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# Brotherhood of the Wolf

By Stéphane Cabel

Mylord, it's time, you have to leave.  
They will have you arrested.  
Bring me some candles,  
i'm working late tonight.  
But, mylord..  
- And a glass of wine, as usual.  
The world had no choice but to change...  
.. but the revolution has become terror  
and me myself will be taken with away.  
The certainties make people blind  
and mad.  
They can tear their hearts apart  
and make a beast of theirselves.  
In the year 1764...  
...the Beast appeared on our grounds  
and made it his.  
One year later it was known  
far beyond our region...  
...and people began to think nobody  
could ever defeat it.  
By his attacks the Gevaudan sunk  
deeper and deeper into the darkness.  
Stop...  
Who are you?  
What did he do?  
- He's a thief.  
And she?  
His daughter. A witch.  
I healed their horses and they  
refuse to pay.  
Do not listen.  
A word has no meaning here.  
Are the horses healed?  
- Yes.  
Go on.  
Welcome in the land of the Beast.  
And watch out for wolf-traps.  
Knight Gregoire de Fronsac...  
...en the man called Mani were  
hunters nor soldiers.  
As taxidermist of the king..  
...the Knight in Paris the  
reputation of a freeminded and  
...intellectual person.

The one who was following him..  
...as his shadow was a stranger  
nobody knew of.  
When evening fell...  
...they offered themselves to  
the castle of marquis Apcher...  
...who gave them shelter as long as their  
mission in Gevaudan would last.  
Our people are not afraid of an  
ordinary wolf. The Beast is different.  
It flees from men like it knows  
it has to..  
but it spares women nor children.  
Have you seen it?  
- No.  
How do you know it's an  
animal then?  
Those who survived gave that  
description.  
It's much bigger than a wolf  
and it doesn't fear bullets.  
I understand your scepticism.  
I don't believe in monsters either...  
...but i had a report made for  
you..  
...of the crimes of the Beast.  
You can judge yourself.  
Grandfather said you were  
fighting the English in Canada...  
Yes. I went there to study  
the animals and nature.  
...but i came back hurt  
and with the grade of captain.  
I arranged a hospital for the  
victims of the Beast.  
In an old abbey.  
A women from Lorciere.  
She came back from a party  
...when the Beast attacked her.  
Help came. The Beast vanished...  
...but it deformed her face...  
Tell me, Knight,  
how is Mr Buffon?  
And how are things in Paris?

And The Innocent One?  
Read about it already?  
It is kind of late for philosophy.  
You're right. How about the theatre?  
Do you know actresses?  
What are they performing this winter?  
Put it right there.  
People say she is curtuous.  
I'm not sure if it's true,  
but they offered their charmes.  
Tell me.  
With this your curiosity will be  
satisfied.  
Mercurius of France.  
We only have the Post of Avignon.  
I will show you the sleeping room.  
He is sleeping over here.  
- Good.  
Goodnight, Knight.  
It's not Versailles,  
but the wine is good.  
Fat as a pig...  
Jackques has seen many wolves.  
What attacked him, was not a wolf.  
The snout was longer and  
the teeth were like knives.  
If it's not a wolf, what is it then?  
A devil.  
- Knight.  
The Beast attacked a women in  
Saint-Alban.  
There.  
Don't worry Knight, nobody is  
here.  
Stop.  
What are they doing here?  
Son of a whore.  
Goodday, captain.  
Sir Marquis.  
I greet you. But be careful.  
There are traps everywhere.  
This is Gregoire de Fronsac,  
of the garden of the King.  
He wants to see the body of this

unlucky soul.  
With your permission ofcourse.  
You treated my men merciless  
I did not know they were acting  
in your command.  
They were not.  
You did good and I apoligize.  
My soldiers are made for war,  
not for hunting.  
The intestines were emptied and now  
there is poison in it.  
What kind of gardener are you?  
When the Beast is dead,  
the king wants it examined...  
...and save it in Paris.  
I have to stuff it after the hunt.  
Now I try getting familiar with it.  
With such jaws the animal should  
weigh 250 kilos.  
This time I will catch it.  
Before the first snow I will have it.  
If everybody helps,  
it can't escape.  
Did you see it already?  
- Once now.  
In 13 months.  
I shot it and hit it.  
It collapsed but got up instantly again.  
We lost it south of the Mouchet.  
Did it look like this?  
It had somesort of black bar...  
with stings Do you understand?  
Friends, let me introduce you  
the maker of the drawings.  
Knight Gregoire de Fronsac...  
...the man comes from Paris to..  
catch the Beast.  
His Eminence,  
the bisshop of Mende.  
His Eminence,  
the duke of Moncan  
His Eminence,  
the count of Morangias...  
..and Mrs. Count

