

THE EMPEROR'S MEDALLION

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FADE IN:

**EXT. AACHEN PALACE COURTYARD - GERMANY - DAY (814 A.D.)**

The cracked bell in the high tower of the oldest church in Aachen rings for hours and can be heard for miles. Charles the Great or Charlemagne, as he was most commonly called, has died.

Royal liege from the Kingdom begin to congregate to pay their respects. One of the first families to arrive is the Duke of Bavaria, SEYMOUR THE WISER, and his two sons: PETER and HENRY.

They ride into the immense courtyard and quickly dismount, and enter the palace without hesitation.

**INT. AACHEN PALACE - ANTECHAMBER - DAY**

A young member of the court, a protector of the crown, brings Seymour and his two sons into the large antechamber and then disappears. There, the three wait for Louis the Pious, the king's successor, to join them. They are apprehensive.

PETER

What will be the consequences?

SEYMOUR THE WISER

I believe Charlemagne's son is not ready to rule the Frankish empire without the counsel of his father.

HENRY

I dare say he's incompetent.

SEYMOUR THE WISER

(glances around)

You must be careful, I suppose the walls have ears.

Henry winces at his father.

Suddenly, LOUIS THE PIOUS enters the room.

LOUIS THE PIOUS

I'm honored you have come to say your farewells to my father. He would be pleased.

SEYMOUR THE WISER

It's sad he has passed.

LOUIS THE PIOUS  
I have total dominion over his  
empire now. I trust you will honor  
your obligations.

SEYMOUR THE WISER  
(bows his head)  
Of course.

LOUIS THE PIOUS  
I request your presence at the  
banquet tonight celebrating the  
life of my father.

SEYMOUR THE WISER  
It will be our pleasure.

LOUIS THE PIOUS  
You may pay your respects.

**INT. PALATINE CHAPEL - DAY**

They slowly file past Charlemagne's body. The high ornate dome of the Palatine Chapel gives his remains the appearance of being dwarfed; unbecoming for a king that ruled hundreds of thousands of people and most of Europe. He appears to be sleeping; his face still with much color, and he is wearing his crown and a papal robe given to him by the Pope. They stop at his feet and gaze at him. He seems to even have a certain charisma in death.

Henry corrals his brother in the corner.

HENRY  
I won't be at the banquet. I must  
meet with Palidor.

Peter smiles, as they walk out of the room.

**EXT. SMALL POND ON PALACE GROUNDS - NIGHT**

At dusk, Henry walks alongside PALIDOR, a distinguished knight, as they discuss pertinent issues.

HENRY  
It is good to see you again.

PALIDOR  
Under the worst of circumstances.

HENRY  
My condolences.

PALIDOR  
He will be missed.

HENRY  
I hope taking you away from the  
banquet is not a problem.

PALIDOR  
(laughs)  
The air out here seems less  
threatening.

Henry looks around before speaking.

HENRY  
Does Louis the Pious inherit the  
king's precious possessions?

PALIDOR  
Why wouldn't he?

HENRY  
What about the gold coin? The one  
Charlemagne wore faithfully in  
battle.

PALIDOR  
What is your interest in this coin?

HENRY  
Only that it is legendary.

PALIDOR  
The coin gave Charlemagne great  
satisfaction because it protected  
him many times in battle. The coin  
is considered sacred and is  
protected as such.

HENRY  
It must be kept under lock and key.

Palidor stops and glares at Henry.

PALIDOR  
It's safe, if that is what you  
mean.

HENRY  
I would love to look at the gem  
that has kept your great king alive  
for all these years.

PALIDOR

Does it mean that much to you?  
There are strict rules.

Palidor begins to walk around in circles.

PALIDOR (CONT'D)

I'm sure I can get away with it.

HENRY

Please, I won't tell anyone.

**INT. PALACE DUNGEON - NIGHT**

They walk down a long flight of narrow and cracked stairs to the partially lit dungeon. Palidor takes him to the small room where the family jewels are kept. He motions for Henry wait in the shadows while he persuades the guard to take a break. He then opens the large door.

**INT. ORNAMENT ROOM - NIGHT**

Henry stands next to Palidor while he lights the lamp. There, right in front of them is a large ornate looking box. Palidor slowly opens it. The contents are breathtaking: a gold medallion attached to a gold metal chain.

PALIDOR

I believe this is what you wanted  
to see. We must not linger.

HENRY

It's exquisite.

Henry acts quickly. He overpowers Palidor and throws him to the ground. He takes his sword and stabs him in the chest. Grabbing the coin, he hears someone coming. He waits again in the shadows and when he can see the young guard, he lunges forward and kills him with a swift thrust through the heart.

**INT. BANQUET HALL - NIGHT**

In the late evening, while guests are still engaged in robust conversation, hearty drinking, and conversing with the lady guests, Henry approaches his brother who is talking to a stylish young lady.

HENRY

We must talk.

PETER

I'm presently engaged. Can this wait?

Henry grabs Peter's arm and pushes him away from the young lady.

HENRY

I have the coin. We must leave. Now!

**EXT. AACHEN PALACE COURTYARD - NIGHT**

Dust is kicked up as Henry and Peter ride into the darkened countryside.

**EXT. VARENNES FRANCE - MILITARY GARRISON - DAY (21 JUNE, 1791)**

A large contingent of National Guard soldiers had ridden through the night in pursuit of King Louis XVI and Marie-Antoinette who had decided to abdicate to Austria for lack of respect from French citizens.

Because of the torrid heat, the commander decides they should rest. They are dispersed throughout a large clearing in a glen where they establish a temporary garrison until they can get word from several advancing scouts on the possible location of the King and Queen.

A large MAN WITH EYE PATCH approaches a soldier sitting on the side of an ammunition cart.

MAN WITH EYE PATCH

Are you Monsieur La Fontaine? Jean-Paul La Fontaine?

JEAN-PAUL LA FONTAINE looks up at the man and blows smoke from his cigar in the air while he cradles the gold medallion hanging around his neck.

JEAN-PAUL

Yes. Who are you?

MAN WITH EYE PATCH

Please follow me.

They maneuver through soldiers haphazardly standing around talking and smoking, and finally reach an area where the commander and his immediate staff are relaxing. He takes Jean-Paul up to the senior man.

MAN WITH EYE PATCH (CONT'D)  
This is Monsieur La Fontaine.

The senior man is none other than Commander, the MARQUIS DE LAFAYETTE. He reaches out his hand to Jean-Paul.

LAFAYETTE  
It is a pleasure to meet you.

JEAN-PAUL  
It is an honor to serve.

LAFAYETTE  
We're here under difficult circumstances. We must find the King and Queen and safely bring them back to Paris.

JEAN-PAUL  
It's unfortunate they simply wish to leave their country in chaos.

LAFAYETTE  
It's our duty to capture them and restore faith in our citizens.

Lafayette looks Jean-Paul over.

LAFAYETTE (CONT'D)  
Your reputation does not allude me.  
We need more men like you.

Jean-Paul smiles. Lafayette pats Jean-Paul on the shoulder.

LAFAYETTE (CONT'D)  
I know your father. He is a brilliant thinker. Give him my regards.

They shake hands and Jean-Paul goes back to the ammunition cart. Before he can sit, his friend, VICTOR MARQUETTE, grasps his arm.

VICTOR  
It's rather a nasty morning, Jean-Paul. Very hot. What do you think?

JEAN-PAUL  
I think you are correct.

VICTOR  
We could have stayed home and bathed in the Seine.

JEAN-PAUL

(laughs)

I think the River Loire would be more suitable.

Jean-Paul motions for Victor to take a seat.

VICTOR

What do you make of the current state of affairs? There doesn't seem to be a concerted effort to change the French government.

JEAN-PAUL

We perhaps don't know all the facts.

VICTOR

What do you mean?

Jean-Paul takes two cigars out of his satchel and offers one to Victor. They light up and Jean-Paul glances around the area for a moment.

JEAN-PAUL

If the king gets to Austria and is protected, he would be in a position to convince the Austrians to wage war against us, allowing him to return victorious.

VICTOR

Do you really think the Austrians would comply?

JEAN-PAUL

Many believe a country such as Austria would bring stability to France.

VICTOR

It would be a disaster to allow another country to plunder our lives.

Jean-Paul grins and slaps Victor on the back.

JEAN-PAUL

Yes, it would.

VICTOR

We must make every attempt to beat them down.



JEAN-PAUL

I like the way you think. We will see this through together.

VICTOR

Where do you think the king is?

JEAN-PAUL

I'll wager we will catch up to him before he reaches the border.

They smile at one another and both take long puffs on their cigars.

**INT. ZOLA'S TAVERN - PARIS - DAY (A MONTH LATER)**

Jean-Paul and Victor sit in the small tavern; drinking heavily. The tavern isn't crowded and they enjoy the freedom to discuss the current state of affairs.

VICTOR

There is growing concern over the government and their disregard for reform.

JEAN-PAUL

(points out the window)

Look around you, my friend. The revolution is getting much worse.

FÉLIX REUBELL, a friend of Victor's, enters the bar and sits with them.

FÉLIX

I believe protestors are going to encourage citizens to sign a petition to overthrow the king.

VICTOR

Where?

FÉLIX

Tomorrow morning at the Champ de Mars.

JEAN-PAUL

I suppose it's their right to do so, but we must ensure the ruckus doesn't get out of hand.

VICTOR

Peasants are spit upon and heavily taxed.

JEAN-PAUL

The monarchy needs money to survive. They squandered away their wealth years ago.

VICTOR

We can't allow this upheaval to ruin our lives.

JEAN-PAUL

Many agitators are becoming violent. They must be stopped somehow.

VICTOR

That is a cause for the National Guard.

JEAN-PAUL

Remember, the streets are a theater where disgruntled men can act out their frustrations.

Victor drinks a swig of his beer and looks out the window.

JEAN-PAUL (CONT'D)

Man becomes, in the end, nothing more than that to which he dedicates his life.

They slap their mugs together; spilling beer all over the table.

**EXT. NATIONAL GUARD HEADQUARTERS - DAY**

In the early morning, Jean-Paul and Victor walk into the cobblestoned courtyard of the headquarters. They see Lafayette talking to the mayor of Paris, Jean Sylvain Bailly. They approach Lafayette.

LAFAYETTE

It is good to see you again, Monsieur La Fontaine. I can certainly use all the help I can get.

JEAN-PAUL

We are at your service.

Lafayette motions for two men to give up their horses for Jean-Paul and Victor. They amass the force and swiftly ride down the street.

**EXT. CHAMP DE MARS - DAY**

When they arrive, they are astounded to see a very large crowd gathered in the center of the Champ de Mars. The morning clouds have now brought a light drizzle.

Mayor BAILLY approaches the protestors.

BAILLY  
Who is in charge?

A YOUNG MAN appears out of the crowd.

YOUNG MAN  
We intent to have citizens sign a petition to denounce the king.

BAILLY  
Disperse now!

When it is apparent they're standing their ground. Bailly motions for his men to fire on the crowd. The look on Lafayette's face is one of frustration.

LAFAYETTE  
Cease fire!

Bailly ignores the plea. Citizens run for their lives. Most don't have weapons of any kind. The guardsmen fire indiscriminately. Men and women, and in some cases young boys and girls fall as they run: dead from random bullets.

**EXT. NATIONAL GUARD HEADQUARTERS - DAY**

Jean-Paul and Victor dismount in the courtyard.

JEAN-PAUL  
The mayor must be accountable for his actions.

VICTOR  
Trying to sign a petition doesn't constitute being slaughtered.

They walk over to greet Lafayette as he dismounts.

JEAN-PAUL  
You were in charge. How could this happen?

LAFAYETTE

I accept your criticism, but you are addressing a senior officer. I ask for respect in that regard.

JEAN-PAUL

But it is disheartening as many as a hundred people perished due to the incompetence of one man.

LAFAYETTE

It will never happen again.

Jean-Paul and Victor walk away in disgust.

JEAN-PAUL

I'm committed to seeing the revolution through to the end regardless of the time and effort it will take.

Victor puts his arm around Jean-Paul in a show of camaraderie. They both take a deep breath and then laugh together, silencing the tension that will consume their hearts for a very long time.

**EXT. SOUTHERN FRANCE - BORDEAUX - SAVOY MANOR - COURTYARD - DAY**

The streets of Bordeaux are still wet from late night rain and, fog still lingers in the area. As the sun starts to show through the clouds, three men ride into the courtyard of an estate belonging to a local barrister. They dismount and approach the front entrance.

**INT. SAVOY MANOR - STATELY STUDY - DAY**

A regal butler escorts them into a rather large study that is paneled with rich dark oak wood with brass lamps. A massive table sits in the middle of the room with a large crystal chandelier hanging above it. The butler motions for them to take a seat.

The maid brings in a tray of apple croissants covered with a Brandy sauce, and Caribbean coffee for everyone to enjoy.

DAVID ROTHMAN, the owner of the estate, walks in and takes a seat. He is followed by his friend, JACQUES PIERRE BRISSOT, a Parisian, who routinely visits Bordeaux to establish a foothold there and convince wealthy individuals to join his cause.

BRISSOT

You have come a long way.

JEAN-PAUL

We're interested in what you have to say.

BRISSOT

As far as I'm concerned, the monarchy is outdated, corrupt and very possibly broke. I believe France must have a government where the regions can mold their own destiny.

VICTOR

There are others who feel differently.

BRISSOT

We bear them no ill will.

ROTHMAN

We know there is a rival faction that wants to denounce the crown and run the government out of Paris.

He takes a sip of his coffee and continues.

ROTHMAN (CONT'D)

We also know there are counter-revolutionaries that don't want the king to lose his crown. Or his head for that matter.

BRISSOT

Men like you are our only hope.

JEAN-PAUL

How can we help?

BRISSOT

We must amass a following that will rival other factions. I would say an army of men would not be too bold of a statement.

Jean-Paul glances over at Victor.

JEAN-PAUL

It could be difficult to gain supporters.

BRISSOT

We will never be successful unless we have enough men to march against the monarchy and drive them out of France.

ROTHMAN

What is the sentiment in Paris like these days?

VICTOR

They parade in the streets and blockade avenues, so they can stake out their territory.

JEAN-PAUL

You must ensure me you will not encourage other counties to interfere with our politics.

Brissot reaches out his hand to Jean-Paul.

BRISSOT

My handshake is as good as my word.

ROTHMAN

We appreciate your concern.

FÉLIX

It's our pleasure.

They all stare at Félix because he had not said anything else the entire time they were there; then they break out in laughter.

**INT. BERTRAND'S TAVERN - BORDEAUX - DAY**

An hour later, they enter a rather large tavern in the heart of Bordeaux. It is old with sawdust on the floor and plaster falling off the walls. Sitting at a table in the rear, they laugh when they see how crowded it is and how many women are there. The bar maid delivers tankards of ale.

VICTOR

Brissot appears dedicated to his cause.

JEAN-PAUL

Unfortunately, there are far more citizens that would rather have a central government.

FÉLIX

What do you believe?

JEAN-PAUL

I suspect the monarchy has become passé and has to be eliminated. Perhaps there is no other course of action.

FÉLIX

But you ride with the National Guard to protect them.

JEAN-PAUL

(laughs)

Yes, to protect them; not their status.

Suddenly, Jean-Paul hears a voice speaking behind him. It is an old friend, DAPHNE.

DAPHNE (O.S.)

Is that you Jean-Paul?

He turns around and sees her standing there looking radiant.

DAPHNE (CONT'D)

You don't remember me, do you?

JEAN-PAUL

In Paris, last year.

DAPHNE

Staying at Tremont while your parents were away was wonderful.

JEAN-PAUL

What are you doing in Bordeaux?

DAPHNE

Visiting a friend. And you?

JEAN-PAUL

Keeping the peace.

DAPHNE

You still ride with the National Guard?

Jean-Paul smiles and takes a drink of his ale.

FÉLIX

What do you think of the revolution?

