my commitment to the Benedictine order, which has been lacking of late.

JEANNE

Of course, I understand. When are you going?

STEFANO

As soon as my replacement arrives, which I've been told should be any day now.

They stand there awkwardly a moment.

STEFANO

I thought I should tell you... given our history.

Jeanne nods.

STEFANO

Have you heard from Geoffroi?

JEANNE

No.

She looks away, solemn.

JEANNE

Have you?

STEFANO

No.

He furrows his brow, perturbed.

STEFANO

In fact, I have not heard from Gianluca either.

JEANNE

Who?

Stefano bites his lip, realizes he's said too much. Tries to cover his tracks.

STEFANO

A brother of the order. Back at the abbey. We write to each other quite frequently. But it's been months since his last letter. I fear the worst.

JEANNE

Why do you say that?

STEFANO

He has not been well.

JEANNE

Perhaps when you arrive, your presence will bolster his spirit.

STEFANO

Yes...

Stefano smiles politely.

STEFANO

Yes, perhaps.

A beat, as the lingering thought hangs in the air between them.

STEFANO

I know you and Geoffroi have gone your separate ways, but should he succeed in the Holy Father's crusade, may he find his way back to you. And may you rejoice in the Lord's glory.

Jeanne smiles politely, fighting back tears.

JEANNE

Thank you, abbot.

She embraces him. He slowly and awkwardly returns the embrace.

JEANNE

I will miss you.

She pulls away and walks off, leaving Stefano to solemnly watch her disappear down the road.

INT. TOUCY HOME - DAY

Jeanne enters. Shuts the door behind her.

GABRIEL sits at the table. Gets up immediately when he notices Jeanne's distress.

GABRIEL
Jeanne, what is it?

He strokes her face, wraps her lovingly in his arms.

GABRIEL
Is everything alright?

JEANNE
Are we doing the right thing,
Gabriel?

GABRIEL
(confused)
What?

JEANNE
Living together. Being together.
Like this.

GABRIEL
Like what?

He pulls her away, hands on her shoulders. Looks her in the eyes.

GABRIEL
Sinners?

She steps away, distraught.

JEANNE
Is that not what this is? Living in
sin?

GABRIEL
Jeanne, we already spoke of this. If
you formally declare your separation
from Charny, you will be expelled
from the Church. Branded a pariah.
How will we be able to have any sort
of life then?

JEANNE
Is this any better? Existing only
within these walls? In hiding for
the rest of our days?

Gabriel grips her arms assuringly.

GABRIEL

This is only temporary, my dear.
We've gone through this. My brother
owns a small property in Lirey. We
will make our new home there soon.

JEANNE

Lirey...

She pulls away, dismayed.

GABRIEL

What is it?

JEANNE

This is my home, Gabriel. I've never
lived anywhere else.

GABRIEL

This is Charny's home.

JEANNE

It is our home.

This stings Gabriel. Jeanne quickly regrets it.

JEANNE

I mean... it *was* our home.

She cups Gabriel's face.

JEANNE

I did not wish to hurt you. It's
just... my memories are all here.

GABRIEL

We'll make new ones.

Jeanne looks away, downcast. Gabriel gets it.

GABRIEL

But they will not be with Charny.

JEANNE

I do love you, Gabriel.

Gabriel moves toward the table. Gathers his papers.

GABRIEL

Not enough it seems.

He goes to the door and leaves.

Off Jeanne, alone in her empty home...

EXT. CYPRIOT SHIP -- AEGEAN SEA -- DAY

BEAUJEU stands at the bow of the ship, looking out forlornly at the waters.

Charny steps up beside him.

BEAUJEU
How long have we been sailing on
these blasted seas, Charny?

CHARNY
Longer than I care to remember.

BEAUJEU
All the lands we've liberated thus
far from the so-called Muslim
heathens... and yet I feel nothing.
No glorious purpose. No holy spirit.
Only emptiness.

He turns to Charny.

BEAUJEU
Do you feel something?

CHARNY
I have not felt anything for a long
time.

Beaujeu senses Charny's pain.

BEAUJEU
She loves you, Geoffrey. I have seen
it in her eyes. Time and distance
will never change that.

CHARNY
We said our farewells a year ago,
Ed. We've done so in the past, but
there was a permanence to it this
time.

BEAUJEU
You will see her again.

CHARNY
Only to what? Leave again? She
deserves a better life. That is what
I promised her. And with me here,
that is what I'm giving her.

BEAUJEU

You deign your short life with her a curse. Most would call it a blessing you had any time at all.

Charny nods. Considers his words.

CUT TO -- **BATELLO** - ON THE VENETIAN GALLEY

glaring menacingly at Charny across the water.

BATELLO

The end is almost here, Nico.

NICO stands at his side, agitated.

BATELLO

Months of battle. Of "glory" in the name of some absent God. All for this -- the spoils of our sacrifice.

NICO

I see not the fruits of our labor. Only hardship.

BATELLO

It lies within reach. Smyrna will be our last battle.

NICO

Do you anticipate death?

BATELLO

I anticipate victory...

He grabs Nico's shoulder.

BATELLO

...for us, brother.

He turns his glare back toward Charny.

BATELLO

But victory is knowing when to strike.

He rubs the scar on his face with his knife.

BATELLO

The assault on the Turks will provide the distraction we need.

He turns the knife over.

BATELLO
Charny will do all the work for us.
And when the time is right--

He stabs the knife into the wooden railing.

BATELLO
-- we strike.