and their son Jean-Francois...  
...who has traveled a lot too...  
Good, mylord.  
Thank you, mylord.  
Mylord Laffond, our intendant..  
..and the priest of Saint-Alban,  
Henrie Sardis.  
Tell us, mylord...  
Are people talking a lot about  
the Beast in Paris?  
People even sang about it.  
- They should prey.  
Would captain Duhamel need  
Gods help?  
Who can without god's help?  
Duhamel disguises his soldiers in  
women.  
To get the Beast. What a strategy.  
- Duhamel does all he can.  
I think you're obliging.  
Duhamel is incapable.  
They destroy a lot.  
But the Beast is still there.  
Like taxes are ment to be  
for paying Duhamel...  
...I rather give it to my  
servants.  
What do you think?  
Mylord Duke likes carp at,  
but he is a good christian.  
When you arrived,  
they were boring me...  
...with the good God and all  
that holy talk.  
The pope would even have  
sent a spy...  
...to see if the Beast has anything  
to do with the devil.  
Excuse me.  
Marianne de Morangias.  
Difficult, very difficult.  
Everybody was breaking their minds  
about it.  
Who is next?

- Maxime des Forets. Actor.  
That will be easy.  
- Be careful. He's a Morangias...  
Mrs..  
- Hello, mylord, we were talking..  
Are you Maxime des Forets?  
What a pleasure.  
Good actors are rare.  
The Marquis was talking about you.  
- The Marquis?  
He wants to have a chronicle written  
about his family.  
He's thinking about you.  
- Is he?  
He is in a good mood.  
It's now or never.  
But act like you don't know and  
let him start talking about it.  
Mrs. excuse me...  
Aren't you ashamed?  
- My God. No.  
So, Mr. stuffer... do you like  
our region?  
Until now i only saw beauties.  
Or at least one of them.  
Do people talk about girls  
this way in the court?  
No... Something like this you  
should save for the innocent farmers.  
I would go to the court if  
there were women like you.  
Food is being served, Knight.  
Let's eat.  
I'll follow you.  
We were in Saint-Laurent for 12 days  
already when we found the most..  
..bizarre animal in our nets I ever saw  
The indians told me about  
holy fish...  
...but I was convinced it  
was a legend.  
I saw a fish with the looks  
and size of a trout.  
...but it's body was completely covered

with a hairy skin as black as poison.

A hairy trout? You're joking.

- No, mylord.

Salmo Truta Dermopilla,  
from Canada.

That is really strange.

- As soft as fur.

Nature is extraordinary.

The water will be cold...

It proves the impossible is  
possible sometimes.

With this discovery you earned  
a lot of respect.

I doubt he deserves that.

But I admit, Knight,  
you got talent as an actor.

If I would have two hands,  
I would give an applause.

Jean-Francois.

Please excuse him, mylord.

Your son is right,

Sr. Earl, that animal doesn't exist.

My embalmer in the garden of the  
King is very handy.

So you say the Beast does  
not exist...

..and we are idiots?

I only say that...

people only used dragons or  
squirrels in books or poems.

Lies are sometimes true if  
they are being told correctly.

Watch out, mylord. We might not  
understand you anymore now.

By the way, are you a  
philosopher?

Or worse... an actor?

I think the Knight is mainly  
someone from Paris.

Enough about that Beast.

Shall we do some riddles?

I just made a poem.

If Mrs. Earl allows...

If it's not immoral.



- Immoral? No, no.  
It's very chaste and sober.  
It's not far-fetched.  
Just popped into my head.  
It's called "The Wolf".  
'I didn't pay any attention to  
it.  
Without thinking of evil,  
I look at you  
Your secret glance strikes me.  
The wolf, the wolf, the wolf"  
Will I see you again soon?  
Do you have any other mystical animals?  
- U have an indisputable idea about me.  
Allow me to change that.  
- Try it.  
Will you be attending Duhamel's battue?  
- Yes.  
I forbid you.  
It's far too dangerous.  
Obediance is the first virtue  
of young women.  
That young man is right.  
It was on that day the biggest battue  
ever to be held in Gevaudan took place.  
The King promised 6.000 pound  
to the one who killed the Beast.  
Thousands of peasants and soldiers  
joined the hunters.  
During a few heures we forgot  
we were hunting the Beast.  
Everyone got a map and a place  
to assemble. We start at 7.  
Go ahead. My people have  
other things to do.  
Your generosity matches  
your courage and...  
Enough. I hope for your sake  
that we catch it this time.  
That's a certainty, Sir Duke.  
What kind of racket is that?  
A beautiful weapon, not?  
I had it made by a weapons  
blacksmith in Mende.

