

CRUSADE

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FADE IN

EXT. A MEDIEVAL ABBEY - MOONLIT NIGHT

On a hilltop, dominating the surrounding lands, a large abbey stands fortress-like against a moonlit sky.

A TITLE APPEARS: FRANCE 1095

The silhouette of a horseman suddenly appears and pauses in the foreground. The man's strong features are etched by moonlight. His name is HAGEN and a peasant's cloak hides his large muscular build. As the singing of vespers drifts on the wind from the abbey, Hagen's face spreads in a toothy grin. Touching heels to his mare's flanks, he gallops towards the abbey.

INT. THE ABBEY'S SANCTUARY - NIGHT

Beneath Gothic arches a monk's choir shifts from the melodic vespers to a strange chant similar to the "Carmina Burana" and a procession appears.

THE PROCESSION

is led by youthful ACOLYTES, swinging golden censers that fill the air with the heavy incense. Six castrati sopranos follow them, leading the way for a portly ABBOT in a bishop's miter and vestments of crimson and gold. He is surrounded by adolescent NOVICES, who bear candles and tend his train. A CHOIR OF MONKS, follows, led by an AGED MONK who holds a tall staff surmounted by a large gold cross.

THE CROSS APPEARS TO FLOAT ABOVE THE PROCESSION

through swirling clouds of incense smoke against a flaming background of countless candles that suggest the devastated landscape of a holocaust.

THE MAIN TITLE APPEARS: CRUSADE

TITLES CONTINUE OVER:

EXT. THE ABBEY WALL - NIGHT

Hagen rides a path at the base of the wall, peering up at the unscalable heights. Occasionally he sniffs the air as if following a scent. Detecting something, he brightens at the sight of--

A HUGE PILE

of bones and rotting entrails which lies below an opening high above in the abbey wall.

HAGEN LOOKS UP

reacting to a sound.

FROM AN OPENING HIGH ABOVE

in the wall, a cartload of bones and viscera are dumped by two peasants.

HAGEN CALMS

his horse and eases her into the shadows. When the peasants disappear, he slips off and removes a three-pronged hook and a length of rope from a saddle bag.

HAGEN
(to his horse)
Be good and I'll bring you
carrots.

The mare nickers and nods "Yes" as Hagen moves under the opening. Swinging the hook, he heaves it up.

THE HOOK CATCHES

on the timbers of the opening wall.

HAGEN TESTS THE LINE,

then pulls himself up hand over hand.

INT. THE ABBOT'S CHAMBERS - NIGHT

In a high-domed room, hung with elaborate brocade, a lutist and pan-piper player render a romantic fantasia while facing the wall. At a curtained bed the Abbot raises his arms to allow a teenaged BLOND ACOLYTE to remove his outer vestments. In lace undergarments he settles on the bed. Extending a pale hand, the Abbot strokes the head of a DARK HAired ACOLYTE who removes his slippers. The blond youth suddenly grabs the Abbot's hand and kisses it.

ABBOT
(smiling)
Oh, are we jealous?

The Abbot hugs them close, relishing the feel of their young bodies.

ABBOT
I promise, each will have a gift.

The dark haired youth turns away and begins a seductive belly dance, clapping his hands, and slapping the bare soles of his feet on the stone floor in time with the music. The Abbot giggles with delight.

EXT./INT. THE ABBEY SLAUGHTER HOUSE - NIGHT

Hagen grabs a filthy beam, and pulls himself through the opening in the abbey wall into the slaughterhouse.

Moving past hanging carcasses and tubs of entrails, he enters a huge pantry and sneaks past two PEASANTS, stuffing sausage in the gloom of a curing room.

EXT. THE ABBEY COURTYARD - NIGHT

Under the eaves of a huge inner courtyard, Hagen ducks into the shadows as an abbey GUARD emerges from a doorway to relieve himself with a piss and a long sustained fart.

Hagen sneaks past a mess room door where other GUARDS are drinking. There is laughter as one squirts wine from a wine skin into the face of a ragged prostitute.

Pausing at a doorway of a main building, Hagen makes a mental note of his position, then enters and descends a flight of stairs.

INT. THE ABBOT'S CHAMBERS - NIGHT

Wearing a silken shift, the Abbot carefully paints the lips of the blond acolyte while the other, already rouged, looks on with a pout. When finished, the Abbot draws back for a taste of wine and an appraisal of his work.

ABBOT

But the princesses need jewels.

Both acolytes smile.

ABBOT

Yes, that suits you. Doesn't it, my little sluts.

The Abbot chucks their cheeks and crosses to the door.

INT. ABBEY HALLWAY - NIGHT

A NOVICE MONK, sleeping on straw outside the Abbot's door, scrambles to his feet as the Abbot appears.

ABBOT

Summon Monfleurry. Tell him I need something from the vault.

The novice hurries away down the hall.

INT. THE VAULT STAIRWAY - NIGHT

Hagen, carrying a small torch, descends a stairway to a heavily bolted door. He removes a pry-bar from his belt, inserts it in the lock, and pushes until the lock tears from the wood. Hagen peers inside.

INT. HALLWAY AND TREASURE ROOM - NIGHT

At the far end of a hallway, Hagen's torch illuminates the Abbey's wealth, stored behind the bars of a treasure room.

HAGEN

steps to the barred door, inserts his pry-bar and heaves. The door is unlocked. Hagen, driven by his own force, hurtles through and crashes amidst the treasure. Laying atop piles of silver and gold, jewelled chalices and icons, he glances around. Snatching a gold crucifix, he kisses it irreverently, and laughingly stuffs it into his bag.

TITLES END:

EXT. THE ABBEY COURTYARD - NIGHT

MONFLEURRY, sixty, the Abbot's officious secretary, crosses the abbey courtyard accompanied by an ABBEY GUARD. He removes a huge ring of keys as they enter the door leading to the vault stairway.

INT. THE VAULT - NIGHT

Hagen slams an ornate box against the wall. It shatters, spewing silver coins into his leather bag.

INT. VAULT STAIRWAY - NIGHT

Descending the stairs, Monfleurry and the guard reach the doorway. Finding the bolt torn off, they exchange a look. The guard puts his finger to his lips, eases the door open, and they peer down the hallway.

POV - MONFLEURRY AND GUARD

Hagen hoists the treasure-filled bag onto his back. He reacts as--

MONFLEURRY, WATCHING FROM THE DOOR,

mutters, "Mon dieu." The guard yanks him back and slams the door, trapping Hagen in the vault. Both men lean against the door while the guard fumbles to latch the broken bolt.

HAGEN CHARGES THE DOOR

and rams it with his shoulder.

THE DOOR FLIES OPEN,

breaking the guard's nose as it slams him back against the wall. Monfleurry is hurled onto the floor. Hagen leaps over him and races up the stairs.

EXT. THE ABBEY COURTYARD - PRE-DAWN

At a full run, Hagen crosses the courtyard toward the slaughter house.

He leaps a small barrier, landing amidst a gaggle of geese. The birds erupt as--

MONFLEURRY AND THE GUARD APPEAR,

MONFLEURRY AND GUARD
(shouting)
Thief!...A thief has robbed the
vault!

Dogs bark. More shouts are heard.

INT. THE SLAUGHTER HOUSE - PRE-DAWN

Hagen trips, nearly falling over a sleeping PEASANT as he runs through the pantry.

INT. THE ABBOT'S CHAMBERS - PRE-DAWN

Nude, the Abbot stumbles from his bed. His radish white flesh is covered with the rouged imprints of kisses. Throwing open a window, he stares down into the courtyard.

EXT. CHAOS IN THE COURTYARD BELOW - PRE-DAWN

Sword in hand, A SERGEANT of the guard runs bare-assed but for a cod-piece from the barracks. Other GUARDS follow in confusion as dogs bark and geese fly in all directions.

From the eaves of the courtyard PEASANTS laugh at Monfleurry and the guards who race around, screaming.

SERGEANT OF THE GUARDS
Loose the dogs!

EXT./INT. THE SLAUGHTER HOUSE DOOR - PRE-DAWN

Hagen grabs the rope. He looks down, whistles and grins as his horse steps from the shadows.

HAGEN
Good girl.

Suddenly he remembers his promise. Rushing back to the store room, Hagen searches frantically for carrots. Two peasants stare dumbly from the doorway.

HAGEN
(shouting)
Where are the carrots?

A peasant points. Hagen pulls carrots from a sack and stuffs them in his shirt as--

A GUARD

with a crossbow appears, pushing past the peasants he shouts as he aims.

GUARD
He's here!

A bolt buries itself in a pork loin beside Hagen's face. Two other GUARDS rush Hagen with pikes. He yanks a pig carcass from a meat hook. Holding it by the hind legs he slams one guard in the face sending him skidding across the floor. Hagen blocks the other's blow with the carcass. A kick to the guard's groin sends him into a vat of entrails.

EXT. THE ABBEY WALL - PRE-DAWN

IN A SERIES OF SHOTS

Hagen grabs the rope and starts to slide down. Kicking out from the wall, he tries to line up his descent with the horse's back.

GUARDS appear above. One aims a crossbow.

Hagen twists as a bolt hisses past.

The SECOND GUARD cuts the rope with a cleaver and--

Hagen drops fifteen feet onto the horse's back. The mare lunges away as a bolt from another crossbow whistles past.

EXT. THE ABBEY ENTRANCE - PRE-DAWN

Bells shatter the pre-dawn silence as Hagen rounds the abbey walls at a gallop.

THE ABBEY'S MAIN GATE BURSTS OPEN.

A pack of hounds followed by a squad of mounted guards charge out in pursuit.

EXT. A MIST ENSHROUDED FOREST - DAWN

A SERIES OF SHOTS

Hagen gallops through swirls of mist, swinging from side to side, ducking the low branches of trees.

The dogs are hot on his scent, plunging blindly through the thick undergrowth.

Hagen jumps a fallen log. As he vanishes into the mist, the dogs scurry under it in pursuit.

At a steep ravine, Hagen senses the dogs are gaining. He spurs the mare down an embankment into a stream. Hagen looks in one direction then the other, straining to see through the mist.

Spurring his horse up stream, he sees--

Four mounted GUARDS emerging from the mist ahead, cutting him off.

Ready to carve his way through them, Hagen draws a huge sword.

The guards rein up and none will engage Hagen. They shout and yodel their position to others as the dogs race up.

As Hagen tries to drive through the dogs, eight more GUARDS appear from the mist. His horse panics, rears, and falls over backwards. Hagen lands hard in the stream and his sword clatters away among the rocks. As he struggles to his feet the dogs tear at him with a frenzy.

A mounted GUARD tries to hook Hagen with his pike. Hagen grabs the man's leg, snatches him off his horse, and heaves him into the pack of dogs.

Other guards dismount and encircle Hagen. They prod him with their pikes while the dogs resume their attack.

The BAILIFF, a large man almost as big as Hagen, and a SERGEANT OF THE GUARD move in. When the mastiffs have pulled Hagen down, the men beat him with cudgels. Hagen tries to rise, the carrots spill from his torn shirt. Struck repeatedly, he falls senseless into the stream.

EXT. THE ABBEY COURTYARD - DAY

Surrounded by his captors, Hagen, with his arms tied over a yoke, is prodded through the gate of the abbey into the courtyard. The Bailiff rides behind, moving him with his pike.

BAILIFF
On your knees.

Hagen glares at the Bailiff. A guard strikes his leg with a cudgel dropping him to his knees.

THE ABBOT

appears with Monfleurry. Guards place the sack and the recovered loot near Hagen for their inspection.

BAILIFF
All has been recovered, your
grace.

The Abbot says nothing as he walks around Hagen, who stares ahead in silence. The Abbot studies the huge muscles of Hagen's arms, resisting the temptation to caress them. Looking into Hagen's face, the Abbot smiles with recognition.

MONFLEURRY
You know this man?

The Abbot continues staring at Hagen.

ABBOT
Summon Count Emmich of Bascarat.

Hagen turns and faces the Abbot. The name has brought rage to his expression.

EXT. A PEACEFUL VALLEY - DAY

The scene could be the backdrop of an old master's painting. Through a summer haze, a small river winds past fields bordered by slopes festooned with grape vines. The landowner's home is a large farmhouse partially in ruins that stands on a hill amid a cluster of trees. A scream, rude laughter, and the cackling of chickens and geese is heard from the distance.

EXT. THE FARMYARD - DAY

A peasant girl stumbles from a thicket and runs through a junk strewn farmyard. Chickens and ducks scatter as she flees a nude, well-muscled man whose body and shoulder-length hair are dyed Burgundy red. COUNT EMMICH OF BASCARAT, wild-eyed, lust-crazed, like a satyr from a Greek myth, he chases the girl toward a row of huge vats where the MEN OF HIS GUARD and a handful of PEASANTS are stomping grapes.

He corners her against a stone wall and grabs her. She fights him as he drags her toward the vats.

His men howl with laughter as Emmich tears the girl's clothes away. Her screams are beyond the mock protest of ribald play. Her youth, she is no more than fifteen, is sadly apparent as she pleads with him. With sudden anger he smacks her, tips her into a vat, and climbs in after her.

IN THE VAT

the girl, slick with grape slime, lunges away from Emmich. Grabbing her by the hair he plunges her head under slurry and holds it there, looking around as though he's lost her.

EMMICH
Where did she go?

The men now roar with laughter at Emmich's charade. Holding her head under, he shields his eyes with his hand and pretends to look out at the landscape.

EMMICH
Vanished.

More laughter, which Emmich milks, then he pulls her up. The girl chokes and gags for air. Emmich draws her close, smiling into her face.

EMMICH
Be willing now. I'm bored of the chase.

The girl faces him, resigned. Aroused by her broken spirit, Emmich pushes her to the side of the vat and begins taking his pleasure. As he works into her...

HIS MEN WATCH.

IVO, a pale young man with a cruel face, stifles an attack of giggles.

EXT. THE VAT - DAY

Emmich climaxes with a roar like a rutting elephant. Shoving the girl away, he raises both hands above his head and shouts to his men.

EMMICH
I declare this vintage well
seasoned.

A RIDER,

Emmich's cousin WALDEMAR, large and gross featured, enters the farmyard at a gallop, and reins his horse near the vats. As he swings from the saddle Emmich greets him.

EMMICH
Waldemar, strip your rags and
climb in. I'm drunk enough to
share this sowlet.

Emmich grabs the girl and displays her as Waldemar approaches.

WALDEMAR
Another time Emmich. You are
called to abbey.

EMMICH
Called from my gentle home life,
for what reason?

WALDEMAR
(grins)
Your wayward serf Hagen is in the
abbey's dungeon, accused of
robbing the vaults.

Emmich's lips trace a cold smile.

EMMICH
...for which they will hang him.

INT. ABBEY HALLWAY - DAY

Emmich's clothes are dirty and ragged. He appears shabby as he walks beside the immaculately groomed Abbot.

ABBOT
I summoned you, Count Emmich
because there is more to this than
the simple capture and trial of
a serf turned thief.

Emmich glances at the Abbot, annoyed.

EMMICH

He abandoned my service for
brigandage. I'm not involved.
Hang him.

ABBOT

A tribunal might find this man
other than a serf. They might
find him a man deprived of his
inheritance and therefore driven
to thievery. They might...with
due consideration...even find
him guiltless.

Emmich stiffens at the Abbot's words. They pause at a large
cage of doves. The Abbot coos to the birds feeding them as he
continues.

ABBOT

Do you forget that I was your
father's confessor?

EMMICH

Then you know there were other
bastards beside this one.

ABBOT

The other bastards he ordered
killed...For the others he felt
no "affection." But he spoke of
legitimizing this Hagen.

EMMICH

I don't need reminding of my
father's weakness for this son
of a peasant whore. Are you
saying you won't hang him?

ABBOT

There is a document, signed before
your father's death that would
give Hagen claim to half of your
estate. It is in my possession.

Emmich blanches slightly. The Abbot turns from the doves at
the ringing of a distant bell.

ABBOT

The call to vespers.

The Abbot studies Emmich, enjoying this moment of power. Emmich
is barely able to control his rage.

EMMICH

What do you want?

ABBOT
Deed to me one quarter of your
estate...And I will hang your
bastard brother.

EMMICH
You dirty old,...

ABBOT.
(as to an errant child)
Ah, ah, ah,...Careful now, Count
Emmich. Better to give quarter
than lose all.

Emmich faces the Abbot. His mouth dry with rage.

EMMICH
(a beat)
Summon your scribe.

INT. THE ABBEY'S MAIN HALL - DAY

Hagen is led in with his wrists and neck chained. He reacts immediately to the sight of Emmich, seated casually on the front bench of a pew. Emmich's smug smile contrasts with Hagen's cold hatred at the sight of his half brother. The Abbot stands before a row of CLERICS wearing black robes of judgement. Hagen, is forced to stand in the middle of the tribunal where he is flanked by the bailiff and guards.

ABBOT
The man before this tribunal is
Hagen, a serf, from lands owned
by Count Emmich of Bascarat.
Count Emmich, do you hold this
man as your property?

The Abbot turns to face Emmich.

EMMICH
No, I resign him to your
judgement.

ABBOT
(graciously)
And we make no claim on you for
his actions.

Emmich nods a stiff acknowledgement. The Abbot faces Hagen.

ABBOT
You were a pikeman in the guard
of Count Emmich. Can you tell
us why you renounced your duties
and became a thief? Were you
influenced by a demon?

HAGEN
I was influenced only by Count
Emmich.

EMMICH
You dare incriminate me?

HAGEN
As your pikesman I stole grain
from villagers and robbed
travelers on the road. By your
order I learned theft like all
your men.

EMMICH
He speaks of collecting taxes and
tithes for crossing my
lands,...all within the law.

HAGEN
Since there's so much stealing
within the law, how does a man
know what's outside the law?

ABBOT
Robbing this house of God cannot
be compared with the duties of
serfdom.

HAGEN
I don't compare them.
(an odd smile)
Robbing this abbey was something
I enjoyed.

ABBOT
(a beat, he smiles too)
And judging you is something I'll
enjoy.

Hagen watches as the Abbot moves along the row of black robed monks. Whispers are exchanged and each nods a gesture of accord. The Abbot turns and faces Hagen. With theatrically raised eyebrows, he speaks as though the verdict were a surprise.

ABBOT
Hagen, this tribunal has found
you guilty.

Emmich allows himself a laugh. The Abbot continues with barely concealed sarcasm.

ABBOT
But I am ordained by a merciful
god and the sentence of death may
not pass my lips. Duty obliges
me to pray for your redemption.

Hagen appears momentarily confused, thinking he may have been granted a reprieve. The Abbot kneels before a small altar and intones in Latin.

Suddenly, the guards jerk Hagen to his feet. He faces the bailiff.

BAILIFF

Hagen, I am the lay bailiff of this Abbey. I condemn you to hang for the crime of theft.

As Hagen is hauled towards the door Emmich watches with a degree of grudging satisfaction.

INT. THE ABBEY'S PRISON - DAY

Hagen sits at a cell window overlooking the courtyard. His neck is chained to a ring in the wall. The ravings of an unseen MADMAN can be heard off screen.

POV HAGEN

Workers are building a scaffold. Nearby, the Bailiff and the Sergeant of the guard look on as two SERFS wash Hagen's mare with a bucket of raw egg shampoo. The Bailiff takes the mare's halter, obviously claiming the horse for his own.

HAGEN WATCHES

annoyed that his horse will pass to the Bailiff's hands. He whistles.

POV HAGEN

The mare whinnies, rears, and kicks out at the Bailiff. As the Bailiff jumps back, his foot lands in the bucket of egg-shampoo. He stomps around and falls on his ass as the Serfs calm the horse.

HAGEN LAUGHS

HAGEN

Don't worry, girl. I haven't forgotten your carrots.

He starts to turn away when he hears a herald's trumpet and hoof beats.

POV HAGEN

Five horsemen gallop into the courtyard. One is well-attired, an obvious noble. The others, members of his personal body guard, wear chain mail and helmets.

HAGEN WATCHES AS

the noble dismounts at the entrance to the Abbot's quarters. After speaking with some monks, who bow to him deferentially, he is led inside.

INT. THE ABBOT'S OFFICES - DAY

PRINCE ORSINI, a lay delegate of the Vatican, reclines in a chair, eating a snack from a gold plate as he speaks in clipped directives with the Abbot. Monfleurry sits in the background.

ABBOT

I heard that his Holiness was in Clermont, but I had no idea he would honor us with a visit.

ORSINI

He will reside here in the Abbey.

ABBOT

Of course. In my own apartments.

ORSINI

He will require a field be prepared.

ABBOT

A field?

ORSINI

A call must be put forth to gather both nobles and commonfolk to a large field. There you will erect a platform from which he can address the multitude.

The Abbot exchanges a look with Monfleurry. Orsini rises and walks to a window. The hammering from the gallows can be heard.

ABBOT

(probing)

The message our Pope brings...I assume it's of great importance.

Orsini is looking out the window toward the gallows.

ORSINI

Yes, but I will not usurp his words with my own...That scaffold down there must be struck immediately.

ABBOT

But we have an execution. A thief attempted to rob the Abbey.

ORSINI
Strike the scaffold. After his
Holiness leaves hang anyone you
want.

INT. THE CELL - DUSK

Hagen chins himself on the bars of his cell. When he has finished a set he relaxes for a beat then responds to a different sound off screen. The unmistakable sound of nails being pulled from wood. He crosses to the window and sees:

POV HAGEN

The scaffold in being torn down.

HAGEN

dares reflect cautious pleasure at the sight.

EXT. THE ABBEY LANDSCAPE - DAY

The road to the Abbey is filled with color as a Papal caravan approaches, lead by a mounted guard of armored knights. A large ornate coach, drawn by oxen and bearing the Papal seal, moves slowly at the center, followed by carts of baggage, a hundred or more members of the Pope's entourage, and an army of monks.

AS THE CARAVAN

reaches a large field near the abbey a tent city can be seen. People of all classes crowd forward to view his Wagon.

Milkmaids stare wide-eyed. Nobles and Knights shove rudely through the crowd to bow their heads. Elderly peasant women kneel and cross themselves. A collective gasp goes up as--

A CURTAIN PARTS

and for a brief instant POPE URBAN II can be seen. A bearded, authoritative looking man, the Pope motions a blessing then retires from sight.

SLACK-JAWED SERFS STARE IN WONDER

as monks and ascetics prostrate themselves in the mud beside the road. A group of flagellants pass, swatting themselves with chains at every step as they keep pace with the caravan.

THE PAPAL COACH RATTLES

past Emmich and a group of his peers. Local nobility, they are a shabby lot. Their clothes are filthy and their hair unkempt. One restrains a pair of coursing hounds, another holds a hooded goshawk. Peasant gamekeepers stand behind them, festooned with dead pheasants, ducks, rabbits, and the flayed skins of deer. Emmich's attention is drawn to a knight who rides beside the Papal Coach.

The brilliance of his armor, the magnificence of his mount, and his regal bearing, suggest he is someone of great importance. He is COUNT GODFREY OF BOUILLON.

Emmich, standing among his shabby entourage, watches him pass.

