

"Annabel Lee"

written by

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(inspired by the poem
by Edgar Allan Poe)

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FADE IN:

EXT. THE ROCKY COAST OF SCOTLAND - DAY

Storm waves crash against towering cliffs; the howling wind hurls a flock of gulls screeching into the dark, cloud-filled sky.

SUPERIMPOSED TITLE READ BY NARRATOR (V.O.):

. . . our love it was stronger by far than the love
 Of those who were older than we
 Of many far wiser than we
 And neither the angels in Heaven above
 Nor the demons down under the sea
 Can ever dissever my soul from the soul
 Of the beautiful Annabel Lee.

- *Edgar Allan Poe*

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. CLOISTER, LEE CASTLE - NIGHT

The tomb-like passageway, lit by flaming torches and criss-crossed with shadows, has columns grotesquely carved into the likenesses of mythological beasts.

ANNABEL LEE, an ethereal young noblewoman, looks mournfully through a slit window out to sea. She has beautiful shining curls that tumble down to her waist in a cascade of gold, but her skin is deathly pale and her eyes have an anxious troubled look to them. She draws closer to

THE WINDOW,

which has a moonlit view across a turbulent bay of a looming black mass of rock.

ANNABEL
 (moaning sadly)
 My love -

Suddenly interrupted by a loud scraping along the floor, she quickly turns and is startled to see her mother, LADY BRIGID, reigning monarch of the Lee clan, a harsh-faced widow whose main passion is hatred for the rivals to her clan.

BRIGID

Foolish maid, that warlike knight who has captured your heart is a deadly enemy to all of us!

ANNABEL

(anxiously)

Where is Malcolm? Do you think he is reckless enough to challenge Guy on such a night as this?

BRIGID

Your brother is well aware of the bloody fate that awaits anyone of our clan who dares to oppose a MacArthur.

ANNABEL

(sobbing)

It is wrong to torment me so.

BRIGID

(angrily waving)

Be gone.

Annabel meekly slips away, disappearing into the shadows. Brigid glares out the window, her grim lips set in deadly opposition.

EXT. MACARTHUR CASTLE - NIGHT

Atop a barren headland near a bay, the jagged-toothed fortress looks angrily out to sea.

BEHIND THE CASTLE

In an archway carved into the base of a sheer wall crouches the silhouette figure of a lonely oboist playing a sad tune.

Flickering lights dimly play upon a flagstoned walk to the muffled sounds of distant merriment.

A figure in black mantle strolls along a parapet broodily staring up at the moon, while from the shadows of an out-building, a second hooded figure watches him unseen, with a razor-edged dagger clutched in his claw-like hand.

The strolling figure draws perilously close to the upraised dagger, when a helmeted GUARD who is standing on the flagstoned walk loudly hails him.

GUARD

Who goes there? Guy! Guy
MacArthur is that you?

The dagger-armed figure cowardly withdraws further into the shadows, as SIR GUY MACARTHUR turns toward the guard's lantern light, revealing features which, if melancholy, are marked with the powerful masculine charm of a knight both courteous and brave.

GUY

Aye! Shall I join the other
revelers now?

GUARD

All is in readiness. They
await only your arrival.

Guy quickly steps toward the archway, pausing only to clasp arms with his loyal kinsman.

The would-be murderer crouches low and skulks off into the darkness.

INT. THE GREAT HALL, MACARTHUR CASTLE - NIGHT

Hale and hearty, all the members of the MacArthur clan, rich nobleman and poor peasant alike, loudly make merry at banquet tables that encircle the cavernous echo-filled room.

The ancient walls are hung with the battered relics of many a hard fought battle: rusty pike and shield, tarnished breast plate and helmet.

In the center floor, bonnie lads and rosy cheeked lasses gaily leap to the tune of pipes, harp and drum played from a high gallery.

At the door, a stooped-over old beggar pleads with a kindly FOOTMAN to admit him.

FOOTMAN

You are right welcome by the
grace of the Lord of this
castle, Sir Robert MacArthur.
Come and partake of his
bounty.

The beggar kisses his hand, and rushes to the nearest table, where a peasant carves him a dripping slab of beef and gives him to drink from his own cup.

The reigning lord and lady of the MacArthur clan sit at the head of the hall on thrones upon a raised dais, presiding over their unruly kinsmen with great pomp and dignity.

As Guy quietly enters, SIR ROBERT MACARTHUR, humorous, hidebound and warlike chieftain, rises in greeting, and proudly presents his son to the assembled celebrants.

SIR ROBERT

My knights and servants true,
I give to you my son and
heir!

Whenever Sir Robert speaks, he is interrupted by the cheering of the audience, many of whom rise and sloppily toast Guy with their flagons or draw their swords waving over their heads.

SIR ROBERT

All who have seen Guy do
battle with the English say
that he is as ferocious as a
lion, yet to us he seems as
modest as a sweet young
lassie, our most courteous
and gentle knight!

Wryly amused, Guy graciously bows. Sir Robert turns to LADY ISOBEL MACARTHUR, his adoring and obedient wife, helping her to stand and address the crowd, which hushes respectfully as she speaks.

LADY ISOBEL

(to her husband)

Thank you, Sir Robert.

(to the crowd)

The noblest born in Scotland.
We hope soon that Guy may do
us the high honor of choosing
a wife from among our own
clan maidens.

As the Lady Isobel looks to her son for approval, the entire clan eagerly awaits his answer, but Guy coldly turns away, leaving his mother embarrassed and the audience ashamed.

Sir Robert nervously signals a page, who brings him an old sword encrusted with jewels.

SIR ROBERT

(to Guy)

It is your mother's wish and
mine that you should have
this heirloom, the sword that
brought your grandfather so
much glory when he fought in
the great Crusade in the Holy
Land. And now you, his
namesake, shall have it as
the reward for your bravery
against the English.

Sir Robert takes the sword and hands it to Guy who receives it reluctantly, with just a nod of the brow, then drops it on a velvet covered stool. Sir Robert grimaces, signing for Guy to speak.

GUY

(sadly)

I thank thee, and pray that soon war will give way to peace.

SIR ROBERT

(whispering,
aghast)

Are you sick, boy, this gift is great tribute that I have bestowed upon you.

GUY

(whispering)

I am sick and ashamed - of all the fighting and the bloodshed.

Sir Robert nearly spits, but recovers for the sake of his guests.

SIR ROBERT

(to the crowd)

A hundred knights fell before his rage and a hundred wounds nearly killed him! Yet still he fought ferociously! Glory be to all who shared his victory!

At this, every man in the room jumps up and yells a war cry that echoes thunderously through the high-beamed hall. But Guy's face turns ashen. His mother takes him by the arm.

LADY ISOBEL

What is this strange ill that has befallen thee?

She holds him by the shoulders.

GUY
How can I say?

LADY ISOBEL
Shall I send for a nurse?

GUY
Even God cannot cure the evil
thing that gnaws upon my
soul. And there is only one
nurse who may ease the pain -

LADY ISOBEL
(drops her
hands)
Speak not to me of Annabel
Lee.

GUY
My lady and my love! Why
not?

LADY ISOBEL
Your father forbids it!

Guy turns away morosely, while Sir Robert looks at
Lady Isobel with an angry question in his eyes.

CUT TO:

INT. STUDY - NIGHT

The ornately paneled workroom of a delicate princess.
A stained glass window with the image of a raven is
open just a crack, adding pale moonlight and a gentle
breeze to the light of flickering candles.

Annabel stands at the loom, studying the almost
finished tapestry of a beautiful white dove in flight
above a bower of ivy.

She carefully knots a silken thread and then crosses
the room to study herself in a gilt-framed glass.
Slender fingers carelessly stroke the ivory skin of
her throat as she sighs unhappily.

She almost seems overcome with despair, until a breeze stirs a paper lying on top of a writing desk.

At first, she opens a drawer to put the paper away, then tenderly unfolds the letter instead and holds it next to a candle, intently reading the words she has obviously read more than once before.

Her expression is marked equally with sadness and joy as she imagines she hears the author's voice.

GUY (V.O.)

True lady, can you forgive a
worthless servant who
deserves only your scorn?

Annabel chokes back a sob, but a tear falls to the ink-stained parchment.

GUY (V.O.)

Honors mean nothing to me
without you by my side to
share them. Later tonight,
when we are together again, I
beg you to treat me cruelly
and I shall be grateful. My
heart is yours to do with as
you please.

In spite of her sadness, her heart fills with love and forgiveness and she smiles voluptuously.

INT. THE GREAT HALL, MACARTHUR CASTLE - NIGHT

In the center floor, a pair of sinewy warriors perform the perilous sword dance, a lively jig to pipe and drum performed between razor sharp swords that rapidly cross and uncross. Among the shouting drunken spectators, a few knights draw weapons and improvise violent dances of their own.

Sir Robert and Lady Isobel watch fascinated from the dais, while Guy, seated on a gilded chair by a roaring fire, stares into the flames, lost in private reverie - although three clan beauties standing nearby are just as intent upon him as on the dancers.

Lady Isobel glances disapprovingly at Guy and whispers in her husband's ear.

LADY ISOBEL

Look at your son. He takes
no pleasure in anything.

As the dance ends to the loud cheers and applause of the rest of the spectators, the disappointed lasses remain by the indifferent Guy. Sir Robert sternly summons over his son.

SIR ROBERT

You care not for the sword
dance.

(pointing)

But come, Guy, tell us which
one of these lassies would
sing the prettiest or speak
to thee most sweetly of love?

GUY

The only lady that I crave is
lovelier far beyond compare.

SIR ROBERT

Don't say her accursed name!
(gorge rises)
Annabel Lee?

GUY

Aye!

Lady Isobel is shocked to hear Guy answer so boldly. Sir Robert colors angrily.

SIR ROBERT

And if I tell thee forever to
forswear your love for her?

GUY

That will I not as long as I
shall live. 'Tis evil of you
to ask.

LADY ISOBEL

'Tis disrespectful to speak
so to your own father.

SIR ROBERT

Everything I have will one
day belong to you, unless you
disregard my wishes and then
I swear that you will not
profit by my death!

GUY

I believe that I have earned
the right to marry with
whoever I choose.

SIR ROBERT

You'd share your bed with an
enemy whose very blood cries
out against you! You dare
not make such a marriage!

GUY

Then I shall have no wife.
What more could thou ask of a
loving son?

LADY ISOBEL

Oh Guy, curb your evil
tongue!

SIR ROBERT

Be a loyal son to the
MacArthurs, Guy. If you've
no more taste for war against
the English, then show your
loyalty by driving the Lees
off of our lands.

GUY

They'd fight me tooth and
nail.

SIR ROBERT

And so you'll make an end of
them!

GUY

But wouldn't life seem empty
to you, father, without
neighbors to hate?

