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Flesh+Blood

By Gerard Soeteman

Prepare to receive
the body of our Lord. Kneel!
Receive the body of our Lord, Summer.
Receive the body of our Lord, Kars.
Penny a shot. Who wants a drink?
Me boys!
Forget the flesh of Christ. Let's drink!
For Christ's sake, Celine,
get your heathen piss out of here. Kneel!
Come on, you bloody bastards!
This stuff will curl the hair of Christ!
Eat it, you damn sinners. Without it,
you won't go to the soldiers' paradise...
- where wine and whores abound!
- Mass is over, Cardinal.
- There you are, my love.
- Leave some for me, Summer.
Prepare to attack, my boys!
If these two perverts die
without Holy Communion...
they'll burn in Hell forevermore,
Captain.
What's more important to you?
Your immortal souls or your empty purses?
It's high time to launch the attack,
because that was my city.
They threw me out!
Give it back to me, and you can ransack
the houses of the rich for 24 hours.
- Arnolfini!
- I'm giving you a free hand!
Not with your own filthy hands, Martin.
Cardinal, you'll miss the loot. Come on.
Martin, come to me.
Come back.
I'll think about it.
Beat the drum for the attack,
Little John!
Yes, Captain! I'm coming!
Wait. Eat this first.
That's enough, Mama.
- Come back. You didn't pay me.
- I'll pay you from the spoils.
Keep this little spot warm for me,

Polly.

It's never been cold.

Let's go to work.

Father, wait!

Father, look at this!

- I've made a war machine.

- War machine?

It's nothing but a damn beer barrel,
Steven.

Filled with gunpowder.

It's a mobile bomb, Father.

All you have to do is roll it up
to the gates...

and boom, you walk right into the city.

How do you intend

to explode this toy of yours?

Here, with a fuse. It unwinds by itself.

See?

- It's not a bad idea in theory.

- Thank you, Captain.

Well, let's try it.

- A volunteer?

- You go.

One gold piece.

Oh, God! Shit.

Watch out!

The fuse!

Next!

We're wasting time.

Father, it will work.

It's only that the fuse went too fast.

Attack!

Steven, you stay right here
with Father George.

- Why?

- Fighting is for fools.

- Spread out!

- Sir.

To the left! Good!

- Come on.

- Here. Come on.

The first man in the City Hall
shall have a reward.

Spread out!

I didn't see it.
I didn't see the damn thing.
I did, sir.
Bless you, Martin.
Your reward's in heaven.
I'd rather get paid sooner, sir,
if you don't mind.
I'm getting too old for this game.
Father George!
Up here, on the double!
Damn you.
- Can you save her?
- I'm afraid it's a waste of time.
They've surrendered.
You've won again, Captain.
Yes.
- Will she live?
- It would take a miracle.
Then perform that miracle for me.
- Don't rape me! Oh, my God!
- Let's go, Miel.
Gold! Pure gold!
- Mother, look, a golden earring!
- Get me the other one. Go.
Let's swap your hams for my sheets.
Let's get between your sheets
and eat my hams.
Make way.
Hang onto her,
or she'll break her arms and legs.
- What's wrong with her?
- Evil vapors have got into the wound.
How can I help her?
She'll need medicine
and special food...
and nurses by her side, night and day...
for months to come.
She shall have all my pay.
If I can ever pay you.
They're picking me clean, Hawkwood.
Those looting bastards
are as thorough as maggots.
You promised them, did you not?
That was before the battle,

to spur them on.

Poor, pretty little thing.

- And you did this to her?

- By mistake, sir.

My promise to your soldiers
was also a mistake.

They are the scum
from all over Europe,
and I want them out
of my city, Hawkwood...

or soon I will have no more city.

Come on, what's more important to you?

This girl, or those mercenary rats?

Those rats, Arnolfini, are my soldiers...
and they trust me.

Yes. I admire that trust.

Especially if you and I
can make good use of it.

- What are you doing here?

- Just watching.

I want to see it all.

This is my first war.

Your first war?

Where have you been, a monastery?

- I've been studying at the university.

- Same thing.

What have you been doing, then?

I'm a soldier. I've fought 16 campaigns.