You understand that i wanted  
it custom made.  
Look...  
...even in Paris you can't find  
such bullets. I mould them myself.  
Silver? You fear werewolves?  
No, but i want to  
leave a signature.  
I'm a hunter.  
Its a passion that has cost me a lot.  
What happened to you?  
I've learned that some predators  
need more then a bullet.  
There's more to curing gangreen  
then a prayor.  
Has a bear wounded you?  
- A lion.  
made me travel alot.  
You dont know Africa, Fronsac.  
Gentlemen... my daughter is to blame.  
I'll bring her here.  
Punish her accordingly.  
A witch.  
The daughter of the devil.  
Look at her, a demon.  
She's sick, she's not possessed.  
She's not possessed.  
The Evil. The sign of the devil.  
Bewitched.  
Make sure she doesnt swallow here tongue.  
She will suffocate.  
She's not possessed.  
She's not possessed  
- I know  
Taxidermist, philosopher... And  
even a healer.  
Congratulations.  
She didn't come.  
Marquis.  
And the people?  
Supersticuous. Nothing different  
than this place.  
The Indians eat the heart of  
their prey, for its strength.

Is that why they are savages?  
In Africa they eat the  
heart of their enemies.  
Sir Duke, Jean-Francois,  
move your people eastwards.  
There you are.  
- Your mother will be worried.  
If i had listened to her,  
i wouldn't be in the convent.  
I know you dont believe me,  
you're a freethinker.  
Not when one is in love.  
- Are you in love?  
Ridiculous. We hardly know eachother.  
You think that its about you?  
Marianne.  
She has to learn to ride like a woman.  
Practice never hurt anyone.  
My father never sees any evil.  
- My son sees evil in everything.  
People died here.  
How do you know that?  
I hear their screams.  
- Mani, stop that.  
He's right.  
There was an army camp here.  
When it was torched,  
Is he psychic?  
That's not needed.  
To observe is sufficient.  
When i was little,  
i came to play here with my brother.  
Weren't you afraid?  
He would protect me against  
the ghosts.  
Don't you like the hunt?  
- Is that a crime around here?  
According to indian custom, you  
steal someone's soul if you draw them.  
Does my soul interest you?  
Why on foot?  
Do you want to get mutilated?  
It's my fault.  
- I ask nothing of you.

What was that?

- Only a wolf.

And what if it was the Beast?

- I dont think it was, Marianne.

Thanks.

I hope the Beast is one  
of the wolves.

They wont be eating anyone.

What a special person.

Where did you find him?

- In Canada.

It's... How does one say it.

An Acad?

An Indian. An Irok,  
from the tribe of the Mohawks.

An Indian? A real one?

He doesnt look like an Indian.

Makre sure that you're  
in Saint-Alban tonight.

We'll entertain ourselves with  
your servant.

He's not my servant.

What is he then, cursed?

- My brother.

How can you mix your  
blood with that of a savage?

He who shares my discomfort,  
is no savage.

Because of Mani i was able  
to escape from the English.

I thought those animals  
were cannibals.

As you can see, Sir Intendant,  
Mani is no animal.

Would you be able to procreate  
with a woman of our race?

All women are equal once  
the candles are extinguished.

Yes, they're clear of mind.

The Indians slept with white men  
and had children. We are equals.

That's said hasty.

It's a bit like with black men...

What do you think of it, Sardis?

Your bloodbrother must be a child of God.

You had him baptised?

- He didnt ask me.

Good. You follow times closely.

- Mani has his own believe.

He was somesort of priest in  
his tribe.

Do Indians have priests?

They are lost.

What is their believe?

Every human has a conginal  
with the animals. A totem

Nice, but i don't understand.

Would you mind?

Don't be afraid. It won't hurt.

U...

Kariboe... thats somekind of  
deer.

Yes, a deer. What do you think?

Am I a deer by the horns or  
by somebody else?

And my dear Thomas? What is his..  
...totem?

- Worm.

A book-worm.

A snake?

- Snake?

With the Indians,

Snakes stand for wisdom

Wise snake.

And you, mylord Intendant?

A pig.