EXT. A MARKET AREA - DAY

Stalls, where merchants sell religious trinkets, have been hastily erected near the road. A young man, with dark Mediterranean looks, observes people frantically crossing themselves as the Papal Coach approaches. The man, whose name is ARON BEN ZVI, yawns and crosses himself too. Then, confident that no one watches him, he dismisses the Pope with a wave of disdain. As the Coach rattles toward the abbey, Aron, who we'll call ARI, steps to his stand and begins a pitch to those lingering in awe of the Pope's passing.

ARI

Now, while "holiness" lingers in
the air, seize the chance, good
people. Here is the cure for
every earthly pestilence,...

He lifts a vial, tied in a leather thong to be hung around the neck. A few people respond with mild interest.

ARI

...Blessed water from the River
Jordan. Water in which Saint John
baptized Christ our savior.

A WOMAN

It cures ague?

ARI

All agues, all distempers, all
ills...You doubt me? You want
proof? There...a man with an
abscess. You!

Ari points out a PEASANT in the crowd with an abscess the size of a Ping-pong ball on his cheek.

ARI

Come good Christian. At no cost,
in the spirit of our Lord, let
me dispel that festering sore.

The man seems confused, but others around him get behind it. They shove him toward the stand.

PEASANT

You can heal me?

VOICES

You'll cure him?

ARI
No. Not me. The water of Jordan
will cure him.

THE ABBEY'S BAILIFF

and several GUARDS wander the market. They notice the crowd around Ari's stand.

ARI EXAMINES THE PEASANT'S FACE

while the crowd presses in around him. He touches the abscess and the man yelps with pain. Taking a vial of "Jordan" water he puts a drop in his palm and symbolically washes his hands. Then he places both hands on the man's cheeks. Covering the large abscess, he bows his head.

As Ari mutters prayers the Bailiff pushes in for a closer look. The Peasant with the abscess mutters "The pain, ...it's going away." Ari withdraws his hands and there is a collective gasp from the crowd. The abscess is gone. Ari smiles.

ARI
Now if you doubt your eyes deny
that you have seen a miracle.
For a pittance, for only a few
dinarii, I will...

Suddenly, the Bailiff steps forward and grabs Ari's hands and pulls him forward. He tears away his sleeve to the elbow and withdraws the "abscess" (a make up appliance), holding it up for the crowd.

BAILIFF
A fraud!

The peasant, Ari's accomplice, bolts away through the crowd. Ari tries to tear his way out of his coat and escape as the Bailiff and guards drag him to a large wagon where they tie him to the wheel as the crowd punches at him.

BAILIFF
Now, show him what we think of
mountebanks.

Ari is tied and the Bailiff steps back, laughing as the mob beats Ari in a blind rage.

INT. THE ABBEY PRISON - NIGHT

Asleep on the floor, Hagen looks up at the sound of guards, entering the cell block. Ari, having been terribly beaten, is dragged into the cell and manacled to the wall opposite Hagen. Hagen looks on unconcerned as Ari collapses in a heap on the floor. Finally, distracted by Ari's moans, Hagen slides a pot of water across the cell floor to Ari.

Ari dips the torn sleeve of his shirt into the water and squeezes drops onto his swollen blood caked lips. It revives him a bit and he studies Hagen.

ARI
My thanks.

HAGEN
Give it back.

Ari takes a drink and slides the water back to Hagen.

ARI
I'm a fraud. What are you?

HAGEN
A thief.

ARI
A chicken?...a goat?...a sack of grain?

HAGEN
I robbed this abbey.

Ari brightens, impressed.

ARI
Ah, the abbey. Any relics?

Hagen doesn't quite comprehend.

ARI
Like a hand of Saint Agnes,...a thumb of John the Baptist,...a tooth from any saint?

HAGEN
Gold.

ARI
(shrugs, not too impressed)
Gold. What can one say.
Traditional if not very original.

HAGEN
What?

ARI
In today's world religious relics are the true treasures. People flock to them like flies to dung. A saint's finger bone is worth many times its weight in gold.

HAGEN

A finger bone is a finger bone.
Who can prove it came from a
saint?

Ari smiles painfully.

ARI

Believe me, it takes more than
just digging up corpses. The
Church must accept the origins
of a holy relic.

HAGEN

So you make up a story.

ARI

(amused)

Make up a story, ... Yes, but it
has to be a story seasoned with
facts. I've been to every major
shrine in Christendom. I've seen
the body of John the Baptist in
Samaria. The crypt of Saint James
in Spain. The fragment of the True
Cross in Jerusalem. And when I
offer a saint's bone the story
that goes with it is perfect.

Hagen settles back against the wall.

HAGEN

What story got you in here?

ARI

The curse of arrogance. I was
selling water.

Hagen smiles, amused.

INT. THE ABBOT'S APARTMENT - DINING ROOM - NIGHT

CLOSE: ON A POLISHED SILVER MAP, circular in shape, inlaid with
gold, showing the lands of Europe, North Africa and the
Mediterranean. A finger, bearing the papal ring, touches the
large ruby indicating Jerusalem as Pope Urban speaks off screen.

POPE URBAN (O.S.)

Here is Jerusalem, ... The center
of the world. The bleeding heart
of our faith. And, surrounding
it...

The hand sweeps the areas of Moslem conquest.

POPE URBAN (O.S.)

The Moslem empire, stretching from
the Indian Ocean, to the Atlantic
coast of Spain, ...

THE POPE

sits in the center of a table in a room hung with tapestries and sumptuous brocade. On his right is his Legate, an elderly bishop named ADHEMAR of LE PUY and the knight GODFREY OF BOUILLON. The Abbot is on his left. He continues speaking as the silver map is passed to Abbot.

POPE URBAN

A vast empire of souls lost to Christ. A wealth of lands conquered by virtue of a single strength...

THE ABBOT EXAMINES THE MAP

as musicians take their places in front of the table and food is brought in. There are no plates at the place settings. Food is taken from platter directly to the mouth with the fingers or eaten from trenchers (flat breads placed in front of the diners).

POPE URBAN (O.S.)

For Moslems, warfare is an act of religious faith. A man who falls in battle achieves paradise.

GODFREY

Would Christian warriors be any less valiant if they fought with the same promise?

ABBOT

No question that such a notion would have vast appeal.

ADHEMAR

(questioning)

Still...That God would sanction the violence of war.

ABBOT

We know God blesses the surgeon who straps a man to a table and saws off a gangrenous limb,...God sanctions the infliction of pain when the cause is just.

POPE URBAN

Exactly. And God will sanction a war for the purpose of delivering those who languish under Moslem rule to the kingdom of Christ.

ADHEMAR

Your reasoning is sound theology. I only wish that God might give us some sign.

POPE URBAN
For that we must pray.

EXT. A FIELD NEAR THE ABBEY - DAY

Ribbons and banners flap in the wind above countless tents. Knights, nobles, common folk, monks, and ascetics, converge on a raised dais, hung with silks and garlanded with flowers where a huge throne sits under a banner bearing the Papal seal.

The PAPAL GUARD and abbey guards control the mob pressing towards the platform. Nobles sit on chairs in choice positions, guarded by lackeys. A MONK'S CHOIR, singing in Latin, approaches the dais.

EXT. THE ABBEY WALL - DAY

Hagen, Ari, and the madman, their necks and wrists chained to a beam, are driven from the dungeon onto the roof by a quartet ←
of GUARDS.

GUARDS
Hurry!...Come on get along!

As the guards settle them on the roof, the Pope's procession can be seen in the background. A guard named VALT laughs as he strikes Hagen's leg with a club to lower him to his knees.

VALT
Assume the position swine. You're going to see his Holiness.

A JAILER MONK, appears.

JAILER MONK
You're here at Pope Urban's command. Even the low and villainous will receive his blessing.

There is no reaction from Hagen; Ari nods.

ARI
That's very kind of his Holiness.

The Madman rolls his eyes towards heaven, hissing and growling at some apparition in the sky.

EXT. THE FIELD - DAY

Near the dais, Emmich settles beside a PRETTY GIRL of noble birth. As he whispers in her ear, she giggles. Suddenly a roar goes up from the crowd. Emmich rises to see--

THE POPE, ON A SEDAN CHAIR,
is carried to the dais.

FROM THE ROOF

Ari cranes to see the Pope while Hagen's eyes search the possibilities of escape. The guards and monk kneel as the Pope settles onto his throne.

EXT. THE FIELD - DAY

The Pope blesses the kneeling crowd then, raising his hands, he brings them to their feet. Assisted by the Abbot and Adhemar, he completes the blessing and faces the multitude which goes silent.

POPE URBAN

In Jerusalem, ...in whose streets
walked Christ, the son of God.
In Jerusalem, where the altar of
the Holy Sepulchre is graced by
a fragment of the very wood on
which our savior was crucified,
...a fragment of the True
Cross...Moslem hordes now disgrace
our shrines. And in doing so
disgrace our God!

An audible moan goes up from the crowd.

EXT. THE ROOF - DAY

Hagen leans back, eyes half closed as the Pope speaks. Ari sits attentive, and the Madman picks violently at his nose.

POPE URBAN (V.O.)

Tragic stories are told...Of Nuns,
chaste in their dedication to
Christ, set upon in lust. Their
clothes torn away by vile
heathens. Their precious white
bodies fondled and ravaged by
blackamoors! Oh, hear their sad
lamentations!

Ari reacts with a smile, knowing the Pope's words are hype. The Madman suddenly bays like a wolf. The Jailer Monk smacks him with a cudgel and he whimpers like a puppy.

EXT. THE DAIS - DAY

Pope Urban now goes to the heart of his message.

POPE URBAN

The martyrs from their graves,
the living who are enslaved call
for help... Call for you to gird
yourselves for war and free them.
(more)

POPE URBAN (Cont'd)
 For it is better to die in battle
 than tolerate the abuse of your
 race and your holy places. They
 call you to take up arms as a God-
 sent army and free Jerusalem.

EXT. THE ROOF - DAY

Hagen is now listening to the Pope's words with interest.

POPE URBAN (V.O.)
 For those who fall there will be
 remission from all sin and eternal
 salvation. But think not of death,
 for God will reward your valor
 with victory and dominion over
 the lands, the wealth, and the
 kingdoms of the Moslem. God wills
 this war! Do you hear? God wills
 it!

The crowd responds with a chorus of "God wills it!"

EXT. THE CROWD - DAY

People are chanting "God wills it,...God wills it!" Emmich and Waldemar smirk derisively.

EXT. THE ROOF - DAY

Ari breaks into the shout of "God wills it!" The Jailer Monk spins around. A guard lifts a club to silence him.

ARI
 But his words are for every man.
 I'm ready to fight, to die, to
 free Jerusalem.

He is smacked halfheartedly with the club.

JAILER MONK
 You'll die. You'll hang, soon
 as his Holiness is down the road.

In the distance the Pope can be seen raising his hands and the chant of the crowd diminishes.

POPE URBAN
 Hear this! God, who speaks through
 me, will make his will known with
 holy signs... Miracles.

HAGEN LISTENS, SUDDENLY ATTENTIVE.

POPE URBAN (V.O.)
 Yes, miracles will give proof that
 the conquest of Jerusalem, ...
 (more)

POPE URBAN (Cont'd)
 the recovery of the True Cross,
 are truly God's will.
 (shouts)
 GOD WILL'S IT!

The crowd responds with a roar. As it continues a plan races through Hagen's mind.

EXT. THE CROWD - DAY

People are chanting "God will's it. In the crowd, Emmich touches the ass of the pretty noble girl. She turns. He smiles and mouths "God will's it", as he reaches forward and feels her bosom.

EXT. THE DAIS - DAY

The Pope stands with his arms extended in a welcoming gesture.

POPE URBAN
 Now, God calls you. Come, and
 take the cross.

The Pope is escorted from the dais to his sedan chair. Monks and other churchmen move in to deal with the mob that now surges forward.

GODFREY AND HIS RETINUE

push toward the dais as BROTHER BERNARD, the Sacristan of Adhemar, speaks to the crowd.

BROTHER BERNARD
 Those who cannot go...pledge
 support to those who can. Pledge
 your crops, your sons to service
 and receive remission from your
 sins.

Godfrey is among those offering themselves for the Crusade. Emmich watches for a beat, then starts forward. Waldemar grabs his arm.

WALDEMAR
 Emmich, you believe in this?

EMMICH
 Cousin, aren't you bored with
 burning the villages of this
 backwater for sacks of grain? See
 that knight?

He points toward Godfrey.

EMMICH

Strip away that gold breastplate
and there's a little man not half
my worth or weight. If he can
conquer kingdoms, why can't I?

He pushes toward the dais. Waldemar follows.

BEFORE THE DAIS

Pushing shabbier KNIGHTS aside, Emmich and Waldemar listen as
Godfrey speaks from the dais above them. Adhemar is behind him.

GODFREY

I am Count Godfrey of Bouillon.
I have pledged all my earthly
possessions to support this great
venture. Now, pledge yourselves
to me and to victory.

Emmich calls out for the crowd.

EMMICH

Are you to lead us then, Count
Godfrey?

GODFREY

I will command in the field. But
we are ruled by God's will through
Pope Urban and his Legate, Bishop
Adhemar of Le Puy.

ADHEMAR SMILES

and raises his hand in a blessing.

WALDEMAR SPEAKS TO EMMICH

WALDEMAR

A pious knight and a skirted
crone...I see disaster.

EMMICH

And opportunity.

Knights around them kneel. Emmich drops to his knees and
Waldemar follows as Adhemar leads in a Latin prayer.

INT. THE DUNGEON - DUSK

The guards and the Jailer Monk shove Ari and Hagen into their
cell. the Madman shouts in an incomprehensible tongue from
across the hall.

INT. HAGEN AND ARI'S CELL - DUSK

Hagen's neck chain is locked to an iron ring on the wall while
Ari is chained to the opposite wall.

When the guards leave Hagen yanks his chain to see if it comes loose.

ARI SETTLES

onto the floor, muttering to himself.

ARI
As long as the Pope stays they
won't hang us.
(brightens)
Maybe he'll trip on his hem and
break a leg.

Hagen examines the metal ring to which his neck chain is attached then notes a lamp in the hall outside the cell door on Ari's side.

HAGEN
Ari, the lamp in the
hallway...Can you reach it?

Ari glances at the lamp then at Hagen.

ARI
You have a plan? An escape?

HAGEN
Get me that lamp.

Ari moves quickly to the bars. He reaches his hand through and stretches toward the lamp. Hagen strips away his torn shirt. He is bare from the waist up.

ANGLE

Ari's fingers touch the base of an oil lamp set in a rusty sconce. His face pushes against the bars and he grasps it.

HAGEN SMILES

HAGEN
Give it to me.

ARI
Whatever you're doing, I want to
be part of it.

HAGEN
You'll be part of it.

Ari slides the lamp across the floor. Hagen grabs it and holds it under the ring to which his chain is attached. Ari groans.

ARI
That won't work. You can't melt
iron with a lamp.

Hagen says nothing and continues heating the ring.

Ari sighs and the Madman across the dungeon hall begins baying again. Ari turns to him.

ARI
 You, ... Please, can you turn me
 into a werewolf. I'll do anything
 to get out of here.

THE MADMAN

looks at him, smiling oddly through guttural growls, he nods
 "Yes,"

THE RING GLOWS RED

Hagen sets down the lamp and turns. From a kneeling position he lines up the glowing ring with a spot between his shoulders and presses his back against it. A hiss and smoke curls up from his burning flesh. Steeling himself against the pain, Hagen rises, slowly burning a strip of flesh along the length of his spine.

ARI TURNS FROM THE MADMAN AND WATCHES HIM AGHAST.

ARI
 (mutters to himself)
 Oi, no, he's a meschug.

HAGEN TURNS.

A raw burn runs the length of his back. He puts the lamp to the ring, heating it again.

ARI WATCHES,

mustering a benign look that he hopes won't upset Hagen.

THE MADMAN

hoots with apparent ecstasy as he peers from his cell.

THE RING GLOWS.

Hagen presses the ring to his right shoulder blade and draws it horizontally across his back. Sweat breaks on his forehead and his breath quickens with pain. When it is done, he quickly burns the palms of his hands on the still glowing ring then tosses the lamp to Ari.

HAGEN
 Put it back.

Ari dutifully takes the lamp and replaces it.

HAGEN SETTLES,

keeping his burned back from touching the walls. Ari faces him still uncertain of his sanity. When Hagen recovers his normal breathing he speaks.

HAGEN

Tell me everything you remember about seeing the True Cross.

EXT. THE ABBEY COURTYARD - MORNING.

Through shafts of sunlight dust rises from a milling crowd, seeking to pledge for the crusade. Peasants mainly, who will make up the rank and file of the army.

1ST PEASANT

Along the Rhine there have been holy signs, a rain of frogs...

2ND PEASANT

In Thiel, it's said a goose spoke the Latin mass.

FAT PEASANT

(laughs)

And my cow farted the liturgy.

They laugh. Valt, the abbey guard who stands by the kitchen door, laughs too.

FROM THE KITCHEN

the Jailer Monk, followed by a NOVICE exit, carrying bread and water. The Monk nods to Valt who accompanies them to the prison entrance.

INT. THE PRISON - MORNING

Valt leads the Jailer Monk and the novice to the cell that holds Hagen and Ari. Both men are asleep on the floor.

Hagen, with his back to the wall, looks up sleepily as the novice enters and dumps loaves onto the floor. Indicating Hagen's water jug, in a corner of the cell, the Jailer Monk speaks.

JAILER MONK

Give him your jug.

Hagen reaches for his jug. For an instant, the light from the window illuminates a large cross branded across his back.

THE NOVICE GASPS

and drops the water bucket. Valt and the Jailer Monk are dumbstruck.

HAGEN

appears confused as the novice crosses himself.

JAILER MONK
Turn around

HAGEN
What?

JAILER MONK
I said turn around.

Hagen turns. Ari ahh's theatrically and crosses himself. The novice begins praying in Latin. Valt whispers.

VALT
Oh, God, a holy sign,...

The Jailer Monk glares at Hagen's back, not daring to believe his eyes as Valt suddenly exits, shouting. "I've seen a holy sign." The novice drops to his knees and kisses Hagen's hand.

EXT. THE COURTYARD - MORNING

Chaos, as Hagen, shirtless and still in chains, is led from the dungeon, surrounded by monks and guards who hold the masses back. The sight of his bare back causes hysteria, ...shouts of "The Holy Sign, ...Bless us! ...God chose him!". Peasant hands stretch to touch him. A knight drops to his knees and crosses himself as Hagen is shoved past.

INT. THE CELL - MORNING.

At the window Ari watches, enjoying the excitement below.

POV ARI

A mass of people are pushed back as Hagen is led up the steps into the same hall where he was tried and condemned.

INT. THE GREAT HALL - DAY

Still in chains, Hagen turns slowly in the middle of the floor revealing his branded back. The Pope, the Abbot, Adhenar, his sacristan Brother Bernard, Godfrey and several monks look on. In spite of attempted restraint, it's obvious that a certain amount of wonder pervades.

ABBOT
You claim you felt no pain?

Holding a salt cellar, the Abbot takes a large pinch and rubs it hard into the burn. Hagen displays no reaction.

ABBOT
Nothing?

HAGEN
Nothing. I tell you it came from
my dream.

The Pope exchanges a look with the others.

POPE URBAN
Very well. Then tell us of your
dream.

Hagen looks at the men.

HAGEN
I was a knight, pledged to serve
your cause in the battle for
Jerusalem.

The Abbot stifles a snide laugh.

ABBOT
Your Holiness. He's simply
telling you what he thinks you
want to hear.

The Pope raises his hand for Hagen to go on.

HAGEN
I was in the courtyard of a
strange church. The dome was made
of wood and shaped like a fool's
cap. It was on fire.

ADHEMAR
(a whisper)
The Church of the Holy Sepulchre.

HAGEN
A monk called to me from the
entrance. He said "I am...
Theodis or Theosis...the name was
foreign, I can't remember it.
But he said "God has sent you."

ABBOT
Blasphemy!

ADHEMAR
Wait. Was the monk's name
Theodosius?

HAGEN
Theodosius, that's the name.

The gathering looks in amazement toward Adhemar as he speaks
to the Pope.

The Pope studies Hagen for a moment while a current of muttering fills the room. The Abbot steps to the Pope.

ABBOT
Your holiness, this is a thief
who stole religious objects.

POPE
(to Hagen)
Serf, are you repentant for your
crime?

HAGEN
I am. I am ready to serve God
as a knight in holy battle.

ABBOT
A knight? . . . This pikeman who
deserted his service?

ADHEMAR
In his dream he was a knight and
the dream is a holy prophecy.

POPE URBAN
(with sudden authority)
I'll decide what is "holy
prophecy." It is only through me
that God speaks. I will pray for
God's decision on this man's fate.

Hagen looks at the Pope, mustering an expression of absolute sincerity.

HAGEN
I will pray too, Holy Father.

EXT./INT. FROM THE ABBOT'S APARTMENT A HIGH ANGLE - THE
COURTYARD - NIGHT

By torchlight the milling crowds of the courtyard murmur with excitement. The Pope's voice is heard O.S.

POPE (V.O.)
In a few weeks the story of this
"miracle" will spread through
Europe and ignite support for our
cause.

The Pope turns from where he has peeked from behind a curtain at the crowds below. He turns and faces the Abbot with whom he is alone.

ABBOT
The man's an absolute fraud.

The Pope smiles, shrugs.

ADHEMAR

I know the monk Theodosius. He
was keeper of the Holy Sepulchre.

Hearing this Godfrey clasps his hands. The apparent truth of
Hagen's story is having an effect.

HAGEN

He led me inside and through the
flames I saw a shining silver
cross.

ADHEMAR

The receptacle of the True
Cross...And what was on the wall
above the cross?

HAGEN

A man holds his son to a rock with
a knife in his hand. In the sky
above him there is a blinding
light.

Adhemar smiles overcome by emotion.

ADHEMAR

The mosaic of Abraham and Isaac
as I have seen it.

ANGLE THE DOORWAYS

Monks eaves-dropping at the doorways pass the word. Some cross
themselves and whisper prayers.

ANGLE HAGEN

HAGEN

I pushed into the flames and
grabbed the silver cross, see my
hands...

He shows his burned palms.

HAGEN

I lifted it onto my back but when
the hot metal touched my skin it
felt cold like ice. I could see
nothing through the smoke and
flames but I was led by a voice
inside my head. I carried the
cross to safety.

For a beat the men are silent, then Adhemar speaks to the Pope.

ADHEMAR

(with emotion)

The sign we have prayed for.

POPE
Perhaps, but a useful fraud.

The abbot doesn't agree.

ABBOT
He's condemned. He should hang.

POPE
(laughs)
My dear Bishop, you can't hang
a living, breathing, miracle.

The Abbot has no response.

POPE URBAN
Godfrey would gladly take him
under his command. But I prefer
this "Hagen of the miraculous
cross" serve a more secular noble.

ABBOT
Someone who would not fall prey
to his deceit. Someone who would
control him.

POPE URBAN
Precisely.

ABBOT
I know the man he should serve.

