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The Messenger: The Story of Joan of Arc

By Luc Besson

FADE IN:

EXT. CHURCH - DOMREMY - DAY

FADE UP on ripples on the surface of a puddle. Slow PAN

UP:

reflection of an inverted CROSS on the top of a small church. We move across the little churchyard and in through the open doors.

INT. CHURCH - DOMREMY - DAY

Utter simplicity -- stone walls, rough-hewn wooden benches, primitive saints in the stained-glass windows -- chickens peck among the straw that covers the earthen floor.

INT. CONFSSIONAL BOX - CHURCH - DAY

A little wooden grill slides open and the friendly face of the village PRIEST peers at us. He glances about, perplexed.

PRIEST:

Is anybody there?

A small hand appears -- then the face of a girl aged about 10, peering up at him through the grill. The Priest smiles a trifle wearily.

PRIEST:

You know I'm always happy to see you, Jeanne, but to keep coming here twice, three times a day...

JEANNE:

I need to confess.

PRIEST:

But you already confessed this morning...

JEANNE:

I need to confess again.

PRIEST:

So... alright. What terrible sin have you committed since then that can't wait till tomorrow to be

forgiven?

Jeanne climbs up on the prayer-stool to be tall enough to look the Priest in the eye.

JEANNE:

I saw a poor monk without shoes so I gave him some.

PRIEST:

There's no sin in charity, Jeanne.

JEANNE:

They weren't my shoes. Mine were too small.

PRIEST:

Whose were they?

JEANNE:

My father's.

PRIEST:

I'm sure he'll forgive you.

JEANNE:

He already did, but I want God to forgive me too.

PRIEST:

Jeanne -- if we were to ask forgiveness all the time, we'd spend our whole life in church.

JEANNE:

Is that bad?

PRIEST:

(perplexed)

Well no, but... Jeanne, are you happy at home?

JEANNE:

Oh yes... very.

PRIEST:

And your mother -- everything's fine with her?

JEANNE:

Oh yes, she's... wonderful.

FLASH:

fire, sewing. Their home is little more than a hovel -- a low, dark cave of a place, traversed by a huge beam.

PRIEST:

Good, good. And your sister... Catherine -- she's still your best friend?

JEANNE:

Oh yes, my sister's just... she's... wonderful.

FLASH:

mother, spinning wool.

PRIEST:

And what about your other friends... you don't like playing with them?

JEANNE:

Oh yes, I play with them... lots...

FLASH:

wooden stick under a full noonday sun. Not far away, a group of kids are in the shadow of a huge tree, playing. One of them watches Jeanne in the distance.

KID #1

What's she doing?

KID #2

Playing.

Resume on the Priest.

PRIEST:

So... everything sounds... wonderful?

JEANNE:

Yes, it is.

PRIEST:

Then... why are you here so often?

JEANNE:

I feel safe here. And it's where I can talk to him.

PRIEST:

Him?

JEANNE:

Well, I try and talk to him, but mostly he's the one who does the talking.

PRIEST:

Who is this "he"?

JEANNE:

He never says his name.

PRIEST:

What... does he... look like?

FLASH:

clearing in a wood.

JEANNE:

Beautiful.

PRIEST:

And what does he say to you?

FLASH:

JEANNE:

He says... he says I must be good... and help everyone... and take care of myself. Do you think he's coming from the sky?

PRIEST:

Perhaps... but wherever he comes from, I think you should listen to him, because it sounds like he's giving you very good advice.

The Priest smiles, and Jeanne beams back at him. He blesses her...

PRIEST:

Ego te absolvo, in nomine Patris, et Filii, et Spiritus Sancti, Amen.

EXT. CHURCH & STREAM - DAY

Jeanne runs from the little church, the weight of her sins now happily off her shoulders. Her reflection skips across a little stream, then on through a meadow of cowslips and buttercups and up the sloping hillside beyond...

EXT. MEADOW & WOOD - DUSK

A hazy, summer dusk -- pollen floating in the shimmering air... Jeanne swirls between the high elms, happy and carefree -- it's all a little surreal -- are those church bells in the distance? Or cow bells? Or merely the SOUND of insects?

Jeanne swings round faster and faster, then tumbles over, laughing, and lies on her back. She's dizzy and out of breath. Above her, the clouds seeming to swirl as though she were still spinning round...

The SOUND of the bells slows down, deepening... Her face moves into shadow. Although not distinguishable as words at this stage, there's an urgent whisper in the wind... a strange echo that will eventually resolve into a call "Jeanne...!"

Presently Jeanne turns and sees something glinting in the long grass. A SWORD. The background SOUND of the bells grows ominous. A shooting star silently flashes across the sky -- then scores of them. She gets to her feet and picks up the heavy sword. It's growing darker -- colder -- the leaves have turned to autumn brown, now blown about by a gust of wind.

Presently she sees a WOLF approaching, slowly but straight toward her -- then two, three -- finally the whole pack. She grips the sword, but can't use it -- too heavy, too frightened. As the wolves approach, she closes her eyes...

The wolves pass either side of her, as though oblivious to her presence. When she opens her eyes, they have passed, and are now heading along the forest track.

EXT. FOREST - NIGHT

Jeanne follows the wolves along the track. They're heading toward a red glow, visible beyond the trees. The wolves disappear over a ridge, though all we can see for the moment is the red sky beyond. But as Jeanne reaches the edge, we move up with her to see...

... her village in the valley below, ablaze.

EXT. DOMREMY VILLAGE - NIGHT

Panic -- screams -- crashing timbers -- animals stampeding -- wolves drag corpses from gutted buildings -- and through the midst of the tumult tears Jeanne, still dragging the sword she found. She runs inside a farm cottage...

INT. JEANNE'S HOME - NIGHT

The low, dark building we saw earlier -- now empty, lit by the fires of the houses on the far side of the street. Jeanne runs in, searching about --

JEANNE:

Mother...?

No response. She begins to panic -- runs through into a smaller room beyond, calling out --

JEANNE:

Catherine?!

Suddenly a door swings open and a hand reaches out -- Jeanne screams, then turns to see her elder sister, CATHERINE, who's been hiding in a cupboard...

CATHERINE:

Jeanne!

Catherine embraces her, hugging her in relief --

CATHERINE:

Are you alright? Did they hurt you?

JEANNE:

No no, I'm fine, really...

CATHERINE:

I was so worried -- we've all been

looking for you! The English are everywhere! O thank you, lord!
She hugs her again -- then freezes, hearing the SOUND of horses, the clanking of armor. But Jeanne hasn't heard...

JEANNE:

I was in church...
Catherine glances about, ears tuned...

CATHERINE:

Really?

JEANNE:

I was talking to the priest, and do you know what he said to me?
Catherine puts her hand across Jeanne's mouth --

CATHERINE:

Shhh... tell me later...
She hears the drunken laughter getting closer...

CATHERINE:

Quick -- hide in here...

JEANNE:

What about you?

CATHERINE:

Don't worry about me -- just stay in here... and don't move!

JEANNE:

But where are you going to be?

CATHERINE:

I'll be right here... I promise.
Catherine quickly lifts Jeanne inside the cupboard, locks the door, then turns to confront THREE hefty ruffians calling themselves soldiers. The biggest and ugliest has a jet black beard.

BLACKBEARD:

Now that's what I call booty!
Blackbeard turns back to his comrades, who are sharing out

a roast chicken between them. Catherine picks up the sword dropped by Jeanne as Blackbeard swaggers up to her...

BLACKBEARD:

A woman with a sword?

(to his comrades)

Hey, take a look at this --
Frenchmen are such cowards that
they've left all the fighting to
women!

CATHERINE:

If that's God's will, then so be it!
Blackbeard's comrades start tucking into their food,
leaving Blackbeard to his pleasure.

BLACKBEARD:

Fine with me. I love women.
He undoes his buckle. From her POV behind the cupboard door, Jeanne can just about see Blackbeard's face through a crack. Catherine raises the heavy sword as Blackbeard advances, then brings it sweeping down. But he intercepts it effortlessly, grasping the blade as though it were a twig...

BLACKBEARD:

Oh... now you've hurt my feeling...
He puts his hand around her throat, rips off her little wooden cross, pins her against the door, then, with a lecherous roar, plunges his face on her...
Jeanne is terrified. Blackbeard has his tunic down and is attempting to gain entry -- Catherine tries to scream -- he slams his hand over her mouth -- she bites it -- Blackbeard howls... with laughter. Now his juices are really moving. Catherine squirms against the door, twisting and turning --

BLACKBEARD:

Hold still, bitch. How can I do it
if you keep wriggling about?
He picks her up by the throat, lifts her clear off the floor by several inches, then rams the sword clean through her gut and the door behind her, the blade just missing

Jeanne.

BLACKBEARD:

There, that's better.

With a grin at his comrades, Blackbeard resumes his intercourse with the lifeless Catherine. Behind the door, Jeanne is suffocating with terror.

The little wooden necklace lies on the floor in f.g. as Blackbeard pulls up his pants and turns to his comrades --

BLACKBEARD:

Your turn.

EXT. CHURCHYARD - VILLAGE - DAY

The little village church is no more than a smoldering pile of rubble -- among it, the twisted stained-glass of an angel. Corpses are piled up alongside a warren of shallow graves, awaiting committal. The Priest passes by each grave in turn, administering hasty last rites, then moving onto the next while a harassed grave-digger fills in the last.

Jeanne stands by a shallow grave, now wearing her sister's wooden cross and grazing fixedly at her body, wrapped in linen and awaiting interment. Her parents and other adults stand nearby, but at Jeanne's level we only see them from the waist down.

MAN #1 (O.S.)

We shouldn't be doing this by daylight... it's too dangerous.

MAN #2 (O.S.)

You're right -- the English are still around -- I can smell them...

MAN #3 (O.S.)

When is the king going to do something?

MAN #1 (O.S.)

He's good for nothing...

MAN #2 (O.S.)

Yeah... we can't even be sure he really is a king...

(whispering)

I heard someone say he's a bastard...

MAN #1 (O.S.)

With a mother like that? I wouldn't

be surprised... she's such a
whore...

WOMAN (O.S.)

Can you show some respect? We're
burying our children. You should be
praying instead of cursing...

MAN #2 (O.S.)

That's just about all we can do.

WOMAN (O.S.)

Yes... because only God can help us.

Now the Priest scurries over, hurriedly mumbles the last
rites in Latin, then moves on to the next grave. Jeanne's
family have their eyes closed in prayer, and it is only
Jeanne who sees the Grave-digger nudge the corpse into the
shallow grave with his foot. He shovels in the earth,
then moves on. The Father puts his hand on her shoulder.

FATHER:

Listen, Jeanne... your Uncle and
Aunt are taking you to their house
for a few weeks... just to give us
time to rebuild what we can.

Jeanne looks at him blankly, her thoughts too deep for
tears.

EXT. VILLAGE & ROAD - DAY

Jeanne sits on the back of a small hay-wagon. Her Uncle
and Aunt are up front, eyes on the barren, devastated
countryside ahead, while Jeanne gazes fixedly on the road
behind. From her POV: the receding figures of her
parents, gradually merging with the dusty landscape.

INT. DAXART'S HOUSE - NIGHT

A large, low room, almost identical to Jeanne's house: a
bare, earthen floor with chickens running about, and a
huge cave of a fireplace. The Aunt doles out soup from a
cauldron -- first to her husband, then to Jeanne.

DAXART:

Lord, we give thanks for the food
you have given us. Teach us always
to love this land, and to save it
from those who seek to destroy it.

Amen.

Jeanne says nothing -- noted by Daxart. His wife nudges
him with a gesture to let her be.

INT. DAXART ATTIC - NIGHT

Daxart opens the door to an attic room, his wife standing behind him with Jeanne. She wanders into the room, tidy but sparse, and sits on the edge of the bed. Daxart looks a little put out.

DAXART:

So... good night then.

The Aunt understands Jeanne better than her husband, and leads him from the room.

INT. SLEEPING QUARTERS - NIGHT

The Daxarts share the communal sleeping area with a couple of goats and a mangy dog. Daxart is settling down to sleep, but his wife lies awake.

AUNT:

What's going to happen to her?

DAXART:

She'll be fine. She'll grow up... find a good man... make him some children. Don't worry -- she's been hurt, but she'll survive. Tomorrow she'll be as right as rain, you'll see.

INT. DAXART ATTIC - DAY

Daxart opens the door to the attic. Jeanne has not moved: she's still sitting on the bed like the day before.

JEANNE:

I want to see a priest.

INT. VILLAGE CHURCH - DAY

Christ, crucified in stained glass. A silver cup is raised in blessing...

The local PRIEST, much older than the one at Domremy, lowers the cup, filled with wine in preparation for the Mass. The Daxarts enter the church at the far end, with Jeanne between them. The Priest is expecting her.

INT. CONFESSIONAL BOX - DAY

Jeanne sits in the shielded darkness of the confessional box. She clutches at her little wooden cross and at last begins to cry.

PRIEST:

I heard about your sister, and I...
understand your pain...

JEANNE:

Why did she have to die?

PRIEST:

Only God knows the answer to that.

JEANNE:

I know Jesus says to love our
enemies but I can't -- I just want
the English to burn in hell for ever
and ever!

PRIEST:

I realize your anger, Jeanne, but we
must learn to forgive. It's hard,
but revenge will never bring about
peace.

JEANNE:

Then what will? And what will bring
her back? And why did she have to
die in the first place instead of
me? Why didn't he take my life
instead of hers? It was my fault --
I was late -- she gave me her hiding
place...!!

PRIEST:

Jeanne... calm down...! Calm down,
Jeanne!

Jeanne breaks off, trembling, tears pouring down her
cheeks.

PRIEST:

I don't pretend to know God's will,
but I am sure of one thing -- the
Lord always has a good reason.
Perhaps he saved you because he
needs you... for some higher
calling. So... as long as you
answer that call, your sister will

not have died in vain.

Jeanne clams down. She stares at the Priest for a long moment, and her look becomes very deep and intense.

JEANNE:

I don't want to wait for his call.

PRIEST:

Jeanne, be patient.

JEANNE:

I want to be with him always...

PRIEST:

Soon you'll be able to take the Holy Mass, and as you eat of his flesh and drink of his blood, you will be at one with him.

JEANNE:

I want to be at one with Him now.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - DAY

On the open road, with Jeanne sitting on the back of Daxart's wagon. It's a grey, lowering, dismal sort of day. The Daxarts are up front, talking in low voices.

DAXART:

What did he say?

AUNT:

He says we must bring her to church whenever she wants.

DAXART:

Hmmm... easy for him -- he's not the one that has to do the bringing.

Behind them, the wagon is empty. Jeanne is long gone.

EXT. COUNTRYSIDE - DAY

The rain pours down in torrents -- Jeanne runs...

EXT. VILLAGE - DAY

... down the deserted road -- into the church...

INT. VILLAGE CHURCH - DAY

... and up the aisle to the altar. She grabs a jug of wine, pours some into the chalice -- holds it up high as

the Priest did, then gulps it down. The wine cascades from her mouth like blood as she gazes up at the stained glass image --

JEANNE:

I want to be with you now!

INT. DAXART HOUSE - DAWN

Daxart sits bolt upright, awaking from a nightmare. It's early morning, his wife still asleep beyond him.

INT./ EXT. DAXART ATTIC/POV OF FIELD - DAWN

Daxart opens the door to Jeanne's room. Empty, the bed unslept in. He walks in -- hears something. Looking out of the window he sees --

Jeanne in the distance, playing be herself. Daxart smiles.

EXT. HOUSE & FIELD - DAWN

Jeanne pauses, her stick poised in mid-air --

SUBLIMINAL FLASH --

-- a real sword impales a soldier through the stomach -- another sword slices through chain-mail -- and a severed head encased in metal spins lose from armored shoulders...

EXT. HOUSE & FIELD - DAWN

Jeanne looks at Daxart.

JEANNE:

I'm playing.

Once again Jeanne raises her stick-sword -- the head of a sunflower is violently decapitated --

INT. CHINON - STATE ROOM - DAY

-- and a sword swishes down, trying to hack someone in the leg. But it is only a wooden sword, and its wielder a mere boy of five. This is young Prince LOUIS, practicing his nascent swordsmanship on the castle GUARDS.

VOICES and approaching footsteps alert the Guards, who quickly stand to attention as a door is swung open...

GUARD:

The Dauphin!

Louis takes advantage of the Guards forced immobility, and jabs one of them in the leg... he lets out a muffled "Ow!" The Dauphin CHARLES VII enters, followed by his courtiers. They include the bloated REGNAULT, Archbishop of Rheims, and Georges de la TREMOILLE -- a sly and devious diplomat.

CHARLES:

Louis, shouldn't you be learning
your lessons?

LOUIS:

I don't want to learn, I want to
fight!

CHARLES:

You will, you will. But for now,
you must learn... at least to wipe
your nose.

Charles (who speaks with a slight stutter) affectionately
wipes his son's nose with a corner of his shirt. Beyond
them, a young soldier, Jean d'AULON, arrives with a
scroll.

AULON:

A letter for His Majesty.
Tremoille takes it, opens the seal and begins to read.
Charles hands over Louis to a courtier...

TREMOILLE:

Another one from this girl calling
herself the Maiden of Lorraine.
Charles snatches it somewhat testily from Tremoille...

CHARLES:

I can read for myself, you know.
While Charles reads, Tremoille turns aside to Regnault --

TREMOILLE:

She pretends she's been sent by God!
These charlatans -- it's a pity
there isn't enough wood to burn them
all!

CHARLES:

She says she'll be here tomorrow...!

TREMOILLE:

You mustn't see her, my lord. We
know nothing about her... we don't
even know if she is from Lorraine.

CHARLES:

What difference does it make where she comes from?

TREMOILLE:

If she comes from Burgundy it makes a difference. It might be a trap...

(takes back letter)

Look... Signed "X". What sort of name is "X"? Or must we conclude that a messenger of God can't even write her own name?

REGNAULT:

My lord Tremoille is correct. She says she hears voices... she may be a sorceress... a witch...

CHARLES:

(snatching back letter)

Regnault -- you see witches everywhere. She's just a peasant... a peasant who cares for her king. Look... all she wants is to help me win my crown... and permission to fight for me.

TREMOILLE:

Not exactly.

(takes back letter)

She wants you to give her an army -- at your expense. Bearing in mind that your mother stole every last piece of gold in the treasury, I fail to see how you can afford such an adventure.

CHARLES:

(snatches back letter)

I can see her if I want to. I mean, with half of France in the hands of

the English, what have I got to lose?

TREMOILLE:

The other half.

REGNAULT:

You mustn't see her, my lord. She may be an instrument of the devil.

YOLANDE (O.S.)

Well... I think you should.

All eyes turn to the window, where Yolande has been standing with her back to the room, reading a little book. Her right-arm is standing beside her -- RICHMOND, his face hideously disfigured by battle scars.

CHARLES:

Ah, Yolande... and what makes you think the exact opposite of my two most trusted advisors?

Yolande smiles, though hardly a devoted smile. Mild contempt would be more accurate.

YOLANDE:

Because I care about you. Come here. Charles walks over. He has his shirt undone. Yolande buttons it back up.

YOLANDE:

Your health and happiness has always been my first concern, Charles... ever since you were a little boy -- and I think I know you better than your own mother...

CHARLES:

You think?

YOLANDE:

Mmmm. Yes. I know for example the sickness that plagues your heart. I know how painful it is for you... to have loved a father... without ever knowing if he really was yours.

CHARLES:

W-w-what has that got to do with
this Maiden?

YOLANDE:

Who better than a messenger from God
to give answers to your questions?

CHARLES:

You really think she's been sent...
by God?

YOLANDE:

You're a fine judge of character,
Charles. It'll take you less than
five minutes to expose her if she's
a fake. But if she's not -- then
she will give you your answers...
and place the crown on your head.
Charles shines at the prospect, but Tremoille and Regnault
look less than happy.

TREMOILLE:

With respect, my lady, I think it's
going to take more than just a
simple peasant girl to...

YOLANDE:

I'm not interested in what you
think, Tremoille -- or even what I
think. It's what simple people
think that matters, and the fact is
that simple people up and down the
country are already talking about
her. Now you know what simple
people are like, always ready to
believe any old prophecy... like
this one about a virgin from
Lorraine saving France...?

(hands Tremoille the
book)

And now this girl comes along --
from Lorraine -- and suddenly

there's a spark of hope in their simple minds. We shouldn't disappoint them. If they believe in her -- if she can put back the fire in our army -- then I believe in her too.

EXT. CHINON - LONG SHOT - NIGHT

Moving torches gallop toward us -- a FLAME flares through foreground with a whoosh, PANNING ROUND as soldiers ride toward the distant castle of Chinon -- a gloomy great silhouette, rising against a bloody sunset...

INT. CHINON - GREAT HALL - NIGHT

Celebrations after a hunt. Troubadours play -- a whole tree trunk is burning in the vast chimney. A Page comes running into the big room and hurries excitedly over to Charles.

PAGE:

She's coming, your majesty... with an armed escort!

CHARLES:

Alright, alright -- calm yourself.

TREMOILLE:

Your majesty, I urge you not to see this woman. It all reeks of a Burgundian trap!

CHARLES:

My astrologers assure me that the hour is p-p-propitious -- Leo, with Virgo rising. Have you ever noticed on the astrological chart how the Virgin is next to the Lion?

TREMOILLE:

Supposing she's an assassin?

CHARLES:

Tremaille, I'm not even king yet... who'd want to assassinate me?

Looking around at his courtiers? They all would.

EXT. CHINON COURTYARD - NIGHT

A FLAME swirls in the darkness -- the urgent clatter of horses hooves -- steaming breath in the cold night air -- the SOUND of festivities coming from the castle walls beyond -- the horses are reined -- one whinnies as SOLDIERS jump down onto the cobbles -- a dark cape wraps about a figure...