Away with those wrinkles.

With those barbarians the pigs  
may represent nobility.

Who is next? Sardis?

- No. No

And me?

What am I? Half a lion, half  
an eagle?

Change me in a lizard, so  
my arm will grow back on.

Jean-Francois. Enough.

What's wrong? Am I going

too far?  
Let me, let me.  
Mrs., would you?  
Excuse me, but your  
tricks bore me.  
I choose to withdraw, before you  
start dancing on a ball.  
Good evening.  
That will relax you.  
It's not Paris, but it's the best  
Mende offers.  
And it sleeps better than in  
an inn.  
They are all for you, gentlemen.  
And we have a new...  
My dear Marquis, come.  
I'm expensive, Gregoire de Fronsac.  
Do we know eachother?  
- From here Gevaudan looks small.  
Italian?  
A passage in this beautiful country.  
I got some money.  
Thats not the only issue.  
And?  
Who did that?  
An Irokese arrow.  
Your heart was not far away..  
Maybe I am..  
a man with luck.  
And that?  
A bear.  
And he didn't love me.  
You haven't seen anything yet.  
I have a dangerous job.  
Not all men have manners like you.  
That's a recollection on me.  
That is a scandal in my house.  
Valentine. What is this?  
- I don't sleep with wizards.  
What does it mean?  
- He got snakes on his body.  
Our reputation is at risk.  
It's nothing, it is an Indian.  
Not a wizard.

I don't want Indians.  
- You hookers are difficult.  
And, girls?  
Who's going with the Redskin?  
I double the price.  
I like his sketches...  
- Well, everything is gonna be alright...  
Are you a wizard?  
Are you going to sketch me?  
If your not honest.  
Several weeks passed...  
...and the soldiers  
could't find the Beast.  
It was the 3th winter  
under his lordship...  
...and we knew  
the snow and the cold...  
...just like our weapons,  
would not make it stop.  
Think about the threatens God  
announced through Mozes' mouth..  
"I will come to you like a bear  
lost her welps"  
I shall tear your children  
like a lion..  
and send the Beast that will  
consume you..  
and your cattles,  
and will make...  
deserts of your roads."  
How long will you stay angry, Lord?  
One candle per victim.  
Do you really think we live  
in a rational time?  
Mercy.  
I ask forgiveness.  
Mercy.  
Bless me.  
What is it, my son?  
God punished me.  
My children are gone.  
I'm doomed.  
We're all doomed.  
Gather your men,

we leave at once.  
Warn Mani, i see you on the way.  
Goodeavening, friend of the wolves.  
I've got something for you.  
I would like to speak with you, Marianne.  
Alone.  
In 10 days my mother and father  
will both go away.  
I am not as free as you are.  
Bring me the torch.  
Bring the torch.  
The storm starts and they are tired.  
We'd better go home.  
No. Let's find the girl.  
I found the child.  
Captain, those traps you set catch  
more farmers than wolves.  
Your men are leaded by misuse  
of power.  
And since your chase the wolf has  
killed 12 times.  
I don't understand.  
It shouldn't have escaped.  
What?  
- It shouldn't have escaped.  
And you, Knight, do you  
know what kind of wolf it is?  
Gentlemen...  
The only certainty I have,  
is that it's not a wolf.  
A wolf does not attack people.  
I observed them in Canada.  
Maybe there the wolves are different.  
A wild wolf would attack anybody.  
If it gets frantic,  
it will die in 2 weeks.  
And still it's running around here  
for 2 years now.  
By the way, I saw wounds a wolf  
could never have made.  
And I found, in a body of a victim,  
a piece of iron.  
And?  
- And?



No animal has iron teeth.  
Is the Beast not an animal then?  
Well, how do we catch it?  
As we are talking, it kills people.  
I think we should listen carefully  
to Fronsac.  
So, Knight, you think  
The Beast is not an ordinary animal.  
I'm glad you admit its something  
extraordinary.  
I don't admit anything Sir.  
I only have my doubts.  
Knight, do you have something  
left to say?  
No gentlemen.  
Gentlemen, I received this from Paris.  
Captain Duhamel, His Majesty  
was informed about your mistakes..  
... and I was asked to get  
you off this case.  
You and your men leave at once  
to your regiment in Langogne.  
Sir Beauterne is already on his  
way to Langogne.  
His Majesty gave orders to kill  
the wolf.  
...and he is the only one who is  
allowed to hunt in the district.  
Gentlemen.  
Have you forgiven me?  
I would like to know my totem?  
Do i say that properly?  
I would say...  
...a mermaid.  
You are never serious.  
I will ask your Redskinned man.  
And the Beast? Did you see it?  
No.  
- Don't you want to talk about it?  
I could only make some absurd  
suppositions.  
When I say the Beast is made  
of flesh and iron...  
... that it can think and dissapear

when it wants to.

