

AN INNOCENT

A historical drama for television in three one-hour episodes

written by

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Episode 1. Some people never learn.

Episode 2. It's good to have friends.

Episode 3. A very dangerous man.

Synopsis

This is the true story of Michael Servetus, medical discoverer and radical Protestant, who was burnt at the stake in Geneva by the leading Protestant Reformer of the day, John Calvin.

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FADE IN TITLES:

1553

CUT TO:

Ships now sail the world.

In Italy the art revolution is two centuries old.

The feudal age is passing.

Luther, the Protestant, has nailed his theses at Wittenberg and is already dead.

CUT TO:

It is the midst of the Renaissance.

And yet

CUT TO:

1

EXT. OUTSKIRTS OF GENEVA - DAY

1

An execution site is being prepared in a hollow of an area of scrub land.

Men are securing a stake and piling wood around it. Spectators, mostly working people, are assembling. The mood is sombre. The onlookers murmur as they see a procession coming down the hill towards them.

The procession consists of guards surrounding a prisoner and an attending PASTOR. The prisoner is MICHAEL SERVETUS, a man in his mid-40s. His expression is a mixture of great apprehension and concentration. As he sees the stake, he loses his composure, falls on to his knees and prays. The procession waits for him to recover and stand up again.

Superimpose subtitle:

27 October 1553
Geneva

Fade out subtitle.

The CHIEF EXECUTIONER, a middle-aged man, inspects the pyre. The wood is seen to be fresh oak still in leaf.

CHIEF EXECUTIONER
(to a young assistant)
What's this? It's still green. It
will take for ever.

ASSISTANT EXECUTIONER
It's all I could get.

The CHIEF EXECUTIONER throws up his arms in exasperation and walks away, shaking his head.

The procession reaches the execution site. The ASSISTANT EXECUTIONER binds SERVETUS to the stake with chains around his waist and neck. SERVETUS breathes deeply, mustering all his strength.

The PASTOR, a man in his 60s, speaks to the crowd.

PASTOR
(in a French accent)
You see what power Satan has once
he gains possession of a soul. Here
is a man, learned above most
others, who perhaps even meant to
do good. But he fell under the
spell of the Devil ...
(pointing to one after
another in the crowd)
... and the same might happen to
you, or you, or you!
(to SERVETUS)
Do you, Michael Servetus, even at
this late hour, recant your
heresies?

SERVETUS does not answer. He prays silently and has now given himself up to his fate. He is almost serene.

PASTOR (CONT'D)
(to the crowd)
This obstinacy you see - even in
the face of a terrible death - is
proof of his diabolical possession.

The PASTOR hands the ASSISTANT EXECUTIONER a book and a roll of papers.

PASTOR (CONT'D)
Tie his writings to the stake, so
that his person be reduced to ashes
and all trace of his evil presence
be expunged from God's earth.

The ASSISTANT EXECUTIONER carries out the instruction.

The PASTOR calls over the CHIEF EXECUTIONER and hands him a paper packet containing yellow powder.

PASTOR (CONT'D)
(quietly)
Sprinkle this brimstone on his
forehead. When the flames reach his
(MORE)

PASTOR (CONT'D)
 head, it will glow red. The people
 will see the Devil coming out.

The CHIEF EXECUTIONER carries out the instruction.

PASTOR (CONT'D)
 Then let the sentence be executed.

The ASSISTANT EXECUTIONER lights the fire. SERVETUS gives out an involuntary cry and the crowd gasps. Flames flicker weakly and the wood only smoulders. The CHIEF EXECUTIONER closes his eyes, shakes his head and turns away.

The ASSISTANT EXECUTIONER blows on the wood, but it still does not catch. A gust of wind blows and flames momentarily flare up.

SERVETUS lets out a heart rending cry.

SERVETUS
 Jesus, have mercy on me!

CUT TO BLACK.

FADE IN TITLES:

This story is based on fact.

CUT TO:

EPISODE 1

SOME PEOPLE NEVER LEARN

CUT TO:

15 years earlier
 Paris

FADE OUT TITLE.

FADE IN:

2 EXT. QUADRANGLE, FACULTY OF MEDICINE, PARIS - DAY 2

The wrought iron gate to an august-looking, grey stone building has carved over it the name: "UNIVERSITY FACULTY OF MEDICINE". The gate opens on to a quadrangle, in the centre of which stands an imposing statue of an old man in a Roman toga. The name carved into the pedestal is seen to be: "GALEN".

DISSOLVE TO:

3 INT. FACULTY LIBRARY - CONTINUOUS 3

The library is a fine room ornamented with wood carvings and lined by shelves filled with books.

Superimposed credit titles start here.

Students, some wearing academic gowns, sit reading at tables.

The central aisle leads to the centrepiece of the room: a slender ornamented marble column, rising from a marble pedestal and carrying on top a smaller version of the statue in the quadrangle: "GALEN".

DISSOLVE TO:

4 INT. FACULTY GREAT HALL - CONTINUOUS 4

At the far end of the hall is a rostrum on which stands a long, carved wooden table. Behind the centre of the table is a voluminous, high-backed decorative chair inscribed with the title: "UNIVERSITY RECTOR". Next to this chair is a slightly less ostentatious one inscribed with the title: "FACULTY DEAN". More modest chairs are lined up to either side for lesser academic grandees.

The walls of the hall are bedecked with portraits of university luminaries, flags and heraldic shields. Behind the rostrum hangs a large tapestry depicting a sumptuous scene from ancient Rome, in which an Emperor lies in bed and is administered to by an elderly sage. The legend of the tapestry reads: "GALEN CURING EMPEROR MARCUS AURELIUS".

The credit titles should have finished by now.

DISSOLVE TO:

5 I/E. FACULTY QUADRANGLE AND PASSAGES - CONTINUOUS 5

A wide archway leads from the great hall into the quadrangle. At one corner of the quadrangle is a narrow opening, which leads to a narrow passageway and dark winding stairs. At the top of the stairs is a narrow corridor, which ends at a wooden door. On the door is nailed a torn off scrap of paper, on which is written in flamboyant script: "Michael Servetus lives here!" The door opens.

6 INT. SERVETUS' ROOM - CONTINUOUS 6

The room is small and basically furnished. Books and clothes are strewn about. SERVETUS and a fellow student, ANDREAS VESALIUS, are studying. They are in their late-20s. SERVETUS sits deep in an armchair padded with old cushions. He has a book on his lap and his legs up on a table. He is having difficulty concentrating and is fidgeting.

SERVETUS

Andreas.
(louder)
Andreas!

VESALIUS sits on an upright chair at the other end of the table with books in front of him. He is studying seriously.

VESALIUS
(while reading)
What is it now?

SERVETUS
You know that dried up specimen of a tongue we were dissecting this morning.

VESALIUS
(still reading)
What of it?

SERVETUS
My throat feels like that now. Get us a drink, there's a good fellow.

VESALIUS
(looking up)
You get it yourself!

SERVETUS throws a cushion at VESALIUS, who picks it up and throws it back. SERVETUS is about to throw it back again when VESALIUS holds up his hand.

VESALIUS (CONT'D)
All right, Michael, truce. We've got to finish those dissections for Sylvius anyway. Let's go and do it first.

SERVETUS
Then we can have a drink.

VESALIUS
Then we can have a drink.

The students run out of the room and down the stairs.

7 I/E. FACULTY QUADRANGLE, STAIRS AND ANATOMY ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The students run across the quadrangle, enter the building through a main entrance and run up wide stone stairs. They enter the anatomy room. This is a large light space with a number of cadavers on slabs in various states of dissection.

SERVETUS
Andy, you take the heart. I'll do the brain.

(MORE)

SERVETUS (CONT'D)
(tapping his forehead)
It's my favourite organ.

The students go to dissect separate cadavers. SERVETUS hits open a skull with a heavy mallet and chisel. Bone fragments fly up and one gets into his eye. He mutters to himself, tries unsuccessfully to blink it out and then uses his blooded fingers to pick it out. VESALIUS slices open a chest and digs inside for the heart. He cuts it out and opens it up. The students are business-like and work unsentimentally.

VESALIUS
Michael, can I ask you something?

SERVETUS
(still dissecting)
Why not?

VESALIUS
You know the pores of Galen.

SERVETUS
Of them - not personally, of course.

VESALIUS
No, that's the point. Have you actually ever seen the pores yourself?

SERVETUS
I'm not sure I've thought about it.
(looking up)
Now you mention it, maybe not
(walking over to VESALIUS' cadaver)
What are you getting at?

VESALIUS
I think they may not exist. Look at this heart. I've opened it.
(handing it to SERVETUS)
Take it over to the window. Look carefully. Can you see any pores in the inner wall?

SERVETUS
(at the window)
They're supposed to be very small.
No, I can't say I can see them.

VESALIUS
I've been looking at this for months. I really don't think there are any pores in the inner wall.

SERVETUS

Well, blood has got to get from the right to the left side of the heart somehow. How else if not by seeping through pores in the wall?

VESALIUS

I don't know. But that is a different question. The first question is: are there any pores in the inner wall, Galen or not?

SERVETUS

You know what Sylvius is like with his precious Galen and all those thousand years of wisdom. Just check it on another heart. Use the one from my body -
(pointing to his cadaver)
I mean his.

VESALIUS removes the heart from SERVETUS' cadaver and deftly dissects it open.

SERVETUS (CONT'D)

I must say, Andy, you are very good at this.

VESALIUS

You see, the wall is completely solid. I think we should take this up with Sylvius.

SERVETUS

(doubtfully)
Do you really? Just check one more - to be certain.

VESALIUS picks up a heart from a side table.

VESALIUS

No need. I've kept this one from before. It's just the same.
Michael, will you come with me?

SERVETUS

(weakly)
Of course I will.

VESALIUS puts the hearts in a dish and they start to leave the anatomy room. SERVETUS stops and touches VESALIUS' arm.

SERVETUS (CONT'D)

Andreas, you are sure about this, aren't you?

There is a pause.

VESALIUS
(quietly)
I am sure.

SERVETUS
Well, then - God help us - let's do
it!

8 INT. FACULTY CORRIDORS - CONTINUOUS

8

The students walk along the corridor with their footsteps resounding on the stone flooring. As they progress the workaday flooring and wall-tile utility of the anatomy area gives way to gleaming wood flooring and wall panels. The walls are now lined with portraits of elderly sages in academic robes.

The students reach a large door with a wooden name plaque on which is etched: "PROFESSOR JACOBUS SYLVIUS". They pause, looking at each other doubtfully. VESALIUS knocks gingerly. They wait, but there is no answer. SERVETUS knocks more loudly, but there is still no response. The students exchange looks and SERVETUS nods toward the door handle. VESALIUS knocks again, but only waits. SERVETUS turns the handle and, with effort, pushes the heavy door open.

9 INT. SYLVIUS' OUTER OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

9

The students enter quietly and stand in front of the desk of SYLVIUS' assistant. He is writing and ignores them. They wait.

VESALIUS
(clearing his throat)
Excuse us.

ASSISTANT
(without looking up)
What do you want?

VESALIUS
We would like to see Professor
Sylvius, please, if that is
possible. We have something we need
to show him.

ASSISTANT
(still not looking up)
It is not possible, he is busy. You
will have to make an appointment.

SERVETUS
We need to show him these hearts.
(trying it on)
It must be before his lecture this
afternoon.
(VESALIUS looks at him)
(MORE)

SERVETUS (CONT'D)
It is very important we see him
now.

The assistant gets up impatiently and, still without looking at them, goes toward the door of SYLVIUS' room.

SERVETUS (CONT'D)
You can tell him it's Andreas
Vesalius and Michael Servetus,
student assistants.

ASSISTANT
(with his back to them)
I know who you are.

He enters SYLVIUS' room and, after a few moments, returns.

ASSISTANT (CONT'D)
(still not looking at
them)
You can go in.

The students go through.

10 INT. SYLVIUS' ROOM - CONTINUOUS

10

The room is large and has a good view over the quadrangle. Portraits of distinguished academics line the walls. The comfortable furniture includes an upholstered day bed with a side table on which stand a silver jug and goblets. An articulated skeleton hangs in one corner. A bust of Galen replicated from the statue in the quadrangle stands on SYLVIUS' desk, which also has on it a hand bell and a neat pile of books pushed to one side. There are no papers to suggest a scholar in active service. SYLVIUS, a man in his 60s, is reading a book behind his desk.