- And you don't believe in learning?

- No.

I learned one thing.

- What's that?

- How to survive.

Take a bite.

- Kars, give me a ride.

- Sure.

Your coach, sir.

You've got a fortune.

What're you going to do
with all that loot?

Get a bunch of animals
and start farming.

Yes. Good idea.

- Celine, give us a drink.

- Right, give him a drink.
- Tell me you love me first.
- I love you first.
And you love the baby.
That belly is getting really fat.
Yeah, you're the one
who gave me this belly, Martin.
- Yeah, me and the whole company.
- Not me, Martin.
You're the man, all right.
So am I.
A woman knows when it hits her...
mark.
Celine, if that child needs a father,
take me.
Martin's the man!
Martin and me, we're friends.
And I love you.
You horny old goat.
- Get out of my way!
- There's a noose.
There's a noose hanging over our heads.
- It looks like a noose.
- That's no noose. It's a burning rag.
It's a noose. It's a sign from heaven.
It spells disaster. I know it.
What are you talking about?
I never felt better.
- That's right.
- Why don't you take another drink?
Sit down, it doesn't mean a thing.
Let's dance.
Make way, lads!
Free drinks for one and all!
As much as your bellies can hold!
- Come, join us.
- Captain!
- Drink to victory!
- Captain.
- Dance with me forever!
- With both of you.
On to the square!
That's where the fun is!
There's no square here.

Kars, the street's blocked.
- It's a dead end.
- Let's go back.
Go on back!
Everyone, turn around.
It's blocked!
Martin, there!
Throw down your arms, and all your loot.
Come on down, Hawkwood,
and have some wine with us.
- Come on, Captain, join the party.
- Party is over.
What're you trying to pull, Captain?
Arnolfini promised
the loot was gonna be ours.
He changed his mind.
He has decided
to keep it for himself, Martin.
Get to the side!
The next one will hit you.
- Traitor!
- Come on.
Come on, Mum!
Look out!
Celine, give me your hand.
Now throw down your arms, and your loot.
What are you going to do to them?
They will be driven far away,
and dispersed.
A couple of them will be hanged
to set an example.
And you...
- Are you all right?
- ...will be rid of them.
A rotten trick, Father.
Excellent job, Captain. Your pay.
And here's a little bonus:
a quiet country house...
where your little nun can be cured.
Push.
Push. It's coming. Push.
Christ, it hurts!
I don't hear anything.
Why don't I hear anything?

It's the bloody cold and the wet.
Enough to kill a man,
let alone a poor little mite like this.
We'll bury the child.
Help me dig a grave.
Lie down.
Who does he look like?
Me.
I knew it.
You won't let them put him in the mud,
will you?
We'll fix up a nice little box.
Summer, help, I'm stuck.
- There's something here.
- So what have you got here?
I think you found something, Cardinal.
It's a saint.
Everybody, the Cardinal's found a saint!
Look at that. It's a saint.
A saint?
With a sword?
Saint Martin is the only saint
with a sword.
He used it to cut his cloak in half
and share with a naked beggar.
- There are the beggar's hands.
- It looks more like a lump of shit.
Saint Martin is my patron saint.
I was named after him.
I see the hand of God!
I see a dead child
being received into the Earth...
and a living statue rising from it.
I see Saint Martin
sharing his cloak with a beggar...
and I see soldier Martin...
getting richer all the time.
And all that he gets...
he will share with us.
So what's he got?
Not a damn thing.
Even his booze is gone.
One day he will be rich.
God will see to that.

This statue is a sign
that he will share his fortune with us.

What do you say, Martin?

The Cardinal's right. It's a sign...
from God.

Horseshit!

This has nothing to do with God!

It's just an ugly statue
of some stupid idiot...

they stuck into the ground.

Jesus Christ!

Why the hell did you do that?

He had no faith. He wasn't one of us.

And anyone who isn't with us
is against us.

And anyone who is against us...

will wind up on the end of this sword.

The bastards who cheated us will pay.

We'll grab them by their balls
and squeeze out every penny they've got.

That's how we'll get rich.

Wait, I got you.

Get inside! Come on!

Good morning, my son.