INT. CHINON - GREAT HALL - NIGHT

Another page boy bursts in --

PAGE #2

She's arrived, my lord! She's in the guards' room.

CHARLES:

So... I suppose I'd better make a decision.

Charles glances between Tremoille, Regnault and Yolande, but -- either by accident or will -- none are looking his way. He sighs deeply to the dashing, open-faced young soldier we saw earlier, Jean d'AULON...

CHARLES:

Oh dear, why is life so complicated? Sometimes I really wish I could be someone else.

AULON:

That's a good idea, sire.

CHARLES:

What do you mean?

AULON:

Let someone else pretend to be you, and see if...

CHARLES:

... if she can find me? -- That's a brilliant idea! If she's really been sent by God she'll discover the trap, and if she's an assassin she'll kill the wrong man!

(to the page)

Bring her up!

Charles turns to a coterie of ARMY CAPTAINS, standing

aside and aloof from the courtiers whom they evidently despise.

CHARLES:

My dear Captains, I've had a brilliant idea! We're going to have a little game. Now... let's pretend my throne is empty. Who wants to be the king?
They all put up their hands...

CHARLES:

Now there's a heart-warming sight! So let's see... which one of you could possibly pass as king?
He turns to the Duke of ALENCON, 25, strikingly handsome in his bright, gilded armor.

CHARLES:

Ah, Alencon, my noble duke, my royal cousin -- so fine, so brave, so rich -- so very rich -- so far-too-rich to be the King of France. Everyone knows I'm the poorest man in my kingdom.
He turns to GILLES de Rais: a dark, glamorous seducer, dressed in black armor with a ring through one ear.

CHARLES:

Gilles de Rais... Marshal of France... formidable to men, fascinating to women, feared by all. You'd be perfect to sit on my throne... so perfect that you might like it too much for my own piece of mind.
Charles turns to the bearded La Hire.

CHARLES:

Ah, La Hire -- my angry captain... the bravest in France -- scarred by a dozen wars, but with heart and stomach for a dozen more. You could pass for the king...

LA HIRE:

Damn bloody right I could!

CHARLES:

... until you opened your mouth. No one with a tongue like yours could pass as the King of France. The other Captains laugh heartily.

CHARLES:

Ah well... it looks as though it's going to have to be me after all... But... wait a minute... Charles spots the shy Jean d'Aulon. Unlike the other court toadies, Aulon is a quiet, honorable man.

CHARLES:

Why not you -- Jean d'Aulon? The only man who's poorer than I am, and so the only man I can trust. Dignified, honorable, wise... what more could we ask of a king?

AULON:

My lord, I'm not sure that... Charles takes his coat and puts it around Aulon's shoulders.

CHARLES:

My dear Aulon, to you it shall befall the honor of impersonating the royal blood!

AULON:

Majesty, I can't...

CHARLES:

Why, are you not ready to die for your king?

AULON:

Of course I am, it's just that...

CHARLES:

Good. Until then, feel free to live like a king!
Laughter -- then the sound of approaching excitement.

CHARLES:

Hurry, hurry -- on the throne...
INT. CORRIDOR - CHINON - NIGHT
Armored feet clank along a stone corridor --
INT. GREAT HALL - CHINON - NIGHT
Charles unceremoniously dumps Aulon on the throne...

AULON:

Sire, you know how bad I am at this sort of game.

CHARLES:

So... pretend it's not a game.
Charles abandons Aulon and disappears among his courtiers. A pair of PAGE BOYS swing open the doors: the courtiers turn expectantly; Aulon tries to pose as the king. From the Court's POV, a girl of 17 enters the great hall, dressed in a grubby tunic, with long hair tied back beneath a hood. There could not be a more striking contrast than the sophisticated, opulent, yet cowardly courtiers and this naive, rough girl, almost childlike in her simplicity, and yet so focused, so confident, so secure in her mission, with a courage that radiates conviction, and is contagious.
The courtiers step back to form a narrow channel as she moves into the great hall. Yolande marks the effect her presence has on the court, smiling at their bemused gazes. Jeanne passes the Archbishop, who defends himself by sprinkling holy water in her path. Tremoille oils his way toward her with a can-I-help ingratiating smile...

JEANNE:

I have come to see the Dauphin.
Tremoille nods obsequiously, ushering her toward Aulon, who is now visibly uneasy. Jeanne stops in front of him. Aulon gazes at her. Jeanne scans him a couple of times, looks at him stonily. Then smiles. Aulon melts, his cheeks blushing hot. Jeanne cocks her head, like an inquisitive child.

JEANNE:

Who are you?
Aulon stammers in response...

AULON:

I'm... I'm... I'm...

TREMOILLE:

... His most gracious majesty
Charles de Valois, Dauphin of
France...
She gives Aulon another smile.

JEANNE:

I can see you are a good man, but
you're not the Dauphin.
(to Tremoille)
I'm sorry to insist, but we have no
time to lose. I must see the
Dauphin. Where is he?

TREMOILLE:

He's here.
(a gracious gesture)

Find him yourself.
A brief pause, then Jeanne takes up the challenge. She
moves on, examining the faces acutely. Although a few of
the wimpoled ladies find her simple peasant dress amusing,
most are caught like moths in her flame. She notices the
Three Captains (La Hire, Alencon and Gilles de Rais)
edging closer together, as though shielding someone
beyond.
Jeanne approaches them -- they draw closer together, but
now we can see Charles, overtly curious, yet anxious to
remain hidden. His inquisitiveness wins -- but as Jeanne
walks up to him, the Three Captains spring in front of
her, swords drawn, the tips pressing at her throat...

JEANNE:

There's no need to be afraid, sire.

CHARLES:

I'm... I'm not the king...

JEANNE:

I know you're not yet -- but you will be, soon.

Charles makes a gesture, and the soldiers cautiously sheath their swords.

CHARLES:

H-h-how did you know who I am?

ALENCON:

Her voices, of course...

GILLES:

"That's him" they said, "The one with the big nose and bags under his eyes."

They laugh -- whereupon Jeanne rushes at Charles and flings herself on her knees, embracing him round the ankles.

Charles screams -- the 3 Captains redraw their swords -- the court gasps -- then Charles gestures the Captains to back off.

JEANNE:

My gentle Dauphin, I bring you good news.

Charles puts out his hand to her, allowing her to rise. She draws close to him, whispering...

JEANNE:

It is a message from the King of Heaven. For you -- and you only.

Jeanne speaks with such conviction that it seems unnecessary to doubt her. Her mesmeric effect on Charles is being noticed by his courtiers. He hesitates a moment, then --

CHARLES:

Follow me.

He leads her from the room. Tremoille hurriedly follows them. Charles turns round in the doorway, barring him further access.

TREMOILLE:

Your majesty, I really think you...

CHARLES:

My dear loyal Tremoille, I know I can count on you...

TREMOILLE:

... as always, majesty...

CHARLES:

... to ensure our privacy. I need to talk to her. Alone. Tremoille looks non-plussed.

TREMOILLE:

As you wish, majesty. Charles disappears with Jeanne. Tremoille ire at being barred is mollified by blocking the path of Yolande.

TREMOILLE:

He needs to talk to her. Alone.

INT. CASTLE - KING'S CHAMBER - DAY

Jeanne is seated facing Charles in front of a huge fire. As the scene unfolds, their faces draw closer and closer. Her voice is soft and sweet, but her conviction is absolute.

JEANNE:

I was about eight years old. It was a beautiful spring day. I was in the forest taking a short cut home when the wind started blowing in the trees -- such a strange sound -- almost like words -- as if someone was calling...

FLASH:

in the middle of the field, pointing his finger at us --

INT. CASTLE - KING'S CHAMBER - DAY

Charles is intrigued...

JEANNE:

The second time was many years later. It was autumn, and I was coming back from church when suddenly the same violent wind started to blow again...

EXT. FIELD - SFX - DAY

FLASH:

her forward and flattens her on her back, her arms outstretched, Her face gazing upward at the sky...

JEANNE (O.S.)

Everything was moving so fast -- the wind -- the clouds -- I couldn't move! Then suddenly a shape appeared in the middle of the sky...

The fast-moving CLOUDS resolve themselves into the shape of a face... the face of an OLD MAN. He opens his mouth wide, radiating a shaft of sunlight that strikes Jeanne, still lying in the field. The old man's mouth seems to form the word "Jeanne", but the sound that emanates is so vast that we can't be sure.

Suddenly the mouth snaps shut, releasing a huge FLASH OF LIGHT --

INT. CASTLE - KING'S CHAMBER - DAY

-- Charles jumps back, startled yet totally absorbed. Jeanne's eyes sparkle with tears --

JEANNE:

I was so frightened... he was so -- so here...

FLASH:

now he is a beautiful young Man, pointing his finger at Jeanne --

JEANNE (O.S.)

I realized then that he had chosen me, but I didn't understand what it was I had to do...

Jeanne's eyes sparkle with intensity...

JEANNE:

What was my mission? To help my country? But how could I do that? I was only a poor girl who knew

nothing about riding or making war... so I decided to wait and not to speak to anyone about it.

CHARLES:

You did well...

JEANNE:

I didn't wait long. One day I was going to Mass, like I do every day, when the same strange wind started blowing again...

INT./ EXT. CHURCH - SFX

The double doors of a church are blown open by wind coming from inside -- right in front of Jeanne! Surreal shafts of light criss-cross the interior from the stained-glass windows, illuminating Jeanne in myriad hues and colors. She sways uneasily as the central stained-glass window above the altar starts to warp and undulate, like heat waves creating a mirage. The image of a beautiful archangel slowly comes to life, stepping out from the window frame, then moving toward Jeanne...

JEANNE:

Everything was suddenly made clear to me. God was finally calling me. He had a mission for me -- a message to deliver...

The Archangel opens his arms to Jeanne as though to embrace her. She drops to her knees, opening her arms and -- FLASH --

INT. CASTLE - KING'S CHAMBER - DAY

Charles is in suspense, his face sweating...

CHARLES:

... and what... what did he say?

JEANNE:

He said that I have to save France from her enemies and give her back to God, and He told me that I -- Jeanne -- will lead you to the altar at Rheims to be crowned King of France.

Charles slowly releases the breath he's been holding -- and the brimming tears run down his cheeks. Jeanne takes his hand and places it on her own damp cheek...

JEANNE:

All you have to do now is put your trust in me.

Jeanne kisses his hands, and Charles is almost overcome with emotion. He seems, for the first time, utterly defenseless, like the little hurt boy that he is.

CHARLES:

I trust you, Jeanne -- I do -- and I envy your certainty, but how can I be certain that I have the right to call myself king when I don't even know who my father is. My mother can't even remember... I -- I need to know...

Jeanne gazes at him a moment, then places her hands either side of his head and draws him slowly forward until both their foreheads are touching...

FLASHES:

A series of too-perfect images:

1:

2:

3:

submission before Charles --

4:

who welcome the King in triumph --

5:

6:

head --

INT. CHINON - KING'S CHAMBER - DAY

Jeanne's hands hold Charles' head, as though she has just crowned him. For Charles, the fantasy has become reality.

JEANNE:

Do you really believe that God would let all this happen... if you were not the true King of France?

INT. CASTLE - GREAT HALL - DAY

The Courtiers talk among themselves, nervously awaiting Charles to rejoin them. Presently the door opens and Charles emerges, followed by Jeanne. He is a man transfigured. Tremoille looks anxious. Charles glances at them, their expectant eyes awaiting his verdict. He leads Jeanne across to Aulon.

CHARLES:

Jeanne, this is -- in fact -- my loyal friend and finest archer, Jean d'Aulon. Jean... I place her in your care. Find her suitable lodgings -- here -- in the castle... and guard her with your life.

AULON:

Yes, my lord.

JEANNE:

I don't need lodgings if we're to be marching on Orleans...

CHARLES:

Orleans has held out for six months. I don't suppose a few days will make much difference. Take some rest.

Jeanne follows Jean d'Aulon from the Great Hall, watched in silence by his courtiers. As soon as she's gone, the whole room is filled with the myriad buzz of opinion. Gilles gives Charles the eye...

GILLES:

She certainly cast a spell on you. Charles draws his three Captains aside.

CHARLES:

She'll cast her spell on everyone if she's given half a chance... and we must ensure that she gets that

chance.

The Captains look astonished.

CHARLES:

Can you imagine the effect it will have on the English -- to see a girl riding at the head of our army?

LA HIRE:

Yes. They'll bleeding wet themselves! Laughing.

GILLES:

We're not your favorite captains anymore??

CHARLES:

No -- I mean yes! -- of course...

ALENCON:

Charles... you want to give the command of our army to a -- woman??

CHARLES:

Of course not! You're the ones in command, as always... but if she can put back the fire in our soldiers, then maybe you, my dear Captains, will be able to raise the siege of Orleans. What do you think?

GILLES:

Brilliant idea... but to be really effective, why not send a whole army of virgins?

LA HIRE:

That'll put fire in my soldiers!
The Captains laugh -- at Charles' expense.

CHARLES:

Please, my friends... you know me... you know how certain I am about everything, but -- maybe for the

first time in my life I -- I don't know why -- but I feel I have to trust her... and now I'm asking you -- I'm begging you -- to trust me...

INT. ROOM - CHINON CASTLE - DAY

Jeanne blows the dust from a wooden crucifix, then replaces it above a bed. Jean d'Aulon has brought her to a small room in one of the castle's turrets: clean, plainly furnished, but hardly hospitable. Jeanne inspects the room while Aulon stands by the door.

AULON:

Listen, please accept my apologies for... you know, me pretending to be the... well it wasn't really my idea... well, yes it was my idea but...

JEANNE:

Do you think I could have some water?

Jeanne smiles sweetly, catching Aulon off guard.

AULON:

Yes, of course... water... anything else?

Two page boys run into the room, carrying luggage, water, washing bowl and some food. They are LOUIS and RAYMOND, both 13, as inseparable as they are loyal. Jeanne looks up, then sits on the bed, testing the horsehair mattress.

JEANNE:

I would like some fresh straw.

AULON:

Louis... water and fresh straw!
Louis goes running off.

JEANNE:

And I would like to see a priest.

AULON:

Now?

JEANNE:

Yes. I didn't confess today.

AULON:

Right.

(to Raymond)

Raymond... a priest.

Raymond goes running off.

JEANNE:

I shall also be needing a war horse
-- mine is too slow -- and armor --
and a good sword -- and an artist to
make me a banner.

AULON:

Now?

JEANNE:

Better today than tomorrow.

AULON:

Well... uh -- this might take a
little time -- but let me see what I
can do.

He's about to leave when Jeanne adds --

JEANNE:

I also need someone who can read and
write.

AULON:

This I can do.

(Jeanne looks
surprised)

I was studying at the University of
Paris -- till the English invaded
it.

JEANNE:

I thought you were an archer?

AULON:

Yes, I am. I'm an archer who can

read and write. Who do you want to write to?

JEANNE:

The King of England. I want to give them the chance to leave Orleans in peace before I get there.

Aulon just stares at her.

INT. GUARD HOUSE - CHINON - DAWN

Raymond hands a rolled parchment to a Rider, already mounted and waiting...

EXT. CHINON CASTLE & MEADOW - DAWN

The Rider gallops over the drawbridge and away.

EXT. CHINON - TERRACE - DAY

Tremoille stands on a terrace before Chinon, watching the rider heading down the dusty highway.

TREMOILLE:

I can't believe you let her send such a letter...

Charles is a short distance away, watching Jeanne in a meadow below the castle, swishing a stick from side to side.

CHARLES:

She's going to do it.

Tremoille exchanges a worried glance with Archbishop Regnault, who is standing behind Charles.

REGNAULT:

Sire, it's going to take more than a letter to drive out the English.

TREMOILLE:

An army for instance...

CHARLES:

My captains have sworn their support.

TREMOILLE:

No doubt your captains will fight for your fine cause -- but what about the ordinary soldier? They

don't fight for causes these days.
They fight for money. Who's going
to pay them?

YOLANDE (O.S.)

I am.

Yolande moves forward, accompanied by her daughter Mary
(Charles' wife) and grandson, young Louis.

CHARLES:

You will??

YOLANDE:

For the sake of France, Charles.
And for the sake of my grandson.
She pats Louis on the head.

TREMOILLE:

With respect, my lady -- the
Archbishop and I have begun delicate
negotiations with the Burgundians.
If we can bring them over to our
side...

YOLANDE:

Negotiate by all means, but from a
position of strength. If the
English take Orleans, there'll be
nothing left to negotiate -- the
rest of the country will be theirs.

TREMOILLE:

My lady, it would be the height of
folly to let this... child... lead
our army in the king's name without
first verifying her true motives.

REGNAULT:

Tremouille is right. This girl must
be subjected to a rigorous
examination by the Doctors of the
Church at Poitiers. We need to be
absolutely certain that she is not
an instrument of the devil.

CHARLES:

How can anyone be absolutely certain about anything? Our intuitions are sometimes our best counselors...

REGNAULT:

We must listen to Mother Holy Church before listening to our intuitions.

TREMOILLE:

Wait... she claims to be a virgin... Well that's something we can examine -- and be absolutely certain about. Charles hesitates -- turns to Yolande, who looks somewhat uneasy at the suggestion.

YOLANDE:

Why not? Charles looks across to Jeanne in the distance, still playing with her stick. Suddenly she swipes at a bulrush, violently decapitating its head. Charles looks worried.

CHARLES:

Let's find out.

INT. POITIERS UNIVERSITY - ROOM - NIGHT

A big, spacious room, into which files a procession of TEN DOCTORS of THEOLOGY and TEN NOTABLES, walking two-by-two. They divide either side of CAMERA, then halt and about-turn, facing inward with military precision. Two PAGE BOYS set up screens in front of the two rows, preventing them from viewing Jeanne, who is standing on a low table between the rows, wearing a laced-up robe.

Now a procession of NUNS form up behind the table. Two of them step forward, on cue, then proceed to loosen the laces of Jeanne's robe and roll up the hem. Meanwhile an old HAG is washing her hands.

With Jeanne suitably prepared, the old HAG stands in front of her. Two little Girls slip in a special stool and the old HAG squats down, enabling her to look between Jeanne's legs. Only women are privy to this ritualistic inspection; the men remain standing behind the screens. Yolande waits with the disfigured Richmond near a window. The old Hag is certainly taking her time, and Yolande is getting decidedly nervous...

RICHMOND:

(whispering)

What if she's not?

YOLANDE:

I'll kill her myself...

A few tense moments -- then the ancient HAG announces with great solemnity...

HAG:

There is no sign of corruption or violation. She is intact.

... to Yolande's visible relief.

INT. COUNCIL ROOM - POITIERS UNIVERSITY - DAY

A dark, musty council room, where theologians and learned doctors of the Church sit in wooden tiers, examining Jeanne. Archbishop Regnault is among them. So too is Jean d'Aulon -- but he as a silent, albeit supportive observer.

Jeanne stands in the center of the room, hands folded, as though on trial. She's evidently been here many hours.

INQUISITOR #1

And... what exactly was this --
"vision" -- wearing?

JEANNE:

I don't remember.

INQUISITOR #2

Was it wearing a crown?

JEANNE:

I saw no crown.

INQUISITOR #3

Well, was it naked?

The Court have a good chuckle.

JEANNE:

Do you think that God can't afford to give him clothes?

An audible reaction, somewhere between amusement and admiration. A deadpan scribe carefully writes down both questions and answers in a large, vellum-bound book.

INQUISITOR #1

Did this -- vision -- give you anything -- an object, like a ring, or a rosary or anything -- by which we can verify your claim?

JEANNE:

He gave me good advice.

INQUISITOR #4

During your childhood, did you have any sort of military experience?

JEANNE:

No.

INQUISITOR:

Are you practiced in the skills of swordsmanship?

JEANNE:

No. But I'm good with a stick. A murmur of laughter, though not from us.

INQUISITOR #4

Do you know what a Dijon Culverin is?

JEANNE:

No.

INQUISITOR #4

It's an item of artillery. How do you expect to raise the siege of Orleans if you are ignorant about modern artillery?

JEANNE:

The road to Orleans is long, and I have good captains with me. I will learn fast, believe me.

The Inquisitor and his colleagues whisper in a huddle. Regnault remains unconvinced, and indicates his strong reservations. Finally the Chief Inquisitor addresses Jeanne.

CHIEF INQUISITOR

We would like to believe you Jeanne, but we feel that if God were to want

us to believe in you, he would have sent you with a sign as proof that we should believe in you. We cannot advise the King to entrust you with the army merely on your assertion. Can't you do something? Or show us something? Some sign to prove that you are sent by God?

JEANNE:

Sire, I did not come here to preform tricks. You are all much cleverer than I am -- me, I don't know A from B -- but this much I do know: that while the people of France lie bleeding, you sit around in your fine clothes trying to deceive me -- yet all you're doing is deceiving yourselves. You say you are men of God, yet you can't see His hand in having guided me safely through five hundred leagues of enemy country to bring you His help? Is that not proof enough? Or do you want still more signs? Give me command of an army, take me to Orleans, and there you will see the sign I was sent to make!

Aulon can barely restrain himself from applauding. The Chief Inquisitor reaches his decision, raises his gavel and --

EXT. LES TOURELLES - ORLEANS - DAY

-- down comes a mallet, SLAMMING out a safety wedge which releases a CATAPULT -- and a huge boulder flies across the river in the direction of Orleans...

EXT. BATTLEMENTS - ORLEANS - DAY

A LOOK-OUT spots the incoming missile -- yells out --

GAMACHE:

45-er, nor-nor-west -- straight at us!

INT. DUNOIS' HQ - ORLEANS - DAY

DUNOIS is alone, writing a letter at a small table --

DUNOIS:

Which side's that?

GAMACHE (O.S.)

Window side...!!

Dunois realizes he's near the window and dives for cover just as the massive boulder plummets through the ceiling, demolishing the table where he'd been sitting seconds before, and leaving a huge hole in the wall.