INT. SMYRNA CASTLE - ANATOLIA - DAY

FARIK walks down a long corridor. He comes to Umur Bey's chambers, where GHAZI and another Turk stand guard outside the doors. Farik brushes past them and into

UMUR BEY'S CHAMBERS

which is empty. Farik looks around, notes the dishevelled state of affairs; unmade bed, strewn clothes, empty bottles and cups turned over.

Farik steps back outside.

FARIK
Where is he?

GHAZI
Where he always is.

Farik nods, gets the message -- *Do something.*

INT. GIANLUCA'S CHAMBERS

Close on Gianluca's brown satchel, strewn on the ground.

Beside it kneels UMUR BEY. Weary. Despondent. Broken.

Farik appears at the doorway. Shakes his head at the sight of his commander.

FARIK
Great bey...

Umur does not react. Stares blankly into space.

FARIK
A message has arrived from
Kantakouzenos.

Umur's eyes find focus, a subtle movement.

FARIK
He seeks to understand why you did
not meet him a fortnight ago at
Thessalonica. As you had planned.

UMUR

Do you believe that suffering is a
tenet of this life, Farik?

Farik furrows his brow.

FARIK

Bey?

UMUR

Are we meant to suffer? Is this a
gift that Allah has given us?

Farik clears his throat uncomfortably.

FARIK

Bey, your attention is needed in the
city.

But Umur is lost in his thoughts.

UMUR

He gives. And he takes away.

Farik takes a step closer, his tone urgent.

FARIK

Bey --

This seems to snap Umur out of his reverie.

FARIK

Apologies, but this cannot go on,
this constant mourning.

Umur finally turns, meets Farik's eyes with a dark glare. But
Farik remains defiant.

FARIK

It has been months since the
priest's death. You've done nothing
but wallow in his room. There are
matters in the city -- important
matters which require your
attention. Your men -- your people
-- demand leadership. You are the
beylik of Aydin.

Umur looks away again. Looks back down at the satchel.

Slowly he takes it. Stands up.

He gently lays the bag down on Gianluca's old shelf.

UMUR

I've lost many men in my years as ruler here. Friends.

He hangs on to the shelf for a moment, using it for support.

UMUR

They were kin. Blood. Warriors like me. But I did not mourn them. Not once.

He turns around to face Farik.

UMUR

Like you, they knew the life they chose. They accepted that death would find them. It was their reward for a life well lived.

He steps closer slowly.

UMUR

But Ghaffar was not done. He had so much more to teach.

He looks away.

UMUR

And I had so much more to learn.

He locks eyes again with Farik.

UMUR

He was not meant for such a fate. And so I mourn a life taken. A life I allowed to be taken.

FARIK

You could not have known--

But Umur holds up his hand to silence him.

UMUR

Let us not speak of it again.

Umur snaps out of it, his eyes suddenly alert. He brushes past Farik and toward the door.

UMUR

Come. We have matters to attend to.

INT. PALAIS DES PAPES - AVIGNON, FRANCE - DAY

Inside his luxurious dining quarters, POPE CLEMENT VI sits at the end of a long table, laid out with all manner of food and drink on gleaming silver trays.

Sitting a few seats away is BARLAAM, looking down meekly at his full plate.

POPE CLEMENT VI
I'm so glad you chose to share this
meal with me, Bishop Barlaam.

BARLAAM
It would have been rude to reject
your offer, Holiness.

Clement smiles, motions for a nearby servant to refill his wine goblet.

POPE CLEMENT VI
And yet you don't touch your food.

Barlaam says nothing.

POPE CLEMENT VI
As much as you may find the thought
abhorrent, you are a member of the
Curia.

BARLAAM
I serve the Lord.

POPE CLEMENT VI
Then shed your Basilian trappings.
Eat. Drink.

He opens his arms wide.

POPE CLEMENT VI
This is a celebration after all.
Your good work in Constantinople
gave us the ships that brought
victory to our holy crusade in the
Levant.

BARLAAM
The battle is not yet done, I'm
told.

POPE CLEMENT VI
Bishop Henri informs us that Smyrna
will be ours this day.

Barlaam nods absently.

POPE CLEMENT VI
Speak, then. What preys on your
mind?

Clement raises an eyebrow, curious.

POPE CLEMENT VI
Is it your dear old friend Palamas?

Barlaam fidgets uncomfortably in his chair.

POPE CLEMENT VI
Ah, the nerve is struck.

BARLAAM
It is nothing that should concern
your Holiness.

POPE CLEMENT VI
Come now. What kind of vicar of
Christ would I be if I did not tend
to my flock?

He cuts into a slice of steak.

POPE CLEMENT VI
I take it your visit did not go so
well?

BARLAAM
He blames me for his incarceration.

POPE CLEMENT VI
Should he not?

Barlaam shoots him a baffled look.

BARLAAM
Holiness?

POPE CLEMENT VI
Did you not accuse him of heresy?

BARLAAM
I denounced his Hesychast doctrine.
But I did not intend for his arrest.

POPE CLEMENT VI
But you knew full well that the
current empress of Constantinople
was more sympathetic to your cause,
did you not?

Barlaam is lost for words.

BARLAAM

I... I...

POPE CLEMENT VI

What does it matter? He brought this on himself with his blasphemous teachings.

Barlaam leans in, almost whispering.

BARLAAM

You realize that Kantakouzenos has his sights on the seat of power in Byzantium. If he were to achieve that power, my days as a free man are over.

POPE CLEMENT VI

Nonsense. You are a bishop of the *Curia Romana*. You are under my protection now. They would not dare start a war with me.

He casually takes a bite.

POPE CLEMENT VI

Try the veal. It's quite good.