DAPHNE

Is there one?

(clears her throat)

I think the king and queen should rest easy.

FÉLIX

So you're a counter-revolutionary.

VICTOR

I would be careful if I were you.

Three men enter the tavern and approach Jean-Paul's table. They grab chairs. The leader is a large man, scruffy, and a bit disheveled. His name is ADRIEN.

ADRIEN

Are you La Fontaine?

JEAN-PAUL

Who wants to know?

ADRIEN

We've been looking for you. My name is Adrien. We are against the revolution. We understand you are promoting it and want to talk to you.

JEAN-PAUL

We're not in Bordeaux to promote any cause.

ADRIEN

So, you're not here to support Brissot? We saw you leave Rothman's estate. Was Brissot not there?

FÉLIX

Why are you watching Rothman's estate?

ADRIEN

We don't want the nobility to take over.

Adrien walks over and gets in Jean-Paul's face.

ADRIEN (CONT'D)

They will have all the wealth and power and we will be worse off than we are now. We are dirt poor, or haven't you noticed?



VICTOR  
You are misguided.

Félix stands, approaches and grabs Adrien by the arm.

FÉLIX  
You are not going to insult us,  
monsieur.

ADRIEN  
Step outside.

**EXT. STREET ADJACENT TO THE TAVERN - DAY**

Once on the street, they start fist fighting while the rest watch. After several minutes of knocking each other down, and after Jean-Paul pulls them apart, they quit.

Jean-Paul and his colleagues walk down the street and mount their horses around the corner. As they ride away, a shot rings out. Félix falls from his horse. Jean-Paul immediately goes to his aide. Victor rides around the corner with his pistol ready to engage the men, but they are nowhere to be found.

When he returns to help Jean-Paul, it is too late. Félix is dead. They drape his body over Victor's horse and gallop out of town into the balmy late morning countryside.

**EXT. TREMONT CASTLE - LOIRE VALLEY - DAY**

The morning sun shines against the light greenish hue of the water of the River Loire. EMILE LA FONTAINE patiently sits on an old wooden bench on the riverbank waiting for his son to join him.

Jean-Paul casually makes his way to where his father is sitting.

JEAN-PAUL  
It's a beautiful morning to hunt,  
father.

Jean-Paul sits next to Emile.

EMILE  
Do you think the deer will be  
expecting us this morning?

JEAN-PAUL  
I cannot say.

EMILE

Perhaps tomorrow, I must attend to other matters this morning.

JEAN-PAUL

(grins)

The deer will be relieved.

EMILE

I expect you to attend the banquet for the Duke of Orléans tonight.

JEAN-PAUL

I'm well aware of the affair. When are you going to Paris again?

EMILE

It's too dangerous there for us to walk the streets with our status.

JEAN-PAUL

It is a peasant's war. Nobles have more to do than to fight in the streets of Paris. We have real enemies on our borders.

EMILE

That might be so, but the royalty should rule, and the peasants should listen. How much simpler can it be?

JEAN-PAUL

We must not worry about it today. I will only say I will make every attempt to crush this revolution before France becomes an empty shell.

Jean-Paul hugs his father.

JEAN-PAUL (CONT'D)

I'm meeting Victor and will be gone must of the day.

He stands tall and walks away.

Moments later, Emile's wife, MARIA, sits with her husband.

EMILE

You missed your son. I believe he went to Orléans.

MARIA

Will he be back for the banquet?

Emile nods his head and smiles.

MARIA (CONT'D)

What are we to do? It's been two years since they began rebelling in Paris. I'm scared it will never end.

EMILE

No matter what happens to the king and queen, we must strive to maintain a government that protects our status.

MARIA

I'm not sure your son feels the same way.

EMILE

He may be our son, but he's certainly old enough to speak his own mind.

MARIA

He's always been pig headed. I don't know what else to say.

**INT. DUVAY'S TAVERN - ORLÉANS - DAY**

In the early afternoon, Jean-Paul walks into the small tavern in the heart of Orléans. His friend is sitting in the rear. It's not very crowded. They stretch out a bit at the small crooked, round, table.

JEAN-PAUL

The ale looks refreshing.

VICTOR

I thought you would come. You seem never to be late for anything.

JEAN-PAUL

Attention to detail. That is what keeps men like us going. Would you not agree?

VICTOR

You never get weary of that medallion you wear.

JEAN-PAUL  
It suits me well.

VICTOR  
It's nothing more than  
superstition. And you know it. Of  
course, you are Catholic.

JEAN-PAUL  
(laughs)  
I like it, so I wear it.

The barmaid brings Jean-Paul a beer and slaps it on the  
table. He grins at her and turns toward his friend.

JEAN-PAUL (CONT'D)  
Have you been to Paris lately?

VICTOR  
I understand we may be called to  
duty.

JEAN-PAUL  
The army needs our support on the  
Prussian border.

Jean-Paul takes a long swig of his beer.

JEAN-PAUL (CONT'D)  
This so-called revolution is  
getting in the way of protecting  
our borders.

Looking past Victor, he can see someone coming toward their  
table. As the individual gets closer, he realizes it's the  
only one he can truly call a nemesis, JACQUES HENRI DUMAS.  
He is medium height, medium build, black bushy hair, and  
generally appearing shabby.

DUMAS  
I thought you were living in the  
south of France somewhere.

Jean-Paul stares at Dumas while he sips his beer. Victor  
lights a cigar and watches the exchange.

JEAN-PAUL  
Why are you not in Paris stirring  
up trouble, waging war for your  
cause?

DUMAS

Perhaps you are a traitor, not supporting our cause, but rather the charade in the south of France.

JEAN-PAUL

Our goals are the same. I want freedom for all French citizens.

DUMAS

Are you still supporting the National Guard?

Jean-Paul smiles, then gives out a hearty laugh.

JEAN-PAUL

Does that somehow bother you?

DUMAS

Being rich doesn't qualify you as a true supporter of change in the government. You are only fooling yourself.

JEAN-PAUL

Do you simply want me to give away my riches to you? Is that it?

DUMAS

What makes you think I want your money?

Jean-Paul slowly fingers the chain around his neck, cuddling the shiny medallion in his hand.

JEAN-PAUL

You have always detested those who have it.

DUMAS

You should watch your step, monsieur. I won't let you ruin what I set out to accomplish.

Dumas turns and quickly departs.

VICTOR

He's a dangerous man. But what can I say? He's a dark skin. A mulatto.

JEAN-PAUL

I wouldn't hold that against him. It's his politics I can't stand.

(MORE)

JEAN-PAUL (CONT'D)

Are you going to the banquet tonight?

VICTOR

I have other plans.

Jean-Paul pats his friend on the shoulder and slowly walks around several tables and out of the tavern.

**EXT. TREMONT CASTLE - DAY**

In the early evening, Emile, Maria, and Jean-Paul walk in the garden directly behind Tremont.

MARIA

The Duchess of Arvech should arrive shortly.

EMILE

When was the last time you saw each other?

JEAN-PAUL

(sarcastic smile)

I can't seem to remember.

EMILE

She favors you.

JEAN-PAUL

I'll entertain her if that's what you mean.

ANGELINA, the Duchess of Arvech, arrives with a small entourage of servants. Jean-Paul greets her and they walk along the river bank.

JEAN-PAUL (CONT'D)

You look ravishing tonight.

ANGELINA

I was afraid you wouldn't be here.

JEAN-PAUL

I have nowhere to go at the moment.

ANGELINA

I thought you would be in Paris.

JEAN-PAUL

I must go soon.

ANGELINA

The National Guard beckons, I presume.

JEAN-PAUL

You seem to know me like a book.

ANGELINA

(grins)

We have known each other forever.

She stops and faces Jean-Paul.

ANGELINA (CONT'D)

You ride with the National Guard to protect the king and queen. I think we should abolish their rule. That's what I thought you believed.

JEAN-PAUL

They should be nothing more than tokens. I care more about protecting innocent citizens from senseless men trying to establish a faulty republic. The king and queen's days are numbered.

She takes Jean-Paul's medallion in her hand and smiles sarcastically.

ANGELINA

Shouldn't this be under lock and key. I honestly don't know why you wear it.

JEAN-PAUL

Perhaps I will explain it to you sometime.

She puts out her arm.

ANGELINA

A banquet awaits. I trust you will dance with me tonight.

Jean-Paul escorts her to the venue; not saying a word.

**INT. BANQUET HALL - NIGHT**

The hall is magnificently fashioned for a royal function. Jean-Paul escorts Angelina to their table and then goes to find the duke to welcome him.

The DUKE OF ORLÉANS is standing in front of the hall; glancing around at the guests.

JEAN-PAUL

There is no need to stand, your highness. We have a seat for you.

DUKE OF ORLÉANS

(grins)

I understand you have been galloping around the countryside.

JEAN-PAUL

The civil war is widespread in most of the country and will only get much worse over time.

Emile joins them as they talk.

DUKE OF ORLÉANS

I was hoping for a quick resolve.

EMILE

We must band together as nobles and pick our sides appropriately.

DUKE OF ORLÉANS

We have much at stake.

EMILE

Why is it taking so long to create a constitution all Frenchmen will accept.

DUKE OF ORLÉANS

Arrogant men espousing arrogant philosophies.

JEAN-PAUL

It's time we dispel their ignorance.

The small harpsichord band begins to play. They escort the duke to his table, and Jean-Paul sits next to Angelina.

ANGELINA

I wasn't invited to greet the duke?

JEAN-PAUL

You must dance with him later. He would like that.

ANGELINA

It's not as crowded as I thought.



JEAN-PAUL

It's early. What can I say.

She puts out her arm. To appease her, he joins her on the dance floor.

**INT. HÔTEL DE CONCORDE - LYON - THIRD-FLOOR SUITE - DAY**

Several days later, four men sit at a long oak table in a very large ornately decorated third-story suite overlooking the River Rhône. Jean-Paul and Victor are guests of two men, MARC DUPONT and PIERRE MONET, who have become renowned in Lyon for preaching counter-revolution. They are the antithesis of one another in more ways than one, but Monet is extremely short and Dupont is extraordinarily tall.

VICTOR

The last time I was in Paris, I was angered by the violence of so many peasants.

JEAN-PAUL

Perhaps they're tired of feeling downtrodden.

DUPONT

Of course they're downtrodden, but they're out of control.

MONET

They must be stopped.

A maid brings in tankards of beer and sets them on the table.

DUPONT

We can't allow them to dictate their will.

JEAN-PAUL

Do you really think you can stop this revolution?

DUPONT

How would I know?

JEAN-PAUL

It's apparent in the speeches you give.

MONET

The revolution is fruitless.

DUPONT

The king and queen must remain in power.

Victor sits up in his chair and points his finger at Dupont.

VICTOR

(angry)

A man who supports your cause killed my friend for no reason. I hold your kind responsible.

DUPONT

I regret that behavior, but you mustn't take your anger out on us.

VICTOR

A good friend can never be replaced.

A man enters the room, coming out of nowhere, and sits across from Dupont. His name is GEORGES DEVEREUX. Lanky, he is dressed immaculately: hair in a ponytail, long face, long nose, and a ruddy complexion.

DEVEREUX

I am inspector Georges Devereux. I am the senior inspector for the Lyon Gendarmes.

JEAN-PAUL

What can we do for you, Inspector Devereux?

DEVEREUX

Monsieur Dupont and I are good friends and told me about your meeting.

JEAN-PAUL

You must be busy these days: catching thieves and miscreants.

DEVEREUX

Yes, quite, but I'm off duty at the moment.

They all laugh except Jean-Paul who isn't amused.

JEAN-PAUL

They're no criminals here. We are engaged in rather a meaningful debate.

Devereux doesn't respond other than a broad smirk.

JEAN-PAUL (CONT'D)

What, if anything, are you doing when you find citizens up to no good?

DEVEREUX

What I always do. Arrest and interrogate them.

JEAN-PAUL

But how do you know exactly who to arrest?

DEVEREUX

I know the difference between one who is protesting and one that is up to no good, Monsieur.

MONET

I believe we have gotten off the subject.

Jean-Paul pauses for a moment and stares at Devereux.

JEAN-PAUL

Do you support the counter-revolution?

DEVEREUX

Why wouldn't I?

VICTOR

Because you'll lose in the end.

Devereux garners an evil look. Jean-Paul and Victor stand and begin to depart.

JEAN-PAUL

I suppose we are all committed to a stronger France even though we don't seem to agree.

Jean-Paul picks up his mug and raises it high in the air.

JEAN-PAUL (CONT'D)

Until we meet again.

**INT. TREMONT CASTLE - BANQUET HALL - NIGHT**

A month later, guests gather to celebrate the affair called The Hunt.

The La Fountains hold this event yearly where like-minded royals can spend the day hunting for game and relax in the evening. The feast is normally a reflection of the game caught in the morning hunt. Stout ale flows out of big black kegs; bottles of cognac, brandy, and wine from the Loire Valley grace the tables.

The Duke of Orléans presides. As guests wander around and mingle, he gives a toast.

DUKE OF ORLÉANS

To all who shared in the  
festivities today and will now  
enjoy our bounty, may God enrich us  
with righteousness for the rest of  
our days.

Jean-Paul and Emile stand by their table and applaud.

JEAN-PAUL

A rewarding day.

EMILE

You must attend to Angelina. She  
has been waiting for some time.

Jean-Paul sits next to Angelina, slaps his beer down on the table, and cuddles his medallion.

ANGELINA

Take that thing off. Is it somehow  
sacred.

JEAN-PAUL

(exaggerated grin)

It has been passed down through my  
family for centuries. My father  
wore it for many years and now it  
has been given to me. According to  
legend, it will protect the one who  
wears it in battle.

ANGELINA

Do you really believe that?

JEAN-PAUL

Would I wear it otherwise?

ANGELINA

I understand you have been to Lyon.  
What are the sentiments there?

JEAN-PAUL

Many are counter-revolutionaries.  
They like the king and queen.

Angelina looks away while she taps her fingers on the table.

ANGELINA

Will you be at Tremont for a long  
stay?

JEAN-PAUL

I am committed to the National  
Guard. I have responsibilities with  
the French Army that also must be  
fulfilled.

ANGELINA

Yes, I've heard it before. Your  
passion never changes.

She slams her chair back and departs in a huff.

**EXT. GARDEN ADJACENT TO THE BANQUET HALL - NIGHT**

Jean-Paul and Emile talk while they enjoy cigars.

JEAN-PAUL

I understand you have been called  
to Paris to talk to Robespierre.

Emile takes a puff of his cigar and smiles.

JEAN-PAUL (CONT'D)

I can't believe you would support  
such a man. He is arrogant and self-  
serving.

EMILE

He wants what is right for France.

JEAN-PAUL

Do you think he will allow our  
family the freedom we now enjoy?

EMILE

We can survive without a king.

Emile takes a long puff of his cigar.

EMILE (CONT'D)

Your mother and I want you to  
abandon your folly with the army.  
(MORE)

EMILE (CONT'D)

You must protect your status as a noble.

JEAN-PAUL

Sit back and do nothing. That is out of the question.

EMILE

You must reconsider. The National Guard as well.

Jean-Paul pats his father on the arm.

JEAN-PAUL

Perhaps I should go see Robespierre.

He walks away.

**INT. ROBESPIERRE'S HEADQUARTERS - DAY**

Jean-Paul and Victor walk down a long hallway with CLAUDE CHEVROLET, assistant to Robespierre.

JEAN-PAUL

I want to talk to Robespierre.

CHEVROLET

He hasn't agreed to see you. I must know why you have come.

VICTOR

We want to know why innocent men and women are being killed because they disagree with him.

CHEVROLET

It's not easy to change the minds of all Frenchmen.

JEAN-PAUL

Killing them is not the answer.

CHEVROLET

Perhaps you don't realize the importance of persuasion.

JEAN-PAUL

We must see him. Now!

They reach Robespierre's office and Chevrolet takes them in.