Dunois emerges from under a large table, dusting himself. He looks thin, haggard and exhausted after six months of siege.

Suddenly a young soldier -- Poton de XAINTRAILLES -- comes bursting in, ignoring the mess...

XAINTRAILLES:

My lord Dunois... I have wonderful news! -- finally -- he's sending her to us -- thanks be to God -- we're saved -- it's wonderful!

DUNOIS:

Calm yourself, Xaintrailles. Now slowly. Who has finally done what?

XAINTRAILLES:

The Dauphin -- he's sending us food -- and supplies -- and an army -- led by Jeanne -- the maiden from Lorraine -- isn't it wonderful?!

DUNOIS:

(deadpan)

Yes, it's a miracle.

XAINTRAILLES:

And it's not the first one! They say she saved a little boy who was dying of...

DUNOIS:

Xaintrailles...! Don't talk to me about miracles...

(pointing to hole in floor)

If I was still sitting there waiting
for a miracle, I'd be dead now.

Anyway...

Dunois looks up at the sky, now visible through a hole in
the roof.

XAINTRAILLES:

But... don't you think we should at
least... go and... welcome her?

DUNOIS:

(sighs)

As long as she brings food and
supplies, she'll be welcome.

EXT. RIVER BANK & POV OF ORLEANS - DAY

The walled city of Orleans stands in the distance on the
far side of the river Loire. CAMERA CRANES DOWN to find
Dunois, Xaintrailles and a small escort of soldiers,
waiting atop a ridge where they're evidently been for some
time.

GAMACHE:

I can't believe they're sending a
woman.

DUNOIS:

Maybe they never sent anyone.

TRAVELING SHOT:

GAMACHE:

I wonder what color dress she'll be
wearing?

TRAVELING SHOT:

GAMACHE:

I'll wager red -- how about you?

DUNOIS:

Blue...

TRAVELING SHOT:

DUNOIS:

... with a blue ribbon in her hair
to tie up Talbot!

TRAVELING SHOT:

DUNOIS:

Does anyone know if she even knows
how to ride a horse?

TRAVELING SHOT:

XAINTRAILLES:

She knows...

THEIR POV:

knight clad in shining white armor. The knight raises
his visor to reveal -- Jeanne, her face gleaming with
sweat, eyes blazing. Dunois is speechless.

JEANNE:

Were you sent by Lord Dunois?

DUNOIS:

Yes... they were.

JEANNE:

Good. Where are the English?

DUNOIS:

Everywhere. Where is the food?

JEANNE:

It's coming -- I rode on ahead. I
have to speak with the Captain of
the English army... his name's
Talbot...

DUNOIS:

I know...

JEANNE:

Good. Can you bring me to him?

DUNOIS:

He's on the other side of the river.
Now La Hire and Gilles de Rais ride into view...

JEANNE:

So who gave the order to bring me to
this side of the river??

LA HIRE:

(calling to Dunois)
Hey, my friend! I'm glad to see
your ugly damn face again!

JEANNE:

La Hire, I'm warning you -- don't
swear!

LA HIRE:

Sorry Jeanne...
(to Dunois)
Did you both meet already?

DUNOIS:

Well... sort of...

GILLES:

(to Dunois, smiling)
She's quite something, huh?

LA HIRE:

Jeanne, let me introduce the king's
half brother, the dogged Lord
Dunois.

JEANNE:

Then, Lord Dunois, show me the way
to the other side of the river...
She starts to move as Jean d'Aulon rides up --

DUNOIS:

Wait, wait...

JEANNE:

For what?

DUNOIS:

Because... because -- I mean -- the English have a broad sense of humor, but... I mean, you don't understand... to them you're a witch, working for the devil. What makes you think they'll listen to you?

JEANNE:

Because if they don't, I'll raise such a war-cry against them that they will remember us forever!

DUNOIS:

Well. I'd love to see that, but after taking counsel with my captains, I felt it would be better to first bring the food into the city, then wait till Alencon arrives with reinforcements before doing anything.

JEANNE:

You may have been with your counsel, but I've been with mine, and I'm telling you, God's counsel is wiser than yours, and he's telling me to speak to the English -- now!

DUNOIS:

(matching her anger)

Fine -- go now if you want, but not with me! You may have a duty to God but I have a duty to my people, and my people are starving! So right now I'm going to take the food back to the city, and if you can please calm down, and let me accompany you to Orleans, it will be my honor to welcome you.

Gilles smiles at Jeanne's evident frustration.

EXT. EAST GATE - STREET & SQUARE - ORLEANS - DUSK

The battered east gate of Orleans swings open, and a convoy of wagons enter the town, guarded by soldiers. Jeanne and the Captains are on horseback, the remainder on foot.

A group of hungry children spot the arrival, their eyes widening at the sight of the food: beef, mutton, chickens, sacks of grain, barrels of salted fish...

But most of the citizens are too starved and too weary to show much excitement; hollow-eyed and emaciated, they have the expressionless faces of concentration camp inmates. La Hire is sickened at the sight...

LA HIRE:

Jesus Christ... the goddamn English will pay for this!

JEANNE:

They will -- and so will you if you go on swearing like that.

By the time the little procession has reached the main square, a CROWD has gathered. Sluggishly they make way for Jeanne and Dunois to ride between them...

Now the interest in Jeanne begins to warm up -- the CROWD press in on her. Slowly at first, but with increasing fervor, the pressure builds as the crowd try to touch her.

CROWD:

Bless us, Jeanne...! Save us!

EXT. JEANNE'S HOUSE - ORLEANS - NIGHT

Soldiers push back the crowd, allowing Jeanne to reach a large gabled house. As she dismounts, a woman runs forward --

WOMAN:

Jeanne! Bless her -- touch her!

The woman holds up her BABY for Jeanne to touch.

JEANNE:

Touch her yourself... your touch is just as good as mine.

WOMAN:

But... you've been sent by God!

JEANNE:

So has everyone.

Jeanne turns sharply away and walks inside the house, followed by Aulon and the others.

INT. HQ - ORLEANS HOUSE - NIGHT

A frustrated Jeanne marches into Dunois' new war-room. Dunois enters, followed by his Captains, and is happy to see a model of Orleans...

DUNOIS:

La Hire, Gilles -- let me show you something...

The Captains go into a huddle, leaving Jeanne smarting. She looks out of the window, where the crowd is still trying to catch a glimpse of her.

JEANNE:

Who do they think I am?!

AULON:

Jeanne, calm down. You can't blame the people -- they've been hearing all about you for weeks.

JEANNE:

There's nothing to hear -- I haven't done anything. And why haven't I done anything?

(turning to the
captains)

Because none of you will listen to me!!

She shouts in frustration, and Dunois and the other captains swing round. Dunois waits for the echo to die away.

DUNOIS:

Would you like to join us? We're about to discuss the campaign...

Jeanne walks over, still vexed. Using the model, Dunois continues his situation briefing.

DUNOIS:

From here, Talbot has spread his forces between these forts up here, but in the last few days it seems -- according to our scouts -- that some troops have been deployed to this fort here -- which makes me think that this is where they'll be launching their attack from...
Dunois points to St. Loup -- a smaller fort to the east.

GILLES:

I would have thought they'd have attacked from here, where Talbot is.

DUNOIS:

I doubt it. From here they won't be able to utilize the river, whereas over here the current will be with them.

LA HIRE:

What about this huge pile down here?

DUNOIS:

That's the Tourelles. The English were planning to launch an attack from it, but then we broke down the bridge, which should keep them quiet for a while. My hunch is, the attack will come from St. Loup.
He pauses, then turns to Jeanne, somewhat apprehensively.

GILLES:

And... what does Jeanne think?

JEANNE:

I don't think. I leave that to God. I'm nothing in all this, I'm just the messenger.

DUNOIS:

So... what is the message?

JEANNE:

We offer the English a last chance to return home in peace. If they refuse, we recross the river and attack them here -- at the Tourelles. They all look astonished. Gilles grins.

DUNOIS:

Jeanne, that really makes no sense at all. The Tourelles is virtually impregnable... besides, if we're on the other side of the river attacking the Tourelles, what's to stop Talbot attacking the city from the north?

JEANNE:

God.

GILLES:

God... why of course -- we'd forgotten about him! Strange, I don't seem to remember seeing him at Agincourt.

LA HIRE:

Damn right!

GILLES:

Oh, but I forgot! It was a Sunday... that explains it. God's day off. They all laugh, apart from Aulon and the page boys.

JEANNE:

You know, I feel a great sorrow for you, because you're laughing now, but by tomorrow night some of you will be dead and having to repeat your jokes in front of God.

DUNOIS:

Jeanne, with respect -- we can't just attack the Tourelles like that

-- it's a very complicated matter
and...

JEANNE:

What complicated about it? All you
have to do is do what you're told --
what could be simpler than that?
I'm the drum on which God is beating
out his message -- beating so loudly
it's bursting my ears -- but you're
all so full of your own voices,
you're deaf to His!

AULON:

Jeanne, be patient...
Jeanne turns on him --

JEANNE:

"Be patient, be patient"... is that
the only advice you can ever come up
with?? I've shown more patience
than a dozen saints!

DUNOIS:

Jeanne, you have to understand --
it's not easy for us -- I mean for
our pride -- to suddenly be usurped
by a -- well, with all due respect,
by a... girl.

JEANNE:

Ah, so that's it. To you I'm just a
girl.

DUNOIS:

Jeanne, put yourself in my shoes for
a moment -- how would you feel, if
you were me?

JEANNE:

Knowing what I know? Enormous
gratitude.
Jeanne turns and heads for the door. La Hire nudges
Gilles as she approaches --

LA HIRE:

One hell of a girl, huh?

As she passes, Jeanne slaps La Hire right across the face --

JEANNE:

I warned you!

-- and walk out, slamming the door behind her. The others stare after her, while La Hire nurses his cheek.

GILLES:

(to La Hire)

I do love her when her fire gets well and truly stoked!

LA HIRE:

Me too...

A pause, then the door at the other end of the room bursts open and in walks the expansive Duke of Alencon.

ALENCON:

Hello my friends! What a journey, but we made it! Back together again... let's have some fun!

He rubs his hands in anticipation, then notes his comrades' expressions, still recovering from Jeanne's outburst.

ALENCON:

Did I miss something?

INT. JEANNE'S BEDROOM - ORLEANS HOUSE - NIGHT

Jeanne draws her sword with a terrifying scrape as though about to kill someone, slices something in f.g. -- and a chunk of black hair falls to the ground.

JEANNE:

So what if I'm a girl...?

(cuts another chunk)

You need to look like a man to drive out the English?

(and another)

Fine... let's look like a man!

Aulon grabs her by the wrist to take the sword from her --

AULON:

Jeanne, stop it!

JEANNE:

How dare you stop me doing God's will!

Aulon wrestles to get the sword from her --

AULON:

He didn't tell you to cut all your hair off...!

JEANNE:

How dare you tell me what God tells me to do!

AULON:

Alright, whatever -- but since He's not going to come down and cut it himself, at least let someone cut it properly!

He finally manages to grab the sword from her...

AULON:

Raymond -- bring me scissors!

Louis -- fetch that mirror!

The two page boys hop to it, but when Louis brings the mirror, Jeanne slaps it from his hand...

AULON:

Jeanne, stop getting so angry about everything...! Calm down!

Jeanne stares at him.

JEANNE:

I am calm. It's God who's angry. I need to send a letter. Now.

Aulon looks at her.

INT. HQ - ORLEANS HOUSE - NIGHT

Dunois reads the parchment that Aulon hands to him...

JEANNE (V.O.)

To you, Henry King of England, and to you, Duke of Bedford who call

yourself Regent of France, obey the King of Heaven and abandon your siege...

Dunois can scarcely believe it. He hands it to Alencon...

JEANNE (V.O.)

... give back the keys to the other towns you have taken, and go back home to your island...

Equally bemused, Alencon hands it to La Hire...

JEANNE (V.O.)

To you Lord Talbot, I beg you as humbly as I can beg you, for the sake of the lives of your soldiers, do not bring about your own destruction...

La Hire whistles with admiration and hands it to Gilles.

JEANNE (V.O.)

Surrender to me, Jeanne the Maiden, who is sent here by God, and she will make peace with you...

Gilles grins, and hands back to Aulon, who looks to Dunois for an answer. Dunois gives a vague nod of the head...

EXT. BROKEN BRIDGE - ORLEANS - NIGHT

As Jeanne's letter continues, Aulon walks across the broken stone bridge that once connected the city to the south bank of the Loire. Two-thirds the way across, the bridge ends abruptly, leaving a yawning gap between us and the fortress of the Tourelles.

JEANNE (V.O.)

... but if you do not heed my warning, then we shall raise such a battle-cry as there has not been heard in France for a thousand years!

Aulon takes the arrow to which Jeanne's letter is already tied, places it in the bow -- takes aim and fires...

EXT. TOURELLES - ROOF/COURTYARD - NIGHT

The arrow lands in wooden planking. An English soldier with a flaming red beard yanks it out, gives it a cursory glance, grins, then clambers down to the courtyard below where soldiers are busily trimming the branches from freshly-felled trees. Redbeard hands the letter to an English captain, Glasdale...

JEANNE (V.O.)

This is the third and last time I
will write to you...

Glasdale reads it, and gives his response.

EXT. BROKEN BRIDGE - ORLEANS - NIGHT

Aulon is still waiting at the end of the broken bridge.

JEANNE (V.O.)

If you are still here at noon, I
warn you that you will hear from me
to your very great destruction.

Please give me your answer speedily.

Redbeard yells out from the top of the Tourelles...

REDBEARD:

Go fuck yourself!

INT. JEANNE'S BEDROOM - ORLEANS HOUSE - NIGHT

Aulon hesitates, then softly opens the door. He tiptoes
into the room, looks at Jeanne, then at Louis, who has
fallen asleep with the scissors still clasped somewhat
dangerously to his chest. Aulon gently removes them. As
he places them on the table, Jeanne murmurs in her sleep,
but without opening her eyes.

JEANNE:

What did they say?

AULON:

Uh... they said... they will think
about it.

JEANNE:

Good.

AULON:

But... to be honest... I don't think
they'll leave tomorrow.
Jeanne is almost asleep again...

JEANNE:

I can't wait... for tomorrow...

Aulon sits in a chair nearby, gazing at Jeanne, who now
looks even younger, with her hair shorn short like a boy.

EXT. BATTLEFIELD - ST. LOUP - DAWN

SMASH CUT into the fury of battle -- swords hacking
through armor, whirling maces smashing visors, blood

sputtering from severed limbs... Among the combatants:
Dunois, Alencon, La Hire and Gilles...

INT. JEANNE'S BEDROOM - ORLEANS HOUSE - DAWN

Jeanne suddenly sits bolt upright, eyes wide. Aulon is still asleep in his chair where we last saw him.

JEANNE:

French blood is spilling!

Aulon awakes as she leaps to her feet, strapping on her breast plate and gauntlets...

AULON:

What's going on?!

JEANNE:

They've started the battle without me!

She tips the two page boys onto the floor...

JEANNE:

Oh, my boys -- why didn't you wake me up?! Come on, hurry up -- Raymond, saddle my horse -- there's a battle to fight and a war to be won!

Raymond runs off and Aulon takes his place, helping Louis to buckle on Jeanne's armor. She rushes off, leaving Louis to assist Aulon with his own armor...

EXT. HOUSE & STREET - ORLEANS - DAWN

Jeanne runs out of the house to where Raymond is standing with her horse. She mounts it and canters off...

INT. JEANNE'S BEDROOM - ORLEANS - DAWN

Still buckling on his own armor, Aulon spots Jeanne's furled white banner leaning against the wall...

EXT. HOUSE & STREET - ORLEANS - DAWN

Jeanne suddenly remembers she's forgotten her banner. She turns her horse about and canters back, screaming out --

JEANNE:

My banner! I forgot my banner!

Aulon appears at the window, holding her banner --

AULON:

Jeanne... here!

Jeanne circles about and canters forward...

JEANNE:

Throw it!

Aulon throws it down to her. She catches it with one hand, turns and gallops off down the street, the white banner streaming out behind her.

EXT. EAST GATE - ORLEANS - DAWN

The Guard above the main gate sees the French army approaching in full retreat. He calls down...

GUARD:

Open the gates!

EXT. STREETS - ORLEANS - DAWN

Sparks fly as the hooves of Jeanne's horse strike the flint cobblestones, swift and clean...

EXT. ST. LOUP VALLEY - ORLEANS - DAWN

... unlike the hundreds of hooves pounding through mud and mire in the opposite direction.

EXT. EAST GATE - ORLEANS - DAWN

Jeanne reaches the gates as they are swung open, and the first of the retreating troops make it back to the city -- among them, La Hire and Gilles de Rais...

JEANNE:

What happened? Who gave the order to attack?

LA HIRE:

God knows, but it was a bad idea!

JEANNE:

(to Gilles)

Were the men confessed? Where are the priests?

GILLES:

(out of breath)

We didn't take them... we wanted to be fast... wanted to make a surprise attack...

Dunois rides up and Jeanne assails him --

JEANNE:

Dunois... was it you who ordered the attack? Answer me?!

DUNOIS:

Can we -- uh -- discuss this later?

JEANNE:

Sooner is better than later!

Jeanne charges forward, into the confused ranks of retreating French soldiers. Dunois thinks she's gone crazy --

DUNOIS:

Come back... you'll be killed!

But Jeanne's not listening. She's been waiting long enough for this moment, and now she has it, there's no going back. She stands in her stirrups and shouts out --

JEANNE:

Follow me and I will give you victory!

La Hire is the first to change his mind, riding up behind Jeanne like Attila the Hun as she gallops forward into the path of the retreating French. Now the Duke of Alencon joins them, and soon the whole army has turned about -- an immense tidal wave of energy rolling back across the valley...

EXT. ST. LOUP FORTIFICATIONS - ORLEANS - DAY

... toward the astonished English. One moment they were pursuing their hapless enemies, but now an avenging angel bears down on them, sunlight glinting off her armor. They start racing back toward their own fortifications: the bastille St. Loup -- a great fortress amid a network of trenches and tunnels...

The French army is finally behaving as a single organism whereas the English cohesion fragments into shards of individual panic -- every man for himself! They regard Jeanne as a sorceress, and terror spreads like cancer among their ranks. They turn and flee back to their own lines, only to be bombarded by a fusillade of their own missiles, poorly aimed at the French.

Soon the St. Loup tower is ablaze, the English are forced to abandon their fortress... and the French finally get to celebrate their first victory within living memory.

Jeanne has become an object of worship and veneration, and the soldiers crowd about her, cheering her as their savior. Presently Dunois rides up with his Captains...

DUNOIS:

It's a great victory, Jeanne... your victory. But we must follow it through and pursue the English back to Talbot's camp... unless of course you have another good idea?

Jeanne closes her eyes a moment... then smiles at Dunois.

JEANNE:

We return to Orleans... across the bridge, at the Tourelles.

GILLES:

But the bridge has been pulled down!

JEANNE:

The English are rebuilding it.

DUNOIS:

How do you know?!

FLASH:

forest. From her POV, she notices hundreds of fresh trees-stumps...

JEANNE:

You have been with your counsel, and I have been with mine.

EXT. TOURELLES COMPLEX - ORLEANS - DAY

The English are moving up the stripped trees we saw earlier from the Tourelles courtyard toward the broken bridge. Glasdale surveys the operation with satisfaction.

EXT. TOURELLES - POV FROM ROOF - DAY

Redbeard and the other English Guards on the roof of the Tourelles spot Jeanne's army in the far distance. Redbeard calls down to Glasdale...

REDBEARD:

Glasdale! Looks like the froggie whore's coming to pay you a visit.

EXT. MONASTERY - ORLEANS - DAY

Jeanne rides at the head of the army, flanked by Dunois, La Hire, Alencon, Gilles, Aulon, Xaintrailles. They halt in front of a ruined monastery to the south of the Tourelles. Jeanne gives instructions for the placement of artillery...

JEANNE:

Position the long-bows over there, crossbows over there -- and set up Dijon Culverins either side of those trees...

DUNOIS:

The wind will be against us...

JEANNE:

The wind will be with us!

(to the Captains)

Do as I say.

EXT. TOURELLES - BATTERY - DAY

The English take up their positions along the ramparts of the battery -- a massive, square fortification, surrounded by a deep, empty moat.

Jeanne rides forward to the edge of the dry moat, her banner billowing in the breeze, and addresses the English...

JEANNE:

Glasdale, can you hear me? You who call me a whore, I pity your soul and the souls of your men. Yield now to the King of Heaven, and go back to your island...

GLASDALE:

And you, go back to Hell!

Jeanne turns and gallops back to the French soldiers as Glasdale turns coolly to Redbeard --

GLASDALE:

Don't kill her till I've had my fill of her!

-- and walks back to the Tourelles.

The French have established a temporary headquarters. Dunois is drawing a map in the dirt and is preparing a battle plan with his Captains...

DUNOIS:

Let's plan this attack a little more carefully than this morning...

GILLES:

Good idea!

JEANNE (O.S.)

(calling)

My fine soldiers...!

Dunois turns to see Jeanne, standing before the army...

JEANNE:

This morning, God gave us our first victory, but that was nothing compared to what he is ready to give us now. I know you are tired and hungry, but I swear to you in the name of the King of Heaven that even if these English were hanging from the clouds by their fingertips, we shall tear them down before nightfall...! Now, my brave soldiers... let those who love me follow me!

With a valiant cry, a thousand soldiers tear forward behind Jeanne. Dunois is speechless. Gilles lays a sympathetic hand on his shoulder.

GILLES:

You were saying?

Jeanne rides at full tilt down into the dry moat, and for the next few minutes, the air is thick with the tumult of battle. As each successive wave swarms across the moat, so they are met by a fusillade of English flame and steel from the battery above. But the French respond with equal

fervor:

an aerial bombardment of boulders down upon the English, while their arrows darken the sky above...