Barlaam looks down at his plate, not at all reassured.

INT. BELOW DECK, CYPRIOT SHIP — DAY

Charny sits on his cot in the darkness of his cramped quarters, staring down at the locket of Jeanne.

Suddenly a cry from above deck breaks his trance--

VOICE (O.S.)

LAND!!!

Charny bolts up--

EXT. CYPRIOT SHIP - AEGEAN SEA — DAY

Charny emerges from below deck, joins the rush of other Cypriot soldiers toward the bow of the ship.

His eyes go wide as he spots the LANDMASS emerge on the distant horizon.

Haroun steps up quietly beside him, hood over his head.

HAROUN

There awaits our destiny, Frenchman.

Charny meets his look.

HAROUN
Are you ready?

Charny grimly looks away, back toward the approaching land.

CUT TO -- **THE KNIGHTS HOSPITALLER SHIP**

The Knights gather at the edge of their ship, looking toward the shoreline in the distance.

Most of the knights begin to mutter various prayers. BRUENOR, however, simply watches with a trepidatious look.

DOLON
Another fight.

DOLON joins him at the ledge, pats him on the shoulder.

DOLON
It's been too long.

BRUENOR
Not long enough.

DOLON
Do you tire of battle?

BRUENOR
I will always fight in the service
of our Lord Christ. You know that.

DOLON
But no longer with a sword?

Bruenor gives him a subdued look.

DOLON
We've known each other a long time,
Bruenor. You can't hide your true
intentions from me.

BRUENOR
Before this crusade, my work with
the sick and lame in the wards of
Saint John has given me renewed
purpose, Dolon. More than a sword
ever could. I seek to take the
healing comfort of Christ back to my
home in Oyo.

Dolon gives him a reassuring pat on the shoulder.

DOLON

Your parents will be proud to see
their son return.

They return their gaze toward the horizon.

DOLON

But first, we take one more land
back in the name of Christ.

CUT TO -- THE PAPAL GALLEY

The soldiers of the Papal Army are all down on one knee
before BISHOP HENRI, who anoints them with holy water.

HENRI

*In nomine Patris et Filii et
Spiritus Sancti.*

His frail form moves through the kneeling soldiers, throwing
holy water as he passes.

HENRI

Let the light of our Lord Jesus
Christ shine down on this dark day,
and guide our swords in delivering
the pagan hordes to the fires of
Lucifer.

He makes the sign of the cross.

HENRI

*Sancta Maria, Mater Dei, ora pro
nobis peccatoribus, nunc et in hora
mortis nostrae.*

Moving through the soldiers, we stop on ZACCARIA and ZENO,
kneeling in the back, reciting the prayer along with the
bishop.

Zeno opens his eyes, steals a quick glance at BATELLO over
on the Venetian ship, who returns his look with a sinister
grin...

EXT. SHORELINE -- SMYRNA, ANATOLIA - DAY

A couple of Turkish ships are docked on the shore. A few dock
workers tend to their duties; some cleaning the ships, others
unloading crates toward shore.

One of the dock workers, on his knees, scrubbing the deck,
suddenly looks up at the waters of the Aegean. Sees a FLEET
OF SHIPS coming in quickly -- white crusade banners billowing
in the wind.

DOCK WORKER
 ATTACK!!!

The other workers and crew members look up -- spot the incoming galleys.

The peaceful day is shattered as panic ensues, the men rushing back toward shore.

DOCK WORKER
 ATTAAAAACK!!

EXT. CITY STREETS - SAME

The dock and crew workers sprint through the busy street markets, startling the people nearby.

One of the men stops at a bell, pulls on the string. Sounds the alarm.

EXT. SMYRNA CASTLE - SAME

GUARDS stand on the battlements overlooking the city, alerted to the sound. They gather and look with dread at the sea.

GUARD
 Alert the bey at once.

A guard nods and rushes off.

EXT. AEGEAN SEA - CRUSADER SHIPS - SAME

THE TWENTY CRUSADER SHIPS race across the waters, oarsmen rowing furiously, gaining momentum.

One of the Papal galleys in the lead, Zaccaria stands on the bow, sword drawn.

ZACCARIA
 Maintain course.

INT. SMYRNA CASTLE, COUNCIL CHAMBERS - SAME

The Turk guard rushes into the council room.

GUARD
 Bey -- ships incoming--

Umur stands up, Farik and Ghazi at his side.

UMUR
 Ships?

GUARD
 Christians.

Umur immediately races out the door, his men following.

UMUR
Summon the men. All of them.

EXT. AEGEAN SEA - CRUSADER SHIPS - SAME

On the Cypriot ships, soldiers are lined up along the edge, longbows drawn.

BEAUJEU
Archers, ready.

They load their bows with flaming arrows.

Beaujeu swings his arm down.

BEAUJEU
LOOSE!

The archers unleash, THOUSANDS OF ARROWS blotting out the sun as they arc downward toward the docked Turk ships.

Thump thump thump -- arrowheads pierce the ships, FLAMES quickly spreading.

BEAUJEU
AGAIN!

The archers load once more.

EXT. SMYRNA ROADS - SAME

Farik, Ghazi and a phallanx of TURK SOLDIERS, now in battle armor, ride through the roads, their horses kicking up dust.

EXT. SMYRNA CASTLE - SAME

Umur, now also in his battle armor and helmet, walks up to a guard on the battlement.

UMUR
If Farik and the others fail, it
falls on us to defend this fortress.

He glares grimly at the guard.

UMUR
To the death.

The guard nods, uneasy.