**INT. ROBESPIERRE'S OFFICE - DAY**

Robespierre is sitting at his desk reading correspondence.

CHEVROLET

These men are here to discuss the  
state of the revolution.

Robespierre moves his chair back and crosses his legs. He  
motions for them to take a seat.

JEAN-PAUL

Do you have a plan to end this  
revolution?

ROBESPIERRE

French citizens need to learn to  
rely on the government and put down  
their pitchforks.

JEAN-PAUL

They want more say in the  
government.

ROBESPIERRE

Man can't be trusted to govern  
himself. So I do it for them.

VICTOR

The best I can tell, you guillotine  
them when they don't comply.

ROBESPIERRE

(laughs)  
Only when it's necessary.

JEAN-PAUL

I want you to leave the nobility  
alone.

ROBESPIERRE

Do you think I don't know who you  
are La Fontaine? Your father has a  
considerable amount of money and a  
lack of acceptance for the poor.

JEAN-PAUL

He supports your misguided  
government.

ROBESPIERRE

A noble gesture.

JEAN-PAUL

I wouldn't discount him. You need all the help you can muster.

He looks over at Victor and motions for them to depart.

**EXT. ORLÉANS NATIONAL GUARD HEADQUARTERS - DAY**

Jean-Paul passes several soldiers as he enters the headquarters.

**INT. OFFICE OF ARMAND BERNIER - COMMANDER - DAY**

Jean-Paul confidently walks into the commander's office. He places his hat on a side table and takes a seat. ARMAND BERNIER isn't what most would consider the epitome of a commander. He is short, stocky, disheveled, thin hair with a slim mustache, and a face with discernible pockmarks.

JEAN-PAUL

I believe I'm on time.

BERNIER

Where is Victor?

JEAN-PAUL

He'll be here.

Bernier picks up several pieces of paper and throws them back down on his desk.

BERNIER

I have drafted a new plan to deal with these damn protestors.

JEAN-PAUL

We must recruit as many men as possible.

BERNIER

It's not easy to convince men they must take their lives into their own hands.

Victor enters the office.

VICTOR

There is discord south of the city. Men and women are milling around with signs reading End the Aristocracy.



BERNIER

Yes, but there has been no violence among them.

JEAN-PAUL

They could become an angry mob.

VICTOR

We must not let our guard down.

JEAN-PAUL

(smiles)

I guess that's why they call us the National Guard.

They all have a laugh before Jean-Paul continues.

JEAN-PAUL (CONT'D)

We must convince citizens that France will survive regardless.

VICTOR

You expect the poor to just sit back and listen to our promises. We have no control of their destinies.

JEAN-PAUL

The peasant's anger is only a small part of what begs my concern.

BERNIER

Is that not enough?

JEAN-PAUL

We must protect our borders.

BERNIER

Of course that's important, but I won't disregard my duties as commander of the National Guard here.

JEAN-PAUL

Victor and I remain committed to your cause.

The knock at the door is very loud. The MESSENGER, appearing out of breath, opens the door.

MESSENGER

Sir, I have a message from the National Guard deputy commander in Paris. They need reinforcements as soon as possible.

BERNIER  
What is the problem?

MESSENGER  
There is a massive riot in Saint-  
Antoine.

**EXT. SAINT-ANTOINE - PARIS - DAY**

The four National Guardsmen ride into the volatile suburb. Hostile citizens line the streets; screaming at the top of their lungs while men attempt to barricade intersections.

They can hear gunfire in the distance. They ride toward the commotion.

The crowd of angry citizens is very large, and they tout pitchforks and placards. Some carry rifles. There is no immediate sign of the Paris National Guard. Bernier and his men approach the protestors.

BERNIER  
Who is in charge here?

A YOUNG PROVOCATEUR steps forward.

YOUNG PROVOCATEUR  
I am.

Bernier notices the protestors have surrounded three men; appearing to be from the aristocracy.

BERNIER  
What do you want with these men?

YOUNG PROVOCATEUR  
We want equality. Is that so bad?

BERNIER  
These men have done nothing to you.

YOUNG PROVOCATEUR  
We will shoot them for their  
crimes.

JEAN-PAUL  
You will disperse and leave these  
men alone.

YOUNG PROVOCATEUR  
Why should we?

JEAN-PAUL  
 Because you won't like the  
 consequences if you don't.

The crowd inches closer to the National Guardsman. Bernier motions for his men to train their riffles on the protestors.

BERNIER  
 We aren't here to argue with you.  
 We will escort these men to safety.

As they begin to depart, the crowd makes their feelings known.

**INT. ESTELLE MANOR - MONTAUBAN - SOUTHERN FRANCE - NIGHT**

Several days later, Jean-Paul and Victor maneuver in and out of guests at a social function honoring those who want a decentralized government. Mozart fills the air and servants carry trays of wine and hors d'oeuvres.

VICTOR  
 The attendance speaks for itself.

Jean-Paul anxiously glances around the large room

JEAN-PAUL  
 It's like breathing fresh air.

VICTOR  
 (smiles)  
 I met someone earlier. You must  
 excuse me.

Victor walks away while Jean-Paul canvases the area. He is wearing a long brown cutaway coat, a dark brown leather waistcoat, a cream-colored cravat, dark green pants and knee-length brown leather boots.

As he wanders through the crowd, he notices two women talking. One of them drops a hankie and Jean-Paul doesn't waste time being a gentleman. Her name is SOPHIE MACPHERSON.

JEAN-PAUL  
 Good evening, Mademoiselle. I  
 believe this belongs to you. My  
 name is Jean-Paul La Fontaine and  
 I'm pleased to make your  
 acquaintance.

Sophie appears taken by surprise.

JEAN-PAUL (CONT'D)  
And you are?

SOPHIE  
Sophie Macpherson.

JEAN-PAUL  
You're Irish.

SOPHIE  
I'm here visiting with my family.

JEAN-PAUL  
How do you find Montauban,  
Mademoiselle?

SOPHIE  
It reminds me of Ireland.

JEAN-PAUL  
We are in the throes of a dangerous  
revolution. Why have you come?

SOPHIE  
My father's health.

Jean-Paul glances around the room.

JEAN-PAUL  
Will you join me in the courtyard?

They walk past several guests until they enter the courtyard.

**INT. ESTELLE MANOR - COURTYARD - NIGHT**

They have the place to themselves.

JEAN-PAUL  
You must protect yourself while you  
are here.

SOPHIE  
Where are you from, monsieur?

JEAN-PAUL  
You can call me Jean-Paul. May I  
call you Sophie?

SOPHIE  
Yes.

JEAN-PAUL

I live in the Loire Valley. I am only here to promote the cause in Southern France.

SOPHIE

I'm not familiar.

He motions for them to take a seat on a small ornate bench.

JEAN-PAUL

Sophie, most citizens here want the monarchy abolished and gain control of their lives within their own region.

SOPHIE

What are your feelings about the monarchy and nobility in your country?

JEAN-PAUL

The monarchy is surely outdated. I say leave the nobility alone. They bathe in their own riches and don't bother anyone.

SOPHIE

What is your calling?

JEAN-PAUL

I support the National Guard and ride with the army. It takes up most of my time.

SOPHIE

Are you a mercenary?

JEAN-PAUL

I wouldn't say so. I support the plight of the common man.

SOPHIE

That is an exquisite medallion you wear.

JEAN-PAUL

It's an heirloom. It has been worn in my family for generations.

Sophie notices her friend, Danielle, with an escort coming out on the other side of the courtyard.

SOPHIE

(pointing)

That's my friend, Danielle, with her escort, Ian. He's British and going to school in Bordeaux.

JEAN-PAUL

Where are you staying while you're here?

SOPHIE

We live with Danielle's family at Saint Beatrice: a converted convent.

JEAN-PAUL

Sophie, I must go to Paris in the morning, but I did enjoy our conversation. I come to Montauban quite a bit. I would love to see you again.

He smiles at her, stands and slowly walks away; leaving her to stare at him with a sense of awe.

**EXT. SAINT BEATRICE CONVENT - COURTYARD - DAY**

Sophie and DANIELLE sit at a small table on the courtyard in the late morning as a light fog surrounds them from the night's rain.

DANIELLE

I believe the social was a success.

Sophie smiles; looking out over the foggy horizon.

DANIELLE (CONT'D)

I see you were chatting with a handsome gentleman.

SOPHIE

I believe he supports your cause, but rides with the National Guard and as I understand it; they protect the crown.

DANIELLE

So you don't find him agreeable.

SOPHIE

I didn't say that. He certainly is charming and appears quite intelligent.

DANIELLE  
Will you see him again?

SOPHIE  
I don't know. He went to Paris this morning.

The fog begins to lift; allowing them a beautiful view of the town.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)  
What about Ian?

DANIELLE  
He's studying French culture, but he seems to go away a lot.

SOPHIE  
Where?

DANIELLE  
I don't know. He won't tell me.

They look out at the horizon and don't say another word.

**EXT. RUE SAINT-DENIS - DAY**

Jean-Paul walks along the narrow sidewalk; randomly passing pedestrians. He approaches a small tavern and quickly enters while cigar smoke billows out the front door.

**INT. CHEZ MARTIN TAVERN - DAY**

It is dark except for a few candle lamps. Tables and chairs are askew, and patrons are standing and sitting haphazardly. Jean-Paul buys an ale and scans the tavern looking for anyone familiar. He notices Jacques Dumas sitting in the back corner of the room.

JEAN-PAUL  
We meet again.

DUMAS  
What are you doing here?

JEAN-PAUL  
(grins)  
Enjoying a drink.

DUMAS  
(frustrated)  
What are you doing in Paris?

JEAN-PAUL

The National Guard has been busy lately. I guess you haven't noticed.

Jean-Paul casually sits and stares at Dumas.

DUMAS

Are you still staying at the Hôtel de Ville? Nestled under your father's coattails.

JEAN-PAUL

The suite belongs to the La Fontaine family. I have a perfect right to stay there.

Dumas pushes back his chair and drinks some of his ale.

DUMAS

You don't know what it is like to live on the streets.

JEAN-PAUL

No, thank goodness, but I'm sure you can enlighten me.

DUMAS

You nobles think you own France.

JEAN-PAUL

Must I remind you if it weren't for nobles, France would be the poorest country in Europe.

DUMAS

I have a challenge for you, La Fontaine. We are going to storm the Royal Palace in two days' time. What are you going to do?

JEAN-PAUL

You're making a mistake. Take your fight to the National Assembly.

Dumas reaches over and grabs Jean-Paul's arm.

DUMAS

We won't be deterred. The attack will go ahead as planned. Choose your side, La Fontaine.

Jean-Paul stands, laughs, and walks out of the tavern.



**EXT. TUILERIES PALACE - DAY**

Jean-Paul and Victor sit tall in their saddles along with other guardsmen. They are dressed in their National Guard uniforms: long blue coat, white waistcoat, white pants, and black tri-cornered hat.

It is a bleak morning in Paris: dark purple clouds but no rain. A group of would-be attackers are gathering on the Avenue de Champs Élysées, a quarter of a mile away from the palace. The protesters assemble with guns and swords. They light torches, not so much to give themselves away but to make themselves look like a much larger force.

The crowd marches toward the palace at a good pace. Waiting at the entrance to Tuileries is the contingent of the National Guard, poised for confrontation. As the mob approaches, the National Guard closes ranks to make a show of force.

DUMAS

Step aside or we will shoot to kill.

LAFAYETTE

Disperse in the name of law and order and in the name of decency.

DUMAS

We will kill Louis XVI in the name of a free France.

The crowd cheers as they raise their torches. Shots ring out from the crowd. The National Guard scrambles to be in a better position to fight the attackers. As the mob lunges forward, two-dozen national guardsmen attack them from every direction.

Positioned to the left of the crowd, Jean-Paul fires at will, wounding several of the protesters. He sees Dumas, but doesn't shoot.

The exchange is brutal and continues for what seems like an hour but is only several minutes. The mob finally retreats, dragging their dead and wounded with them. Several of the national guardsmen are bleeding from superficial wounds; the others are untouched. Jean-Paul watches as Dumas runs past him. Their eyes lock for a second; then Dumas is gone.

**EXT. AUSTRIAN/NETHERLANDS BORDER - DAY (1792)**

Several months later, Jean-Paul and Victor sit among other army soldiers waiting to engage the enemy close to the border. Sitting on a tree trunk, Jean-Paul rolls two cigarettes and gives one to Victor.

JEAN-PAUL

I hope you have no immediate plans for the future.

VICTOR

(grins)

None that I know of.

The commander of the second echelon, Colonel DROUET, approaches them.

DROUET

I believe the Prussians will march on Paris with the intention of restoring full power to the king.

JEAN-PAUL

They will use this excuse to take over France for their own.

DROUET

We must fight to the very last man.

VICTOR

They are known for their arrogance in battle, but we will beat them down.

**EXT. VALMY BATTLEFIELD - FRANCE - DAY**

The Prussian army advances on Valmy. They cross the plain in large numbers, appearing confident from their earlier victories. This march will ultimately benefit the French forces, as the Prussians are not expecting much resistance. The French troops are well positioned in relationship to the oncoming forces. They are strategically dug in place; ready for the Prussian troops to get close enough to attack.

They wait for the right moment to fire. As the Prussian troops cross over what is considered the line of death, the French troops fire rounds from both guns and cannons at the enemy.

Jean-Paul, close to the front of the pack, fires indiscriminately; killing as many as ten soldiers in succession. The enemy is taken completely by surprise.

They begin to fire back but it appears to be too late. Following a fierce exchange of gunfire, the Prussians retreat, as the French continue to fire.

**EXT. LARGE GLEN SOUTH OF VALMY - DAY**

Jean-Paul sits by himself on a mound of dirt after a well-fought battle. Traces of gun smoke still permeate the air. He takes a piece of paper and pencil out of his rough sack and begins to write a short note to Sophie about the Prussian encounter.

NARRATOR:

NARRATOR

Dearest Sophie, the barren fields of mud and waste are lonely and unforgiving. I must tell you of my trials fending off an enemy that could disrupt our quest for a lasting republic. We waited for the Prussians to cross the harsh wasteland. When they did, we attacked with a vengeance that even surprised us. When all was said and done, spilled blood gave color to an otherwise dark and foggy battlefield. Our army had won a decisive victory, but I know we will be called upon many times in the future to attempt the same. Longing to see you again. La Fontaine lives.

**EXT. MADAME ROLAND'S SALON - PARIS - DAY**

A few weeks later, Jean-Paul slowly walks across the street and into the salon.

**INT. SMALL RECEPTION AREA - DAY**

With a slight limp, he walks into the reception area and immediately sees Brissot talking to MADAME ROLAND.

BRISSOT

You appear consumed with pain.

JEAN-PAUL

Fighting on the border takes its toll.

MADAME ROLAND

You must rest. Paris is nice this time of year.

BRISSOT

We've made some progress with the National Assembly.

Madame Roland places her hand on Jean-Paul's shoulder.

MADAME ROLAND

We need all the help we can get from nobles like you.

JEAN-PAUL

I can only do so much.

BRISSOT

But it's your status.

JEAN-PAUL

No one listens to a noble any more.

MADAME ROLAND

I do question why you ride with the National Guard.

JEAN-PAUL

There's nothing wrong with having a king and queen, as long as they don't make decisions that affect our lives.

(smiles)

I must go.

**EXT. STREET ADJACENT TO MADAME ROLAND'S SALON - DAY**

As Jean-Paul walks down the street, he senses someone is behind him and turns around.

JEAN-PAUL

Do you follow me wherever I go?

DUMAS

Is it a coincidence you visited Madame Roland?

JEAN-PAUL

You shouldn't concern yourself with what you cannot control.

DUMAS

You've never impressed me as a man who likes to lose a fight.

JEAN-PAUL

You're very perceptive.

DUMAS

The way I see it; the people you support are doomed.