Jeanne reaches the base of the battery. She leaps down

from her horse and starts to climb one of the ladders being thrown up against the wall... but is suddenly struck by an arrow from the rampart above. She reels -- the ladder sways -- and Aulon catches her in his arms as she falls back to earth. Redbeard is jokingly furious --

REDBEARD:

Hey, you just killed my woman!

The English laugh and jeer, but the French are in dismay at the sight of their Jeanne, unconscious, lying in Aulon's arms, with the arrow wedged deep above her breast.

EXT. MONASTERY BEHIND TOURELLES - DAY

Aulon, La Hire and Xaintrailles carry her to the ruined monastery while the two page boys follow anxiously behind.

INT. ST. AUGUSTINE MONASTERY - DAY

They enter the shell-shattered sanctuary of a gothic chapel where Aulon directs them to lay Jeanne against the wall. In the distance we can hear the muffled sounds of war, but in here it is strangely quiet.

The great war-lords stand in a semi-circle, pathetically wringing their hands, like the seven dwarves bereaving the stricken Snow White. The sight of tears trickling down La Hire's scarred cheeks is as touching as it is pathetic. Aulon wipes her brow, leaning in very close to feel her pulse and whether her mouth exhales breath. He turns to Raymond, who stands close by with Louis --

AULON:

Go and find the physician... I saw him with the supplies.
Raymond races off...

GILLES:

We have to take out the arrow now.

AULON:

It's in so deep -- I'm afraid she'll bleed to death if we pull it out...

LA HIRE:

There must be something we can do for her for Chrissakes!

GILLES:

(sarcastic)

Yes. We can pray.

LA HIRE:

Good idea...

La Hire turns and directs his pledge to the broken stained-glass image of Christ above the trashed altar...

LA HIRE:

I swear I'll never swear again in my life if you save her life! But I'm warning you, if you let her die, then you're the biggest...

JEANNE:

Don't swear...

Jeanne stirs, her eyes beginning to open...

LA HIRE:

He heard me!

AULON:

Jeanne... we thought we'd lost you!

JEANNE:

Not so... easily. Why aren't you... fighting...? go on... we're almost there...

AULON:

Jeanne, you've been badly wounded...

JEANNE:

No, it's... it's nothing, it's...

Speaking provokes a sudden stab of pain. She tries to clutch the arrow, but Aulon stops her. He peels back her shirt, exposing the bloody wound above her pale breast.

GILLES:

It's an arrow, and it's in deep...

AULON:

You must stay still till the physician arrives!

LA HIRE:

Physicians are a waste of time.
You'll have more luck with this
charm of mine... it saved my life at
Agincourt!

JEANNE:

I'd sooner die than use magic!

AULON:

Jeanne, you will die if that arrow
stays in you much longer...
Jeanne suddenly seizes the arrow and yanks it out of her
body. Blood spurts -- the suddenness and violence of her
action catches the men unaware, and it's a moment before
Aulon can stem the flow with his hand. Jeanne looks at
the arrow before throwing it aside...

JEANNE:

At least this one won't bother us
any more. Now let's get back to the
fight!
She tries to get up... and collapses, grabbing Aulon...

AULON:

Jeanne... please... you must stay
calm... you must rest... please!
He lays her back down. Jeanne whispers to him,
intimately.

JEANNE:

Alright... I promise to rest if you
promise... to go back to the battle.

AULON:

I promise...
Jeanne smiles -- then suddenly collapses...

LA HIRE:

Oh shit! Jeanne... don't die!
La Hire breaks off as Raymond arrives back with the
Physician...

AULON:

Quickly... do something!

The Physician kneels beside her and listens for any sound of life. All the Captains crowd closer and closer, and as we too move closer, we hear the sound of deep breathing, almost a snore.

PHYSICIAN:

She's sleeping. Like a baby.

La Hire and the others sigh with relief.

EXT. TOURELLES - BATTERY - DUSK

Dunois surveys his army's attempt to storm the English battery. It is now dusk, and without Jeanne the battle has become a half-hearted affair. He turns to a trumpeter as Aulon comes running up...

AULON:

Jeanne's alive!

DUNOIS:

Good.

AULON:

We have to press home the attack!

DUNOIS:

(to the Trumpeter)

Sound the retreat...

AULON:

But I promised Jeanne we'd fight on!

DUNOIS:

I made no such promise. Sound the retreat for the night!

AULON:

But that was her order!

DUNOIS:

I'm fed up with taking her orders. She swore she'd defeat the English before nightfall, instead of which she goes and plays the fool and gets

herself nearly killed! Look at the mess we're in! That's her mess, not mine...! We're worse off than if she'd never come at all!

(to the Trumpeter)

... now do as I say and Sound the Retreat!

The Trumpeter obeys and signals the evening wrap. The English jeer and whistle from their impregnable battery as the French head back up the sloping sides of the moat.

INT. ST. AUGUSTINE MONASTERY - DUSK

Jeanne lies asleep inside the ruined church, guarded by her two page boys. A small fire burns nearby to keep her warm, but she is shivering...

EXT. ORLEANS - JEANNE'S NIGHTMARE - NIGHT

She suddenly awakes with a start, then gets up and goes to the fire. She kneels down... puts her hands in the flames... and scoops up a handful of ash. She paints her face with the black ash, like a native warrior, then stands back up, turning to face a small army...

JEANNE:

My brave soldiers, do you believe in God?

The Army cries out "Yeesssss!"

JEANNE:

Then let God's punishment be done:

Eye for eye...

... and a sudden FLASH of lightning transforms some of her men into skeletons...

JEANNE:

... tooth for tooth...!

(another flash)

... burn for burn...!

(another flash)

... life for a life!

... a final FLASH, and her whole army is now a seething swarm of SKELETONS. With a curdling cry of vengeance they race forward, passing either side of her...

Jeanne turns to see the skeleton army heading across a bizarre bridge and onto the moonlit battery, flowing either side of the 8 year-old BOY she saw in the woods as

a child. Intrigued, Jeanne follows him, but by the time she reaches him, the boy has disappeared. The skeletons have also vanished, to be replaced by an army of little English boys in man-sized armor, heading toward a distant figure.

The boy-soldiers are being welcomed by the beautiful MAN Jeanne saw earlier. He smiles at her, extending his arms in a Christ-like gesture of embrace...

As Jeanne approaches him, others turn to welcome her -- Aulon, Dunois, Alencon... finally La Hire, holding out his arms --

LA HIRE:

Jeanne, come here my friend, my soldier... in my arms!

La Hire scoops her up into his bear-like arms and swings her round... suddenly, over his shoulder she spots a

familiar figure:

JEANNE:

Catherine??

She breaks from La Hire and runs to Catherine, throwing her arms around her and sobbing with joy...

JEANNE:

Catherine... oh, Catherine -- I knew you wouldn't leave me...!

They stand for a moment, embracing each other, while La Hire and the other Captains applaud Jeanne's victory. The beautiful young MAN approaches them, but we now see that he has a sword clasped behind his back...

Catherine's face contorts in pain. She slumps forward, the sword in her back. Beyond her, the beautiful MAN has transformed into the grotesque Blackbeard, who roars with laughter as Jeanne holds her dying sister...

CATHERINE:

Avenge me... avenge me...!

A circle of fire forms around them, with skeleton soldiers dancing in the flames...

Blackbeard's echoing laugh is gradually superimposed by real laughter and a familiar voice...

REDBEARD (O.S.)

Hey... Frenchies... what happened to
your precious angel, huh?

EXT. TOURELLES - FRENCH CAMP - DAWN

All is quiet, the troops lie sleeping. Redbeard calls
through the mist from the raised drawbridge spanning the
dry moat linking the battery to the French camp --

REDBEARD:

Frenchies, you hear me? What
happened to your little virgin?
Jeanne is awake. She listens to Redbeard...

REDBEARD:

I'll tell you what happened... we
sent her back to Hell so she can go
fuck with the Devil!
Now Jeanne is caressing her horse while Redbeard taunts...

REDBEARD:

What are you going to do, Frenchies?
Why not come out and fight? Or are
you too busy praying to bring your
witch back from the dead? Do you
hear me?
Suddenly Jeanne emerges from the mist, riding her horse
and brandishing her banner --

JEANNE:

I hear you! May God forgive your
blasphemy... but I never can!
She turns and disappears back into the mist.

EXT. TOURELLES - BATTERY - DAWN

Redbeard blinks in amazement. He turns to another
soldier --

REDBEARD:

Go and wake up Glasdale...!

EXT. TOURELLES - FRENCH CAMP - DAWN

Jeanne rides along the columns of sleeping soldiers...

JEANNE:

Come on -- wake up -- sound trumpets
and to horse!
The dazed and sleepy French drag themselves from their

straw beds. Dunois emerges from his tent, bleary and half-naked...

DUNOIS:

What's going on?

JEANNE:

We're taking back the Tourelles!

INT. TOURELLES - TURRET ROOM - DAWN

The Guard shakes Glasdale awake...

GLASDALE:

What's happening?

GUARD:

My lord... the French witch just came back from the dead.

Glasdale hauls himself from his bed.

EXT. TOURELLES - FRENCH CAMP - DAWN

Jeanne supervises her men as they push a huge siege tower toward the dry moat. She rides over to Aulon...

JEANNE:

Get all the men to horse and ready to follow...

Aulon goes as Dunois hurries over...

DUNOIS:

Jeanne, what are you doing with that... you've got it back to front...

JEANNE:

I know what I'm doing, so either lend a hand or go back to bed!

EXT. TOURELLES - BATTERY - DAWN

Redbeard watches in bewilderment as the siege machine starts to materialize through the mist...

REDBEARD:

What the hell she's playing at...?

EXT. TOURELLES - TURRET - DAWN

Glasdale is equally perplexed, gazing out from his garret window across the battery. An archer is by his side.

GLASDALE:

Crazy bitch... she doesn't even know
how to use it...

EXT. TOURELLES - DRY MOAT/BATTERY - DAWN

The French wheel the enormous siege tower toward a wooden
lip above the dry moat. The drawbridge is firmly raised
on the far side. Redbeard's complacent expression changes
as he suddenly realizes what's about to happen...

REDBEARD:

Oh shit...

He backs away as the machine reaches the lip. Suddenly it
topples forward, crashing down on top of the raised
drawbridge and demolishing it beneath its enormous
weight...

EXT. TOURELLES - TURRET - DAWN

From his elevated viewpoint, Glasdale watches in horror as
Aulon leads the French cavalry across the siege machine
bridge that now spans the dry moat, giving them access to
the battery...

GLASDALE:

Raise the drawbridge!

The Archer passes Glasdale's order along -- a chain
message that reaches the gate-keeper, who promptly starts
to turn the winch...

EXT. TOURELLES - BATTERY - DAY

As the French swarm onto the battery, Redbeard and his
soldiers turn tail and race back toward the second
drawbridge into the Tourelles...

REDBEARD:

Wait for me!

The bridge is already being winched up... Redbeard is the
first to reach it... with a desperate leap he manages to
grab the lip of the bridge and scramble over...

EXT. TOURELLES - COURTYARD - DAY

... rolling down into the sanctuary of the Tourelles on
the far side.

EXT. TOURELLES - BATTERY - DAY

His comrades are less fortunate, and are slaughtered by
the advancing French.

Jeanne urges her troops forward, her white banner

billowing in the breeze, but with the drawbridge raised, there is no way for them to enter the Tourelles. The English hurl fresh insults -- and bombards -- from the battlements above, and the French are forced to take cover behind two ruined buildings on the battery.

Jeanne rides across to a ruined barn where several carts are stacked with felled tree-trunks. She spots La Hire...

JEANNE:

Prepare these as battering-rams!

LA HIRE:

What's the use? The drawbridge is up!

JEANNE:

Not for long...

Under a hail of English arrows, Jeanne rides back across the open battery to a ruined house on the other side. She sees Aulon and dismounts...

JEANNE:

The king said you're his finest archer...?

AULON:

Well...

JEANNE:

Come with me...

INT. RUINED HOUSE - TOURELLES - DAY

Jeanne leads Aulon through the ruined house to the far end, where a window overlooks the river-moat that separates the battery from the Tourelles.

JEANNE:

You see those wooden beams...?

Jeanne points to the two beams supporting the chains of the drawbridge further along...

JEANNE:

I want you to set them on fire!

INT. TOURELLES - TURRET - DAY

Glasdale spots Jeanne running back across the battery. He

summons his Archer, pointing her out...

GLASDALE:

Kill her.

EXT. TOURELLES - BATTERY - DAY

Jeanne leaves the ruined house and spots Gilles standing with Alencon. As she approaches, Gilles spots the archer in Glasdale's window far above, taking aim.

JEANNE:

Gilles -- fetch the Dijon Culverins and place them over there...

Jeanne turns her back -- the Archer fires -- Gilles holds up his shield -- the arrow strikes it -- and Jeanne turns back, unaware that he has just saved her life.

JEANNE:

Clear?

GILLES:

Perfectly.

Gilles heads off, leaving Alencon looking left out.

ALENCON:

And me... what can I do?

JEANNE:

Um... round up the horses and keep them safe...

ALENCON:

Good idea.

Leaving Alencon to his task, Jeanne rides off...

... and THUMP! a flaming arrow lands in one of the drawbridge beams.

EXT. TOURELLES - COMPLEX - DAY

An English soldier peers down to see both beams ablaze...

SOLDIER:

Fetch some water!

The command is passed down the line -- a bucket is lowered into the river and hauled back up -- the bucket rushed up stone stairs to the soldier on the battlements...

EXT. TOURELLES - BATTERY - DAY

Meanwhile Jeanne returns to Dunois and La Hire --

JEANNE:

Stand by with the battering-rams...

DUNOIS:

We need another ten minutes...

JEANNE:

The bridge won't wait!

LA HIRE:

Leave it to me...

Back on the battlements, the bucket of water is passed up to the Soldier, who tries to pour it over the edge and onto the blazing beam. Aulon spots him from below and fires a flaming arrow -- it pierces the soldier, who pours the water on himself, extinguishing the flames...

EXT. TOURELLES - COMPLEX - DAY

TIGHT SHOTS:

device is activated -- a lever thrown -- a grille slides sideways...

EXT. TOURELLES - BATTERY - DAY

The beams collapse -- the support chains give way -- and the drawbridge comes crashing down. Beyond it is a portcullis, but to La Hire's exuberant volunteers this is no barrier. Carrying buckets of flaming oil, they charge forward...

... but as they race across the drawbridge, a sudden volley of high-velocity arrows discharge from the lower apertures of the portcullis, felling them before they even get halfway across the bridge.

EXT. TOURELLES - COMPLEX - DAY

The English cackle with delight at the sight of the dying French writhing in the flaming oil. Redbeard -- in charge of the multiple balista -- orders the device to be reloaded, then yells through the upper portcullis...

REDBEARD:

Hey, what happened to the whore?

Sorry... virgin!

EXT. TOURELLES - BATTERY - DAY

Dunois views the massacred soldiers lying on the bridge

amid the dying flames. Jeanne is about to mount her horse...

REDBEARD:

Send her over here and she won't stay a virgin for long!

DUNOIS:

Jeanne, don't do it! Just stop and think for once! Don't you see? The gate's a trap... and he's the bait! Redbeard roars with laughter as Jeanne yells back --

JEANNE:

I take pity on your soul, Englishman!

EXT. TOURELLES - COMPLEX - DAY

Redbeard checks the reloading of the balista...

REDBEARD:

What the matter? Frightened of a little English stuffing?

EXT. TOURELLES - BATTERY - DAY

Jeanne gently puts her arm around her horse's neck, whispering to it...

JEANNE:

We must both be brave...

She kisses it lightly, then grabs her banner from Louis, calling out to the others --

JEANNE:

When you see my banner touch the door, the fortress is ours!

... and away she rides, across the drawbridge, still piled with the slaughtered men from the first attack.

REDBEARD:

... and... fire!!

Another volley of arrows discharges from the portcullis and Jeanne's horse collapses. The English cheer...

INT. TOURELLES - TURRET - DAY

From his garret window high above, Glasdale sees Jeanne spread-eagled next to her dead horse on the drawbridge

below. He turns to his servant with a grin...

GLASDALE:

This time she won't be back.

EXT. TOURELLES - BATTERY - DAY

Aulon gapes in horror... but then suddenly Jeanne is back up on her feet again. Gripping her banner, she dashes forward toward the portcullis, implanting it just as Redbeard opens a little sliding grille -- Jeanne jabs her banner through --

EXT. TOURELLES - COMPLEX - DAY

... impaling Redbeard's skull on the far side! His body crumples to the ground, wedged between the base of the portcullis and the balista.

EXT. TOURELLES - BATTERY - DAY

Jeanne runs back across the drawbridge, crying out...

JEANNE:

The place is ours!

EXT. TOURELLES - COMPLEX - DAY

Inside the Tourelles, the English try to operate the reloaded balista. But Redbeard's corpse is wedged so tightly that they can't move it...

EXT. TOURELLES - BATTERY - DAY

Jeanne moves aside as La Hire and his men heave the carts laden with tree-trunk battering-rams across the bridge...

INT. TOURELLES - TURRET - DAY

Glasdale has seen enough...

INT. TOURELLES - DAY

... He tears down into the courtyard, mustering soldiers as he goes --

GLASDALE:

To arms! To arms!

With a triumphant battle-cry, the French charge their battering-ram into the portcullis...

EXT. TOURELLES - COMPLEX - DAY

... demolishing it like matchwood, then storm inside the fortress. Glasdale cries out to his troops --

GLASDALE:

Soldiers... In the name of the king,
I want you to kill these French dogs
until there's none left!

The English troops swarm either side of the broken portcullis, forcing most of the French back onto the battery...

EXT. TOURELLES - BATTERY - DAY

La Hire lets out a blood-curdling, primeval war-cry and charges forward to meet the English wave head on. Jeanne is caught in the middle, buffeted from side to side by a sea of heaving, sweating, bleeding bodies...

In this melee it is impossible to know who is friend or foe, and the images become so blurred that we and Jeanne are soon lost in a mist of dust and noise...

EXT. TOURELLES - DREAM - DAY

FLASH:

when we return, we find Jeanne in the middle of the battery, but now totally alone, weaving her sword through the air in SLOW MOTION as she once did with her stick...

EXT. FIELD - DREAM - DAY/NIGHT

FLASH:

but she is now a little girl of eight, playing in the field we first saw her in. The small BOY looks at her, smiling...

FLASH:

boy is now a young MAN, still smiling. He calls out to her.

MAN:

Jeanne... what are you doing?

JEANNE:

Playing...

She sweeps her sword and decapitates a flower. Blood flows from the stalk... Jeanne looks at it, more in childish curiosity than astonishment or horror. She looks at the sword, the blade now streaked with blood...

MAN:

Jeanne... what are you doing?

Jeanne pauses, looks at him steadily... and suddenly notices that blood is trickling down his face. A SHAFT OF LIGHT blazes, wind billows... and suddenly it's winter, the trees naked, heavy with snow...

MAN:

What have you done to me, Jeanne?

Jeanne looks horrified. The Man puts his hands to her face, gazing deep into her eyes...

MAN:

What have you done to me?

JEANNE:

I -- I -- I...

EXT. TOURELLES - COURTYARD - DAY

Jeanne is screaming at Aulon, who is gripping her blood-splattered face as the Man did...

AULON:

Jeanne, calm down, do you hear me?

Are you alright?

JEANNE:

Yes...

AULON:

It's over, Jeanne. We won, just as you said!

Jeanne looks about her in a daze. La Hire strides over, arms extended, extravagant as always --

LA HIRE:

Jeanne, come here my friend, my soldier... in my arms!

Jeanne starts laughing -- she can't believe it...

JEANNE:

We... won?!

LA HIRE:

Won?! Such a small word will never do! This is victory, Jeanne, this is... glory!

He scoops her up in his bear-like arms like an ebullient lover, both laughing in the moment. He slowly turns her around, breathing in a great lungful of air and savoring the smell of what Jeanne now sees over his shoulder: the

entire courtyard, knee-deep in bodies and bits of bodies
-- including the gallant Xaintrailles.

Jeanne too can smell the reek of fresh, warm gore. Her
laugh turns to a cry of anguish. La Hire sets her back
down...

LA HIRE:

Jeanne -- what's the matter??

Jeanne is utterly horrified... her legs tremble... amber
liquid trickles down her armor...

JEANNE:

You call this... glory...? All
this... this blood... this smell
of...

LA HIRE:

... the smell of victory, Jeanne!
Mmmmmmm! I love it!

JEANNE:

It's not possible...
Jeanne sees a French soldier of meager wit, hauling a
dying English soldier onto his knees for some obscure
purpose.

GILLES:

You look disappointed... Isn't this
what you wanted?

JEANNE:

No... not like this...

GILLES:

For weeks you've been asking for
this... well now you have it!
The Soldier is about to smash the Englishman's mouth with
a mace. Jeanne snaps out of her momentary stupor and
races across, stumbling over the dead bodies...

JEANNE:

Stop it! What are you doing?

SOLDIER:

Nothing... just taking his teeth.

JEANNE:

But you can't just kill a man for his teeth!

SOLDIER:

Why not? He has good teeth...

JEANNE:

Because... because you just can't!

GILLES:

Eye for an eye, tooth for a tooth...
Jeanne ignores the laconic Gilles...

SOLDIER:

Besides, what about these...?

JEANNE:

That's different... I mean... we were fighting for a... for a cause! Gilles grins, but La Hire looks genuinely bemused at Jeanne's behavior. The soldier shrugs, unimpressed.

SOLDIER:

Not me. He's my prisoner... I can take his teeth if I want to... He is about to smash the teeth...

JEANNE:

No!
She throws herself in front of the startled Frenchman.

JEANNE:

Take mine instead -- here -- smash mine first!

LA HIRE:

Jeanne... get up... this is ridiculous...

JEANNE:

If you kill him, you kill me!