What would you think?

- That our air would make you talk nonsense.

People would think that it hides  
for me.

You haven't been long here and  
you already want to be finished.

Did you think the Beast would  
surrender that easily?

Maybe it's scared of you.

- Am I so scary then?

You enjoy a lot more from a  
difficult victory.

Jean-Francois said you wanted to  
go to Africa.

It's a dream of a taxidermist  
who is fed up with the winter.

And you? Don't you want to  
discover other regions?

The women have more duties than  
desires.

Do you see Sardis on the walls?

Does he keep an eye on you?

- No

It watches me.

Alone with you in the park.

Who knows what will happen.

Come, the priest will catch a  
cold.

Goodnight, Knight.

Goodnight, Knight.

You're in love.

- I don't know.

I know.

The maps?

I didn't need them for you.

Let us drink.

To Mrs. Morangias.

Why?

Her brother was there too that night.

Did you sleep with him?

With him?

He is not to be touched.

He looks, he drinks...

...and when he's drunk, he talks  
in his sleep. Like all men.  
Do I talk in my sleep?  
What do I say then?  
Do you know how Florentine women keep  
their men at home?  
They give their husbands slowly working  
poison each morning.  
...and each night an antidote.  
Men who sleep elsewhere will have  
a bad night because of that.  
A women like you doesn't need that.  
And by the way, we're not married.  
Make room for Antoine de Beauterne..  
...carrier of His Majesty, who will  
release the region..  
...of the Beast.  
Mylord, I am Gregoire de Fronsac.  
- Oh I remember. The servant of Buffon.  
The taxidermist and balmer.  
He sleeps with the intendant.  
We have an appointment at 2 exactly.  
His Majesty asked me your opinion  
about your report.  
Complicated fables...  
I think the Beast is a wolf.  
Tomorrow I will leave to investigate.  
I don't want you to join me.  
Why not?  
The King wants me to do it..  
...and me alone..  
I don't need you to complete this.  
You'll find a letter signed by  
Buffon on the table..  
...and our beloved King.  
I am inferior to him.  
But believe me, it's not...  
I read your report. Don't waste  
energy for the Beast anymore.  
I will take care of it.  
You can go.  
Come, come, come.  
Come.  
A women from Lorciere.

She came back from a party.  
We lost it south of the Mouchet.  
It just dissapeared.  
Knight, the Beast attacked a women  
in Saint-Alban.  
God punished me,  
my children are gone.  
No more than you I believe in  
monsters.  
His snout was longer and  
the teeth are like knives.  
The only certainty is that it's  
not a wolf.  
It's not an animal?  
- A frantic wolf attacks everyone.  
How do we catch it?  
No animal has iron teeth.  
Knight, you have to come at once.  
I saw it.  
He poored poison and said  
satanic words.  
God knows how long this has been  
going on.  
Let him be.  
It's an Indian remedy.  
Only our prairs can save her  
But... She was not...  
A miracle.  
Tell me.  
What happend to your brother?  
A man with the Beast.  
- She doesn't know what she is saying.  
Yes, mylord. The Beast is dead.  
Ten bullets.  
It didn't survive.  
We brought the necessary.  
Start at once.  
That's not the beast.  
- Start. Mr. Beauterne is coming.  
Rediculous. This is not the Beast.  
- Like I said, Mr. Beauterne is coming.  
I dont like the way you work.  
- Bye, Knight. Leave us.  
And, Fronsac? Don't you like my

Beast?

What's the meaning of this?

You know this is not the Beast.

His jaws are twice as big as these.

- You got everything to fix that.

I must bring the Beast to Paris,  
and I got this wolf.

You should make a Beast for me.

Do you want the King to believe..

- No, Fronsac.

I carry out his will.

You should too. That would be wise.

- Are you threatening me, mylord?

On my age?

You know who I am.

...and you're too intelligent  
to have yourself threatend.

If you do your job, the king  
will be grateful.

If you don't do your job he  
will be very dissapointed.

Do you have everything you need?

I'm counting on you. See you soon.

On this historical day, I would first  
like to thank Knight Gregoire de Fronsac.

The Beast is dead and we owe  
him our grattitude.