JEAN-PAUL

We have great influence on the National Assembly.

Dumas steps closer to Jean-Paul.

DUMAS

I wouldn't bet your royal fortune on it. I can't imagine Jean-Paul La Fontaine living on the streets like the rest of us. It would be something to see.

JEAN-PAUL

Perhaps we could share a shanty.

DUMAS

I warn you La Fontaine; when we win, we will track you down.

Dumas abruptly turns around and walks away.

**EXT. TREMONT CASTLE - DAY**

The sun is rather bright for the beginning of October, but the air is cool. Jean-Paul paces the grounds of Tremont waiting to talk to his father.

He's standing by the water's edge when Emile approaches.

EMILE

I see you are home from the war.

JEAN-PAUL

Valmy has been secured.

EMILE

I know you will accept my congratulations for a job well done.

JEAN-PAUL

France will be better off for it.

Emile doesn't respond, but rather stares at the water.

JEAN-PAUL (CONT'D)

The protestors are so caught up in the revolution, they have no idea another country could quickly move in and take over.

EMILE

We have no influence over them.

JEAN-PAUL

Father, I want to talk to you about someone I met.

Emile motions for them to sit on the old wooden bench close to the water's edge.

JEAN-PAUL (CONT'D)

I met an Irish lass at the social in Montauban.

EMILE

You mustn't abolish your feelings for Angelina. She awaits your proposal of marriage.

JEAN-PAUL

I understand your concern, but I'm not ready to propose.

EMILE

I think you are being foolish.

JEAN-PAUL

I'm not sure Angelina is the woman I want to marry. I realize the bond it would bring between our families but I'm unwilling to propose to her on that basis alone.

Emile stands and paces between the bench and the water's edge.

EMILE

Your mother and I have always thought you were in love with her.

JEAN-PAUL

The truth is I'm too busy to marry her now.

EMILE

I can't imagine this Irish lass can hold a candle to the duchess.

JEAN-PAUL

I wouldn't let it ruin your day, father. We have other more important things in which to be concerned. I'm sure you would agree.

Emile walks away without saying a word.

**INT. LA FONTAINE SUITE - HÔTEL DE VILLE - DAY**

Several months later, Jean-Paul sits with Victor in the early afternoon.

VICTOR

The violence is getting worse.

JEAN-PAUL

That's because misguided Frenchmen are bowing down to Robespierre.

VICTOR

We must change their minds.

JEAN-PAUL

Sometimes I wonder why I bother.

VICTOR

That doesn't sound like you.

JEAN-PAUL

Most people don't believe what I have to say.

Victor sits back; appearing perplexed.

VICTOR

So you're just going to give up; sit around and drink ale till it comes out your nose while you scratch you back side.

JEAN-PAUL

(grins)

Not as long as you're around.

VICTOR

We must not lose sight of our victories.

JEAN-PAUL  
It seems like an endless battle.

VICTOR  
One that we will win.

JEAN-PAUL  
Perhaps you are right.

Jean-Paul appears to be in thought.

JEAN-PAUL (CONT'D)  
There is much to consider, my  
friend. I say we finish what we set  
out to do.

**EXT. TREMONT CASTLE - DAY**

A week later, the morning is chilly, but nevertheless Jean-Paul stands by the riverbank waiting for Angelina to arrive. Emile approaches.

EMILE  
The duchess will be here any  
moment. I believe she has something  
important to discuss with you.

JEAN-PAUL  
You seem to know her more than I.

EMILE  
Indeed. You're never here.

Angelina arrives and is escorted over to Jean-Paul by a family security guard. Emile graciously walks the guard back to the carriage.

JEAN-PAUL  
You look ravishing as always.

ANGELINA  
You make me blush.

JEAN-PAUL  
That is my goal in life: to make  
you terribly red in the face.

ANGELINA  
Are you home for a while?



JEAN-PAUL

France has declared war on Spain. I have every intention of joining the French Army; now amassing along the Pyrénées.

ANGELINA

You must stay here and protect your family.

JEAN-PAUL

Is there something on your mind?

She steps closer, grabs his arms, and looks straight into his eyes.

ANGELINA

I want you to sever ties with both the National Guard and the French Army. I want you to stay at Tremont and act in the capacity of the noble you're supposed to be.

JEAN-PAUL

(smiles)

You want to see more of me. Is that it?

ANGELINA

Is there something wrong with that?

JEAN-PAUL

I believe this might be difficult for a Duchess to comprehend, but I take my role in protecting France very seriously.

Angelina grasps his medallion and lets it go quickly.

ANGELINA

And I suppose you really believe that medallion around your neck is your savior.

JEAN-PAUL

Of course. Now if you excuse me.

Jean-Paul walks away leaving Angelina standing alone with tears in her eyes.

**EXT. SAINT BEATRICE CONVENT - MONTAUBAN - COURTYARD - DAY**

A day later in the late afternoon, Sophie walks out of the converted convent onto the courtyard to meet a visitor. The caller is standing with one foot propped up on the stone courtyard wall, his arms crossed, admiring the view. He turns around.

JEAN-PAUL

Sophie, it's good to see you again.

SOPHIE

(surprised)

You look a bit worn and tired.

JEAN-PAUL

I think it must be the hours I spent on a horse traveling from Paris. It isn't easy. You should try it sometime, Mademoiselle.

SOPHIE

Are you here to visit with your compatriots?

JEAN-PAUL

(grins)

I'm here to see you.

They sit together.

SOPHIE

I received your letter. I can't imagine what you endured. I'm curious. What do you mean when you say La Fontaine Lives?

JEAN-PAUL

When I'm obliged to support the National Guard and French Army, it is always a blessing to live one more day of this absurd revolution.

SOPHIE

I thought you were in favor of change and wanted, as you once said, to support the plight of the common man.

Jean-Paul gazes at her for a moment before he speaks.

JEAN-PAUL

We live in somewhat of a brash world;

(MORE)

JEAN-PAUL (CONT'D)  
void of any sense of real meaning,  
notwithstanding the meaning we  
attribute to our own lives.

Sophie rests back in her chair, looks out on the horizon with  
a sarcastic smile on her face.

SOPHIE  
What was it really like fighting  
the Prussians?

JEAN-PAUL  
It was one of the hardest battles  
I've ever fought in my life. Do  
you know what the best part of war  
is?

She doesn't respond, but stares at him.

JEAN-PAUL (CONT'D)  
Walking away from a bloody  
battlefield, knowing you're alive  
and well.

SOPHIE  
What about the soldiers who died?  
Spilled blood will not change men's  
minds.

JEAN-PAUL  
Unfortunately, war is a necessary  
evil we must wage against our  
enemies. However, I do agree death  
doesn't always deter aggression.

Sophie's demeanor suggests she's not comfortable with Jean-  
Paul's assertion.

SOPHIE  
War is certainly not necessary.

JEAN-PAUL  
Weakness of character is one of the  
greatest sins of the world. You  
must remember that.

SOPHIE  
Are you in the area long?

JEAN-PAUL  
I must travel south. The Spaniards  
are waiting for a fight.

SOPHIE  
Wasn't fighting the Prussians  
enough?

JEAN-PAUL  
France has many enemies.

He stands and begins to walk away, but turns around.

JEAN-PAUL (CONT'D)  
I trust you will see me again.

Sophie smiles and shakes her head that she will.

**EXT. PYRÉNÉES MOUNTAIN RANGE - DAY**

Jean-Paul and Victor, smoking cigarettes, sit with other soldiers as they wait to ascend into the mountains. Their commander, HENRI BAINVILLE approaches them.

BAINVILLE  
You asked to see me?

JEAN-PAUL  
The Spanish are known for cunning  
maneuvers. We should take one  
battle at a time.

VICTOR  
They will engage us with clever  
tactics.

BAINVILLE  
We will charge them without  
abandon.

Bainville grumbles a bit and walks away.

JEAN-PAUL  
For a commander, he has no sense of  
caution, no sense of preparation.  
He wants to attack them like we're  
a medieval horde.

VICTOR  
Perhaps we should head back to  
Orléans.

Jean-Paul clutches his medallion as he speaks.

JEAN-PAUL  
Not today, my friend. We'll take  
our chances.

**EXT. FOOTHILLS NEAR PAMPLONA SPAIN - DAY**

The Spanish are positioned northwest to protect the city. Bainville signals to attack at quick pace. Within minutes, dust is being kicked up from the north and south and the line of Spanish soldiers ride toward the French. Jean-Paul and Victor ride beside one another.

VICTOR

We must fight like there is no tomorrow.

JEAN-PAUL

(sarcastic smile)

Time will tell.

The battle is horrendous for both sides. In a battlefield of rising black and white smoke, the remaining Spanish troops move back toward Pamplona. Having been shot, Jean-Paul and Victor lay on the dry ground bleeding from their wounds. Jean-Paul tries to get up, looking over at Victor who appears not to be moving at all.

Commander Bainville's listless body lay on the ground among his comrades. Being stunned from the encounter and after collecting the wounded, Victor and Jean-Paul among them, the remaining French soldiers ride toward their homeland as the smell of death makes them sick to their stomachs.

**INT. SAINT BEATRICE CONVENT - FOYER - DAY**

In the early morning, hearing a knock on the front door, Sophie rushes down the stairs. When she opens it, she sees a nun standing there. She motions for the nun to come in the foyer. The nun's name is SISTER AGNES MARIE.

SISTER AGNES MARIE

Are you Sophie Macpherson?

SOPHIE

Yes.

SISTER AGNES MARIE

I am Sister Agnes Marie. I'm here on behalf of Monsieur La Fontaine. He would like to see you.

SOPHIE

Jean-Paul! Is he all right? What has happened to him?

SISTER AGNES MARIE  
 He has been wounded, Mademoiselle,  
 but he's making very good progress.  
 I'll take you to him, if you like.

**INT. CARRIAGE - DAY**

They traverse a dirt road leading to a monastery in the foothills.

SOPHIE  
 Was he taken to a hospital?

SISTER AGNES MARIE  
 He is at Montclair Monastery. He  
 has been there for two months.

SOPHIE  
 We must take him to Saint Beatrice  
 to let him convalesce there.

SISTER AGNES MARIE  
 No, Mademoiselle, Jean-Paul is  
 fine. He has a private room on the  
 third floor next to the Abbé.

SOPHIE  
 Do all the soldiers have private  
 rooms?

Sister Agnes Marie gives Sophie a confused look.

SISTER AGNES MARIE  
 No, Mademoiselle. Do you not know  
 who Jean-Paul La Fontaine is?

SOPHIE  
 He's a gallant soldier.

SISTER AGNES MARIE  
 If you say so, Mademoiselle, but  
 the La Fontaine family is one of  
 the wealthiest families in all of  
 France.

Sophie is at a loss for words.

**INT. JEAN-PAUL'S ROOM NEXT TO THE ABBÉ - THIRD FLOOR - DAY**

Sister Agnes Marie and Sophie stand in the doorway of Jean-Paul's room.

The nun places her hand on Sophie's shoulder, nods her head, and walks down the hall. Sophie enters the room. Jean-Paul sees her and briefly smiles.

JEAN-PAUL

It seems like a lifetime since I saw you last. How long have I been here?

SOPHIE

Long enough.

She walks around to the other side of the bed. She notices the medallion neatly placed on a side table.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)

The Spaniards did this to you?

JEAN-PAUL

They are a rough lot.

SOPHIE

I see you still wear that medallion.

JEAN-PAUL

It protects me in battle.

SOPHIE

You're wounded. Surely that's a myth.

JEAN-PAUL

I don't believe in myths.

SOPHIE

Have you now learned your lesson? You could have died on the battlefield.

Jean-Paul tries to sit up in bed.

JEAN-PAUL

You seem upset with me.

SOPHIE

Why didn't you tell me about your families wealth?

JEAN-PAUL

Why does it matter to you?

SOPHIE

I think someone in your status  
would leave the fighting to others.

JEAN-PAUL

I have a responsibility that  
perhaps you cannot understand.

They stare at one another for a moment.

JEAN-PAUL (CONT'D)

I feel a bit tired. Maybe we can  
talk later.

Sophie tries to smile as she departs.

**EXT. MONTCLAIR MONASTERY - CLOISTER - DAY**

Sophie walks out of the monastery and onto the cloister that  
surrounds part of the building. She hears screaming in the  
distance. It gets louder.

DANIELLE

Sophie, Sophie, please help me! Ian  
has been arrested. They've taken  
him away!

SOPHIE

What has he done?

DANIELLE

They think he's a spy.

SOPHIE

Where have they taken him?

DANIELLE

The Montauban town hall.

**INT. MONTAUBAN TOWN HALL - DAY**

As Danielle and Sophie walk down a long hallway, they can see  
Ian through a window of a large room. He sits in a small,  
straight-backed, wooden chair in the middle. Soldiers  
surround him with guns at the ready position and it appears  
they are waiting for someone to enter.

Smoking a cigar, the inspector, enters from a door right  
behind them. He looks to be very agitated as he walks down  
the hallway. When he reaches the interrogation room, he  
glances back at them and closes the door.



Standing in the hallway, they try to hear what the inspector has to say.

**INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY**

The inspector faces the accused. His voice is loud and clear. IAN looks scared to death.

DEVEREUX

Monsieur Bancroft, I'm Inspector Devereux. I'm here to ask you a few questions pertaining to your activities in the south of France.

Ian doesn't respond.

DEVEREUX (CONT'D)

Please tell me your vocation and what you have been doing in France for the last several years.

IAN

I'm researching French culture and history dating back to the 5th century.

DEVEREUX

You could research our history in London at the university if you desired, could you not?

Ian fidgets in his chair.

DEVEREUX (CONT'D)

Answer the question, monsieur.

IAN

Yes.

DEVEREUX

Do you know who Jacques Brissot is?

IAN

I'm not sure.

Devereux stands closer to Ian and blows smoke in his face. Ian coughs and clears his throat.

DEVEREUX

Do you know him or not?

Ian begins to shake.

IAN

Yes, I know him.

DEVEREUX

I think you're involved in gathering information that would benefit your country. Is that not correct?

IAN

No, I would never do that.

DEVEREUX

You're a spy and must be punished. You're now at the mercy of Robespierre. Do you have any final words, Monsieur?

IAN

Please! Please, I'm not a spy. I can prove it. Please, you have the wrong man. I'm innocent!

Devereux motions for his men to arrest Ian. He walks out the door while puffing his cigar.

**INT. TREMONT CASTLE - LIBRARY - DAY**

Jean-Paul and Emile sit on ornate straight back chairs discussing current events while drinking fine wine from their vineyards.

EMILE

You must feel lucky to be alive.

JEAN-PAUL

To fight another day? Yes.

EMILE

I fear we'll have to form our own militia if unsavory characters come our way.

JEAN-PAUL

They're engaged elsewhere. When will we know the status of the constitution?

EMILE

Robespierre's influence has become paramount in Paris.

Jean-Paul shakes his head and laughs.

JEAN-PAUL

And you and your prominent friends  
will let him get away with it?

EMILE

What else can we do?

JEAN-PAUL

Robespierre doesn't care about the  
privilege of nobility. The truth is  
the monarchy wasn't so bad for us.

EMILE

So, what are you saying? You now  
support the counter-  
revolutionaries.

Jean-Paul sits forward and faces his father.

JEAN-PAUL

Of course not.

He smiles and rests back in his chair.

JEAN-PAUL (CONT'D)

Robespierre's idea to terrorize  
citizens into believing what he  
does is like an evil storm cast  
over France by the devil himself.

EMILE

What has gotten into you?

JEAN-PAUL

I must go to Paris.

EMILE

You should remain here. I think you  
should spend more time with your  
mother and pay more attention to  
the Duchess.

JEAN-PAUL

I have nothing in common with the  
Duchess.

Jean-Paul places his glass on a side table, stands and walks  
out of the library.