SIR ROBERT

(enraged)

Fie on it! Be stubborn and a
fool, and you shall never
have our blessing!

GUY

Still, I shall be blessed.

Guy stiffly bows his head then quietly slips away.

LADY ISOBEL

(distraught)

I wonder where he wanders
now?

INT. CLOISTER, LEE CASTLE - NIGHT

A hooded figure furtively hurries through the shadows
until halted by a monk who jumps out from behind a
pillar.

Huge, muscular FRIAR ALASDAIR, a ruthless manipulator,
grabs the hooded figure by the arm and throws back his
cowl revealing the guilty features of MALCOLM LEE,
cowardly prince to the Lee clan. Friar Alasdair
pushes up Malcolm's sleeves, revealing soft, almost
feminine, white hands.

FRIAR ALASDAIR

Malcolm, you've no blood upon
you.

He draws Malcolm's dagger from its scabbard.

FRIAR ALASDAIR

Nor on your dirk. Did you do
the bloody deed - is Guy
MacArthur dead?

MALCOLM

(whining)

No, the guard on night watch interrupted me. He'd have raised the alarm!

FRIAR ALASDAIR

Your mother will be angry.

MALCOLM

I'd rather face her wrath than have to face the whole of the MacArthur clan alone. They are like savages.

FRIAR ALASDAIR

You had better come up with an answer better than that if you wish to appease the anger of Brigid Lee. You need to make another better plan.

Malcolm's evil eyes shine at the thought.

MALCOLM

With your help, Friar Alasdair. Can you find out for me when and where Annabel holds her secret meetings with Guy?

FRIAR ALASDAIR

I have spies everywhere . . .

INT. STUDY - NIGHT

Annabel cautiously listens at her door, open just a crack. Silence. She carefully shuts and bolts the door, then hastily wraps herself in a hooded mantle and takes a lit candle from its holder.

Hanging on the wall is an ancient tapestry of a unicorn, which she draws back, revealing a hidden passageway and staircase down which she exits.

INT. HIDDEN STAIRCASE - NIGHT

Annabel quickly reaches the bottom of the stairs, where there is a heavy oaken door studded with large black knobs. With the greatest effort she is able to force it open on its creaking hinges. Panting, she exits into the night.

EXT. COURTYARD WALL, LEE CASTLE - NIGHT

Annabel passes through a gate and is met on the other side by a lady SERVANT, who is nervously waiting with her horse. They speak in anxious hushed tones.

ANNABEL

You have said nothing?

SERVANT

I would never betray you.

Annabel busses the servant's cheek, then hands her the candle and with her help mounts into the saddle. She gathers up the reins and spurs the horse down a narrow trail that leads to the moonlit sea.

EXT. CORRAL - NIGHT

Guy pulls a fence rail into place so that his horse and one other cannot escape. A pair of cows moan low.

EXT. BY THE SEA - NIGHT

Guy hurries down a grassy slope that ends in a cliff. Annabel waits silhouetted by the full moon, her arms thrown wide; they passionately embrace.

He kisses her eye, her cheek, her throat. She gasps ecstatically.

GUY

Were you followed?

ANNABEL

They know we meet, but
neither when nor where.

GUY

I feel like a miserable
coward for hiding this way.

ANNABEL

If we meet openly, I shall
lose the love of my kinsmen.

GUY

And then I should lose your
love too.

ANNABEL

No, I adore you.

His caress makes her groan with pleasure.

JUMP CUT:

Guy hastily leads Annabel down steps carved into the
sheer face of the cliff until they reach a rock ledge
at the edge of a small lagoon.

She climbs onto his back, and he steps knee-deep into
the shallows, then carries her past the wreck of a
fishing boat to a sandy beach, where she dismounts.

He stares deeply into her shining emerald eyes, and
crushes her against his powerful chest.

Sea waves crash upon a jetty, sending up spouts of
spray. The lovers find the mouth of a cavern that
glows from a light within.

INT. THE CAVERN - NIGHT

An aged bearded HERMIT tends a fire made of driftwood.
There are provisions in barrels and a pallet made of
grass covered by burlap.

Guy takes a gold coin from his purse and presses it
into the hermit's gnarled hand. The hermit silently
clasps arms with Guy, then discreetly bows his head to
Annabel and exits.

GUY

A loyal friend.

Annabel eagerly leads Guy to the pallet and pulls him down beside her. Her arms wrap around his neck as she feverishly caresses him. He kisses her long, then tears hungrily at her mantle.

JUMP CUT:

Partially disrobed, they cling to one another adoringly as a gust of sea air sends a plume of smoke billowing from the fire up to the cavern ceiling.

Guy carefully drapes Annabel's mantle around her, then throws his own cloak over his shoulders and gets up to add wood to the crackling fire. He stares moodily into the flames.

Anxious that she has in some way offended him, Annabel timidly comes to his side. Guy encircles her waist with his arm.

ANNABEL

What troubles thee, my love?

GUY

I shall leave both clan and castle if anyone ever again tries to turn my thoughts from you.

He looks angrily out to sea and is silent. Annabel gently turns his chin so that they are looking into one another's eyes.

ANNABEL

What is it my lord that I should say?

GUY

That you love me, and I shall have no other.

ANNABEL

Has thine eye tempted thee away from me?

GUY

If it did, I would pluck it
out.

They kiss. A gust of wind nearly extinguishes the
fire. Guy hugs Annabel close to him.

GUY

You'll take a deathly chill
and only I will be to blame.

ANNABEL

When I am with you I cannot
feel the cold.

GUY

But this drafty cave is
little better than a prison
cell.

Annabel remains deaf to his complaint and ardently
strokes his chest.

Guy sighs, then finds a jeweled ring inside his cloak
and slides it over Annabel's finger. Overjoyed, she
throws her arms about his neck. They kiss until
Annabel gasps for breath.

EXT. BY THE SEA - DAY

At dawn, the rising sun casts a shining beam from the
horizon along the silvery sea to the sandy cove.

On his knees before Annabel, Guy clasps her waist as
if in worship of a goddess, while she basks tiredly in
the orange glow of the sun like a fading flower.

EXT. LEE FOREST - DAY

The season's change is harsh upon the rustic beauty of
the wild woodland: a cold wind lashes leaves loose
from the trees; on bare branches birds miserably chirp
in protest; the meadows are turning gray.

Dressed for the hunt in the richest style, with
shining silver buckles clasping their colorful robes
at their throats, Annabel and her cousin and lady-in-

waiting, KATE, an envious gossip, ride upon elegantly liveried palfries.

Kate holds ready a bow and has a full quiver of arrows strapped across her back; Annabel carries a hunting hawk on her leather gauntleted arm.

A stout WOODSMAN and a pair of beaters on foot busily try to flush game from the bushes as the ladies converse.

KATE

Milady, you have such a deathly pallor upon your brow, and your cheeks are as hollow as a ghost's. When we were younger, to go a-hunting would make you glow as red as a bed of roses. Why not now?

ANNABEL

Perhaps I have the sickness that comes with age.

KATE

(archly)

But, by ordinary reckoning, you and I are still young maidens, though to both our shames not yet married. Perhaps the star of your destiny is ill-favored, or mayhap the fairest are the first blighted - by the pangs of love, I should say, much more than by the ravages of time.

Annabel colors and regards her cousin with warning.

ANNABEL

Not by love, Kate!

Kate looks away, but then continues unabated.

KATE

I have heard that Friar Alasdair is able to cure chillblains and the ague with mere words: by arguing against sin.

ANNABEL

I have had enough of the cruel Friar and his heartless sermons to last me a lifetime, of which I am sure you are too well aware.

KATE

Then love is the only remedy that you need.

ANNABEL

Kate! You have been listening to unkind rumors about me.

KATE

I am trying to be a good friend, who would not see a dear cousin sacrifice her health, her youth and her good looks, not even for the sake of a secret passion.

ANNABEL

(indignantly)

My Lord hath my heart and I have his. There, you have heard the gossip about the affair confirmed from my own lips, and so you have heard enough! Enough!

The beaters stir three game hens into flight, and Kate excitedly points Annabel at them, causing Annabel's hunting bird to start. Annabel smooths the hawk's feathers and calms it by cooing at it softly.

The woodsman puts a horn to his lips and blows loudly, raising a snow white doe who leaps over a hedge, where she is caught helplessly by the pair of beaters.

Kate quickly knocks an arrow against her bow, draws back the string and releases the shaft, but Annabel strikes the arrow with her riding crop, making it go astray. The doe escapes into the brush.

KATE

Oh Annabel!

ANNABEL

(smugly)

She shall live yet another day.

The woodsman lowers his horn in disgust.

WOODSMAN

Shall I call off the hunt, milady?

Annabel nods yes, while Kate sighs in frustration.

KATE

Your thoughts are all for Guy MacArthur, aren't they?

ANNABEL

Quiet, Kate!

INT. THE CAVERN - NIGHT

The couple lie upon the pallet in each other's arms, embracing. A long pause, then Guy rises, crosses the room and retrieves a wooden board on which are smoked ham and a pair of tankards. He serves Annabel, then sits down beside her and they eat. The food is good, but Guy's guilt won't let him enjoy it.

GUY

I am selfish to keep you for myself and stand in the way of your happiness. How happy would you be if you could live as others do?

ANNABEL

(almost in
tears)

Never more happy than I am
right now.

GUY

But -

ANNABEL

You must believe that I am
content.

GUY

How can you, a born princess,
be content to love like this?

ANNABEL

Because I have you.

She puts aside the tray of victuals and lays back,
pulling him down beside her.

GUY

Damn the MacArthurs and the
Lees for their bloody feuds!
Damn them all to hell!

She silences him with her lips, and he folds her in
his arms.

LONG DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. CROSSROADS - DAY

Near a shrine with a huge stone cross, peasants of
both the MacArthur and Lee clans have halted to
confront one another angrily.

The MacArthurs carry thick bundles of wood while the
Lees are armed with staves.

A brutish VASSAL of the Lee clan brandishes his stave
at the MacArthur clansmen.

VASSAL

Set your burdens down,
MacArthur swines, and be
peacefully on your way.
You'll not poach so much as
one twig off the Lee estate
while I am Vassal here.

A stout MacArthur YEOMAN steps forward in challenge,
without laying his bundle down.

YEOMAN

These are MacArthur lands and
anything that lies upon them
is free to us for the taking.
Step out of the way and let
us pass.

The vassal pounds his stave into the dirt.

VASSAL

You are trespassing! Be gone
I say; the ground here is
anciently deeded to us by a
writ of the English King.

YEOMAN

Anciently deeded, fie on it!
Fie on your filthy deeds and
papers! We would as soon
submit to the bloody English
King himself as let you force
his evil ways upon us!