Morning, Father.

- What does it mean?

- It's a book about Roman fortification.

Of any practical use?

Not yet.

Here, take a look at this.

- Well, what do you think of her?

- Beautiful.

- Who is she?

- Your future wife.

- Please, Father, you're joking.

- She's Prince Niccolo's daughter, Agnes.

She is already on her way here...

with an enormous dowry.

But it's insane.

I don't even know the girl.

She's been raised in a convent.

You're guaranteed a virgin.

- Why don't you take her then, Father?

- That's not a bad idea.

With a bit of luck,
you might even get a few little brothers.
Where are you going?
I've organized a hunting party.
Falcons.
- Do you feel like it?
- Yes. Falcons are marvelous.
- Da Vinci studied their flight.
- You and your Da Vinci.
Come on, scientist, the game's out there.
Kathleen, how do you behave
when you're all alone with a man?
When you're alone with a man...
you take his hand
and you press it to your breast...
and then you sigh, and you say:
"Feel how my heart is beating,
all because of you."
- And then?
- Well, the rest is nature.
- Yes, but how?
- Nature, honey.
I'm hungry.
Hey, soldier!
Give us a swig.
Here it is.
- Stop. Enough.
- As you wish.
You two are doing it together.
- Doing what?
- You know quite well.
At night, when we've made camp,
you creep in beside him. I've seen you.
So?
Will you show me how it's done?
Then I'll know how to go about it.
- Right here?
- No.
Behind the bushes.
I don't feel like doing it right now.
I insist you feel like it right now.
You're my maid. You'll do as I say.
Go!
You.

Come on.
Come on, soldier, I'll take you.
I can feel you.
Come on, my soldier, my brave soldier.
Kathleen, you may stop now.
I have seen enough.
- I can't stop.
- I said, no!
We have to go on.
- Stop it!
- What are you doing?
Stop it!
Don't go running. Don't you run from me!
I've got you.
What a delightful surprise!
We were hunting.
My son, Steven.
I've longed for this meeting, sir.
I've been counting the hours.
Father, another trick?
This whole damned hunting party?
I've made him angry.
No. He's just a little dazed
by your beauty.
Why don't you take my horse,
dear daughter, and ride with Steven?
- I really have been counting the hours.
- Really?
Until this morning,
I didn't even know you existed.
But I got a letter,
a proposal signed "Arnolfini."
Must've been my father.
But we are to be married.
- You surely know that much.
- Yes. But I've refused.
Why? Don't I please you?
You're pleasing enough.
But I don't need a wife now.
She'd distract me from what I want to do.
What's that?
To be a scholar and a scientist.
To investigate nature
and invent new things.

And I don't need any woman for that.
Where are you going?
Riding.
And I don't need any man for that!
Agnes! Don't be childish. Wait!
What are you doing in this filthy place?
Are you looking for something?
I read a book in the convent library,
about love and black magic.
There was a passage I found fascinating.
- What was it about?
- A magic root. Mandrake.
It grows in a place like this.
If a man and a woman eat of it,
they will love each other forever.
Did it also say why you have to dig
in this particular spot?
The nuns inked out
that passage very carefully.
When a man is hanged, he comes...
and his semen spills to the ground.
That's where your mandrake sprouts.
Explains why the passage was inked out.
There, what did I tell you? Mandrake.
Here, half each.
Eat it,
and we'll love each other forever.
- Rubbish.
- Have you ever tried it?
Of course not.
Any scholar will tell you it's nonsense.
And you want to investigate nature.
I thought real scientists
didn't believe in hearsay...
that they had to investigate everything
for themselves.
Well, I'll eat it.
I like to try things out for myself.
All right.
I believe it's working.
I feel...
strange inside.
Agnes, don't you think
that's a plain old turnip?

No.

It's a magic root.

I'm tingling all over my body.

Here, feel.

Feel how my heart is beating for you.

Nothing will ever keep us apart now.

- Who are they?

- Pilgrims.

Just some monks on a pilgrimage.

- May we give alms?

- Of course.

Here.

- Alms, sir. Alms for the love of God?

- Remember the pilgrims.

- Thank you, my lord.

- For the love of God.