**INT. HÔTEL DE VILLE - LA FONTAINE SUITE - DAY**

A day later, Jean-Paul hears a knock on the front door and answers it. Devereux wanders in and they take a seat in the living area.

DEVEREUX

I understand you wanted to see me.

JEAN-PAUL

I know your duties here in Paris must be greater than in Lyon.

DEVEREUX

(rolls his eyes)

Well for one thing there are more disgruntled citizens in Paris and consequently more crime.

JEAN-PAUL

Do you regret coming to Paris?

Devereux's frown suggests he's not happy with the conversation.

DEVEREUX

What is this all about? I feel like you're interrogating me.

JEAN-PAUL

I understand you have arrested a suspected British spy. Ian Bancroft, I believe.

Devereux sits straight in his seat, adjusts his suit coat, but doesn't respond.

JEAN-PAUL (CONT'D)

Do you know for sure he's a spy?

DEVEREUX

Why are you so concerned?

JEAN-PAUL

Ian is a friend of an acquaintance of mine and all indications are he's been falsely accused.

DEVEREUX

Are you now an inspector, La Fontaine? It is obvious you don't have all the facts.

JEAN-PAUL  
I think I know enough.

Devereux stands and points his finger at Jean-Paul.

DEVEREUX  
I would appreciate you attending to  
your own affairs. I'll take care of  
arresting criminals and  
investigating spies.

With that, Devereux leaves himself out.

**INT. OFFICE OF ARMAND BERNIER - DAY**

Several days later, Jean-Paul walks into Bernier's office and casually takes a seat.

BERNIER  
Welcome back, the National Guard  
misses you.

JEAN-PAUL  
I can only offer my apologies.

BERNIER  
It has been hectic here.

JEAN-PAUL  
I can only stay a short while.

BERNIER  
We have captured one of the  
instigators. He says he knows you.

JEAN-PAUL  
Who does he support?

BERNIER  
Those who want a centralized  
government.

JEAN-PAUL  
Where is he?

Bernier motions for Jean-Paul to follow him. They walk out the door.

**EXT. SMALL JAIL COMPOUND - DAY**

They walk to an old dilapidated brick and mortar building that is out back of the main headquarters.

It is crowded with inmates, yelling and shouting obscenities. Bernier takes Jean-Paul to the back where there is an isolated cell. Bernier stands at the entrance and watches the exchange.

JEAN-PAUL

I see you finally made a name for yourself.

DUMAS

I should have guessed you would come here to rub it in.

JEAN-PAUL

You seem to like the attention.

Dumas gets up from his cot and stretches.

DUMAS

They say they want to send me to the guillotine.

Jean-Paul looks over at Bernier.

JEAN-PAUL

What are the charges?

BERNIER

He is accused of murdering innocent bystanders.

Jean-Paul stares at Dumas for a moment before he speaks.

JEAN-PAUL

What do you have to say for yourself?

DUMAS

I've never committed these crimes. I'm being framed because I'm a thorn in Bernier's side.

Jean-Paul motions for Bernier to step to the side for a moment.

BERNIER

He's a dangerous man.

JEAN-PAUL

I believe he has grand allusions. I believe he thinks he is someone he's not.

BERNIER

Why do you defend this man?

JEAN-PAUL

He's nothing but a careless troublemaker. Let him go. There are others who warrant your attention.

Bernier appears to be in thought. He paces for a moment.

BERNIER

If you say so, monsieur, but if I catch him again stirring up trouble, I'll arrest him for good, and execute him myself.

Bernier unlocks the cell door and motions for Dumas to leave. Dumas, with a slight smile on his face, strolls out of the cell and hobbles down the road.

**EXT. STREET LEADING TO SAINT BEATRICE CONVENT - MONTAUBAN - NIGHT**

On a chilly Saturday night when the air is so crisp it feels like icicles against Sophie's face, she hurriedly walks home from an evening tea she attended with several friends. The street leading up to the convent is dark except for the dim light emanating from the interior of several of the small row houses, casting her shadow well in front of her. When she reaches the top of the street, she can see two soldiers standing guard at the front door of Saint Beatrice.

A YOUNG SOLDIER approaches her.

YOUNG SOLDIER

Are you Sophie Macpherson?

SOPHIE

Yes.

YOUNG SOLDIER

Please follow me.

They enter the convent; Sophie appearing very reluctant.

**INT. SAINT BEATRICE CONVENT - PARLOR - NIGHT**

When she enters the parlor, she sees two other gentlemen who are dressed in civilian attire. The shutters are closed and there are two lighted candles on the table. NASON, her father, is sitting in a chair on the other side of the table.

A tall man, the INTERROGATOR, motions for Sophie to sit across from her father.

INTERROGATOR  
Monsieur Macpherson, how long have you lived in France?

NASON  
A little over two years.

INTERROGATOR  
Why did you come to France in the first instance?

NASON  
I came here for my health. I thought the warm weather would help remedy my consumption.

INTERROGATOR  
What activities have you engaged in while living in Montauban, Monsieur?

Nason takes a few deep breaths and coughs before he responds.

NASON  
Nothing of any consequence. We came here to relax and nothing more.

INTERROGATOR  
What about you, Mademoiselle?

SOPHIE  
I will tell you I haven't been involved in any activity that would cause concern.

INTERROGATOR  
Do you sympathize with any French political factions?

SOPHIE  
Of course not.

INTERROGATOR  
That's good, Mademoiselle, but I regret to inform you, Monsieur Macpherson, that by decree of the government, mandating all foreign travelers as suspicious, you and your entire family are under arrest.

(MORE)



INTERROGATOR (CONT'D)

You will be confined at another location and must leave tonight.

SOPHIE

We can't leave tonight! My father is in poor health.

The interrogator sits up in his chair; his voice gets a little louder.

INTERROGATOR

Go gather together whatever you want to take. We must leave and report to our superiors.

NASON

Can it not wait?

INTERROGATOR

You must prepare to leave.

Sophie's mother, MARY, comes into the parlor.

MARY

You have no reason to arrest us.

INTERROGATOR

You will do as we say.

MARY

We mean no harm.

SOPHIE

Where are you taking us?

INTERROGATOR

To a convent not far from here.

The Macphersons are in shock.

**EXT. PLACE DE LA RÉVOLUTION - DAY**

In the late morning of an overcast day, Jean-Paul and Victor stand among other bystanders as two men wheel a cart with Madame Roland, dressed in white, to the guillotine. The large crowd cheers. They watch as she is beheaded; her head falling into a large wooden bucket.

Disgusted, they walk away.

**EXT. RUE SAINT-HONORÉ - DAY**

Jean-Paul and Victor are accosted by several men as they walk down the street. An OLD MAN steps forward.

JEAN-PAUL  
What do you want?

OLD MAN  
You fool no one, monsieur. We know who you are.

JEAN-PAUL  
Perhaps you didn't hear me. What do you want?

OLD MAN  
Do you think we're going to just let you wander around Paris doing what you want?

JEAN-PAUL  
I have every reason to be here.

OLD MAN  
We have taken over Paris, and France I might add. You have nothing to fight for in this revolution.

VICTOR  
We're not going to lay down our arms for you or anyone else.

OLD MAN  
I see you bear no arms. I would be careful if I were you.

JEAN-PAUL  
Tell Dumas we won't bow down to the likes of you.

The old man steps closer to Jean-Paul.

OLD MAN  
You think that medallion is going to save you. I would think again.

The old man turns to his comrades and signals to depart. Jean-Paul and Victor sigh a bit and walk away.

**EXT. DAMES NOIRES ET BLANCE CONVENT - DAY**

On a brisk day while trying to relax on a cold bench, Sophie notices two monks crossing the field between the monastery and the convent. They look very different. One is tall and rather heavy, and the other one is small and thin. They have their hoods up to protect them from the cold wind. The taller of the two, BROTHER THEODORE, makes the introductions.

BROTHER THEODORE

Good morning, Mademoiselle Macpherson. I'm Brother Theodore and this is Brother Matthew. Sister Agnes Marie told us of your arrest. We will try to make your stay here as painless as possible.

Sophie shakes a bit from the cold, but is very lucid.

SOPHIE

I'm scared for my family. My father is ill, and we are not used to this horrible treatment. I only hope we can be released as soon as possible.

BROTHER THEODORE

No one can predict what Robespierre and his band of rebels will do. I'm afraid your stay here may be for much longer than you could ever envision.

SOPHIE

You must find Jean-Paul La Fontaine. I believe he's now in Paris or somewhere on the Austrian border. He will help when he hears of this travesty.

BROTHER THEODORE

We will do what we can, mademoiselle, but you must take care of your family. The conditions here will only get worse.

Both monks place their hands on her shoulders before they turn and walk quickly across the field to Montclair, shivering from the cold air against their faces.

**INT. GENDARME HEADQUARTERS - WAITING ROOM - PARIS - DAY**

Danielle sits silently in a straight backed chair waiting to talk to Inspector Devereux about Ian's arrest. She squirms in her seat; not knowing what to expect. Devereux opens the door to his office and motions for her to go in.

**INT. INSPECTOR DEVEREUX'S OFFICE - DAY**

Danielle sits while Devereux stands right in front of her.

DANIELLE

I'm here to see Ian Bancroft.

DEVEREUX

He's in good health, but he's charged with a very serious crime. He's a spy and will be tried and suffer the punishment.

Devereux paces as he talks.

DEVEREUX (CONT'D)

Why are you so concerned?

DANIELLE

He is a friend.

DEVEREUX

You shouldn't be associating with spies.

DANIELLE

He's not a spy. He's a student.

DEVEREUX

He is working for the British Diplomatic Corps on assignment to Montauban.

DANIELLE

How do you know?

DEVEREUX

I have my sources. I must ask you to leave. There is nothing you can do for him.

DANIELLE

Please let me see him.

Devereux opens the door.

DEVEREUX

I'm a busy man. Please do not return.

Danielle slowly walks out the door with fear in her eyes.

**INT. GENDARME HEADQUARTERS - PRISON CELL - DAY**

Devereux walks in Ian's cell. He's sitting in the corner next to the soiled mattress he uses as a bed. Devereux stands over him. Ian looks up at Devereux; his words muted.

IAN

What do you want?

DEVEREUX

Get up and talk to your accuser.

Ian tries to stand, but falls several times.

IAN

I've done nothing wrong.

DEVEREUX

You're going to confess. Is that understood?

IAN

I'm not guilty of anything.

DEVEREUX

I've talked to your friend, Danielle.

IAN

Where is she? What have done with her?

DEVEREUX

I told her to go home. There's nothing for her here.

Ian, having a hard time balancing while standing, walks closer to Devereux, but doesn't say anything.

DEVEREUX (CONT'D)

If you don't confess, I will arrest your friend.

IAN

Leave her alone.

DEVEREUX

I know why you are in France,  
monsieur. Your time is running out.  
You will meet the guillotine soon.

Devereux briskly walks out of the cell.

**EXT. MILITARY STAGING AREA - TOULON - DAY**

Several weeks later on an overcast morning, Jean-Paul and Victor ride into a large staging area full of soldiers. A SENIOR SERGEANT stops them.

SENIOR SERGEANT

What is your business here?

JEAN-PAUL

We have come to fight.

A major, FREDERICK CUSTUARD, walks up to their position.

CUSTUARD

Are you here to join the forces?

JEAN-PAUL

We were told to report to the  
colonel.

CUSTUARD

On who's orders?

VICTOR

We were dispatched from Paris.

Custuard stares at the men with a sense of desperation.

CUSTUARD

We certainly need help. I will get  
you an audience with the colonel as  
soon as I can arrange it.  
Meanwhile, I'll get you food and a  
place to sleep.

He motions for them to follow him.

**EXT. NAPOLEON BONAPARTE HEADQUARTERS - DAY**

The next morning, Jean-Paul and Victor walk a short distance to meet with the commander, Colonel NAPOLEON BONAPARTE.

His headquarters is nothing more than a medium sized tent sparsely filled with several large ammo boxes as chairs and a tiny table and cot. Bonaparte stands as they walk into the tent area.

NAPOLEON

I understand you want to fight with us.

JEAN-PAUL

Some men are willing to die for their country.

Napoleon motions for them to take a seat.

NAPOLEON

Custuard informs me you have fought the Prussians and the Spaniards. Both fight like the world will end tomorrow.

Jean-Paul looks over at Victor and smiles.

JEAN-PAUL

They fight with determination. I will say that.

Napoleon stares at Jean-Paul for a few moments.

NAPOLEON

That is an exquisite coin around your neck. May I see it?

Jean-Paul slowly takes it off and hands it to the colonel. Napoleon gropes it with his fingers.

NAPOLEON (CONT'D)

Where did you get such a beautiful coin?

JEAN-PAUL

It is a family heirloom. It belonged to Charlemagne.

NAPOLEON

(smiles)

Charlemagne himself? Does it have mystical powers?

JEAN-PAUL

Only that it protects one from harm.

Napoleon hands it back to Jean-Paul.

NAPOLEON

We are ready to defeat the British.

VICTOR

We will send them away with their  
tails between their legs.

JEAN-PAUL

They won't soon forget it.

Napoleon stands and approaches both men as they stand.

NAPOLEON

You are welcome in my camp. Long  
live our French soldiers. Long live  
the French Army. Long live France.

**INT. DAMES NOIRES ET BLANCE CONVENT - CONFINEMENT CELL -  
NIGHT (1794)**

Several months later, Sophie slowly lights a candle and sits in silence. Looking up, Sophie thinks she sees Brother Theodore standing there. She can't see him very well due to the glare of the candlelight, but it appears he has a letter in his hands. She gets up and takes the letter from him, as he reaches out his arm.

When she unfolds the piece of paper, she sees the words LA FONTAINE LIVES written in dark ink in the middle of the page. She is confused by what it says. Turning around, she sees Brother Theodore still standing there. She walks a little closer to him with the piece of paper.

SOPHIE

What does this mean?

The visitor takes off his hood and steps inside the cell. Sophie is shocked. It is Jean-Paul dressed in a monk's robe.

JEAN-PAUL

Shush, Sophie, you must be quiet.

Sophie, practically hyperventilating, runs over to the cell door to see if anyone is coming.

SOPHIE

How did you get in here?

JEAN-PAUL

That isn't important. I have come  
to rescue you.



SOPHIE

What about my family?

JEAN-PAUL

I'll get them out of here but not tonight. It's too risky.

SOPHIE

I can't leave my father here. He's terribly ill.

JEAN-PAUL

I promise your family will be released.

SOPHIE

How do you plan on getting me out of here?

Jean-Paul goes over to survey the hallway.

JEAN-PAUL

I have a horse positioned at the bottom of the hill. We must go. Now!

Jean-Paul grabs Sophie's hand and they exit the cell.

**EXT. HILLSIDE ADJACENT TO THE CONVENT - NIGHT**

The two of them run down the hill. They can hear guards' voices on the top of the hill. The guards start to run after them. Jean-Paul lifts Sophie unto his horse and they gallop at fast pace into the dark of the night.

**EXT. SOUTHERN SUBURBS OF PARIS - DAY**

In the late morning, Jean-Paul and Sophie ride along several streets observing the chaos. Barricades are set up to cordon off streets, and poignant signs are affixed to many buildings to stake out territory. Committees of squalid men dressed in tattered uniforms are banded together on street corners protecting what they consider to be their own turf. French flags hang from windows, evidence of men living on the street is prevalent, and there is a terrible mist of gunpowder lingering in the air.

Jean-Paul and Sophie encounter a group of men who look like they are standing guard over their barricade. A TATTERED CITIZEN approaches them.

TATTERED CITIZEN  
Monsieur, I must ask you what  
business you have in our city?

JEAN-PAUL  
We have come to see a friend who is  
ill. I'm taking my sister to see  
him. Please let us pass.

TATTERED CITIZEN  
Is that correct, Mademoiselle?

Sophie doesn't respond.

JEAN-PAUL  
My sister isn't feeling well  
herself. We are not a threat to you  
or anyone else.