Suddenly, the vassal swings his stave at the yeoman's
head, but the yeoman quickly parries the blow with his
bundle, then throws the bundle at his foe, knocking
him down.

The vassal leaps back up into a crouch, roars a battle
cry and charges like a bull.

The yeoman catches him by the arms and rapidly swings
him around, then hurls him ten feet through the air
into a pair of Lee peasants, who crash with him to the
ground.

The rest of the peasants immediately jump in, bloodthirstily breaking their weapons over each other's heads and bodies, and yelling murderously.

A Lee clansman runs up behind a MacArthur who is fistfighting two foes, and pounds him on the back with a thick stave.

The MacArthur shouts in agony, then halts his attacker with a stiff elbow to the jaw, shattering his front teeth.

The tide turns in favor of the MacArthurs when a final bruising kick to the vassal's ribcage sends him fleeing, with his injured kinsmen limping after.

Heedless of their wounds, the embittered MacArthurs gather up the scattered wood, make bundles and load them onto their shoulders, then continue cursing on the way.

At the edge of a stony brook, the wheezing Lee vassal is helped across by a fat peasant bleeding profusely from the forehead.

VASSAL

(ruefully)

I must tell Malcolm! A
MacArthur will pay for every
drop of Lee blood shed today!

INT. DUNGEON, MACARTHUR CASTLE - DAY

Bright shafts of daylight from slit windows high above break up the gloom of the deep dark chamber.

A narrow stone staircase winds down along a black stained turret wall from a lofty gallery to a shadowy armory with lances and swords in wooden racks all around.

On the flagstoned drilling floor, Guy cavorts wildly with a huge hunting hound.

Using a thick knotted rope, he affectionately wrestles his beloved pet, Wolf, to the hard ground.

The greyhound howls and breaks free with a leap six feet into the air, then agilely lands on his forepaws and grabs the rope between his teeth, tugging and snarling as if it were slain prey.

Loud laughter echoes from the staircase above, and both man and beast turn to see SIR ROLAND, jocund French sword master, overcome by the natural hilarity of the scene.

Guy salutes him warmly and the greyhound happily barks.

SIR ROLAND

If Wolf had those jaws
fastened upon your arm
instead of that rope, you
should never be able to play
at swords with me again, mon
amis!

GUY

Is that why you have come,
Sir Roland, to play at swords
with me?

(pauses)

Or are you on a mission from
my honored senior, Sir
Robert?

SIR ROLAND

If I have a mission, it is
only to play with thee!

Sir Roland skips the rest of the way down the stairs, and greets Wolf, vigorously rubbing him about the neck and ears before fishing a tasty morsel of meat from his tunic.

The greyhound sits back upon his haunches and politely raises a paw, then snaps the tidbit right out of Sir Roland's hand and swallows it with a gulp and a loud bark.

SIR ROLAND

(to Guy)

Now we are ready, now that I
have bribed off your lord and
protector!

Guy laughs appreciatively. Sir Roland draws his sword
and motions for Guy to draw his own.

SIR ROLAND

Draw! It is uncanny how much
you resemble your grandfather
both in noble character and
warlike appearance. Let us
see if you are able to wield
that crusader's sword as well
as he did.

GUY

You have heard others say
that I may, and still you
demand proof? Then I am for
you.

Guy gracefully draws his weapon and crosses it with
Sir Roland's; they begin fencing.

As the expert swordsmen charge back and forth across
the room, cutting and parrying with great force and
skill, the greyhound's big black eyes comically follow
them.

SIR ROLAND

My best pupil!

GUY

Then let me teach you a
lesson!

The clash of blades becomes louder and more heated
until the tip of Sir Roland's sword comes kissing
close to the scar on Guy's cheek, whereupon Guy's
sword chops down on his opponent's blade, cleaving it
in two like a child's toy. Sir Roland tosses the
useless haft of his weapon aside and he yields.

SIR ROLAND

Ably done! That old blade
suits you perfectly!

GUY

(touching his
scar)

Forgive my sudden heat, dear
friend, I fear that any more
sword play will make me even
more ugly than I am now.

SIR ROLAND

In France, where I was bred,
such a scar only disting-
uishes its wearer the more.
It would make you unbearably
popular with all kinds of
French ladies.

Guy frowns warningly, and the sword master pauses,
speaking cautiously.

SIR ROLAND

But I believe you have
already found your lady love,
among the enemies to our
clan.

Guy feels a sudden angry impulse, but the greyhound
stops him by coming over to nuzzle under his palm.

GUY

Sir Robert did send you to
lecture to me!

SIR ROLAND

Guy, have you chosen wisely?
. . . . What would ye do
without an inheritance from
your father? Take up the
trade of thief or become a
beggar?

GUY

What would it matter? As long as I have my beautiful princess by my side, I have every bit of joy and loveliness that is to be found in the world. When I am with her, I can forget all the misery and pain that I have seen.

SIR ROLAND

But she has no right to make you forget the many wrongs of her clan.

GUY

(heated)

Let anyone who would harm Annabel Lee beware!

Sir Roland bows in submission and Guy tosses his sword onto a bench.

SIR ROLAND

She alone of her kinsmen shall be safe with me. But take a loyal friend's advice: beware of her brother, Malcolm.

GUY

What more can you tell me about him than I have already heard?

SIR ROLAND

That he fears you may breed an heir from Annabel.

GUY

Why should Malcolm fear my heir?

SIR ROLAND

Because your son could one
day take his place as
chieftain to the Lees.

GUY

How far do you think he would
go to prevent it?

Roland hefts Guy's sword, and reflects for a moment.

SIR ROLAND

Know that Malcolm is a
ruthless knave when dealing
with an enemy. He will not
obey any of the laws of
chivalry to which the rest of
us are bound. You would do
well to challenge and make
him yield.

GUY

(pauses)

You must understand that I am
bound to show him only
courtesy until he openly
gives me reason not to.

Roland carefully lays the sword back down.

SIR ROLAND

(hopelessly)

. . . I fear that you will
regret that decision.

(pauses)

And now my business here is
done. I beg your pardon.

He will not meet Guy's gaze but exits hastily through
a side door as a MESSENGER enters.

MESSENGER

Milord?

Guy meditates a moment, then removes a letter and
jewelcase from his tunic and hands them to him.

GUY

Late tonight. Deliver these
as always and make sure that
no one but the lady sees you.

MESSENGER

Aye, 'tis an honorable duty!

The messenger exits.

EXT. LEE CASTLE - DAY

A spear-armed sentinel in monk's cowl paces the wall
from turret to turret.

INT. THRONE ROOM, LEE CASTLE - DAY

Cloaked in scarlet satin, Malcolm sits on a large
carved throne brooding up at the grotesque heraldic
banner of the Lee clan, which depicts a coronet-
crowned dragon in the act of rending a corpse with its
taloned feet.

Malcolm's mother enters behind the throne and startles
him by calling shrilly into his ear.

BRIGID

Lily-livered boy!

She circles him like a she-lion while he cowers
against the seatback.

MALCOLM

(whining)

Mother, forgive me!

BRIGID

If I had bred a warrior
instead of a weak-kneed
milksop, then Guy might
already be dead and Annabel
in a convent repenting of her
sins.

MALCOLM

(boldly)

I have made new plans to
destroy our enemy.

BRIGID

(scornfully)

What plans?

Malcolm tries to stand, but Brigid roughly pushes him
back down.

MALCOLM

Please -

BRIGID

(jabbing with a
bony claw)

I'll tell ye. This time, be
sure to find a place where
there are no witnesses nearby
- so that after the murderous
deed is done, no one may
suspect either you or me.

MALCOLM

Guy's end will be a most
bloody one. But with the
good Friar's help, my own
hand need not be stained at
all.

BRIGID

(skeptically)

Must you have others do your
fighting for you? Play the
coward, but make doubly sure
that only Guy and not your
sister is harmed.

MALCOLM

I shall relay your wishes to
Friar Alasdair.

BRIGID

Good! And in the mean time, until the friar has arranged Guy's death, we must both reason with Annabel and try again to persuade her peacefully away from him. In any event, do not let your sister's treachery move you against her body, instead vent all our anger upon the MacArthur alone.

MALCOLM

(relieved)

It shall be just as you say, mother.

Brigid glares at him venomously; Malcolm wearily drops his forehead onto his palms and she cuffs him on the ear, causing him to yelp.

BRIGID

Come with me, milksop.

INT. STUDY - DAY

Squinting from a pain deep inside her lungs, Annabel coughs blood into a lace hanky, and lies back upon her couch, sighing helplessly. Brigid and Malcolm softly push open the door and sneak into the chamber, catching her unawares.

BRIGID

Where were you last night?

ANNABEL

Here.

BRIGID

Don't lie to me. With Guy MacArthur?

ANNABEL

Has that evil Kate been gossiping to you about me?

BRIGID

Kate confides in me most
trustingly; I wish that you
would do the same.

Malcolm sneaks over to the writing desk and slyly
opens a drawer, uncovering a treasure trove of jewels,
all gifts from Guy.

MALCOLM

Look at what Annabel has
hidden away, Mama!

He holds up a necklace of gold and rubies as if it
were evidence of a crime.

MALCOLM

(to Annabel)

A gift from your lover, my
dear? No doubt Guy plundered
it off the body of a dead
warrior after cowardly
murdering him. Did he tell
you the gruesome tale when he
gave it to you last night?

Annabel rises weakly and tremblingly takes the
necklace away from Malcolm, then replaces it in the
drawer, which she firmly shuts.

ANNABEL

Have I no privacy anymore?
(fiery)
Never open that drawer again!

Malcolm blubbers at his sister's heat.

BRIGID

Do as she says, Malcolm, and
leave her things alone.

BRIGID

(to Annabel)

For the sake of your health,
I have decided that you shall
remove to a convent, where
you may ease thy ill with
prayer that asks forgiveness
of your sins.

ANNABEL

In a nunnery, I would spend
all my days in longing for
love.

BRIGID

You refuse? Then I insist
that you stop roving to and
fro at night and confine
yourself to your rooms from
now on.

ANNABEL

Am I not a lady? May I not
do as I please? Shall I be
kept a prisoner in my own
castle?

BRIGID

(uncertain)

Are you with child?

ANNABEL

Mother, why must you insult
me?

BRIGID

I am concerned only for your
reputation!

ANNABEL

You are more concerned that I
am carrying the baby of a
hated MacArthur within me.

BRIGID

I forbid you ever to see Guy
again.

ANNABEL

Then my life is over.

BRIGID

You exaggerate ridiculously.

ANNABEL

No, mother, I would surely waste away without Guy. He is the bonniest gallant in Scotland.

BRIGID

You bestow praise so easily upon a MacArthur. Have you forgotten what I have taught you about them? Malcolm!