- Bless you.

- Alms, sir.

Alms for the poor. Please.

Thank you.

God will bless you.

- Alms, sir?

- For the love of God.

- Thank you, madam.

- God bless you.

Thank you, little scholar.

- Let's get them.

- Father!

An ambush!

Watch out!

Get inside! Move!

The sticks, get them out of the wheels.

Inside.

To the wagons.

Get in!

This is from me to you...

for my babe!

Let's go. Come on!

Get out of the wagon!

All right, guys, let's go.

Mama, we're rich!

We're rich! The statue was right!

The girl!

It's Arnolfini, my former patron.

Get him a jug of wine.
We'll make him welcome.
We've been ambushed...
by some of those damn mercenaries
you drove out of the city.
What were you doing there?
By God, you should...
Meeting my bride.
- And where is your bride?
- I don't know.
They've kidnapped her.
I want her back, Hawkwood.
We must go after them, you and I.
My soldiering days are over, Steven.
I bought my freedom at great cost
from your father.
I need you, Captain.
My father's badly wounded, and I'm
no soldier. You've got to take command.
I have served my time, my boy.
And now there is Clara.
- And there are seedlings to be planted.
- Seedlings?
My father's half-dead.
My bride has been captured.
And you're babbling on about seedlings?
Damn your bloody seedlings!
I don't give a shit!
The woman is insane, Hawkwood.
She attacks people for no reason.
Damn you.
She was provoked to this by your son.
She's dangerous. A lunatic.
I'll have her locked up.
She's neither dangerous, nor a lunatic,
and you know that.
Yes, but I'll have her committed anyway.
- You couldn't.
- Captain...
you've been in his service long enough
to know how convincing my father can be.
You're as tough as I am.
If need be.
We're rich!

It's beautiful!

Dance for me. Dance!

- That's mine. Give it to me.

- Come on, give it back to me.

- No, it's mine!

- No!

There is no "mine" and "thine" anymore.

We're all the same.

As a token, we should wear the same.

I like that.

- Why don't we all wear the same color?

- Yeah.

- We'll all wear red.

- Yeah!

- I wanna be a red soldier.

- I hate red!

- Red's for whores.

- Look who's talking.

You spread your legs

at the shadow of any passing man.

I'm Martin's woman now.

- Isn't that right, Martin?

- That's right.

You'll always be my woman.

Take that off,

and I'll get you a nice red one.

- That suits you, Little John.

- Thank you.

- You're gonna go like that?

- Look at my red jacket.

- I want red stockings.

- All alike, all red.

That's too small. Give her a bigger one.

Here you go.

All red. All alike.

- Look at that one.

- Yes, this one, you little bugger.

Am I beautiful?

Hush, soldier. Don't tell them.

I beg of you.

My family is rich.

They'll give you money.

All of the money you want.

Please.

Don't betray me, soldiers.
I have money. Look.
Why are you so scared?
Everything is predestined.
Life runs its own course.
Look at this little angel!
Saint Martin has sent us
a little angel to play with.
- An angel for Summer.
- And for me! We share everything.
Here, angel, I'll show you heaven.
Give her to me, Summer.
I'm mad about angels.
- Put me down!
- Give me a slice of her!
Dance, little angel!
- Give me a slice of her.
- Don't you touch me!
Touch you? Nobody's touching you.
- I'll see that you get money.
- Money? We have money, little one.
My father-in-law is Arnolfini.
- My lady.
- Our lady.
He'll pay you in gold...
- if you don't harm me.
- Gold?
- This is the only gold I need.
- Let me go!
She's in red! Take it off!
- We'll take her with us!
- We like her!
- Who's first? A virgin!
- Are you sure?
Rape her!
She's mine now.
Kars, look what I've got.
Come on, help me, my dear.
- We'll split her open.
- She's all yours, Summer.
- No!
- Hold her down. Pull on her legs.
Help me with my trousers. Come on.
Who's next?