SYLVIUS
(without looking up)
What do you want?

VESALIUS
We're very sorry to trouble you,
sir. We'd like to ask if you would
be kind enough to help us with
something.
(holding out the dish)
It's about these hearts.

SYLVIUS
(still not looking up)
What about them?

VESALIUS
Well, sir, you know the pores of
Galen in the inner wall.

SYLVIUS
(looking at them
challengingly)
I know them - do you?

VESALIUS
(losing courage)
That's the point, sir, we can't
find them.

SYLVIUS
I see, in other words, you want me
to spoon feed you. What's the
matter with students these days!
You're not still at school, you
know. You're at a university to
learn to do things for yourselves.

VESALIUS
Yes, sir, that's why we've opened
these hearts, sir - and we can't
find the pores.

SERVETUS
We're asking if you would show us
where we've gone wrong.

SYLVIUS
(irritated)
The pores are very small. You have
just missed them.

VESALIUS
Yes, sir. We may have missed them.
That's why we've brought the hearts
to you so you can show us where
we've missed them. Please just take
a look at the hearts, sir. They are
ready for your inspection.

SYLVIUS
You can't necessarily see them.

SERVETUS
If we can't see them, how do we
know they are there? Perhaps they
don't exist.

SYLVIUS
(standing up)
Then how can blood get from the
right side of the heart to the left
side of the heart? Answer me that!

SERVETUS
We don't know, sir.

SYLVIUS
 (thundering)
 You see! You come here, your
 testicles have not even descended
 yet, and already you are
 challenging ...
 (pointing to the bust on
 his desk)
 ... the teaching of the great
 Galen, the teaching our profession
 has treasured like a holy bible for
 thirteen hundred years - *and you*
don't know! On that you are quite
 right, sir, you don't know!

He rings his bell and the assistant enters.

SYLVIUS (CONT'D)
 Take these hearts out and burn
 them.

SERVETUS
 They're for your demonstration,
 sir!

SYLVIUS
 Then do other ones! Now get out of
 my sight.
 (pointing a finger as the
 students turn to leave)
 You watch yourselves - or you're
 out of this university!

The assistant snatches the dish from VESALIUS and gives the
 students a superior look.

11 EXT. FACULTY QUADRANGLE - CONTINUOUS

11

The students leave the building. SERVETUS flings himself down
 on a grassy verge and lies on his back. VESALIUS joins him.

SERVETUS
 (fuming)
 That man - that man is the world's
 ultimate bigot! I wonder what it
 would take to break his mind open.

VESALIUS
 I could fetch your mallet.

They lie looking at the sky. VESALIUS has a sudden thought.
 He turns on to his side and supports himself on his forearm.

VESALIUS (CONT'D)

What do you say, Michael, we go to a whorehouse. It's a good way to let off steam - among other things. Come on, you need it. Let's go.

SERVETUS

No, I'm not in the mood. Anyway, I'm not too good in that department. I have a lump of a hernia that rather gets in the way.

VESALIUS

Have you really? You should strap it up.

SERVETUS

That gets even more in the way.

VESALIUS

Do you want me to do it?

SERVETUS

No, thank you.

VESALIUS

I could sew it up for you.

SERVETUS

No, thank you!

There is a pause.

SERVETUS (CONT'D)

Sylvius picked up on that point, though. How does blood get from the one side of the heart to the other if not through the wall?

There is another pause.

SERVETUS (CONT'D)

There is actually only one way.

SERVETUS rolls on to his front, picks up a stick, and sketches schematically on the grass the heart with its inner wall down the middle, the lungs, and the large blood vessels that connect them.

SERVETUS (CONT'D)

(pointing with the stick)

Look, Andy. The blood has got to get from the right side to the left side - right? It can't go through the wall because the wall is solid - right? Then there is physically only one way it can go: up this big artery from the right side to the

(MORE)

SERVETUS (CONT'D)

lungs, through the lungs, and then back to the left side by these big veins. Am I right or am I right? It's a kind of circuit.

VESALIUS

It's a very long way round.

SERVETUS

Yes, but maybe there's some reason for it. God generally knows what he's doing. It's just an idea.

VESALIUS

(thinking)

You know what you need.

SERVETUS

What?

VESALIUS

You need a fresh cadaver. The heart can beat for a while after death. You may see something happening. But you'd have to be quick.

SERVETUS

You mean like a frog.

VESALIUS

Something like that.

SERVETUS

(sitting up)

Andreas Vesalius, you are a brilliant! Do you know that? Where do I get a fresh cadaver?

VESALIUS

From a hanging. As a matter of fact, there's one this week. A young man I hear. His heart should be active.

SERVETUS

(excited)

Andy, I would need you to open him up. You're better at it than me. Will you help?

VESALIUS

(starting to regret his suggestion)

Yes, of course. Have you got some money? You will need to pay off the guards.

SERVETUS
I won't eat for a week.

12 EXT. A CITY SQUARE - DAWN

12

The day is grey with morning mist. Two guards prepare a hanging. One secures the rope on the gallows, while the other at ground level ties the hands of the young victim behind him and leads him up the steps to the scaffold. A small crowd watches while SERVETUS and VESALIUS, wearing cloaks, stand to one side. The young man is summarily hanged. The onlookers give some desultory applause and disperse. The victim is left hanging.

VESALIUS nods to SERVETUS, who approaches one of the guards. They talk and the guard calls his colleague over. The three men talk and SERVETUS hands over some coins. The first guard counts the money and shakes his head. SERVETUS hands over more money, but the guard is still dissatisfied. SERVETUS indicates he has no more money, but the guard shakes his head. SERVETUS goes over to talk to VESALIUS. With reluctance VESALIUS hands over some money, which SERVETUS hands on to the guard. The guards cut down the victim, carry him down the steps and drop him on to the ground. SERVETUS covers the body with his cloak and the students carry the body away furtively.

13 INT. ANATOMY ROOM - SOON AFTER

13

The students enter with the body and edge it on to a slab to the side of an existing cadaver, which duly falls on to the floor with a heavy thud. SERVETUS pushes the cadaver aside with his boot.

VESALIUS
Leave it now. I have to be quick.
Let me get there.

VESALIUS opens up the chest of the dead victim and exposes the heart and lungs. The images of the dissected chest are schematic and will be computer generated. VESALIUS massages the heart. It starts to beat, but only weakly and irregularly.

VESALIUS (CONT'D)
Yes, the heart is beating.

SERVETUS
(disappointed)
Not much. I can't see the blood moving.

They think for a moment. SERVETUS picks up the knife. He breathes deeply.

SERVETUS (CONT'D)

Andy, go up to the head and inflate his lungs - you know, like Elijah in the bible.

VESALIUS looks queasy at the thought, but complies. He pinches the nose of the cadaver and applies mouth to mouth artificial respiration. He gets a mouthful of mucus, pulls away disgusted, spits the mucus out and retches.

SERVETUS (CONT'D)

Come on, Andy, get on with it.

VESALIUS gives him a rueful look, but cleans the cadaver's mouth out with his shirt and again applies mouth to mouth respiration. The chest heaves with each lung inflation and the heart starts to beat more strongly. Blood is seen to move in the large vessels of the chest.

SERVETUS (CONT'D)

Dear God, I think it's moving. I think the blood is moving to the lungs!

(very excited)

I'm going to cut into the artery to be sure.

He does this and his white shirt and face are splattered with dark red blood spurting from the artery. SERVETUS is beside himself. VESALIUS tries to see what's going on between his inflations.

SERVETUS (CONT'D)

Andy, keep going! I'm going to cut into the veins now, to see if the blood is coming back from the lungs.

He does this and the knife and his hands are now covered with bright red blood. SERVETUS is silent, dumbfounded. VESALIUS stops inflating the lungs and looks. SERVETUS wipes his hands on his shirt and they look at the shirt stained with blood of two different colours. They stand still, trying to take it all in.

VESALIUS

What's happened?

SERVETUS

(shaking his head)

I don't know. But we now know why the blood goes all the way round to the lungs. It picks up something wonderful there.

VESALIUS

The heart has stopped. He's gone. I feel faint.

He sits down. There is a pause.

SERVETUS

You know, Andreus, that amazing bright red colour. It can only mean one thing. We have seen where the blood picks up the spirit of life. It is in the lungs! It comes miraculously out of the air - as though straight from the breath of God.

VESALIUS

(to himself)

I thought it was from me.

SERVETUS goes to corner, kneels down and prays.

VESALIUS (CONT'D)

What are you doing?

SERVETUS

I'm thanking God for showing us this miracle.

VESALIUS

(pointing to the cadaver)

Mm. I think you might thank him a bit as well.

SERVETUS

(determinedly)

We tell Sylvius now. We can answer his question. Come on!

SERVETUS runs out the door. VESALIUS tries to remonstrate with him, but gives up and follows slowly, without enthusiasm.

14 INT. FACULTY CORRIDOR AND SYLVIUS' ROOMS - CONTINUOUS 14

Except where dialogue is shown, this scene is played with speech muted.

SERVETUS reaches SYLVIUS' rooms. He throws open the door to the assistant's office without knocking, pushes past the amazed assistant, pauses for a second at SYLVIUS' door, gives one knock and, without waiting, bursts straight in.

SYLVIUS is seated at his desk. SERVETUS launches excitedly into his story, gesticulating about what they have just done, indicating on his chest the movement of blood they have seen, and showing the two different colours of the blood splatters on his shirt. In the meantime VESALIUS appears, but stays by the door. At first, SYLVIUS stares at SERVETUS impassively. He then watches SERVETUS with increasing anger. He stands and speaks through gritted teeth. SERVETUS starts to interrupt.

SYLVIUS
(shouts)
That's enough!

SERVETUS
But it is true, sir! We have seen
it! Look at the blood on my shirt.
(pleading)
Please come and see the body.

SYLVIUS comes out from behind his desk, strides up to
SERVETUS and screams into his face.

SYLVIUS
Out!

The students leave.

15 EXT. FACULTY QUADRANGLE - CONTINUOUS 15

SERVETUS strides away from the building purposively and
VESALIUS tries to keep up with him.

SERVETUS
(incensed)
That's it! This time he will not
get away with it.

VESALIUS
Michael, leave it just now.

SERVETUS stops and looks at VESALIUS intently.

SERVETUS
(in close up)
No, no, Andreas. I will not leave
it. Now we defend the truth.

16 INT. SERVETUS' ROOM - DAY/NIGHT/NEXT MORNING 16

SERVETUS writes at his table. He is drafting a pamphlet and
trying out various titles such as: "SYLVIUS STIFLES THOUGHT"
and "SYLVIUS MUZZLES STUDENTS". After each one he shakes his
head, crumples up the sheet of paper, throws it to the floor
and starts again. After one: "SYLVIUS IS A BIGOT", he smiles
but also rejects it. Finally he settles on: "SYLVIUS
SUPPRESSES GOD'S TRUTH!"

DISSOLVE TO:

SERVETUS is working by candlelight and is surrounded by more
discarded drafts. In the middle of the text he has drawn the
sketch of the heart and lungs that he made in the earth of
the faculty quadrangle.

DISSOLVE TO:

Dawn is breaking and he completes the text with the sentence:
 "COME TO HEAR THE TRUTH FROM MICHAEL SERVETUS - LECTURE
 THEATRE, FRIDAY AFTER STUDIES".

SERVETUS checks the pamphlet, makes a few minor corrections,
 nods, picks it up, checks his purse, blows out the candle,
 and runs out of the room.

17 I/E. CITY STREETS AND PRINTER'S WORKSHOP - CONTINUOUS 17

SERVETUS runs down cobbled streets to arrive at a printer's
 workshop, which is just opening up. He shows the printer the
 pamphlet and they talk. SERVETUS hands over some coins, but
 the printer shakes his head. SERVETUS indicates that's all he
 has, but the printer turns away. SERVETUS asks him to wait a
 moment. He runs back to the faculty.

18 INT. FACULTY STAIRS AND VESALIUS' ROOM - CONTINUOUS 18

SERVETUS bounds up stairs to VESALIUS' room, where his friend
 is sleeping. SERVETUS wakes him and excitedly explains his
 problem. VESALIUS, still half asleep, resignedly nods toward
 his purse on a table. SERVETUS takes some coins and runs out.
 VESALIUS turns over to go back to sleep.

VESALIUS
 (murmuring to himself)
 Thank you, Andreas.