MALCOLM

(like a schoolboy)

It is not one hundred years since our ancestor, Fergus Lee, starved to death during a two months' siege of this castle by another MacArthur warlord . . .

He stops as Annabel seems not to listen.

BRIGID

(sharply)

Tell her the rest of it!

MALCOLM

The lady to Fergus Lee also died - of a broken heart - but not before she laid a curse upon those murdering MacArthurs and their descendants for stealing away the life of her only love.

ANNABEL

As you would steal my love away from me.

MALCOLM

'Tis only fair. Guy comes of
the demon seed.

ANNABEL

He was not even born at the
time. How can he be blamed
for a feud that started over
one hundred years ago between
persons he has never even
met?

BRIGID

Anyone named MacArthur is to
blame, now and forevermore.
And any princess named Lee
must be his deadly foe.

ANNABEL

(pleading)

Foe? Not to my kind and
generous lover; why, I have
even heard our own knights
praise him for his courtesy
and his courage.

MALCOLM

Like you, they believe his
lies. I believe Guy to be a
villainous coward.

ANNABEL

Just one such as thee,
Malcolm? No, brother, you
are a villain to speak of him
so.

Malcolm suddenly starts towards his sister angrily.

MALCOLM

You'll not be a breeder of
enemies to me!

Annabel quickly takes her riding crop from its holder
by her desk and threatens him; Brigid halts Malcolm
with her arm.

BRIGID

(to Annabel)

I could wish dead anyone who
would take the part of my
enemy against my son.

ANNABEL

(anguished)

I can endure this no more. I
have done nothing to justify
such torture.

Annabel coughs violently but refuses to put down the riding crop. Brigid glares at Malcolm who holds open the door for her, then they haughtily exit. Annabel lays down her weapon and sobs in bitter frustration.

EXT. MOUNTAIN PASS - NIGHT

Lee Castle is visible in the moonlit distance.

High up on a ridge, three hooded figures mounted on horseback watch silently as Guy's messenger rides below them. Two of the hooded men carry lances with gleaming sharp tips.

Unaware that he is being watched, the messenger rides a little closer, then one of the hooded figures yells fiendishly.

HOODED FIGURE

Now!

The messenger panics and spurs his frightened horse, but the pair of lancers come charging down upon him. A thunderous blow knocks him from the saddle and he falls to the ground with a sickening thud.

He groans in agony as his horse stands shuddering by.

The third hooded figure rides over to the other two and dismounts, pushing back his cowl. It is Friar Alasdair, leering vindictively. He lights a taper and kneels by the writhing victim, who holds up his trembling hands.

MESSENGER

(in agony)

But I know you, brother. I
beg you for mercy! Why -

FRIAR ALASDAIR

You come stealing like a
thief upon Castle Lee in the
middle of the night, and ask
me for mercy? What is thy
mission?

MESSENGER

I cannot tell thee.

Friar Alasdair rips open the messenger's bloodsoaked
doublet. The friar tears loose a leather pouch and
opens it, finding the letter and jewel.

FRIAR ALASDAIR

These are gifts from Guy
MacArthur to Annabel Lee.
Tell me precisely where you
were to bring them.

The messenger refuses to speak and Friar Alasdair
grabs him by the throat, choking him.

FRIAR ALASDAIR

Speak and I shall let you
live, but remain silent and
you will surely die.

The friar expertly increases the pain until the
messenger can bear it no more.

MESSENGER

The lady's study!

The messenger struggles ruefully, writhing beneath the
friar's grip.

FRIAR ALASDAIR

(bewildered)

But how? There is no way in or out of Castle Lee without passing by my guards. Obviously, you have done this many times before, but how, without being discovered by me?!

Enraged, he chokes even harder, but this time the messenger refuses to utter a word. The friar pulls a dagger and puts the tip right up to the messenger's throat.

FRIAR ALASDAIR

Speak, varlet!

MESSENGER

No!

FRIAR ALASDAIR

Then die!

He plunges the dagger into him, making him die with a yell. The friar turns to the others.

FRIAR ALASDAIR

Come, we shall return to the chapel and see what more is to be done. We'll leave the body here.

He hides Guy's gifts under his mantle and mounts up, grabbing the reins to the messenger's riderless horse and his own.

The messenger's dripping blood glistens in the moonlight.

INT. TORTURE CHAMBER - NIGHT

The dungeon of a monk's chapel has a gruesome assemblage of instruments for inflicting pain, including whips, iron brands and a battleaxe.

The three monks enter and stand by a lighted torch, where Friar Alasdair holds up Guy's glittering jewel and sarcastically reads from the letter aloud.

FRIAR ALASDAIR

"My muse and my angel" - that would be Annabel - "Our love shines bright where there is no light, the fairest treasure of the night, brighter by far than the morning star, who hides his face wherever we are, like a jealous and forlorn lover. Meet me again by the sea, tomorrow."

Monk no. 1 snarls.

MONK NO. 1

Romantic drivel.

FRIAR ALASDAIR

Yes, but it contains a valuable clue: meet me by the sea again tomorrow where there is no light. It must be the lovers' secret meeting place. The moon is nearly full tonight, perhaps they meet inside a dark cavern by the sea. Have you any idea where that might be?

MONK NO. 1

There are many such places by the sea where a pair of cautious lovers might go unobserved.

FRIAR ALASDAIR

Yes, too many!

He folds the letter and returns it with the jewel to the leather pouch, then hands it to monk no. 1.

FRIAR ALASDAIR

Leave these in Annabel's
study. And first make sure
that the lady is not there.

He hands the pouch to the monk and the monk exits.
Friar Alasdair stares angrily at his other assistant.

FRIAR ALASDAIR

Search for their meeting
place; do not stop searching
until you find it!

INT. STUDY - NIGHT

Monk no. 1 leaves the letter and jewel on top of
Annabel's writing desk, then silently exits.

JUMP CUT:

INT. STUDY - DAY

Annabel enters, refreshed from a night's sleep,
ravishing in velvet dressing gown and golden slippers.
She bolts the door, then gasps in surprise as she sees
the letter and jewel sitting out in the open on the
writing desk.

ANNABEL

Guy's messenger! How
careless of him to leave
these here.

She reads the letter excitedly and marvels at the
jewel, then opens a drawer and puts them both inside.

ANNABEL

Again tonight!

EXT. BY THE SEA - NIGHT

The lovers passionately embrace by the entrance to the
cavern; the wind gusts, there is a crack of thunder
and a heavy rain begins to fall. They rush inside.

INT. THE CAVERN - NIGHT

By the roaring fire they kiss ardently and long; Guy holds Annabel by the shoulders studying her as if she were a fabulous work of art.

Annabel hungrily caresses him about the throat.

GUY

I have a great surprise.
When next we are together, in
one day's time, it shall be
inside the wood outside your
castle, just after daybreak!

ANNABEL

But why not at night and why
not here? We have always
been happy together like
this.

GUY

I have found another better
place where we may meet in
more safety. I must take you
there and show it to you for
your approval before I build
our hideaway there.

ANNABEL

A hideaway?

GUY

Yes, a home for both of us
where we can live and love in
warmth and comfort, far away
from prying eyes and away
from the wind and rain.

ANNABEL

Oh Guy!

They embrace, while the howling wind sends the rain splattering up to the edge of the fire.

INT. TORTURE CHAMBER - NIGHT

Monk no. 1 enters and finds Friar Alasdair writing at a lectern.

MONK NO. 1

Annabel is neither in her study nor in her sleeping chamber.

FRIAR ALASDAIR

But how does she leave the castle without being seen? Damn her! Her lover must be stopped and soon!

MONK NO. 1

Tell me when and where, and I shall confront him with three others.

FRIAR ALASDAIR

Let me think on it; I must speak with Malcolm first.

INT. THRONE ROOM, LEE CASTLE - NIGHT

A fire roars in the fireplace. Malcolm sits upon his throne, impatiently waiting to speak with Friar Alasdair as the Vassal exits.

FRIAR ALASDAIR

The MacArthurs again?

MALCOLM

Aye, 20 of our best men bloodied by peasants.

FRIAR ALASDAIR

What do you intend to do about it?

MALCOLM

Nothing!

FRIAR ALASDAIR

Weakling!

MALCOLM

I'll ask mother. We have more important business to discuss.

FRIAR ALASDAIR

(ironically)

With your consent, milord, I have decided it may be easier to ambush Guy during the day when he is about the business of his clan.

Malcolm meditates for an instant, then shakes his head.

MALCOLM

In broad daylight?

FRIAR ALASDAIR

Yes.

MALCOLM

There could be a witness. Mother said no witness. No. Why must you waste my time? I should punish you for your delay!

FRIAR ALASDAIR

(suddenly
homicidal)

Punish me? Fool!

He lays a hand upon the hilt of his dagger and stares at Malcolm with a great deal of menace.

MALCOLM

(nervously)

Wait, I can see how that might please mother more! There would be no danger to Annabel during the day, only to Guy.

FRIAR ALASDAIR

Whether or not there is
danger to Annabel. Tell the
Lady Brigid nothing about my
plan -

Alasdair pulls the dagger from its scabbard.

FRIAR ALASDAIR

Unless I succeed, or -

MALCOLM

(panicky)

You are a wise counselor,
Alasdair, and if you succeed,
you shall be rewarded with
the gift of a deed from my
lands.

Alasdair slides the dagger back in place.

FRIAR ALASDAIR

(ironically)

Milord is a most gracious
knight!

Malcolm takes advantage to save face for his weakness.

MALCOLM

Do not fail me and report
back the instant you have
news! You may leave me now.

The friar exits. Malcolm sniffs relievedly.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. LEE FOREST - DAY

Just after dawn, the sun is still invisible in the
cloud-filled sky.

Guy finds Annabel waiting in a mossy hollow,
pathetically coughing as the wind tears through the
naked branches of the trees. They are both on
horseback.

He removes his flowing scarf and wraps it tightly around her delicate throat. In return, she drapes a garland of flowers over his broad shoulders. A small bird sings shrill and clear.

He leans forward to kiss her, but hears a rustling sound, and turns to look into the shadows.

GUY

We may have been seen.

ANNABEL

Follow me, there is a hidden way out of the Lee forest.

She wheels her horse around and rapidly down a narrow ravine, with Guy closely following.

A pair of young Lee FORESTERS have been watching from the shadows.

FORESTER NO. 1

Halt!

The foresters draw their swords and spur their horses down the ravine.

Suddenly, Guy gallops at them waving his sword, which causes them to turn tail and flee.

JUMP CUT:

FORESTER NO. 1

Shall we tell Friar Alasdair?

FORESTER NO. 2

I suppose we must.

EXT. WOODLANDS - DAY

In a small clearing dappled with flowers, Guy halts and looks warily behind him.

GUY

I don't see them.

He embraces Annabel from the saddle and they have a long lingering kiss.