Lift her.
Hold her real tight.
Spit.
Let's see if this angel bleeds.
Move her.
Show me your face.
Look at me. Show me your face.
First him, then me.
Take her.
Go ahead, scream.
You won't get me to scream.
If you think you're hurting me,
you're wrong.
I like it.
Do you?
I'll take you.
Martin, she's fucking you.
Look at this. Martin's being raped.
Don't get hurt.
I can feel you.
I bet you can.
Go on, love. Go on, my brave soldier.
- My brave soldier.
- Will you stop that?
Have you finished?
I have.
No. Please, only you.
I want only to be yours. Please.
Next.
- Kars, finish her off!
- Kars, get them out of my way.
Fire!
Cut that!
Saint Martin is on fire!
- Mama, Saint Martin!
- It's moving.
- It's a sign.
- It's moving.
- It's a sign, Cardinal, is it not?
- Yes, it points to the future.
- It's telling us to go.
- Go where? How do you know?
Don't you see?
If Saint Martin points that way,

we go that way now.
Martin, why can't we just stay here
and enjoy what we've got?
I'm not going anywhere.
I want my share now, and fuck the rest.
Saint Martin orders it!
And it's an order that must be obeyed!
- It's a very clear sign to me, Miel.
- Come on then, let's go.
Everyone, let's move it.
Come on, we're moving.
Come on, Polly.
- Load the wagons.
- Let's go.
A victim of the plague. Move aside!
- Cover your mouth.
- That doesn't help a damn.
They say you can get the plague
from putrid air.
They'll tell you a lot of nonsense.
When people aren't sure,
they make things up.
What's that?
You! Wait a moment.
Captain, Agnes' dress.
Where did you get this?
Where did you get the dress?
- Leave her alone!
- This dress, where did she get it?
This was no dress, just rags.
She found them on an old campsite.
They ripped it off her, Captain.
The foul scum.
Where did you find it, my dear?
- There were wagons, were there not?
- In which direction did they go?
- Come on girl, speak.
- Yes. Why don't you say something?
Open your mouth, child.
Some soldiers...
big fellows like you,
raped her when she was a child...
and then cut out her tongue for fun.
Come, my friend.

We'll learn nothing here.
Summer, any new sign?
No. I think our saint's asleep.
Never fear.
There'll be a sign, all right.
The saint takes his time.
Are you hungry?
Want some more?
- Try this one.
- No!
Scream, and I'll cut your tongue out.
Goddamn it, Martin!
What the hell are you doing?
- What's going on?
- The statue moved again.
Martin, why do you stop?
- Why do we stop?
- The statue moved.
- Saint Martin moved again.
- Saint Martin moved.
What does it mean?
It's pointing...
to a castle.
That's where the saint wants us to live.
- Grab the rope.
- I've got it.
Move.
- You're coming with me.
- Why?
You can show me the way,
little princess.
You know what the inside
of a castle looks like.
Get up there.
- Hold on.
- Move.
Yes, right now. Come.
I'll be right here. I won't leave you.
- Devils!
- Yes.
Come, darling.
Come. This way.
Here.
Stay there!

Guard! Stop them!

- No way to escape!
- Stop where you are!
- Move!
- After them!

No!

Please, we won't harm you!

- Right here.
- Get this son of a bitch. Kill them.

Martin, should I finish them off?

Please, let me live!

We'll do anything for you.

She can eat, but can she cook?

Let's find out. Make us some food.

Come on, go to the kitchen.

- Come on.
- Get in.

Come on, everyone, it's time to eat.

You, hurry up. Come on,
bring more wine from the kitchen.

Let's go! It's time for dinner!

Come on, everyone!

Get your bony ass out of here.

You belong in the kitchen, not with us.

- I'm one of you now.
- Get out of here!

Celine, have a drink.

Here, Polly, have a Scotch.

Agnes, sit down.

My ladies and gentlemen,
to the one who led us:

Saint Martin.

And to his valiant helpers.

- To us!
- To all of us.

We've got riches, we've got a castle.

We're noblemen now.

How dare you, you scum!

Here, Kars, you can lick your fill.

- Stop it, you're making me horny.
- No, there's no pepper. Hey, pepper.

All right, here it is.

Stick it up Orbec's ass.

That'll get him moving.