INT. THE ABBEY CHURCH - DAY

Emmich stands on the altar of the church holding a long sleeve length gauntlet. Slowly he drops small pebbles into it from a golden urn held by two altar boys. Behind him, Waldemar stands with Ivo, captain of Emmich's guard. All are dressed in their armor. The Pope is seated to one side. Adhemar, Godfrey, Brother Bernard and several Acolytes are in the background.

Emmich shakes the gauntlet which is almost filled, adds a few more stones, and grips it by the leather cuff.

THE DOORS OF THE ABBEY CHURCH

are opened by acolytes and Hagen appears wearing a simple white tunic with the Abbot walking beside him.

Seeing Emmich, Hagen reacts. The Abbot smiles.

ABBOT
Isn't this what you asked for?

Hagen steels himself and continues toward the altar.

HAGEN'S EYES

lock on Emmich's as he approaches. The Pope speaks from his throne.

POPE URBAN

I am granting your wish, Hagen.
You will serve our holy crusade
under the command of Count Emmich
of Bascarat. Kneel before me.

With a glance at Emmich, Hagen kneels.

POPE URBAN

I declare you pardoned and I bless
you in nomine patri, filio, et
spiritu sancti.

EMMICH GENTLY SLAMS

the weighted gauntlet into the palm of his free hand. A thin smile plays on his lips as he crosses to Hagen.

Emmich studies Hagen for a few seconds, then draws the gauntlet back and slams Hagen in the face as hard as he can.

EMMICH

Are you loyal?...Will you serve
me?

Hagen speaks, forcing his words past the inclination to tear Emmich limb from limb.

HAGEN

I am loyal, I will serve you.

EMMICH

Then turn the other cheek.

Hagen slowly turns his head and Emmich delivers the hardest backhand blow he can muster. The glove breaks, pebbles fly in all directions.

EMMICH

Are you loyal? Will you serve me?

HAGEN

I am loyal...and I will serve you.

The last stones are shaken from the gauntlet and it is laid on Hagen's head.

EMMICH

I dub you Hagen, knight of
Bascarat. Rise.

Hagen stands and a choir begins. Emmich embraces him. As he gives a gentle, almost feminine, kiss to Hagen's bloody cheek, Hagen jerks his head back which amuses Emmich.

Godfrey steps forward.

GODFREY

I will purchase this man's armor
and horse.

HAGEN

I thank you, Count Godfrey. But
in my dream I rode my own horse
which was taken by the bailiff
of this abbey.

The Abbot glares at him.

ADHEMAR

See that his horse is returned.

Hagen graciously nods to Adhemar.

HAGEN

And in my dream my squire was a
man called Ari, who shared my
cell.

ABBOT

A fraud. A mountebank.

ADHEMAR

(to the Abbot)
Another sinner that God has called
to repentance. See that he's
released.

Hagen bows his head in gratitude.

INT. ARI'S CELL - NIGHT

Ari reacts to the sound of a door opening and the approach of
footsteps. He rises to see--

HAGEN APPEARS

at the door to the cell with Valt and another guard. They open
the door and cross to Ari. Without a word they unlock his
chains. Ari reacts, not daring to believe. As the guards
leave, he speaks to Hagen.

ARI

(a whisper)
It worked?

Hagen nods.

HAGEN
You're my squire.

Ari leaps at Hagen and hugs him trying to kiss him on the mouth. Hagen turns his face and Ari kisses his neck as Hagen disengages.

HAGEN
Hey! Squires don't kiss their knights.

ARI
You Northern Europeans are so cold. This is a moment of great eruptive passion.

As they leave the cell Ari continues...

ARI
I will be a squire as there has never been a squire. I will be a squire as such that the troubadours will sing.

As they exit the prison hallway the Madman pushes his head through the bars and gives a long mournful howl. Hagen glances at him then shouts to the guards.

HAGEN
Release him too.

GUARD
By who's order?

HAGEN
God wills it!

The guards exchange a look and a shrug and release the Madman.

EXT. THE COURTYARD - NIGHT

Hagen crosses the courtyard, carrying a large basket and trailed by the Madman, who follows him like a grateful dog. The Bailiff gives Hagen a dirty look but the reaction of others, both monks and peasants, makes it clear that Hagen is a living legend.

Valt, the crossbowman, other men from the Abbey guard, and several peasants, fall in behind him.

VALT
Hagen of the cross...Take me with you to serve you.

Others quickly surround Hagen with similar pleas. "Take us to serve you!"

HAGEN

Don't be fools. Stay with your
wives and families.

Valt steps up to Hagen and appeals as spokesman for the others.

VALT

For us there is no hope in this
land. Take us.

Hagen looks them over.

HAGEN

I have nothing. If you follow
me you must bring your own food,
your clothes, your weapons...

He turns and continues walking. They follow. Whether he wants
it or not, Hagen has gathered an entourage.

HAGEN'S HORSE,

tied near the stable, whinnies at his approach. Hagen pulls
carrots from the basket and gives them to the horse. Seeing
the Bailiff he laughs aloud.

The Bailiff turns away and Hagen's following jeers him as he
moves away.

EXT. THE DEPARTURE - DAY

The valley, dominated by the abbey, is filled with humanity.
While people mill around embracing loved ones, accepting last
minute offers of food and gifts, a weird chanting is heard off-
screen.

A PROCESSION

led by the Madman, now hung with chains and crosses, marches
through the gathering at the head of a sizeable following; a
host of peasants, armed with clubs, scythes, picks and pitch
forks, some followed by ragged wives and children.

AS THE MADMAN PASSES

he mutters aloud amidst hoots and animal noises a nonsensical
stream of consciousness.

MADMAN

Gods voice! Angels speak!
Shebelshabeh, wa shenibahem.
(he bays like a wolf)
Faith will conquer the heathen.
Hallelujah! Ya menishnah o rahemi!

The Madman bolts ahead in wild dancing steps. Growling,
roaring, at the ranks of crusaders. Flagellants fall to their
knees, flailing themselves with enhanced frenzy at his passing.

HAGEN

gazes with bemused disgust.

EXT. NEAR THE HEAD OF THE CRUSADE - DAY

The lead knights stand beside their horses and each holds a flag with the emblem of his family domain. Godfrey walks in front of them holding a large white banner with a crimson cross...The symbol of the crusade. As he comes to each knight, the man states his name and title.

BALDWIN OF CHARTRES is a refined nobleman like Godfrey.

A KNIGHT

Baldwin of Chartres, Duke of
Fontainebleu and nephew of the
king...I accept your command.

Baldwin lowers his own flag. Godfrey takes it and crumples it in his hand against the flag of the crusade before moving on to the next.

Godfrey steps to Emmich who looks a bit shabbier than the others.

EMMICH

Emmich of Bascarat...
(Emmich is stuck. He
has nothing more to
add)
I accept your command.

Emmich lowers his flag and Godfrey meshes it with the crusade flag.

EXT. THE HEAD OF THE CRUSADE (LATER)

Godfrey, with a color guard of vassals, rides before the ranks as the knights assemble.

GODFREY

By my order, pillage or violence
against any through whose lands
we pass, will be met by death! The
army of God will not lay waste
the land!

As he moves on--

EMMICH, IN SCRUFFY ARMOR,

moves among his knights who are waiting to take the road. They are a shabby looking lot who appear seasoned for battle through brigandage.

EMMICH

I would have each of you know,
if any turns from my command...I
will pluck his navel...

Emmich is now in front of Hagen and staring directly at him.

EMMICH

...loop his gut to the pommel of
my saddle and drag him to the Holy
Land by his innards. Know this
is my punishment for betrayal.

HAGEN'S FACE

betrays nothing as he stares back at Emmich. Again the sound
of trumpets and drums.

GODFREY,

his armor shining and his silks resplendent, makes his horse
rear at the head of his men as if posing for a heroic statue.

GODFREY

To Jerusalem and victory!

Trumpets blare. With thunderous cheers, the beat of drums, and
the chorus of countless monks, the Crusade moves forward.

EXT. THE PANORAMA OF THE CRUSADE - DAY

The scene is in a word --- splendid. Colors, and images from
a historical dreamtime combine like an old master's canvas as
hundreds of mounted knights lead a flowing river of humanity
toward the distant horizon.

IN A SERIES OF SHOTS

Cartloads of food and supplies and hordes of ragged foot
soldiers trudge behind the knights. Families walk with the men;
mothers, bidding goodbye to their sons and wives to their
husbands.

Legions of monks walk beside a canopied cart that carries
Adhemar and his entourage of clergy. He offers blessing in all
directions.

Among the troops, oxcarts pass from which HARLOTS in gaudy
clothing display themselves. Their faces are grotesquely
rouged, some wear bizarre shaped masks that cover their eyes.
They wave to the surrounding foot soldiers who whistle and
return lewd gestures.

HAGEN AND ARI

ride among the hundreds of knights.

The CAMERA lowers to a foreground of moving feet and rising dust which gradually obliterates the scene.

DISSOLVE THROUGH

EXT. A JUNCTION - DAY

Where the road passes a junction, an army of similar make-up feeds into the column; people from another region, joining the swelling ranks of crusaders.

ARI SPEAKS QUIETLY TO HAGEN

as they watch the new arrivals.

ARI

Look at them. This madness has spread like plague. By the time we reach Bari to sail east, it is said we'll be fifty thousand strong.

HAGEN

Less one. I leave tonight for the land of the Slavs.

ARI

Why?

HAGEN

To live from what I steal.

ARI

What's to steal from the Slavs? Moldy bread? Putrid sausage from stinking villagers?

HAGEN

I don't rob villagers.

ARI

What then? The nobles live in mud huts. You'll hang for stealing cow plops.

HAGEN

I won't serve Emmich.

They ride for a beat and Ari speaks again with a sense of caution.

ARI

Then is the rumor true, ...That you are, ...related?

Hagen turns and faces Ari. His face is flushed with hate.

ARI

Only a fool allows the troubles
of his past to ruin the joy of
his future. Stay with this
crusade. Rob yourself rich, and
be blessed rather than hanged for
it.

Hagen says nothing. Ari removes a purse from his waist.

ARI

We've already made some denarii.
Half is yours.

He tosses it to Hagen.

HAGEN

Where did you get this?

ARI

(smiles)

I sold the garments of "Hagen,
of the miraculous cross."

HAGEN

My old clothes?

ARI

(laughs)

...and some odds and ends I
snatched from a clothes line.

Both men laugh.

ARI

Trust me blindly. We're on the
road to riches.

EXT. THE CRUSADE - DUSK

Alongside a length of road that stretches through rolling farm
land, the army has begun setting up a camp for the night.

Fires burn, and pots boil with millet gruel.

Monks kneel in the stubble of a field and sing vespers before
a makeshift altar where Adhemar gives a blessing. Godfrey and
several of his knights can be seen in the front rows.

Foot soldiers and some knight cluster around the harlot's cart.
The bare legs and thighs of the women protrude from curtained
sides which hide their upper bodies. Men, having dropped only
their britches, work at them. A MADAM and a pair of burly
cudgel-wielding PIMPS maintain order as the men crowd around.
Each pays a few coins and, as a customer working a pair of
thighs roars with completion, he is pulled away and quickly
replaced by another.

Waldemar and Ivo approach. Shoving the pimps away and threatening them with their weapons, they yank several men from the thighs and indulge themselves.

Emmich laughs as he watches them from a short distance away, declining their invitation to join in.

HAGEN

glances at the spectacle with disdain then turns away as Ari appears with a bowl of millet. The men sit by their tent and eat from the same bowl with their fingers. The carnal grunts of the harlot's cart blend with the singing of the monks.

EXT. ROAD BESIDE THE CRUSADER CAMP - NIGHT

A horse-drawn wagon moves at a quick pace along the road beside the encamped crusaders. It holds about a dozen people who sing a gay song, accompanied by rap drums and tambourines.

By their style of dress and general appearance the people in the wagons can be identified as Jews. They are a WEDDING PARTY. A young BRIDE and GROOM in wedding finery sit on a raised seat.

EXT. EMMICH'S ENCAMPMENT - NIGHT

Emmich rises from where he eats with his men near the road and stares at the approaching wagons. A fat HERMIT MONK standing beside him spits and mutters, "Jews."

EMMICH

The killers of Christ? I'd like
to get a look at them.

AS THE WAGON APPROACHES

Emmich with Ivo, Waldemar and a few of his men step onto the road and block the way. Waving their hands they shy the horses to a stop.

EMMICH

approaches the wagon and gawks at the Jews as though they were an exhibit in a bestiary. The Hermit Monk is beside him.

EMMICH

So these are Jews...They look
almost human.

HERMIT MONK

We take arms against the enemies
of Christ and here are his worst
foes.

Ivo snatches the yarmulke off a YOUNG JEW and puts it on his head. Other knights laugh. An OLD MAN speaks to Emmich from the tense silence on the cart.

OLD MAN

Hear me good knight. We serve
as silversmiths to the most
excellent Bishop of Mainz. We
live in this region lawfully,
under a charter of his protection.

EMMICH

The Bishop of Mainz is a long way
off, little man.

There are titters from Emmich's men as more gather around the
cart.

HAGEN

looks up from where he is eating with Ari near their tent (which
is somewhat apart from the others). He sees Emmich and his men
around the wagon.

Ari too sees it. He mutters almost to himself.

ARI

Fools, ...they should have stayed
in their village.

Still gnawing a lamb bone Hagen rises to watch.

EMMICH

now glances at the bride.

OLD MAN

We are now come from a wedding.
It is a day of joy for these young
people.

Emmich reaches to touch her ankle and she draws it away. An
evil snickering from the surrounding knights.

EMMICH

I like a bit of joy myself.

Emmich's men laugh. The Jews whisper among themselves in Hebrew
and the BRIDE'S FATHER offers a purse.

BRIDE'S FATHER

Here good knight. Take this in
tribute to your cause and let us
pass.

Emmich takes the purse and makes a face.

EMMICH

Only this?

Other purses are offered and grabbed by Emmich's men, igniting
their greed.

A JEWISH WOMAN shrieks as her earrings are plucked by the Hermit Monk.

Like a pack of wolves the Knights begin snatching things from the wagon. A shawl is pulled from OLD LADY. A Menorah from a RABBI. A lute from MUSICIAN. A basket of food is found and loaves of bread are thrown among the knights. The Jews pull away from the grasping hands and huddle in the center of the wagon.

The Old Man speaks to Emmich.

OLD MAN
You have your tribute, knight.
Now let us go.

EMMICH
But I've not had my prize.

His hand shoots out and grabs the bride's gown. She clings to the Groom as Emmich pulls at her. Her foot kicks him in the face. As he flinches, she snatches her hem from his grasp.

As Emmich's hand goes for his dagger, Hagen is suddenly in front of him. After a beat he points at the bride and orders Hagen.

EMMICH
Pull her down!

Hagen doesn't move.

EMMICH
That's an order, knight of my
command. Pull her down and spread
her. I'll show you how your were
spawned.

HAGEN
Let them go.

Emmich looks at Hagen, seeming to enjoy his disobedience. Ari moves behind Emmich's men. Seeing a woodsman's axe, he pulls it from a log. With a whistle he throws it over the heads of Emmich's men toward Hagen.

HAGEN TURNS

at Ari's whistle and catches the axe. Facing Emmich, he moves to the front of the cart and glances up at the bride.

HAGEN
Congratulations!...Enjoy each
other.

Hagen swats the rump of the cart horse and the animal bolts. Emmich stares in disbelief as the wagonload of Jews rattles away.

HAGEN

Now, arm yourself...or do I have
to wear a maiden's skirts to bring
out your courage.

EMMICH

Your life is over, bastard! Squire!
...My armor!

Satisfied, Hagen walks several feet from Emmich, and leans
casually on his axe handle as Emmich is suited up.

ARI'S LOOK

goes from Hagen to Emmich. His face registers concern.

EMMICH

takes a large, formidable pole-axe with a sharp forked tip from
one of his men. A shield is fitted to his arm and a "pot helm"
placed on his head.

EMMICH'S MEN

fall back as Hagen steps forward with a few practice swings of
his axe.

EMMICH

raises his pole-axe to a threat position and faces Hagen.

THE COMBAT

IN A SERIES OF SHOTS

For several seconds the men stalk each other. Then Hagen shifts
from right to left hand stance and charges Emmich. Emmich's
shield blocks Hagen's blow with a shower of sparks. The men
resume defense positions, circling each other.

Emmich feints a move at Hagen's groin with the forked tip of
the axe. Hagen blocks with a blow of his woodsman's axe against
the metal handle of the pole axe. Sparks fly and a chunk of
Hagen's blade is lost.

Emmich's eyes can be seen through the slits of his helmet.

Hagen moves before a jeering backdrop of Emmich's men and
attacks again, driving his axe head into Emmich's shield. As
Hagen struggles to free it he ducks a blow from Emmich's axe.
With a huge jerk, Hagen pulls the shield from Emmich's arm.
The momentum sends it flying over the heads of the men like a
giant frisbee.

Waldemar eases a pike hook into the circle and catches Hagen's
ankle. He pulls and twists and Hagen goes down.

Emmich rushes him and swings the axe, burying it in the earth beside Hagen's face as he rolls away. As Hagen scrambles to his feet, Emmich charges him with the forked end. Hagen backs against a wagon and Emmich drives the pointed tips through the mail of Hagen's shirt and into the wooden side.

Emmich draws a dagger and slashes at Hagen while he tries to tear himself free. Finally, Hagen rips the chain mail from his upper body and tears free. He swings at Emmich, and Emmich blocks. Hagen's wild swings continue until, with an overhead vertical blow, he tries to cut Emmich in half.

Emmich's axe-blade catches the wooden handle of Hagen's axe and cuts it through. Hagen's axe-head buries itself in the ground.

Hagen now holds only the wooden handle of the axe. Eerie laughter echoes from inside Emmich's helmet as he stalks Hagen for the kill.

Hagen takes a stance, holding the axe handle in both hands like a Louisville Slugger. He bobs and weaves on the balls of his feet as Emmich charges and swings. Hagen ducks under the blow. Like seasoned batter, he slams the axe handle into the chin of Emmich's helmet. The blow resounds with a metallic crunch. Emmich is lifted off his feet and hurled onto his back.

For seconds Emmich is motionless, his helmet grotesquely deformed by the force of Hagen's blow. As Hagen steps forward, the axe handle poised to finish him, Emmich moves. He struggles to his knees; blood cascades from beneath his chin and wells from the twisted eye slits of the helmet as he raises his head. Gripping the sides of the helmet Emmich makes a sudden desperate attempt to wrestle it off. A blood-choked scream gurgles from within.

Hagen remains ready to kill until a second agonized scream and sobs are heard from the helmet. Hagen lowers the axe handle and lets it drop to the ground. He turns and Emmich's men back away, opening a path for him as he walks toward the fires of the camp.

Ari falls in step with Hagen. He glances around nervously to see if Emmich's men are following as they head for their tent.

EXT. OUTSIDE EMMICH'S TENT - NIGHT

A SMITH kneels beside Emmich and with a large cutting tool snips the rivets on Emmich's helmet. It is carefully pulled away by a SURGEON and his ASSISTANT. Several teeth fall amidst clotted blood from inside. Waldemar gasps as he sees-

EMMICH'S

lower jaw and cheek are smashed to pulp. Emmich senses the extent of his disfigurement in Waldemar's look.

WALDEMAR
 He will die for this, cousin.
 Tonight in his tent.

Waldemar makes the motions of plunging a knife. Emmich speaks, his voice distorted by pain, disfigurement and rage.

EMMICH
 No,...No, death is not enough.

EXT. THE DOCKS OF BARI - NIGHT

IN A SERIES OF SHOTS

A forest of masts are reflected in torchlight along the city's docks as supplies are loaded onto boats.

Foot soldiers are marched onto the decks of barges.

Cranes swing horses through the air to the decks of livestock ships.

EXT. A LIVESTOCK BOAT - NIGHT

Hagen stands near a boat where horses are loaded. He walks his horse to a crane and calms her as she is fitted into harness.

UNDER THE EAVES OF A BUILDING

a short distance away, Emmich stands in the shadows with a Genoese merchant named VERMI. Emmich's face is barely visible as they speak and watch Hagen.

VERMI
 The big one.

EMMICH
 Is that a problem?

VERMI
 Not at all.

In the background Hagen watches as the mare is lifted by the crane and swung onto the ship.

VERMI
 Five hundred dinarii will see he's
 put on the right ship.

EMMICH
 Done.

VERMI
 (smiles)
 No quibbling over price...What
 did this man do?

Vermi looks at Emmich who has stepped into the light. His face is hideously scarred. Rough stitches and cuts, the evidence of Medieval trauma surgery still cover his jaw.

VERMI
He is the one who?...

Vermi gestures vaguely towards his own face.

EMMICH
(a slight threat)
Does it matter?

VERMI
No. To me it's just trade.

EXT. THE OPEN SEA - MORNING

A small, single masted ship about sixty feet in length runs before an easy breeze over following seas. Islands can be seen in the background.

EXT. ABOARD THE BOAT - MORNING

On the mid-deck about thirty monks, mostly young novices, are sprawled in various positions of repose. A few are sick, vomiting over the rail.

Valt, the guard from the Abbey, sleeps on a pile of rope with his crossbow nearby.

HAGEN GAZES

from the forecastle. A pair of sullen crewmen tighten a line nearby. Crossing to Ari who is asleep on the deck, Hagen rouses him.

HAGEN
Wake up.

Ari awakens with a start.

ARI
What?

HAGEN
You've made sea voyages before...

ARI
Many,...and let me tell you my friend the answer is heavy wine and sleep...Not standing at the rail waiting...

HAGEN
 (cutting him off)
 Quiet. Last night we were
 surrounded by other ships...Today
 there's none.

Ari digests this. He gets to his feet and looks around. In the background the monks begin singing a shaky madrigal as he searches the horizon which is studded with islands.

HAGEN
 Are we lost?

ARI
 Hopefully.

HAGEN
 What?

ARI
 (very concerned)
 There are worse things.

HAGEN
 Like what?

Ari sees something off on the horizon.

ARI
 Like that.

POV - ARI AND HAGEN

A lateen rigged ship slips from behind an island.

ARI

stares at the ship with real alarm.

ARI
 Moslems,...Corsairs!

Suddenly the monk's madrigal is broken off as--

THE SAIL OF THE SHIP

is lowered onto the deck by the crew.

ARI IMMEDIATELY FIGURES IT OUT

ARI
 The crew's dropping sail. The
 bastards have sold us.

HAGEN
 What?

ARI
We've been sold to Moslem slavers.

Ari charges to a pile of belongings. He pulls out swords and tosses one to Hagen.

ARI
Our only chance is to take the ship. We've got to try and out run them.

HAGEN RACES UP TO THE AFTER DECK.

Seeing him, a mate grabs a pump handle and slams him in the face, knocking him onto the lower deck. With another sailor, the man jumps him.

Hagen hurls one man over the side. The other comes again with the pump handle. Hagen grabs him and slams his skull on the rail, spilling his brains.

ARI, SWINGING WILDLY WITH HIS SWORD,

drives the crew back from the fallen sail which lies on the deck. The monks react with total confusion. Several try to pray and Ari kicks them.