But its especially thanks to you, Majesty.  
It has to be said...

...it's in your person the  
royal power lives.

Only an animal can ignore it,  
but that animal is dead.

There's very little to thank me for.

Together with your power I only  
had to show myself briefly in Gevaudan...

...so that the Beast would seize it's fight.

What's all this hypocrisy about?

Beauterne is executing his orders.

We should do the same.

What orders?

- Mine.

Fronsac, this is Mister Mercier...

...advisor of His Majesty

for domestic affairs.  
He had the idea to send Beaterne there.  
So its you who we have to  
thank for this victory?  
Your scruples do you credit,  
but this is domestic business.  
Did you read this?  
You can no longer find  
this in the bookstore.  
Did you have it banned?  
- It mocked the king.  
If we had waited to long,  
it would've become tedious.  
So it is better to lie  
than to let lies be spoken.  
The truth is too complicated.  
To rule, everything has to be simple.  
The Beast was a problem.  
Beast gone, problem too.  
It will continue to kill.  
- No one will know though.  
That is what matters. His  
Majesty keeps himself to thanking you.  
He heard you want to go to Africa.  
In about 6 months a ship sets sail  
to Senegal.  
If you want, you can accomany it.  
And ofcourse we keep quiet about Gevaudan.  
Well, Fronsac?  
Officialy the Beast was dead.  
What really happened,  
is not mentioned in the history books.  
It has been assured that  
this will be kept quiet.  
Does he welcome us?  
- He wants to help us.  
Go to the castle, i'll come later.  
Fransec let Mani prepare the hunt.  
The Beast was not his only  
reason for his return.  
What's the matter?  
The house of Jeanne and Pierre Roulier?  
Straight ahead.  
The last house of the village.

This is Jeanne, my wet nurse.  
Gregoire de Fronsac.  
Pierre, go get the whine.  
My mother checks up on me.  
They'll know you're here.  
To hell with that. I'm getting you  
out of here.  
I will no longer put up with  
my mother and Jean-Francois.  
I want to leave, go far away.  
Within a week we'll go to Paris.  
- Why wait?  
I'm going back to hunt.  
I promised to the Marquis.  
- I thought you came for me?  
Watch out.  
Marianne, go away, without running.  
Come closer... Look at me.  
Get over here you. Come here.  
Get over here. Come on.  
Go away, Marianne.  
What's going on here?  
Open up, Pierre.  
My God.  
Tell me, Knight,  
will we really find the Beast?  
I thought there would be more.  
I'm hunting a man.  
A man?  
The Beast is an instrument  
in the hands of a sick mind.  
A murderer works more discrete.  
- Correct, Marquis.  
The first mysterie of the Beast  
is its fame.  
It has to be discussed.  
There has to be fear.  
How do you mean?  
- This book was sold everywhere.  
That author says  
the Beast punishes the King...  
...for his comprehension for the filosofers.  
- Bullshit. Who wrote that?  
I dont know, but the Beast

has a master and i want him.  
Eventually your weapon  
could have use to us.  
On the condition that you wear it.  
And you Mani, what weapon will you take?  
- Mani doesn't liker fireweapons.  
Too much noise, too much smoke.  
Bad scent.  
Everything will go as planned, grandfather.  
Don't worry.  
We prepared everything.  
Tell about America, Knight.  
- America?  
Will you never go back?  
- Not all my memories are good ones.  
- And doesnt Mani miss his tribe?  
- His tribe no longer exists.  
When we attacked his village,  
the smallpocks had wiped it out.  
We had to kill the survivors, the women...  
...as well as all the children.  
Only Mani escaped it.  
How?  
- The captain wanted a translater.  
I had to teach him our language.  
Three weeks later he killed  
the captain.  
Why didn't you report him?  
Do you know how he fought his battles?  
He gave his scouts dirty sheets and linnen.  
The Irokese bought them.  
And three weeks later we came by.  
Is that how they waged war?  
- Thats how we lost it.  
Where did he go to?  
Talking to the trees.  
- The trees?  
The trees talk.  
White men can't hear nor listen.  
See what, Mani?  
Do you want to learn?  
What's that?  
- An Indian host.  
At your own risk, Marquis.