19 INT. PRINTER'S WORKSHOP - MINUTES LATER 19

SERVETUS hands the money over.

DISSOLVE TO:

20 INT. PRINTER'S WORKSHOP - LATER THAT DAY 20

SERVETUS collects a bunch of pamphlets.

21 EXT. FACULTY QUADRANGLE AND OTHER SPACES - SOON AFTER 21

SERVETUS posts the pamphlets on trees and walls in the
 faculty and hands them out to students in the quadrangle.

22 INT. FACULTY LECTURE THEATRE - AFTERNOON 22

Except where dialogue is shown, this scene is played with
 speech muted.

SERVETUS stands in front of a flint board, looking nervous.
 His sketch of the heart and lungs is on the board, with blue

chalk representing the blood going to the lungs and red chalk representing the blood returning from the lungs.

The lecture theatre has raked seating. A few students are scattered around the seats and a few more are coming in, but in all the audience is small. In the front row sit two university guards. VESALIUS sits in the centre of the second row on his own.

At the top of the theatre, with empty rows below them, sit two men. One of them is approaching middle age, has a plump ruddy face and is dressed as a Catholic priest. He frowns with anxiety. He is PIERRE PALMIER, friend of SERVETUS. The other man is, like SERVETUS, in his late 20s. He has a pale thin face and is dressed neatly in simple black clothes. He concentrates intently on SERVETUS, but shows no emotion. He is JOHN CALVIN, leader of the Protestant Reformation. Both men have a copy of SERVETUS' pamphlet in front of them.

SERVETUS looks hopefully at the door for more people to attend.

STUDENT
(shouting from the
audience)
Can you get on with it, Servetus?

SERVETUS nods and starts his talk, nervously. He draws little arrows through the inner wall of the heart to illustrate the theory of pores and writes the name Galen against them. He draws attention to the thickness of the wall and points out that the pores cannot be seen, crediting VESALIUS in the audience for making this discovery. He puts big crosses over the arrows and the name of Galen. Then, to illustrate his own discovery, he draws arrows in the vessels to show the flow of blood to and from the lungs and indicates the flow on his own chest. He becomes increasingly animated as he emphasises the amazing change of colour of the blood as it passes through the lungs and he produces his stained shirt as evidence of this.

But many in the audience are frowning and looking at each other in disbelief. This agitates SERVETUS, who contemptuously writes the name of SYLVIUS on the board. He indicates with his arm how SYLVIUS had rudely dismissed him from his room and refers the audience to the pamphlet in their hands.

SERVETUS
You see - Sylvius is trying to
suppress our discovery, which is
based on direct observation! He is
trying to suppress the truth - the
truth about the world - God's
world!
(crossing SYLVIUS' name on
the board)
The man is nothing but a bigot!

VESALIUS closes his eyes. The guards nod to each other, go to the front, take SERVETUS by each arm, lift him off the ground and carry him out of the lecture theatre.

The audience files out in silence. Only VESALIUS stays in his seat.

23 EXT. FACULTY QUADRANGLE - DAY

23

University dignitaries in ceremonial robes walk in procession across the quadrangle towards the entrance to the great hall. Most are elderly. Organ music emphasises the solemnity of the occasion.

24 INT. FACULTY GREAT HALL - CONTINUOUS

24

Except where dialogue is shown, this scene is played with speech muted. The organ music continues.

The procession enters the great hall. SERVETUS stands waiting in the centre of the hall facing the rostrum. He is dressed up, wearing an academic gown, holding a mortarboard under his arm, and trying to look impressive. VESALIUS sits in a gallery among other spectators. The two men who were at the top of the lecture theatre during SERVETUS' talk also sit in the gallery, again on their own.

The dignitaries sit down behind the table on the rostrum. The university rector, a very old, frail man, sinks into his ceremonial chair and is almost lost inside it. The faculty dean, a middle-aged man, sits in his chair beside the rector and places SYLVIVUS on his other side. SYLVIVUS is carrying a handful of SERVETUS' pamphlets and places them on the table in front of him.

The organ music stops and the proceedings are opened by the rector, who starts by haranguing SERVETUS. People, including SERVETUS, strain forward to try to hear his small voice, but he shortly becomes so het up that he is overcome by coughing and has to hand over the proceedings to the dean. Shortly after, the rector falls asleep. The dean has the manner of an experienced administrator. He calmly reads out accusations against SERVETUS and invites him to account for himself. SERVETUS starts to defend himself by describing the flow of blood they have seen, but the dean interrupts him, picking up a pamphlet from SYLVIVUS' pile and indicating they have read all about it.

SERVETUS

But, sir, everything in that pamphlet is true! We *witnessed* it all, sir! Please let us do the experiment again and we will demonstrate it to the whole esteemed faculty.

SYLVIUS, incandescent with rage, stands and shouts abuse at SERVETUS. He picks up the bunch of pamphlets and throws them at SERVETUS. The dean lifts his arm and politely tells SYLVIUS to sit down and leave it to him. The dean gives SERVETUS a calm but firm talking to - there will be no more of this behaviour and there must be an end to it. If not, indicating with his arm, he will be expelled from the university. He asks SERVETUS if he will accept this. SERVETUS mumbles a reply. The dean tells him he cannot hear. SERVETUS must speak more loudly.

SERVETUS (CONT'D)
(flatly)
Yes, sir.

The dean picks up the pamphlet and tells SERVETUS he must collect them all up and destroy them, illustrating the point by tearing the pamphlet up several times. He asks if SERVETUS will do this.

SERVETUS (CONT'D)
(breathing deeply)
Yes, sir.

The dean tells SERVETUS he must now apologise. SERVETUS flinches. There is a pause.

SERVETUS (CONT'D)
(quietly)
I am sorry, sir.

The dean shakes his head and indicates that SERVETUS must apologise to Professor SYLVIUS. SERVETUS pauses again and his lips tremble. He rocks backwards and forwards as he takes in this demand. The dean asks SERVETUS if he heard him.

SERVETUS (CONT'D)
Yes, sir.
(loudly, with histrionic
vehemence)
I apologise to Professor Sylvius!

SYLVIUS angers at SERVETUS' show of veiled defiance, but the dean shakes his head and puts his hand on SYLVIUS' arm. It is enough. The dean points to the pamphlets on the floor of the hall and tells SERVETUS he must pick them up - now. Biting his lip, SERVETUS reluctantly complies. The dean wakes the rector up and helps him to stand. The organ music resumes and the university officials file out of the hall, passing SERVETUS on his knees collecting up the pamphlets. As SYLVIUS passes SERVETUS, he stops in front of him and looks down on him in triumph.

SERVETUS and VESALIUS are drinking. A large jug of ale stands on the table.

SERVETUS

Right, Andy, we can drink to the memory of the dearly departed Michael Servetus. He was a fun chap while he lasted.

VESALIUS

Come on, stop feeling so sorry for yourself. Are you are going to let them beat you? You had no choice. Just finish your studies and move on.

SERVETUS

(reflectively)

You know, Andy, I see things differently. When I spoke about God's truth in my pamphlet, I wasn't saying it for effect. I meant it. Look, God created the earth, nature, us, everything. So we can find him by studying his creations. When we discovered the change of colour of the blood in the lungs, we are seeing into the mind of God, how he works. That's why I can't just move on. You know, our religion has taken some seriously wrong turnings. If you separate God from his reality, you can make anything up. Look at this idea that we can believe in one God and yet say that somehow there are three. I mean, you can either have one God or you can have three Gods. You can't have them both at the same time. And people are made to believe it. It's not the reality of history. I'm writing a little book about this at the moment.

VESALIUS

(closing his eyes)

Michael, no.

There is a knock on the door. PALMIER comes in.

SERVETUS

Pierre, come in! Have a drink.

PALMIER

I've got someone I'd like you to meet. John Calvin.

SERVETUS

Good. Let him come up.

PALMIER
He doesn't want to. He's a bit
funny. Can you come down?

SERVETUS
(making a face)
OK.

26 EXT. FACULTY QUADRANGLE - CONTINUOUS

26

SERVETUS and PALMIER walk towards CALVIN, who is standing in the quadrangle. SERVETUS offers his hand to CALVIN who, after a fractional pause, takes it.

SERVETUS
I saw you two were at my lecture.

PALMIER
And at your trial.

SERVETUS
Oh, dear. What a waste of time.

CALVIN
(in steely tone)
You impugned the knowledge - even
the integrity - of your
distinguished professor. Did you
expect to be allowed to do that?

SERVETUS
You saw him, you saw them all, the
flowers of our university - looking
like a row of museum fossils in
their grand robes. These are men
with dead minds! They don't think -
they regurgitate. They have just
suppressed our momentous discovery.
And how could they do it? By virtue
of their authority - no other way.

CALVIN
Without authority there is no
order. Without order there can be
no learning. There must be
authority.

SERVETUS
Not *blind* authority! We saw how God
breathes into us the divine spark
of life!
(provocatively)
Perhaps even our very souls.

PALMIER remonstrates by gesture.

CALVIN

What did you say?! That is not from scripture.

SERVETUS

"For the life of the flesh is in the blood." Leviticus 17, xi. We've just shown how God puts it there.

(patting his chest)

This is also scripture, if we will but read it. It's all God's world. I'm just making the connections.

CALVIN

There is only one source of divine knowledge and that is Holy Scripture. Only the Church speaks with the one voice that is scripture.

SERVETUS

Then you churchmen had better enter the modern world! Our discovery was not known to the scripture writers. God has given us the brain and the wit to explore his world. Calvin, try opening your mind.

CALVIN

Do not talk to me like that!

SERVETUS

I didn't mean to upset you.

CALVIN

(livid)

You have not upset me! Do not presume so much!

SERVETUS

Well, let's have a drink and discuss it. Come up to my room.

CALVIN

There is nothing for us to discuss.

CALVIN starts to walk away, but then turns back.

CALVIN (CONT'D)

Who are you?

(sarcastically)

Someone who makes connections?
Someone who is better informed from the bowels of a criminal, with whose filth you seek to contaminate sacred beliefs! Christian doctrine is the prerogative of the Church.

SERVETUS
(cautiously)
Do you mean Rome?

PALMIER looks around fearfully and again gesticulates to SERVETUS to be careful. CALVIN does not answer.

SERVETUS (CONT'D)
A man may think for himself, is
that not so, Calvin?

CALVIN
But not anyone! There would be as
many opinions as people. A few
years ago Germany was swarming with
peasant cutthroats. And why?
Because Luther encouraged free
thinking until it was too late.
People must be taught to obey the
teachings of scripture, not to
question them. Servetus, your
manner is most offensive. I pray
God we do not meet again.

He strides off.

SERVETUS
(to PALMIER)
Well, your friend's a touchy
fellow. We were only talking.

27 INT. A BOOKSHOP IN GERMANY- DAY

27

Speech in this scene is muted.

A man enters the shop and asks the assistant behind a counter for a book. The assistant looks anxious and shakes his head. The customer insists. The assistant looks doubtful and goes into a back office to speak with the proprietor. They can be seen from the shop through a window. The proprietor looks through the window at the customer and pauses. He then nods to the assistant, who returns to the shop and takes a book, wrapped in a cloth, from under the counter. The customer unwraps the book and opens the title page. It reads:

ERRORS OF THE TRINITY

by

Michael Servetus

Published in Hagenau, Germany

CUT TO BLACK.

FADE IN TITLES:

The book is condemned as heresy by Catholics and Protestants alike.

SERVETUS goes on the run, assuming the pseudonym of Michel de Villeneuve, a name after his home town in Spain,.

He seeks the help of his friend PALMIER, who is by then the Archbishop of Vienne in France.

FADE IN

28 EXT. VIENNE, NEAR LYONS - EVENING 28

SERVETUS approaches the town of Vienne on foot. He carries a bulging cloth bag and has a leather documents case strapped over one shoulder. Both burdens are heavy. He looks weary and down and out, and is wet from a continual drizzle of rain.

He crosses a bridge over the river Rhône and rests there for a moment, looking down at the fast flowing water. He moves on, enters the town through a main gate and walks through cobbled streets. Few people about. He passes the town prison, a dilapidated, stone building with bars over the windows. He looks at it with an expression of foreboding. He walks on with increasing weariness.