- Here, Mom, pepper.
- You son of a bitch!
Mama, behave yourself.
I love it.
Will you look at him,
playing the fucking gentleman?
- Shut up.
- Hey, Martin, don't cut yourself.
Bull's-eye!
Be careful, Martin.
Or you'll spill
some of your precious blue blood.
From now on, we'll eat like this.
Whoever can't, best stay
the stupid asshole he always was.
Bloody right, Martin.
Knives and forks are part of our lives!
Help me.
Like this.
It's easy.
Here, Celine, use the fork.
Fingers were made before forks.
And you can do a lot more with them.
My lord.
My lord, your bath is ready.
- Your bath, Martin.
- You need it, you filthy swine.
All right.
To the king and queen of the castle.
To the lovers.
Where she goes, I go.
There's only room
for two in the tub, Summer.
Then we'll bathe first,
and you can bathe later.
Go ahead.
You son of a bitch!
You need a lesson.
Yes, he needs to brush up
on his catechism.
Who brought you to this castle, Summer?
Saint Martin.
And who opened the gates of the castle?
So who gets the girl?

Congratulations.

Good thinking. But don't get too smart.

- You need any help?

- No. I'll undress myself...

this time.

Without you looking, please.

All right.

- You're such a little hypocrite.

- What do you mean?

You've got an innocent face,

but naughty feet.

Well, a sin is not a sin

if no one sees it.

- Really?

- Yes.

It's nice.

Nice and warm.

Can I look now?

This castle, and everything in it,

belongs to us.

The whole world belongs to us.

Let's clean off the dirt

of the last couple of days.

You think that's so easy?

Maybe if I scrub real hard.

What are you doing? Let go of me.

- I can feel it. I want to see it.

- No.

Your skin is so soft.

I've always wanted a girl with soft skin.

And when you were with someone else?

I'd pretend they were soft like you.

Like this.

I can pretend you're someone else, too.

Only when you're bored.

Are you bored?

No.

Devils.

We're not devils, child.

We're going to help you.

Get Father George.

Chimney.

Here, drink.

Devils, through the chimney.

The devils from the chimney killed them.
She's dead.
Devils? What did she mean?
Dreams of a peasant girl,
running a fever.
That's no peasant girl,
with a gold cross and a silk gown.
I doubt it.
She can't have come far.
Her feet are hardly scratched.
Give her a Christian burial, Father.
Mother of God.
The plague.
Christ, Miel, stop picking away at
that thing. You're driving me mad.
I'm trying to find my chords.
Try something spiritual, Miel.
The Lord will guide your fingers.
He very often does already.
Look what I've got for you.
Look at that.
Can you believe it?
- Goddamn it! He's in white.
- They're both in white.
So what?
He's our leader.
The leader should catch the eye.
- Good morning, Martin.
- Good morning.
Good morning, everybody.
Isn't it a wonderful day?
White suits you. It's best for virgins.
Kars, what's wrong?
I thought we were supposed to wear red.
The red stuff's dirty. Anything else?
It's like you're not
the same old Martin anymore.
Well, I am, and I'm not.
I am what I always wanted to be.
Except you're 20 years too late.
Let's have a sing-song.
Don't become a soldier
unless you like to fight hard
Sleep and eat and drink your fill

and spend your every night hard
Soldiers fight to win the laurel
Sometimes the only peace we find
Is the peace that we get
from a hurt or wound
Don't become a soldier
unless you like to fight hard
Sleep and eat and drink your fill
and spend your every night hard
Horsemen!
Get down.
Why don't you go say hello to the boy?
- No.
- Come on.
Why?
- Be polite.
- Go.
Agnes, are you all right?
Yes. I'm fine.
Having a good time.
They must be forcing her to say that.
I think she means it.
Agnes, are you their prisoner?
What the hell?
You might fall.
Where are the others?
Right here.
Pick up your captain!
Herman, get him out of here.
Little Arnolfini, come on up!
I'll fuck you for free!
You bastard! If you hurt Agnes...
- We hurt her day and night, man!
- And she loves it!
Go home, Steven. She doesn't want you.
Listen to me.
If you set her free,
you can keep the spoils.
You have my word on it.
- Like we had your father's word.
- We've already got your spoils.
Steven, come on!
Arnolfini, kiss my sweet ass!
Let's go!