DISSOLVE:

Passing through a stand of silvery birch trees, the couple see an aged SHEPHERD grazing his flock in a pasture. The herdsman roughly strikes a sheep with his crook, upsetting Annabel. Guy rides closer and hails him.

GUY

I'd as soon have you strike
me as that beast, my friend.

SHEPHERD

Forgive me.

GUY

Granted. But be so kind as
to forget that you have seen
us pass this way together.

SHEPHERD

Though ye be the bonniest
couple in the land, I shall
forget I ever saw you.

Guy tips his hat and the lovers continue on their way.

GUY

He is a good servant. Like
the messenger that I sent to
you.

ANNABEL

Your messenger. 'Twas
strange that he came and went
last time without meeting me,
not as usual.

GUY

That is odd, and I haven't
seen him since then.

ANNABEL

But he did leave me your
letter and a gift.

She proudly displays the jewel.

ANNABEL

I hope no ill befell him.

GUY

Hmm . . .

ANNABEL

Are you worried, my love?

He seems troubled, but smiles to keep Annabel from worrying.

GUY

No.

JUMP CUT:

Mounted on horseback, Friar Alasdair and monk no. 1 cut in among the frightened sheep until Alasdair's horse is practically on top of the shepherd.

FRIAR ALASDAIR

Tell us which way they went from here.

SHEPHERD

I may not say.

Alasdair draws his sword, and his horse lurches forward into the shepherd.

FRIAR ALASDAIR

You will lose your flock if you do not answer me truthfully.

SHEPHERD

I cannot!

FRIAR ALASDAIR

You mean you will not!

The friar spurs his horse forward, unexpectedly causing the mare to rear. He tries to rein her in, but she is too excited. The shepherd throws up his hands and the mare chops up and down with her ironshod hooves striking the defenseless shepherd over and over

until he collapses in a bloody heap beneath her. The panicking sheep scatter in every direction.

FRIAR ALASDAIR

Dead, he is no use to me!
They could have traveled in
ten different directions from
here.

MONK NO. 1

What does it matter? We
won't find Guy alone today.

FRIAR ALASDAIR

Alone be damned! Let it be
known among our peasants and
herdsmen that Guy passed this
way.

MONK NO. 1

Why?

FRIAR ALASDAIR

Because when the body of this
shepherd is discovered here,
Guy shall be blamed for the
murder.

Friar Alasdair turns his horse back the way he came,
but the monk points in another direction.

MONK NO. 1

Let us leave this way in case
anyone else is nearby.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. UPLAND MEADOW - DAY

The clouds break, the sun shines warmly and the winds
die down. Shoulder to shoulder, the horses of the
lovers climb steadily as the riders sadly converse.

ANNABEL

They are so wicked I can
barely stand their company.

GUY

'Tis cruel. We should cross
the sea and find another
land.

ANNABEL

What kind of life could you
lead there, so far from home?

GUY

A happy one for just so long
as we stay together.

ANNABEL

What would you think of me,
though, if I caused you to
give up your claim to be
king?

GUY

My heart bids me think only
of thee.

EXT. RUINED ABBEY - DAY

Roofless gothic arches are covered in creeping vines
where small birds nest and chatter; the nave is
overgrown with weeds; a dirt path leads through the
crumbling outer walls to the snow-capped mountain
peaks beyond.

Annabel and Guy halt by the brambly banks of a rushing
stream, where a crazy woman suddenly jumps out from
behind a holly bush to harangue them. It is an
ancient SYBIL, fortune-telling seer, scratched and
smeared with dirt.

SYBIL

At last ye have arrived! I
waited days and days for you
while the howling wind
chilled my back and the
pouring rains made me weak
and sick; I waited because
the angels would not let me
rest until I spoke to ye!

Guy pulls a coin from his purse. The Sybil flaps her bony wings and shrieks before she hides the coin in her purse.

SYBIL

I thank thee, but nothing can
save thee from the terrors
that I have seen!

ANNABEL

You wish to prophecy our
future.

(indulgently)

Have you received a message
about us from beyond the
grave?

SYBIL

Aye, and 'tis an awful burden
that I carry for you.

Guy takes two more coins from his purse and the old hag hungrily clutches them, then pulls off her cloak and reverses it. She throws the cloak to the ground and falls upon it on her knees, then scratches in the dirt before her with a twig.

SYBIL

Speak ye ghosts of the dead;
open up the tomb of tomorrow
and show me who will lie
inside!

Guy gathers in his reins.

GUY

Keep your money, old woman,
and go.

Annabel lays a hand upon his arm.

ANNABEL

No, wait, she's just daft.
Let her finish.

Guy relents and the loony seer continues.

SYBIL

(keening)

I see a pitiable prince in
mourning, half-naked in torn
and ill seeming rags, his
hands soaked in blood; at his
feet, lying still upon the
cold damp ground, is a noble
maiden of deathly pallor,
wrapped up in her winding
sheet.

Annabel shudders and sighs; Guy firmly motions the hag
away.

ANNABEL

She chills my soul.

GUY

(to Sybil)

'Tis enough.

The lovers slowly turn their horses and walk them into
the roofless abbey. The sybil shrieks after them.

SYBIL

You dare not enter there!

ANNABEL

(mugging
comically)

What secret evil goes on
inside the old abbey?

A pair of surprised lovers step out of an alcove and
quickly hide behind a wall. Annabel laughs, cheering
Guy.

ANNABEL

Have you been here many times
before? And with who?

GUY
(blushing)
I'm sure that I don't know.

Annabel giggles naughtily.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. LAKE - DAY

Guy and Annabel dismount at the edge of a tarn that darkly mirrors the storm clouds above. Stately wild swans glide among mists that veil a distant barren island.

He tethers their horses to a tree root, then drags a beached rowboat down off the shore and helps Annabel climb inside.

GUY
Come, we still have a long
way to go!

Guy pushes off, jumps aboard and begins rowing with powerful long strokes that make the small vessel rapidly skim across the water.

The sky turns ominously dark and a blast of wind drives needles of rain through the glassy surface of the water; the swans trumpet and launch into flight.

Annabel silently watches Guy as he rows, admiring his sinewy arms.

It is a long way across the lake.

EXT. ISLAND - DAY

The boat glides among brakes of yellow rushes until it comes to a halt at a sandy beach, where Guy leaps ashore and drags the craft up onto the land. He helps Annabel step ashore.

The rain suddenly stops, but a bitter wind brings waves plunging against the beach as a great bank of clouds comes sailing overhead.

They stroll up the beach into a stand of gnarled and leafless trees that climb a slope to the naked crest of a hill.

At the rocky summit, they are halted by a regal stag, who stiffly holds aloft his crown of antlers as if in challenge. Guy bows his head in greeting and the stag bolts, disappearing down the far side of the hill.

ANNABEL

Such a noble creature!

GUY

On this island he is king and
we are his guests.

The wind rises steadily until it booms loudly, uprooting the sparse hilltop bracken and rudely hurling it against them.

Guy shelters Annabel under his arm as they walk between a pair of stone pillars.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. BY A WATERFALL - DAY

At the base of a ridge high above the lake, in an alpine meadow with a rock rimmed pool fed by shimmering cascades of bright clear water.

The lovers stop next to a tree. Annabel is awed by the spectacular view of a vast wilderness made up of misty lake, bare hills and distant ridges shrouded by low clouds.

ANNABEL

Here?

GUY

Yes. We are in a no man's
land that belongs neither to
Lee nor to MacArthur but
happily lies in between.

ANNABEL

'Tis beautiful beyond all my
imagining.

She is delighted when a white doe calmly wades into
the pool and drinks.

GUY

You shall live here as my
wife.

ANNABEL

Blissfully together and
alone.

Guy leans back against the tree.

GUY

Only my most trusted servants
will know about it.

ANNABEL

And how shall we pass the
lonely hours? Like this?

She throws her arms about his neck and tries to pull
his mantle off, but he won't allow it.

GUY

No, my dear, not yet, not out
in the open.

She regards him with mingled love and frustration.
Guy points further up in the meadow.

GUY

I will build your cottage
there, with a huge stone
fireplace and enough firewood
and provisions to last us
through the winter, and with
Wolf, my greyhound, to keep
you company whenever I am
away.

She studies the landscape for a long while and is well
pleased.

ANNABEL

Until the cottage is ready,
when and where shall we meet?
Again in two days' time at
the cavern by the sea?

GUY

Yes, though it isn't safe!

ANNABEL

You are a cruel master to
give me so much hope, and
then make me wait so long for
love.

She holds him longingly.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. THE GREAT HALL, MACARTHUR CASTLE - NIGHT

By the hearth, Sir Robert finishes reading a letter,
then fixes a contemptuous stare upon Guy, who has just
come in from the cold.

SIR ROBERT

Where have you been?

He doesn't wait for an answer, but shows Guy the
letter.

SIR ROBERT

(acidly)

The Lady Brigid Lee, mother
to your beloved princess, by
this writing seeks to deprive
us of our ancient water
rights.

Guy hands him back the letter.

GUY

We need not make an answer.

SIR ROBERT

No, the letter may be ignored, just like your forbidden love affair, but what shall I do about the many cattle the Lees have stolen from us?

GUY

(angry)

Missing cattle? I'll look into it tomorrow morning, father.

SIR ROBERT

And if you are satisfied that your friends, the Lees, are the ones who have taken them?

GUY

The cattle shall be returned to their rightful owners.

SIR ROBERT

(a little
ashamed)

'Tis all that I ask of thee.

GUY

Good night then.

Guy exits. Sir Robert tosses the letter into the fire and skeptically watches it burn.

EXT. LEE CASTLE - NIGHT

A pair of hooded monks armed with battleaxes stand guard to either side of a torch-lit archway.

INT. STUDY - NIGHT

Annabel is startled by a loud rapping at her door and goes to answer. Before she can turn the handle though, the door swings open, roughly forcing her out of the way.

Red-faced and angry, the Lady Brigid enters, eagerly followed by the smug Malcolm and the vindictive Friar Alasdair.

LADY BRIGID

It is no use denying your treachery!

MALCOLM

The friar has proof of the foul deed!

FRIAR ALASDAIR

Can you explain how you were able to travel to and fro without passing by my guards?

ANNABEL

Am I to consider myself accountable to you, my servant?

FRIAR ALASDAIR

One of our shepherds was found slain in the forest; we believe Guy MacArthur, who passed that way today with you, may be the murderer.

ANNABEL

(incensed)

Outrageous lie! Get out of my study immediately!

FRIAR ALASDAIR

But I have witnesses. The shepherd's widow believes the murderer to be Guy.

ANNABEL

I was with him the whole time!

MALCOLM

So you admit that you met!

Malcolm grins sardonically and lays his hands upon her shoulders. She bridles angrily.