SERVETUS reaches the Archbishop's Palace. This is a complex of well-maintained buildings including a residential mansion and a private chapel. SERVETUS knocks on the door of the main entrance and waits. An observation hatch is opened and SERVETUS speaks to a doorkeeper, who looks at him suspiciously and closes the hatch. SERVETUS waits. After a pause the noise of locks being turned is heard and the door opens.

29 INT. VESTIBULE, ARCHBISHOP'S PALACE - CONTINUOUS 29

SERVETUS enters a vestibule, where the doorkeeper mumbles and goes off. SERVETUS flops on to a stone seat. He takes out a kerchief and wipes his wet face and hair. He waits. Eventually the doorkeeper returns, indicating to SERVETUS that he should leave his bags and follow him.

30 INT. RECEPTION ROOM, ARCHBISHOP'S PALACE - CONTINUOUS 30

A young priest shows SERVETUS into a grand reception room.

PRIEST

The archbishop will see you shortly.

The priest leaves and SERVETUS looks around the room. It is tastefully laid out with fine furniture and the walls are lined with gold-framed mirrors and paintings. The paintings are in the latest renaissance style. SERVETUS is unsure about

sitting in his dirty, wet clothes and he waits standing, gazing in awe at the renaissance artistry. PALMIER enters from an inner room.

PALMIER
Michael, it's been so long!

They shake hands. PALMIER goes to hug SERVETUS, but SERVETUS holds back because of the state of his clothes. PALMIER pulls SERVETUS to him and they hug.

PALMIER (CONT'D)
(referring to the
paintings)
You were admiring my latest
acquisitions. I put my recent
sojourn in Paris to good use.

SERVETUS
They are very fine.

PALMIER
Come and sit down.

They sit.

PALMIER (CONT'D)
So what are you doing with yourself
these days?
(cautiously)
I heard about your problems. That
was very rash, Michael.

SERVETUS
I'm using the name Michel de
Villeneuve now.

PALMIER
It sounds French.

SERVETUS
(very quietly)
We can't have one God and somehow
three.
(starting to get up)
No, I don't want to trouble you. I
was just passing by and I thought I
should greet you if I could.

PALMIER shows with his hand that SERVETUS should stay seated.

PALMIER
But what are you doing in Vienne?

SERVETUS
I may have some work here with a
publisher. They're looking for an
editor. Something on geography.

PALMIER looks surprised and realises SERVETUS is asking him for help. He thinks for a moment.

PALMIER

Michael, we are setting up an infirmary here for the poor. We could do with a clever doctor like yourself in this project. I wonder, would you consider assisting us with it? We would not be able to pay you very much, but you can also practise in the town and carry on with your editing if you wish.

(after a further thought)

In fact, I can appoint you as my personal physician! Why not? Can I attract you with this offer? We very much need your help.

SERVETUS' eyes fill with tears and he lets out a single sob.

SERVETUS

(wiping his eyes)

I'm sorry. It is an absolute godsend - it's beyond my wildest dreams. Pierre, I didn't come here to ask you ...

PALMIER

(interrupting)

Of course you didn't! I know that, Michael.

PALMIER rings a bell and the young priest enters. PALMIER speaks quietly to him and the priest leaves.

PALMIER (CONT'D)

You'll stay here for a few nights till we find you somewhere better - somewhere befitting the physician to the Archbishop!

PALMIER sees SERVETUS to the door.

PALMIER (CONT'D)

Now you must excuse me. I have to prepare for a visit from the cardinal. But we'll have plenty of chances to pick up from old times.

PALMIER stops at the door and looks seriously at SERVETUS.

PALMIER (CONT'D)

There is just one thing I must ask of you, Michael. Be a good doctor, be a good editor if you wish, but also be a good, normal Christian.

(MORE)

PALMIER (CONT'D)
Please - do not disturb our peace
here. You understand me.

SERVETUS looks at him ambiguously. They shake hands at the door.

SERVETUS
(mouthing)
Thank you.

31 INT. CORRIDOR OUTSIDE RECEPTION ROOM - CONTINUOUS 31

SERVETUS leaves the reception room. The young priest is waiting in the corridor and invites SERVETUS to follow him. The doorkeeper is there with his bags. SERVETUS stands still, trying to take in his new situation.

32 INT. A WARD IN THE INFIRMARY, VIENNE - NIGHT 32

SERVETUS tends patients in the infirmary. He has his leather case strapped over his shoulder.

The ward is basic and dark, and an assistant holds a lamp as he takes SERVETUS from bed to bed.

They come to an old man, who is unkempt and has a large beard. He looks very ill and has a paroxysm of coughing. The attendant starts to move on, but SERVETUS is concerned and questions the attendant, who stands away at the end of the bed. SERVETUS kneels by the bed, opens the man's shirt and puts his ear to the patient's chest. He indicates to the attendant to lift the man into a sitting position. The attendant complies reluctantly and SERVETUS listens to the back of the man's chest, then laying him down gently on to the bed. SERVETUS takes a small envelope from his case, unfolds the paper to reveal powder to the assistant, and instructs him how to give it. The assistant nods and moves off toward another patient, but SERVETUS stays to speak with the old man, who lays a hand on his doctor's arm.

33 EXT. COUNTRYSIDE ON OUTSKIRTS OF VIENNE - DAY 33

SERVETUS and PALMIER ride in a light horse-drawn carriage driven by a footman. They turn into the driveway of a farmhouse, which has a low, broad frontage, upper rooms built into the roof, a courtyard paved with cobble stones and a small amount of open land around.

The passengers alight and SERVETUS stares at the house with a growing sense of satisfaction. He glances at PALMIER, who smiles. SERVETUS looks back at the house and his face breaks into a broad grin.

34 INT. THE STUDY, SERVETUS' HOUSE, VIENNE - EVENING 34

SERVETUS sits at a desk on which are a globe, maps, books and papers. He writes busily.

35 INT. RECEPTION ROOM, ARCHBISHOP'S PALACE - DAY 35

A ceremony takes place with a small gathering of civic and church officials attending. SERVETUS, dressed up and smiling, bows ostentatiously to PALMIER and hands him a large printed volume.

SERVETUS
Your grace!

PALMIER
(smiling and reading from
the book)
"The Geography of Ptolemy" - well,
well!

The gathering titters politely.

PALMIER (CONT'D)
Edited by Michel de Villeneuve!
(turning a page)
And the work is dedicated -
(with mock surprise)
- to me!

The gathering applauds, and SERVETUS and PALMIER shake hands.

36 INT. A POOR HOUSEHOLD, VIENNE - DAY 36

A worried mother shows SERVETUS her sick, small boy in bed. The child coughs and looks feverish. SERVETUS touches the boy's forehead and listens with his ear to the child's chest.

SERVETUS
Keep sponging his face and body
with cool water. In the mornings,
turn him on to his front, hang his
head over the side of the bed and
pat the back of his chest, to help
him cough out the phlegm. Do you
know how to put on a poultice?

The mother nods.

SERVETUS (CONT'D)
Apply a poultice to his chest,
front and back, three times a day.
Bring me a plate.

SERVETUS takes a bottle from his shoulder case and pours some powder on to the plate.

SERVETUS (CONT'D)
 At the same time, give him a pinch
 of this powder in some water. He
 should drink as much as he can. Do
 you understand?

The mother nods.

SERVETUS (CONT'D)
 I will come again this evening.

The mother goes to a table and fetches a couple of coins.

MOTHER
 This is all I have, doctor.

SERVETUS shakes his head and holds up his hand in refusal.
 The mother goes to kiss his hand, but SERVETUS pulls away.

MOTHER (CONT'D)
 God will reward you in heaven.

SERVETUS
 I will be happy with that.

37 INT. SERVETUS' STUDY - NIGHT 37

SERVETUS writes at his desk by candlelight. On the desk to one side is a large, open bible and to the other side is a thick, neatly stacked, pile of manuscript pages. He stops to think, gets up, walks around, comes back to stand in front of the desk, thinks again, and suddenly sits down to write furiously. He finishes the page, adds it to the manuscript pile, and takes a fresh sheet of paper.

38 I/E. LIEUTENANT-GOVERNOR'S MANSION, VIENNE - DAY 38

SERVETUS, now wearing fashionable clothes, rides a horse at walking pace down a wide, curved drive towards a mansion. The house is set in extensive manicured grounds.

A footman takes the horse. A BUTLER opens the door and has SERVETUS wait in a spacious entrance hall. The BUTLER returns shortly.

BUTLER
 Madame will see you now.

He escorts SERVETUS along a wide corridor and sees him into a sumptuously furnished drawing room.

BUTLER (CONT'D)
 (announcing)
 Doctor Servetus, madam.

The wife of the lieutenant-governor, Madame de Maugiron, reclines on a chaise longue covered with a fine quilt.

MADAME DE MAUGIRON
Oh, doctor, thank God you have
come. I couldn't have lasted a
moment longer.

SERVETUS stands during the following consultation.

SERVETUS
What is the trouble today, madam?

MADAME DE MAUGIRON
(indignantly)
Trouble? What do you mean? It's
always the same. I have pain,
doctor!

SERVETUS
Where is the pain today, madam?

MADAME DE MAUGIRON
Where? Everywhere!
(pointing to her temples
and then progressively
down her body)
It starts here, then it travels to
here, then to here, and then it
settles in my stomach here.

SERVETUS
And is it in your back as well?

MADAME DE MAUGIRON
It's worst of all in my back!

SERVETUS
Have you been able to take a little
food?

MADAME DE MAUGIRON
Really, doctor, you don't seem to
realise how weak I am. Nothing has
passed my lips for days.

The BUTLER involuntarily looks down. SERVETUS takes a bottle
of brightly coloured liquid from his shoulder case.

SERVETUS
I want you to take a large spoonful
of this syrup every four hours. It
will help you a lot.

MADAME DE MAUGIRON
Thank you, doctor. Will you come
again this evening?

SERVETUS

I must observe the effect of this very strong medicine first. I will visit you in a couple of days.

CUT TO:

In the entrance hall the BUTLER hands SERVETUS a bulging purse.

39 INT. SERVETUS' STUDY - EVENING 39

SERVETUS writes a letter at his desk. The Bible and his manuscript are still to the side. He finishes the letter, wraps it into a roll, ties the roll with pink ribbon and secures it with wax. He then writes on a separate sheet of paper:

To:

John Calvin, Chief Minister, Reformed Church of Geneva

He hands this sheet and the roll to a waiting courier, instructs him, and gives him money.

40 INT. BOOKSHOP, GERMANY - DAY 40

The shop is the one shown earlier selling SERVETUS' book on the Trinity.

The courier enters the shop and speaks to the assistant. The assistant goes into the back office and is seen through the window speaking to the proprietor. The assistant returns to the shop and tells the courier to go through. The courier is seen through the window talking to the proprietor, showing him the roll and handing him the name of the addressee. The proprietor is reluctant to take the roll, but finally accepts it. The courier hands over money and leaves the shop.

The proprietor calls the assistant into his office, instructs him, and hands him the roll. The assistant returns to the shop, puts on a cloak and leaves the shop with the roll.

41 INT. CALVIN'S ROOM, GENEVA - DAY 41

CALVIN sits at his desk. The bookshop assistant stands in front of him. CALVIN reads SERVETUS' letter and shakes his head. He scribbles a brief reply, wraps the paper into a roll, ties the roll with the ribbon from SERVETUS' letter, and hands it to the assistant.

42 INT. BOOKSHOP, GERMANY - DAY 42

The assistant hands CALVIN's reply over to SERVETUS' courier.

43 INT. SERVETUS' STUDY, VIENNE - EVENING 43

SERVETUS reads CALVIN's reply at his desk, while the courier stands by. SERVETUS in turn shakes his head and shows exasperation. He scribbles a two-page reply and hands it to the courier.

44 INT. CALVIN'S ROOM, GENEVA - DAY 44

CALVIN reads SERVETUS' reply with increasing impatience. The bookshop assistant stands by. CALVIN takes a book from a shelf and opens it at the title page, which reads:

INSTITUTES OF THE CHRISTIAN RELIGION

by

John Calvin

He writes a short note, puts it into the book and hands the book to the assistant, who leaves.

CALVIN screws up SERVETUS' letter and is about to throw it away, when he thinks better of it. He opens a small compartment in his desk, empties it of its contents, flattens SERVETUS' letter with his hand, adds it to SERVETUS' first letter, and places both letters in the compartment.

45 INT. SERVETUS' STUDY, VIENNE - EVENING/NIGHT/DAWN 45

SERVETUS is reading CALVIN's book, frowning with concentration.