- The girl.
- He's got it, too. The plague.
Bubonic plague.
Goddamn it!
- Does he have any chance?
- He is strong.
- So?
- It'll take him longer to die.
Bleeding is totally useless.
The practice of bleeding
goes back to the Romans.
It's a tried and tested remedy.
The graveyards are full
of your "tried and tested remedies."
Why don't you try something new?
According to a recent Arab text,
you have to lance the swellings.
No Arab quack is going to tell me...
how to doctor.
Old-fashioned fool.
Do as he says.
Heathens have nothing they can teach me.
Lancing the swellings is unchristian.
We'll need six horses.
We're going to use them in pairs.
We need more wheels.
- Dismantle all the wagons.
- Take the wheels off those wagons.
Get out of that, you stupid dog!
Get out of it! Go on!
That's poison.
The hammering woke me. It frightens me.
Young Arnolfini is up to something.
Yes, he's after me.
He'll never give up.
Neither will I.
Yes, I know.
You'd rather throw me from the walls
than give me back to him.
Wouldn't you?
I guessed as much.
You really like that boy.
I only knew him for half an hour.
That's not an answer.

He's you, only younger.
Then you must love him.
What about me?
You, too.
You are him, only older.
You better make a choice.
There is no choice.
Winner takes all.
Wrong. If he wins,
he starts married life as a widower.
I need you...
here.
A trough.
Let's see if it burns.
It's not burning, Martin.
Mama!
- Christ! He's going to kill us all!
- Shut up!
God is with us, not with them.
- Right, let's go.
- Follow!
Come on, move! Fast!
We need Saint Martin on the wall.
- Fuck Saint Martin.
- That's blasphemy.
That's right.
Lord, give me a sign
that I am following you, and not a man.
Lower the bridge!
Come on, Martin!
A bomb!
Watch out! A bomb!
- Next.
- Let's finish them off.
Captain, this is impossible. You...
Steven?
Dead. They're all dead.
You and I, friend...
will wipe out that scum.
Martin! Goddamn you forever!
He's a hero, no doubt.
Our hero.
- Look, Summer.
- Yes!

Watch your back, Orbec!
I'll kill him for you!
Sit down.
Coward! Why don't you fight like a man?
I was a man.
Orbec was never a man!
Look at the castle.
I love the castle.
- What's that?
- Is that part of the play?
- Who did that?
- It's a sign.
- Who ruined my play?
- Up there, in the tree.
- Kars, get a rope.
- It's a soldier.
- Hey, you!
- In my mouth.
Give me a rope.
- Well, well.
- Look at that.
- Little Arnolfini.
- Excuse me.
Friend of yours?
No. Only a dog.
So you are Steven.
Come on, Steven. Give it to me, please.
Come on. For me, please.
Look, I've got a dog chain!
Come on, dog. Come on.
You'll be my lap dog from now on.
Too bad. Lap dogs are always castrated.
Arnolfini, this is for your father.
Use him as a target.
How do you like it?
Stand back. Get out of the way.
Get back, Orbec.
Hit his balls, man.
Come on, get him!
- Death to Arnolfini!
- Quiet.
Shoot him.
- No.
- Try.

Come on, little princess. Shoot!
Shoot him. Come on, shoot him!
Pull the trigger!
Come on, then, shoot! Aim for the heart.
Where did that come from?
Hello.
It's a dog.
Let's find out what it means.
- Come on, let's go.
- Let's go, Miel.
Don't touch it.
- That dog was in my camp.
- So what?
I saw him lick up unclean blood.
He must have died of it.
It's the plague.
You're lying.
No, Martin.
Touch that, and we're all dead.
I swear it.
Damn you.
Oh, God. It's the plague.
It's everywhere. It's all over the place.
- What should we do, Miel?
- Grab some gold, and run.
Everybody stays.
- Nothing to be afraid of.
- Afraid of?
Christ! There's plague here, you idiot.
Look, why do you think he survived?
He's been spared to warn us.
Cardinal?
Yes, it's a sign. Direct from heaven.
Dear God, another sign?
Everything is a sign.
Me dying like a rat will be a sign.
- We've got to get out.
- Shut up!
- We've got to move.
- No.
- Martin says nothing can happen to us.
- Right!
What do we do now?
All we have to do...