GILLES:

Jeanne... let him do it. One more dead body's not going to make any difference, so who cares?

JEANNE:

I care! And I care because God cares! All life is precious to God -- even his -- even yours and mine...

LA HIRE:

Jeanne... the man hasn't been paid for six months -- that's his only reward. Let him take a few teeth...

JEANNE:

A few teeth... that's the price of his life?

SOLDIER:

Yeah...

JEANNE:

Here -- take this instead. She wrenches a ring from her finger and flings it at the soldier.

JEANNE:

He's mine now. Jeanne cuts the Englishman's bonds...

JEANNE:

Now you... get out. The English soldier doesn't wait for further prompting. Gilles claps...

GILLES:

Bravo! What about all the other hundreds of prisoners? Do we let them go too?

JEANNE:

Maybe... I don't know... but first
we have to confess...

INT. AUGUSTINE MONASTERY - DAY

Jeanne marches her blood-splattered captains into the church and up the aisle toward the rubble-strewn altar. She sees a terrified Franciscan PRIEST and grabs hold of him...

JEANNE:

Please... we have to be confessed...
all of us... now! I know it's not
normal custom, but sometimes... you
know... we have to make an exception
and... and today is an exception...
The Priest looks confounded. Jeanne turns to the
Captains.

JEANNE:

He's going to confess us. Kneel!
All but La Hire kneel, although their armor is stiff at
the joints.

LA HIRE:

Jeanne, if you don't mind... I'll
stay standing... this armor... it's
a nightmare to get back up...

JEANNE:

I said, kneel!
Jeanne raises her sword and brings the flat blade whacking
against the back of his legs. La Hire crumples, and
Jeanne turns to the Priest...

JEANNE:

Please... we're ready... begin!
The Priest is totally lost... he begins to mumble a few
words in Latin just as a soldier burst in --

SOLDIER:

(breathless)
The English... they're forming up...
thousands of them... on the far side
of the river...
The Captains look anxiously at Jeanne. She hesitates a

moment, then gazes up at the battered crucifix on the altar and closes her eyes in prayer...

EXT. NORTH PLATEAU - ORLEANS - DAWN

Jeanne opens her eyes. It is dawn, and two silent armies are drawn up facing one another: four thousand Englishmen on the left, two thousand Frenchmen on the right. They have barely had time to recover from the Tourelles, and the lust for battle is gone. We sense that this is going to be a blood bath that nobody wants.

Franciscan monks move among them, sprinkling them with holy water in final absolution. The battle lines are too far apart for the English to see any details, but the sight of massed soldiers kneeling before an invisible God is an awesome spectacle.

Jeanne and the Captains are mounted, facing the English.

DUNOIS:

Well...? Shall we go?

JEANNE:

Not yet.

DUNOIS:

The English won't wait.

Jeanne hesitates...

JEANNE:

I'll go.

AULON:

Jeanne, no...

But Dunois silences him, indicating to Gilles that he should accompany her.

JEANNE:

Alone.

Dunois is again obliged to comply, and Gilles hangs back. From the English lines, we see a small, solitary figure emerge from the massed ranks of French soldiers.

Jeanne moves halfway between the two armies. The English soldiers watch her, mesmerized, while their captains remain motionless.

In the middle of the field, Jeanne halts. From the French POV she looks dangerously vulnerable. The English

commander -- TALBOT -- draws up alongside his Captains, watching her with grey eyes and an expression of stone. Only we see that Jeanne is crying. She rubs the tears away.

JEANNE:

I have a message for your King Henry. It is a message from God. The English stand silent.

JEANNE:

Go home... Go now, in peace. If you don't go now, you will be buried in this field. I've seen enough blood for today, but if you want more, I can't stop you. I can only warn you that it will be your blood, not ours.

Talbot whispers something to one of his Captains. He withdraws to pass the message on. Jeanne -- and her French captains -- try to gauge the English mood.

JEANNE:

I'm waiting for your answer. Now the English Captains start moving along their flanks. Something's about to happen. Dunois and the French watch in dismay as the English flanks move aside, exposing their dreaded archers. Jeanne closes her eyes, tears brimming.

JEANNE:

Please, Lord... don't... don't let this happen... don't leave me... The English archers take a step back, their cavalry move slowly forward, then turn to their right, the men letting them through. Dunois turns to La Hire...

DUNOIS:

Never wait for miracles. Stand by to attack... The serried ranks of English infantry close in, then halt. We're ready for the worst, and it takes Jeanne -- and us -- a full twenty seconds to realize what is happening: the English are leaving. First the cavalry, then the infantry, finally the archers themselves.

Jeanne cannot believe her eyes. She burst out laughing and crying at the same time. The French captains gape in astonishment. Finally La Hire can contain himself no longer --

LA HIRE:

By God and all the saints... now
that's what I call a bloody miracle!
The French burst into jubilation...

INT. CHINON CASTLE - DAY

As the cheering builds, we see a Messenger race along a corridor and burst into the throne room. Charles slowly rises on hearing the joyous news, clapping his hands in delight -- not least at the discomfort of Tremoille and Regnault. But Yolande shares his enthusiasm, although we sense that the news comes as no great surprise.

INT. ROUEN CASTLE - DAY

The cheering continues as another Messenger races along a similar stone corridor and bursts in on the haggard Duke of BEDFORD. He is the English regent, and is in council with several others, including the Bishop of Beauvais -- one Pierre CAUCHON. As Bedford hears the news, the cheering FADES. He rises from his chair...

BEDFORD:

I want that girl. I want her
burned.

EXT. STREET - RHEIMS - DAY

The crowd goes wild as Jeanne rides through the streets of Rheims, carrying her banner in triumph. She is followed by Aulon and her two page boys, and is accompanied by soldiers who do their best to hold the ecstatic crowd at bay. At the far end of the street: a magnificent cathedral.

INT. VESTRY - RHEIMS CATHEDRAL - DAY

Backstage pandemonium as Charles is readied for his imminent coronation. A glamorous Gilles tries to help him into his ermine robe; Tremoille stands with Archbishop Regnault, adjusting his gold-trimmed cloak. An ancient BISHOP -- palsied and pushing 80 -- stands by, hands a-trembling.

CHARLES:

It's too tight -- where's the

seamstress? And that...

(pointing to crown)

... that's meant to be a crown?

Don't you have something more --
more regal?

A young Priest is holding the dowdy crown...

PRIEST:

The English took the real one...

CHARLES:

I asked for a grandiose coronation,
and this is what you give me? This
whole thing's going to be a complete
fiasco...!

BISHOP:

Sire, we were only given three days
to prepare -- three days! -- Why,
your father's coronation took three
months!

Charles turns to Tremoille --

CHARLES:

He's probably right -- let's call a
delay...

TREMOILLE:

There's no time, sire -- we can't
hold up the ceremony... there's no
telling when the English might come
back... they're only ten leagues
away...

CHARLES:

Let them come! Let them see who's
the true king of France!

Further away, Dunois is examining himself in a looking-
glass. He is standing with Gilles de Rais, both
resplendent in their armor, now cleaned and polished...

DUNOIS:

It's been muddy for so long, I
forgot how good it looked when

cleaned up...

LA HIRE:

Did you remember to clean up what's inside as well?

Dunois ribs him with his elbow, both laughing. In another corner, Alencon is fast asleep.

Charles is still grumbling...

CHARLES:

Those damn English... we should be doing this in Paris... in Notre Dame -- much more prestigious -- and twice as big as this one!

Yolande, who has been standing quietly in the shadows with Richmond, steps forward...

YOLANDE:

It is the sacred place that matters, Charles -- not the size. Am I correct, Bishop?

BISHOP:

Oh yes, my lady. All true kings of France must first be anointed in our great cathedral of Rheims... with the holy oil of Clovis... for it was within these very walls that Saint Remy received the sacred oil from Heaven, brought to him by a white dove for the anointing of King Clovis...

TREMOILLE:

Yes, yes -- well let's just get on with it, shall we?

GILLES:

... before the English turn up and spoil everything.

CHARLES:

They wouldn't dare!

GILLES:

I wouldn't be so sure. It only takes one of them -- in disguise -- Gilles pulls a sharp dagger -- Charles looks petrified...

GILLES:

... with a good dagger... that's all it takes... Gilles lifts the dagger... and snips a loose thread from Charles's shoulder...

GILLES:

... to ruin the whole thing. Gilles sheaths his dagger, but Charles is now panicking. He glances at those around him as though one of them might be a spy. Gilles moves away, and Charles turns to his pages --

CHARLES:

Hurry up! Further away, the Bishop's assistant Canon hurries in, holding a small jar --

CANON:

Your Grace, there can be no anointing!

BISHOP:

What in heaven's name are you talking about?

CANON:

The holy oil of Clovis -- it's all gone! The ancient Archbishop can scarcely believe his ears. He peers inside the little jar just as Yolande arrives with Richmond...

BISHOP:

Gone?? But that's impossible -- it's magic oil... I mean miraculous oil -- it can never be exhausted...

CANON:

Look for yourself!

The Canon offers it to the Bishop, but Yolande intervenes...

YOLANDE:

Problem?

He hands her the little jar...

BISHOP:

I don't understand... the holy oil of Clovis... it was quite full the last time I saw it...

YOLANDE:

And when was that?

BISHOP:

Well... at the coronation of King Charles VI...

YOLANDE:

Thirty years ago? I'm not surprised it's gone...

BISHOP:

No no, you don't understand -- this is no ordinary oil -- this is miraculous... this oil was brought from heaven by a white dove to crown King Clovis in this... very... cathedral...

Yolande has moved away, to be replaced by the hideously-scarred Richmond. The Bishop's voice trails as he sees Yolande beyond him, taking an oil lamp from the wall and pouring a little oil into the jar.

BISHOP:

W-w-what are you doing?!

YOLANDE:

Performing a miracle.

Richmond curtails any protest with a toothy grin.

There's a growing SOUND of excitement coming from beyond.

Finally Jeanne appears in the doorway, carrying her banner

and followed by her faithful page boys, Louis and Raymond. La Hire nudges Alencon awake as she passes, giving an admiring whistle.

CHARLES:

Ah, Jeanne... come here...! This whole coronation idea of yours is a fiasco... nothing is ready...

JEANNE:

... You look wonderful...

CHARLES:

... and my crown doesn't fit and...

(breaking off)

Really??

She looks up and down, appraising him...

JEANNE:

You look like a king.

Charles melts. TRUMPETS SOUND from the great Cathedral beyond...

INT. RHEIMS CATHEDRAL - DAY

Two tiers of boys sing in plainsong as Charles enters through a small door and into the vastness of the crowded Cathedral. It is filled to capacity, with Jeanne's comrades-in-arms filling the front pews like eager fans, straining for a glimpse of her.

Tremoille waddles behind Charles, with Regnault, Yolande and Richmond in tow. Next, the two page boys -- and then at last the main attraction as far as this congregation is concerned -- the crowd lets out an audible gasp as Jeanne enters in her white armor, carrying her proud, war-scarred banner and escorted by Jean d'Aulon.

La Hire is so moved at the sight that he has to wipe away big soppy tears (for sentimentality was ever the flip-side of cruelty). Alencon and Dunois likewise gaze at their adored one, though Gilles is perhaps more taken with the cherubic choir boys...

Jeanne trembles with emotion. This is the peak of her career, and she knows it, and she's making the most of it. As the little procession reaches the nave, all but Charles filter aside. He walks forward alone to where Archbishop Regnault is standing -- a few paces -- then stops, turns

-- and holds out his hands to Jeanne.

The crowd gasp with approval at the unprecedented gesture... La Hire briefly claps, before being dug in the ribs by Gilles... but the kingly act provokes jealous looks from Regnault and Tremoille...

Jeanne hesitates, then is almost willed on by the crowd into joining Charles. She stands a little aside as he kneels. Regnault sprinkles the Holy Oil on his sovereign's head...

REGNAULT:

With this sacred oil, blessed by the hand of God the Father Almighty, we do anoint thee Charles Valois...

Regnault breaks off: there's a commotion at the back of the cathedral. Charles looks around -- anxious faces turn -- soldiers draw their swords -- is it the English??

Bored by the ceremony, young Louis has been kicking legs again, and one of the guards is nursing a bruised shin. With all eyes suddenly upon him, Louis flushes -- and is quickly taken in hand by Yolande. After the brief interruption, Regnault continues...

REGNAULT:

... we do anoint thee Charles Valois, Sovereign Lord and King of this great kingdom of France, charging that ye defend the faith of our Mother Holy Church so long as ye shall live...

It could almost be the marriage ceremony. Jeanne watches in tears, trembling with emotion as the Archbishop takes the crown and holds it above Charles' head, then slowly, slowly lowers it...

As he does so, an eerie SOUND, like a bullet in slow-motion coming straight at us... followed by a cry from Jeanne...

EXT. PARIS WALLS - ST. DENIS - DAY

Jeanne gasps -- sways...

Torrential rain, sweeping across the grey, mud-filled moat in great curtains. She's standing on the bank above the moat, looking across at the massive city walls where ladders have been set up. Aulon catches up with her...

AULON:

Jeanne...! Are you alright?

JEANNE:

Yes. Yes, I'm fine...

(yelling out)

We need more brushwood!

(to Aulon)

Why are you staring at me like that?

AULON:

Because there's an arrow in your leg.

She looks down and there it is, poking out her leg: an arrow has penetrated her armor.

JEANNE:

So there is...

She hadn't realized -- and doesn't seem that bothered.

JEANNE:

... but that's no reason for you to stop. You can still climb a ladder, can't you? So go on then... climb!

Aulon looks across at the endless ladders, disappearing into the mist and smoke at the top of the gigantic wall. Jeanne calls out to her page, Raymond --

JEANNE:

Raymond! Over here!

Raymond hurries over...

JEANNE:

Pull it out.

Raymond looks terrified --

JEANNE:

Pull it out!

Raymond grips the arrow while Jeanne gazes across at one of the ladders laden with Frenchmen. As he pulls it out, the ladder falls back, plunging the soldiers to their deaths. Jeanne gasps in pain...

La Hire and Gilles are further along the bank...

GILLES:

This is no good!

LA HIRE:

No good? This is a disaster!
Gilles stumbles along the bank to Jeanne...

GILLES:

Jeanne... The men are exhausted!

JEANNE:

I know, but so is the enemy --
they're falling back -- Paris is
ours...!

GILLES:

Jeanne... we're not enough...

JEANNE:

So... bring up the reinforcements!

GILLES:

Reinforcements? Where??
Jeanne waves vaguely behind her --

JEANNE:

Right behind us -- Dunois with
another ten thousand men!

GILLES:

Jeanne, look behind you.

JEANNE:

Never look behind -- only ahead!
Gilles grips her by the shoulders, forcing her to turn and
look behind. At most, a hundred bedraggled soldiers,
limping amid the carnage in the moat. Jeanne stares at
them.

GILLES:

Do you know how to count?

JEANNE:

Of course I do? Bring them up!

GILLES:

Jeanne... that is not ten thousand reinforcements -- that is one hundred very loyal but very tired soldiers.

JEANNE:

But... where is Dunois... where are the men the king promised me?

GILLES:

He never sent them... Don't you understand? He doesn't want this war anymore... he has his crown now, that's all he ever wanted...

JEANNE:

But my voices... they promised me...

GILLES:

To hell with your voices -- it's time to face facts! We have nothing to do here... none of us... not even you. You should go home, Jeanne. Jeanne stares at them, in shock.

JEANNE:

You don't believe me anymore?

LA HIRE:

We still believe in you, Jeanne. If it were up to me, I'd chase every goddamn Englishman into the ocean. But it's not up to us anymore -- it's up to the king...

Jeanne looks at him, suddenly furious --

INT. CHINON CASTLE - CORRIDORS - DAY

-- Jeanne storms along a corridor, her two page boys doing their best to catch up with her...

INT. CHINON CASTLE - CHAMBER - DAY

She bursts in on Charles, who is cavorting in a bath-tub with a few frivolous females.

CHARLES:

Well, this is an unexpected pleasure. Ladies, let me introduce you to the celebrated Jeanne... The damsels titter...

JEANNE:

Get them out of here!

CHARLES:

Now hold on -- you're not captain here... on the battlefield perhaps, but not in the royal bedchamber!

JEANNE:

Why did you betray me? Paris was ours for the taking! All I needed was another few hundred men... Why did you take back the army you gave me?

CHARLES:

Gave you? Well now, I wouldn't quite put it like that...

JEANNE:

(bluntly)

So how would you put it?

CHARLES:

Well... we are, of course, enormously grateful for your past efforts, but your task is done. Now it's time for negotiation... and after many months of skillful work, our dear Tremoille is about to seal a treaty with our Burgundian friends who will no longer lend their support to the English. You see, my dear Jeanne... as it is written in the Bible, "to everything there is a

season:

for peace"...

JEANNE:

Peace will only be got from the
English at the end of a lance!

CHARLES:

Why do you have to be so
bloodthirsty? Do you enjoy it? All
that blood and noise and pain?
Diplomacy is far more civilized...
far safer... and far cheaper...
Jeanne angrily holds out a fistful of letters --

JEANNE:

I have letters here from towns under
siege -- Compiegne, Provins, Melin
-- where the people are starving,
begging God on their knees to help
them... and I'm here to answer their
prayers -- and you want to stop me?
France does not belong to you,
Charles -- she belongs to God. And
if you won't help me save her, I
shall do it alone!
Jeanne slings the letters in his face and marches out of
the room. Charles turns to the girls with a weary sigh.

CHARLES:

If only she would just go home.
INT. CORRIDOR - CHINON - DAY
Aulon reaches the door to a chapel to find it guarded by
Louis and Raymond.

RAYMOND:

You can't go in.

AULON:

Get out...!
INT. CHAPEL - CHINON - DAY
Aulon enters to find Jeanne crumpled by the altar. He
kneels beside her.

AULON:

Jeanne... the king has ordered us
not to ride with you anymore.

JEANNE:

So... what am I supposed to do now?
Aulon hesitates.

AULON:

What do your voices say?
Jeanne pauses... a long moment, whether or not to confide.
Finally, and with a bleakness not sensed in her before...

JEANNE:

They've abandoned me... like
everyone.

AULON:

What... what do you mean?

JEANNE:

It's been weeks since they spoke to
me. Since the coronation... no
signs... nothing...

AULON:

Maybe their silence is a sign...?
Maybe it's a sign to go home?

JEANNE:

It's not time yet. My mission is
not over yet. There is still more I
must do before I can really --
finally -- go home.

AULON:

But how do you know that these --
these voices aren't really just --
well, you.
Jeanne stares at him in bemusement -- then suddenly
laughs...

JEANNE:

Well of course they're me! That's
how God talks to me. If you listen
hard enough, even you can hear him.
Everyone can hear him.

AULON:

But I hear so many voices... one voice saying one thing, another voice saying the opposite -- love your enemy, kill your enemy -- what is good, what is evil...?

JEANNE:

All you have to do is stop talking and just listen.

AULON:

But how do you know what you hear is the truth?

JEANNE:

I don't know it. I feel it.

AULON:

You make it sound so simple...

JEANNE:

The truth is always simple... it's you, Jean, who's making things complicated.

AULON:

Me?! It's not me, it's God who makes everything complicated! If he's all-powerful, why not let the English stay on their island in the first place? And why let this war go on for a hundred years? And why send you out to fight when a girl like you should be at home with your family? Why, why?!

JEANNE:

So... even you don't believe in me anymore...

AULON:

Jeanne... I believe in you... more

than anyone...

Aulon's hand touches Jeanne's hair. He leans forward, as though being drawn by her eyes and mouth...

AULON:

I... I just wish I could... I want to... to help you...

The moment is a little too intense. They gaze at each other, then Jeanne suddenly pulls away...

JEANNE:

If you really want to help me, there's one thing you can do.

AULON:

Tell me...

JEANNE:

Tell the king to give me more men.

Jeanne goes, leaving Aulon alone, deliberating.

EXT. CHINON - DAY

Jeanne and her pages mount their horses and ride off...

INT. CHAMBERS - CHINON - DAY

Aulon walks through a small antechamber and is about to knock at a door when he pauses, hearing familiar voices.

TREMOILLE (O.S.)

We have to stop her, your majesty.

If she raises her own army and attacks the Burgundians at

Compiègne, all my months of painful negotiations will have been in vain!

Aulon draws closer, shocked at what he hears...

REGNAULT (O.S.)

Tremoille is right. She behaves as though she were God! It's high time she found out who's really in command.

INT. KING'S CHAMBERS - CHINON - DAY

Regnault, Tremoille and Yolande coil about Charles like serpents. Charles looks at them all.

CHARLES:

It's true. There's only one king... people need to be reminded of that.

Nevertheless... Jeanne has done so much for us...

YOLANDE:

I assure you, Charles, the Maiden has no greater admirer than myself. But whatever our personal feelings, we cannot allow her to conduct her own private war. For the sake of the kingdom, it is imperative that you stop her going to Compiègne...

CHARLES:

I... I can't stop her.

TREMOILLE:

Well if you don't, I'm sure the Burgundians will be happy to oblige. If they capture her at Compiègne...

REGNAULT:

... no one can blame us.

CHARLES:

I... I don't know... it'll sound like we... betrayed her...?

TREMOILLE:

Noooo!

REGNAULT:

Good heavens no!

TREMOILLE:

Never!

YOLANDE:

Don't worry, Charles. If God is still with her, she will be victorious. We're not her judges... we're just spectators. Let her go to Compiègne, as you let her go to Orleans, and let God decide her fate.

CHARLES:

But... her army's so small now...

YOLANDE:

Then her faith will have to be bigger.

Yolande gives Richmond a significant look.

INT. CHAMBERS - CHINON - DAY

Aulon can scarcely believe what he has heard!

INT. AULON'S ROOM - CHINON CASTLE - DAY

A table smashes against a stone wall... a chair splinters in fragments. Aulon is in a frenzy, smashing up furniture.