DISSOLVE TO:

He is now well into the book, reading by candlelight. He vigorously crosses out various passages and writes copious notes in the margin.

DISSOLVE TO:

It is now dawn. SERVETUS slams the book closed, picks up his own manuscript and puts it on top of CALVIN's book. He writes in large script on a fresh sheet of paper the title of his manuscript:

The Restitution of Christianity!

SERVETUS puts this title page on top of his manuscript and writes a reply to Calvin.

SERVETUS (V.O.)

Calvin, I have looked through your book and you may be interested to see my comments on it. To explain more fully my point of view, I
(MORE)

SERVETUS (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 enclose an early manuscript of a
 book I myself am writing. But we
 can no longer pursue this dispute
 by letter.

(speaking out loud)
 I suggest I come to Geneva and we
 resolve our differences in person.
 What do you say to this
 proposition?

(signing with a flourish)
 Michael Servetus.

46 INT. CALVIN'S ROOM, GENEVA - DAY 46

CALVIN reads SERVETUS' reply, inspects his book scrawled all over, and leafs quickly through the pages of SERVETUS' manuscript. He puts the material down and speaks to himself with steely resolve.

CALVIN
 If he comes here, I will never
 allow him to leave alive.

CALVIN opens the compartment where he has stored SERVETUS' letters. He puts in the material SERVETUS has just sent him and thoughtfully closes the compartment door.

47 INT. SERVETUS' STUDY, VIENNE - EVENING 47

SERVETUS scribbles a note which reads:

"At the very least you might return my manuscript!"

He hands this to the waiting courier.

48 INT. CALVIN'S ROOM, GENEVA - DAY 48

CALVIN reads Servetus' note, screws it up and throws it away.

CUT TO BLACK.

49 EXT. BLACK - NIGHT 49

There is a violent flash of lightening and a loud clap of thunder.

FADE IN:

50 EXT. COUNTRYSIDE ON OUTSKIRTS OF VIENNE - NIGHT 50

A storm is raging. SERVETUS gallops on horseback in the pouring rain heading for the town. He has his case strapped over his shoulder.

Superimpose subtitle:

6 YEARS LATER

THE LAST YEAR OF SERVETUS' LIFE

Fade out subtitle.

A woman's scream is heard, loud and piercing.

51 INT. DELYNE'S BEDROOM, DE LA COURT'S HOUSE, VIENNE - SOON 51
AFTER

The woman's face is seen in close up. She is in labour and in pain. The woman is DELYNE DE LA COURT, wife of the town's magistrate. She is in her 30s and lies in bed in a comfortably furnished bedroom, which is dimly lit.

DELYNE is attended by SERVETUS' housekeeper, MARIE, a woman in her 50s. MARIE dips a cloth into a bowl of water and wipes DELYNE's face with it.

MARIE

Do you want to push, madam?

DELYNE

(weakly)

I don't know.

MARIE

Alright, maybe you can push now, madam. Try with the next pain.

DELYNE

(screaming as pain comes)

No!

MARIE

Try to push a little, madam - try!

DELYNE

No, I can't, I can't.

52 EXT. DE LA COURT'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

52

The house is a well-to-do, town property. The only light showing is from an upper-story window.

SERVETUS approaches the house on horseback. He dismounts, hands the reins to a stable boy and knocks on the front door. It is opened by a maidservant, who lets him in.

SERVETUS takes off his shoulder case and wet coat.

SERVETUS
How is your mistress?

MAID
Not good, doctor. Marie is
upstairs.

SERVETUS picks up his case and they climb the stairs.

SERVETUS
Is your master here?

MAID
No, doctor, he's gone to Lyon.

MARIE comes out of the bedroom and closes the door behind
her.

MARIE
I don't like the look of her,
doctor. She's been labouring since
last night and she's quite
exhausted. I am getting her to
push.

SERVETUS
Have the waters broken?

MARIE
Early this morning.

SERVETUS
Any bleeding?

MARIE
No, doctor.

SERVETUS opens the door and looks in at DELYNE.

SERVETUS
All right, Marie. You can go home
now.

MARIE
I don't mind staying, doctor. You
may need me.

SERVETUS
No, you go home.

MARIE looks offended. SERVETUS enters the bedroom and the
maid follows him in, shutting the door behind her. MARIE

stands looking at the closed door and then reluctantly turns to go down stairs.

54 INT. DELYNE'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

54

SERVETUS approaches DELYNE, looking at her intently. He takes her pulse at the wrist.

SERVETUS
(softly)
Delyne, how are you doing?

DELYNE
Michel, I'm so glad you are here. I can't do any more. I can't take any more. You must help me - please!

SERVETUS
I will help you. Let me take a look now.

He examines DELYNE's abdomen and puts his ear on to it, trying different places to hear the baby's heart beat. The maid makes a noise pouring water into a bowl.

SERVETUS (CONT'D)
(sharply)
Quiet now, please.

SERVETUS listens intently in one spot and looks to be in serious thought.

DELYNE
Is everything all right, Michel?
(as a pain comes)
It's coming again! Help me, please.

SERVETUS takes DELYNE's hand and places his other hand on her abdomen to feel the contraction.

SERVETUS
Does it make you want to push?

DELYNE
I don't know. Not really.
(relaxing)
I am tired!

She drops off to sleep.

MAID
(whispering)
Should I call the priest, doctor?

SERVETUS
No, your mistress will be all right.

MAID
I mean for the baby.

SERVETUS
No. I need you here.

MAID
I can send the boy.

SERVETUS
No. He will be drenched and we will
have another patient on our hands.

The maid looks unconvinced. DELYNE groans and opens her eyes
as another pain comes weakly and then passes.

SERVETUS (CONT'D)
I want you to get out of bed.
(helping her)
Come on.

DELYNE
Why? I am too weak.

SERVETUS
No, you are not.
(to the maid)
Get your mistress some food and
water.
(to DELYNE)
I want you to walk around the room
with me. I will help you. We must
let your baby come down.

They start to walk.

55 INT. SERVETUS' HOUSE - DAWN, NEXT DAY

55

MARIE lies on top of her bed, fully clothed, covered by a
blanket. She is unable to sleep. Her bedroom, small and
simply furnished, is on the upper floor. She gets up, opens
the curtains and sees it is dawn.

She walks along a narrow dark corridor with creaking floor
boards. She opens the door to the bedroom of her daughter,
ANIQUE, who is sleeping peacefully. MARIE moves to wake her,
but thinks better of it and closes the door quietly.

She goes downstairs and enters a kitchen. This is a large
room with a stone floor, a fireplace and a central wooden
table with stools around. MARIE lights the fire and starts to
prepare food.

56 INT. DELYNE'S BEDROOM - SAME TIME

56

Dawn is seen breaking through the window. SERVETUS is in his shirt sleeves, and both he and the maid look tired and dishevelled. DELYNE is in bed and looks exhausted. Another pain comes.

SERVETUS
(taking Delyne's hand)
Come on, Delyne - do your best -
give it a push now.

MAID
(taking her other hand)
Come on, madam, please push, madam -
push, madam.

DELYNE does her best and falls back exhausted. Her maid gives her a sip of water and mops her sweating face. SERVETUS goes to look under her nightdress.

SERVETUS
We can see the baby's head. We're
going to move you to the stool now.

They move her from the bed to a birth stool. She rests back against the bed.

DELYNE
It's coming!

She screams and pushes.

MAID
Push, madam, push!

The pain passes. SERVETUS puts his ear on her abdomen and listens for some time. He is expressionless.

SERVETUS
It's going to be hard, Delyne, but
I will get your baby out, I promise
you.

DELYNE gives the faintest flicker of a smile. They wait.

DELYNE
It's coming again.

SERVETUS
I'm going to help you.

As DELYNE pushes, SERVETUS uses his hand to push the baby down from the abdomen.

SERVETUS (CONT'D)
Let me have another listen.

SERVETUS listens again for the baby's heart beat, closing his eyes and straining to hear it. He says nothing. He looks again under DELYNE's nightdress and fractionally shakes his head. He wipes his brow with a kerchief and rolls up his sleeves. He washes his hands and forearms in a bowl and dries them on a clean cloth.

SERVETUS (CONT'D)
(to the maid)
Change the water, please. Two bowls
- one hot, one cold.

MAID
It's ready, doctor.

Hot water steams as she pours it into one bowl. They wait for the next pain.

SERVETUS
Delyne, the head needs more room to
come out. I'm going to do something
with the next pain that will
release your baby. It will hurt,
but only for a moment. Be brave.

SERVETUS kneels in front of the stool, pushes back her nightdress and takes out a narrow, single-edged surgical knife from his bag. The following images can be computer generated. The baby's scalp is visible. SERVETUS inserts the index and middle fingers of his left hand between the baby's head and the birth canal to the side of the midline and pulls the canal slightly away from the head. He positions the knife in the space he has created with the edge facing outwards. The pain comes and DELYNE groans.

SERVETUS (CONT'D)
Now Delyne, push as hard as you can
- hard, *hard*!

DELYNE pushes and SERVETUS incises the birth canal from inside outwards. DELYNE screams and blood runs from the wound. He puts a hand into the birth canal, rotates the head to the vertical and pulls the head out. The body quickly follows. The maid holds the baby in a cloth as SERVETUS ligates the cord in two places with strips of material, cuts the cord with the knife between the ligatures, and hands the baby to the maid. He stems the bleeding from the wound with a clean cloth.

SERVETUS (CONT'D)
Delyne, it is over. Your baby is
out. You can rest now.

SERVETUS indicates to the maid to hold the cloth on DELYNE's wound, while he takes the baby.

The infant is pale and blue and does not cry. He holds it upside down by the feet, clears secretions from the mouth

with his finger, and gives the back a hard smack. The baby gives a weak cry, takes a couple of gasps and then makes no further movement. SERVETUS lays the baby on a table and uses his mouth to suck out more secretions, which he spits on to the floor. He smacks the soles of the baby's feet. There is no response. He puts his ear on the baby's chest and listens. He tests the water in the steaming bowl with his elbow and then immerses the baby in it, shortly to transfer the baby to the bowl of cold water. He repeats this manoeuvre twice. The baby takes one gasp and then no more. SERVETUS puts his mouth over the baby's nose and mouth and inflates the chest. He does this several times, but the baby is lifeless. SERVETUS puts his ear again on the baby's chest and listens. He relaxes. He wraps the baby in its cloth, covering the head and face. He goes back to DELYNE.

DELYNE

It is dead, isn't it?

SERVETUS

I'm very sorry.

DELYNE

Give me the baby.

SERVETUS

Delyne, I don't think ...

DELYNE

(interrupting forcefully)

Give me my baby! I will hold my baby.

SERVETUS hands DELYNE the baby. She pulls the cloth from its face and looks at it calmly and unflinchingly, almost serenely. She kisses its forehead.

DELYNE (CONT'D)

(tenderly)

You can rest now, darling. We can both rest now. You and I have had a hard night.

She closes her eyes and falls asleep holding the baby. The maid takes it away without disturbing her.

MAID

(resentfully)

I could have called the priest.

SERVETUS does not react, but turns toward DELYNE.

SERVETUS

I must deliver the afterbirth.

57 INT. ENTRANCE HALL, DE LA COURT'S HOUSE - SOON AFTER 57
SERVETUS is leaving.

SERVETUS
When does your master return?

MAID
Later this morning.

SERVETUS
I will send Marie over.

58 EXT. VIENNE AND ITS OUTSKIRTS - CONTINUOUS 58
SERVETUS takes his horse from the stable boy, mounts and rides through the town at a walking pace.

DISSOLVE TO:

In the countryside SERVETUS stops the horse. It is a crisp, sunny morning with a perfect blue sky. SERVETUS admires the beauty of the scene and breathes in the air. He notices his hands are still caked with blood. He dismounts and washes his hands in a nearby brook. He splashes water on to his face, gasps with the coldness, splashes more water on to the back of his neck, enjoying the sensation. He stands with his eyes closed facing the sun, smiling. He remounts his horse and moves off slowly.

59 EXT. SERVETUS' HOUSE - SOON AFTER 59
SERVETUS approaches his property. As he reaches the wooden gate to the driveway, he sees the side post has fallen down. He dismounts, picks up the broken post, breaks the wood easily over his thigh and remounts, carrying the rotten wood with him.