TATTERED CITIZEN  
Do you swear allegiance to  
Robespierre, Monsieur?

JEAN-PAUL  
Long live the Republic!

TATTERED CITIZEN  
Very well, Monsieur. You're one of  
us. You may pass, but Paris isn't  
as big as it seems. We'll be  
watching you.

They gallop down the street.

**EXT. ABANDONED STREET NEAR THE CHAMP DE MARS - DAY**

Approaching a street corner, Jean-Paul notices what appears to be a soldier and a young boy hiding under an old horse cart. They both wear uniforms. The NATIONAL GUARDSMAN stands and greets them.

NATIONAL GUARDSMAN  
Monsieur La Fontaine, you must come  
with me right away.

JEAN-PAUL  
What is this all about?

NATIONAL GUARDSMAN  
A citizen's protest has gotten out  
of hand and angry crowds are  
dispersed throughout the north of  
the city.

JEAN-PAUL  
Has the Paris regiment been  
dispatched?

NATIONAL GUARDSMAN  
I don't know.

Jean-Paul helps Sophie down off the horse.

JEAN-PAUL  
I must go.

SOPHIE  
Please, I can't stay here. Take me  
with you!

Jean-Paul gallops away. DEMI, the young boy, motions for her to get under the cart.

DEMI  
Paris is facing catastrophe. These  
poor citizens don't understand the  
government's resolve.

SOPHIE  
What do they want?

DEMI  
Who knows. We must prepare for the  
worst.

The gunshots are loud, echoing in the late morning air. They can hear horses charging from all directions. Sophie looks at Demi and he nervously motions for her to be silent. A large group of protestors now crowd the street.

They watch as the government forces arrive threatening to attack. There is no compromise. Ordinary citizens are trying to fight back and are being killed randomly. Women and children are not being spared.

Demi grabs Sophie's hand and they run across the street to an abandoned building.

**INT. ABANDONED BUILDING - THIRD FLOOR ROOM - DAY**

Demi and Sophie quickly enter the room and Demi shuts the door. The furniture is sparse and it's dusty with cobwebs connecting it all together. Sophie, exhausted and scared, brushes cobwebs off a chair and takes a seat. Demi looks out the window at the crowd below.

SOPHIE

You're so young. What possessed you to join the National Guard?

DEMI

My parents were killed two years ago by looters. I wanted to do something with my life and joining the ranks was the only thing I could think to do.

SOPHIE

But it is so dangerous.

DEMI

I admit I don't ride with them often but have seen my share of death and destruction.

SOPHIE

It must be hard for you.

DEMI

I do my duty. It's not easy, mademoiselle.

SOPHIE

Is the entire city under attack?

Demi paces out of frustration.

DEMI

It has been for some time.

Demi walks over to the window and looks at the chaos in the street.

DEMI (CONT'D)

You will be safe here. I must find Monsieur La Fontaine.

SOPHIE

Please don't leave.

DEMI

I won't be long.

Sophie glares at Demi as he walks out the door.

**INT. ABANDONED BUILDING - THIRD FLOOR ROOM - NIGHT**

Exhausted, Sophie had fallen asleep. Disoriented, she awakes to a loud noise. Startled, she jumps out of her chair.

Demi is nowhere to be found. She can hear yelling in the street below. Looking out the window, she sees awful looking flames coming from the first floor. It gives an eerie yellowish glare to the other side of the street. When Sophie opens the front door, a rush of hot air blankets her face.

She stands back; not knowing what to do. Suddenly, she hears a voice.

JEAN-PAUL

Sophie, Sophie. Are you in there?

Sophie's in shock. Jean-Paul runs in, looks out the window, and grabs Sophie; putting her on his shoulder and rushes out of the room.

**EXT. EAST OF PARIS - FARMHOUSE - DAY**

In the early morning, the sky covered with gray clouds, Jean-Paul and Sophie slowly ride up to an abandoned farmhouse. They dismount and glance around the area. In the middle of nowhere, the house is surrounded by tall trees.

SOPHIE

What is this place?

JEAN-PAUL

It belonged to a comrade who died last year. We should rest here for a while.

**INT. FARMHOUSE INTERIOR - DAY**

The furnishings are rustic. The paint is peeling off the walls and much of what they see is in disarray. They sit at the small wooden kitchen table.

SOPHIE

Why did we come here?

JEAN-PAUL

Someone has been following me.

SOPHIE

Who?

JEAN-PAUL

In a revolution, you make a lot of enemies.

SOPHIE

I never thought I would witness something so disheartening.

Jean-Paul goes over and looks out the window. It's beginning to rain.

JEAN-PAUL

We'll stay here for a while; then I'll take you to my home in Paris.

SOPHIE

What if someone finds us here?

He puts his rifle down against the wall adjacent to the table.

JEAN-PAUL

Let me worry about that.

SOPHIE

Will this nonsense ever end?

JEAN-PAUL

If your talking about the revolution, I'm not sure.

SOPHIE

My family didn't expect this.

JEAN-PAUL

Many Frenchmen can say the same.

SOPHIE

When will my parents be rescued?

JEAN-PAUL

Within due time.

They hear noises by the front door. When Jean-Paul opens it, he sees a large deranged-looking man standing there holding a gun. His name is STEELE.

JEAN-PAUL (CONT'D)

What do you want? Who sent you? Dumas?

STEELE

You can't escape today.

Steele points the gun at Jean-Paul and moves forward. Jean-Paul quickly lunges at the man, knocking him down. His pistol moves across the wooden floor and lands at Sophie's feet.

They roll around with their hands at each other's throat. Picking up the pistol, she gives it to Jean-Paul. When Steele attempts to grab the gun, Jean-Paul shoots him in the chest and then drags him out the door.

**EXT. FRONT OF FARMHOUSE - DAY**

There is still a steady rain and Jean-Paul throws the body down on the wet grass. He then hears a click of a rifle. He turns around and sees RHEMEY, a tall man, getting off his horse.

RHEMEY

Don't move, La Fontaine. You seemed to have cheated death once again.

JEAN-PAUL

Does Dumas send you to do a man's job?

Rhemey checks his comrade's pulse.

RHEMEY

You insult me, Monsieur, but I expect you believe you can cheat death with that thing you wear.

They move to the other side of the door.

JEAN-PAUL

I asked you a question.

RHEMEY

Dumas sends his regards.

Rhemey raises his rifle and aims for his victim's heart. The blast is deafening. Jean-Paul jumps from the sound. The unassuming attacker falls to the muddy ground. The repercussion of Jean-Paul's rifle backs Sophie against the house. Jean-Paul picks her up and holds her close to his chest.

She looks at the dead man's face: eyes opened wide, his mouth dropped open and spewing blood. Bewildered beyond explanation, they stand for the longest time in the rain and embrace.

**INT. HÔTEL DE VILLE - LA FONTAINE SUITE - DAY**

Jean-Paul and Sophie sit on the sofa in the large living area of the suite. They're both tired, but Sophie appears distressed.

SOPHIE  
I can't believe the man I shot is  
dead.

JEAN-PAUL  
(smiles)  
You'd rather be sitting here with  
him? Is that it?

Sophie doesn't appear amused.

SOPHIE  
Why are people after you?

JEAN-PAUL  
They detest reason I suppose.

Sophie glances around the room.

SOPHIE  
So this is where you live.

JEAN-PAUL  
When in Paris; otherwise I spend my  
time at Tremont: my ancestral home.

SOPHIE  
You must take me to my parents.

JEAN-PAUL  
When they are rescued, I will do  
so.

Jean-Paul goes over to grab his satchel.

JEAN-PAUL (CONT'D)  
I will be back as soon as I can.

SOPHIE  
But where are you going?

JEAN-PAUL  
I must attend to a matter of  
personal business. You will be safe  
here.

**INT. SMALL CAFÉ AROUND THE CORNER FROM THE HÔTEL DE VILLE -  
DAY**

The café is practically empty, but Jean-Paul sees Dupont  
standing in the rear.



DUPONT

I'm encouraged you came.

JEAN-PAUL

I understand you have decided to act aggressively against the current government.

A barmaid brings two mugs of ale to the gentlemen.

JEAN-PAUL (CONT'D)

How can you possibly make a difference to anarchy that exists in the streets?

DUPONT

We plan to execute Robespierre and any leader who directly supports him.

JEAN-PAUL

(smirks)

And how do you propose to do that?

DUPONT

I've been watching Robespierre's movements for some time.

JEAN-PAUL

Do you really think you can execute him without dire consequences?

DUPONT

We want your help.

JEAN-PAUL

There is nothing I can do.

DUPONT

Your father knows Robespierre. He could set up a meeting at the Hôtel de Ville. We could be waiting and storm the building.

Jean-Paul gulps his beer down.

JEAN-PAUL

You must be mad. My father won't facilitate Robespierre's death.

DUPONT

We must kill him or France is doomed.

JEAN-PAUL  
He will defeat himself.

DUPONT  
Have you somehow changed your  
perspective, monsieur? You are now  
simply giving up?

Dupont paces in thought for a moment.

DUPONT (CONT'D)  
I think you have become scared,  
monsieur, perhaps of your own  
shadow.

JEAN-PAUL  
The only shadow I'm scared of is  
when your head falls into the  
wooden bucket.

He turns and walks away.

**INT. LA FONTAINE SUITE - NIGHT**

When Jean-Paul walks into the living area, he sees Sophie sitting on sofa crying.

SOPHIE  
Please don't leave me again.

JEAN-PAUL  
No one will bother you here.

SOPHIE  
How long will we stay?

JEAN-PAUL  
Violence in the city is getting  
worse.

Jean-Paul notices several books on the baroque coffee table.

JEAN-PAUL (CONT'D)  
I see you found the library.

SOPHIE  
You certainly have a wealth of  
knowledge sitting on those shelves.

JEAN-PAUL  
Knowledge captivates the soul.

SOPHIE

It makes you smarter too.

They share a laugh. Jean-Paul stares at Sophie with a sense of adulation and lust.

JEAN-PAUL

You're a beautiful women and it is only by fate we met.

He takes her in his arms and kisses her. They fall back on the sofa.

**EXT. TREMONT CASTLE - VINEYARDS - DAY**

Several days later in the late afternoon, Jean-Paul meets with his father, as they walk along a narrow path in the stately vineyards.

EMILE

Have you come home for good?

JEAN-PAUL

I trust you and mother are in good health. I see you remain at Tremont.

EMILE

The counter-revolutionaries are interested in other matters now. Have you come from Paris? What is it like there?

JEAN-PAUL

I don't think Paris will ever be the same.

EMILE

I believe Robespierre will ensure Paris is restored.

They begin walking toward the mansion.

JEAN-PAUL

He's in danger, I'm afraid.

EMILE

What do you mean?

JEAN-PAUL

There are men who want to assassinate him.

EMILE

That's nothing new.

JEAN-PAUL

They're counter-revolutionaries.

EMILE

These men you speak of are setting a fire that will only burn them in the end.

As they near the mansion, Jean-Paul's mother approaches them.

MARIA

Have you seen the Duchess lately?

JEAN-PAUL

How is she?

MARIA

You missed the Masquerade. She expected you.

JEAN-PAUL

(smiles)

I was disguised as a desolate peasant. I guess she didn't notice.

No one laughs except Jean-Paul.

JEAN-PAUL (CONT'D)

I'm simply interested in someone else.

EMILE

The Irish lass? You are being stubborn. Angelina is a wonderful girl. You would do well to marry her.

JEAN-PAUL

Only to sustain your status as a noble.

This brings a frown to Emile's face.

EMILE

Are you still bowing down to the National Guard?

JEAN-PAUL

I think we are succeeding in what we set out to do.

EMILE

You could be killed by an angry  
mob.

Jean-Paul grabs his father by the arms and laughs.

JEAN-PAUL

I accept the challenge.

His parents watch as he walks away.

**INT. OFFICE OF ARMAND BERNIER - DAY**

Victor briskly walks into the office, looks around, and takes  
a seat.

BERNIER

I haven't seen Jean-Paul for a  
while.

VICTOR

He appears to be indisposed.

BERNIER

The protests are becoming more  
organized here.

VICTOR

Paris is no different.

BERNIER

We have to end this chaos soon.

VICTOR

I'm not sure it's possible.

Jean-Paul enters the office.

JEAN-PAUL

The streets seem less congested  
with wayward souls.

BERNIER

They are resting; waiting to annoy  
us once again.

JEAN-PAUL

We cannot become complacent.

BERNIER

Where have you been lately?

JEAN-PAUL  
Personal business. Why?

Bernier sits back and stares at Jean-Paul.

BERNIER  
You have served your country well.  
Perhaps you should retire.

JEAN-PAUL  
(frowns)  
I will think it over.

Victor sits up in his chair.

VICTOR  
You have said repeatedly you would  
never stop fighting the enemies of  
France.

JEAN-PAUL  
Perhaps it is time for someone else  
to take up the cause.

VICTOR  
We have not shared a drink  
recently. You appear to be pre-  
occupied.

JEAN-PAUL  
It's not intentional. I have other  
priorities at the moment.

VICTOR  
It appears you have lost your  
passion for defending your country.

JEAN-PAUL  
If you don't like what I'm doing,  
then stand up like a man and do  
something about it.

VICTOR  
I wouldn't want to hurt you.

Jean-Paul starts toward Victor and Bernier slaps his hand on  
his desk.

BERNIER  
Enough, you two, I won't accept  
discord within the ranks. We must  
have solidarity.

Jean-Paul and Victor stare at each other.

BERNIER (CONT'D)

I will have to reconsider your position in the National Guard.

JEAN-PAUL

You would dismiss me because of the words of a disgruntled colleague?

Bernier doesn't respond. With an angry look on his face, Jean-Paul departs without saying another word.

**EXT. SOUTHERN PARIS - OLD PRISON - DAY**

The next morning, Jean-Paul paces back and forth in front of an old stone building thought to be used as a prison. He believes Ian is being held there. He decides to go in.

**INT. SENTRY DESK - DAY**

Jean-Paul approaches the desk to talk to the prison guard. SERGEANT PERON.

SERGEANT PERON

We don't allow visitors, monsieur.

JEAN-PAUL

I am a representative of the government.

He pulls out a placard with the words Hôtel de Ville on it and a government seal.

JEAN-PAUL (CONT'D)

This proves my credentials. I wish to see Ian Bancroft.

SERGEANT PERON

He's in special confinement and cannot be disturbed.

JEAN-PAUL

I am here on official business and I assume you have a family to support, if you know what I mean.

Sergeant Peron frowns a bit and motions for Jean-Paul to follow him. They walk around the corner and go down a long hallway. At the end is cell separated from the rest. The guard opens the cell door and allows Jean-Paul to go in. He then walks away.

**INT. IAN'S CELL - DAY**

He sees a sight that makes him sick. Ian is lying on his stomach on the floor with his hands straight out. His face is covered in dried blood and excrement. He is moaning to himself something unintelligible.

Jean-Paul picks Ian up and places him against the wall. Ian's demeanor suggests he is expecting another beating and is trying to muster up enough energy to sustain it.

JEAN-PAUL

Do you know why you're here?

IAN

(moaning)

I don't know.

JEAN-PAUL

What is your name?

Ian stares straight at Jean-Paul, his eyes blinking, head shaking, and mumbles the response.

IAN

I can't remember.

JEAN-PAUL

I'm going to get you out of here.

He grabs Ian and puts him over his shoulder.

**INT. PRISON HALLWAY - DAY**

He walks down the hallway while other prisoners start to make noises. He notices a back door, but it is locked. He puts Ian down and goes to get the guard.

When they return, Jean-Paul picks Ian up.

JEAN-PAUL

Open the door.

SERGEANT PERON

You are not authorized to take this prisoner.

JEAN-PAUL

He's sick and needs a doctor. Now open the door.

Sergeant Peron stands firm for a moment; then does what he was told.



**INT. LA FONTAINE SUITE - DAY**

Sophie is sitting on the sofa when Jean-Paul comes in the front door with Ian draped over his shoulder. Sophie stands and gets out of the way as Jean-Paul puts Ian down on the sofa.

SOPHIE  
Where did you find him?

JEAN-PAUL  
In some hellhole.

SOPHIE  
Is he all right?

JEAN-PAUL  
He has no memory.

Sophie goes over to Ian and can see he is dirty, weak, and breathing erratically. She goes to get a wet rag to clean him off. He moans as she does so.

SOPHIE  
What are we going to do?

JEAN-PAUL  
He'll stay here to heal.

SOPHIE  
He can't remember anything?

JEAN-PAUL  
We must give him some time.

Jean-Paul goes into the other room while Sophie tends to Ian. A minute later, he comes back into the living area.

JEAN-PAUL (CONT'D)  
I'm going to the tavern. You should come.

SOPHIE  
We can't leave him here.

JEAN-PAUL  
He'll be fine. He needs to rest.

Reluctantly, Sophie follows Jean-Paul out the door.

**INT. ZOLA'S TAVERN - DAY**

The tavern is crowded. They maneuver to the back and find an empty table.

SOPHIE

We mustn't stay long.

Jean-Paul signals for the barmaid. She brings two mugs of beer over and places them on the table.

JEAN-PAUL

After we quench our thirst.

SOPHIE

What are we going to do about Ian?

JEAN-PAUL

I don't know.

SOPHIE

We have to find Danielle.

Suddenly two gentlemen pull up chairs and join them.

DUMAS

I thought you were more at home at Chez Martin. I guess you're trying to impress the lady.

JEAN-PAUL

This is not the time.

DEVEREUX

We want to talk to you.

Jean-Paul looks askance at Devereux.

JEAN-PAUL

Have you now joined forces with this man?

DEVEREUX

What do you know about the escape of one Ian Bancroft?

JEAN-PAUL

Why do you ask?

DEVEREUX

Ian was taken from prison and is nowhere to be found.

JEAN-PAUL

What does that have to do with me?

Devereux leans forward as he talks.

DEVEREUX

You told me he was falsely accused.  
You must remember. What have you  
done with him?

JEAN-PAUL

I don't know what you are talking  
about.

DUMAS

You think you're above the law.

Jean-Paul starts to stand, but changes his mind.

JEAN-PAUL

You need to harass someone else.

DEVEREUX

You're a counter-revolutionary and  
only pretend to be something else.

JEAN-PAUL

(laughs)

Between the two of you, you can't  
figure out how to tie your own  
shoes.

DEVEREUX

You will regret those words.

The two provocateurs stand and quickly depart.

**INT. LA FONTAINE SUITE - DAY**

Jean-Paul and Sophie enter the suite and immediately go to the living area. To their surprise, Ian is not lying on the sofa. Sophie runs into the other rooms to see if he is there. When she comes back out, Jean-Paul is sitting on the sofa.

SOPHIE

He's gone. Where could he be?

JEAN-PAUL

He shouldn't be roaming the streets  
in his condition.

SOPHIE

We need to find him.

JEAN-PAUL  
He could be anywhere.

Sophie sits next to Jean-Paul.

SOPHIE  
We should at least try.

JEAN-PAUL  
Where do we begin?

SOPHIE  
We should never have left him  
alone.

She hesitates for a moment; appearing concerned.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)  
What are you going to do about  
those men in the tavern?

JEAN-PAUL  
(laughs)  
Dumas is harmless and Inspector  
Devereux is just angry his prisoner  
escaped.

SOPHIE  
I wouldn't turn your back on either  
one of them.

They hear a knock at the door.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)  
What if that's the inspector.

Jean-Paul ignores her and goes to answer the door. Seconds  
later, he brings Danielle into the room.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)  
I thought I would never see you  
again.

DANIELLE  
I went to see Inspector Devereux to  
have Ian released. He refused. I  
have no idea what has happened to  
him.

Jean-Paul motioned for her to sit on the sofa.

JEAN-PAUL

I found Ian, rescued him and brought him here. Unfortunately, while we were out, he disappeared.

Danielle appears distressed.

JEAN-PAUL (CONT'D)

The best I could tell, he has lost his memory.

DANIELLE

(frantic)

He will be helpless on the streets of Paris.

JEAN-PAUL

We must hope Ian doesn't run into Devereux.

DANIELLE

I must go and find him. He needs me.

SOPHIE

Please be careful.

Sophie and Danielle embrace and she rushes out of the suite.

**INT. TREMONT CASTLE - LIBRARY - DAY**

A day later, Jean-Paul and his father sit in the comfort of the palatial library.

EMILE

The sentiments against Robespierre's government are becoming worse.

JEAN-PAUL

I'm not surprised. He has salted the wounds of many citizens.

EMILE

If his government crumbles, we will endure more violence in the streets.

JEAN-PAUL

Citizens who think the revolution will end tomorrow are mad.

EMILE

There must be an end in sight.

Maria enters the library and takes a seat.

MARIA

Tremont is your home. You must stay.

JEAN-PAUL

Not until France is free from tyranny.

MARIA

Haven't you had enough?

EMILE

Let others take up the cause.

JEAN-PAUL

Disrespect France? Never.

He stands and departs while his parents stare at each other.

**INT. LA FONTAINE SUITE - NIGHT**

Jean-Paul enters his suite that is completely dark; appearing empty. He starts to look around when Sophie appears out of nowhere.

JEAN-PAUL

What's the matter?

SOPHIE

I want my parents released.

JEAN-PAUL

It is not as easy as you think.

SOPHIE

My father's sick and will die there if he's not freed.

Jean-Paul puts his arms around Sophie.

JEAN-PAUL

I'm sorry, I'm doing the best I can.

They sit on the sofa.

SOPHIE

You visited your parents. What did they say?

JEAN-PAUL

They have become oblivious about the state of the revolution.

SOPHIE

They want you to cease being a warrior.

JEAN-PAUL

(smiles)

Yes.

SOPHIE

Is that so bad?

There is a knock at the door. Jean-Paul answers it. A COURIER hands him a piece of paper.

COURIER

I was told to give this to you, but I will tell you Robespierre has been arrested and is being held in the basement. Anti-government forces are getting ready to storm the building.

Jean-Paul glances at the note. The courier departs.

JEAN-PAUL

We must pack what we can. There's not much time.

**INT. HÔTEL DE VILLE - BASEMENT - NIGHT**

Jean-Paul and Sophie find themselves in the squalid basement. They look around and see lights at the far end of the hall. There is a GUARD sitting outside the door where Robespierre is sequestered.

GUARD

What do you want?

JEAN-PAUL

I want to talk to Robespierre.

GUARD

Who are you?

JEAN-PAUL

Just tell him La Fontaine wants to talk to him.

GUARD

Wait here.

The guard goes into the room. Seconds later he reappears.

GUARD (CONT'D)

You may enter, but mustn't stay long.

They put their satchels down and go inside.

**INT. ROBESPIERRE'S CELL - NIGHT**

A small candle on a table in the corner dimly lights the room. Robespierre looks like a man who is desperate and fears for his life. Jean-Paul notices a small firearm positioned next to the candle.

ROBESPIERRE

Monsieur La Fontaine, have you come to celebrate my demise? I only had good intentions for citizens of France to stand tall and be part of this great nation.

He takes two cigars off the table and offers one to Jean-Paul.

ROBESPIERRE (CONT'D)

Can I interest you in a cigar? It may be the last pleasure I have before they send me to the guillotine.

Jean-Paul waves off the cigar and paces a bit before he responds.

JEAN-PAUL

Could it be it was easier for you to put a man to his death for not believing in you than it was to convince him by simple reason? France deserves better than you were willing to provide and now the citizens of France aren't going to live in fear ever again.



ROBESPIERRE

If you have come to make me drown  
in my sorrow, I think it's best you  
leave.

JEAN-PAUL

You took it upon yourself to be the  
sole executioner of innocent  
citizens.

ROBESPIERRE

You have to eliminate your enemies.  
You should know that.

JEAN-PAUL

We are all Frenchmen who want a  
lasting republic.

ROBESPIERRE

I have nothing more to say.

Jean-Paul begins to speak when the door is abruptly opened.

GUARD

A large mob of angry citizens are  
approaching our location. You must  
leave.

Jean-Paul grabs Sophie's hand and they depart.

**EXT. ALLEY OUTSIDE THE HÔTEL DE VILLE - NIGHT**

The commotion from angry citizens storming the city hall is  
extremely loud. Jean-Paul and Sophie, satchels in hand, run  
as fast as they can away from the building. They look back  
once, not sure they will ever see the Hôtel de Ville again.

**INT. VOLTAIRE INN - ORLÉANS - LARGE SUITE - DAY**

A week later in the early morning after hiding until they  
felt it was safe, Jean-Paul and Sophie get ready to depart.  
Jean-Paul paces while Sophie talks.

SOPHIE

We must go to Montauban.

JEAN-PAUL

Hopefully your parents have already  
been released.

SOPHIE

They never deserved such  
punishment.

Jean-Paul goes over to a side table, grabs his medallion and puts it on.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)

Perhaps you should take the  
medallion off. It shouldn't matter  
now. There are no battles to fight  
today.

JEAN-PAUL

(reluctant)

Here, please put it in a safe  
place.

Sophie takes the medallion and places it in her satchel.

JEAN-PAUL (CONT'D)

We should leave. We have a long way  
to go.

**EXT. DUSTY ROAD HEADING TOWARD MONTAUBAN - DAY**

They gallop at fast pace down a narrow country road; kicking dust up as they go. Without warning as they round a bend they are ambushed by four men on horseback. One of the horsemen approaches Jean-Paul.

DUMAS

Well, La Fontaine, what a pleasant  
surprise finding you out here in  
the middle of nowhere on such a dry  
afternoon.

Another horseman moves forward. Jean-Paul realizes it is Inspector Devereux.

JEAN-PAUL

We're not breaking the law.

DEVEREUX

We've been watching you.

DUMAS

You're a swine and a traitor, La  
Fontaine! I have no time for people  
like you.

JEAN-PAUL

Robespierre's days are numbered.

Devereux glances over at Dumas.

DEVEREUX

I guess you didn't hear. He's dead.

JEAN-PAUL

France can be liberated now.

DUMAS

Enough, La Fontaine! I should have killed you years ago.

JEAN-PAUL

I'm not your enemy. I have no desire to keep the monarchy in place. You know that's the truth.

DUMAS

I don't believe you, La Fontaine. Now get off your horse.

JEAN-PAUL

(points to Sophie)

Let her go. You have no fight with her.

SOPHIE

Please, let us go. Jean-Paul is innocent. He has done nothing wrong.

DUMAS

I will tell you again, get off your horse and stand over by that tree.

Jean-Paul slowly gets off his horse, grabs his satchel, and walks over to the tree. Sophie dismounts and runs over to Jean-Paul.

DEVEREUX

You must get out of the way, Mademoiselle.

Frantic, she moves away.

DUMAS

What do you have to say for yourself, Monsieur?

JEAN-PAUL

I know you wouldn't shoot an unarmed man.

DUMAS

Take your pistol out of your satchel and it will be an even fight.

Jean-Paul bends down and opens his satchel. He takes out his pistol. As soon as Jean-Paul stands and turns toward Dumas, two shots are fired. They hit Jean-Paul in the chest at point blank range sending him careening against the tree.

As he gasps for breath, the four horsemen mount their horses and ride away.

Sophie runs to Jean-Paul's aide, but it appears to be too late. She bends over his body with tears streaming down her cheeks.

**EXT. TREMONT CASTLE - FAMILY CEMETERY - DAY**

A week after his death in the mid-morning, Jean-Paul is laid to rest. The funeral procession starts at the front entrance of the chateau and proceeds adjacent to the river, up to the commencement of the forest, and onto the other side of the road to the family cemetery. Emile and Maria walk arm-in-arm in complete silence with Sophie, as the servants carry the coffin. When they reach the location of the newly dug grave, they stop. The servants carefully place the coffin on the ground.

They all bow their heads in silent prayer. Sophie then places a single white rose on the coffin.

SOPHIE

(quiet voice)

For a life well lived.

She steps away. The servants place the coffin in the ground and begin to cover it with dirt.

The procession gradually retraces its steps back to the chateau.

**EXT. TREMONT CASTLE - BENCH OVERLOOKING RIVER LOIRE - DAY**

Sophie quietly sits on the bench in the early morning, as she gazes out over the river. Ducks skim across the water, as a light fog rises and quickly dissipates in the air.

Sophie notices someone coming toward her. She realizes it is Jean-Paul's father. He takes a seat next to her.

EMILE

There's a wonderful hue that accompanies the surface of the water in the morning. It has quite a calming effect.

SOPHIE

(breathing heavy)

I'm so sorry. Jean-Paul was an extraordinary man. I wish I could have saved his life.

EMILE

I'm sure you did everything you could. You can't cheat death when it is your time to die. You brought him here and for that I'm grateful.

Sophie is having a hard time with the words and takes a deep breath.

SOPHIE

You must have had a great influence on him. I know he loved you very much.

EMILE

This revolution has caused undue heartache to more families than it's worth, but Jean-Pal never wavered in his love for his country. And for that, he will be long remembered.

Emile stands and begins to walk away, but turns around.

EMILE (CONT'D)

Please join us for tea this afternoon in the library.

He smiles and walks away.

**INT. TREMONT CASTLE - LIBRARY - DAY**

Sophie walks into the massive library and notices Jean-Paul's parents are already sitting there. She takes a seat. A servant pours her a cup of tea.

MARIA

It is a pleasure you could join us.

EMILE

I know you have been through  
turmoil you'd rather forget.

SOPHIE

It's still hard to believe.

EMILE

You must understand, Jean-Paul was  
obsessed with ending the  
revolution. He could have been  
killed many times over the years.

MARIA

We tried to tame his enthusiasm.

SOPHIE

He was bound by principles that  
were never broken.

Emile goes over to a small table and retrieves the medallion  
Jean-Paul faithfully wore and hands it to Sophie.

EMILE

Jean-Paul would have wanted you to  
have this.

SOPHIE

I can't accept such a prized  
possession.

EMILE

(smiles)  
It belongs to you.

MARIA

What will you do now?

SOPHIE

I must go to Montauban and find my  
parents.

EMILE

I will take you there.

Sophie takes a sip of her tea and smiles, as she glances  
around the room.

**EXT. BISHOP'S LYDEARD, ENGLAND - DAY**

Rolling hills, neatly divided by large hedgerows, surround  
the tiny village outside Bishop's Lydeard. A narrow brown  
stone bridge crosses over a duck pond encircled by milkweed.

An ancient Roman monolith, a cross, adorns the grass on the north side of the bridge by the woods. The village is very small with only a handful of cottages. A rather large white pub with a golden thatched roof sits in the middle of the clearing.

Next to the pub is a cottage that is a quaint brick one-story with a rounded thatched roof. Vines of multicolored wild flowers cling to the front walls.

A month after Sophie left France, a carriage approaches the house. The driver gets out and pulls a small suitcase out of the back and hands it to Sophie. He goes on his way.

Sophie walks toward the house. As she gets closer, her mother opens the front door.

**EXT. PASTURE BEYOND THE HOUSE - DAY**

They walk across the bridge to the other side of the pond and out to the fields leading to the pastures beyond the woods.

SOPHIE

Sister Agnes Marie told me you were rescued and you had come here to visit your sister.

MARY

The imprisonment was difficult, especially for your father.

Mary puts her arm round Sophie's shoulder.

MARY (CONT'D)

He's gone. He passed away a week after we were released. I had no way of getting him back to Ireland, so I buried him at Saint Beatrice where he enjoyed many wonderful days.

SOPHIE

(tears in her eyes)  
We should never have been imprisoned.

Sophie stops and looks away for a moment.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)

Jean-Paul is dead; killed by a terrible man.

She turns around and faces her mother.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)  
I am with child.

Mary seems perplexed at first.

MARY  
Are you certain?

SOPHIE  
(grins)  
What should I do?

MARY  
You can't go back to Ireland as a pregnant woman with no husband in sight.

SOPHIE  
Perhaps I should have the baby here, but I must go back to Ireland some day.

MARY  
Time will heal any reservations we have about the future.

Mary takes her daughter's arm and they slowly walk back to the house.

**EXT. COUNTY CORK, IRELAND - MIZEN HEAD CLIFFS - DAY (1796)**

The red sun paints a color of roan on the ocean as it starts its decent toward the horizon. Sophie and Danielle sit on the soft grass upon the highest point of the cliffs. The grayness of dusk starts to shroud the view, but they can still feel the mist from the breaking waves. The weather is mild for May.

Next to Sophie is a small wooden playpen. Her son, Christian Philippe, is sleeping.

SOPHIE  
When I was in England, I was never sure I could come back here to Ireland because I knew people would talk about us, but I had to return.

DANIELLE  
How did you meet your husband?

SOPHIE  
I dated Richard before I went to France.

(MORE)



SOPHIE (CONT'D)

He was our local minister and I had known him for a long time.

DANIELLE

He must be a very forgiving man.

SOPHIE

He accepts Christian as his own.

DANIELLE

Do you think of Jean-Paul often?

SOPHIE

Not as often as you might imagine, but I do relish our time together. What about you. What about Ian?

Danielle hesitates for a moment.

DANIELLE

I looked for him for over a year. He completely disappeared.

SOPHIE

I'm so sorry.

DANIELLE

I know your father passed away. Do you ever think about going to France and paying your respects?

SOPHIE

I will never step foot in France again for what they did; not even to pay respects to Jean-Paul.

DANIELLE

What ever happened to Jean-Paul's medallion?

SOPHIE

His father gave it to me to keep.

DANIELLE

Was he wearing it when he was killed?

SOPHIE

He had taken it off at my request. It wouldn't have mattered if he had worn it that day. I believe he was destined to be taken from us.

Danielle goes over and peaks in at Christian; not wanting to wake him.

DANIELLE

He certainly lives on.

She sits next to Sophie, they embrace and look out over the horizon.

**EXT. PARIS FRANCE - HÔTEL DE VILLE - DAY (1814)**

CHRISTIAN PHILIPPE MCKENNA, fair-haired with an olive complexion, stands motionless in front of the Hôtel de Ville. He arrived in Paris only a few days earlier as a handsome and fit nineteen-year old.

The weather in Paris in January is cold and windy. Christian, still looking at the Hôtel de Ville, waits for a friend of his Aunt Danielle to arrive and help him get settled in the city. The friend is a major in the French Army and his postured to help Christian find out more about Jean-Paul and his exploits.

Major DAVID LAMARCK approaches Christian.

LAMARCK

You must be Christian. My name is David Lamarck.

They begin to walk down the street.

**INT. ZOLA'S TAVERN - DAY**

The tavern is crowded, but they find a small table in the rear.

LAMARCK

Do you have a place to stay?

CHRISTIAN

I'm staying at a small hotel around the corner.

LAMARCK

Have you met any of the Parisians yet?

CHRISTIAN

No, but I hope to soon. I want to find out as much about my father as I can.

LAMARCK

I understand he was an interesting man: a man who believed in having a French Republic.

CHRISTIAN

I wish I could have known him.

The barmaid quietly places two mugs full of ale on the table.

LAMARCK

I'm convinced your father was a force to be reckoned with. I'm not sure there are many people around now that can remember Jean-Paul.

CHRISTIAN

Aunt Danielle told me I should try and contact a Victor Marquette. He was one of my father's best friends.

LAMARCK

I don't know of such a man. Do you know where he is living? France is a big country.

CHRISTIAN

I think perhaps he's living in Orléans or Paris.

LAMARCK

It may be difficult to try to track him down.

Lamarck sits back in his chair and takes a sip of his ale.

LAMARCK (CONT'D)

What is that you wear around your neck?

CHRISTIAN

It was my father's. He wore it for good luck.

LAMARCK

Is that why you wear it?

CHRISTIAN

No.

LAMARCK

I would be careful if I were you.  
It appears to be a very desirable  
relic. You must protect it.

Christian takes a long gulp of his ale, cradles the medallion  
and smiles.

LAMARCK (CONT'D)

How long do you intend to stay in  
France?

CHRISTIAN

My intent is not to live in France  
forever but rather to understand  
the country better and be closer to  
my father.

LAMARCK

Your father rode with the French  
Army and he was proud of it.

CHRISTIAN

Why did you join the forces?

Lamarck sips his beer slowly before he responds.

LAMARCK

To serve my country and ride with  
Napoleon.

CHRISTIAN

My mother told me my father  
actually met Napoleon and rode with  
his army in 1793.

LAMARCK

From what I know about your father,  
Napoleon would have been proud to  
fight alongside him.

CHRISTIAN

What is it like to fight for a  
country like France?

LAMARCK

(grins)

I can't imagine an Irishmen  
fighting for France.

Lamarck smiles and stares at Christian.

LAMARCK (CONT'D)

You do have Jean-Paul's blood in you. But why would you want to join the French Army?

CHRISTIAN

I feel like it's my duty to follow in my father's footsteps.

LAMARCK

I will take you to Napoleon's headquarters to at least see for yourself how the French Army lives.

CHRISTIAN

Would you really?

Lamarck raises his glass for a toast.

LAMARCK

What would it hurt.

**INT. NAPOLEON'S HEADQUARTERS - ANTEROOM - DAY**

Christian and Lamarck walk into an empty anteroom and sit at an old monogamy table.

LAMARCK

You must understand, you are considered an outsider here.

CHRISTIAN

(smiles)

I guess the accent doesn't help.

LAMARCK

Except for the color of your hair, you look like you could be a Frenchman.

CHRISTIAN

Will it do me any good?

Lamarck looks at the ornate clock on the wall.

LAMARCK

I must see the commander. Remain here.

**INT. NAPOLEON'S CHAMBERS - DAY**

Napoleon is standing behind his desk in his military uniform filled with medals when Lamarck walks in.

NAPOLEON

I thank you for your punctuality.  
It is what I expect of my military  
commanders.

Lamarck walks over to a large map on the wall and looks at it while he speaks.

LAMARCK

The allies are over 250,000 men  
strong that crowd our border. How  
can we defeat them with the forces  
we have?

NAPOLEON

We will be forced to recruit  
students from the military academy.

LAMARCK

Could be a mistake.

NAPOLEON

They are highly trained.

Lamarck steps closer to the map.

LAMARCK

It looks like we could be  
vulnerable in Brienne. It appears  
they could circumvent our troops  
very easily and march into Paris.

NAPOLEON

We will not allow that to happen. I  
want to have a meeting soon with  
our commanders to develop our  
strategy to defeat the enemy.

LAMARCK

Yes sir.

Lamarck begins to walk away; then turns around.

LAMARCK (CONT'D)

Sir, I have a young Irish lad  
waiting in the other room who just  
arrived in Paris. He says he wants  
to fight for France.

NAPOLEON  
Why would he do that?

LAMARCK  
I don't know, but he seems very  
fit.

NAPOLEON  
Bring him in.

Lamarck disappears for a few moments before he brings  
Christian in the chambers.

NAPOLEON (CONT'D)  
Please have a seat. Why would an  
Irishman want to defend France?

CHRISTIAN  
My father was French.

Napoleon glares at Christian with a defined intensity.

NAPOLEON  
Where did you get that?

CHRISTIAN  
What?

NAPOLEON  
The medallion around your neck.

CHRISTIAN  
It belonged to my father, Jean-Paul  
La Fountain.

Enthused, Napoleon sits up straight in his chair.

NAPOLEON  
Yes, I remember your father. He was  
a devout warrior. The medallion  
dates back to Charlemagne and is  
said to protect the fighter who  
wears it from harm.

Christian smiles and caresses the medallion.

NAPOLEON (CONT'D)  
Do you believe that?

CHRISTIAN  
I have no reason to disbelieve it,  
but I wear the coin in honor of my  
father.

LAMARCK

Wearing the coin has nothing to do with immortality. That is just a myth.

NAPOLEON

A Myth?

LAMARCK

La Fontaine was killed, and he apparently wore it religiously.

NAPOLEON

We must all die eventually. Fighting the enemy is a skill and no one should think of it otherwise.

Napoleon approaches Christian and puts his hands on his shoulders.

NAPOLEON (CONT'D)

I would be honored to have you join our forces.

**EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING NEXT TO THE HÔTEL DE CONCORDE - LYON - DAY**

A week later, Christian walks along a side street and up the steps to an address Lamarck had provided him. He knocks on the door and patiently waits. The door is opened and an older man, disheveled, steps forward.

VICTOR

Can I help you?

CHRISTIAN

Are you Victor Marquette?

VICTOR

Who wants to know?

Christian starts to respond but is abruptly interrupted.

VICTOR (CONT'D)

Where did you get that medallion?

CHRISTIAN

It belonged to my father, Jean-Paul La Fontaine.

Victor appears shaken.



VICTOR

I can't believe it. The last time I saw it was the last time I saw Jean-Paul.

He motions for Christian to come inside.

**INT. VICTOR MARQUETTE'S APARTMENT - LIVING AREA - DAY**

Christian looks around at the dark walls and old furniture. The smell is alarming. They sit on Victor's raggedy sofa.

VICTOR

I didn't know Jean-Paul had a son, but you do have his likeness.

CHRISTIAN

Mother told me so much about you.

VICTOR

I met your father at a young age and we had a long friendship.

CHRISTIAN

What was he like?

VICTOR

Jean-Paul had a complicated personality, but he had a sense of dedication to the sanctity of France. Over the years your father had unfortunately created many enemies that wanted him out of the way. He would always speak his mind and never worry about the consequences.

CHRISTIAN

I know he loved my mother.

Victor goes over and grabs a bottle of wine and two glasses and places them on a small table next to the sofa.

VICTOR

I believe your mother tried to tame your father and make him realize he couldn't solve the revolution by himself.

Victor pours wine in both glasses and hands one to Christian.

CHRISTIAN

How was he killed?

VICTOR

It was a sad day for France I believe. He was ambushed by two men he detested. He had no choice but to be killed.

CHRISTIAN

Was he not wearing the coin when he was confronted by these men?

VICTOR

I don't believe so.

CHRISTIAN

I thought he always wore it.

VICTOR

Your father was very superstitious and should have been wearing it.

Christian sips some wine and stares at Victor.

CHRISTIAN

My father had to be smarter than to believe a myth.

VICTOR

What do you believe? You're wearing the coin.

Christian doesn't respond, but rather cuddles the medallion.

VICTOR (CONT'D)

I would be careful if I were you. Many Frenchmen don't like the Irish and this coin appears to be very valuable.

CHRISTIAN

I intend to fight with the French Army.

Victor begins to laugh and takes sip of his wine.

VICTOR

Why would you do that?

CHRISTIAN

I met with Napoleon and he has agreed to allow me to ride with him out of respect for my father.

VICTOR

I would say that is impressive.

Christian glances around the room, taking it all in.

CHRISTIAN

I must go. Do you know what happened to the men that killed my father?

VICTOR

Devereux, a police inspector, was killed a year after your father's death by band of criminals in the south of Paris. In 1798, Dumas, a common criminal, shot himself in the head before he could be guillotined.

Christian goes over to the door.

CHRISTIAN

I know you two were close. Thank you.

VICTOR

Be careful. Long live the Republic.

**EXT. TREMONT CASTLE - FAMILY CEMETERY - DAY**

Several days later in the early morning, Christian stands motionless looking at a gravestone, knowing he can't stay forever. He lightly touches it and smiles. A beam of sunshine seems to illuminate it like a ray of heavenly adoration. Christian gazes around the estate, trying to imagine his father walking the hollowed grounds, making decisions, philosophizing, and contemplating his family's fate. After spending time with his father, he knows it is time to go and fight for France. His father would have wanted that.

**EXT. STAGING AREA WEST OF BRIENNE FRANCE - DAY**

Napoleon's army is camped west of Brienne waiting to counter an attack by the Russians.

LAMARCK

Now is the time to say your prayers and harden your heart. We will be in battle soon.

Christian appears apprehensive.

LAMARCK (CONT'D)

I believe the French are destined  
to prevail regardless of the  
enemies.

CHRISTIAN

If we defeat the Russians, what  
will happen next?

LAMARCK

We'll go back to Paris and  
celebrate.

Napoleon approaches them.

NAPOLEON

The Russians are ruthless. We will  
have to muster all the nerve and  
prowess to defeat them without  
question. We must move out.

Lamarck and Christian both take deep breaths as they mount  
their horses.

**EXT. BRIENNE FRANCE - DAY**

The sky is overcast, and it appears it will rain. The French  
forces are now in place in their respective positions pending  
a signal from scouts the Russians are marching on Brienne.  
The morning rain makes the grass slippery and the roads and  
ground rather muddy. With a call to arms, the signal is  
given. Napoleon decides to move forward and attack the  
advancing Russians. As the French move forward, the Russians  
engage them.

The fighting is fierce. Men on both sides fall in battle.  
Christian is fighting for his life and manages to kill  
several Russians. Unfortunately, Lamarck is not as lucky. He  
is shot, but manages to ride away from the fray. Christian  
comes to his aide: drags him off his horse and lays him on  
the ground.

CHRISTIAN

I'll try to get you to safety.

Lamarck spits up blood, trying to speak.

LAMARCK

Don't linger here. Please go.

Lamarck goes silent after that. Christian gets on his horse  
and rides away.

When all is said and done, the Russians retreat. Napoleon's army moves back to Paris.

**INT. ZOLA'S TAVERN - DAY**

Several months later after the Russian allies captured Paris on 31 March, Christian meets with his Aunt Danielle. They sit at a tiny table in the back of the tavern.

DANIELLE

It is good to see you again. I mustn't stay long.

CHRISTIAN

I'm sorry about your friend. He was a good soldier.

DANIELLE

All he ever wanted to do was fight with Napoleon.

Christian looks around and collects his thoughts.

CHRISTIAN

Napoleon has been exiled to some island, but he swears to return.

DANIELLE

Did he remember your father?

Christian lifts the medallion off his chest and leans toward Danielle.

CHRISTIAN

Because of this.

DANIELLE

You should wear it with pride but understand it's just an old coin.

CHRISTIAN

I met with Victor Marquette. I'm pleased I talked to someone who knew my father well.

Danielle smiles and picks up her small satchel.

DANIELLE

Perhaps, no one knew your father better. I must go see a friend in Montauban. You should go home and see your mother.

Danielle stands, hugs Christian, and walks out of the tavern.

**INT. CHRISTIAN'S HOTEL ROOM - DAY**

The next morning, Christian paces the floor before he sits and picks up a pencil and pulls a piece of paper out of the drawer of the desk. He begins to write a letter to his mother.

NARRATOR

There is much to tell you since I arrived in Paris. I visited with my father at Tremont and I have found his soul. He is with me every day. Aunt Danielle's friend introduced me to Napoleon who indeed remembered father because of the coin. Regardless of what you think of the emperor's medallion, it personifies Jean-Paul La Fontaine. It is interesting that Charlemagne who wore it proudly, died in 814, a thousand years ago, and I wear it today as France continues to fight for sovereignty as they did back then.

I often stand in front of the Hôtel de Ville and envision father coming in and out of the front door. I can't imagine what it must have been like to live in an uncertain world. I know I must commit my life to this cause. I do want to come home to see you, but I'm not ready. Please understand my feelings. I'm sure you do, as you loved my father and that tells me everything.

Christian puts the letter aside, stands and goes to the window. Below there is a bold regiment of soldiers marching along the street with a loud band playing spirited music.

Christian looks down at the medallion; softly cradling it with both hands, revealing a smile from ear to ear.

FADE OUT.

THE END