MALCOLM

We know you would lie for
the sake of your beloved,
sister -

Suddenly, Annabel explodes and pummels Malcolm about the head and shoulders, making him cower. She is halted only by the strenuous effort of both her mother and the friar, who pins back her arms.

Blood spills from the corner of Annabel's mouth and her chest heaves as she coughs bitterly and attempts to regain her breath. The friar forces her over to the couch, where she violently looses her arms and sits.

MALCOLM

A murder -

ANNABEL

(shouting at
Malcolm)

You'll not make any more of
your bloody libels against
Guy to me! Now get out; I'll
hear no more of it, I say,
get out!

Brigid comforts the enraged Malcolm and leads him away, while the friar warns Annabel, but in a placatory tone.

FRIAR ALASDAIR

(unctuously)

Why do you never come to see
me the way your brother
Malcolm does? We could avoid
any further unpleasantness,
if you would only come to
shrift and make a full and
candid confession to me.

ANNABEL

Confess to a liar who libels
the man I love?!

FRIAR ALASDAIR

You cannot love a man to whom
you are not married. True
love is not possible without
a marriage ceremony and the
sanction of the church.

ANNABEL

(screams)

Leave me!

The friar creeps backwards out of the room and Annabel
slams the door in his face.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. MOOR - DAY

Late afternoon, Guy trots his stallion down a path
towards a group of grazing cattle which are being
herded along by Malcolm mounted on a black mare.

When he sees Guy, Malcolm wheels about and spurs his
horse to a gallop, headed straight for him. At the
last instant he halts right in front of Guy, but Guy
is unafraid.

GUY

Must you always be sullen and
discourteous even in greet-
ing, Malcolm? Why can't you
treat me like a brother?

MALCOLM

Because I am born your enemy.

Malcolm rises in the saddle and places his hand on the
hilt of his dirk. Guy smiles mirthfully.

GUY

Should that be taken as a
threat? Why don't you draw?

Malcolm enviously eyes Guy's sword.

MALCOLM

You have the advantage of me;
if I had armed myself better,
you'd not escape without
doing me the honor of a duel.

GUY

What is the cause of your ill
temper?

Malcolm's eyes flare, then he tremblingly points at
the grazing cattle.

MALCOLM

I have it in mind to confis-
cate these cattle in payment
for the use of my land and
water.

GUY

(laughing)

Both the water and this land,
like the air we breathe,
belong not to thee, but are
free to everyone. However,
those cattle must be returned
to the herdsmen who raised
them up from little calves.

MALCOLM

And was my sister, Annabel,
also raised up from a little
calf by herdsmen from your
clan? Or will you return
her to me when you have had
your fill of her?

Guy tenses and his stallion starts.

GUY

(warning)

I believe your sister to be a
lady of virtue and would not
hear her so roughly used, not
even by her brother.

The heat of Guy's emotion makes Malcolm flinch.

MALCOLM

You are not so cowardly as to
attack me now. At least let
me speak.

Guy quickly cools himself down.

GUY

(apologetically)
Speak freely.

MALCOLM

Don't deny it, at dawn,
morning last, my kinsmen
spied you with Annabel!

GUY

I feel only love for Annabel,
which should please anyone
who cares for her as I do.

MALCOLM

By taking my sister without
my permission, you have
insulted the honor of every
member of my clan.

GUY

I am at great pains to avoid
insulting you and your clan.

MALCOLM

Can you call your sinning
righteous when you must hide
it the way that you do?

GUY

(ironically)
And was it righteous,
Malcolm, last sabbath eve,
for you to hide in the
shadows behind my castle with
that little dagger of yours
in hand and ready to plunge
in between my shoulder
blades?

MALCOLM

I deny that it ever happened.

GUY

(enraged)

False knight!

Malcolm quickly spurs his horse until his knee roughly collides with Guy's.

MALCOLM

I could have killed you
before and I might easily do
so now.

He rapidly draws his dagger and aims it at Guy's chest, but in an instant, Guy's sword is out and upon the point of Malcom's chin. Malcolm cringes weakly.

GUY

I'll bear your threats no
longer.

MALCOLM

I yield until I am better
armed.

Guy reluctantly sheaths his sword.

GUY

It cannot be good.

Malcolm cautiously reins his horse away and then speaks again at a safe distance.

MALCOLM

I will punish you for your
arrogance.

GUY

Name the time and the place.

MALCOLM

When we are closer to the
day.

GUY

I shall not fail you.

(a pause)

Malcolm, we could still make
a peace - for Annabel's sake,
if not for mine.

Frustrated, Malcolm wheels his horse around and gallops away. Guy groans unhappily and then shouts at the cattle, moving them down slope.

FADE TO:

EXT. WASTELAND - DAY

A gray landscape of bare crags and lifeless dun colored hills.

Guy canters his stallion down a rough track that winds around a sheer cliff. He pauses on a ledge above a deep rock gorge.

Further down the trail, it becomes very steep and Guy slows his horse to a walk until he arrives at a rugged ravine.

SLOW DISSOLVE:

EXT. GLEN - DAY

Guy rides through a meadow between steep hills until he reaches the entrance to a rocky gorge.

Suddenly, a shower of rocks comes roaring down the hillside; Guy's stallion shies about wildly, narrowly escaping the falling missiles, then careens up the gorge at the gallop.

The jittery mount finally calms, only to be startled again by the thundering sound of pounding hooves.

Two pairs of hooded riders charge around a blind corner with their lances aimed straight for Guy's chest.

Guy's stallion whirls around and they race back down the trail at top speed, just inches ahead of the lances.

Back at the rock slide, the stallion leaps the pile of stone, and flies up the end of the valley, with the lancers hot behind.

They race up a long slope to the top of a hill, with Guy widening the gap every step of the way, until suddenly he halts, wheeling around to face his pursuers with a battle cry and a flourish of gleaming steel.

Daunted, the lancers slow and Guy instantly charges back down at them.

His first sword blow cleaves a lance in two, the next blow sends a rider tumbling from the saddle.

He yells fiercely at the other riders and their horses collide with each other as they shy away.

The fallen rider, Malcolm's vassal, stands and draws, but Guy slaps the flat of his blade against the vassal's shoulder and shouts.

GUY
Yield or die!

The trembling vassal drops his weapon and cowardly falls to his knees pressing his palms together and begging for mercy.

At that instant, the three other lancers renew the attack upon Guy, forcing his stallion to stumble downslope - long enough for the vassal to quickly remount and escape.

Guy threatens violently with his sword and the three other attackers spur their horses away.

EXT. MOUNTAIN PASS - DAY

The four escaping riders gallop along a precipice as Guy races after them, steadily gaining ground.

He is nearly upon the last one when suddenly he pulls his stallion to a skidding halt.

As the dust clears, Guy leaps from the saddle to kneel by the body of his slain messenger.

The escaping riders disappear down the trail that leads to Lee castle.

Guy moans ruefully as he studies the dead man's gaping wound.

GUY

My messenger? This is his
reward for serving me?

Guy brushes the dirt from the brow of his kinsman and meditates long.

GUY

If ever you loved me well,
your death shall be avenged!

He looks murderously in the direction of Lee castle, then mournfully down at his slain messenger again.

GUY

But not today.

Cradling the body, he lifts it on to the pommel of his saddle, then mounts up behind it and sadly turns his horse back up the trail.

The sun sets gloomily over the snowcapped mountains.

EXT. CHAPEL, LEE CASTLE - TWILIGHT

The escaping riders gallop up to the arched entry, where they dismount exhausted.

Friar Alasdair furiously pulls the cord to a service bell, which brings grooms running to tend to the horses.

As the riders enter the chapel, Malcolm appears, anxious in anticipation.

MALCOLM
Brother Alasdair! What news
of Guy? Is he -

Alasdair motions violently.

FRIAR ALASDAIR
Inside!

Malcolm quickly enters the chapel ahead of him.

INT. TORTURE CHAMBER - NIGHT

Alasdair and Malcolm rapidly descend a narrow staircase to join the others, who have removed their mantles by fireside.

MALCOLM
(whining)
What news?

The friar has to restrain himself from striking the cringing prince.

FRIAR ALASDAIR
Guy is more dangerous now
than ever before!

Malcolm implores the others with a wide-eyed fearful look, but they turn away. Malcolm yelps with disappointment.

MALCOLM
You let him escape!

FRIAR ALASDAIR
We cannot fail another time.
He will surely avenge himself
upon us now.

MALCOLM
(pleading)
Not Guy, he'll wait for you
to challenge him again.
(laughing)
And then let him wait
forever.

FRIAR ALASDAIR

No! He discovered the body
of his slain messenger where
we left it.

Malcolm wails with fear.

MALCOLM

And I am the one he will make
pay for the murder that you
committed! You must hide me,
you must protect me, or I
will -

FRIAR ALASDAIR

If you betray us, you will be
the first to die!

Malcolm stares threateningly at the others and they
return his stare with added menace. He turns away
bitterly and crosses to the stairs, which he begins to
climb.

MALCOLM

(tearfully)

Betray you? I am betrayed by
everyone, even by my own
sister!

He looks down hopelessly and trudges further up the
steps, then halts and pauses for a pregnant moment.

MALCOLM

The stairs!

FRIAR ALASDAIR

What nonsense is this?

MALCOLM

(excitedly)

The stairs! There is a
hidden staircase that leads
from Annabel's study to a
secret exit behind the
castle!

The friar angrily rushes toward him.

FRIAR ALASDAIR

Why did you not mention this
to me before?

MALCOLM

I had forgotten. Annabel
revealed the passageway to me
long ago, when we were
children, and she made me
swear never to tell anyone
about it.

The friar hastily climbs the stairs with Malcolm
jogging up ahead of him.

EXT. COURTYARD, LEE CASTLE - NIGHT

Alasdair tightly grips Malcolm's arm as the whining
prince leads the way with a flaming torch. They stop
outside the heavy oaken door.

MALCOLM

Here!

FRIAR ALASDAIR

Are you sure?

MALCOLM

How can I be sure after so
many years?

The friar roughly pushes Malcolm aside. He grabs the
door handle, and the door slowly opens, creaking like
an ancient coffin lid.

FRIAR ALASDAIR

Bring your torch.

Malcolm enters the staircase and the friar follows.

INT. HIDDEN STAIRCASE - NIGHT

MALCOLM

There are two flights up to
Annabel's study.

FRIAR ALASDAIR
(whispering)
Quiet, or she'll hear us.

They stealthily climb the stairs.

INT. STUDY - NIGHT

Sitting at her desk, sickly and pale, Annabel lovingly pours over Guy's letters yet another time.

INT. HIDDEN STAIRCASE - NIGHT

Malcolm stops at a landing and leaves his torch in a sconce, then silently motions Friar Alasdair up behind him to a shaded archway.