EXT. CHINON CASTLE - DAY

Aulon rides out from the castle...

EXT. FOREST CLEARING - DAY

Jeanne and her meager band of soldiers have paused for food. Aulon makes his way through the trees -- and finds Jeanne a little apart from the others, with her two page boys...

AULON:

Jeanne... I need to speak to you.

(pointedly)

Alone.

Jeanne glances at him a moment, then nods for Louis and Raymond to leave.

JEANNE:

Did the king listen to you?

Aulon blushes... clears his throat...

AULON:

Jeanne, I... I love you, Jeanne. I love you and... I want to marry you.

Jeanne is a little taken aback, but is genuinely touched.

JEANNE:

That's not what I asked... Why do you want to marry me?

AULON:

You listen to your voices, I listen

to my heart.

Jeanne looks at him a beat.

JEANNE:

What did the king say?

AULON:

He said that... he's making a treaty
with the Duke of Burgundy and...

JEANNE:

It's a trap! They're buying time
till they can bring over more
soldiers from England!

AULON:

Did your voices tell you that? You
told me you hadn't heard them for
months...

JEANNE:

No, but...

AULON:

Or maybe it's Jeanne who's in a trap
-- her own trap -- a downward spiral
that she can't stop?

JEANNE:

Did you come back to marry me or to
insult me?

AULON:

To marry you.

A beat... then she looks away.

JEANNE:

I will ask my voices... if they come
back one day. Meanwhile... I'm
going to Compiègne.

AULON:

Jeanne... I have been hearing voices
-- and believe me, those voices left

me in no doubt that you must not go
to Compiègne!

She looks at him a moment, knowing that he speaks the
truth.

AULON:

Jeanne... I believe in you -- but
can you believe in me for once?
Don't go... even if you don't want
to marry me.

JEANNE:

I would like to marry you. But I
have already promised myself... to
God.

AULON:

But... you've done so much for God
as it is... can't you do something
for yourself for once -- for Jeanne?

JEANNE:

But it is what I want.

AULON:

To be killed in battle?

JEANNE:

If God wants me to win, he will find
a way. And if he wants me to die...
if he wants me back... then that's
fine too. Then I'll be with him
forever.

She has a dreamy, faraway look -- one with which Aulon
cannot compete.

AULON:

Will you at least let me stay with
you?

JEANNE:

It would not be the same without
you.

EXT. COMPIEGNE - BATTLEFIELD - DAY

SHARP CUT to a Man being felled by a cudgel. We are in the middle of the battle, and things are not going well for the French. The citizens and their MAYOR watch anxiously from the draw-bridge and the town walls. Nearby stands a familiar face: the battle-scarred Richmond. The Mayor and Richmond exchange a glance that chills... Jeanne is struggling to keep her banner aloft... then a cry from close by, and to her horror she sees Raymond collapse with an arrow in his breast. His faithful companion Louis races to his side, throwing his arms around him.

Jeanne jumps down from her horse, but by the time she reaches him, his eyes are closed. Louis looks up at her, tears brimming. Aulon rides up alongside Jeanne...

AULON:

We must sound the retreat!

JEANNE:

Not yet!

With the enemy bearing down, there's no time to pause...

EXT. COMPIEGNE - WALLS & POV OF BATTLEFIELD - DAY

From high on the town walls, the Mayor surveys the distant battle. Richmond is standing a short distance away. He gives him a sign. The Mayor turns to a Guard.

MAYOR:

I can't risk the town's safety.

Raise the drawbridge.

EXT. COMPIEGNE - BATTLEFIELD - DAY

As Jeanne rides back with Aulon, she spots Richmond beyond the drawbridge inside the town. There's a brief exchange between them, a locking of eyes. Jeanne turns to Aulon...

JEANNE:

Get back inside the town and see if the English are attacking from the other side!

AULON:

But... why... what's the point?

JEANNE:

Do as I say!

AULON:

I want to stay with you...

JEANNE:

That's an order!

Aulon looks almost shocked. He backs away, then turns his horse about and rides back across the drawbridge and into the town. Seconds later, the drawbridge begins to rise, and Jeanne is trapped.

She tries to fight her way clear of the advancing English, but they encircle her. She lashes out with the flat of her sword, trying to keep their swords and lances at bay. The noose tightens -- her horse starts to panic... but strangely there's a smile on her face, as though she sees the end coming, this end that she so desires: to die on a battlefield in penance for the blood shed in her name.

Suddenly a BOLT slices through BONE --

-- and Jeanne's horse collapses from under her. She rolls to the ground, springing back to her feet as the English close in. Again she flays the air with her sword, but it becomes heavier and heavier as her energy finally begins to drain.

A huge iron ball smashes her sword in two -- now she has no weapon but her fists. Yet still she lashes out, like a fox cornered by hounds. Another blow -- she falls to the ground, her face gazing up. Her eyes soften, and again that smile --

Her POV:

battle -- a little patch of blue...

EXT. FIELD - SUMMER - DAY

... and Jeanne falls into the field of her childhood.

JEANNE:

My Lord...

-- the sky brightens -- the SUN dazzles -- space/time dilates... with her arms wide open, Jeanne offers herself to the skies --

JEANNE:

Take me...!

Nature starts to consume her, integrating her as a part of the whole... clouds, seasons and wind become one in an

apocalyptic ballet... grass, flowers and roots consume her... the camera suddenly pulls back so fast and far that within seconds the earth has become a revolving sphere in the darkness of space...

FLASH:

fluid, dynamic ring, evolving in and out of space...

FLASH:

BLUE EYE, the same diameter as Jeanne's. overwhelmed by this vision. A shadow of a MAN clutching a mace is reflected in the blueness...

SHARP CUT to the Man as he slams her... WHAM!

BLACK. Then a zillion stars evolve from the darkness, slowly rotating inversely toward a central point as though returning to the origin of space/time in one single dimensionless point of light -- which then suddenly EXPLODES...

At the same moment a HUGE EYE blinks open -- the EYE of Jeanne...

INT. COMPIEGNE - PRISON - NIGHT

Jeanne's eyes search a darkness that gradually resolves into the grim, dank confines of a dungeon. She sits bolt upright, as though awakening from a nightmare.

She is on a wooden bed, her face bruised and tumefied. A few inches away is a MAN, one side of his shaved head catching a sliver of light. He's laughing at her.

MAN:

I can't believe it... your romantic vision of death, with all that grass growing everywhere... I must admit, you have a great imagination. Or maybe not great enough. Death is much more simple...

FLASH:

of blood running from his mouth...

MAN:

... after a few months it gets more interesting...

FLASH:

FLASH:

MAN:

... then -- after a year -- it
finally becomes romantic...

FLASH:

sign of the body.
Jeanne shakes her head...

JEANNE:

Who... who are you...?

MAN:

I am that I am.

(beat)

You don't like my face?

(evidently not)

Maybe you prefer this one...

His face melts into the little boy, sitting on a throne in
the middle of the wood. She gazes at him in
bewilderment --

MAN:

Too young maybe? How about this one?

The boy becomes the young man she saw in the forest.

Jeanne is breathless. The Man is invading her most secret
memories.

MAN:

Better, no...? But incomplete.

Suddenly his face is flooded with blood, like the image of
the man she saw during the battle of Orleans...

Jeanne SCREAMS, covering her face...

JEANNE:

Get thee behind me. Satan!

The Man smiles, unaffected by her outburst.

MAN:

Who are you to even think you can
know the difference between good and
evil? Are you God?

JEANNE:

No... no... I'm just a messenger...
He needs me... a higher calling...
Suddenly the man starts to bellow -- the walls tremble --
the bellow becomes a roar... clouds boil behind his
head...

MAN:

HOW CAN YOU BEGIN TO IMAGINE THAT
GOD, THE CREATOR OF HEAVEN AND
EARTH, THE SOURCE OF ALL LIFE, COULD
POSSIBLY NEED -- YOU?
Jeanne can no longer stop her tears...

JEANNE:

I don't know... I thought...

MAN:

YOU THINK GOD ISN'T BIG ENOUGH TO
DELIVER HIS OWN MESSAGES?

JEANNE:

I don't know... please... tell me
I'm dead...

MAN:

WHO ARE YOU TO DECIDE IF YOU SHOULD
LIVE OR DIE?

JEANNE:

I... don't know... what do you want
from me?

MAN:

Nothing. I'm here to set you
free...
The Man holds up his hand as though in judgment --
A hand slams across her face --
-- and she wakes up, nursing her hot cheek. In front of

her:

GUARD:

(angrily)

I said, smile! You have visitors.

The door opens, and a smart delegation arrives in her cell, led by a thin reed of a man, the Duke of BURGUNDY and his right-arm, DIJON.

GUARD:

His Grace the Duke of Burgundy.

Jeanne stares at him, confused...

BURGUNDY:

So... here is the famous Jeanne... Savior of Orleans... terror of the English? You look pretty ordinary to me...

JEANNE:

Am I... am I dead?

BURGUNDY:

Dead you're worthless, darling.

JEANNE:

Where... where am I?

BURGUNDY:

Guess.

She looks about her dismal confines...

JEANNE:

My king will pay any ransom you ask.

BURGUNDY:

Your king? Ah yes, of course...

What's he going to pay me with?

Cows? Chickens? I prefer gold, and the English have plenty. I wonder how much they'll pay... to have the Witch of Orleans in their clutches? Those English are so arrogant, they can't accept the idea of being defeated by a peasant girl... it has to have been the devil's work.

JEANNE:

God defeated the English, not me.

BURGUNDY:

And God who allowed you to be caught?

Jeanne hadn't thought about that before.

BURGUNDY:

Personally I don't believe in God, and I don't believe in the Devil either. That's why I'm never disappointed.

(to Dijon)

Sell her.

INT. CHINON CASTLE - DAY

Aulon goes to see the King in his chamber and hands him a heavy sack. Tremoille and Regnault are present, as always.

AULON:

Here... to help pay Jeanne's ransom. All the Captains gave what they could, as well as the citizens of Orleans and the other towns she saved...

CHARLES:

Very generous of you all. How much?

AULON:

10,000 gold crowns.

From their expressions, this is clearly an enormous amount.

CHARLES:

10,000... that's a lot... but I fear not enough. But it will be my pleasure to make up the difference.

(to Archbishop

Regnault)

Your Grace... I place you in charge of this... sensitive negotiation.

INT. OFFICE - DUKE OF BURGUNDY'S CASTLE - DAY

Burgundy's right-arm -- DIJON -- turns to his Assistant.

DIJON:

They send a Bishop to negotiate?

That's a good sign. Let him in.

It is not Archbishop Regnault who enters, but another ecclesiastic swaddled in the rich robes of his office: the Bishop of Beauvais, one Pierre CAUCHON.

CAUCHON:

Good day, sir. I trust my honorable Duke of Burgundy is feeling well?

DIJON:

He's feeling wonderful.

CAUCHON:

Thanks be to God.

DIJON:

And your Duke? The Duke of Bedford?

CAUCHON:

Not so well, I regret to say. This business with the Maiden... it's caused him endless grief and torment. That's why he's entrusted me with the task of... shall we say...

DIJON:

Buying her?

CAUCHON:

This word is -- regrettably appropriate for the situation. In fact what we -- the Church -- wish to do is determine whether or not this girl is sent by God, as she claims. You understand that we cannot allow just anybody to abuse God's name in this manner...

DIJON:

I understand. How much?

It is that other man of the cloth, Regnault, who answers.

REGNAULT:

5,000 gold crowns.

DIJON:

That's not a lot.

REGNAULT:

It is all his majesty can afford. He has even donated his very own personal savings. His majesty will greatly appreciate a gesture of good will in this delicate negotiation between our two families.

DIJON:

I know... but the English want her very badly, and I have to tell you that they are proving much more generous.

REGNAULT:

May I, without offending you, inquire how generous?

DIJON:

20,000 gold crowns.
Regnault's rival cleric Cauchon looks aghast.

CAUCHON:

20,000?! But... I heard King Charles was... financially embarrassed.

DIJON:

Don't look at the cost, look at what it brings. What is your last offer?

REGNAULT:

8,000. We can't raise more... We can only place ourselves at the mercy of your generosity.

DIJON:

I must offer to the Duke. I will
give you his answer tomorrow.

INT. PRISON CELL - BEAUREVOIR - DAY

A Burgundian Soldier shakes Jeanne to wake her up.

SOLDIER:

Hey, wake up... get yourself
ready... you're leaving!

Jeanne opens her eyes as Cauchon enters her cell, dressed
in ecclesiastical robes. He stands in front of her,
flanked by two monks. At the sigh of the churchmen, she
brightens.

JEANNE:

Oh, thank you Lord!

(to Cauchon)

I'm so glad to see you! I need to
confess... I haven't been confessed
since Easter... or been to Mass...
Will you hear me now?

CAUCHON:

I will hear you... but not now, not
here.

JEANNE:

Who are you?

CAUCHON:

Pierre Cauchon, Bishop of Beauvais.
As you were captured in my diocese,
the duty of conducting the trial
falls upon me.

JEANNE:

Trial? What trial??

CAUCHON:

Your trial, Jeanne. On a charge of
heresy.

JEANNE:

But... the King -- my king -- didn't
he pay my ransom?

CAUCHON:

It seems that the English care more
about you than the French.

JEANNE:

The English??

CAUCHON:

Yes. They paid your ransom...
tomorrow you will be transferred to
their great castle at Rouen.

The door slams shut, and she is left alone. Jeanne is
utterly distraught. She looks round the bleak cell, then
moves over to a small window... just wide enough for her
to squeeze through.

EXT. LEDGE - BEAUREVOIR - NIGHT

Jeanne clambers out onto a narrow ledge, high above the
frozen moat below. Only a fool -- or one bent on suicide
-- would hazard such a leap.

VOICE (O.S.)

Need some help?

The Man we saw after Compiegne is once again behind her.

JEANNE:

What are you doing out here?

MAN:

I might ask you the same question.

JEANNE:

I... I'm leaving... I can't take
anymore...

MAN:

And what exactly is it that you
can't take anymore of?

JEANNE:

Everything! Prison -- humiliation
-- being abandoned and betrayed by
everyone -- I can't stand it anymore

-- I'd rather die!

MAN:

You'll be dead soon enough anyway,
so why be in such a hurry? Why not
face up to your lies? It's your
lies you can't stand anymore...

JEANNE:

I... I never lied!

MAN:

If you were true to yourself... if
your faith was firm, you wouldn't
need to run away from yourself like
this...

JEANNE:

I am true -- to my Lord, the King of
Heaven. He knows how much I love
him -- that's all that matters to
me...

MAN:

How can you pretend that you love
God when you're about to throw away
the most precious thing he gave you?
Life is a gift, you should know that
by now Jeanne -- a gift from God.
You know what He'd say to you, if He
was here? "What are you doing to
me, Jeanne?"

Jeanne is lost, exhausted, numbed. She gazes into the
void, contemplating the fall...

JEANNE:

You're right... I shouldn't do that.
The Man suddenly pushes her so that she nearly falls...

MAN:

That's too easy. One minute you
want to die, the next you want to
live...

(again pushes her)

Do you think that life is a toy that can be played with and then broken when you don't want it anymore?

JEANNE:

No, no... I'm just so tired, and lost, and... I didn't realize what I was doing!
He pushes her again...

MAN:

Oh? And just because you realize now, everybody else should forgive you?!

JEANNE:

I don't know -- I don't care anymore -- I just want to be at peace!

MAN:

Oh, so you don't want war anymore? You want to be at peace? You want to be able to change your mind anytime you feel like it and expect everyone to go along with it?

JEANNE:

I don't understand. What do you want from me?

MAN:

I told you already... I'm here to set you free...

Again the Man pushes her! This time she loses her balance, and with a startled cry falls from the ledge -- plunging down, down -- and crashing into the frozen moat...!

Two castle GUARDS on watch are alerted by the SOUND of splintering ice...

Jeanne is drowning, barely able to cling to the broken ice around her. The first Guard to reach the moat tests the surface with his foot...

GUARD #2

Don't try -- you'll fall through!

The First Guard lies flat to spread his weight, then crawls toward Jeanne...

GUARD #1

Good God, it's the prisoner!

The Second Guard glances up at the tower ledge far above...

GUARD #2

If she jumped from up there, she's dead for sure! forget it...

The First Guard reaches the edge of the hole just as Jeanne disappears beneath the water. He plunges in his hand and grabs her hair, pulling her head back above the water...

INT. CORRIDOR - CHINON CASTLE - DAWN

Aulon races along castle corridors until he reaches a door, guarded by two burly Guards...

GUARD:

The king is occupied...!

AULON:

Out of my way!

INT. THRONE ROOM - CHINON CASTLE - DAY

Aulon bursts into the room to find Charles, Regnault and Tremoille in conversation...

CHARLES:

My dear Aulon...

(dismissing Guards)

That's fine...

AULON:

Jeanne's been badly injured! She jumped from the top of a tower into a frozen moat!

Charles shivers at the thought.

CHARLES:

It's a miracle she's not dead!

AULON:

We have to do something before she tries it again! I beg of you, my lord, don't let her down... let me

organize an escape...

CHARLES:

Jean, it's... it's not so easy...

AULON:

But not impossible... Gilles and La Hire are ready to risk everything to save her...

CHARLES:

Jean... me dear, loyal Jean... why do you want to oppose the will of God? Jeanne wanted to go to Compiegne -- we let her -- she got caught. Then, on my personal orders, Regnault proposed 30,000 crowns for her ransom, and once again the answer was no. And now you say she tried to escape, and the answer is still no. Jean, open your eyes -- can't you see the hand of God in all this?

AULON:

No. I see the hand of Tremoille, and Regnault, and Yolande, and you... and they are dirty hands.

REGNAULT:

How can you speak such treachery when his majesty has done everything to try and save her?

AULON:

Because I was at this door when you planned to betray her... and I was at Compiegne when she was betrayed. Charles, Tremoille and Regnault are speechless. Tremoille breaks the silence --

TREMOILLE:

Guards! Arrest this traitor!
The Two Guards turn on Aulon, who readily dispatches them

with his sword. Tremoille hides behind Charles just as Aulon pins the King with the tip of his sword against his windpipe. It would now be an easy matter for Tremoille to push Charles onto the tip of Aulon's sword.

AULON:

What do you fear most now... my sword?

(eyeing Tremoille)

... or his hands?

CHARLES:

Tremoille... don't. Please...

Tremoille hesitates a beat. Still holding the tip of his sword at Charles' throat, Aulon motions to Tremoille...

AULON:

My sword is long enough for both of you.

Sweating now, Tremoille eases himself from behind the King's back. Charles exhales with relief.

AULON:

I have always been loyal and true to you, but my allegiance is now at an end. From now on, my loyalty belongs to Jeanne...

... and Aulon runs from the room, leaving Charles, Tremoille and Regnault in a state of shock.

EXT. CHINON CASTLE - DAY

Aulon gallops away from the castle...

EXT. ROUEN CASTLE - DUSK

The great castle of Rouen, vast and bleak, silhouetted against the dusk.

INT. ROUEN CASTLE - CORRIDOR - DUSK

A Guard leads a group of wealthy-looking visitors along a dank, dark corridor.

GUARD:

... so don't say I didn't warn you!
Don't touch her whatever you do --
don't even stretch out your hand or
she'll have one of your fingers off
sooner than spit at you!

WOMAN #1

As savage as that, is she?

GUARD:

Savage? She's a monster! At Orleans they say she drank her victim's blood!

WOMAN #2

Oh, it's too horrible!

The woman's escort takes advantage of the situation...

MALE:

Don't worry, my sweet -- I'll have my sword at the ready...

They reach the door, and the Guard fumbles for the right key. The Duke of Bedford brings up the rear, escorting his wife Anne, who is visibly pregnant...

DUCHESS:

Don't you think this visit is a little... inappropriate?

BEDFORD:

My dear, it's our duty... she's our guest!

The Guard unlocks the door, and the Group cautiously enter.

INT. JEANNE'S CELL - ROUEN CASTLE - NIGHT

The visitors glance about, but the cell appears empty -- until they look up. An iron cage is hanging from the middle of the ceiling. In the center of the cage is a body, dressed in rags and curled up like a wounded animal.

BEDFORD:

Wake her up so we can see her face!

The Guard takes his cudgel and pokes her through the bars.

GUARD:

Hey, wake up... we got noble guests -- don't disappoint them -- turn round!

He prods her in the ribs, and she turns to avoid further pain. Her face is swollen, her mouth parched, her eyes full of grief. The Duchess is stunned...

GUARD:

Now she's sleepy but you wait and see -- any moment now and she'll start speaking to her devils, and then she'll get to yelping like a wolf in heat! The other night she made her cage spin round so fast we thought she was going to fly away!

WOMAN:

Oooo... she gives me creeps...

GUARD:

Do you want her to stand up so you can get a better look?

DUCHESS:

No. But get her out of this cage and give her a decent bed.
The Guard looks stunned. The Duchess turns to her husband.

DUCHESS:

I'm sorry, but this child is being treated like an animal! Don't you think that whatever her crimes may be, she deserves a little more of our charity?

BEDFORD:

(whispering lightly)

She's not a child, my dear -- she's a witch.

INT. COURTROOM - ROUEN - DAY

Cauchon enters a large, gloomy courtroom and sits down, surrounded by clerics, assessors, doctors of theology and other churchmen.

CAUCHON:

Let the prisoner be brought in.
The door opens and Jeanne is led in, her wrists and ankles fettered, her face pale and drawn. She stands in the center of the room, isolated, alone. A scribe dips his

quill in the ink and prepares to write on a blank sheet of parchment.

CAUCHON:

Our most serene and Christian King Henry the Sixth, King of England and France, has handed this girl over to us, accused of a number of heretical deeds, to be tried in a matter of faith.

Jeanne is hustled closer to Cauchon, who leans forward, peering at her intently.