He rides into the courtyard where his stable boy, BENOÎT PERRIN, runs out to meet him. BENOÎT is a scruffy 10 year-old. SERVETUS drops the wood on to the ground, dismounts, hands the reins to BENOÎT, and goes inside the house through a private entrance to one side of the frontage. This entrance leads directly into SERVETUS' study.

60 INT. SERVETUS' STUDY - CONTINUOUS 60
In the daylight the room is seen to be a study-cum-sitting room - a well lived-in bachelor's den. A window looks out on to the courtyard and the room has a small fireplace. It contains his writing desk, bookcases filled with books, and various tables and chairs strewn with papers and open books.

SERVETUS enters wearily, shuts the door behind him, slumps into an armchair, and closes his eyes.

61 INT. KITCHEN AND CORRIDOR, SERVETUS' HOUSE - CONTINUOUS 61

MARIE has heard SERVETUS arrive. She goes to a steaming pot in the fireplace, ladles out thick pottage into a bowl, breaks off a lump of bread, and puts the food with a spoon on to a tray.

She carries the tray from the kitchen across the main entrance corridor to the inside door of the study. She opens the door without knocking and goes in.

62 I/E. SERVETUS' STUDY AND COURTYARD - CONTINUOUS 62

Not seeing anywhere to put the tray down, MARIE starts to clear a space on a table. SERVETUS had dropped off to sleep, but woke as she entered.

SERVETUS
(with his eyes closed)
Don't mess my papers up.

MARIE looks at the papers scattered all over the room, but says nothing. She clears a space, sets the tray down and pulls a chair up to the table.

MARIE
Here you are, doctor.

SERVETUS
(still with eyes closed)
It's pottage.

MARIE
Yes. With mutton.

SERVETUS
(opening his eyes)
I had better get up then.

He drags himself up from the armchair, sits at the table and starts to eat.

MARIE
How is Madame de la Court?

SERVETUS
She pulled through, thank God. I want you to go there later in the morning.

MARIE
And the baby?

SERVETUS
The baby died.

MARIE
I thought it would. Was it a boy or
a girl?

SERVETUS
(surprised at himself)
Do you know, I didn't notice.

He finishes eating and goes to open the outside door to
breathe the morning air again.

SERVETUS (CONT'D)
The gate post has come down again.

MARIE
I'll call the carpenter from Vienne
to do it properly.

SERVETUS
I did do it properly! Look ...

SERVETUS goes into the courtyard and MARIE follows. He picks
up the broken gate post and breaks it over his leg again.

SERVETUS (CONT'D)
... the wood's rotten, that's all.

MARIE
Did you call the priest?

SERVETUS turns away to go back inside.

SERVETUS
(as he goes)
Marie, not again, please.

MARIE follows him inside. SERVETUS sits at his desk.

SERVETUS (CONT'D)
(yawning)
Where is my pen?

MARIE
I expect Anique has got it.

SERVETUS
Has she indeed!

MARIE
Well, you encourage her, I don't.
(after a pause)
You have no right to behave like
you do! Did you ask Madame de la
Court what she wanted?

SERVETUS does not answer.

MARIE (CONT'D)
 You think I interfere in things I
 don't understand.

SERVETUS
 Well, I don't teach you how to make
 pottage.

MARIE
 (resentfully)
 You could at least have asked her.
 Normal Christians want their babies
 baptised, that's all.

She sees his pen under some papers.

MARIE (CONT'D)
 And here's your pen!

SERVETUS
 Ah, good. Is Anique up yet?

MARIE
 I shouldn't think so. It's still
 early.

SERVETUS
 Wake her, will you, Marie?

He yawns again, but starts to write.

SERVETUS (CONT'D)
 I want her to take this to Vienne
 straight away.

MARIE
 You would do better going to bed.
 (muttering as she turns to
 go)
 It might help you to write some
 sense.

MARIE turns back to SERVETUS.

MARIE (CONT'D)
 Doctor, I wanted to talk to you
 about Anique. I don't think she
 should help you so much.

SERVETUS is engrossed in his work and does not hear her.
 MARIE gives up and goes out.

63 INT. STAIRS AND ANIQUE'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

63

MARIE climbs the stairs and goes into ANIQUE's bedroom, where
 her daughter is still sleeping. MARIE shakes her.

MARIE

Come along, my girl. It's time for
you to get up.

ANIQUE stirs, frowns, growls and turns over. MARIE leaves her
to wake up.

64 EXT. DE LA COURT'S HOUSE - SAME TIME 64

DELYNE's husband, ANTOINE DE LA COURT, arrives on horseback
in a leisurely manner. He is in his early 50s. Though
described as a magistrate, his functions are more what today
would be those of a chief of police.

The maid rushes out of the house and talks to him. He jumps
off the horse and rushes into the house. A few moments later,
he emerges looking agitated, remounts the horse and sets off
again.

65 INT. SERVETUS' HOUSE - SOON AFTER 65

ANIQUE is in her bedroom, unable to open her eyes. She rolls
reluctantly out of bed and gropes for some clothes. She is 13
years old, pubescent but in many respects still a child. She
is not especially pretty, but you can see that she will
shortly have a striking womanly presence. A blood stain is
seen on the front of her nightdress. She glimpses it, lifts
up the dress to see it better, throws the dress down again
ill-temperedly and scowls.

She stumbles out of her room holding her clothes and sways
down the stairs leaning against the wall. She enters the
kitchen and sees MARIE is giving BENOÎT his breakfast. She
grimaces and goes across the corridor to enter SERVETUS'
study without knocking.

66 INT. SERVETUS' STUDY - CONTINUOUS 66

ANIQUE sees SERVETUS writing at his desk. She drops her
clothes on an armchair, puts her arms around him from behind,
lays her head down on his back and closes her eyes.

SERVETUS

(while writing)

Get dressed.

ANIQUE

I'm sleepy. It's still night time.

She goes to sit in the armchair, folding her clothes as a
pillow and laying her head down on the arm.

ANIQUE (CONT'D)
 (with her eyes closed)
 Why is everyone up so early this morning?

SERVETUS
 Sh, I'm working. I want you to take this into Vienne straight away.

ANIQUE
 More papers! Last time you said we'd finished.

SERVETUS
 (still not looking at her)
 This really is the last.

ANIQUE
 It's going to be the biggest book ever, isn't it?

SERVETUS does not reply. ANIQUE is miffed she is not getting his attention. She sits up and tries to think of something that will grab it.

ANIQUE (CONT'D)
 (challengingly)
 Doctor, I don't think I can go into Vienne today.

SERVETUS still ignores her. She goes over to him and shouts in his ear.

ANIQUE (CONT'D)
 I don't think I can go into Vienne today!

SERVETUS looks at her for the first time.

SERVETUS
 What! Why not?

ANIQUE
 (conspiratorially)
 I started that blood again last night.

SERVETUS
 (resuming writing)
 I've told you about that. You can go. Your mother will show you what to do.

ANIQUE
 I hate it. It's horrid. And my belly hurts.

SERVETUS

And I've told you belly is not a proper word.

(looking at her)

If you take this to Monsieur Arnoullet this morning, he can finish the printing and we'll have the book in a few days time. Wouldn't that be worth it?

ANIQUE

What colour will it be?

SERVETUS

(impatiently)

I don't know. Anique, pay attention! I expect Monsieur de la Court will come here any moment. I want you to be away with this manuscript before he arrives.

ANIQUE

It's like a market here today. Why does it matter if Monsieur de la Court sees me? He's our friend.

SERVETUS

He is also our magistrate. It's better we don't trouble him with it. Anique, get dressed - now!

ANIQUE

(brightening)

Can I take the horse?

SERVETUS

If you're quick getting ready.

ANIQUE

I'm gone!

ANIQUE dashes out with her clothes.

SERVETUS finishes writing with a flourish. He is on the point of wrapping up the pages when he thinks again. He turns to the title page showing:

THE RESTORATION OF CHRISTIANITY

As before, he stands up in front of the desk, thinks, walks round the desk and back to the front, and finally makes a decision. He sits and writes below the title in large capital letters:

M. S. V.

SERVETUS chuckles to himself and wraps the pages into a roll, which he secures with a pink ribbon.

A horse is heard on the cobbles in the courtyard. Through the window he sees DE LA COURT arriving. SERVETUS opens the door to the corridor.

SERVETUS
(shouting)
Anique, are you ready?

He almost collides with ANIQUE as she rushes in dressed. He hands her the roll.

SERVETUS (CONT'D)
Here it is. Monsieur de la Court is here. Go quickly through the kitchen. And straight into the hands of Monsieur Arnoullet, mind. You know where.

ANIQUE
I know!

ANIQUE rushes down the corridor. SERVETUS shouts after her.

SERVETUS
And tell Monsieur Arnoullet to come here as soon as it's finished - and bring a copy with him.

ANIQUE looks back and nods.

67 INT. KITCHEN AND STABLE - CONTINUOUS

67

ANIQUE runs through the kitchen to MARIE's annoyance and out the kitchen door to the back of the house, where the stable is located. She runs into the stable, where BENOÎT is tending the horse. ANIQUE is still enough of a child sometimes to play with BENOÎT, but when she talks to him she likes to assume a superior manner.

ANIQUE
(haughtily)
The doctor says I must take the horse. Is it ready?

BENOÎT slowly picks up a bridle and puts it on the horse.

ANIQUE (CONT'D)
Quickly now! I don't have all day, you know.

BENOÎT hands ANIQUE the reins. She snatches them from him, in the course of which a scarf falls from her shoulders. ANIQUE starts to lead the unsaddled horse out of the stable, but BENOÎT quickly throws a blanket over the horse's back,

looking for a favourable reaction from ANIQUE. She ignores him but keeps the blanket, and leads the horse out into the back yard. BENOÎT picks up the scarf, smells it, pauses, and then hides it under a pile of hay.

68 EXT. SERVETUS' HOUSE - CONTINUOUS 68

ANIQUE walks round the side of the house to the corner with the frontage. It is the corner away from SERVETUS' private door. She looks round the corner in an exaggeratedly cloak-and-dagger manner to see when the coast will be clear. She sees DE LA COURT dismount and knock at the main entrance in the centre of the frontage.

69 I/E. SERVETUS' STUDY AND COURTYARD - CONTINUOUS 69

SERVETUS hears the knocking from his study and goes into the courtyard through his private door. SERVETUS sees DE LA COURT waiting outside the main entrance holding his horse, with ANIQUE standing behind him at the far corner of the house.

SERVETUS
(calling)
Antoine, come in this way.

DE LA COURT walks towards him and away from ANIQUE, as MARIE comes out from the main entrance.

SERVETUS (CONT'D)
Marie, please take Monsieur de la Court's horse and tell Benoît to wipe him down.

MARIE
(taking the reins)
Good morning, sir.

DE LA COURT
No, I'm not staying.

He hugs SERVETUS emotionally.

DE LA COURT (CONT'D)
Michel, my dear friend!

SERVETUS leads DE LA COURT into the study.

SERVETUS
Come in, Antoine.

He leads DE LA COURT to sit in an armchair with its back to the window.

SERVETUS (CONT'D)
Sit here. You must be tired.

Through the window SERVETUS sees ANIQUE leading the horse away from the house.

DE LA COURT
Michel, I don't know how to thank you enough. When I left for Lyon, Delyne was quite well. If I had known ...

SERVETUS
We weren't expecting a problem.

DE LA COURT
(emotionally)
And then I arrive home and find you had stayed all night and
(breaking down)
saved my dear wife's life. *Thank you!*

SERVETUS
I am sorry about the baby.

DE LA COURT
It was God's will. Delyne will be all right?

SERVETUS
She will. We must help her to regain her strength - in her body and in her heart.

DE LA COURT
We'll do that, don't worry.

SERVETUS
I'll send Marie to be with her again today. I'll see her myself this afternoon.

DE LA COURT nods, gets up and shakes SERVETUS by the hand.

DE LA COURT
I must get back to her now.

They go into courtyard. MARIE hands DE LA COURT the reins and he mounts his horse.

DE LA COURT (CONT'D)
You're not only our doctor, you know. You're our friend. We want to see more of you.

SERVETUS
I know. I have been busy working on some writing.

DE LA COURT
 (with feeling)
 We are very grateful to you,
 Michel.

SERVETUS
 Offer some thanks to God as well.

DE LA COURT
 I will ask him to bless and protect
 you.

DE LA COURT rides off. SERVETUS watches him go, thoughtful
 about that last remark.