Malcolm very carefully pulls back the edge of the tapestry, revealing Annabel with her back turned.

Alasdair is enraged. Malcolm pulls his dagger and grins evilly, but the friar impatiently signs for him to put his weapon away and move back down the stairs.

INT. STUDY - NIGHT

Annabel senses something is wrong and gets up to walk to the tapestry, but just then a gust of air blows out a candle. Satisfied that it must only have been wind from the open window that distracted her, she pulls the window shut, then returns to her letters at the desk.

INT. HIDDEN STAIRCASE - NIGHT

At the base of the stairs, Malcolm and Friar Alasdair furtively exit into the night.

EXT. COURTYARD, LEE CASTLE - NIGHT

The friar quietly shuts the oaken door.

MALCOLM
Are you pleased?

FRIAR ALASDAIR

Not at all. This news comes
much too late.

MALCOLM

But what if we post a guard
here? Then when Annabel
tries to sneak away, the
guard will stop her and we
can force her to tell us
where she holds her meetings
with Guy.

FRIAR ALASDAIR

What if she refuses to tell
us?

MALCOLM

(confused)
She is stubborn.

FRIAR ALASDAIR

Idiot! I will post a spy
nearby where he cannot be
seen. This spy will secretly
follow Annabel wherever she
goes and report her movements
back to me.

MALCOLM

Yes, that is the way.

FRIAR ALASDAIR

Be careful not to let Annabel
know what we have guessed.

Malcolm agrees and Alasdair sneers at him. Malcolm
starts to leave, but the friar motions him over to the
gate.

FRIAR ALASDAIR

Come this way - we'll get
ready for tomorrow night.
Next time we confront Guy, it
will be when he least expects
it, immediately after he has
been with your sister.

MALCOLM

But mother insists that
Annabel not be harmed.

FRIAR ALASDAIR

What does it matter now?
Leave your mother to me!

They creep back through the gate.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. LEE CASTLE - DAY

Atop a turret, Annabel looks lonely out to sea with the wind blowing through her hair, while nearby a blind harper plays a melancholy tune. A pair of maidens watch her sadly.

MAIDEN

Is there anyone who does not
weep for her?

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. STUDY - NIGHT

Dressed for the night and the cold, Annabel draws back the tapestry, and exits down the hidden staircase.

EXT. COURTYARD WALL, LEE CASTLE - NIGHT

Annabel passes through the gate and is met by her servant, who has her horse ready.

ANNABEL

God bless you.

Annabel mounts up and canters down the trail; the servant passes back through the gate.

Lurking unseen in the shadow of a hazel tree, monk no. 2, mounted on horseback, waits an instant more, then quietly reins his horse down the trail after Annabel.

EXT. BY THE SEA - NIGHT

Guy leads Annabel down the steps in the cliff-face.

Atop the cliff, monk no. 2 creeps to the edge. He stealthily spies down upon the lovers as they cross the lagoon and enter the sea cave, flickering with firelight.

After a little while, the hermit comes out of the cave and crosses the lagoon.

The monk hastily draws back and hides behind a boulder.

The hermit tops the cliff and passes by him.

INT. THE CAVERN - NIGHT

Annabel and Guy embrace by the fire, until a cold gust of wind nearly blows it out.

Guy adds wood to the flames and Annabel coughs uncontrollably, finally spitting up a handful of bright red blood.

Dismayed, Guy rushes to hold her and fearfully wipes the blood from her cheek with a kerchief.

ANNABEL

(gasping)

It is nothing, my love.

GUY

But blood? Not blood! For how long have you been like this?

ANNABEL

Please -

GUY

From the cold. For how long?

ANNABEL

(shamefully)

For some time now.

Guy looks in horror at the stained kerchief.

GUY

(tearfully)

Then you are deathly ill!

ANNABEL

Nothing can ever take my love
away from you.

Supporting her with his arm, Guy leads Annabel to their bed, makes her lie down and covers her with blankets and his mantle.

GUY

Rest quietly for a while.

ANNABEL

And you by my side.

Guy lays down beside Annabel and hugs her against his chest. She gratefully clasps his hand and shuts her eyes contentedly.

Guy's face clouds with guilt.

EXT. TRAIL - NIGHT

Monk no. 2 whips his horse as it gallops upslope towards Lee castle.

INT. TORTURE CHAMBER - NIGHT

Friar Alasdair and seven others have assembled to hear monk no. 2's report.

MONK NO. 2

We have until dawn.

FRIAR ALASDAIR

Fetch Malcolm here, right
away. Also, have the grooms
prepare horses for us all.

MONK NO. 2

Aye.

Monk no. 2 quickly exits up the staircase. Alasdair crosses the room to a rack of weapons.

FRIAR ALASDAIR

Now, the rest of you, listen
closely to me.

The other monks gather around.

EXT. TRAIL - NIGHT

The party of armed monks gallops down the trail from Lee castle to the sea.

INT. THE CAVERN - NIGHT

The lovers are lying peacefully on the pallet when there is the distant echoing sound of a yell. Guy stirs.

ANNABEL

What is it?

The yell again. Guy jumps up from the pallet and hastily walks over to listen at the cavern entrance. Annabel regards him anxiously.

JUMP CUT:

EXT. BY THE SEA - NIGHT

Annabel rushes out of the cave and wades knee-deep into the lagoon. Guy rapidly climbs the cliff face.

ANNABEL

Guy!

Guy looks back over his shoulder, but hears a bone-chilling yell from above.

VOICE

Help me! Oh Jesus, help me
please!

Guy calls to Annabel -

GUY

Turn back!

- then quickly returns to his climbing.

In a panic, Annabel rushes the rest of the way across the lagoon and runs to the base of the cliff.

Guy tops the cliff and scrambles madly upslope. He looks all about and sees a figure lying on the ground.

GUY

No!

He rushes over to it and finds the hermit lying on the ground, gruesomely gashed and bloodied, his eyes staring emptily up at the moon. Guy desperately tries to revive him, but he is dead.

VOICE

(mocking)

Help!

It is Malcolm on horseback further upslope, armed with a flaming torch.

When Guy sees who it is, he growls and draws his sword. Just then, Annabel, soaked and feverish from her climb, appears at the clifftop.

MALCOLM

Help!

ANNABEL

Guy!

Guy sees Annabel but cannot control his rage. She waves to him desperately, but he turns and races towards Malcolm.

Suddenly, horsemen armed with torches and lances come galloping out of the shadows.

Instead of meeting Guy's flashing sword, the horsemen split off and release nets - fishing nets - that fly through the air.

The nets tumble down over Guy, making him fall under their weight.

Annabel screams and races towards him as he struggles on the ground.

The blade of Guy's sword pokes through a net but a lance cuts his hand. Guy yells as he drops his weapon and thrashes violently under the nets.

The horsemen have halted. A lancer dismounts and approaches the nets.

Annabel leaps upon the lancer and tries to wrestle him away.

The other horsemen quickly dismount; one of them runs to Annabel and roughly throws her to the ground where she lies dazed.

The monks gather in the nets tightly, making it impossible for Guy to escape no matter how he tries.

Emboldened by Guy's capture, Malcolm rides over to Friar Alasdair, who remains mounted. Malcolm looks vindictively at their handiwork.

A monk picks Guy's sword up off the ground and holds it up with both hands, ready to plunge the weapon through the nets into Guy's writhing body.

Annabel crawls along the ground, crying bitterly.

ANNABEL

Stop!

Malcolm urges his horse forward.

MALCOLM

(to monk)

Don't kill him yet!

Annabel painfully rises onto her knees.

ANNABEL

Give me his sword so that I
may fall upon it!

MALCOLM

(to Annabel)

Fie on your treachery!

(to the monks)

Bring the prisoner back to
the chapel dungeon!

As the monks load Guy's struggling form onto one of their horses, Annabel regains her feet and savagely throws herself at Malcolm causing his mare nearly to throw him. Alasdair yells at the monks.

FRIAR ALASDAIR

Bind her!

As the monks corner her and tie a rope around her arms, Annabel struggles wildly.

ANNABEL

Slay me now!

With all her might, she tries to loose her bonds, but swoons.

A pair of monks lift her onto the pommel of Friar Alasdair's saddle.

All mount up and Malcolm leads them away.

EXT. CHAPEL - NIGHT

The party of horsemen comes to a halt. The bundle containing Guy falls to the cobblestoned ground with a sickening thud.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. CHAPEL - NIGHT

Annabel lies perfectly still on a stone dais beneath the altar and cross of Jesus, with her pale throat exposed.

INT. TORTURE CHAMBER - NIGHT

As Malcolm, Friar Alasdair and the others look on, a pair of the monks with wooden bludgeons brutally lay into the bundle containing Guy.

FRIAR ALASDAIR

That is enough.

Blood seeps through the net as the form inside stirs.

MALCOLM

No, he is still a danger.

Ignoring Malcolm, Alasdair siezes iron shackles, each with its own chain, and hands them to the two assistants who lay down their bludgeons.

FRIAR ALASDAIR

Untie the nets.

The pair of monks cautiously unravel the nets, revealing the bleeding, battered form of Guy, still conscious, but barely able to move.

As the monks quickly attach the shackles to his wrists, Guy shocks them by groaning aloud and rising onto his knee. One monk drops the chain attached to a shackle.

FRIAR ALASDAIR

Keep a grip on him!

Guy rises unsteadily onto his feet. Malcolm cautiously backs away toward the stairs.

Friar Alasdair grabs the loose chain.

FRIAR ALASDAIR

(to monks)

The two of you on his other arm.

Together, Alasdair and his pair of assistants roughly drag Guy stumbling over to a wooden stock with iron ringlets.

FRIAR ALASDAIR

Quickly.

They drag the chains through the ringlets and pin them. Guy is secured in a standing position, arms pulled apart, throat painfully held in a notch cut into the wood.

Malcolm creeps over to Guy. He grabs his head by the hair and leers vindictively into his face.

MALCOLM

Now shall you pay for
disgracing my sister!

A pause, then Guy spits in his eye. Malcolm backs away stunned and wipes off the spittle with his sleeve.

MALCOLM

Swine!

Summoning all his strength, Guy tries to break free, shaking the stock. The shackles hold firm. Alasdair shouts at the monks.

FRIAR ALASDAIR

Make sure that he is secure!

One of the pair of assistants strikes Guy with a bludgeon; Guy reflexively tries to jerk free but cannot.

The monks thoroughly check the stock and irons, and one nods his approval to Alasdair.

MALCOLM

He cannot break free?

FRIAR ALASDAIR

No.

Malcolm carefully selects a cat-o-nine tails from a wooden rack, and walks around behind Guy. Without warning, he brings the knotted tails whipping down hard upon Guy's back three times, but Guy neither shudders nor moans.

MALCOLM

He has a hide as thick as a
beast's.