CAUCHON:

Take the Holy Gospels in your hand and swear to tell the whole truth concerning everything you will be asked.

JEANNE:

I don't know what you're going to ask me questions about. You may ask things that I won't want to answer. Jeanne's boldness takes everyone somewhat by surprise.

CAUCHON:

You will swear to tell the truth about whatever you are asked.

JEANNE:

I will willingly swear to tell the truth about earthly things, but as for my revelations, I've never told anyone except my king... Charles the Seventh... the one and only king of France.

There is murmured dissension among the judges. We now see that the Duke of Bedford is also in the room, together with a small coterie of English observers. Cauchon is impatient.

CAUCHON:

You must take the oath! Not even a king, would refuse to take an oath

to tell the truth in a matter of faith.

JEANNE:

I will willingly swear to tell you what I am allowed to tell you, but as to the rest, even if you threaten to cut off my head, I still won't tell you.

Cauchon looks confused -- and aware that his authority is slipping. The judges and theologians are getting agitated.

CAUCHON:

So... begin by telling us your name -- assuming you're allowed to tell us that much?

JEANNE:

My name is Jeanne. My little cross I had round my neck was taken away from me. I would like to have it back.

The Duchess touches the gold cross she has around her neck.

CAUCHON:

Show us a little more cooperation first. Where were you born?

JEANNE:

In a village called Domremy.

CAUCHON:

How old are you?

CAUCHON:

Nineteen... or thereabouts...

CAUCHON:

Were you baptized?

JEANNE:

Yes. In the church at Domremy.

CAUCHON:

Recite the Lord's Prayer.

JEANNE:

Not unless you hear my confession.
Cauchon is getting impatient.

CAUCHON:

Jeanne, listen to me very carefully.
We are all men of faith, and we shall earnestly strive for the salvation of both your soul and body as though it were our own. We do so in the name of our Holy Mother Church, who never closes her arms to those who would return to her. But we cannot help you unless you submit to our learned judgment and authority. Take heed of this charitable admonition, for if you persist in refusing our help, then we shall have no choice but to abandon you to the secular powers, and I think you know well enough the punishment that would await you. So now... will you please recite Our Lord's Prayer?

JEANNE:

Not unless you hear my confession.
The clerks and judges grow agitated, though we sense a few are already beginning to warm to her, not least the Duchess.

CAUCHON:

Jeanne -- be careful -- you're not helping yourself by refusing to submit to our judgment...

JEANNE:

And you be careful, you who claim to be my judges, for you too will be judged one day...!

The court explodes in protest, with cries of "Blasphemy!"
"She's possessed!" "An infected limb!" "Sorceress!"
Cauchon hammers on the table to restore order, calling
out --

CAUCHON:

Guards! Take the prisoner away!

Clear the room!

Armed Guards hustle the clerics from the room while Jeanne
is led away, watched by the Duke and Duchess of Bedford...
Bedford turns to his aide (Buck) --

BEDFORD:

I count on you to have it done.

BUCK:

Uh... to have what done?

BEDFORD:

I want her burned.

BUCK:

As you say, sir.

INT. ANTECHAMBER - ROUEN CASTLE - DAY

The assessors look extremely uncomfortable, not least
Pierre Cauchon, who does his best to conceal it.

CAUCHON:

Well... in the future I think we
should conduct our enquiries in
private -- away from public pressure
-- so we can all be more... level-
headed...

ASSESSOR #1

I think the church should wash its
hands of this whole business.

ASSESSOR #2

Let the English burn her if they
want to... why does it have to
involve us?

Buck enters the room as an old Priest walks over...

CAUCHON:

Because it's... it's our clear duty

to root out heresy wherever it occurs.

(to the Old Priest)

Father Vincente... you are the most venerable among us, what do you think?

OLD PRIEST:

I think this trial is a masquerade, and I won't be part of it anymore. I am willing to be her judge, but not her executioner. This young girl seems courageous and pious... she deserves to be well judged. The Old Priest walks toward the door...

CAUCHON:

That's what I'm trying to ensure!

OLD PRIEST:

The verdict comes at the end of a trial, Cauchon, not at the beginning. I am going back to Rome, to give me report to our Holy Father the Pope.

CAUCHON:

This is ridiculous! Now I'm the one who's on trial and being judged?!

OLD PRIEST:

Yes... exactly as Jeanne predicted. The Old Priest heads for the door, followed by the other two. Buck calls out to the Guards...

BUCK:

Arrest them!

CAUCHON:

What are you doing? This is an ecclesiastical court -- you have no right to do this!

BUCK:

Rouen is in English territory. I
have the right to do anything I
like.

(to guards)

Take them away.

Ignoring their protestations, the Guards hustle them away,
leaving the others in a state of high anxiety.

INT. CELL - ROUEN CASTLE - NIGHT

Jeanne is in her cell, facing the wall and frantically
scratching it with her nails. She is engraving a cross,
and her nails are covered with blood...

She is now kneeling in front of her cross, racing through
The Lord's Prayer as though on the run from the Devil...

JEANNE:

Our father who is in heaven hallowed
be thy name thy kingdom come in
earth as it is in heaven forgive
them that lead... forgive us that
lead them... as we forgive them
that... oh God, don't cut yourself
off from me like this... I don't
know what I'm meant to say or not
say anymore... I don't even know
what to think... oh, God, I'm so
lost... don't abandon me like
everyone else... please, I beg of
you... at least say you can hear
me...! Tell me you hear me...! Why
won't you answer me? Please, I beg
of you -- ANSWER ME!

Suddenly "the Man" comes out of the wall, kneeling in
front of her and violently hitting his forehead against
hers --

MAN:

Why were you yelling like that?!

JEANNE:

What are you doing here?

(urgently)

Please... leave... you can't stay
here...

MAN:

Why? Are you waiting for someone else?

JEANNE:

Yes!

MAN:

Who?

Jeanne hesitates...

JEANNE:

My... visions...

MAN:

They're going to come and visit you in here?

JEANNE:

Yes... that's what I pray for...!

MAN:

I want to see that. Do you mind if I stay... on the side? I won't bother you.

JEANNE:

No, no -- you can't stay or they won't come!

MAN:

Why not?

JEANNE:

Because... I have to be alone!
He smiles regretfully.

MAN:

They won't come anyway.

JEANNE:

What do you mean, they won't come?

MAN:

Why would they?

JEANNE:

Because! Because I've always been faithful to God, and I've followed everything he said... and I've done everything he asked me...

MAN:

God asked you to do something?

JEANNE:

Yes... lots of things!

MAN:

You mean God said, "I need you, Jeanne?"

JEANNE:

No, but... he sent me so many signs!

MAN:

What signs?

JEANNE:

Like... like the wind... and the clouds... and... the bells... and what about that sword lying in the field... that was a sign...!

MAN:

No. That was a sword in a field.

JEANNE:

But... it didn't just get there by itself.

MAN:

True -- every event has an infinite number of causes -- but why pick one rather than another? There are many ways a sword might find itself in a field...

FLASH:

field of Jeanne's childhood. The last soldier's sword is coming loose, and ends up falling into the long grass...

MAN:

Seems a perfectly valid explanation... but how about this one...

FLASH:

when an old man calls them from far away --

OLD MAN:

Hey, you little devils -- come back!
The two children drop the sword in the long grass (in the same spot as before) and run off...

MAN:

But then again, there are other possibilities...

FLASH:

of English soldiers out looting. His heavy sword is slowing him down -- he flings it into the long grass...

MAN:

... or even faster...

FLASH:

hit by an arrow from nowhere. He drops the sword in the long grass, but manages to stagger off into the forest...

MAN:

... and that's without counting the inexplicable...

FLASH:

whatsoever, he drops the sword and keeps on walking...

MAN:

Yet from an infinite number of possibilities, you had to pick this one...

FLASH:

wind stirs the long grass -- a fabulous shaft of light illuminates the patch -- the sword slowly descends from the heavens and lands gently in the grass. Mission accomplished, the shaft of heavenly light disappears. Jeanne is bewildered...

MAN:

You didn't see what was, Jeanne.
You saw what you wanted to see.
... speechless.

INT. SMALL COURTROOM - ROUEN CASTLE - DAY

We are now in a smaller, more intimate courtroom. The Duchess of Bedford is at the back, shielded behind the theologians and doctors of the church. Beaupere is questioning Jeanne: a cooler man than Cauchon.

BEAUPERE:

This... "voice" that you say appears to you... is it an angel? Or a saint? Or does it come from God?
Jeanne is still in shock from her encounter with the Man.

JEANNE:

I won't tell you more about that.
I'm more afraid of displeasing Him than not answering you...

BEAUPERE:

You're afraid of displeasing God when telling the truth?!

JEANNE:

No...

BEAUPERE:

Did God forbid you to tell the truth?

JEANNE:

No. But my revelations were for the King of France, not for you.

D'ESTIVET

When you saw your king for the first

time, was there an angel over his head?

JEANNE:

If there was, I didn't see it...

D'ESTIVET

Then why did your king believe in you without any proof?

JEANNE:

Go and ask him yourself.

CAUCHON:

Jeanne, you are not helping yourself. If you don't answer our questions properly, your refusal will be taken into account.

JEANNE:

These questions have nothing to do with your trial.

CAUCHON:

I assure you they do. So... answer me... when was the last time you heard this voice?

JEANNE:

Not long ago...

CAUCHON:

When exactly? A day, a week -- when?

JEANNE:

Last night.

This takes the assessors by surprise. Cauchon leans forward.

CAUCHON:

What were you doing when the voice came?

JEANNE:

Praying.

CAUCHON:

The voice was in your cell?

JEANNE:

Yes.

CAUCHON:

What did it tell you?

JEANNE:

Many things...

CAUCHON:

Did it give you advice?

(Jeanne hesitates)

Good advice?

Jeanne hesitates...

JEANNE:

Go onto the next question.

BEAUPERE:

Good advice for the French, not for
the English! Do you think God hates
the English?

JEANNE:

I don't know, but you're all men of
the church... why not ask Him
yourself?

Cauchon tries to continue, but another theologian -- JEAN
MIDI -- gets in first.

JEAN MIDI:

Do you consider yourself to be in a
state of grace?
Jeanne looks perplexed... a beat...

JEANNE:

Go on to the next question.

Cauchon seizes his opportunity...

CAUCHON:

Tell us, Jeanne... do you often hear
this voice?

JEANNE:

Yes...

CAUCHON:

Is it here? Now? In this room?
Jeanne slowly looks at the assessors, staring at each in
turn. They all look acutely uneasy, holding there
breath...

JEANNE:

No.

Relief from the assessors, but Buck is far from happy.

INT. ANTECHAMBER - ROUEN CASTLE - DAY

Buck paces in front of Cauchon and a dozen clerics.

BUCK:

Who's running this trial, you or
her? I can't believe it! This
wretched girl -- how dare she speak
to us like that?

CAUCHON:

She's loyal to her king... it's only
to be expected that she...
Buck explodes with fury --

BUCK:

There is only one king of France and
that's our liege Lord Henry the
Sixth! It is written in black and
white in the Treaty of Troyes --
that you French bastards signed!
Buck presses a digit against Cauchon's sweaty forehead.

CAUCHON:

I understand your impatience, but if
you want this trial to be
acknowledged as legal we must follow
correct procedure and...

BUCK:

To hell with procedure! We paid a bloody fortune for this slut, and we can do whatever the hell we like with her, whether the church likes it or not -- is that clear?

CAUCHON:

But if this trial seems fixed, I fear you'll have the very opposite result to the one you want...

BUCK:

We want her burned as a witch!

CAUCHON:

But in order to do so, the church must first prove her heresy, or else you'll be burning a martyr...

BUCK:

Well then? Start proving... or else the church will have another martyr! Buck storms out, slamming the door behind him.

INT. SMALL COURTROOM - ROUEN CASTLE - DAY

Instruments of torture are brought into court by the Executioner, who lays them out with due ceremony.

D'ESTIVET

You told us about the appearance of this... voice. What exactly did you see? Part of it... or all of it?

JEANNE:

His face.

D'ESTIVET

Does he have hair?

JEANNE:

Yes.

D'ESTIVET

Is it long and hanging down?

JEANNE:

I'm more interested in what he says,

not what he looks like.

D'ESTIVET

But if the devil were to take on the physical appearance of a saint or an angel... or a man... how would you recognize him? By what he said?

JEANNE:

Go on to the next question.

D'ESTIVET

That's enough! You will answer the question... or face the consequences!

A beat... the Executioner readies...

JEANNE:

If you were to tear me limb from limb and make my soul leave my body, I would tell you nothing more. And if I did say anything, then afterward I would simply say that you dragged it out of me by force. Now... please... go onto the next question.

INT. SMALL COURTROOM - ROUEN CASTLE - DAY
CUT TO another session...

JEAN LE MAISTRE:

Who told you to wear men's clothes?

JEANNE:

The clothes are not important...

JEAN LE MAISTRE:

You also cut your hair short like a man, and in the Bible it clearly states that it is an abomination for a woman to pretend to be a man! It proves your desire to deceive...

JEANNE:

It was just... more convenient as I was among soldiers...

JEAN LE MAISTRE:

So you think you did well to cut your hair and dress as a man?

JEANNE:

I... submit to Our Lord.

JEAN LE MAISTRE:

But will you also submit to the decision of the Church?

JEANNE:

It seems to me that the Church and Our Lord are one and the same. Why must you complicate what is so simple?

Jean Le Maistre looks at Cauchon for help.

CAUCHON:

Let me clarify things for you, Jeanne. On the one hand there is the Church Triumphant, that is to say God, his saints, and the souls that are saved. And then there is the Church Militant, that is to say our Holy Father the Pope, the cardinals, the prelates of the Church, the clergy, and all good Catholic Christians. Moreover this Church, when assembled, is guided by the Holy Spirit and therefore cannot be in error. That is why we ask you to submit to the Church Militant... that is to say, us.

JEANNE:

So it is the Church Militant that refuses to confess me, and so prevents me from being a good Christian?

Cauchon bridles his temper.

CAUCHON:

It is for us to determine whether

you are a good Christian, not you.

JEANNE:

I am sent by God, and I submit all my words and deeds to His judgment. Or do you think that you are better judges than He is?

INT. SMALL COURTROOM - ROUEN CASTLE - DAY
... and another session...

MAITRE MAURICE:

When you were taken prisoner at Compiègne, did you have a horse?

JEANNE:

Yes... a half-steed... white.

MAITRE MAURICE:

Who gave you that horse?

JEANNE:

My king.

MAITRE MAURICE:

How many did he give you?

JEANNE:

Five steeds and a few hackneys...

MAITRE MAURICE:

As much as for a Lord? What an honor! Did your king give you other wealth apart from horses?

JEANNE:

No.

MAITRE MAURICE:

What about all those dresses you were given... silk dresses weren't they?

JEANNE:

Yes, I was given a few, but I never

had time to wear them...

MAITRE MAURICE:

Still, pretty wealthy for a peasant girl wouldn't you say?

JEANNE:

And you look pretty wealthy for a servant of God, wouldn't you say? Maitre Maurice looks uncomfortably about him. She's right.

BEAUPERE:

Is it true that you launched an attack on Paris?

JEANNE:

I tried to.

BEAUPERE:

It was on a Sunday, wasn't it?

JEANNE:

I don't remember. Maybe.

BEAUPERE:

Do you think it was a good idea to launch an attack on a holy day?

JEANNE:

I don't know...

BEAUPERE:

And didn't you order the citizens of Paris to surrender the city in the name of the King of Heaven?

JEANNE:

No... I said "Surrender in the name of the King of France"...

BEAUPERE:

That is not what is written in the evidence... look for yourself!

Beaupere thrusts a document in her face...

JEANNE:

I can't read.

BEAUPERE:

Ah, yes, I forgot... God sent us an illiterate peasant to carry out such an important mission! Do you think that God made the right decision, to take an ignorant girl to save the kingdom of France?

JEANNE:

I leave the answer to God.

Beaupere is exasperated. A sly-looking Theologian speaks up.

JEAN MIDI:

Tell us, Jeanne... why did you jump from the tower at Beaurevoir?

JEANNE:

I had been sold to the English. I'd rather die than fall into their hands.

JEAN MIDI:

Did your voice tell you to jump?

JEANNE:

No...

JEAN MIDI:

So when you jumped, you wanted to kill yourself?

JEANNE:

No...!

JEAN MIDI:

How can you deny it when you just said "I'd rather die than fall into the hands of the English"...?

JEANNE:

That's now what I meant...

JEAN MIDI:

Do you not know that suicide is a very grievous sin? No one is allowed to destroy the life that God created!

JEANNE:

I know, but that's not the way things happened...

JEAN MIDI:

You mean it was not of your own free will that you were on the ledge?

JEANNE:

Yes, but...

JEAN MIDI:

And you didn't jump of your free will?

JEANNE:

No!

JEAN MIDI:

(making fun of her)

Oh? Perhaps someone pushed you then?

They laugh. Jeanne lowers her head.

INT. SMALL COURTROOM - ROUEN CASTLE - DAY

Yet another weary session...

BEAUPERE:

Do you have a sword?

JEANNE:

Quite a few.

BEAUPERE:

Didn't you also carry a banner?

JEANNE:

Yes...

BEAUPERE:

Which did you prefer, your banner or your sword?

JEANNE:

I was forty times more fond of my banner than my sword.

BEAUPERE:

And why was that? Did it have some particular value or power?

JEANNE:

No, it's just... a sword is a weapon.

BEAUPERE:

And?

JEANNE:

And so I... I prefer my banner.

BEAUPERE:

Why?

JEANNE:

To avoid killing anyone.

BEAUPERE:

Are you saying that if you had not been carrying your banner you'd have killed more people?

Jeanne is losing her confidence...

JEANNE:

No, of course not... I never killed anyone...

BEAUPERE:

Then perhaps the temptation to kill

would have been stronger... too
strong perhaps...?

JEANNE:

No! I warned the English to go back
home -- I begged them not to force
us to fight -- they knew the defeat
I would bring on them... why didn't
they listen to me?

BEAUPERE:

We have numerous witnesses who can
confirm that you were not always
carrying your banner...

JEANNE:

Yes, probably... maybe...

BEAUPERE:

So sometimes you were carrying just
your sword?

JEANNE:

Yes, but...

BEAUPERE:

Did you use the sword that you held
in your hand?

JEANNE:

No, I... I held it up to...

BEAUPERE:

You held up your sword and
flourished it about in the air?
Like this?

JEANNE:

Yes, maybe... I don't remember...

BEAUPERE:

... so you were in the middle of the
battlefield, with your sword in your
hand, waving it above your head...

charging against the enemy,
screaming and yelling... fighting
for your life... and you want us to
believe that in the middle of all
this excitement you never killed
anyone?

JEANNE:

No, I... I never killed anyone!

MAN (O.S.)

I can't believe you can lie like
that!

INT. JEANNE'S CELL - ROUEN CASTLE - NIGHT

Jeanne's fetter is once again attached to her chain, and
she's walking in circles, trying to escape "the Man"...

JEANNE:

I'm not lying, I... I can't
remember... leave me alone!

MAN:

Oh? You can't remember? Let me
help your memory...

FLASH:

Orleans...

JEANNE:

No! I don't want to know anymore!
Leave me alone! I didn't kill that
man!

MAN:

Oh no? How about this one?

FLASH:

MAN:

Or this one?

FLASH:

JEANNE:

Stop, stop... I can't remember! The

battles were all so confusing...
there was so much smoke, dust,
noise... I was being attacked on all
sides, so... maybe... perhaps I
fought back but it was only to
defend myself...

MAN:

So your memory's coming back?

JEANNE:

Yes... yes! And now you tell me
why God let all these battles happen
in the first place... if he's so
powerful... he said he's "the
creator of heaven and earth, the
source of all life..." he could have
easily stopped all this blood and
misery? Why didn't he?

MAN:

Is he the one who spread all this
blood and misery?

JEANNE:

No, but... why didn't he stop it?
Or did he get pleasure, watching us
killing each other in his name?

MAN:

In His name??

JEANNE:

Yes! We fought and killed in His
name... the King of Heaven!

MAN:

Really?

FLASH:

raising her standard with the cry --

JEANNE:

Let all who love me follow me!

Back in Jeanne's cell:

MAN:

"Let all who love me follow me"...
Where does God get mentioned?

(Jeanne is cornered)

Come on Jeanne, be honest. You
fought for yourself, in your name.

JEANNE:

I... I was defending myself as best
I could! Everyone has the right to
defend themselves, don't they? Or
should I have let myself be killed?

MAN:

No, no, you did fine. I'd even say
well done. Besides, most of the
ones you killed probably deserved
it, don't you think?

JEANNE:

No, I do not think so. I don't
think that killing each other will
ever bring peace.

MAN:

I agree...

FLASHBACK:

JEANNE:

Peace will only be got from the
English at the end of a lance!
The Man looks at Jeanne, who is becoming unnerved...

MAN:

I don't agree. Why do you have to
keep changing your mind all the
time?

JEANNE:

Why are you doing this to me?? Do
you get pleasure from hurting me?

MAN:

Ah, pleasure... that's a difficult word to define. When does the pain end and the pleasure begin...? When did your pleasure begin with that sword in your hand...?

JEANNE:

I never took pleasure in hurting anyone?

MAN:

Really?

FLASH:

a look of madness as she sweeps a sword across the SCREEN...

JEANNE:

Nnnnoooooooooo!

Jeanne covers her face with her hands, sobbing in despair.

JEANNE:

Help me... please... set me free!
The Man seems genuinely compassionate...

MAN:

You will be, Jeanne. You will be.

INT. HALLWAY - ROUEN CASTLE - DAY

A hooded Priest moves along the hallway, stopping in front of the Guard. He shows him his "pass" -- a heavy seal. The Priest is Aulon in disguise. The Guard looks at the seal...

AULON:

I'm replacing Father Demaury. He's become very sick...