70 EXT. STREETS OF VIENNE - SOON AFTER 70

ANIQUE rides SERVETUS' horse at walking pace through the
 cobbled streets of Vienne. She turns through an archway which
 carries the sign: "BALTHAZAR ARNOULLET PRINTER".

71 I/E. ARNOULLET'S PRINTING WORKS - CONTINUOUS 71

ANIQUE enters the yard of the printing works. Workmen are
 seen operating presses inside the building, while others load
 bales of books on to a cart in the yard.

ARNOULLET, a man in his 50s, is in his office. He sees ANIQUE
 through a window as she slips off the horse holding SERVETUS'
 manuscript roll. He hurries out to meet her. WILLIAM
 GUÉROULT, his works manager, watches them from inside the
 building. GUÉROULT is in his 30s.

ARNOULLET
 (furtively to ANIQUE)
 You know you're not supposed to
 come here like this, waving that ...
thing under everybody's nose.

He snatches the roll from her and shakes his head.

ARNOULLET (CONT'D)
 He dresses up mortal danger with a
 pink ribbon!

He nods towards GUÉROULT, who comes into the yard. ARNOULLET
 hands him the roll.

ARNOULLET (CONT'D)
 (under his breath)
 It's from de Villeneuve. You know
 what to do.
 (to ANIQUE)
 You be off now.

ANIQUE

(loudly)

The doctor says it's the last.
You're to take him a copy when it's
finished.

ARNOULLET

Yes, all right, all right! Go now.

ANIQUE looks around for somewhere to mount her horse from.
GUÉROULT puts the roll under his arm and cups his hands.

GUÉROULT

Here you are, miss.

ANIQUE mounts the horse and rides out of the yard.

GUÉROULT watches her go and ride down the street. He then
saddles a horse, mounts it and turns down the street in the
opposite direction, carrying SERVETUS' manuscript.

72 I/E. STREETS, A WOOD AND A BARN, VIEENE - CONTINUOUS 72

GUÉROULT rides out of town and into a wooded area. He arrives
at a derelict farmhouse in a clearing and goes into a barn.
Three men are working there on a couple of printing presses.
He hands the roll to the senior printer.

GUÉROULT

This is the last of the copy. I'll
proof it and we'll go straight to
binding.

73 INT. DINING ROOM, SERVETUS' HOUSE - EVENING, DAYS LATER 73

The room is small and taken up almost entirely by a good-
quality, wooden dining table with matching sideboard and
chairs. The table is elegantly set with silver cutlery and
wine goblets. Lighted candles sit in silver candlesticks.

SERVETUS and PALMIER are eating dinner. MARIE waits in
attendance.

SERVETUS

I'm editing a book on America now -
you know, the new discoveries. I'd
like to dedicate it to you again,
if that's all right.

PALMIER

I'm going to Paris soon. If it's
ready, I can take it around those
new salons and show off my
dedication. Yes, of course I agree.
It's very kind of you.

SERVETUS
Not particularly - the publishers
expect it.

PALMIER
I see.

They carry on eating.

74 INT. THE PRINTING BARN - SAME TIME

74

The workmen are binding the copies of SERVETUS' book by
lamplight. GUÉROULT enters and inspects the binding.

SENIOR PRINTER
(indicating the book)
What's this all about, then?

GUÉROULT
It's about giving Christianity back
to the people.

SENIOR PRINTER
What's that supposed to mean?

GUÉROULT puts copies of the book into a bag.

GUÉROULT
I'll take these first half dozen.

75 INT. KITCHEN AND ENTRANCE CORRIDOR, SERVETUS' HOUSE - SOON 75
AFTER

ANIQUE sits at the kitchen table and MARIE serves her pottage
in an earthenware bowl.

There is knocking on the main entrance door. MARIE goes into
the corridor and opens the door. ARNOULLET and GUÉROULT are
outside.

MARIE
The doctor is having dinner. He's
busy now.

ARNOULLET
He told me to come. He wants to see
me.

MARIE
(reluctantly)
I suppose you'd better come in
then.

ARNOULLET enters alone and MARIE opens the inner door to
SERVETUS' study.

MARIE (CONT'D)
Wait in there.

ARNOULLET goes in.

76 INT. DINING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

76

SERVETUS and PALMIER have finished eating. MARIE enters the dining room and whispers in SERVETUS' ear. He gets up.

SERVETUS
Pierre, you'll have to excuse me a moment. Someone is here to see me. Marie, call Anique.
(to PALMIER)
You will see how she can read now.

SERVETUS picks up a large book from the sideboard and hands it to PALMIER.

SERVETUS (CONT'D)
Look - you'll find this interesting. It's the greatest book of medicine that has ever been written. I'll only be a minute.

SERVETUS leaves and ANIQUE comes in. She runs to PALMIER, kneels and kisses his ring. He places his hand on her head.

PALMIER
May the Lord bless and keep you, my little one.

ANIQUE
Not so little. I'm thirteen now!

PALMIER
Thirteen - well!

77 INT. SERVETUS' STUDY - CONTINUOUS

77

SERVETUS enters.

SERVETUS
Arnoullet - you've brought it?

ARNOULLET
Yes. Is it safe?

SERVETUS nods. ARNOULLET opens the door to the courtyard and calls out.

ARNOULLET (CONT'D)
William, come in.

GUÉROULT comes in carrying his bag. He unpacks the copies of SERVETUS' book and makes a pile of them on a table. SERVETUS puts his hand on the pile.

SERVETUS

Good - I'll keep these. I want a thousand copies altogether. Dispatch the others directly to Frankfurt for the Easter book fair.
(leafing through a copy)
This is nice, Arnoullet, thank you.

ARNOULLET

I'll be pleased when it's finished.

SERVETUS

So shall I.

He goes to his desk, collects some papers, wraps them into a roll, and hands it to ARNOULLET.

SERVETUS (CONT'D)

Here's some more material on America. Make sure it's seen in your works. It'll cover our connection.
(indicating the roll)
I've told Archbishop Palmier about this.

ARNOULLET looks doubtful.

SERVETUS (CONT'D)

Don't worry!

78 INT. DINING ROOM - SAME TIME

78

PALMIER opens the book SERVETUS handed him. ANIQUE looks over his shoulder. The title page reads:

ON THE STRUCTURE OF THE HUMAN BODY

by

Andreas Vesalius

Professor of Anatomy, University of Padua

ANIQUE points knowledgeably to the last words of the title.

ANIQUE

The ... human ... body.
(patting her chest)
That means what we're made of.
(pointing to the word
"Padua")

(MORE)

ANIQUE (CONT'D)
Padua - that's in Italy. The doctor
showed me on a map.

PALMIER turns the pages with sentimental interest.

ANIQUE (CONT'D)
Doctor de Villeneuve was a friend
of that man. They were at school
together.
(giggling)
Your grace, you should see the
pictures!

79 INT. SERVETUS' STUDY - CONTINUOUS

79

SERVETUS
Come and see me again when the
consignment is ready.

ARNOULLET
Good night, doctor.

He and GUÉROULT leave by the door to the courtyard.

SERVETUS
(calling at the door)
Arnoullet!

ARNOULLET comes back alone.

SERVETUS (CONT'D)
(indicating GUÉROULT)
Who's he?

ARNOULLET
He's supervising your work. He's a
good man, doctor. He hasn't been
here long, but I can vouch for him.
He's my brother-in-law.

SERVETUS
He's not from Vienne, then.

ARNOULLET
No, he's come from Geneva.

SERVETUS
Geneva! All right, goodbye.

ARNOULLET goes. SERVETUS puts the books into a cupboard,
leaving out one copy, which he covers with papers.

80 INT. DINING ROOM - SOON AFTER

80

SERVETUS enters and sits down at the table.

SERVETUS
I'm sorry, Pierre.

81 INT. KITCHEN - SAME TIME

81

ANIQUE eats alone at the table. There is tentative knocking on the outside kitchen door. She ignores it and the knocking is repeated. She opens the door abruptly. It is BENOÎT.

ANIQUE
What do you want?

BENOIT
Can you come out?

ANIQUE
Not now. Come inside a moment.

BENOIT
I'm not allowed at night.

ANIQUE
(dragging him in)
Oh, come in, you mouse!

He steps inside timidly and closes the door. ANIQUE goes back to eat.

ANIQUE (CONT'D)
What do you want to do?

BENOIT just stands there.

ANIQUE (CONT'D)
You are a goat.

MARIE
(calling from the
corridor)
Anique, help me clear the plates.

ANIQUE
(to BENOÎT)
Stay there.
(name dropping)
I'm just going to see Archbishop
Palmier.

BENOÎT tries to makes a bolt for it, but can't lift the latch of the kitchen door.

ANIQUE (CONT'D)
Don't be silly. He won't eat you.
He's had his dinner.

BENOIT
Is your mother coming?

ANIQUE
Yes - and she will eat you.

MARIE
(calling)
Anique!

ANIQUE leaves the kitchen.

BENOÎT tries again to open the kitchen door and fails. He looks around for an escape and runs into the corridor.

82 INT. CORRIDOR, KITCHEN AND SERVETUS' STUDY - CONTINUOUS 82

BENOÎT starts for the front door, but realises he won't be able to open it. He hears MARIE and ANIQUE coming from the dining room and takes the only way out by going into SERVETUS' study. BENOÎT tries to open the door to the courtyard, but it is locked. ANIQUE carries plates from the dining room into the kitchen. She sees BENOÎT is not there. She looks in the corridor and realises he must have gone into SERVETUS' study. She goes into the study and finds BENOÎT standing by the door, paralysed. She hears MARIE coming, pushes BENOÎT behind an armchair, and deliberately knocks a glass on to the floor, where it breaks. MARIE enters.

MARIE
You are clumsy, child.

ANIQUE
I didn't mean to. The doctor won't mind.

MARIE
You get away with too much, my girl. Go and finish clearing the table - and behave in there with more respect. Has that boy been in here? I can smell him.

ANIQUE
No, mother.

ANIQUE goes. MARIE picks up the glass fragments, wipes the floor, looks suspiciously around the room and follows ANIQUE out. BENOÎT makes another desperate attempt to open the door to the courtyard, but fails again. PALMIER enters the study, and he and BENOÎT look blankly at each other. SERVETUS enters.

SERVETUS
There's a funny smell in here.
(seeing BENOÎT)
Oh, it's you.

He opens the door to the courtyard.

SERVETUS (CONT'D)
 You'd better go before you get
 caught.

BENOÎT escapes. MARIE enters carrying a bowl of fruit. ANIQUE
 follows carrying VESALIUS' book, which she puts on SERVETUS'
 desk.

MARIE
 Madame de Maugiron sent to remind
 your grace to visit her this
 evening.

PALMIER
 Oh, yes, I'd forgotten. Michael,
 I'm sorry. I had better go now.

83 I/E. CORRIDOR, COURTYARD AND STUDY - CONTINUOUS

83

SERVETUS and MARIE escort PALMIER through the main door into
 the courtyard and to his waiting carriage. They speak as they
 walk.

SERVETUS
 I thought de Maugiron only pestered
 me.

PALMIER
 I wish. She even summoned me out
 during that great storm. She was
 dying again, of course.

SERVETUS
 That woman needs a priest more than
 a doctor.

PALMIER
 Perhaps she thought a doctor
 wouldn't turn out in that weather.

SERVETUS
 So she made do with second best.

PALMIER gets into his carriage and leans out.

PALMIER
 That was the night of Delyne's
 baby, wasn't it?

SERVETUS does not respond. MARIE notices the question.

PALMIER (CONT'D)
 Michael, I wanted to talk to you
 about that.

SERVETUS
 I thought you might.

PALMIER

Will you come to see me tomorrow?

(thinking)

Don't come to the residence. I'll see you at my private chapel. We'll meet in the cloister.

PALMIER is driven off. MARIE looks at SERVETUS meaningfully. SERVETUS glances at her without expression and goes back into the study.

He picks up the copy of his book and compares it with VESALIUS' much larger volume. He smiles.

84

EXT. CLOISTER, ARCHBISHOP'S PALACE - NEXT DAY

84

The cloister surrounds a tastefully laid-out garden. SERVETUS and PALMIER walk round on their own. SERVETUS has his case over a shoulder. PALMIER links arms with SERVETUS as they speak quietly.

PALMIER

Antoine's priest has complained, Michael. You didn't call him before Delyne's baby died. You make things difficult for me, you know.