Does it matter?  
Depends from person to person.  
The indians say that one can  
see that what is invisible.  
So, Mani?  
- The Beast is in the forest.  
The wolves will help.  
- I don't see anything.  
Tonight we dance  
the dance of the blood.  
And the Beast will come to us  
at sunrise.  
It doesnt seem to affect me...  
The night called onto Mani and  
the spirits of the forest...  
...in a language even  
Knight de Fronsac couldn't understand.  
The wolves brought the Beast to them.  
Don't worry, it'll be alright.  
It'll all be fine.  
I shall tend to you.  
I will do anything for you.  
Thomas is sleeping.  
It was close.  
I'm sorry about the Indian.  
What's that there? Tell me what it is.  
I need to know.  
Its a domain. A hunting ground.  
Knight... You have to rest.  
Hurry. Fire.  
There he is. Kill him.  
The Knight came from Mani's body.  
His thirst for revenge is far from  
quenched.  
But according to Indian tradition  
he has to help his friend...  
...at sunset to go back to  
his ancestors.  
What do you want?  
There has been too much bloodshed here.  
You risk the worst if you don't leave.  
I won't leave, i have to arrange something.  
Is it worth your life?  
Sinds when do you know?

- I have no idea what you mean.  
Come on, Sardis. How is this possible?  
How did it ever get so far?  
No one will believe you.  
Go away, Sardis.  
May God have mercy on your soul.  
And that the Devil may come get yours.  
You are under arrest.  
On the ground of the power  
of the intendant...  
...I ask you to accompany  
us without resisting.  
That's ridiculous, lieutenant.  
Chef. There's a lady here who wants  
to talk to you. - Later. Tonight.  
Mercy. Mercy.  
Come on, get up. You got a  
visitor.  
Not in seclusion anymore?  
- Depends for whom.  
I'm sorry.  
Bring your guest some food.  
Why?  
- I owe a lot of people.  
You have to help me.  
I have to write to the King.  
You will be hanged before  
your letter reaches him.  
Impossible.  
I didnt stand trial yet.  
Here.  
What do you know about the Beast?  
- A trained animal...  
Covered with armour-plating.  
I wounded it.  
Sinds when does that interest you?  
- Two years ago...  
...a confidential letter from  
Sardis was delivered to the Pope.  
He reported the foundation  
of a secret society...  
...with the purpose...  
...of making it known...  
...and with all means defend

the word of the Church:  
'The Pact'.  
Sardis...  
He used the Beast.  
The Beast is...  
...a warning for the King.  
Take the Lords power into account,  
or you risk the Apocalypse.  
The conspirators called themselves  
the Wolves of God.  
The Pact works for the Church.  
Sardis only works for himself.  
Truth made him mad.  
And Rome has no control over  
its organization.  
And who do you work for?  
I get payed to work  
and also to deny i work.  
And you? You know enough.  
Miss de Morangias.  
To what do i owe the honour?  
How are you madame countess?  
Be seated.  
And your father? Still on a diet?  
He loves good food too much.  
Mylord de Intandan, you had  
Knight de Fronsac arrested.  
Who would ever think that someone  
like him could fall so low.  
He's nor a bandit, nor a murderer.  
- I see.  
I'm sure he had his reasons.  
Those men might have killed  
that Indian.  
That's not the point.  
Even if it is so...  
...a savage is not avanged  
with the blood of christians.  
I want to see him.  
Impossible.  
Good.  
We'll see how they think about  
that in Paris.  
Marianne, you don't understand me.

Knight de Fronsac has...

...deceased...

Anyway,

he would've been hang.

Actually, he was lucky.

He was your responsibility.

Maybe he choked.

Unless he caught a disease.

- Liar. You're all liars...

Be brave. It's God's will.

Reverend...

- Marianne...

...come, i will bring you back to the castle.

- Miss de Morangias has to rest.

Come on...

- No.

Leave me.

- There's nothing more you can do.

He already smells bad.

Burry him quick.

And forget the name on his grave.

She threatened to warn the king.

She's dangerous...

Gregoire de Fronsac

was burried that night...

...even before the news of his death  
reached Paris.

No one knew what secrets he  
took with him into his grave.

A few days now, the Beast  
has layed silent...

...but the sudden dissapearing  
of his most fierce opponent...

...was a gloomy omen.

Hurry up.

I admit my mistakes.

I have sinned.

Forgive me.

Day and night i think of her.

I can feel her heart beat in my chest.

I want her to be on my side.

- The Lord is testing you.

You dont know what i'm going through.