ARI
Off your knees. Grab the lines.
Raise the sail!
(to Valt)
Keep them back!

VALT

cranks a bolt into his crossbow and aims at the crew.

THE MONKS

haphazardly follow Ari's commands, while Valt keeps the crew at bay with his crossbow.

ARI
The lines. Pull! Haul!

Monks stumble in every direction.

THE CORSAIR'S SHIP

is approaching fast. The SLAVERS stripped to the waist, some in turbans, stand on the forecastle ready to jump. Others are in the rigging, ready to swing aboard.

ARI, STRAINS AT

the halyard with the monks. Hand over hand, the sail inches up and begins to take wind.

THE CORSAIRS

are now within a hundred feet as the sail fills. The little merchantman heels over and starts to pick up speed.

ARI SCREAMS AT HAGEN

ARI
Steer the ship! Steer the ship!

HAGEN GRABS THE STEERING OAR

Having no idea what he's doing, he pulls it towards him. The ship swings around, the sail flapping wildly. The captain roars with laughter. Hagen grabs him by the neck.

HAGEN
Why are you laughing?

He pitches him over the stern rail. Then he shoves the steering oar in the opposite direction. The sail backwinds, gibes and tears away from the mast, falling in on the men below.

Valt is knocked down. He recovers his crossbow and aims at the Corsair ship as --

WILD SCREAMS AND ROARS OF LAUGHTER

sound from the slavers as they close on the merchantman.

A TATTOOED BERBER

on the bow shouts in some incomprehensible tongue and makes obscene gestures as a bolt from Valt's crossbow thunks into his forehead.

HAGEN RUSHES TO

fight as the Corsair ship collides with the merchantman and they swarm aboard.

EXT. THE SHIPS - DAY

IN A SERIES OF SHOTS

A Corsair, swinging to the after-deck, is beheaded by Hagen in mid-air. Others follow, swinging and jumping from the Lateener's rigging.

Ari drags himself from the tangle of sail, sword in hand to see Corsairs, like a frenzied pack of hyenas, hooting and screaming, herd the defenseless monks with their scimitars.

Valt tries to load a bolt as he is clubbed to the deck.

Ari, cornered by a hooting mob, simply lowers his sword and they grab him.

Hagen is surrounded. The slavers taunt and jab at him as he swipes at them with his sword.

A huge Berber stalks Hagen with a net while the others distract him. As Hagen lunges at them, the net is thrown. Entangled, Hagen is pulled down to the deck.

EXT. THE CORSAIR SHIP - NIGHT

The BEY of the Corsairs, a huge Turk with facial tattoos, examines his captives. The monks are fettered by their ankles to a long massive chain.

HAGEN IS CHAINED

apart. His captors eat nearby, obviously proud of their catch. At the Bey's approach Hagen is prodded with a scimitar. He twists in his chains and the Bey smiles at his men.

The Bey then crosses to Ari and Valt who are chained together. As he looks them over--

ARI SUDDENLY COMES TO LIFE

ARI
Effendi, Fil isma Al Allah,...It
is wrong I am enslaved with these
eaters of pig. I am a believer.

The Bey studies him.

BEY
For such a lie you will eat your
tongue and lips.

The Bey's bodyguard grabs Ari by the hair and pulls his upper lip as the Bey removes his dagger.

ARI
(frantic)
No. Effendi bey, I was taken
slave by the Christians. I am
a Moslem. La Illahu illa Alla.
I am a hadji, I have been to
Mecca.

The Bey pauses with his knife at Ari's lip.

BEY
And I have been to Mecca,...A
place forbidden to infidels such
as you.

ARI
Effendi, I walked seven times
around the Ka'aba and kissed the
sacred stone,...I drew water from
the well of Zam Zam,...gathered
(more)

ARI (Cont'd)
seven stones at Muzdalifa,...I
am a true believer.

The Bey reacts to Ari's claim. He pauses with the knife.

BEY
Name the first surah of the Koran.

ARI
Al Baqara.

BEY
Recite it.

Ari is stuck.

ARI
Effendi Bey, I am a common man,
not a mullah.

The Bey's knife again comes to his lips.

Ari suddenly wrestles with the string that holds his pants and they drop.

ARI
Look! Look at my organ. It is not
cut according to our faith? Look
at this magnificent turbaned head.
Compare it with the filthy shroud-
skins of these infidels and know
that I am born to the faith.

The Bey stare for a beat at Ari's cock, then smiles and speaks to the Guards.

BEY
Unchain him.

Ari clasps his hands. Speaking Arabic gratitudes, he kisses the Bey's proffered hand.

HAGEN WATCHES

as Ari is unchained and offered food by the Corsairs. He steps past Hagen without a glance.

EXT. THE PORT OF JAFFA - DAY

Amidst a melee of shouting and haranguing, Hagen, Valt and the monks, are driven by whip-bearing SLAVE HANDLERS from the Corsair ship onto the docks of Jaffa.

With liberal use of whips and clubs the new arrivals are forced through a huge barred gate into a waterfront building.

EXT. THE SLAVE PENS - DAY

The men are herded into the center of a courtyard by guards shouting at them in Arabic.

HAGEN LOOKS AROUND.

The courtyard is surrounded by cells in which people can be seen. Groups of turbaned men converse as they examine pods of slaves, men of all races who have been brought from the cells into the courtyard for inspection.

In one section of the courtyard women sit chained under the shade of thatched eaves. Most are black, a few of them hold small children. A stately tribal woman, ornamented with scars, stands nude while prospective buyers examine her.

A WHIP CRACKS ON HAGEN'S

back. He spins and leaps at the man but four huge GUARDS beat him back with clubs. Subdued by overwhelming force, he is driven with others toward a row of cells.

INT. THE CELLS - NIGHT

Hagen shares a crowded cell with Valt and the monks. The evening prayer from a distant mosque blends with the moans and weeping of the slave pens.

After several seconds of sitting still, Hagen suddenly yanks at his chains, trying to pull the ring from the wall or break the manacles on his wrists. Valt is watching him.

VALT

You are blessed, Hagen. Make God deliver us.

Hagen says nothing. A MONK chimes in.

MONK

Yes, you bear the sign.

A general murmur of appeals begins. Directed at Hagen from all the monks.

HAGEN

Quiet!...Stop your mewling!

The monks are silent for a beat then one starts to pray in Latin. Hagen shoves the man down with his foot.

HAGEN

And stop your damned praying!

The monks are silent.

EXT. THE SLAVE COURTYARD - DAY

A group of SERVANTS place a heavy table in the center of the courtyard under the supervision of a SURGEON and his ASSISTANT, who are dressed in white but wear red leather aprons.

INT. THE CELL - DAY

Hagen watches them through the bars.

POV HAGEN

The surgeon's assistant fans the coals in a small brassiere and places a brass pot over them to boil. The surgeon opens a bag and begins removing knives. Testing the edges, he hones them on a stone. The attendant shoos at several curious chickens that peck around the legs of the table.

A short distance away four women knead fresh cow dung while two other unwind and fold rolls of raw cotton. Beside them, servants dig a ditch, like a very shallow grave, in the sand of the courtyard.

INT./EXT. THE CELL - DAY

Valt cranes to see as the surgeon and a SLAVE DEALER, who is a well dressed Arab of obvious authority, consult in the courtyard.

VALT
What are they doing?

HAGEN
I don't know.

The slave dealer sends four guards toward the cell.

VALT
(nervous, to the monks)
Does any one know what they're doing?

The guards enter the cell. Without a word they start unlocking Valt whose confusion quickly mounts to terror. He struggles as he is pulled from the cell.

VALT
No, ...No.

HAGEN WATCHES AS

Valt is dragged across the courtyard toward the table.

VALT IS PULLED DOWN

onto the table. His hands are slipped into the pillory above his head. His legs are forced over the edge and strapped to the legs.

THE MONKS

view this with nervous curiosity.

THE SURGEON

steps between Valt's bare legs and studies his groin for a beat. Then, he reaches down, gently lifts Valt's genitals, and cuts them away with a curved knife that resembles a linoleum cutter.

Valt looses a deep, agonized scream.

INT. THE CELL - DAY

Valt's continuing cries of agony cut through the cell. As the monks fight their chains, Hagen stares transfixed in horror as-

BLOOD POURS DOWN

Valt's thighs and calves onto the dust of the compound. The surgeon's hands plop an indistinguishable mass of bloody flesh into a large clay bowl. With his slippered foot he kicks away a curious dog.

THE SURGEON'S ASSISTANT

hands him a glowing cautery which he applies to the veins. Then, in a quick professional move, the assistant swabs Valt's groin with hot oily pitch.

A FOUNTAIN OF VOMIT SPEWS FROM VALT'S MOUTH,

choking and gagging him as he screams.

HAGEN STARES

through the bars. Behind him the monks are hysterical; bawling, imploring the Lord for mercy now that their fate has become obvious.

VALT IS LIFTED

from the table. He twitches, convulsing as he is dragged across the courtyard and laid on a mat by the women. Two of them begin packing his groin with fresh cow dung while the others prepare to wrap him with cotton.

HAGEN WINDS

his wrist-chain several times around his hand. He bellows as with all his strength he tries to break it. Blood runs from his palm. The cell door opens and four GUARDS enter carrying a long staff with a noose of chain. Slipping it over Hagen's neck they twist until they choke him into submission. When he is nearly faint, they pull him from the cell.

POV HAGEN

Hagen's eyes sweep the compound gathering impressionistic images...Chickens peck at the blood beneath the table. The cur sniffs the clay pot containing Valt's manhood. Valt writhes and twists in agony as, wrapped in cotton, he is lowered into the ditch and buried up to his chest.

EXT. THE COURTYARD - DAY

Held by six struggling guards, Hagen twists and fights as he is pulled to the table. Finally again choked to submission by the chain, he is forced down.

THE WOODEN PILLORY

locks over his wrist.

HIS LEGS ARE SPREAD

and his ankles strapped to the heavy legs of the table.

THE SURGEON LOOKS ON

with totally professional calm, sharpening his knife as;

HAGEN'S PANTS

are pulled away. He writhes and the heavy table groans with stress as more restraints are put on him.

The surgeon wipes the knife clean with a white cloth.

THE ASSISTANT LIFTS

the boiling pitch from the fire and places the swab in it. He lifts the cauterizer which glows red. All is ready.

HAGEN ROARS AS THE SURGEON

steps between his legs and looks down at his genitals.

HAGEN TWISTS HIS HEAD

against the vomit slick table top. He looks down as-

THE SURGEON

gently lifts the genitalia and lowers the knife. Suddenly there is a shout from OFF SCREEN in Arabic. The surgeon pauses and looks around.

HAGEN STRAINS

to turn his head to the side. He sees...

A GROUP OF MEN

in Arab clothes approach. One of them is Ari who is talking a mile a minute.

ARI
Don't you understand? I serve the Emir Ibn Khaldun. He has heard of this man, of his size, his strength.

The slave dealer argues with Ari.

SLAVE DEALER
But the Emir must understand...

They have stepped close to the table. Ari takes a quick look at Hagen's crotch with obvious relief.

SLAVE DEALER
...this man's fate was sealed in Genoa, ...Our merchant there was handsomely paid by a French noble to have him rendered a eunuch before being sold.

ARI
You tell me that some deceit made between Infidels in Genoa, is to be honored over the wishes of a Moslem Prince?

SLAVE DEALER
No, but...

HAGEN TWISTS HIS HEAD

to follow Ari as he walks around the table inspecting him.

ARI
The Emir seeks a stallion not a gelding. I am sent from Jerusalem, to purchase this man intact.

The slave dealer glances down at Hagen. He walks slowly around the table followed by Ari. The surgeon and his assistant stand waiting.

SLAVE DEALER
(shrugs agreement)
As you say, why honor an agreement made between infidels.

Ari gives Hagen a secret wink then turns to the slave dealer and removes a purse from this belt.

ARI
A purse of Turkish Gold.

The slave dealer extends his hand. His finger tip lightly touches the bottom of the purse, weighing it.

SLAVE DEALER
Double this and he's yours.

ARI
An outrage. Roll him away from his balls.

Ari turns on his heel and starts away. Hagen reacts with a shout. "No!" The slave dealer pursues Ari.

HAGEN CRANES

to see them where they argue a short distance away.

ARI AND THE SLAVE DEALER

ARI
Tell me a price that's not an insult...

SLAVE DEALER
I must be compensated. I will have discord from the Genoese.

Ari extends the purse.

ARI
This for the slave...

Two gold coins appear like magic in the fingers of Ari's hand.

ARI
And these for your discord.

The slave dealer shrugs a grudging acceptance.

HAGEN,

seeing the slave dealer and Ari exchanging "Salaams" heaves a huge sigh of relief.

EXT. THE SLAVE PENS - DAY

Surrounded by guards, Hagen follows Ari to a cart in front of the slave pens. He looks up to see AMBU, a huge African with tribal scars looking down at him suspiciously.

Ambu signals him into the cart. Hagen climbs up and Ambu indicates a pile of straw where Hagen settles. Ari climbs up beside an Arab driver and signals him to go.

THE CART ROLLS

away from the slave pens. The HORRIBLE CRY of another eunuch rends the air.

HAGEN

looks back as the wagon carries him off.

EXT. A WELL OUTSIDE THE TOWN - DAY

The driver waters the cart horses. Ari turns and speaks to Ambu.

ARI

Ambu, get water for the Frank.

Ambu doesn't seem to like the idea, but he does as ordered.

HAGEN

(indicating Ambu)

Who is he?

ARI

Ambu, the chief slave of Emir Ibn Khaldun's guard. He will be your trainer.

HAGEN

My trainer?

ARI

You'll be trained for the personal body guard.

HAGEN

I'm not going to be a slave.

ARI

Try to appreciate what I've done. My uncle is counselor to Ibn Khaldun. With great effort I persuaded him to buy you.

Hagen glares at Ari.

HAGEN

All I need is a horse and sword.

ARI

What chance would you have? You're a Frank in the Moslem world. They'd have you back in the slave pens before the morning cock crows. This time they'd...

Ari hooks his finger and makes a gesture of castrating Hagen. Ari speaks quickly as Ambu returns from the well.

ARI
 The Crusaders have besieged
 Antioch. When it falls they'll
 march on Jerusalem. Then there
 will be a chance for escape. For
 now, put your faith in Allah the
 merciful and compassionate and
 try to behave.

HAGEN
 Allah? Are you really a Moslem?

Ari speaks quickly as Ambu reaches the wagon.

ARI
 I blend with my surroundings.
 You should do the same.

Ambu puts a bucket of water in front of Hagen. He makes a
 gesture of drinking. Hagen glares at him for a beat then cups
 his hand and drinks.

EXT. THE ROAD - DUSK

The wagon rumbles along a pitted road under the blistering sun.
 Parched and sweaty, Hagen faces backwards. Ambu turns around
 and speaks to him.

AMBU
 Christian, behold the holy city
 of al-Quds, sacred to all Muslims.

HAGEN
 What do I care?

ARI
 I believe you infidels call it
 Jerusalem.

Now Hagen is interested. He turns and stands to get a good
 view.

HAGEN'S POV: JERUSALEM

The small city covers a hilltop in a landscape of barren and
 rocky terrain. Minarets soar above the stone battlements. The
 setting sun reflects off the Dome of the Rock.

HAGEN

continues to stare, unexpectedly affected, as the cart trundles
 down the road toward the distant city.

EXT. THE STREETS OF JERUSALEM - NIGHT

By night the torchlit streets swarm with life. The city is a
 true melange of three faiths.

A MUEZZIN calls the evening prayer from a minaret. Faithful MOSLEMS kneel on prayer rugs. Hagen gazes from the cart as they pass the WAILING WALL where JEWS stand and pray.

HAGEN
Jews can worship here?

ARI
Of course. Christians as well.

Ari points to an ancient church with a strange dome shaped like a fool's cap.

ARI
Here is the church where the True
Cross is kept. Does it not look
familiar...
(turns to Hagen)
Like in a dream?

As Hagen gazes up at the famous church, a candle-bearing procession of ORTHODOX MONKS crosses their path, led by THEODOSIUS, a long-bearded patriarch. For an instant, the piercing eyes of Theodosius fix on Hagen as though he knows him from another time and place.

Hagen studies the old monk, troubled by a sense of deja-vu.

EXT. A JERUSALEM STREET - EMIR IBN KHALDUN'S PALACE - NIGHT

The cart enters a small courtyard teeming with activity. Horses are groomed and tended. A spit-roasted lamb is turned over an open fire. Goats mill in pens awaiting slaughter. Ropes, hung with clothes, crisscross above. Most of the people are Africans. Their laughter, the chant of women pounding millet flour, and the general tone suggests a native village.

TWO AFRICAN GUARDS,

approaching Ambu in stature, greet Ambu. Hagen is beckoned down from the wagon and they look him over, joking with Ambu in their native tongue.

Ari is called by his Uncle YACUB, an elderly man who stands on a balcony above.

YACUB
Ari,...

Ari whispers to Hagen.

ARI
My uncle is calling me to the
palace.
(his looks plead)
Don't make trouble, they'll whip
you.

Ari moves away and Hagen is led toward the slave quarters.

EXT. A PALACE STAIRWAY - NIGHT

Ari climbs a short flight of stairs to where his uncle is waiting. His uncle looks down as Hagen is led inside.

YACUB

What did you pay for him?

ARI

Using the skills you taught me,
I paid only a just price.

Knowing Ari's cons, his uncle rolls his eyes and turns away.

YACUB

God forbid your Frank escapes.
It will be our necks.

ARI

I have spoken with him. He is
content and willing to serve.

INT. IBN KHALDUN'S SLAVE QUARTERS - NIGHT

With a sudden explosion of force, Hagen snatches the lead chain from Ambu's guard. The other guard tries to grab him and Hagen slams him back against the wall. But he makes no attempt to run. Facing Ambu, who looms in front of him ready to take him on, Hagen speaks reasonably.

HAGEN

I won't be led like a dog. Point
the way, I'll follow.

Ambu motions the guards back and beckons Hagen to follow. They start down a hallway.

Ambu unlocks a barred door. Hagen enters a hallway with rooms along the sides. Slaves and their families live here. Food is cooked in the hall, babies cry and curious children peer from the doorways.

A pair of African women stare curiously at Hagen, sharing joke in their native tongue.

Hagen is led to a small room with no door. Ambu whispers to the men and they remove Hagen's chains. Ambu then points to the room and with his palms clasped, make a gesture of sleep. Hagen nods and enters.

INT. HAGEN'S ROOM - NIGHT

Hagen crosses to a bed made of woven mat and sits down. He gazes up at the window. A crescent moon shines through the bars. The vague sound of music and a girl's laughter drifts to Hagen's solitude from somewhere in the palace.

INT. IBN KHALDUN'S PALACE - DAY

CLOSE ON: A SMALL TREE MADE OF JEWELS AND JADE.

Countless mechanical birds, rendered in enamels and precious gems, bob and move on their perches as they sing.

A CARACAL CAT

with an emerald studded collar watches the birds with its large green eyes while a delicate feminine hand strokes its head. A camera move reveals a BEAUTIFUL GIRL in her mid-twenties who strokes the animal. Her large liquid eyes gazing languidly from behind a silken veil.

THE TREE OF BIRDS

stands on a small table attended by an elegantly attired Nubian boy of perhaps ten. AL-AFDAL, a somewhat fey courtier in Damascene dress, stands to one side displaying the gift for the benefit of the girl and her father IBN KHALDUN.

AL-AFDAL

Duqaq lives in the hope this gift
will entertain you and your
daughter.

Seated beside his daughter on a divan that overlooks a magnificent garden, Ibn Khaldun is perhaps sixty. His expression reflects wisdom graced with humor. His dress is simple, yet elegant, subtle colors rendered in the finest cloth.

IBN KHALDUN

A lovely gift, is it not, Leila?

LEILA nods a tacit agreement. Al-Afdal steps forward and opens the ivory and gold covers of a small painting that depicts a ruler of obese dimensions, seated on a jewel encrusted throne.

LEILA

It is clever. But I prefer the
songs of real birds; songs meant
to inspire happiness and not
obligation.

Al-Afdal seems slightly stung, but covers. He speaks as he places the portrait on a small table facing Leila.

AL-AFDAL

Keep this likeness that you may
know Duqaq. That you take even
the slightest pleasure in his
humble gift will give him great
joy.

Al-Afdal salaams and leaves. Leila snatches away her veil and kicks the miniature portrait onto the floor. Her anger only enhances her disturbing beauty.

IBN KHALDUN
I have seen subtler rejections.

LEILA
Duqaq is a slug. His amorous intentions are an insult. I wouldn't marry the man if he sent me the pyramids.

IBN KHALDUN
Duqaq rules only Damascus. The pyramids would have to come from the caliph of Cairo.

LEILA
He's equally loathsome. Don't encourage him.

Khaldun smiles at her.

IBN KHALDUN
And whom should I encourage?

LEILA
When I know, you'll know.

INT. IBN KHALDUN'S PALACE - DUSK

Hagen, cleaned up and wearing baggy Arab style pants and a silk vest, walks with Ari and Ambu through a beautiful tiled courtyard.

His eyes scan the graceful beauty of Khaldun's palace. As they pass an alabaster fountain they are watched by a magnificent Argus pheasant in full display.

INT. IBN KHALDUN'S OFFICES - NIGHT

Hagen enters with Ari and Ambu. The room is large and filled with shelves of books. Ari's uncle is gazing through a bronze instrument for measuring the positions of stars at an open window. He approaches and looks Hagen up and down.

YACUB
He has an odd smell. Do they bathe?

ARI
Not as often as we, uncle.

Ibn Khaldun enters. Ari, Yacub and Ambu salaam at his approach.

ARI
My Lord, this is the Frank...He is called Hagen.

Yacub notes that Hagen makes no move.

YACUB

Bow to your master, the emir Ibn
Khalidun, Lord of this palace.

Hagen manages a sullen barely noticeable nod as Ibn Khalidun
faces him.

IBN KHALDUN

I'm told you were part of the
Christian army that now invades
our lands.

ARI

Pressed into arms, my lord. He
had no choice.

IBN KHALDUN

Let him speak. I would have al-
Hagen tell what drives these men.
Is it truly a war about shrines?

HAGEN

For a few.

IBN KHALDUN

And for you?

Hagen stares at Ibn Khalidun for a beat.

HAGEN

I came for the gold that hangs
around your neck.

Ibn Khalidun smiles, but Yacub reacts with offense.

YACUB

Barbarian, you'll feel the whip
for speaking thus to your emir!

Yacub snaps his fingers, signaling a guard forward.

IBN KHALDUN

No, Yacub. I prefer a man who
states his mind over one who's
been whipped into skillful deceit.
(to Ambu)

Have his training begin at once.

Ambu salaams and Hagen makes a half-hearted effort. They leave.

YACUB

You trust this creature?

IBN KHALDUN

Not yet, but perhaps I will.

EXT. IBN KHALDUN'S PALACE - A COURTYARD - DAY

Hagen stands in a courtyard wearing only a loin cloth. Ambu hands him a Masai spear and a shield of rhino hide.

He fits the shield over Hagen's arm and gives him the spear. Ambu arms himself with the same weapons. Facing Hagen he drums the spear against the shield, making an alarming noise that ends with a wild shout. He indicates that Hagen should try the same.

Hagen drums awkwardly on the shield and shouts. Ambu laughs. Muttering in his own language, he adjusts Hagen's hold on the spear and gestures him to try again.

INT. IBN KHALDUN'S PALACE - A CORRIDOR - DAY

The tingling of bangles and the whisper of bare feet on marble floors announce the appearance of Leila and her slave SHEBA, a lovely Ethiopian. They stop at a corner and shush each other. Peering around, Sheba sees a BLACK EUNUCH, dozing against the opposite wall.

SHEBA

Shhhh, the eunuch is almost asleep.

LEILA

Why should I sneak from the harem to see a slave? Why is he so special?

SHEBA

You must see him. These Franks are a race of giants.

Sheba checks the Eunuch who has begun to snore. Stifling giggles the girls sneak past and race up a flight of stairs.

EXT. KHALDUN'S PALACE - A COURTYARD - DAY

The spear rattles against Ambu's shield.

Facing him, Hagen too has mastered the spear rattle.

AMBU, increases the pitch, then with a wild scream charges.

HAGEN

blocks the charge and swings at Ambu, who leaps, raising both feet to allow the spear to swish underneath. He brings the spear down and Hagen blocks it, then leaps back. Now Hagen faces him, rattling his own spear against the shield.

INT. A TOWER ROOM - DAY

Leila stands beside Sheba, gazing down at Hagen through an ornately latticed window.

SHEBA
See, a monster.

THE COMBAT TRAINING

Hagen charges, feints and trips Ambu. As Ambu goes down, he vaults on his hands and kicks Hagen with the soles of both feet. Hagen falls in a cloud of dust. He rises and Ambu throws down his shield and spear. A short charge and they are locked in a wrestling grip, pitting their strength, one against the other.

Hagen gets a leg behind Ambu and throws him down.

Both men laugh as Hagen extends a hand and helps him up.

LEILA,

peers intently at Hagen.

HAGEN AND AMBU

step under a shade and are handed buckets by other slaves. Hagen dumps water over his body and pulls away his loin cloth to wash himself.

LEILA AND SHEBA,

faces pressed to the window, exchange a brief glance and stifle the urge to giggle.

HAGEN

Now rinses himself with another bucket. As he towels off, his look goes to the tower window.

POV HAGEN - THE TOWER

Leila and Sheba are unaware that their silhouettes are visible in the backlight.

HAGEN

gazes hard, his eyes climbing the silhouetted form of Leila until he meets her gaze.

LEILA'S LARGE EYES

stare back at him.

HAGEN'S

expression softens.

LEILA MOVES SUDDENLY BACK

as if Hagen's look carried some kind of electrical charge. Sheba looks at her curiously.

SHEBA

What?

Leila stares ahead, lost in a whirlwind of forbidden thoughts.

HAGEN

remains staring as Leila's figure disappears into the shadows of the tower. He ventures a trace of a smile.

EXT. A BATTLEGROUND - OUTSIDE THE WALLS OF ANTIOCH - DUSK

The siege is over. The city has fallen to the Crusaders. Fires burn along the battlements. Mounted knights thunder past rows of stakes set outside the walls upon which Moslems are impaled.

SUPERIMPOSE TITLE: ANTIOCH.

EXT. THE STREETS OF ANTIOCH - DAY

Common soldiers rage through streets looting the houses in search of food.

A group of soldiers wander a deserted market place. Violent fighting breaks out as they search desperately through empty wheat bins.

Foot soldiers fight over a half empty bag of grain. One bludgeons the other and takes the bag, stuffing raw grain into his mouth before others can take it away. Another scoops up a rat from inside a grain barrel and runs with it before the other can take it away.

In the streets a pack of feral dogs feed on the rotting corpse of a woman. Suddenly a group of soldiers emerge from a side street. Seeing the pack of dogs the soldiers rush them. One is cornered and caught by the soldiers. He is held, yelping in terror as they begin butchering him.

EXT. ATOP THE WALLS OF ANTIOCH - DAY

Emmich and Waldemar walk above a courtyard where pathetic groups of Moslem women and children huddle around small fires.

WALDEMAR

A city stripped of food...Our
victory feast will be on jackal
and carrion crow.

Emmich looks down as several women, some with infants in their arms, extend their hands and beg for food.

EMMICH

I see no shortage of meat in
Antioch. I see ewes that carry
ample flesh and tender lambs still
fattening at the nipple.

Waldemar almost laughs at the absurdity of the idea.

WALDEMAR
The Moslem civilians?

EMMICH
Cut into strips, salted and
dried, ...who would know or care?

WALDEMAR
Godfrey would care.

EMMICH
While Godfrey waits on the coast
for grain ships a starving army
will prefer my stew to his
promises.

Waldemar gazes down into the courtyard then he looks at Emmich and shrugs. "Why not?"

EXT. THE CRUSADER CAMP - DUSK

Steam wafts from huge pots of stew that boil over cook fires as the hungry men of the crusader army wait in restless lines to be fed. Order is maintained by club-wielding sergeants.

THROUGH THE SMOKE OF THE COOK FIRES

Godfrey, among a group of mounted knights, returns from his mission to find food. They are weary and filthy with the dirt of travel. A few camels trail them with sacks of grain.

GODFREY

catches the scent drifting from the stew pots. He exchanges a look with his men and rides ahead.

A STEW POT IS STIRRED.

As a ladle is lifted to serve a crowd of soldiers a human jawbone is visible, surfacing for an instant from the depths of the gruel.

GODFREY,

looking into the pot covers his mouth, fighting a sudden wave of nausea.

INT. A BURNED-OUT BYZANTINE CHURCH - DAY

Church bells CLANG sourly. CLOSE ON A GOLD CROSS in shafts of sunlight gliding through clouds of incense smoke. It tops a staff carried by the Hermit Monk who leads a procession of Crusader knights to an altar.

ADHEMAR (V.O.)
 Antioch, wherein preached St.
 Peter and St. Paul, is restored
 to Christ.

Godfrey in chain armor walks at the lead with a handful of his men. Emmich is immediately behind with Ivo and Waldemar. They are followed by a congregation of knights.

Adhemar stands before the makeshift altar. Icons have been set up over Arab calligraphy that can still be seen on the walls. He faces the assemblage of knights who have reached the front of the church.

ADHEMAR
 Months of siege are now rewarded
 by peace and the restoration of
 order. Let us now pray for
 further victories.

Godfrey rises.

GODFREY
 Bishop! How can our prayers be
 answered until we purge ourselves
 of those who have committed
 heinous sins.

ADHEMAR
 Count Godfrey, this is not the
 time nor place for such
 declarations.

GODFREY
 I believe God has limits to what
 he allows in his name. What he
 has done to innocent civilians...

Godfrey points at Emmich.

GODFREY
 ...He must be disavowed of his
 oaths and cast from this crusade.

There is a chorus of "No's" from the knights and from the rank and file. Baldwin of Chartres steps forward.

BALDWIN
 Without Emmich we'd have starved.

Sensing the support of those gathered, including knights like Baldwin formerly loyal to Godfrey, Emmich faces his accuser.

EMMICH
 Can you deny that cruel acts are
 a fact of war?
 (more)

EMMICH (Cont'd)
 We ravage lands and leave death
 and destruction, yet we are
 favored with victory. Is it not
 proof that because our goal is
 just, the Lord forgives our
 actions?

There are shouts from the men "Yes!...The Lord
 forgives,...Emmich has fought bravely!" Godfrey pushes to
 Adhemar.

GODFREY
 (whispers)
 Denounce his savagery. Cast him
 from us.

ADHEMAR
 We can't afford to lose him. We
 can't afford to fail.

Adhemar raises his hand to quiet the men.

ADHEMAR
 Silence. The Lord alone will
 judge us...If we restore Jerusalem
 to his kingdom, God will forgive
 what we have done for his cause.

Cheers. Emmich turn with his fist raised and shouts.

EMMICH
 Hear that, men? Whatever we do
 he'll forgive us!

Adhemar turns, avoiding Godfrey's look, and resumes the mass.
 From cheers and shouts of "Death to the Moslem filth," the
 knights go to bended knees and muttered prayers.

INT. THE GOVERNOR'S BATHS - JERUSALEM - DAY

In a magnificent tiled courtyard the elite of Jerusalem relax
 beside the pool where they have bathed. Servants attend them
 with offerings of fruit and delicacies.

IFTIKHAR, the mousy little governor of Jerusalem, paces before
 them.

IFTIKHAR
 ...I have twenty thousand Askaris
 to defend the walls, and at
 Antioch they had twice that
 number.

DJARVAT, thin and dark with intense burning eyes, stands beside
 the pool, draped in the black robes of a fundamentalist mullah.
 He listens as Iftikhar speaks to Ibn Khaldun.

IFTIKHAR

Emir Khaldun, you are skilled in warfare. Advise us. Draft a plan for our defense.

DJARVAT

Find a means to slaughter these infidels before their stench defiles our shrines.

Ibn Khaldun smiles at Djarvat's fiery rhetoric.

IBN KHALDUN

Our horsemen and archers are superior to theirs. If it is to be a battle we should meet them in the field.

IFTIKHAR

But the cost of mounting such a force...

AKIVA, an elderly Rabbi, speaks from among a group of Jewish elders.

AKIVA

The people of Jerusalem cannot bear the burden of more taxes.

There is some disgruntled mumbling among the gathering. Djarvat crosses toward a repulsive, elephantine pudding of a man who reclines near a large tray of sweets. He is DUQAQ of Damascus, and his portrait did not begin to suggest his depravity. His retainer al-Afdal stands nearby.

DJARVAT

Our gracious friend Duqaq commands an army of horsemen and archers...Only a day's ride away.

Duqaq licks a sweet from his fingers as he faces Djarvat.

DUQAQ

The soldiers of Damascus are only for the defense of Damascus.

DJARVAT

The pillage of Moslem shrines by infidels means nothing to you?

DUQAQ

(a smug smile)

Djarvat, as you mullahs are fond of reminding me, I am not a pious man.

(more)

DUQAQ (Cont'd)
 (he searches for another
 sweet as he speaks)
 But there is something that might
 entice me to defend Jerusalem.
 Emir Khaldun knows of my desire.

The men exchange glances as if caught by a riddle.

IBN KHALDUN
 He means my daughter, Leila.

IFTIKHAR
 Then give her, and blessed by the
 union.

The others chime in. "Yes, give him the girl."

IBN KHALDUN
 I have promised my daughter that
 in marriage her will is to be her
 own.

DJARVAT
 No woman's will is her own.

Duqaq appears insulted. There is a general grumbling from those
 assembled.

DJARVAT
 For a daughter's pride are we to
 bear desecration of our faith?

IBN KHALDUN
 Christians coming to pray will
 not desecrate Islam. We should
 examine the possibility of a
 truce.

IFTIKHAR
 These are barbarians. War is
 inevitable.

IBN KHALDUN
 Of the wars I've fought none were
 inevitable, ...All were
 regrettable.

Ibn Khaldun faces the others and continues.

IBN KHALDUN
 We of this city are wise in the
 skills of negotiation and
 compromise. We have played
 conquerors before, ...as others
 play chess.

(more)

IBN KHALDUN (Cont'd)

These Christians are exhausted by their long struggles, weakened by their journey, beset with quarrels and intrigues,...I say we meet them and offer peace.

IFTIKHAR

Let them enter the city without a fight?

IBN KHALDUN

Enter unarmed as pilgrims, to worship. By the Prophet's law, all faiths worship here.

AKIVA

...We are all the children of Abraham. We Jews support an effort for peace.

Djarvat laughs out loud in mockery.

DJARVAT

You Jews will die with this coward by the same Christian sword. Allah calls for victory, not compromise with infidels.

Djarvat and his following walk away. There is a beat of silence then Iftikhar speaks.

IFTIKHAR

Go, Ibn Khaldun,...Save us if you can.

INT. THE SLAVE QUARTERS - NIGHT

In his small room, Hagen lies on his bed awake. A breeze stirs, and he hears a girl's laughter. He turns, trying to settle into sleep, but the creak of a door hinge moving in the wind distracts him. After a few seconds, he rises.

Stepping to the door, Hagen looks down a hallway and sees...

POV HAGEN

The barred door to the outside is open. It moves lightly in the breeze.

HAGEN

stares for a beat then ducks back into his room. He pulls on his pants, removes a make-shift rope from his mattress and stuffs it in his shirt.

EXT. A COURTYARD NEAR THE STABLES - NIGHT

Hagen exits the slave quarters and moves through the shadows. After glancing up at the walls surrounding the slave compound, he climbs a tree and onto a roof.

EXT. THE PALACE ROOF - NIGHT

Pigeons flutter nervously, a few break into flight as Hagen passes a huge loft.

Hagen looks toward a far wall which overlooks the landscape surrounding the city. He moves over the confusion of parapets and corbeled roofs that make up the palace.

His foot dislodges a section of brick that falls into a courtyard. He freezes then moves on.

He moves along a ledge under a series of windows.

POV HAGEN

Hagen's view is directly down into the harem; the night is warm and three beautiful odalisques, nearly nude, sleep on divans around a fountain. A small antelope wanders among them nibbling left-overs from trays of fruit.

HAGEN

momentarily loses his drive to escape as he gazes at the sleeping forms. He moves to another window a short distance away and peers in.

POV HAGEN

Leila, beneath a silken gauze, lies asleep on her bed in the middle of a room of white marble inlaid with precious stones. The image is like a Persian miniature of arresting sensual beauty.

HAGEN

is caught. He stares at Leila captivated.

LEILA

sighs and turns in her sleep as she dreams. Her small delicate hands caress her shoulders, then she is still again.

HAGEN SEES

a small balcony on a lower level that opens into Leila's room. After a moment of indecision, he climbs down a ledge and makes his way towards it. When he reaches it he peers inside.

ANGLE - LEILA'S ROOM

The bed is empty. As Hagen's eyes search the room, Leila's face suddenly appears from behind a curtain directly in front of him. Her dark eyes stare into his.

Hagen's eyes quickly scan her body then return to her face. His eyes lock on hers and for seconds neither moves. She studies him quickly as though committing his face to her memory. Then she slowly closes a shutter that separates them.

Hagen is tempted to reach forward and tear away the flimsy ornately carved wood, but instead he backs away.

EXT. THE ROOF - NIGHT

Climbing to the edge of the palace, Hagen gazes out at the freedom which lies beyond. A length of his makeshift rope dangles from his shirt as he ponders escape. The wind stirs his hair and his gaze is drawn back toward Leila's room.

ANGLE LEILA'S BALCONY WINDOW

Two large eyes watch Hagen.

INT. THE SLAVE QUARTERS - NIGHT

Hagen re-enters the slave quarters and walks toward his room.

INT. HAGEN'S ROOM - NIGHT

Hagen hurls himself down on his bed. For several seconds he lays on his back staring at the ceiling, then he rolls over and faces the wall trying to shut Leila out of his thoughts.

As he tries for sleep a small hand gently touches his shoulder. Hagen turns quickly and sees--

SHEBA

Leila's slave is smiling at him. Hagen is dumbstruck.

SHEBA

Al-Hagen, the princess Leila sent me.

HAGEN

The princess sent you?...

SHEBA

(giggles)

Yes,...to be with you...she says you are lonely. That you wander like a tomcat in the night. Is it not so?

Hagen can't believe his eyes. She is like a vision.

HAGEN
Who are you?

SHEBA
I am Sheba. I am an odalisque.

Hagen doesn't know the word. Sheba laughs lightly.

SHEBA
I am schooled in the way of
pleasure, al-Hagen. The princess
knows that I too am sometimes very
lonely...And she has curiosity
about you.

HAGEN
Curiosity?

SHEBA
It is only through me that she
can know of men,...by what I say
of the way you feel,...

Sheba begins touching Hagen's body.

SHEBA
Of your strength,...Are you sorry
she has curiosity about you?

Hagen reaches out and touches her bare arm with his fingertips.

HAGEN
No.

Sheba smiles.

SHEBA
May I stay with you? If you send
me away the princess will weep.

HAGEN
And if you stay, she will be
happy.

SHEBA
Yes. She would hear of our
pleasure and rejoice in it.

HAGEN
You people are very different from
us.

SHEBA
Perhaps not so different as you
think.

He draws Sheba's face to his own and gives her a gentle kiss. Her hands begin a sensual caressing of his body that immediately arouses his desire.

EXT. THE ENTRANCE COURTYARD - DAY

The courtyard is filled with tumultuous activity. On one side, Ibn Khaldun's MILITARY COLOR GUARD has assembled on horseback, surrounded by silken flags covered with Arabic scripture.

On the other side, preparations for a CARAVAN are also underway. Horses and camels are saddled and loaded with supplies. A sumptuous litter (howdah) is strapped to the back of a camel. Ambu preps ten of Ibn Khaldun's guards for the journey.

INT. A STAIRWAY - DAY

Hagen finishes putting on his uniform as he approaches the bustling courtyard. He sees Ari standing by a column and stands beside him, looking straight ahead.

HAGEN
What's happening?

ARI
The Crusade is marching on
Jerusalem.

Hagen nods toward the opulent howdah where Ibn Khaldun, wearing light armor, helps Leila inside.

HAGEN
Where is he sending the princess?

ARI
To his brother's estate near
Nablus. Duqaq of Demascus still
wants her as his wife. Ibn
Khaldun fears she might be taken
while he is away.

Ari takes Hagen aside and speaks in a whisper.

ARI
I persuaded him that you should
be part of the guard. You know
what that means?

HAGEN
Escape.

ARI
(nods)
I ask that you first deliver her
to safety, ...The man trusts me.
Deceiving him does not come easy.

Hagen nods agreement.

ARI
Then ride North. It's said the
Crusaders now cover the land like
locusts.

HAGEN
And you?

ARI
I am to be part of Ibn Khaldun's
peace mission to the Crusaders.

HAGEN
Peace mission? He's a fool.

ARI
(shrugs)
...He's a victim of noble
character.

HAGEN
And when his noble character gets
him killed, what about you?

ARI
(brightens)
With you on one side and me on
the other, how can we lose? -- Good
luck, Hagen.

Ari grabs him and gives him a kiss. Hagen hugs him back, not fighting it.

EXT. A TRAIL INTO THE MOUNTAINS - DAY

The small caravan of twenty horses winds up a trail leaving Jerusalem in the background. Hagen, wearing the Islamic style armor, rides among ten mounted guards with Ambu at the lead.

Four camels are at the center of the caravan. Two are pack animals; one carries a large cage of homing pigeons; and the fourth carries the howdah in which Leila rides with Sheba.

HAGEN CANTERS UP

from the rear and rides alongside the howdah.

INT. THE HOWDAH - DAY

Through a gap in the tapestries that cover the howdah, Leila watches Hagen.

POV LEILA

Hagen is in profile; his face framed by the ornate Moslem helmet and shining neck guard of chain. His muscular arms are bare from the shoulder and flex as he holds the reins.

LEILA WATCHES HIM FOR SEVERAL SECONDS.

Somehow feelings her gaze, Hagen turns and their eyes meet for an instant. Then he spurs his horse ahead.

Leila looks at Sheba who has seen her looking at him. Sheba smiles.

LEILA
You lucky little devil.

They both laugh.

SHEBA
Does the princess envy the odalisque?

LEILA
(whispers, gently teasing)
The princess envies the freedom of her slave. Was he...?

SHEBA
He released the desire in his flesh, but not in his heart. He will still wander in the night.

Leila says nothing. She turns her head and gazes out through the opening in the howdah.

EXT. A CAMP - NIGHT

Gnawing a lamb bone, Hagen walks from the guards who laugh and joke in their native African tongue. He passes Leila's tent where her shadow moves in the light of a lantern.

HAGEN CLIMBS ROCKS

above the camp and settles to eat. Picking at his bone he looks down and sees--

THE REAR OF LEILA'S TENT.

The crisp shadow of Leila's nude form stands in the center. She laughs, reacting to the cold water of a sponge bath.

HAGEN

smiles and pitches away the lamb.

INT. LEILA'S TENT - NIGHT

As Sheba toys with the homing pigeons, Leila rinses the soap from her smooth skin. The silhouette of a man appears behind her on the tent.

The silhouette draws a knife, cuts a long slit in the tent, and steps through.

It is Djarvat!

He lunges for Leila, but Sheba steps between and tries to fight him off. Djarvat stabs Sheba in the belly and throws her to the ground. Leila is about to scream when Djarvat covers her mouth with his hand.

OUTSIDE IN THE CAMP

Black clad figures move to a trio of sleeping guards, slitting their throats without waking them. Another of Djarvat's men slips a garrote around the throat of a guard and draws it tight.

AMBU

checks the horses to see that they are well tied. Suddenly an arrow strikes him in the back. Three more arrows strike him, and he SHOUTS out with warning and pain.

EXT. HILL OVERLOOKING THE CAMP - NIGHT

Hagen, lying on his back looking at the stars, scrambles to his feet on hearing Ambu's cry. He looks down at the camp, then dashes toward it.

HAGEN

runs past the bodies of the slain guards and comes upon Ambu, who lies on the ground, dying. With his last breath, Ambu looks up at his comrade and gasps...

AMBU

The princess...

Hagen takes Ambu's spear and races through the camp.

INT. LEILA'S TENT - NIGHT

Djarvat restrains Leila as three of his black-clad followers tie her up. Grabbing Djarvat's dagger from his waistband, she slashes the face of one of his men.

Djarvat seizes her wrist, painfully forces her to drop the knife, then whacks her across the face as the others finish tying her up.

EXT. THE CAMP - NIGHT

IN A SERIES OF SHOTS

A black-robed archer loads his bow as Hagen sprints through the camp. Before he can release the arrow, Hagen hurls the spear and skewers him.

Leila is dragged by Djarvat and two men toward their horses. Another follows with the cage of homing pigeons.

Hagen runs into view ahead of them. One of Djarvat's men, scimitar in hand, spins to face Hagen, who is unarmed. Hagen charges in an insane frenzy, grabs the man and smashes his skull with a blow of his fist.

Leila, her hands and feet tied, is slung over a horse in front of Djarvat.

Hagen snatches a tent pole and rushes Djarvat and the others as they scramble to escape.

Slamming one man in the face, he breaks the pole. He drives the splintered end through a second man.

Then from behind, HOSSEIN, the largest of Djarvat's men, slams Hagen with the iron pot from the fire. Hagen spins, stunned, and is slammed again to the ground.

Two other men jump him. Hagen is held face down and garroted.

Djarvat gasps as he sees --

--- the huge cross on Hagen's back.

DJARVAT
An infidel!

HAGEN

twists, fighting for breath.

POV HAGEN

He sees Leila, held by two of Djarvat's men. A donkey is led up. Djarvat steps to the animal and, while glaring at Hagen, he draws a dagger across the creature's throat.

EXT. THE CAMP SITE - MORNING

A few vultures have settled on the rocks, gazing down at the dead which litter the camp. Flies BUZZ in the morning sun as the CAMERA PANS to reveal the carcass of the donkey.

From the anus of the animal projects the head of a man. It is Hagen. He has been sewn inside the carcass and left to feed the maggots and hyenas that wander the camp, sniffing at corpses.

HAGEN

groans as filthy slime and the gasses of decomposition bubble up around his neck from the heat-bloated carcass. A carpet of flies lifts from his face as he strains to move his head. The CAMERA PANS to show his full predicament: heavy leather thongs lace the belly of the animal, and Hagen's hands protrude through slits cut on either side.

His wrists are bound with rawhide and his feet, thrust through holes in the animal's chest, are tied at the ankles.

A few feet away, a HYENA stares at Hagen, giggling with hunger-induced curiosity. When it approaches to sniff Hagen's hands, he shouts and the creature backs off with a psychotic whine.

HAGEN

strains, tilting his head to see his hands. With great effort he flexes and draws them in. His bound wrists squeeze against the donkey's belly, causing liquid putrefaction and bubbles of gas to well up around his neck.

FROM THE BELLY SLIT

the same nauseating ooze flows over the bindings of Hagen's wrists. When the rawhide is soaked, Hagen twists until he can move one wrist. He flexes again, forcing out more ooze. Again he works to move his wrist.

EXT. THE CAMP SITE (LATER)

The sun hangs low in the sky. Hyenas, bolder now and joined by jackals, surround the donkey carcass. Hagen shouts hoarsely as the circle of scavengers tightens, seeking bites of living flesh.

HAGEN

flexes, compressing the carcass and spurting out more liquid.

A HYENA

lunges and snaps at Hagen's hands, now covered with a layered frosting of putrescence. Lubricated by the slippery ooze, one binding has been worked well up onto Hagen's hand, close to the knuckle of his thumb.

ANOTHER HYENA,

with the most powerful jaws in the animal kingdom, easily tears a large chunk of meat from the donkey's throat near Hagen's exposed feet -- as he shouts and wiggles his toes.

A HYENA

snatches the buttock near Hagen's face, tearing away flesh as Hagen shouts, growls, and grimaces to drive him off.

AS THE SUN LOWERS,

the pack of skulking hyenas moves around him with ever-growing excitement.

A HYENA

moves in, intent on Hagen's hands. As the beast lunges, Hagen writhes and with all his strength tears his hand from the binding.

As the animal leaps back, Hagen's hands grab the slit in the carcass and, with a bellow, he begins tearing it open.

He pulls the bindings off his feet. Dripping putrescence and gore, he emerges from the carcass like some creature-born DEMI-GOD.

As Hagen drags himself away, the hyenas savagely attack the exposed donkey innards.

EXT. THE DESERT - PRE-DAWN

Wind blows a veil of sand over low hills barren of vegetation. A lone figure appears on foot against the pink of the morning sky. He carries an African spear.

HAGEN,

his face masked to the eyes by a black kaffiyah taken from one of Djarvat's dead, follows Djarvat's trail.

EXT. A DESERTED MOSQUE - SUNRISE

Partially ruined, a small mosque stands among some palms in an otherwise barren desert wilderness. FORTY BLACK-ROBED TRIBESMEN are camped outside, gathered around cook fires. Their horses are corralled nearby.

INT. MOSQUE - SUNRISE

Leila, still bound hand and foot, lies on the floor. Djarvat enters and walks toward her with a menacing gait.

LEILA

Ravage me and my father will have you stoned.

DJARVAT

I would not defile myself with a woman during jihad. And never with the daughter of a coward.

Djarvat removes a pigeon from the cage taken from the camp.

DJARVAT

This bird will carry a note to your father.

As he talks he removes a small piece of paper from a sleeve pocket.

DJARVAT

It demands he abandon his pathetic
effort at truce and launch
war...Unless he wants your lovely
face cut away and sent to him as
a remembrance.

Djarvat leans down.

DJARVAT

How do you suppose he'll react
to a note scented by your perfume?

As Djarvat rubs the note along Leila's cheek she suddenly turn
and bites his hand like a wild animal. She hangs on like a
bulldog as Djarvat twists and kicks her to free himself.

He glares at her, his rage tinged with fear, then leaves with
the pigeon.

EXT. MOSQUE - DAY

Djarvat emerges from the mosque and tosses the bird into the
air.

THE PIGEON CIRCLES

over the encamped army and, having gotten it's bearings, heads
away.

AS IT PASSES

a PROMONTORY which overhangs the encampment, A PAN reveals...
Hagen, who peeks over the edge down at the mosque.

FROM A SMALL MINARET, A MUEZZIN'S CHANT

calls the faithful to prayer. All the soldiers unroll prayer
rugs and kneel facing Mecca.

As Hagen watches, trying to devise a plan, he hears BUZZING
around his head. He looks up and notices a BEE HIVE hanging
high in a nearby tree.

He gets an idea.

HAGEN

reaches his spear up into the tree and stabs the hive. He pulls
it away from the branch and waggles the spear back and forth,
violently shaking the bees. The insects swarm from the nest
like a loud, dark cloud, covering the spear and getting close
to Hagen.

Using the spear like a vaulting pole, Hagen flings the hive into
the center of the soldiers. The bees follow the hive with their
queen.

EXT. MOSQUE - DAY

The hive bursts open amid the praying Moslems, releasing a cloud of furious wasps. The men are immediately under attack.

The black-robed fanatics abandon their prayers and rush about madly, swatting themselves and zigzagging erratically. Several slice at the air with their scimitars. Others hurl themselves into a well.

BEHIND THEM, HAGEN,

dressed in black robes, dashes toward the mosque unnoticed.

INT. MOSQUE - DAY

Djarvat reacts to shouts outside. He rises and goes to the door.

INT./EXT. MOSQUE DOORWAY - DAY

Djarvat, scimitar in hand, peers warily out of the mosque. Suddenly, Hagen grabs him by the beard, yanks him out, and hurls him forward. Djarvat's beard and facial skin tear from his face, and he tumbles to the ground, screaming. Hagen looks at him, then at the beard in his hand.

HAGEN

It looked better on you.

Hagen tosses the beard at Djarvat, snatches his scimitar, and enters the mosque.

INT. THE MOSQUE - DAY

Hagen enters and goes to Leila, who is astonished and overjoyed to see him. He pulls her to her feet and cuts away her bonds with the scimitar. He takes her by the hand and leads her to the door.

EXT. MOSQUE - DAY

The army is still in chaos from the bee attack. Djarvat, his face red and raw, grabs the first three soldiers he sees and points at Hagen and Leila, who are running toward the corral.

DJARVAT

Get them! Don't let her get away!

The swordsmen charge Hagen and Leila.

Hagen cuts down the first two in short order. The third hangs back, afraid as Hagen and Leila back into the corral.

Djarvat now sends TWENTY BLACK-ROBES storming toward them.

DJARVAT

Kill them!...Kill them!

Hagen cuts the rope holding the horses, then shouts and slaps them into a stampede. As they course around him, he and Leila grab the manes of two beasts and mount them bareback.

The attacking soldiers are blocked by the charging horses which flood through the camp like a raging river.

Hagen and Leila gallop away amid the thundering herd as Djarvat's tribesmen chase them on foot.

Djarvat watches, infuriated, as his hostage and his steeds disappear over a crest. He shakes the soldier standing next to him, who is still nursing his bee stings.

DJARVAT

The horses! Get the horses!

EXT. A VERDANT STREAM - DAY

Leila sits on a rock under a canopy of lush foliage, washing her feet, as Hagen waters the horse and fills a water bag. He crosses to her and offers it.

She drinks.

LEILA

My uncle's estate is no longer safe. My father will be in Caesaria, near the coast, trying to send envoys to the Crusaders. You must take me there.

Leila looks at him and drinks again. She speaks between gulps.

LEILA

You'll be well rewarded. My father is very generous with slaves.

Hagen takes the water bag back.

HAGEN

I'm no longer a slave.

As Hagen drinks Leila stiffens slightly with concern.

LEILA

Does that mean you are no longer loyal?

HAGEN

It means I'm first of all loyal to myself.

Leila studies him a beat.

LEILA
Listen, I have need of you and
you have need of me.

Hagen regards her almost bemused.

LEILA
On your own what chance do you
have to find your fellow
barbarians? Do you know the way?

HAGEN
To the North.

Leila suddenly laughs uncontrollably at the notion. Hagen is
sullen at her arrogance.

LEILA
That's good. To the North? This
is you.
(imitates)
"Please Effendi, could you show
me the way North so I can join
the infidel invaders." They'll
show you. They'll put your head
on a pike and face it North.

Leila laughs again. Hagen is forced to smile as he watches her.
She sees his smile and stops laughing.

LEILA
Take me and you'll have your
freedom. By my faith I swear it.

Hagen walks her horse over to her and boosts her up. He then
climbs onto his own mount.

HAGEN
So which way is Caesaria?

Leila answers with a smile.

LEILA
Follow me.

EXT. IBN KHALDUN'S CAMP NEAR CAESARIA - DAY

A group of tents on an open plain fly the various banners of
Islam.

AN OLD MAN

hurries through the camp past potentates and advisors. He comes
to an elaborate tent where he is stopped by a guard. In his
hands he holds the pigeon.

OLD MAN

I must see the Emir. This bird
has come with a message of great
urgency.

INT. THE TENT - DAY

Ibn Khaldun sits before Yacub, Ari, and others, holding the scented letter from Djarvat. The Old Man who brought the pigeon stands in the background gently stroking the bird. The mood in the tent is very tense. After several seconds Ibn Khaldun turns to Yacub.

IBN KHALDUN

Recall the envoys. There will
be no talk of truce...

The Emir looks at his counsellors with pain in his eyes.

IBN KHALDUN

May Allah forgive me...I have no
choice.

The men say nothing, sensing the agony of his decision.

EXT. A MOUNTAIN TRAIL - DAY

Hagen and Leila, now wearing a rind of dust, ride wearily through the day. Seeing a stand of trees ahead, Hagen speaks.

HAGEN

Wait here!

Leila waits while Hagen draws his sword and rides ahead.

REACHING THE TREES

Hagen peers around in all directions. There is no chance of ambush and he waves to Leila. He watches as she rides up with the grace of a born horsewoman, and they continue side by side.

LEILA

Al-Hagen, when you were taken
slave, were you taken from a wife?

HAGEN

No.

LEILA

There is no one?

HAGEN

No.

LEILA

In your land, were you a noble?

HAGEN
No. I was a serf.

LEILA
You say that with pride.

HAGEN
Why not?

LEILA
So, you have no use for a spoiled princess...

HAGEN
You ride well,...We haven't eaten or rested and you don't complain. Maybe you're not really a princess.

LEILA
I am. I am descended from the Bedouin,...a desert people whose lives are very hard. And I too am proud.

EXT. A WILDERNESS - DUSK

Hagen and Leila descend from the mountains into a beautiful alpine valley. Forested mountains rise on each side.

In the distance, in the direction which they travel, a small farmhouse can be seen.

AS THEY APPROACH THE FARMHOUSE,

an OLD FARMER and his WIFE emerge and smile a friendly greeting.

INT. THE FARMHOUSE - NIGHT

Hagen and Leila are seated on the floor eating stew with flat breads. The Old Farmer and his Wife watch them, occasionally tempting them with choice pieces of meat.

The Old Farmer notices that Hagen's plate is empty.

OLD FARMER
More.

Hagen smiles at him.

HAGEN
I can't eat more. It was very good, thank you.

OLD FARMER
There is a room above the stable. You and your wife must stay the night.

Leila and Hagen exchange a look. Hagen senses what might be an uncomfortable situation.

HAGEN
We are grateful, but we have no time.

The Old Farmer nods acceptance. After a beat of silence, Leila suddenly speaks.

LEILA
No, ...I'm very tired.

Hagen is surprised at her response.

LEILA
My husband and I will accept your hospitality.

Leila smiles at Hagen who feels momentarily very awkward.

EXT. THE FARMHOUSE - NIGHT

The Old Farmer walks them to the stable, gives them a lantern and wishes them good night.

OLD FARMER
May God bless you both.

A wind stirs in the trees that shade the farm courtyard as Hagen and Leila enter the stable.

INT. THE STABLE - NIGHT

Hagen bolts the door against the wind then he raises the lantern and looks around. A simple ladder leads to a loft above the stalls. Aside from several horses that watch them curiously, they are very much alone.

Hagen offers Leila the lantern.

HAGEN
I'll sleep here on the hay.

LEILA.
No.

Hagen looks at her.

LEILA
To them we're man and wife. If you sleep here they'll think we quarreled.

Leila takes the lantern.

LEILA
Come.

She climbs the ladder. Hagen looks up as she hikes her robe exposing the white skin of her legs. He follows.

INT. THE LOFT - NIGHT

They climb into the loft and Leila sets down the lantern. Seeing a roll of cotton bedding she takes it and spreads it on the straw. Hagen watches her but remains back a ways.

Leila removes her head covering and begins sorting her hair with her fingers. In the soft light of the lamp her beauty is breathtaking.

LEILA
In the palace when I first looked
at you, ...I wanted you.

HAGEN
You don't know me.

LEILA
I know what I feel...Have you felt
nothing for me?

HAGEN
What a slave feels for his
mistress.

Leila cuts through his feigned indifference with a look both knowing and innocent.

LEILA
Just tell me that you've wanted
me.

HAGEN
I've wanted you...very much.

Leila takes a jewelled Hand of Fatima from around her neck.

HAGEN
What's this?

She speaks as she fastens the chain on Hagen's neck.

LEILA
A gift that a bride gives to the
man who first shows her love.
I have always feared that on this
night fate would put me with
someone for whom I felt no desire.
But now I thank Allah, who has
put me with you.

Hagen smiles.

HAGEN
I thank Allah, too.

She reaches her hand toward Hagen. He takes it in his own and lowers himself beside her. He gently touches her cheek.

Leila raises her face to his and their lips touch.

LEILA

I have waited so long.

Hagen's arms envelope her. They kiss and he lays her back on the bedding. He savors the softness of her skin as he opens her robes, exposing her breasts. Leila's passion suddenly surges and she pulls Hagen close, drawing him to the act of love.

EXT. THE VALLEY - DAWN

The soft light of earliest dawn brings pastel hues to the valley and the small farm.

INT. THE STABLE - DAWN

Leila is awake, studying Hagen as he sleeps. She reaches for a pitcher of water and raises it to drink. It is empty.

EXT. STABLE AREA - DAWN

Leila exits the stable like a peasant bride, carrying the pitcher. Crossing to the well, she notices that the sheep and cows are running loose, bleating and lowing with agitation.

Leila lowers the bucket into the well when she sees the Old Farmer and his Wife lying on the ground, dead.

WALDEMAR

appears behind her. His lecherous grin says it all. He likes what he sees.

WALDEMAR

Good morning.

Leila spins and her eyes quickly dart around looking for escape. Three more of Emmich's men stand behind her. A PIMPLY YOUTH holds several pillaged chickens by the legs and a POTATO-FACED PEASANT fingers cream from a bucket. An UGLY BRUTE with a toothless grin drops his sack and massages his codpiece.

Leila slams Waldemar with the pitcher and tries to run, but she is caught by the Ugly Brute. A huge chain mail glove covers her mouth.

Waldemar steps up, his face bleeding. He glances around the farmyard then sees a manure pile.

WALDEMAR

Over there. Face down in the shit
heap with her ass in the air.

The Pimply Youth, still stroking his codpiece, giggles.

PIMPLY YOUTH
I'm second.

They push Leila toward the manure and shove her to her knees while Waldemar unties his pants.

As her face is pushed toward the maggoty filth, she chews at the gloved hand. Kicking and writhing, her face is almost in the manure. The other knights howl with laughter. The Pimply Youth looks around and sees...

POV PIMPLY YOUTH

The rest of the foraging party is heading in their direction.

THE PIMPLY YOUTH

speaks to Waldemar.

PIMPLY YOUTH
Hurry, or we'll have to share her
with the others.

Waldemar heaves up her skirts and positions himself to sodomize her.

Suddenly, a trident pitchfork strikes him from behind. A prong appears from his face, another from his throat, stifling his scream of agony.

HAGEN

stands in the hayloft above and draws a scimitar.

WALDEMAR

rises, clawing wildly at the prong while he chokes on his own blood. As he spins, the handle slams the face of the Ugly Brute holding Leila. She breaks free and runs.

HAGEN

vaults down to a shed roof, leaps into the farm yard, and charges the men. The Pimply Youth rushes him, sword drawn. A blow from Hagen's scimitar drops him.

HAGEN
(to Leila)
Go! Ride to your father!

The Ugly Brute slams Hagen with a club, knocking him down. Leila runs for the stable.

As the Ugly Brute raises his club to brain him, Hagen drives the scimitar into his gut. The Brute falls and his hands lock on Hagen's throat. Hagen works the scimitar and the Brute gurgles and dies.

LEILA

rides out of the stable with an extra horse -- but a dozen Crusaders have already charged into the farmyard and are converging on Hagen. Powerless to save him, Leila gallops away.

HAGEN

turns and sees above him a horse reared back on two legs like a dragon. The beast strikes out with its hooves, pummeling him in the head and chest. Hagen falls to the ground, reeling.

Crusaders draw up and surround him, keeping him distant with their lance points. Ivo, Emmich's other lackey, gallops through the formation and looks down at his prisoner. After a beat of disbelief, he smiles.

IVO

Now here indeed is a prize.

EXT. ROCKY PASS ABOVE THE FARM - DAY

Leila reaches the pass and turns. Seeing that Hagen is taken captive, she chokes back sorrow and rides on.

CAMERA CRANES UP to reveal the other side of the pass.

DJARVAT AND HIS HORSEMEN

lie in wait for Leila on the opposing ridgetop. Djarvat nods, and they ride down the slope.

EXT. THE CRUSADER CAMP - DAY

A vast plain covered with tents and makeshift dwellings stretches before the eye as Ivo rides past. Hagen is bound with his arms yoked over a log. A rope around his neck leads to Ivo's saddle, and he is dragged at a trot.

The men of the raiding party follow with carts of grain and slaughtered carcasses of sheep.

HAGEN

gazes around as he is led through the outer fringes of the camp. This is the realm of the peasants and pilgrims that follow and serve the army.

Their appearance has become more savage since leaving Europe. Some push forward, glaring threateningly at the grain wagons. Four men try to pull a sack free. They are beaten back by Ivo's men, who seem inured to the face of savagery around them.

HAGEN TURNS

at the sound of jeers and sees--

THE HARLOT WAGON

The whores howl and hoot at Hagen as he is pulled past. Some nurse babies and the faces of the filthy toddlers can be seen peeking from behind their skirts.

THE MADMAN

appears and recognizes Hagen.

MADMAN

Hagen lives! Risen from the dead!
Lazarus, Lazarus! He has returned!

HAGEN

is dragged on toward a small hill where the knights' tents are set, each flying the pennant of his lord. Godfrey's banner is the most common. Knights emerge from their tents to see what the excitement is about.

Ivo leads Hagen into an area where Emmich's colors and pennants proliferate. CAMERA PANS with Hagen and we see that Emmich's "territory" stretches on an on, indicating a frightful predominance. At the center of this domain is a huge tent, by far the largest in the camp.

EXT. EMMICH'S TENT - DAY

A dozen leading knights enjoy an afternoon orgy. Lithe Circassian women dance around drunken warriors who lie like pretzels in various stages of fornication.

Emmich, wearing only a codpiece and a turban, picks his way through the celebrants, leading a frightened thirteen year old girl by the hand.

BALDWIN OF CHARTRES,

Godfrey's former ally, lounges between young captives of both sexes.

BALDWIN

Emmich, my friend...You like them
small?

Emmich squeezes his girl's pubescent nipple through the transparent gauze of her top. She winces and both men laugh.

EMMICH

Closer to bone the sweeter the
meat.

Baldwin extends his goblet.

BALDWIN

To the sweetmeats of
Jerusalem...And your kingly rule.

Emmich is about to drink when he hears the rantings of the Madman in the distance, "Hagen! Hagen of the Cross! Hagen! Hagen of the Cross!" He lowers his cup and wades to the front of the tent. He looks outside, clears his fuzzy vision and sees...

POV EMMICH

Hagen being led toward him.

EMMICH'S JOY

is spoiled by what seems like a bad dream. The other debauched knights peer out of the tent and whisper to each other.

VOICES

Is it him? Is that Hagen?

Emmich pushes away his nymphet and hastily pulls on his breeches as he steps outside.

EXT. EMMICH'S TENT - DAY

Emmich strides forward to meet Hagen. His drinking buddies follow, half-dressed.

Crusaders of all kinds gather to watch the impending reunion.

Ivo reigns his horse, and Hagen is jerked to a stop in front of Emmich.

IVO

He killed Waldemar.

Emmich's face darkens as he see his cousin's body slung over a horse.

Infuriated, he spots a nearby knight holding a MACE AND CHAIN. Emmich snatches the weapon from its owner and wraps the chain around his hand. He turns to Hagen and swings the spiked iron ball. It makes a terrifying sound as it shreds the air.

Ivo sidles up to Emmich and whispers in his ear.

IVO

We caught him with an Arab whore.

EMMICH

(astounded)

He was with a woman?

Ivo nods. Emmich's jaw clenches with doubled fury.

EMMICH

Then this will hurt.

He advances on Hagen and slings the mace at his crotch.

Hagen crumples to his knees.

Swinging the mace, Emmich circles Hagen and addresses all assembled.

EMMICH

This man, now dressed in Moslem rags, is a traitor to our faith. He must die.

With a mighty pitch, Emmich bashes Hagen in the ribs with the mace. Hagen lurches forward and balances himself on one end of his log yoke.

Emmich edges in front of Hagen, whirling the mace with one hand and touching his own disfigured face with the other. Smiling, he aims a mutilating blow at Hagen's head. Hagen abruptly twists and the mace wraps around the yoke near his neck, chain stretched taut.

Hagen pivots, jerking Emmich toward him. Then he rotates his shoulders, braining Emmich with the other end of the yoke.

The force of the attack flings Emmich and Hagen away from each other onto their backs. Both struggle to get to their feet. Ivo and the Potato-Faced Peasant kick Hagen onto his back and stand on his yoke. Emmich slowly approaches Hagen, swinging the mace, intent on delivering a deathblow.

The SOUND OF BELLS distracts him. He turns and sees that a path is being cleared through the surrounding crowd for Adhemar. The old bishop walks falteringly, weakened by the long campaign. Godfrey and his knights follow.

EMMICH

God's balls...Here come the skirts.

ADHEMAR

pauses, seeing Hagen. His expression brightens.

ADHEMAR

He is alive.

Adhemar gazes around at the men that surround Hagen.

ADHEMAR

Why is he bound? Untie him at once!

EMMICH

This man deserted our cause and serves the enemies of Christ. Look, he wears a Moslem amulet!

Emmich points to the Hand of Fatima around Hagen's neck. Adhemar is shocked.

ADHEMAR

I would hear your defense, Hagen.

HAGEN
 He sold me to the Moslems as a
 slave. I escaped and was captured
 by his men.

EMMICH
 Lying scum! -- I have condemned
 this filthy serf to death!

Godfrey grandstands to the knights.

GODFREY
 Emmich thinks he is already King
 of Jerusalem.

EMMICH
 A crown reserved for Godfrey, no
 doubt.

Godfrey turns to Adhemar.

GODFREY
 Bishop, this dispute should be
 settled by a duel of justice.
 Let God decide who tells the
 truth.

The knights around them echo Godfrey's suggestion. Hagen glares
 at Emmich.

HAGEN
 Yes, let us fight.

ADHEMAR
 This can be settled after
 Jerusalem is taken. Until then,
 we must fight the enemy who would
 wipe us all from the earth.

Adhemar turns to Hagen, still tied to the log.

ADHEMAR
 Hagen, are you with us?

HAGEN
 Your grace, not all Moslems seek
 our death. In Jerusalem, I saw
 Christians living in peace, free
 to worship at our shrines.

EMMICH
 You hear that? He calls the Pope
 a liar.

HAGEN
 The leader of Jerusalem wants no
 part of war. He comes to offer
 truce to pray within his walls.

A murmur passes through the Crusade.

ADHEMAR
Can he be trusted, this infidel?

HAGEN
I know this. He will not attack
us unless we attack first.

THWACK! An arrow narrowly misses Hagen and skewers Adhemar in the chest.

For an instant, everyone is frozen. Then they look at the...

HILLTOP ABOVE THEM.

Black-robed archers on horseback line the ridge, bows loaded and ready to shoot. Djarvat sits on his black horse, holding the empty bow he just fired. At his side, Ibn Khaldun sits grimly astride his horse.

HAGEN

is stunned. Ivo points to the opposite hilltop.

IVO
Look!

OPPOSITE HILLTOPS

An Arab army surrounds them on all sides. Cavalry. Infantry. Phalanxes of archers.

DJARVAT LOOKS EXPECTANTLY AT IBN KHALDUN.

Ibn Khaldun gives the signal, and the archers fire a round of arrows into the sky.

EXT. CRUSADER CAMP

Thousands of arrows rain into the camp.

GODFREY
To arms! We're under attack.

The Crusaders run for cover. Brother Bernard and several acolytes carry Adhemar away.

DJARVAT

lifts his sword high over his head. With the cry, "La Ilalhu Illa Allah!" he spurs his horse forward. His soldiers take up the cry and charge behind him down the hillside.

IBN KHALDUN

gives the signal, and his legions of archers gallop down all the hillsides of the valley, encircling the Crusaders.

EXT. CRUSADER CAMP

The Crusaders rush for their armor and weapons, except for Emmich.

EMMICH

This traitor led them to us.

Emmich picks up a rock and steps toward Hagen, preparing to bash in his skull. Still tied to a log, Hagen is helpless to resist.

Suddenly, WHACK! Godfrey slices through the rope that binds one of Hagen's wrists to the yoke. WHACK! He cuts through the other rope, and Hagen is free.

Emmich glares at Godfrey.

GODFREY

Kill him later if you want. Now we need him.

Godfrey rushes off to arm himself. Emmich and Hagen are left facing each other with an Arab army bearing down on them at full speed.

Finally, Emmich throws down his stone and storms off toward the squire who holds his armor.

All around Hagen, footsoldiers arm themselves with pikes and halberds. Peasants grab shovels and pitchforks.

Hagen takes what is available -- a SCYTHER.

MOUNTED ARCHERS

gallop around the encircled Crusade, firing arrow after arrow in rapid succession.

CRUSADERS

are struck in vast numbers. The common soldiers and peasants take positions behind wagons and makeshift barricades.

HAGEN

is stuck in the middle of the Crusaders, unable to fight an enemy that whirls around him, out of reach.

ADHEMAR

grimaces as a surgeon cuts the arrow from his chest. Around him, monks leads peasants in SINGING A HYMN.

IBN KHALDUN

signals his infantry, which advances downhill toward the Crusaders.

The Emir remains on the hilltop in command of the cavalry. Each Moslem knight is equipped with a long sharp lance and a round shield.

GODFREY AND EMMICH

ride at the head of the disorganized knights as they trot through the camp to the front, carrying lances and kite-shaped shields. Trumpets blare in a hollow call to arms.

THE MOSLEM INFANTRY

now engages the Frankish footsoldiers. Injured and demoralized by their heavy losses, the Christians are no match for their inspired Saracen counterparts.

THE MADMAN

wanders through the battle ranting and raving. All around him soldiers perish, but he is magically unscathed.

MADMAN

Smite them! Victory! Army of Christ!
Hagen is risen! Hallelujah!

HAGEN

battles Arab footsoldiers with the scythe. Like the Grim Reaper, he mows them down at the ankles. He whacks another with the stem and spikes an attacker in the top of the head with the point of the blade.

THE CRUSADER KNIGHTS

reach the open field outside the raging battle. Godfrey raises his hand, and the knights form themselves into a line. He clasps his hands in a moment of prayer, and the knights around him do the same.

ON A HILLTOP

Ibn Khaldun signals his eager cavalry to wait for the Crusaders to finish their prayer.

FACING OFF,

the Crusaders lift their lances. The Moslem horsemen do the same.

At the trumpet's call, the knights lunge ahead with the call, "God wills it!"

Ibn Khaldun leads the Moslems downhill with the call, "LA ILLAHU ILLA ALLAH!"

THE BATTLE

The two mounted armies, each shouting the battle cry of their faith, drive toward each other and collide at full gallop.

Ibn Khaldun's lance drives into the eye-slit of a knight's helmet and out the back.

Emmich deflects the lance of a Moslem charger and swipes the man with his sword, disemboweling him.

Godfrey slays his opponent, but all around him, Moslems decimate the Crusader knights in a one-sided battle.

Baldwin of Chartres is run through the chest.

Moslem archers ride the flanks of battle, picking targets. They shoot as they stand in their stirrups or from beneath the bellies of their horses as they swing beneath.

Godfrey shields himself against the rain of arrows, but others are hit. Horses rear and fall.

An arrow strikes Emmich's arm. He yanks it out.

The instant the arrows stop, Moslem riders charge from the opposite side. Before the Crusaders can turn their mounts, they are struck by Moslem swordsmen.

DJARVAT AND HIS HORSEMEN

break through Crusader lines and penetrate into the heart of the camp. Shouting "Allah Akbar!", they hack down peasants and footsoldiers.

ADHEMAR AND THE MONKS

sink to their knees and pray, awaiting martyrdom. Women, children, and peasants have formed a ring of prayer around them.

HAGEN

blocks the downward blow of an Arab scimitar with his scythe handle and with a loud WHOOSH cuts off the Arab's arm. Hagen drops the scythe and takes the scimitar from the detached hand.

Now armed with a legitimate weapon, Hagen wades through the sea of battle. Dodging the colliding haunches of horses, he hacks down an enemy footsoldier, then puts on the chest armor from a fallen Crusader knight. Before the armor is secure, a Moslem swordsman attacks from the rear on foot, but Hagen blindly slices his throat with a dervish-like backward spin.

Hagen grabs a round Moslem shield from the ground and with one motion parries the attack of two more Moslem swordsmen. Defeating them, he exchanges his scimitar for a straight Crusader broadsword which he takes from a dead knight.

The sword and its hilt make a cross. Hagen kisses the blade, fortified to have his accustomed weapon.

FROM THE REAR OF THE BATTLE,

Arab archers launch flaming arrows into the Crusader camp.

THE CENTER OF THE CAMP

is suddenly illuminated by burning missiles. Arrows arc over a landscape of dead and dying, striking tents and carts which burst into flame. It seems the fires of Armageddon have come.

Adhemar turns to Brother Bernard.

ADHEMAR

This is our punishment. God has forsaken us.

OVERWHELMED AND OUTNUMBERED,

the Crusader knights fall back.

EMMICH,

fighting savagely, is knocked off his horse by a mighty blow.

GODFREY

rides among the ranks of men, exhorting them to fight.

GODFREY

Turn back and fight! Christ fights with you!

HAGEN

Three archers lined up in a row take aim at some Crusaders. Hagen charges them with his broadsword, running them through like a kabob. He places his foot near the hilt of his sword and draws out the fully-buried blade.

He finds a dead Frankish knight and exchanges his Moslem shield for a kite-shaped Crusader shield. He puts on Crusader shoulder armor, and yanks the open-faced helmet from the dead Crusader's head.

Hagen is starting to look like himself again.

EMMICH,

horseless, wades among the ranks of men, using his sword to drive terrified soldiers back to battle.

EMMICH

Fight until the arrows find you!

Some drop to their knees and take up the hymn of martyrdom.
Emmich prods them to their feet.

EMMICH

Fight! Or beg for death when they
pound stakes up your ass!

HAGEN

looks around and sees a Moslem footsoldier trying to mount a
Crusader horse. He slays the Arab and heaves himself into the
saddle. He shoves the helmet over his head.

Now Hagen is once more a complete knight.

A LARGE CLOUD OF SMOKE,

backlit by flames, engulfs the camp. Moslems flash by on their
horses like demonic shadows.

THE CRUSADERS

are retreating en masse.

HAGEN

wheels around on his horse and sees a Crusader on the ground,
besieged on all sides. Seizing a pike from a footsoldier, he
gallops to save him.

Using the hook, he snatches a Moslem off the knight and hurls
him away. He stabs another with the pike.

The Crusader struggles to his feet. Turning to face Hagen, he
lifts his helmet and laughs. It's Emmich.

Ivo rides up with a horse for Emmich, and he mounts, still
laughing at Hagen as he retreats before the Moslem onslaught.

EVEN GODFREY

must retreat as Ibn Khaldun's knights rout the Crusaders back
into their smoke-enshrouded camp.

ONLY HAGEN

holds his ground. Engulfed by the advancing Moslem cavalry,
he fights like a berserker. Then he disappears into the
spreading smoke.

THE CRUSADER ARMY

degenerates into panic. Soldiers turn tail and run. Others
kneel around Adhemar, praying as they await final martyrdom.

DJARVAT AND HIS HORSEMEN

charge the circle of prayer, slaying unarmed monks with great relish.

THE MADMAN

retreats with the army, spouting nonsensical prophecy. Looking over his shoulder, he sees something so astounding that he stops running, stops ranting -- and watches in awe.

MADMAN'S POV

On the wall of smoke a remarkable vision appears.

Projected onto the dark cloud by the backlight of the setting sun is the huge mounted silhouette of a Crusader knight on horseback -- a gigantic SHADOW WARRIOR. The Shadow Warrior fights off Moslems who attack him two and three at a time.

THE MADMAN

siezes fleeing Crusaders and violently forces them turn around.

MADMAN

Look! Look!

Monks and peasants cross themselves upon seeing the holy apparition.

MADMAN

Christ! On the clouds of heaven!
The Lord has come!

A hysteria spreads through the crowd.

VOICES

Jesus is here! Christ has come to
deliver us!

GODFREY, EMMICH, ADHEMAR

stare at the giant silhouette, struggling to comprehend its meaning.

THEIR POV: THE APPARITION

A Moslem Horseman charges out of the cloud of smoke directly at CAMERA like the angel of death, sword held high, shouting in Arabic -- the epitome of jihad.

The Shadow Warrior turns toward the terrifying Saracen and throws his sword like a javelin.

The sword flies out of the dense smoke and strikes the Moslem through the back like a thunderbolt. When the Moslem keels forward, the sword arcs straight up like a triumphant cross, surrounded by a mystical aureole of sunlight.

EMMICH AND GODFREY

gasp in wonder.

GODFREY
God is with us! Turn and fight!

EMMICH
Fight, you cowards! God wills
victory!

Knights pick up the cry, "God wills it." Like a wave, the resolve to fight spreads through the entire army.

THE SHADOW WARRIOR

rides out of the cloud and the smoke around him disperses. The Madman is the first to recognize him. It is Hagen!

MADMAN
Hagen! Hagen is Lord! Maranatha!

HAGEN

retrieves his sword from the Saracen's back. When he looks up, he sees that half the Crusade is staring at him in awe. Hagen pauses for a breath, then raises his sword high.

HAGEN
Fight for your lives! Follow me!

Hagen turns his horse and leads the Crusaders in a charge.

IBN KHALDUN

is astounded to see the Crusaders riding toward him. At the threshold of victory, the Moslems hesitate. And in that moment, the tide of battle shifts.

Trumpets blare, rallying the Christians.

HAGEN, GODFREY, EMMICH

lead the way, riding in small groups into a sea of Moslems.

Inspired by faith, the Crusaders battle fearlessly, savagely, pressing forward.

THE HEAVILY ARMORED KNIGHTS

close on the more lightly armored Saracens. Fighting in tight quarters, the Moslems are overpowered.

IBN KHALDUN AND HIS KNIGHTS

slowly retreat before the onslaught, filling the gaps, bravely fighting but losing ground.

DJARVAT AND HIS MEN

are attacked in the middle of the camp by peasants and footsoldiers wild with the scent of blood.

With their pikes and and clubs and shovels, the lowest of the Crusaders overwhelm the black-robed horsemen, pulling several to the ground and mashing them to a pulp.

The peasants converge on Djarvat and try to drag him out of the saddle. He hacks at them, but the Crusaders keep coming.

Djarvat panics.

DJARVAT
Retreat! Retreat! These Christians
are possessed!

Djarvat wheels his horse and trampels those who hamper his retreat.

He and his black-ropes gallop through the camp, pursued by the fanatical Crusaders.

IBN KHALDUN

watches in disbelief as Djarvat and his men flee the field of battle.

Many of his beleaguered knights, seeing this betrayal, abandon their orderly retreat and flee for their lives.

A BODY OF CRUSADERS

pursue the routed Moslems, inflicting terrible losses.

IBN KHALDUN,

abandoned by half his army, fights on with the stalwart remnant.

Hagen sees Ibn Khaldun in the middle of the fray and drives his horse towards him.

Ibn Khaldun sees Hagen. Their eyes meet and Hagen shouts.

HAGEN
Leila escaped! She is safe!

IBN KHALDUN
No! Djarvat has her still!

Hagen is astounded. Ibn Khaldun nods with shared regret.

Ibn Khaldun looks around and sees there is no hope. He turns to Hagen, a face he can trust. He shouts to his color guard.

IBN KHALDUN
Strike colors! Strike colors!

The banners are thrown down. Hagen yells at the Crusaders around him.

HAGEN
Give them quarter! They surrender!

Some of the men back off. Godfrey echoes the shout.

GODFREY
They've struck their colors! Give them quarter!

Suddenly, there is a blood-curdling shriek.

Emmich, Ivo, and a party of his men ride on the Moslem command, who have now lowered their swords. Ibn Khaldun manages a last look toward Hagen as he is cut down by Emmich.

Hagen rides into the fray and restrains two Crusaders, but he is powerless to stop the bloodbath. He turns away from what quickly becomes a slaughter.

PEASANTS AND FOOTSOLDIERS

flood forward with their tools and weapons to beat the life from the remaining Moslems as they desperately scramble for escape.

Crusader women and children join the fray, chasing a crawling Moslem, hacking at him with sickles and hoes.

Hagen reacts with disgust while knights laugh and shout encouragement.

DJARVAT

turns and looks at the pitiful remnants of a mighty Arab army. Bitter and ashamed, he rides for the hills with the survivors.

AROUND HAGEN,

the cry, "Jerusalem, God wills it!" begins and becomes a chorus. But Hagen is silent.

EXT. A STREAM BANK - DUSK

Alone, Hagen washes his face beside a stream. In the distance the cries and chants of the Crusaders can still be heard.

Sitting back he removes the "Hand of Fatima" which Leila gave him. Holding it in his palm, he thinks of Leila.

In a sudden rage, Hagen tears at his white tunic decorated with the crimson cross, symbol of the Crusade. He rips the garment in two and throws it on the ground.

Then behind him he hears a SOUND. Hagen's hand goes to his weapon. Rising, he peers into the surrounding forest and sees --

A WHITE HORSE

staring at him from the foliage. The animal nickers and steps out. It wears a bridle, saddle, and blood-stained trappings emblazoned with crimson CROSSES.

HAGEN SMILES

recognizing his old mare that was lost when he sailed from Bari.

HAGEN

It's you.

The white horse nods and steps forward. Hagen steps to it and strokes its head.

HAGEN

What a smart girl you are. How did you find me?

The mare nuzzles him. Hagen glances again at the Hand of Fatima which he still holds.

HAGEN

If you can find me, I can find her.

EXT. THE CRUSADER CAMP - NIGHT

Hagen returns to the camp leading the white horse, from which he has removed all the trappings. There is a celebratory mood around him. Crusaders drink and carouse in victory. The harlot's cart is doing a land office business.

The Madman sees Hagen and proclaims his arrival.

MADMAN

The Saviour! Hagen of the Cross!
Deliver us from evil!

Crusaders of all types turn toward Hagen, cross themselves, touch him reverently. Many fall in behind Hagen, following him as he walks.

Hagen ignores them all, wanting no part of this Crusade.

BROTHER BERNARD

emerges from the shadows ahead and calls to him.

BROTHER BERNARD

Hagen,...

Brother Bernard approaches him.

BROTHER BERNARD
 Bishop Adhemar sent me to find
 you. His wound is quite grave.
 There isn't much time.

Hagen nods wearily and follows the monk. His unwelcome
 entourage trails behind.

INT. ADHEMAR'S TENT - NIGHT

Hagen, still wearing body armor, steps into a large tent.

Monks kneel in prayer around Adhemar's bed. A triangular death
 mask of black velvet embroidered with a silver skull is beside
 the pillow. Brother Bernard whispers to the old man that Hagen
 has come.

Adhemar, breathing in short gasps looks up at him.

ADHEMAR
 Hagen,...

Hagen says nothing. He waits uneasily as Adhemar whispers to
 Brother Bernard who motions the others to leave. Adhemar
 gestures Hagen to sit beside him.

ADHEMAR
 Sit by me.

Hagen sits. Adhemar reaches out and touches his arm.

ADHEMAR
 I am dying. Help me to die in
 peace.

Hagen looks at the old man, at a loss for words.

HAGEN
 What can I do?

ADHEMAR
 I fear deeply that I have failed
 God. I am tormented by the
 horrors,...by the suffering, that
 I have allowed in his name.

Hagen sees the mortal terror in Adhemar's eyes.

ADHEMAR
 You are chosen by God. It must
 be you who takes the Cross.

HAGEN
 The cross?

ADHEMAR
 The True Cross in the Holy
 Sepulchre. Take it and rule.
 You alone are blessed.

Hagen agonizes over what he can say. Finally.

HAGEN
 No, Bishop, I am not blessed.

Adhemar shakes his head in a denial of Hagen's words. He grips Hagen's arm with a sudden rush of strength.

ADHEMAR
 You bear his sign. Follow God's
 will.

HAGEN
 I know nothing of God's will.

Hagen speaks without looking at Adhemar.

HAGEN
 The cross on my back is a brand
 that I burned on myself to escape
 hanging. My dream was all a
 lie...

Hagen turns to Adhemar.

HAGEN
 I deceived you.

Adhemar lies with his eyes open. He is dead, but his expression implies he is at peace.

HAGEN RISES

from the bed and backs away. A monk moves past him from the door, kneels, and begins praying. Another crosses to Adhemar, closes his eyes and places the death mask over his face. As Hagen moves away the tent gradually fills with clergy, intoning prayers for Adhemar.

EXT. THE CRUSADER ARMY - OUTSIDE JERUSALEM - DAWN

A huge choir sings praise of the Lord as the vast army of Crusaders descends from the hills surrounding Jerusalem. The domes of the city gleam like gold in the sun's first rays.

GODFREY

walks at the lead, barefoot, wearing a monk's robes. Behind him his large contingent of loyal knights follow in penitent procession.

EMMICH RIDES ON HORSEBACK

at the head of his large camp of conquerors.

HAGEN IS NEXT, ASTRIDE HIS WHITE HORSE.

But following him, the Madman whips himself with a scourge, a few steps ahead of a legion of followers -- hundreds of footsoldiers, peasants, and humble knights, all fanatically devoted to the miraculous Hagen of the Cross.

The sight of the walled city excites them to a frenzy. Many throw away their shoes and stumble ahead, their bare feet torn and bloody from the rocks. Some crawl on their knees in penitence.

Hagen stares at the city trying to peer through the walls. Trying to see Leila.

Emmich drops back and waits for Hagen. Hagen ignores him, but Emmich walks alongside.

EMMICH

Hagen, I'm in your debt. You saved my life.

HAGEN

That was a mistake.

EMMICH

No, brother. Even enemies can be useful to each other.

Hagen glances suspiciously at Emmich, who nods toward Godfrey.

EMMICH

What do you gain if Godfrey becomes king? A handful of coins?

HAGEN

Whatever I can take.

EMMICH

If I wear the crown, you'll have my lands in France. Our father's estate will be yours.

Hagen's eyes betray a flash of interest.

HAGEN

You're a liar.

EMMICH

What need will I have for a hillside of grapes when I'm sitting on Herod's throne? We'll never see each other again.

Hagen walks on a few steps.

HAGEN
What do you want?

EMMICH
Only your love. -- And the loyalty
of those who follow you.

Emmich glances back at Hagen's large army of supporters. Hagen thinks for a moment, then turns amicably to Emmich.

HAGEN
Brother, before I see you King
of Jerusalem...
(a beat)
I'll wear the crown myself.

Hagen smiles at him a beat, then marches forward.

Emmich stops in place, seething, as Hagen's army streams around him.

EXT. THE WALLS OF THE CITY - DAY

Moslems hoot and jeer from the heights of the walls as Crusader knights begin the construction of siege towers.

EXT. INNER WALLS OF JERUSALEM - DAY

Citizens under the supervision of the city's guard pile bales of cotton against the gates.

Masons are walling across streets to make interior barricades.

A CLATTER OF HOOVES.

Djarvat, Iftikhar the Governor, and seven horsemen ride at speed through the streets.

They stop at the gates of Ibn Khaldun's palace and Djarvat, now clearly the leader of Jerusalem, shouts to a guard. The gates open and they enter.

INT. IBN KHALDUN'S PALACE - A COURTYARD - DAY

Leila, in a veil of mourning, faces Djarvat in a small courtyard, surrounded by his black-robed minions.

DJARVAT
Duqaq still desires you. Tomorrow,
you will leave for Damascus.

LEILA
I would rather die.

Djarvat indicates two of his men.

DJARVAT

They will see that doesn't happen.
You should thank me, princess, ...
Dugaq promises to rout these
Christians. After your father's
defeat, you might restore some
honor to your name.

LEILA

My father sought peace. He died
with his honor intact, a victim
of your deception.

INT. A ROOM OFF THE COURTYARD - DAY

In a darkened room Ari peers through the filigree and listens
as Djarvat gives final orders to his men.

DJARVAT (IN THE B.G.)

Watch her carefully. I'll arrange
your departure for dawn.

EXT. THE SIEGE TOWERS - AFTERNOON

HAGEN,

apart from other workers, swings an axe, cutting logs into
usable shapes as part of the huge construction effort. As he
works a LONE MONK, whose face is hidden under a raised cowl,
walks nearby spouting verse to encourage the workers.

LONE MONK

Heed the Revelations! Wherein it
tells of Jerusalem's fall:
"Forward Pilgrims, death to all
who have offended Christ!"