GUARD:

It's amazing how many people have become suddenly very sick since the beginning of this trial... it must be this witch casting spells on

them. Burn her!

No doubt Aulon would like to stab the Guard right there, but thinks better of it...

AULON:

I'll do my best.

Aulon enters the court room...

INT. COURTROOM - ROUEN CASTLE - DAY

-- and sits on a bench, doing his best to look inconspicuous. He guardedly glances at Jeanne who seems to be asleep on her feet. Beaupere is whispering to Cauchon, document in hand. Beaupere beckons to the Guard...

BEAUPERE:

Wake her up.

The Guard pokes Jeanne in the ribs. She seems almost used to this kind of treatment, but is weaker. Aulon seethes with impotent rage, hidden behind his hood.

JEAN MIDI:

So... let us summarize your situation. You refuse to submit to the authority of the church militant by taking an oath; you made an assault on Paris on a Sunday; you hurled yourself down from the tower at Beaurevoir, and you persist in wearing male dress... I ask you

again:

in a state of grace?

Jeanne takes a deep breath...

JEANNE:

If I am not, may God bring me there.

If I am, may He keep me there.

The admiration of the assessors is almost tangible.

INT. ANTECHAMBER - ROUEN CASTLE - DAY

Buck sweeps everything off the table in a fit of anger.

Alone with him, Cauchon looks troubled.

CAUCHON:

Calm down, my lord, I beg you!

BUCK:

How can I calm down when I'm made the laughing-stock of the whole court?! I've had enough!

CAUCHON:

Be patient, my lord... you've seen how it is. This girl has a way with people... but everyday we're making progress...

BUCK:

So long as this bitch remains alive, our armies refuse to fight! Don't you understand? They want proof that God is on their side... and the only way they're going to believe that is when they see her being burnt as a witch!

Buck takes a mug and pours himself some wine, but the carafe is empty...

CAUCHON:

It is not for us to burn her, my lord. That is your prerogative.

BUCK:

... and your prerogative is to find her guilty...

CAUCHON:

But we can't do that unless she admits to blasphemy...

BUCK:

Well what are you waiting for? You've got a castle full of racks and ropes and pulleys: go and torture the bitch!

Cauchon takes out his own personal hip-flask, his hand visibly trembling as he pours Buck some liquor.

CAUCHON:

You won't be able to drag anything from her that way. You also must realize that many of my colleagues are... well, scared...

BUCK:

Scared of a girl?

CAUCHON:

Scared to make a mistake. Supposing she's right... supposing she really has been sent by God??

Buck narrows his eyes.

BUCK:

Whose side are you on, Cauchon?

CAUCHON:

I'm on the side of our Mother Holy Church. Besides, a confession under torture will never convince anyone of her guilt.

BUCK:

Well find some other way! Be creative. Tell them she fucks the devil... Hmm, not a bad idea... why can't you say that? Sounds good to me... and who can prove she doesn't? Buck drains the liquor.

CAUCHON:

One small problem, my lord. The girl is a virgin. Buck has a horrible glint in his eye.

BUCK:

That is a very small problem.

INT./ EXT. JEANNE'S CELL/COURTYARD - ROUEN - DAY

Jeanne is smoothing food into the cross she scratched into the wall. She does it with great care, as though painting. The Man appears in the background, watching her.

MAN:

What are you doing?

Jeanne is delighted and relieved to see him...

JEANNE:

I -- I cleaned up my room, look...

and I said my prayers... all of
them... and...

MAN:

What are you doing on the wall?

JEANNE:

I'm trying to make my cross look
more beautiful...

MAN:

What for?

JEANNE:

Because... because I don't know what
else to do to please him.

MAN:

Do you think this cross will protect
you?

JEANNE:

No, I...

Jeanne looks helpless. The Man smiles, turns and looks
out of the window...

MAN:

Look at them... with their beautiful
cross...

Far below in the courtyard, a Priest is blessing a dozen
soldiers and their wooden cross.

MAN:

... The sight of priests blessing
entire armies before they go off to
kill each other never ceases to
amaze me. And that these massacres
should be recorded as acts of faith

in God's name...

(no reaction from

Jeanne)

And they think that making a beautiful cross or building a cathedral will wash away their sins... ridiculous! Just like that priest who accused you of fighting on a Sunday. Did God give permission to kill each other for the rest of the week?

In the courtyard, the soldiers mount their horses...

JEANNE:

"Love your enemies"...

MAN:

(a satisfied smile)

Good. But "love your enemies"...

body and soul.

Jeanne nods, knowing the truth but still not prepared to admit it.

JEANNE:

My voices... my voices... do you think they will ever come back?

MAN:

I don't think so.

JEANNE:

Are you going to leave me too?

MAN:

Yes... of course... when you don't need me anymore.

JEANNE:

Are you sent by God?

FLASH:

WOMAN:

But you've been sent by God!

JEANNE:

So has everyone...

Back to the Man:

MAN:

So has everyone...

Jeanne looks at him -- then at her cross -- then back at the soldiers in the courtyard below. With a lusty cry, they set off at a gallop, blessed and ready for battle...

JEANNE:

There's nothing for me to do here anymore... I don't belong here I want to be with Him now...

MAN:

Do you think you are ready?

Jeanne stands up... comes and kneels before him, kissing his hands.

JEANNE:

Yes I am.

MAN:

Are you willing to follow all His commandments?

JEANNE:

Yes...

MAN:

... to love your enemy as much as you love yourself?

Jeanne hesitates a moment -- a short amount of time, but enough for a lie to slip in...

JEANNE:

Yes. I'm ready now.

The Man smiles.

MAN:

Let's see.

She hears approaching footsteps... the SOUND of keys jangling... a lock turns --
-- and the three SOLDIERS walk into the room. The first one has a familiar black beard.

BLACKBEARD:

Now that's what I call booty!
He is none other than her sister's rapist and murderer.
Jeanne reacts in terror...

JEANNE:

Oh no...

BLACKBEARD:

(undoing his belt)
We thought you must be pretty bored in here, so we've come to liven you up a bit... right, lads?

JEANNE:

Please -- don't do it -- don't hurt me --

BLACKBEARD:

Of course not, sweetheart... if you promise to do as I say...
Blackbeard caresses her cheek and tries to force her legs apart, but she resists -- whispers imploringly...

JEANNE:

Where are you? Don't leave me... please...

BLACKBEARD:

Hey, come on... open up...!
His two comrades egg him on. Jeanne struggles even harder, and Blackbeard suddenly becomes violent. He grabs her by the throat, thrusts her against the bed and tears off her clothes. Jeanne suddenly goes berserk, yelling and thrashing like a cornered animal.

BLACKBEARD:

Stop screaming like that! You'll wake up the whole bleedin' castle!

Blackbeard clamps his hand over her mouth, whereupon Jeanne summons hidden reserves of strength, and in a sudden surge manages to clamp her chains around Blackbeard's neck... she presses down on the chains, choking him, strangling him...!

The two other soldiers come to Blackbeard's rescue and manage to haul her off. Blackbeard gropes his throat, then belts her across the face...

BLACKBEARD:

Ah, so you want to play it rough?

Good... I like it better that way!

He pulls out a knife and starts to tear at her clothes while the two others hold her down. Jeanne struggles for her life -- yelling, spitting, biting, scratching -- Blackbeard is too excited to pay any attention. Nor does he notice the door open and the Duchess enter with the Guard.

DUCHESS:

Stop that at once! That's an order!

But to Blackbeard, it could be Jeanne speaking. The Duchess, in her nightgown, grabs Blackbeard by the shoulders...

DUCHESS:

I command you to stop, in the name of the King!

The mention of the King jolts Blackbeard to attention...

DUCHESS:

Leave her alone, do you hear? Come on, get out!

The three soldiers back sheepishly away...

BLACKBEARD:

We were just having a little fun, that's all, keeping her company.

DUCHESS:

Men like you are the cause of our country's dishonor!

BLACKBEARD:

We were serving our country... just obeying orders, ma'am...
The Duchess doesn't want to hear more...

DUCHESS:

Go on, get out of here!
The Guards hustle the three soldiers from the room, but not before Blackbeard has mumbled --

BLACKBEARD:

See you later, angel.
The soldiers leave and the Guard bolts the door behind them. Jeanne curls up on her bed, destroyed, humiliated, lost. The Duchess caresses her face and doesn't know what to do to comfort her. The Guard brings a blanket -- probably his.

JEANNE:

Thank you...
She wraps the blanket round Jeanne, and presses the little cross back in her hand.

DUCHESS:

This won't happen again, I give you my word.
INT. ROOM - ROUEN CASTLE - DAY
The Duchess storms into a room where Cauchon is talking with Bedford and Buck. She walks up to him...

BEDFORD:

And... What a pleasant surprise...
... and slaps him across the face as he has never been slapped before.

DUCHESS:

You should know that each humiliation you inflict on this woman, you inflict on all women, including yours my lord.

BEDFORD:

Wha... what on earth are you talking about?

DUCHESS:

If you send anymore of your soldiers to Jeanne's cell... I will kill them myself.

The Duchess turns and sweeps past Cauchon, leaving Bedford staring at Buck who looks decidedly embarrassed. Bedford turns to Cauchon...

BEDFORD:

I'm giving you one more day.

Then he turns and leaves.

EXT. CEMETERY OF ST. OUVEN - DAY

A masked Executioner stands beside a stake, piled high with faggots. Jeanne, her hands bound, stands nearby, facing a podium filled with the usual assembly of priests and prelates, headed by Cauchon. He rises to address Jeanne.

CAUCHON:

Jeanne, my very dear friend in Christ, we, your judges and assessors, desirous of reaching a true and lawful verdict, submitted a transcript of your trial to the University of Paris in order to obtain their opinion. After careful consideration, the learned scholars have concluded with us that you have committed many grievous sins, and I ask you to listen most carefully to their opinion as contained in these articles.

Cauchon hands a manuscript to one of the assessors, Canon Pierre Maurice, then resumes his seat. Among the monks we spot Aulon, who slowly tries to make his way toward Jeanne.

MAURICE:

Article One. You have said that from an early age you have had revelations from the blessed saints and angels, that you have seen them with your own eyes, and that they speak to you. As to this article,

the learned scholars have declared that these claims are untrue, pernicious and evil, and that all such revelations are superstitious, and proceed from the devil.

The Duke of Bedford and his English peers are in a separate stand, guarded by English soldiers. The cemetery walls and the branches of trees beyond are crowded with spectators...

The English are impatient to carry out sentence, but Maurice is not a man to be intimidated. Jeanne seems hardly aware of what is being said...

MAURICE:

Article Two. You said that by God's command you have continually worn men's clothes, and that you have also worn your hair short, without nothing...

From Jeanne's POV, Maurice's drone FADES, and the crowd seems to disappear. She whispers in agony...

JEANNE:

My lord... don't abandon me... where are you? Is this what you want? You want me to burn? To burn without being confessed...? I'll do anything you want... but don't leave me...

Jeanne is completely alone in the middle of the cemetery. Only the graves, the stakes, and the moaning wind...

JEANNE:

Don't leave me here... please... don't leave me alone! Suddenly the crowd is back, with Maurice droning on.

MAURICE:

Finally, Article Twelve. You have said that you are not willing to submit yourself to the judgment of the Church Militant, but only to God. As to this Article, the scholars say that you have no

comprehension of the authority of the Church, that you have perniciously erred in the faith of God, and that you are a child of superstition, a wanderer from the Faith, an invoker of demons, a sorceress, an idolater and a heretic!

Maurice resumes his seat while Chatillon approaches Jeanne.

CHATILLON:

Jeanne, we once again admonish, beg and exhort you to cast out and recant your erroneous beliefs, and return into the way of truth by submitting yourself to the authority of our Mother Holy Church by signing this recantation.

Jeanne looks at the parchment in confusion...

JEANNE:

If the church wants me to say that my visions are evil, then I don't believe in this church and I submit myself to the judgment of God!

Chatillon throws up his hands in despair. Bedford is brimming with anticipation. He calls out to the

Executioner:

BEDFORD:

Perform your office!

The Executioner turns to Jeanne, but before he can take hold of her, Cauchon strides over --

CAUCHON:

Wait!

Cauchon grabs the document from Chatillon and holds it up to Jeanne...

CAUCHON:

Jeanne, I beg of you... sign!

(Jeanne looks dazed)

In God's name, don't you understand?
I'm trying to save you! If you
don't sign, the English will burn
you to death! Is that what you
want??

JEANNE:

No... I want to be confessed.
Cauchon hands her a quill. The English are getting
agitated, heckling Cauchon to hand her over, but the
spectators in the trees and on the wall are urging her
escape the pyre by signing. Jeanne begins to waver...

CAUCHON:

Sign this, and I will confess you
myself if you want.

JEANNE:

And may I go to Mass?

CAUCHON:

As often as you like -- now, please
-- for the love of God -- sign!!
Again Jeanne looks about for the Man... but sees only the
Executioner, waiting to conduct her to the stake.

CAUCHON:

Sign, and you'll be free from your
chains... free from the fire,
Jeanne... now... sign!
The Crowd begins to chant... Sign, sign, sign! Aulon, who
has managed to get closer, joins them...

AULON:

Sign, Jeanne -- sign!
Bedford is in a panic as Jeanne takes the quill and makes
her mark -- a wavering cross at the bottom of the
parchment. The Crowd cheers, Aulon is ecstatic... but
their voices go silent as the Man once again appears from
behind Cauchon.

MAN:

You know what you just signed,
Jeanne? You just signed away my

existence... For you I'm a lie, an illusion.

(Jeanne is horrified)

You see? In the end, you were the one who abandoned me...

JEANNE:

No...

... the Man a smile of faint regret and disappears. Jeanne turns to Cauchon...

JEANNE:

Please... may I have it back...

CAUCHON:

You have nothing to regret...

She tries to grab it from Cauchon, but soldiers pinion her.

JEANNE:

I didn't mean it! I didn't know what I was signing! You tricked me...!

CAUCHON:

Silence her!

(soldier clamps hand
over her mouth)

Take her away...!

The Soldiers hustle her away as Cauchon walks back to the podium. Aulon is relieved, and yet strangely apprehensive. Cauchon hands the Duke the document signed by Jeanne.

CAUCHON:

There... she has recanted, and we accept her repentance, for the church never closes her arms to those who return to the fold. She's yours to do whatever you want with her, but the church has nothing to do with it anymore. She's your prisoner -- your martyr -- not ours.

Bedford can't answer as the Duchess is next to him.

INT. DUNGEON - ROUEN CASTLE - NIGHT

Jeanne is flung into a filthy dungeon. Buck appears in the doorway and flings male clothes in her face.

BUCK:

Here... in case you want to get dressed -- try these for size!

JEANNE:

He promised I'd be confessed... and go to Mass... and be free from these chains...!

BUCK:

We never promised you anything! But this much I can promise you... that you won't be leaving this dungeon till the day you die!

The Guards laugh, slamming and bolting the door behind her. Jeanne sinks to her knees in grief and anguish...

EXT. ROUEN CASTLE - DAWN

Dawn is breaking beyond the distant castle...

INT. CHURCH - DAY

Cauchon is alone, lost in his thoughts. A young monk runs in, out of breath...

MONK:

My lord Bishop... come quickly...!

EXT. COURTYARD - ROUEN CASTLE - DAY

Cauchon and the Monk hurry across the castle courtyard.

Aulon sees them pass, anxious at their apparent concern...

INT. DUNGEON - ROUEN CASTLE - DAY

Cauchon arrives in Jeanne's dungeon, out of breath. It is

full of people:

BEDFORD:

Ah, Cauchon... come to see for yourself? Well, take a look.

Beyond them stands Jeanne, her back to us, dressed as a man.

BEDFORD:

You see? Dressed as a man again!

Her touching repentance didn't last very long, did it. The Bishop of Senlis was passing by and was on hand to witness her very evident relapse.

CAUCHON:

And by what miracle did these clothes find their way in here?

BEDFORD:

Not a miracle, my dear Cauchon... an evil spell! This girl is a witch, and tomorrow she will burn for it!

(to Buck)

Have the stake prepared in the market place...!

Jeanne doesn't say a word. She stands with her back to us, gazing up at the dim crack of light bleeding in through the high window-slit. Bedford exits with the others, leaving Cauchon alone with Jeanne.

CAUCHON:

I don't understand, Jeanne... why did you do it? Why?

JEANNE:

And you? Why did you lie? You promised I could be confessed...

CAUCHON:

I know, Jeanne... it was the only way to save you from the fire!

JEANNE:

It's not my body I want to save. It's my soul.

Jeanne turns round, and we see that she is strangely calm, as though a great weight had been lifted from her. She kneels before Cauchon...

JEANNE:

I ask only one thing... to hear me in confession...

CAUCHON:

I -- I can't Jeanne... I can't hear your confession... I'm sorry...
He hurries out of the cell. A Guard locks the door behind him, and Jeanne is alone. But not for long. The Man materializes and sits next to her...

MAN:

Do you really want to confess, Jeanne?
(Jeanne nods)
I'm listening.
He turns his back, as the Priest did in the confessional.

JEANNE:

I have committed sins, my Lord -- so many sins. As a child, the only way I could help my people was to pray. So I prayed to God and his saints. I prayed more and more, and gave God all my love... but isn't it said that God helps them who help themselves? So I helped myself... and I saw signs... the ones I wanted to see -- and I fought, out of revenge and despair. Yes, I was proud -- stubborn -- selfish -- and cruel... I was all the things that humans believe they are allowed to be when they're fighting for a cause.
The Man smiles a little, satisfied sigh.

MAN:

You think you are ready now?

JEANNE:

Yes, my lord.

MAN:

Let's see.
As he disappears, she hears a noise... turns round and sees a Guard in the doorway...

A beat, then the Guard topples forward to the floor, blood oozing from his mouth. Behind him stands a Priest. He pulls a sword from the Guard's body, then throws back his hood. It is Aulon. He runs to Jeanne and takes her in his arms...

AULON:

Jeanne... thank God!
He quickly sets about removing her chains from her ankle...

AULON:

We must hurry -- I took care of the guard, but others are coming...!
Jeanne gently caresses his hand...

JEANNE:

I am ready now...

AULON:

Just give me a moment and then you'll be free...

JEANNE:

I'm already free...

AULON:

(preoccupied)
Yes yes... any moment... you're always so impatient...
Jeanne puts her hand on his to stop him wasting his time.

JEANNE:

My gentle Captain... I'm staying.

AULON:

I -- I don't understand...

JEANNE:

One day you will.

AULON:

You don't know what you're saying.
You're going to leave this place,

Jeanne -- you're going home -- or whatever you want -- you're going to be happy, and have children, and... She caresses his face with both hands, smiling at him gently. Aulon continues to talk, but his eyes are beginning to brim with tears... he knows it's useless, that Jeanne has made her decision...

AULON:

... and maybe the king will give you some money, and a little land, and a title even...

(smiling through his tears)

... wouldn't that be a fine thing? You, a lady of title!

JEANNE:

I'm staying, Jean.

AULON:

No, you must come, Jeanne -- we need you -- so much has happened since you left... I have a new horse now, a white one, just like yours... and La Hire hardly swears at all anymore...

(crying)

You can't stay -- they'll burn you!

JEANNE:

I'm not afraid of the fire anymore. It will purify me...

AULON:

Jeanne, you can't leave us like this!

Jeanne smiles at him...

JEANNE:

I am at peace now, my gentle friend... at peace with myself.

She speaks gently, but with resolution: there is no going back, and Aulon knows it. He hears the distant SOUND of

soldiers approaching...

Aulon takes Jeanne's face in his hands and kisses her on the lips. A full kiss, the only one and the last one, one which Jeanne neither encourages nor resists.

JEANNE:

You must go.

She says it gently but urgently. With tears welling, Aulon tears himself from her sight and disappears. Jeanne is left alone, strangely calm and serene. Slowly she raises her finger-tips to her lips... touches them softly...

The Man emerges from the darkness, carrying an ornate Cross on a long pole, bearing an effigy of the crucified Christ.

MAN:

Ego te absolvo, in nomine Patris, et
Filii, et Spiritus Sancti, Amen...

He stands in front of her, raising the Cross above...

EXT. ROUEN MARKET PLACE - DAY

... Jeanne, who looks up to see the crucifix rising against a clear blue sky, now held aloft by a Priest. She is bound to the stake, her head shaved. At the base of the pyre, the EXECUTIONER sprinkles the faggots with oil...

EXECUTIONER:

Don't worry, it's going to be fast... I used plenty of dry wood so there'll be lots of smoke... but don't forget to breath fast and you'll be dizzy before the flames even get to you...

A great CROWD has assembled in the market place. On a podium is the Duke of Bedford, trying to remain impassive. Beside him, the Duchess can barely contain her emotions. Further along stands Cauchon, his eyes lowered, not wanting to see.

Still disguised as a monk, Aulon stands close to the pyre, tormented and torn between revenge and despair...

Bedford makes a sign to the Executioner, who then takes a torch and sets fire to the brushwood. Flames erupt, and Jeanne's breathing quickens. As thick smoke rises, the

Priest begins to cough; his eyes water, and he can no longer hold up the cross to Jeanne's sight. She begins to panic, her eyes wildly searching...

JEANNE:

... the... cross... show me the cross... please...

The Priest struggles to hold it up, but the choking smoke drives him back.

JEANNE:

Where... where are you...?

Jeanne is filled with panic... the Priest is bent double with coughing and can get no closer...

JEANNE:

... please... the cross!

Suddenly Aulon rushes forward, grabs the cross from the Priest and boldly defies the smoke and flames, risking his life as he holds it high for Jeanne...

Finally the cross is visible to her, rising above the flames into a clear blue sky. Her anxiety melts, her eyes fill with tears of hope as she gazes up at the cross...

As her eyes close, the image of the cross becomes engulfed with flames... until the smoke finally fills the SCREEN, plunging it into darkness...

CUT TO BLACK.

THE END: