

FADE IN

INT. BLACK DOVE TAVERN - ISABEL'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

The constant COO of a roosting dove. Moonlight streams through cracks in the window shutters.

In the dark room we can just make out an archer's bow hanging on the wall, above the sleeping form of ISABEL DE FORÊT, 19.

Far away, the thunder of HOOFBEATS begins to drum. Louder, louder until the room begins to SHAKE.

Isabel bolts awake, eyes full of terror. She hurries to the window, cracks a shutter, startling the dove to flight.

In the street below, HUNDREDS OF FRENCH TROOPS ROAR PAST.

Isabel watches the troops in confused horror.

ISABELA  
What devilry is this?

EXT. ARVILLE COMMANDERY VINEYARD - MORNING

SUPER: "October 13, 1307 Arville Templar Commandery, France"

Cupid's bow, pointing upwards, against a cloudless autumn sky. Two DOVES fly overhead, wings WHISTLING.

PHHHT!

The arrow SINGS, SHATTERS a clod of dirt into a thousand fragments.

JOHANES (O.S.)  
Have you nothing better to do,  
Raphael? How many clumps of dirt  
have you slain today?

A TEMPLAR MONK, JOHANES, 22, brushes dirt from his shorn hair. His robes are worn but clean. His beard could hide both an army and this morning's breakfast.

He picks dirt from the grapes in his harvesting basket.

Behind him, holding the bow, is RAPHAEL DE MARQUES, 20. He wears nobleman's clothes but still manages to look like an unkempt rogue...the rebel youngest child.

RAPHAEL

Not really, since you ask, and I've  
lost count.

He sneaks a handful of sweet wine grapes into his mouth,  
tosses another clod in the air, aims...

POP!

JOHANES

You could help. If you've nothing  
to do why don't you join the  
Templars? We'll keep you busy.

Raphael wipes at juice dripping down his chin. His eyes drift  
over the peaceful Templar complex.

Golden fields of grain tremble in the morning sun as Templars  
go about their business. A Knight leads a black draft horse  
into the stable.

Two elderly chaplains exit the chapel, and freeze when  
MOUNTED SOLDIERS begin pouring into the complex.

RAPHAEL

What's this?

Johanes follows his gaze, curious.

FRENCH SOLDIERS SWARM THE COMPOUND.

SHOUTS fill the air!

The chaplains YELL WARNINGS. The chapel bell CLANGS an alarm.  
Metal CLASHES as swords meet.

Some Templars resist and fight, others allow themselves to be  
arrested.

RAPHAEL (CONT'D)

King's men! Attacking Templars!

They watch in horror as one of the chaplains is STABBED,  
COLLAPSES in front of the chapel.

Johanes GASPS, starts to run towards the chapel. Raphael  
grabs his robe and yanks him back.

RAPHAEL (CONT'D)

You'll only die with them!

CAPTAIN ARMAND DE FORÊT, a mounted soldier, holds Templars at  
sword point, forces them into a line. ARMAND is 21, clean-  
cut, painfully serious.

A Templar Knight draws his sword to fight back, is CUT DOWN by several SOLDIERS.

JOHANES

They just killed a Knight!

They stand frozen, uncomprehending. Raphael still grips Johanes's robe.

Another MOUNTED SOLDIER spots Johanes and Raphael in the vineyard, runs towards them with his sword drawn.

Johanes runs towards the distant woods.

RAPHAEL

(shouts to oncoming  
soldier)

Stay back! He's just a monk. You've  
no business with him.

He glances behind him at Johanes, chugging away through the vineyard.

As the soldier nears he yells to Johanes.

SOLDIER

By order of King Philip, you're  
under arrest!

Johanes runs faster.

Raphael nocks an arrow, aims at the soldier.

RAPHAEL

I SAID you've no business with him!

The soldier deftly swerves his horse.

SOLDIER

Out of the way, idiot, or I'll gut  
you!

A quick glance in the direction of SCREAMS to see one of the Templars SMASHED IN THE SKULL with a sword makes up Raphael's mind. He releases his arrow.

*PHHHHT!*

The soldier SCREAMS, arrow shaft protruding from his thigh. He pivots his horse, rushes at Raphael.

Raphael quickly NOCKS ANOTHER ARROW, RELEASES --

THUCKCKKKK!!! The arrow impales the soldier's throat. He falls with a heavy THUD! His horse trots away.

Raphael looks back to the compound, sees Armand squinting towards him, shielding his eyes.

RAPHAEL  
Traitorous bastards!

Raphael turns and races after Johanes.

ARMAND'S POV: A SUN FLARE. He sees two men far out in the vineyard, running away, and a LOOSE CAVALRY HORSE.

EXT. THICKET - DAY

Raphael and Johanes run for their lives. They shove branches aside, stumble through thick brambles and vines.

JOHANES  
Why are we being attacked? It's the worst betrayal!

RAPHAEL  
The rumors in the taverns have been worse every day. The Templars have enemies. We have to get out of these clothes or we'll be recognized.

They emerge from the trees, into gardens backed by a beautiful French chateau.

EXT. ARVILLE COMMANDERY VINEYARD - DAY

Armand hurries to where the mounted soldier attacked Raphael.

The soldier lays under grapevines in a glossy red pool. Armand visually searches the area, sees no one. He urges his horse in the direction Raphael and Johanes ran.

EXT. MARQUES GARDENS - DAY

Raphael and Johanes reach the maze-like gardens just as they hear a HORSE and BUSH-WHACKING behind them.

RAPHAEL  
(hisses)  
Hide!