EXT. AEGEAN SEA - CRUSADER SHIPS - SAME

The Cypriot archers unleash another volley of FLAMING ARROWS, most of the docked Turkish ships now BURNING.

EXT. SMYRNA SHORELINE - SAME

The first battalion of Turk soldiers arrive at the coastline, a couple of hundred strong.

They line up along the coast, bows drawn. In practiced formation they UNLEASH A FIRST VOLLEY.

THE ARROWS THUNK ALONG THE HULLS OF THE CRUSADER SHIPS. Several hit their targets, Crusade soldiers stumbling back as arrows pierce their bodies.

Cypriot, French, and Hospitaller Knights pull up their CROSSBOWS and return fire.

FARIK

SHIELDS!!

The Turks RAISE THEIR SHIELDS, forming a barrier, but hundreds of crossbolts have already pierced through, puncturing through shoulder blades, eyeballs, legs...

EXT. CRUSADER FLEET - AEGEAN SEA - SAME

The Crusader soldiers begin to SCALE DOWN the side of their ships with ropes, toward waiting SKIFFS.

EXT. CYPRIOT SHIP - SAME

Amidst the chaos, Haroun grabs a rope and prepares to leap over the ledge, but Charny grabs his arm, holds him back a moment.

CHARNY

Remember the plan. We stick together.

Haroun grins. Then hops over the railing.

Charny grabs a rope and follows him down.

EXT. SHORELINE - CRUSADER FLEET - SAME

Several TURK ATTACK BOATS pull away from shore, moving swiftly toward the Crusader galleys.

The Cypriots and French knights unleash CROSSBOW FIRE on the incoming Turk boats. The Turks have their SHIELDS up, but some crossbolts make it through, the shot Turks FALLING OVERBOARD.

Some boats make it to the galleys; the Turks begin to SCALE UP THE HULLS OF THE WARSHIPS.

EXT. PAPAL GALLEY - SAME

A FULL BLOWN SKIRMISH BREAKS OUT -- Zaccaria and Zeno leap into the fray with swords raised, holding back the Turk soldiers.

EXT. HOSPITALLER SHIP - SAME

Bruenor grabs onto a rope and leaps over the ledge, SCALING DOWN THE HULL.

Up on deck, Dolon provides him cover with CROSSBOW FIRE.

Halfway down the ship, A TURK ARROW PIERCES BRUENOR'S LOWER BACK -- Dolon notices, shouts at him over the railing--

DOLON
Grab my hand!!

BRUENOR
(scared)
I can't feel my legs--

Dolon stretches his hand out as far as possible.

DOLON
Grab it!!

Thwip thwip -- TWO MORE ARROWS rip through Bruenor's back. Tears roll down his cheeks.

BRUENOR
Tell my parents... I fought well...

He lets go of the rope --

DOLON
NOOOOOO--

Bruenor falls, hits the water.

Tears streaming down his face, Dolon grabs on to a rope and leaps over the railing.

EXT. COASTLINE - SAME

DOZENS OF CRUSADER SKIFFS wash up on shore, dozens more incoming.

CRUSADER SOLDIERS hop off the skiffs and sprint onto shore.

THE TURKISH SHIELD LINE UNLEASHES VOLLEYS OF ARROWS -- trying to slow down the advancing Crusaders. ARROWS RIP THROUGH MANY as they hit the rocks and sand, but most crash into the Turk shields and engage in armed combat. A FLURRY OF SWORD BLADES AND SCIMITARS CLASH underneath the blazing sun.

CHARNY AND HAROUN

HACK AND SLASH THEIR WAY THROUGH SCORES OF TURK SOLDIERS -- lost amidst the complete chaos of fighting men--

A Turk swings his scimitar with intense speed, but Charny deftly rolls away, cuts an approaching Turk off at the ankles, then JAMS HIS SWORD INTO THE FIRST TURK--

A pair of soldiers -- TURK AND VENETIAN -- locked in combat, both crash into Charny, sending him tumbling. Another Turk comes in for the deathblow, but Charny plants his sword pommel into the ground and drives his boot into the Turk's knee. A snap is heard as the Turk FALLS ONTO CHARNY'S SWORD HEAD FIRST--

EXT. COASTLINE - SAME

More Crusader skiffs reach shore. Zaccaria and Zeno lead the charge, HUNDREDS OF PAPAL AND VENETIAN INFANTRY joining the CYPRIOTS, FRENCH and HOSPITALLER KNIGHTS already in battle, overwhelming the Turk forces.

EXT. SMYRNA CASTLE - SAME

From atop the castle walls, Umur and a pair of guards listen to the sounds of battle across the city, pockets of black smoke rising everywhere.

UMUR

Prepare the cannons.

The guards nod and run off.

EXT. COASTLINE - SAME

Total bedlam. A SEA OF CRUSADER INFANTRY AND TURK SOLDIERS IN BLOODY COMBAT.

The Crusader forces have broken through the Turks' shield line, and are encroaching quickly toward the inner city.

Bloody scimitar in hand, HAROUN SLASHES HIS WAY through the Turk fighters--

Then, amidst the chaos of battle, he catches a glimpse of FARIK -- almost single-handedly holding off a squadron of Papal soldiers--

Madness in his eyes, Haroun CRIES OUT across the battlefield--

HAROUN
FAAAARRRIIK!!!

Farik SPINS -- to find Haroun bearing down on him, roaring with rage--

Farik stumbles, caught off guard from the surprise attack, but manages to BLOCK HAROUN'S SWORD just in time from a lethal blow.

FARIK
Haroun -- by Allah--

He fends off another strike from Haroun.

FARIK
Fighting with the Christian
crusaders--

Haroun presses his attack, Farik on the defensive.

FARIK
Just when I thought your dishonor
could not reach any lower--

HAROUN
Where is Umur Bey?!

FARIK
You will be played alive for this.

Haroun swings his blade, driven by rage. But Farik deftly counters with contained skill.

HAROUN
WHERE IS HE?!

He KICKS FARIK in the chest -- sends him stumbling, the breath knocked out of him.

Haroun raises his sword, CRIES OUT in fury--

GHAZI
FARIK --

Haroun turns just in time to see GHAZI'S FIST knock him in the jaw--

Haroun lumbers back, spits blood.

GHAZI
Traitor --

Ghazi attacks again, but Haroun recovers enough to parry with his sword.

As Ghazi and Haroun struggle, Farik crawls along the muddy sand, trying to catch his breath from the blow to the chest. His hand latches onto his fallen scimitar, rises slowly...

Haroun drives Ghazi's sword to the ground, RAMS HIS SHOULDER INTO GHAZI'S CHIN -- Ghazi is momentarily dazed--

FARIK

Ghazi...

Haroun uses the opening and strikes -- DRIVES HIS SWORD STRAIGHT THROUGH GHAZI--

FARIK

NOOOO --

CUT TO -- **CHARNY** - CAUGHT IN THE CHAOTIC BATTLE -- catches a glimpse of Haroun a short distance off--

Farik, still weak, raises his sword -- but Haroun pulls his blade out of Ghazi and CLOCKS FARIK IN THE HEAD. Farik collapses to the ground, knocked cold.

Haroun glares wrathfully at the unconscious Farik, chest heaving with rage -- then suddenly BOLTS AWAY from the battle. Heads for the city.

Charny sees him run off--

CHARNY

HAROUN!!!

But Haroun does not hear or does not care -- just keeps running.

Left stranded in the battle, Charny attempts to break away and follow -- but is immediately OVERRUN BY ONCOMING TURKS.

Trapped, Charny continues the battle, sword in hand, scowling in rage...

EXT. SMYRNA CASTLE -- DAY

Up on the watchtowers, Umur Bey looks stoically toward the distant shoreline, the plumes of black smoke from his burning ships rising higher.

A guard runs up behind him, spear in hand.

UMUR

Well?

GUARD

They have broken through into the city.

A heavy beat, as Umur weighs his options.

UMUR

(walking away)

Line up the archers. Ready the catapults.

GUARD

Yes, bey.

EXT. CITY STREETS - SAME

Haroun sprints quickly through the cobblestone streets, passing homes and markets, people jumping aside, women grabbing their children, cowering behind closed doors.

He stops a moment. In the center square. Takes note of the people hiding from him in fear. *His people.*

A somber moment, as the reality sets in -- he is an outcast in his own home.

He starts off again slowly, watching the people look at him strangely, then picks up his pace.

EXT. LOWER TOWN - SAME

THE BATTLE RAGES ON --

While there are some Turks still standing their ground, the Crusader army clearly has them overwhelmed, and the fighting has pushed into the lower town.

Drenched in mud and blood, CHARNY SWINGS HIS MASSIVE BLADE -- taking down another Turk, almost at the point of exhaustion--

Seeing a clear path now to the city, Charny MAKES A BREAK FOR IT -- cutting through the battle in pursuit of Haroun--

EXT. COASTLINE - SAME

Zaccaria and Zeno push through the Turk defences, who are on their last legs.

ZACCARIA

WITH ME, BROTHERS! TO THE CITY!

Zeno and the other Crusader soldiers ERUPT IN CHEERS, swords raised, as they run through the last of the Turkish armies.

CUT TO -- **BATELLO** -- sword in hand, he grabs Nico and pulls him ahead.

BATELLO
Over there, brother. Charny has gone
into the city.

He pulls on Nico's tunic and grins.

BATELLO
The time to strike is close.

Nico follows reluctantly.

EXT. LOWER TOWN - SAME

Charny RUNS through the streets, out of breath. Stops.

He catches a glimpse of Haroun, way off, slipping into a tunnel.

Charny quickly follows.

INT. UNDER CITY TUNNELS - SAME

Haroun slinks quickly through the narrow tunnels, running past puddles of water and sand.

EXT. TUNNEL - SAME

Charny reaches the tunnel. Takes a last look around the city streets. Then slips inside.

EXT. LOWER TOWN - SAME

Zeno STRIKES DOWN another Turk with his sword. A PAIR OF ARROWS take down a Crusader warrior behind him.

He points toward the harbour fortress--

ZENO
UP THERE!

Cypriot archers drop to their knees, shoulder their crossbow rifles, and FIRE SKYWARD--

Atop the fortress walls, THE CROSSBOLTS TAKE DOWN A PAIR OF TURKISH SNIPERS -- they TUMBLE over the edge and to the rocks below--

INT. UNDER CITY TUNNELS - SAME

Charny moves quickly through the tunnels, gaining on Haroun.

EXT. TUNNEL - SAME

Haroun emerges from the tunnel. Looks up at SMYRNA CASTLE, just within striking distance now.

EXT. CASTLE STAIRCASE - SAME

Haroun quickly climbs a hidden staircase.

EXT. WATCHTOWER - SAME

A GUARD keeps watch, monitors the distant battle from afar.

AN ARM SUDDENLY WRAPS AROUND HIS MOUTH FROM BEHIND -- stifles his scream as a swordblade SLITS HIS THROAT--

HAROUN lets his corpse down silently, then moves on...

EXT. CASTLE STAIRCASE - SAME

Charny scales the steps almost two at a time.

EXT. WATCHTOWER - SAME

Charny comes to the guard's body, blood still flowing from his slit throat.

He runs after Haroun.

EXT. CASTLE WALLS - SAME

Umur stands at the edge of the battlement, brow creased in distress. Watches smoke rising from the harbour fortress in the distance. A guard stands dutifully behind him.

UMUR

The battle will be here soon.

VOICE (O.S)

Sooner than you think--

Umur turns to find--

HAROUN -- PULLING HIS SWORD OUT from the guard's back.

Eyes wide in astonishment, Umur reaches for his sword--

UMUR

By the glory of Allah--

HAROUN

The name is a mockery on your tongue.

Haroun raises his sword, dripping with fresh blood.

HAROUN

Your life is an insult to his holy
name... your every breath an offense
to my dead son...

UMUR

I see that you have not grown in
your exile. Your rage is as
misguided as it has always been.

HAROUN

No. It has made my purpose all the
more *clear*--

HAROUN POUNCES -- WAILING MADLY WITH HIS SWORD -- Umur barely
brings his scimitar up in time to BLOCK THE ATTACK--

EXT. LOWER TOWN - SAME

THE CRUSADER ARMY cuts down the last remaining vestiges of
the TURK FORCES.

HOSPITALLER KNIGHTS scale the fortress walls with ladders and
ropes.

DOLON, face smeared in blood, climbs over the top of the
fortress wall. RAISES HIS SWORD in victory.

DOLON

Christus salvatorem!

The waves of Crusader soldiers RAISE THEIR SWORDS in unison--

SOLDIERS

CHRISTUS SALVATOREM!!

EXT. SMYRNA CASTLE - SAME

HAROUN AND UMUR BEY LOCKED IN ONE-ON-ONE COMBAT--

Haroun is pressing on the attack hard, driving Umur back
further and further toward a flight of stone steps.

Their scimitar blades CLASH TOGETHER, sliding down to their
crossguards, becoming stuck--

Umur STICKS HIS FOOT OUT, crushing down on Haroun's ankle,
who SCREAMS and loses his balance, crashing into Umur and
SENDING THEM BOTH TUMBLING down the stone steps, leading into
the

CASTLE CORRIDOR

as Umur and Haroun immediately LEAP UP AND RESUME THEIR SWORD
FIGHT -- moving steadily down the corridor as they struggle--

EXT. CASTLE WALLS - SAME

Charny reaches the top of the battlement. Sees the other dead guard. He presses ahead.

INT. LONG CORRIDOR - SAME

Charny jogs through the archway, enters the castle to find--

A PAIR OF TURK SOLDIERS -- waiting all the way at the other end of the corridor, swords drawn--

Charny stops, fingers on his sword handle. They stare each other down, wild west style, Charny hoping to hell that they don't do this.

But finally they LAUNCH INTO A SPRINT -- racing down the length of the corridor STRAIGHT TOWARD HIM--

Sighing, Charny BOLTS FORWARD, running to meet them like a bull--

They SLAM INTO EACH OTHER somewhere in the middle of the corridor -- causing SPARKS as their THREE SWORDBLADES CLASH--

INT. ANOTHER CORRIDOR - SAME

UMUR AND HAROUN BATTLE FIERCELY -- signs of fatigue starting to show, their movements not as quick--

They stand outside Gianluca's former chambers, Umur trying to keep him out. But Haroun DELIVERS A HAYMAKER INTO UMUR'S CHEST -- SENDING HIM TUMBLING INTO--

GIANLUCA'S CHAMBERS

as Haroun follows him inside, SWINGING HIS SWORD down like a guillotine -- which Umur narrowly avoids by rolling away and LEAPING TO HIS FEET--

INT. LONG CORRIDOR - SAME

CHARNY FENDS OFF THE TWO TURK SOLDIERS with skill and precision, despite his exhaustion--

Charny DUCKS -- avoiding a swing -- SWEEPS HIS LEG OUT and sends one of the Turks CRASHING TO THE FLOOR--

The second Turk SWINGS HIS BLADE DOWN like a hatchet -- Charny, still on one knee, SWINGS HIS SWORD BEHIND HIS HEAD -- using the blade as a shield, BLOCKING the Turk's blow--

The first Turk reaches out for his fallen scimitar, but Charny rapidly KICKS IT AWAY and DRIVES HIS BLADE DOWN INTO

THE BACK OF THE TURK'S NECK -- as the Turk gurgles up blood and dies--

The second Turk wildly moves in for a DESPERATE SWING -- but Charny FLIPS HIS SWORD around and DRIVES HIS BLADE UP INTO THE TURK'S STERNUM -- coming out his shoulder -- Charny PULLS THE BLADE OUT just as quickly and the Turk falls dead--

Without a moment's haste, Charny BOLTS down the corridor--

INT. GIANLUCA'S CHAMBERS - SAME

UMUR CRASHES INTO A TABLE -- smashing it in two, as HAROUN LEAPS ON HIM--

Umur FANS HIS BLADE -- FORCING Haroun's sword away--

He KICKS HAROUN IN THE GUT -- sending him STUMBLING BACK -- doubled over, gasping for breath--

A beat, as both exhausted men catch their breath.

Haroun suddenly notices his surroundings, realizes where he is.

HAROUN
This is his room, isn't it. The
infidel priest.

Umur says nothing. Simply stares at him grimly.

HAROUN
The Christian dog sleeps in luxury
while my son rots in a grave.

UMUR
The man had more honour than you
ever would in a thousand lifetimes.

Enraged, Haroun CHARGES AT HIM -- SWORD RAISED--

INT. CORRIDOR - SAME

Charny RACES down the long hallway, comes to Gianluca's chambers--

INT. GIANLUCA'S CHAMBERS - SAME

Charny scrambles inside to find UMUR BEY STRUGGLING to wrest control of Haroun's sword from him--

But Haroun manages to PULL FREE and SHOVE UMUR TO THE GROUND--

Umur lies there, unarmed, vulnerable, as Haroun looms over him, RAISING HIS SWORD FOR THE DEATHBLOW--

CHARNY
Haroun -- NO--

HAROUN
Stay out of this, Frenchman. This is
not your quarrel.

Charny steps closer.

CHARNY
This is not what we agreed on.

HAROUN
It's too late--

Haroun is about to BRING HIS SWORD DOWN on Umur, but Charny RUSHES FORWARD--

CHARNY
NOOO --

CHARNY'S SWORD BURSTS OUT FROM HAROUN'S CHEST--

Umur, still on the ground, watches this, stunned--

Charny PULLS HIS SWORD OUT from Haroun's back and quickly catches him -- laying him down gently to the floor--

Charny cradles Haroun's head in his arms, eyes welling up, as blood trickles out of Haroun's mouth.

CHARNY
(softly)
Damn you...

But Haroun's eyes are glazed over, looking at something that none of them can see.

HAROUN
Will I go to my son now...?

Charny nods, fighting back tears.

CHARNY
Yes...

Haroun reaches his hand out weakly, but then drops it. His eyes close shut for the last time.

Wracked with grief, Charny lays the body down on the floor.

Umur gets up, stands behind the kneeling Charny.

CHARNY

This was not how it was supposed to happen.

UMUR

How was it supposed to happen?

CHARNY

We made a deal.

Charny lowers his head, as if ashamed.

CHARNY

The shroud. For your life.

Umur suddenly steps toward Gianluca's old cabinet.

UMUR

I offer you a new deal then.

Umur swings open the cabinet door. Takes out Gianluca's old brown satchel.

He comes back around to face Charny. Holds out the bag.

UMUR

For my life, *Monsieur* de Charny.

Charny suddenly looks up at Umur.

CHARNY

You know my name?

UMUR

I've been waiting for you.

Charny rises to his feet. Steps closer.

CHARNY

You knew...?

UMUR

(nods)

I read Ghaffar's letters... after his passing...

Umur's voice chokes up, the memory still raw.

CHARNY

Ghaffar?

UMUR

Perhaps you knew him as Gianluca.

CHARNY

The monk is dead? Did you kill--

UMUR

He was taken from me. Much too soon.

A beat, as the memories hit hard again. Tries to shake it off.

UMUR

In his letters, the abbot named Stefano spoke highly of you.

CHARNY

You trust me? With our armies out there about to take your city?

UMUR

Aye, there are not many men in this world whom we can trust.

Umur steps closer.

UMUR

But you did not come here to take my city.

Charny nods, a silent acknowledgment between them.

Umur glances down solemnly at the bag.

UMUR

This is the last memory I have left of him. But he always knew it did not belong here. So I will not dishonor his memory any longer.

He raises his head, locks eyes with Charny.

UMUR

The abbot believes you were called by your God for this purpose.

He holds out the bag again.

UMUR

I will take him at his word.

Charny takes the bag slowly, feels the heavy burden of the shroud finally in his hands.

UMUR

The tunnel beneath the courtyard will take you safely back to the harbour. My men will not stop you.

Charny gives a nod of firm appreciation.

CHARNY

Thank you.

He casts a somber glance down at Haroun's body.

CHARNY

He had a last wish...

UMUR

He will be buried with his son. You have my word.

Charny nods. Moves toward the doorway.

UMUR

Please tell the abbot--

Charny stops. Waits.

UMUR

-- Gianluca lived a good life.

Charny nods again. Then slips out the door.

EXT. HARBOUR FORTRESS - LATER

The battle has dwindled down. Crusader soldiers CHASE DOWN THE LAST OF THE TURK WARRIORS from the fortress.

Lined up on the battlement, ARCHERS RAIN DOWN FLAMING ARROWS on the remaining Turks--

Atop the fortress walls, BEAUJEU AND A FEW OTHER CYPRIOT KNIGHTS finish off a skirmish with TURKISH TROOPERS--

A Turk's scimitar SWINGS AT BEAUJEU -- who lunges away and SLASHES THE TURK FROM THROAT TO STERNUM -- sending the Turk TOPPLING OFF THE LEDGE toward the ground below--

EXT. STREETS, LOWER TOWN - SAME

Charny SPRINTS through the streets, past alarmed market stalls and townspeople, satchel clutched tight under his arm.

EXT. HARBOUR FORTRESS - SAME

Charny rounds a street corner, spots the fortress in the distance--

ATOP THE FORTRESS WALLS

Beaujeu spots Charny way down on the street. Breaks into a wide grin and waves at him.

ON THE STREET

Charny smiles and waves back.

Suddenly he SEIZES UP -- face goes taut--

He looks down to see A SWORD JUTTING OUT FROM HIS CHEST--

ATOP THE FORTRESS WALLS

Beaujeu's grin vanishes. Face goes ashen white as he sees the sword punch out of Charny's chest.

Immediately he BOLTS for the staircase--

ON THE STREET

Charny's eyes start to glaze over, COUGHING UP BLOOD from his mouth as the sword is PULLED OUT from his back--

He drops to his knees to reveal--

BATELLO -- BLOODY SWORD in hand--

He circles around to face him, points his sword at Charny's head.