There are images, those damned images

who keep turning up.  
Free me, Reverend.  
Free me. I beg you.  
For the evil that eats away at me,  
there is but one cure.  
No.  
No, don't drink.  
They want to kill you,  
but i will stop them.  
Who, Jean-Francois?  
Who?  
We'll leave, Marianne.  
You and me.  
What do you think of America?  
- Jean-Francois...  
You made me suffer, but i forgave you.  
Please, what are you doing?  
What are you doing? Stay there.  
Do you think I will hurt you?  
- Stay where you are. Please.  
Marianne, I need you.  
You saved me when i was ill,  
and no one else.  
I saw your face after my nightmares.  
Your hand that chased away the demons.  
You don't realize what I did to keep  
you close to me. Please...  
Don't reject me.  
Why?  
Do i discust you?  
You don't scare me. Go away...  
It's because of this...  
Don't worry,  
i will take care of you now.  
Look, no one knows.  
Only Sardis and I.  
Leave. Go away.  
- Why?  
Why?  
- You're not my brother.  
It's someone else who  
returned from Africa.  
Indeed, but its because of you  
I got involved.

Without you all this would  
never have happened.

Is this all?

It's your scent, you're awfull scent  
the Beast perceived on me.

We have the same blood, Marianne.

When father returns,  
he will kill you.

And if i kill him? He's been  
bothering us for some time now.

Go ahead. Do it, do it.

Go on.

Why didn't you do it?

It's not that difficult. Look.

Stop.

- Do you love me?

Cut it out.

Marianne, I love you.

Brothers.

The Lord has told me.

The Beast shall return and announce  
the rebirth of our values.

...and a new France shall be born.

We shall be the invisible princes.

Because God is on our side.

The people had not seen the wrath of God yet.

The unjust reprimand of the King will  
clash with the terror of the rabble.

And when it peaks, we will be able  
to enter an agreement with the King.

If he was unable to make a Beast  
subject to him...

...what would he do if  
in every province...

...more Beasts would emerge?

The hour on which we will reap  
what we have sowed approaches.

Read the book of Maleachi:

'The lips of a preacher  
must keep the knowledge...

...and from his mouth one  
expects the lore...

...for he is the messenger  
of Jahwe of the army..

'When someone idolizes the Beast...  
...he will face the wrath of God,  
and he will burn in the fire...  
...in the presence of the messengers,  
and his pain will last...  
...for all eternity.'

I come to name you before God.

Genevieve de Morangias.

Maxime des Forets.

Gontrand de Moncan. Henri Sardis.

Jean-Francois de Morangias.

Fire.

Bloody twats,

you're all under arrest.

Ghost that you are,

I will cut you in half.

Je dont have to hold back.

- I didnt intend to.

Too late, Fronsac.

Now the Beast is immortal.

But you're not.

Sardis trained you and you  
trained the Beast.

Your signature is a silver bullet.

Marianne, look.

Marianne isn't here, poor soul.

You've united us for eternity.

Line'm up, men!

Stay where you are.

Who do you think you are?

Sit over there, you.

- Well well.

Not so tough now, are we?

Where are you off to, robin.

Go on.

He's dead.

- Now it's certain.

And Sardis?

Where-ever he goes,  
we will find him.

Otherwise the mountains will take  
care of him.

Shall we celebrate our succes  
with dignity?

You've killed me once before.  
- To arise better.  
I can introduce you to Rome.  
Shall i accompany you?  
To late. I appreciate you, Fronsac.  
You'll have to make me forget my duties.  
Leave, before I change my mind.  
Marquis, what's going on?  
Marianne... She's with us.  
She's dying.  
Be gone. Get out. Everyone leave.  
Marianne. Wake up.  
Marianne. Forgive me.  
I love you.  
Years went by...  
...but Gregoire de Fronsac and Marianne  
de Morangias never left me.  
The world that spawned the Beast  
is dissapearing...  
...and i have to hurry  
to reach my stories' end.  
I can still see myself accompany  
the Knight...  
...to the secret refuge of  
Jean-Francois...  
...where the beast awaited its end.  
The old healer told everything  
he knew.  
Jean-Francois brought a strange  
kind of beast from Africa.  
...which gave birth.  
He only kept one.  
The strongest offspring.  
Patiently and unrelenting he  
trained it to be the most vicious animal.  
And so the Beast of Gevaudan  
came to its end.  
And I, Thomas d'Apcher...  
...am without doubt the last  
who knows the entire truth.  
The Knight asked me to  
accompany him to Africa.  
But the country had  
to be rebuild.



...and i kept true to my  
people and country.  
I frequently thought  
of Gregoire and Marianne...  
...during the peaceful years who  
lead me to old age.  
I never saw them again...  
...but I rejoice at the thought  
of them being happy...  
...far from here