is burn the meat...
and our clothes.
Take off your clothes. Come on.
All right.
You can tell them or not.
Time to choose, Agnes.
- Come on, Little John. Breakfast.
- I'm hungry, Mama.
Look, Summer, look at me.
Look at me, my new clothes.
My head.
Me, too, Mama.
- What's the matter?
- What's wrong with her?
Look, Mama. Look what's in the jug.
The dog.
It must have fallen in the well,
and we didn't see it.
It's the plague.
God! Oh, Christ!
I just drank from the same water.
Me, too, Mom.
You stupid clot.
You didn't want us to leave last night,
while we still had the chance.
You were too busy
playing the fucking saint.
Go easy.
What do you mean, "Go easy"?
The plague isn't going easy for Celine!
Kars, I'm being led!
Led?
Led by your cock,
prancing around in white with that slut!
And now you've led us all to hell,
you bastard!
Stop him!
- Cut his throat.
- No!
Drown him in his own poison.
Throw him in the well!
You let go of me!
I am the chosen one!
Saint Martin.

More poison!

- Swim to hell!

- Like the water?

Come on.

What are you waiting for?

It's still risky with the plague.

Miel, let's just take
what's ours and go.

Let's go.

- Grab as much as you can carry.

- Gold. The gold!

- It hurts.

- Easy, darling.

You hear me?

What do you want?

I've got the key to your chain.

Throw it out. Then I'll pull you up.

- You idiot, I can't reach it there.

- What a shame.

You better get me out first.

And then I'll free you. Word of honor.

Forgive me for mistaking the sign.

- He's nuts.

- He always was.

- All that crazy talk about the statue.

- No, he was right.

Little John, we are leaving.

What's your problem?

I have to choose.

- Take both, you silly bitch.

- Yes.

Come on. Give me your hand.

I feel so tired, Mama.

Christ, he's got it, too.

We're being punished

because we are whores.

Shut up with your whores

and punishment shit.

- Lord, don't let me die.

- Another lunatic.

Come.

- What's wrong with me, Mama?

- Nothing, my dear. You're just tired.

Come and lay down for a while.

We've got enough, Orbec.
- Anybody coming with us?
- Yes, me.
Kars, come on,
I've got enough for the both of us.
She's dying, Summer. Wait awhile.
She can't last much longer.
Let's get out of here.
This place stinks of death.
Wait for Kars.
Please, we'll all be dead
if we wait here much longer.
We'll wait.
Let's go.
Get out of here, Miel. I'm dead.
The key!
Come on.
No, come back!
Goddamn it! Where are you going?
Set me free!
You bastard, set me free!
Trust me!
"Word of honor," you said!
Christ's blood.
You didn't expect to see me again,
did you?
I was on my way to help you.
You left a little late.
I thought you were dead.
I love you, Martin.
Yes. You love me.
Whenever it suits you.
Why me?
- You ready?
- Let's go.
Arnolfini is out there.
- Hey there!
- Hey, Arnolfini!
You wanted to see me?
Martin, you'll all wish you were dead.
Your son will die first.
- Your son is already dead, sire.
- No.
He is alive and well.

Now what can you offer?
Show him to me.
Let's get him.
Scholar.
Summer, watch the gate.
Easy.
Father!
Come on.
Save your ass.
- What the hell...
- I'm bleeding.
- Hawkwood!
- What the hell is he doing?
Come on.
Hawkwood, you bastard!
Come on, little angel.
I'll see you dead in Hell!
Die!
Please don't hurt me, Martin.
- Please.
- Look.
You're in my blood.
I've never cared about anyone...
except you.
You'd make such a beautiful bride.
Get back!
Christ.
I'm going to kill you,
you son of a bitch.
Steven, come.
- Where's Martin?
- Dead. He's dead.
This way.
Here!
Go.
- What are you going to do?
- Science never stands still.
I'll cut the swellings.
- What do you want?
- Come with us.
You were right about the mandrake.
I never doubted it.
What is it?
I just realized what's happened to me.