BATELLO

No one makes a threat on my life...

Batello leans in.

BATELLO

...not even the great Geoffroi de Charny.

NICO suddenly rounds the street corner behind Batello, sword in hand. Notices Charny on his knees, bleeding from the grievous wound.

NICO

Holy God...

He turns to his brother.

NICO

Batello, what have you done?!

BATELLO

I'm taking what is ours, brother.
Grab the satchel.

But Nico stands there, hesitates.

Batello fixes him with a piercing glare.

BATELLO
Nico, I said take his bag.

But Nico still does not move. Looks at Charny with a horrified stare.

Batello turns and angrily grabs his brother's collar.

BATELLO
Did you hear what I said?

NICO
This madness must stop.

BATELLO
It will. Take his bag and we are done fighting for others. Now we fight for ourselves.

NICO
That's the problem. There will always be another fight.

Batello's eyes turn menacing.

BATELLO
Take the bag. Now. I will not say it again.

Nico reluctantly steps past Batello, approaches Charny with lowered eyes.

Charny glares up at him weakly.

NICO
I'm sorry...

Nico suddenly SPINS AROUND and DRIVES HIS SWORD STRAIGHT THROUGH BATELLO--

Nico looks into Batello's stunned eyes...

NICO
I'm done fighting for the wrong side.

BATELLO
(weakly)
I loved you... brother...

Nico's lips quiver. Says nothing.

Then PULLS THE SWORD OUT. Batello crumbles to the ground. Dead.

Charny's eyes suddenly roll up inside his head and collapses to the ground.

Nico turns and immediately rushes to him.

Beaujeu suddenly runs up. Stops in horror at the sight of Charny.

BEAUJEU
Geoffrey... my God...

He drops to his knees at Charny's side. Nico tries to explain.

NICO
Batello, he--

But Beaujeu cuts him off. Pulls off Charny's chestplate. Frantic.

BEAUJEU
We need something to stop the bleeding.

NICO
Are you mad?! He's almost dead--

BEAUJEU
I said *find something!!*

Nico suddenly reaches for Charny's bag.

NICO
Use this.

He pulls the white linen shroud out from the bag. Hands it to Beaujeu, who quickly unfurls it.

BEAUJEU
What is it?

NICO
I don't know. It's what my brother was after.

Beaujeu scrunches the edge into a ball and presses it tightly on Charny's wound.

Charny lays there. Not reacting. Eyes closed.

BEAUJEU
(whispers)
C'mon c'mon...

But Charny's breathing slows. Almost gone.

BEAUJEU

Not now, damn you, not now...

Beaujeu presses the shroud tighter on the wound, stained with Charny's dark blood.

But Charny's breathing stops completely.

A quiet, heavy beat, as Beaujeu stays kneeled, Nico standing behind him, both somber and silent.

THEN CHARNY SUDDENLY TAKES IN A DEEP BREATH -- startling the two men -- Beaujeu almost stumbles on his ass as he recoils back in shock--

Charny opens his eyes slowly. Drags himself up groggily, as if waking from a long slumber.

Curiously he pulls up his mail shirt. Runs his hand over his chest. Feels for the wound.

Both Beaujeu and Nico stare stunned, as they both witness what Charny has just come to realize--

THE WOUND IS COMPLETELY GONE--

Nico quickly and fearfully makes the sign of the cross, mumbles quietly--

NICO

Mother of God...

Charny slowly picks up the shroud. Glares at it with wondrous awe.

Beaujeu suddenly notices--

BEAUJEU

It's clean.

Charny follows his gaze toward the white linen cloth.

BEAUJEU

No trace of blood.

Charny stands up, finally feeling the shroud with his bare hands.

He reaches out to Beaujeu and helps him up to his feet.

The three men stand there, Charny, Beaujeu, and Nico. Silent. Not sure what to make of this.

EXT. HARBOUR FORTRESS - DAY

The Crusader soldiers stalk the grounds of the fortress, littered with corpses, searching for any wounded Turk survivors and finishing them off.

Zaccaria and Zeno stand among the carnage, muddied and bloodied, swords in hand, watching their men perform their gruesome task.

ZENO

I would never have thought it possible.

ZACCARIA

Do not rejoice too much. We've only captured the harbour. Umur still controls the acropolis.

ZENO

It's enough to put an end to his piracy operations. Without it, he's finished.

ZACCARIA

I would not count him out just yet. He's resourceful.

ZENO

Nevertheless, the Church will see this as a great victory.

Zaccaria spots something in the distance.

ZACCARIA

Speak of the devil...

Zeno follows his gaze to see--

HENRI walking from the shoreline, just disembarked from one of the skiffs, a contingent of PAPAL SOLDIERS around him, using his staff to navigate the rocky sand.

All the assembled CRUSADER SOLDIERS -- French, Cypriot, Venetian, Hospitaller -- drop to their knees as the Bishop approaches.

Henri stops. Raises his crucifix staff.

HENRI

Christus salvatorem.

ALL SOLDIERS

CHRISTUS SALVATOREM!!

Off Zaccaria's dubious look...

INT. SYMRNA CASTLE - THRONE ROOM - DAY

Umur stands in the empty room, stares at his throne chair, still bloodied from his fight with Haroun.

Farik quietly steps inside. Drenched in mud and blood. Eyes adrift.

FARIK

It's over.

Umur subtly reacts.

FARIK

We lost the harbour.

UMUR

This is not over, Farik.

Umur turns around, fixes him with a dark glare.

UMUR

Inshallah we will prevail...

FADE OUT