Hagen doesn't look up or pay attention as the Monk approaches,
delivering his final words almost directly into Hagen's face.

LONE MONK

"Leave not woman nor child!
Exterminate the filth and bring
the day of redemption." Have you
the stomach for it, Knight?

HAGEN

looks into the Monk's face.

THE MONK

is Ari. After a quick smile of recognition, he grabs Hagen's
arm.

ARI

Come Knight! Pray with me.

Ari moves Hagen a short distance away and kneels, pulling Hagen down beside him.

HAGEN
Have you seen Leila? Is she well?

ARI
She is captive in the palace.
Djarvat rules now.

HAGEN
The battle begins tonight. Tell
her to stay hidden till I arrive.

ARI
Hagen, Leila is in danger even
beyond this madness. -- Djarvat
has sold her to Dugaq. She'll
be carried to Damascus at dawn.

Hagen stands and ponders what to do.

HAGEN
Take me to her. Now.

Ari grabs his arm and holds him.

ARI
Wait. There is a way through the
walls. But not before sundown.

EXT. THE WALLS OF JERUSALEM - DUSK

By firelight huge siege towers are pulled by hundreds of men toward the the walls. Emmich exhorts his team to greater effort.

EMMICH
Pull! Soon you'll all be rich!

FROM THE WALLS

There is a sudden eruption of fireballs into the night sky.

THE FIREBALLS ARC

out and strike among the Crusaders who pull the towers.

They break, spreading flame like napalm.

A fireball breaks on the tower itself, setting it afire.

EXT. ATOP THE WALLS - DUSK

Djarvat orders squads of Moslem soldiers to quickly load clay balls, each with a burning fuse, into catapults. Another barrage of Greek Fire (fireballs) is launched.

EXT. THE SIEGE TOWERS - NIGHT

Godfrey commands a bucket brigade that hoists buckets up the towers to control the fire.

REPLACEMENTS,

Monks, commoners and even women, step over the charred bodies of fallen comrades and take the ropes. Singing the anthem "Congregati sunt" they drag the siege tower toward the walls.

EXT. A RUIN NEAR THE BASE OF THE WALLS - NIGHT

Fireballs, launched from the walls above, explode near two running figures, illuminating Ari and Hagen.

They scramble for cover in the rocks as arrows, some tipped with flame, whistle down on them from the walls.

Ari pulls Hagen down into a crawlway. They move on their bellies and enter a hole through the rock that leads below.

INT. AN ANCIENT CISTERN - NIGHT

Sliding down a steep slanting face of stone, Ari splashes into shallow water at the bottom. Hagen comes down in a controlled slide behind him.

Ari removes a ball of fire wool from his shirt and an oil soaked torch. In the moonlight from the entrance he strikes a flint and lights a fire as Hagen gazes around.

THE LIGHT OF ARI'S TORCH ILLUMINATES

a room where they stand ankle deep in filthy water. Animal bones are strewn throughout.

HAGEN

What is this place?

ARI

It was built to drain the blood of sacrifices from the Temple of Solomon...I played hide and seek here when I was a child. My first holy relics were gathered from these bones.

Forced to a crouch, Hagen follows Ari into a passageway.

EXT. THE SIEGE - NIGHT

IN A SERIES OF SHOTS

Under a hail of stones, arrows and Greek Fire, the siege towers are inched to the walls. A carpet of dead lays strewn behind, showing the path they took.

Soldiers crank the launcher of a mangonel. Emmich supervises as his men whip Moslem prisoners, forcing them to boost a huge rock into the catapult.

Emmich sights the weapon at a parapet ordering last minute adjustments.

The weapon fires and a huge stone whistles up toward the city.

ATOP THE WALLS

The stone shatters a wall and collapses a section of roof near Djarvat, killing the Moslem archers who use it for cover. Djarvat barely escapes being crushed by a stone.

OUTSIDE THE WALLS

Emmich laughs then turns, facing the Moslem prisoners.

EMMICH
More rocks!

A PRISONER
There are no more, Effendi.

Emmich stares at them in rage. He shouts to Ivo.

EMMICH
Use their heads.

Emmich and the other Crusaders attack the unarmed prisoners, hacking at them.

Heads are piled into the launcher.

The catapult springs.

ATOP THE WALLS

Djarvat and his troops are struck by a barrage of human heads.

Iftikhar climbs onto the parapet, tripping over the grisly projectiles. He approaches Djarvat in a panic.

IFTIKHAR
Send the princess now! We need
Duqaq's army!

Djarvat looks from his demoralized defenders to the inflamed Crusaders below.

DJARVAT
Stay here. I'll deliver her
myself.

He climbs down a ladder, leaving Iftikhar in command.

EXT. THE WAILING WALL - NIGHT

Hagen and Ari scramble from the cistern into the ruins of the Temple inside the walls of Jerusalem. Near the Temple Gate, above their heads is a whistling sound and a heavy crash as a rock slams into the roof of a building. They squeeze against a wall as brick cascades down in front of them.

When the danger has passed they run for Ibn Khaldun's palace.

IVO HOLDS A TORCH

to the oil-soaked rags on the tip of a giant, ten-foot arrow that protrudes from a massive, cannon-sized, crossbow.

A second arrow is lit on another giant crossbow.

A third.

INT. IBN KHALDUN'S PALACE - NIGHT

Fires burn in the entry of the palace. A burning arrow crashes through the ceiling.

Djarvat and four of his men hold Leila as bricks and burning timbers fall around them. She struggles to get away and he smacks her.

He shoves her down a flight of stairs.

EXT. THE COURTYARD - NIGHT

The courtyard is lit by the glow of fires from the burning palace. Djarvat and his men emerge with Leila between them.

DJARVAT

(shouting orders)

Tie her on the horse,...

(to another man)

Ride ahead to the Gate. Keep it open!

Leila spits in his face. Djarvat kicks her in the stomach, and the men drag her to the horse.

EXT. THE WALLS - NIGHT

A full assault begins. The siege towers are pushed to the walls. Under a hail of stones and Greek fire, the Crusader knights climb the towers.

ATOP THE TOWER

squads of crossbowmen, archers, and soldiers, hurling burning pitch, launch a fusillade against the Moslems guarding the city wall, only twenty feet away.

SLOWLY, FROM THE TOWER

a bridge-like structure is cranked out toward the walls.

EXT. IBN KHALDUN'S PALACE GATE - NIGHT

Djarvat and three men gallop out of the gate with Leila and proceed down a busy street. They turn into...

EXT. A DESERTED ALLEY - NIGHT

But rubble blocks their way. They swing around to retrace their steps, but...

HAGEN AND ARI

rush into the alley and block their retreat.

IN A SERIES OF SHOTS

Djarvat reins his horse and draws a scimitar. The guard in front charges, scimitar raised. Hagen gashes his side with a swing of his broadsword.

Djarvat tries to turn his horse but Ari lunges and grabs the reins. In the struggle for control, Djarvat's horse shies, twists, and falls onto its side.

As the third black-robe calms his steed, Ari cuts Leila from her horse.

Djarvat springs to his feet, scimitar in hand. Hagen rushes toward him, brandishing his larger broadsword.

Djarvat snatches the dead guard's scimitar from the ground and now faces Hagen with a weapon in both hands.

A whirlwind of blades, Djarvat charges Hagen, forcing him back. Against such speed, Hagen cannot strike out with his bulky weapon, but only use its side to defend himself. He blocks a torrent of deadly blows, but Djarvat's blades strike closer and closer to flesh.

MISSILES FROM THE CRUSADER MANGONELS

smash into the building above them, crumbling its walls. Hagen and Djarvat are bombarded by rubble and knocked to the ground. Ari yanks Leila safely into a doorway. The remaining guard on horseback is buried under heavy stones.

Hagen digs through debris for the sword which dropped from his hand. Djarvat has lost one scimitar but still grips the other. He gets to his feet.

Hagen finds the hilt of his sword and grabs it -- but Djarvat already stands over him, scimitar raised high.

Djarvat smiles. The scimitar begins its downward arc.

BUT A FLASHING BLADE SEVERS HIS HAND ABOVE THE WRIST!

Djarvat twists in shock to see his spurting arm...and Leila, face contorted with rage, holding a bloody scimitar.

With eyes hard as a falcon's, Leila HACKS down again, and again, and again!

Djarvat topples to the ground, dead.

Hagen climbs from a pile of debris and comforts Leila, who shudders in his arms.

EXT. THE WALLS BY THE SIEGE TOWERS - NIGHT

Under a hail of arrows and missiles, Moslems drag a huge vat of burning oil to the wall. Many are cut down as they dump it over the side.

LOWER DOWN THE TOWER,

men cranking wheels that extend the bridge are doused by burning oil. They fall away but others quickly take their places.

THE BRIDGE TOUCHES THE WALL

and Godfrey shouts the command to charge. Led by Emmich, the knights in heavy armor walk across the bridge, swinging their swords, hacking a swath through the Moslem guards.

GODFREY

(shouting)

To the Temple Gates! Open the gates!

EXT. STREETS OF JERUSALEM - NIGHT

Hagen, Leila, and Ari are swept along in a sea of terrified civilians. They turn and run toward the Wailing Wall.

At an intersection, they see the Temple Gate open. Crusader footsoldiers pour through. Civilians, women and children, are chased and hacked down by the frenzied footsoldiers.

Hagen, Leila, and Ari stop at the corner of a building and stare for a beat at the massacre.

ARI

Only one place is safe. The Holy Sepulchre. They'll spare the Christians.

They turn and, following him, race away.

EXT. THE JEWISH QUARTER - NIGHT

Jews run from their houses as Crusaders swarm the streets, torching whatever will burn.

The Hermit Monk climbs to a rooftop holding a staff with the cross atop it.

HERMIT MONK

The Jews that murdered our
saviour! Kill them! Exterminate the
name of Israel!

EXT. STREET NEAR THE SYNAGOGUE - NIGHT

Hagen, Ari, and Leila run along a street littered with Jewish dead. At a cross street they see---

JEWS,

flock from all directions toward their synagogue. Most wear prayer shawls and carry books of prayers. Singing can be heard from within as the masses press toward the doors of the building.

ARI STOPS COLD IN HIS TRACKS

and watches them. The shouts and cries of Emmich and the approaching Crusaders can be heard. "Death to the Jews,...Death to the enemies of Christ!"

Ari suddenly gasps, seeing--

Yacub, his uncle, wearing a prayer shawl and holding a Torah. Yacub hurries toward the synagogue among the others.

ARI

Oh, God...
(shouts)
Yacub!

Ari shouts again for his uncle, who doesn't hear him. Ari turns to Leila.

ARI

Princess, you know the way to the
sepulchre?

LEILA

Yes.

ARI

Go without me.

HAGEN

What?

ARI

Go!

Hagen takes his arm. Ari pulls away.

ARI
My uncle is a Jew. -- And so am
I.

Hagen looks at Ari for a beat.

ARI
He needs me. Go!

Ari kisses Hagen and draws back.

ARI
We'll meet again.

Ari launches himself into the crowd, fighting his way toward his uncle, shouting his name.

AT THE DOORS OF THE SYNAGOGUE,

Yacub stops and turns. He sees Ari.

ARI
Wait! Don't go in!

Yacub struggles to stand in place as the mob of panicked Jews crushes him into the synagogue.

A SQUAD OF CRUSADERS

emerges from a side street firing with crossbows.

HAGEN AND LEILA

duck back as arrows slam around them. They crouch as a second barrage of arrows sticks in the doorway above their heads.

Hagen shelters Leila as they are forced back toward the shelter of a side street.

AT THE DOORS OF THE SYNAGOGUE,

Ari reaches Yacub and tries to pull him away.

The press of the mob is too strong. They are forced inside.

Crusaders slam the doors closed behind them and seal the entrance with a large timber.

EXT. A STREET - NIGHT

As Hagen and Leila race down a street they are suddenly confronted by SEVERAL FOOTSOLDIERS hurling booty from a house.

FOOTSOLDIER
That Moslem beauty should be
shared my friend.

Hagen cuts down the leader and holds the others back with his sword as he and Leila pass and continue down the street.

EXT. THE SYNAGOGUE SQUARE - NIGHT

The square is a litter of bodies of Jews who did not make it to the synagogue and were cut down by Crusaders.

The Hermit Monk, sword in hand, kills alongside the others.

Emmich, panting with exhaustion, swings halfheartedly at the pleading masses that surround him. Then he stops and looks up at the synagogue.

From inside the sound of singing can be heard.

HERMIT MONK
They still worship. Burn them!
Burn the temple.

The cry of "Burn Them," is taken up by the others.

IVO AND OTHERS

push a cartload of hay beneath the doorway of the synagogue and set fire to it.

The soldiers cheer and shout as it blazes up.

GODFREY'S MEN OPEN A GATE IN THE CITY WALL,

and horses are driven into the city. Crusaders rush to mount them.

EXT. THE SYNAGOGUE - NIGHT

Emmich stands before the synagogue watching it burn. Ivo is beside him.

EMMICH
We've done good.

IVO
Emmich, the street of the gold
smiths...There's jewels, treasure
of all kinds,...

Horses are led into the square by Crusaders. Emmich and Ivo saddle up.

EMMICH
There's only one treasure here.
The True Cross. The man who has
it has the crown.

EXT. THE HOLY SEPULCHRE - NIGHT

Christians and Moslem refugees, mainly women and children, enter the courtyard of the Sepulchre through a large gate.

Huge flaming bolts arc across the sky and strike the surrounding buildings.

EXT. THE SEPULCHRE WALL - NIGHT

Hagen and Leila have reached the gate. In the background, smoke pours from the foolscap dome of the Sepulchre.

EXT. COURTYARD OF THE HOLY SEPULCHRE - NIGHT

Hagen and Leila press through the gate. They are guided by monks and nuns to shelter under the archways of the surrounding buildings.

Hagen looks toward the burning church. A bucket brigade of monks is trying to put out the flames.

HAGEN'S GAZE

comes to rest on the door of the Holy Sepulchre. Smoke pours from inside and Hagen reacts as---

AN OLD MONK, THEODOSIUS,

appears through the smoke. His eyes desperately search the crowd, the young, the old, the feeble. But his penetrating gaze finds Hagen. He points at him and calls out.

THEODOSIUS

You!...Come!

HAGEN,

amazed, starts toward the monk.

THEODOSIUS

You have strength. Help us save the cross.

Hagen, stricken by the old man's words, glances at Leila, then steps to the doorway.

The old monk stares at him through the swirling smoke. His words are indistinct in the roar of the flame.

THEODOSIUS

I am Theodosius. God has sent you.

He turns into the smoke-filled entrance, and Hagen follows.

INT. THE SEPULCHRE - NIGHT

Fire licks at tapestries and icons as monks work a bucket brigade in a futile effort to control it. Above, the roof timbers are ablaze.

Hagen, following Theodosius, sees the altar through smoke and flames.

POV HAGEN

A silver cross stands before the Mosaic of Abraham. A beam suddenly drops from the ceiling and fire rises, obliterating it from view. Then, magically, it reappears.

HAGEN PUSHES TO THE ALTAR.

He steps through burning rubble. Flames scorch the silver as he reaches the cross.

At the center of the silver cross is a piece of ancient blackened wood, the remains of the True Cross.

Hagen grabs the cross member with his hands. He winces. His hands are burned at its touch, but he holds it and slowly lifts it from the altar and settles it onto his back.

At the touch of the hot metal, his shirt burns away and he groans with pain as he struggles with his burden.

THE MONKS FIGHT

back the flames with buckets of water as Hagen carries the heavy cross toward the door. Theodosius walks ahead, guiding him through the smoke.

EXT. THE SEPULCHRE COMPOUND - NIGHT

Emmich and his men ride to the outer door of the compound. A ram is brought forward and slammed against it. The door collapses and they ride into the courtyard.

EXT. THE COURTYARD - NIGHT

Emmich leads his men into the courtyard and his look goes straight to the Sepulchre.

LIKE AN IMAGE FROM A RELIGIOUS PAINTING

Hagen appears through smoke and flames carrying the cross.

THE CRUSADERS AROUND EMMICH

are stricken. They stare, amazed, as---

HAGEN STEPS FROM THE SEPULCHRE.

Staggering under the weight, he descends the steps, with Theodosius and monks following.

HIS HEAD LOWERED, HAGEN

is unaware of Emmich. As he walks he hears the clanking of armor. Looking up, he sees---

THE KNIGHTS

ease themselves off their horses and drop to their knees at the sight of Hagen.

THE MADMAN

is completely awestruck.

IN THE COURTYARD,

Emmich remains mounted, but many of his men, so stricken by the image of Hagen and the True Cross, push forward a reach to touch the relic.

EMMICH
Pathetic fools! Kill him!

None respond to Emmich.

HAGEN CALLS TO

Theodosius and the monks who now surround him.

HAGEN
Take the Cross! Hide it where no
crusader will ever find it!

At Theodosius' command, a dozen monks lift the Cross from Hagen's back. As they take it away, Hagen draws his sword.

EMMICH
Seize the Cross!

Emmich looks down to see Ivo on his knees, praying alongside all the others. The Madman cries out in ecstasy.

MADMAN
Hagen is king! King of Jerusalem!
Hagen is king!

In a mad fury, Emmich draws his sword, rides over Ivo, and pushes his sword through the Madman's back.

THE MADMAN

collapses onto the ground. With blood dripping from his mouth, he casts a last worshipful look at his hero.

MADMAN
Hagen...

EMMICH

reins his horse around and faces Hagen.

EMMICH
Yes...Now!

He charges Hagen, who meets him in a two-handed stance. Emmich's first swing misses. He swings around for another.

LEILA WATCHES

the unequal battle from the courtyard.

EMMICH TRIES

to trample Hagen. Hagen is knocked down. Emmich's horse rears and stomps him, but he manages to roll away and spring catlike to his feet.

Emmich charges, and Hagen retreats toward the colonnade that lines the courtyard. Emmich swings, but Hagen darts behind a column.

Emmich maneuvers around the column, hacking at Hagen and forcing him into the open. As Emmich charges again, Hagen jumps onto the raised porch of the church and swings his sword with all his strength. The blade catches Emmich just below the ribs, severing his head, sword arm and upper torso in one piece.

Sword still in a hand, a horrible battle cry bursting from his lungs, Emmich's upper trunk falls to the dust of the courtyard.

The horse squeals in panic and rears with Emmich's lower body in the saddle. It turns and gallops out the courtyard gate into the streets of Jerusalem with the ghostly half-Emmich still in the saddle.

HAGEN WATCHES

the horse disappear, then he rams the blade of his sword into the dirt and breaks off the blade.

He crosses to Leila and takes her in his arms.

EXT. JERUSALEM - DAWN

IN A SERIES OF SHOTS

Fires still burn and a deathly veil of smoke hangs over the city. From somewhere in the streets a chorus of a thousand voices sings an anthem of victory.

The burned ruin of Al-Aqsa mosque looms in the foreground as a huge procession passes the lifeless square.

The Hermit Monk, now in the robes of a bishop surrounded by acolytes swinging censers of incense, leads a solemn march of the victors through what was once a living city. They step over bodies and limbs and slog through puddles of blood.

The gold cross atop his staff floats through swirls of smoke against a background of fire and devastation.

EXT. A SIDE STREET - DAWN

Hagen, on foot, leads two horses packed for travel. Leila, wearing a veil, is mounted on one.

They emerge onto a square near the burned ruins of the synagogue. The area is littered with Jewish dead. A few pyres of burning bodies are tended by black masked soldiers.

HAGEN

gazes toward the ruins of the synagogue. Something on the ground catches his eye. He reaches down and lifts a yarmulke. As his thoughts go to Ari the singing is suddenly louder and---

THE CRUSADER PROCESSION APPEARS.

Godfrey rides at its head, followed by Ivo and other prominent knights, united in victory.

Hagen's expression betrays disgust, and the same can be read in Leila's eyes.

GODFREY

sees Hagen. He leaves the others and approaches him.

GODFREY

Hagen, come to the Holy Sepulchre.
I am to be crowned king. I
promise there will be a high place
for you in my realm.

HAGEN

You'll wear a crown of gold where
Christ wore a crown of thorns?

Godfrey hears the innuendo but chooses to ignore it.

GODFREY

Join us in giving thanks to God
for the glory of this conquest.

HAGEN

What glory?

GODFREY

Our victory has restored God's
kingdom.

Hagen reacts to the outrageous irony of Godfrey's words.

HAGEN

God's kingdom.

Hagen looks around at the piles of dead and the burning ruins that surround the plaza.

HAGEN

Take a look around. Take a deep
breath and with the stench of
death in your nose, go tell God
you've restored his kingdom.

Hagen turns and leads the horses away from the procession.

Godfrey, fighting whatever wells from his own conscience, backs
away and begins singing the Latin words of the anthem.

EXT. THE WALLS OF JERUSALEM NEAR DAVID'S GATE - MORNING

As Hagen and Leila approach the open gate that leads from the
city, a RAGGED PEDDLER emerges from the shadows of a building
and approaches them.

PEDDLER

Christian, ...Christian, wait!

Hagen ignores the Peddler and keeps moving, but the man pursues.

PEDDLER

When you leave this holy city
would you not want to carry a
piece of the True Cross? Surely
you of all knights have earned
it for your valor.

Hagen turns at the familiar ring of the man's words.

A DIRTY FACE

smiles up at him. Hagen beams. It's Ari.

HAGEN

Ari!

Hagen hugs him and looks him over. Ari is pretty badly bruised
and burned.

ARI

I found a way out for my uncle
and ten others.

Ari shrugs as Hagen shakes his head, smiling.

ARI

And you? No crown? No treasure?

HAGEN

We'll live as I was born to live,
from the land.

ARI

Sad, you had such promise as a
thief...

He takes Leila's hands.

ARI
And these soft hands, Princess,
tilling the soil?

LEILA
They will harden as we raise
crops... And children.

HAGEN
Come with us.

ARI
No, I have my trade. And with
so many pilgrims, it's good.
Already I've sold three hairs from
the beard of John the Baptist.

Hagen smiles.

ARI
When you return with the bounty
of your harvest, come find me.
I'll either be at the mosque, the
temple, or the sepulchre...
wherever the faithful are
gathered.

Another embrace and Hagen and Leila leave.

EXT. DAVID'S GATE - OUTSIDE THE WALLS - MORNING

Hagen leads the horses out of the city. In the background the
deserted siege towers can be seen along with a few scavengers
picking through the dead.

HAGEN GLANCES AROUND

and they start on the road away from the city. Hagen takes
Leila's hand and looks up at her. He smiles, kisses her hand,
then climbs onto his horse. They canter away, and as the CAMERA
PANS up to the walls of Jerusalem, the sound of CHURCH BELLS
echoing from within the city is gradually drowned by the sound
of WIND.

DISSOLVE TO

EXT. THE MOUNTAINS OF LEBANON - DAY

The mountains are cloaked in swirling mist as Hagen and Leila ride from the mountain pass into a valley. Ahead, in fields carpeted with spring flowers, the small farm can be seen where they first knew love.

END TITLE

Even under torture, the monks of the Holy Sepulchre refused to reveal the hiding place of the True Cross. It was never found.