Alasdair rips open the back of Guy's tunic with a
knife; he signals three of the monks to stay close by
Malcolm.

FRIAR ALASDAIR

(to Malcolm)

Try it again.

Malcolm shakes out the tangled cat-o-nine tails.

Alasdair motions a pair of his assistants to follow
him up the stairs.

FRIAR ALASDAIR

Come, let us see to Annabel.

They exit. Malcolm proceeds to whip Guy with renewed
fury. Guy shows no emotion at all.

INT. CHAPEL - NIGHT

Friar Alasdair and the pair of monks hover about
Annabel guiltily.

FRIAR ALASDAIR

We cannot leave her here like
this.

Monk no. 1 leans down and feels the pulse on her neck.

MONK NO. 1

She is very weak.

Alasdair leans down and places his ear against her
motionless lips.

FRIAR ALASDAIR

She is as if dead.

MONK NO. 1

But she may revive.

FRIAR ALASDAIR

Don't contradict me.

He stares up into the rafters, and comes to a decision.

FRIAR ALASDAIR

Wrap the body in a winding
sheet and bring it to the Lee
crypt by the sea.

The pair of monks seem extremely reluctant to obey.

FRIAR ALASDAIR

(enraged)

Do it now!

The toadies grab Annabel by the arms and legs. She moans as they drag her off into the shadows.

EXT. LEE CRYPT - NIGHT

In the cloudy moonlight, the storm-tossed sea is visible far below.

One monk holds a torch aloft while the other, with Annabel draped over his shoulder, carries her to an ancient door blazoned with the Lee heraldry. Annabel is wrapped in a white winding sheet.

INT. LEE CRYPT - NIGHT

The monk carrying the torch holds the door open as the other monk enters and lays Annabel down upon a pallet against the wall. The torch bearer comes closer and they both watch Annabel quietly for an instant.

MONK NO. 1

She still lives.

MONK NO. 2

But not much longer. Come,
let us quickly away.

They exit.

EXT. LEE CRYPT - NIGHT

Monk no. 1 slams the door tightly shut and latches it.

INT. LEE CRYPT - NIGHT

By the light of a candle burning in an alcove, Annabel stirs slightly, worry lines wrinkling her brow, then moans long and loud.

INT. TORTURE CHAMBER - NIGHT

Malcolm frustratedly whips Guy, producing no reaction.

The monks look on contemptuously until Friar Alasdair siezes the whip from Malcolm and tosses it aside. He takes Guy's sword from a bench and hands it to Malcolm.

FRIAR ALASDAIR

Here, a trophy of the hunt.

Malcolm hefts it admiring the jeweled handle; he draws it out of the scabbard and moves over to Guy, then holds the blade under Guy's chin.

MALCOLM

So many gifts for Annabel and only this one for me? I ought to use it to cut your throat.

GUY

Coward!

Guy strains powerfully against the chains and the stock shudders so much that Malcolm timidly drops the sword. Friar Alasdair picks up the weapon and hands it back to him.

FRIAR ALASDAIR

Take it and go!

MALCOLM

(fearfully)

But you'll get nothing from him!

FRIAR ALASDAIR

No?

Alasdair has a monk tightly grip Guy by the throat.

Guy gasps and tries to work free but can't.

Alasdair shouts into Guy's ear.

FRIAR ALASDAIR

Can you pay us a ransom for
your life?

With the greatest painful effort, Guy twists his neck around and spits in Alasdair's face. The friar wipes away the spittle.

FRIAR ALASDAIR

After we have scourged you of
the devil, you shall kneel
before us and beg our for-
giveness!

Alasdair steps over to the fire and dips a ladle into a boiling cauldron, drawing forth a smoking cup of oil.

Stepping back over to Guy, he slowly pours the bubbling liquid over the open wounds, making him yell. Malcolm is shocked but also delighted.

FRIAR ALASDAIR

You may be sure he will give
in eventually.

Malcolm grabs for the ladle.

MALCOLM

Let me!

Alasdair holds the ladle out of reach.

FRIAR ALASDAIR

Wait!

Monks nos. 1 and 2 quietly enter and creep over to Friar Alasdair.

MONK NO. 1

We have done as you asked;
Annabel is at rest.

Guy suddenly raises his head and he bellows like a lion.

GUY

Tell me where she is!

FRIAR ALASDAIR

You'll never see her again.

Guy strains against the stock and a chain suddenly breaks loose. It whiplashes back at monk no. 2, who is knocked unconscious to the floor.

Malcolm jumps away fearfully, but the chain recoils and strikes him too, raising a nasty bruise on the forehead. He trembles and nearly collapses.

Alasdair yells at Malcolm.

FRIAR ALASDAIR

Leave us!

As Malcolm groggily runs across the room and climbs the stairs, Alasdair and monk no. 1 wrestle with Guy's loose arm.

FRIAR ALASDAIR

(to the others)

All of you help!

The others quickly crowd round and restrain Guy as he fiercely yells.

GUY

Where is she?

Alasdair grabs a smoking brand from the fire, and rushes back over to Guy.

He plunges the red hot iron into Guy's back, searing his skin.

Guy shakes from the pain, then suddenly wrenches around, completely snapping the second shackle off his wrist.

The monks throw themselves upon him, grasping for his struggling arms, but he is insanely angry and easily tosses them aside. He breaks free.

GUY
(shouting)
Annabel!

Two monks attack with iron brands; Guy flails back at them with the one chain still attached to his wrist, cutting them down with a scythe-like motion.

Alasdair rushes Guy with a flaming torch aimed at his head, wielding it like a club.

Guy dodges left and right away from the torch; Alasdair lunges, forcing Guy back against the fireplace.

When Alasdair leaps forward again, Guy tips over the cauldron and hot oil spills out over the friar's legs. Alasdair falls to the floor, screaming in horror.

The other monks rush in, kneeling to assist him.

Guy kicks embers from the fire onto the floor, making the oil burst into flames, then dashes away; Alasdair and three of the monks catch fire and blaze.

Another monk armed with a battleaxe stands between Guy and the staircase.

As smoke and flames climb the walls, Guy flails at his opponent with the chain, driving him backwards up the steps.

INT. CHAPEL - NIGHT

The monk counterattacks, forcing Guy to dodge away from the battleaxe.

At the altar of Jesus, a burst of flame roars along a wall hanging and ignites the monk's robe, making him drop his weapon and roll to the floor.

As the wooden pews and rafters catch fire, Guy staggers to the door; he rasps horribly from the smoke and the pain.

EXT. CHAPEL - NIGHT

Guy throws open the door and gasps, letting out the smoke from the flame-filled interior. He staggers outside, coughing in a fit.

A mounted figure appears: it is Malcolm armed with Guy's sword; he yells and spurs his mare forward.

At the last instant, Guy stumbles out of the way, and Malcolm's horse crashes into the chapel door.

Hooves clattering loudly on the cobblestones, horse and rider rattle about to face Guy, who is reeling.

Malcolm savagely digs in his spurs and the mare screams as it leaps at Guy.

Guy recovers just in time to dodge a deadly sword-blow, then turns and brings the chain shackled to his wrist crashing down over Malcolm's sword-arm, wrapping the links tightly around his wrist.

Guy pulls with all his might and Malcolm flies from the saddle, falling roughly to the ground with a thud.

The shackle on Guy's wrist drops off.

Both men lunge for the sword, but Guy is closer.

As Guy reaches for the weapon, Malcolm draws his dagger and plunges it into Guy's side, making him shout with pain as he grasps the swordhilt.

With a sudden thrust, Guy drives the sword blade up through Malcolm's chest, dropping him to the ground, where he wheezes and heaves.

Guy falls to his knees wearily, looking down regretfully. A long pause.

GUY

Where is Annabel?

Malcolm's squints painfully as he hoarsely answers.

MALCOLM

In her tomb, by the sea.

Malcolm grabs Guy's arm and looks beseechingly into his eyes as he dies.

MALCOLM

I swear that I never wished
her dead!

Guy pulls away in disgust and rises wearily to his feet.

Malcolm's horse stands trembling nearby; Guy clumsily rolls up into the saddle and reins the horse around into a trot, bouncing forward painfully with each step.

Behind him, the chapel burns like a tinder box; half the roof caves in with a loud crash, sending sparks flying off into the darkness.

EXT. HEADLAND - DAWN

A rocky bluff overlooking the sea, a few moments after sunrise in a driving rain.

Guy recklessly canters his mount down a slippery slope until it stumbles against a boulder, throwing both horse and rider roughly to the ground.

Fresh blood pours from the wound in Guy's side drenching his tunic, but he stiffly forces himself upright and rapidly limps down the muddy path that leads past a huge celtic cross to the stone crypt perched near the edge of a cliff.

The howling winds gather strength, sending heavy storm clouds scudding for the headland so that they block

out the rays of the rising sun. Seagulls screech overhead, tossed about like paper kites.

EXT. LEE CRYPT - DAY

Guy wrenches the door handle until the door comes screaming open.

INT. LEE CRYPT - DAY

Guy lights a torch from a burning candle, and anxiously waves it about. He gasps to see Annabel.

He places the torch in a holder and rushes to kneel by her side, crying with grief as he looks down into her still-open glassy eyes.

GUY

Oh, let her live!

He kisses Annabel tenderly about the brow, and mournfully caresses her lips and hair, then rips away the shroud, revealing her pale throat and shoulders. He cries pathetically.

After a long pause, he pulls a gleaming jewel from a hidden pouch and lays it upon her slender throat, while drops of his shining blood dapple her bodice.

He gently closes her eyes, sealing each one with a kiss, and sobs pathetically against her breast.

For a frustrating instant, Annabel's lifeless face seems almost animated, but it is only the weight of Guy's shuddering body that makes it seem so, and then her head heavily rolls to the side, her eyelids fall open, and she slowly whispers.

ANNABEL

You weep for me!

Guy groans in horror and amazement.

GUY

Buried alive!

Outraged, he yet is able to press his palms softly to her cheeks.

He passionately kisses her upon the forehead, then admires her for an endless moment while the wind whistles eerily.

ANNABEL

(moaning)

Hear? The spirits call me!
They want me to be free.

He presses a fingertip to her lips to silence her, when suddenly a blast of wind throws the crypt door slamming open.

In a panic, Guy anxiously shelters her with his body, but she gasps in a final agony of pleasure, then softly breathes her last, letting her eyelids fall shut.

Moaning, Guy cradles her long in his arms, drenching her face with his tears. The wind rips at Annabel's shroud and Guy shouts into the air.

GUY

Take me too!

The wind answers with a bone piercing blast; Guy convulses and yells in pain, but smiles gratefully at Annabel.

His head falls to her breast, an arm to the floor and he loses consciousness, a happy expression transfiguring his anguished face.

The End