SERVETUS

(frowning)

Why is there suddenly a problem? It's not the first.

PALMIER

Exactly, it's not the first. But Antoine is an important man in Vienne. It's not so easy to keep it quiet.

SERVETUS

Has he complained?

PALMIER

Of course not. But I have an archdiocese to run here. And, frankly, you force your beliefs on other people. Who are you to deprive that baby's soul a place in heaven?

SERVETUS extracts his arm, stops walking and faces PALMIER. He speaks quietly but argumentatively.

SERVETUS

I see - so the fate of that baby's soul depends on me, is that what you are saying? It will go to heaven if I have it baptised and it
(MORE)

SERVETUS (CONT'D)
will not go to heaven if I don't
have it baptised? Do you seriously
believe that? What kind of a god
would that be?

He puts his hand on PALMIER's arm.

SERVETUS (CONT'D)
Pierre, it's magic thinking!

They resume walking.

PALMIER
Michael, I'm not going to argue
with you on this point.

SERVETUS
No, but I want you to understand
me. I'm not the one forcing beliefs
on people and I won't be the one to
force Christianity on them either.

He stops walking again and faces PALMIER.

SERVETUS (CONT'D)
Baptism isn't a device for herding
sheep into a pen. It must be an act
of free will - by an adult, who
understands what he does.

They resume walking.

SERVETUS (CONT'D)
You know I am only going back to
the early Church - before all this
corruption set in.

PALMIER
Michael, it's not for me to agree
with you. I will smooth it over.
(firmly)
But this *must* stop. The Church is
sensitive about it. These people
calling for freedom of conscience
have caused unrest all over Europe.
They are revolutionaries.

SERVETUS
Not all of them - and that is not
my purpose.

PALMIER
I know, but in practice you support
them!

This time PALMIER stops walking and faces SERVETUS.

PALMIER (CONT'D)
 Michael, you must live in the real world. I will be blunt. While you are here under my patronage, you will call a priest to a baby before it dies.

SERVETUS
 You are a very kind man, Pierre.
 You have helped me immeasurably.
 (after a pause)
 I have something I should show you.
 I don't want to hide it from you.

SERVETUS takes a copy of his book out of his case and hands it to PALMIER, who looks at it apprehensively. PALMIER opens the book at the title page.

PALMIER
 (reading)
 The Restoration of Christianity.
 What's this?
 (becoming alarmed)
 Who wrote this? It wasn't ...
 (in despair)
 Oh, no - this is the ultimate madness! Michael, you are reckless!

PALMIER looks around and sees they are near a side entrance to the chapel.

PALMIER (CONT'D)
 Come in here.

85 INT. CHAPEL, ARCHBISHOP'S PALACE - CONTINUOUS

85

The two men enter the chapel. PALMIER checks that no one else is there. As he crosses the aisle he genuflects at the altar. SERVETUS does not. PALMIER leads SERVETUS to a middle row of seats. They sit next to each other and talk in whispers. PALMIER hands SERVETUS back his book.

PALMIER
 (angrily)
 Put this away! You realise it endangers everyone around you, don't you, including me?

SERVETUS
 It has nothing to do with you.

PALMIER
 Oh, really, and who's responsible for defending the faith in Vienne, you or me?! You came here as a fugitive - under a false name - already on the run for heresy. Your
 (MORE)

PALMIER (CONT'D)

past is a constant danger to both of us. You should be extra careful - and now you do this!

SERVETUS

That was years ago, Pierre. Here I am a simple doctor. I don't know the heretic Michael Servetus.

PALMIER

You think the Inquisition can't see through a change of name?

SERVETUS

The book is anonymous.

PALMIER

Thank God for small mercies.

SERVETUS

It's being printed in secret. No one should connect this book appearing in the shops of Frankfurt in Germany with the respectable Doctor de Villeneuve, or for that matter the renowned Archbishop Palmier, of the French town of Vienne.

PALMIER

Should connect!

(loudly)

Then it's all the more imperative that you remain the respectable Doctor de Villeneuve in Vienne and do not go around calling attention to yourself as someone who does not believe in baptising babies!

SERVETUS does not respond. PALMIER gets up and walks up and down the aisle. He returns to sit in the row in front of SERVETUS and leans over the back of his seat to talk to him.

PALMIER (CONT'D)

(quietly again)

What's the point of it all, Michael? What effect will a book like this have?

SERVETUS

I can only write it. It might sell in Germany.

(after a pause)

But I will send a copy to Calvin. He's an influential man. I would like to convince him. We corresponded some years back.

PALMIER

(alarmed)

So he knows you are here.

SERVETUS

I don't think so. I wrote to him indirectly as Servetus. He treated me like I was his student. Now he can read my book. You know, Pierre, for all his faults, Calvin is a Protestant. We disagree on many things, but he would never inform on me in Catholic France.

PALMIER

You overestimate these men, Michael. You see them in your own image.

SERVETUS

(earnestly)

Pierre, to the world, Michael Servetus, author of the heretical book on the Trinity,

(picking up his book)

the anonymous author of "The Restoration of Christianity", and Doctor de Villeneuve, the archbishop's physician in Vienne, are three different people.

PALMIER

Except there is something common to all of them. Don't send Calvin your book, Michael.

SERVETUS

No. I will send him a copy.

FADE TO BLACK.

END OF EPISODE 1

FADE IN TITLES:

IT'S GOOD TO HAVE FRIENDS

FADE OUT TITLE.

FADE IN:

87 INT. CALVIN'S ROOM, GENEVA - DAY

87

CALVIN is at his desk. He sits with his chair pushed back and his legs crossed. On his lap rests an open copy of Servetus' book, which he closes slowly. He taps on the cover, deep in thought. He speaks to an attendant, who stands in the background.

CALVIN

Ask William Trie to come here,
please.

The attendant leaves and returns shortly with WILLIAM TRIE, a young man.

CALVIN (CONT'D)

Come in, William. Have you replied
to your cousin in Lyon yet?

TRIE looks surprised by the question, but shakes his head.
CALVIN gets up.

CALVIN (CONT'D)

Come then, sit here at my desk. I
will help you write your letter.

TRIE still looks mystified, but sits at the desk. CALVIN lays before him a pen and a clean sheet of paper, and starts to dictate. During this CALVIN is seen in increasing close up.

CALVIN (CONT'D)

26th February 1553. Geneva.
My dear cousin, I know you mean me
well and want only to bring me back
into the bosom of the Roman Church.
I am not a man of letters like
yourself, but I must correct you in
one matter. You say that we
reformers allow a religious licence
that spreads dissent everywhere.
Yet we would never suffer the name
of God to be blasphemed as you do.
Allow me to cite one example. There
lives among you a heretic who
undermines all Christianity. For
though we differ in many things, we
hold in common that in the one God
there has been a trinity of persons
since before all time, as the

(MORE)

CALVIN (CONT'D)
 ancient doctors of the Church have
 taught us. But this heretic treats
 this ancient teaching with
 derision. And he even condemns the
 baptism of little children. Now the
 man has been allowed to print a
 book full of his heresies.

CALVIN is now seen again at a distance. He adopts a business-like tone.

CALVIN (CONT'D)
 In more particular then, he is a
 Spaniard, Michael Servetus by name

TRIE looks at CALVIN in amazement and stops writing.

TRIE
 But, Reverend Calvin, this letter
 is going into France!

CALVIN
 (sharply)
 Just get on with it.

TRIE resumes writing.

CALVIN (CONT'D)
 ... Michael Servetus by name, who now
 calls himself ...

CALVIN looks at the attendant, who hands him a piece of paper.

CALVIN (CONT'D)
 (reading)
 ... Michel de Villeneuve. He
 practises as a doctor near to you
 in Vienne. The book is entitled
 (reading from the book)
 "The Restoration of Christianity"
 and has been printed in Vienne by
 one
 (reading from the paper)
 Balthazar Arnoullet ...

CALVIN looks to the attendant to confirm the name. The attendant nods and steps forward to whisper into CALVIN's ear. CALVIN nods.

CALVIN (CONT'D)
 ... although the printing may not
 have been in his normal workshop.
 That you should believe what I tell
 you ...

CALVIN lays SERVETUS' book on the desk and tears out the first few pages. He puts the pages down on the desk.

CALVIN (CONT'D)
 ... I enclose with this letter the title page and some first leaves of the book.

CALVIN pauses for thought and then nods to himself. As he continues to dictate, he pulls out SERVETUS' letters from the cupboard in his desk.

CALVIN (CONT'D)
 You will see that the author's name does not appear on these printed pages and the man could deny knowledge of them. I therefore also send you letters written by this Servetus to my spiritual guide, Monsieur Calvin. These letters propagate the very same heresies as are in the book and they are in Servetus' own handwriting, something he will not be able to deny.

CALVIN throws the letters down triumphantly on top of the printed pages. He pauses to think again.

CALVIN (CONT'D)
 I must confess I had great difficulty in extracting these writings from Monsieur Calvin.

TRIE looks up at CALVIN aghast, but then continues to write.

CALVIN (CONT'D)
 Naturally he would have such blasphemies put down, but he feels his duty is to counter heresy with teaching rather than by the sword. However, I prevailed on him so strongly ...

TRIE looks to be on the point of protesting.

CALVIN (CONT'D)
 ... that he finally acceded to my request.
 (seen again in close up)
 Dear cousin, I write to you about this matter privately, but also pray that you put it to your conscience, so that when you come before the great judge on high you will not be condemned. In a word, we both ask only that God be heard.

(MORE)

CALVIN (CONT'D)

I pray that he gives you the ears
to hear and the heart to obey.

88 INT. ARNOULLET'S PRINTING WORKS, VIENNE - DAYS LATER 88

Guards violently turn the printing works over. Inspectors search through manuscripts, read printed copy, pore over catalogues, and interrogate employees.

ARNOULLET is not present. GUÉROULT is questioned and shakes his head. The inspectors find nothing suspicious and eventually give up the search. The chief inspector speaks threateningly to GUÉROULT.

INSPECTOR

We'll be back when your master
returns.

89 INT. RECEPTION ROOM, ARCHBISHOP'S PALACE, VIENNE - SAME TIME 89

PALMIER walks up and down uneasily. POTTAIN, a young assistant to the Inquisitor General, prepares the room for an interrogation, moving chairs around and clearing tables for documents. POTTAIN is dressed as a priest, but behaves like a policeman.

PALMIER

What is your name, my son?

POTTAIN

Pottain, your grace.

PALMIER

Is this what you want?

POTTAIN

I'm sorry, your grace?

PALMIER

Is this what you want from your
priesthood?

POTTAIN

Oh, the Inquisition, yes! It is
really interesting. Monsignor Ory
is a wonderful man to learn from.
He could smell out a Jew in a nest
of Arabs. You'll see.

The Inquisitor General, MATHIEU ORY, and Cardinal FRANÇOIS DE TOURNON, sweep in from the inner room. ORY is in his 40s and, though ordained, does not bother with clerical dress. DE TOURNON is in his 60s and is in full regalia. POTTAIN takes notes during the following conversation.

ORY

(breezily)

Good morning, Archbishop. It is most good of you to put these rooms of your splendid palace at our disposal.

DE TOURNON

You could scarcely have done less though, Palmier, could you? Given that this infection has emanated - not merely from your archdiocese - but from one of your closest friends. If you managed to tear yourself away from your fancy (sarcastically) *artistic* indulgencies for a moment and devoted yourself to what you're paid to do, this heresy might never have arisen.

ORY

Perhaps the Archbishop does not look on his friend as a heretic. Do you, your grace?

PALMIER sits, shaken.

PALMIER

I ... er ... yes ... I ... I ...

DE TOURNON

You were responsible for bringing him here, were you not?

PALMIER

I am ... not sure what you mean, your emin ...

DE TOURNON

(interrupting)

Come, Palmier. The question is very simple. Did you or did you not invite him here as your personal physician?

PALMIER

It was many years ago, your eminence, and I ...

DE TOURNON

(interrupting)

And was he not already guilty of heresy?

ORY

Did you know that at the time, Archbishop?

PALMIER

(weakly)

I had heard there may have been something ...

DE TOURNON

(interrupting)

You have remained his friend since he came here.

PALMIER

He was my doctor. We have been ... cordial. But that doesn't make me responsible ...

DE TOURNON

(interrupting)

Oh, yes, it does! Palmier. *It does!* It is clear to us you have taken pains to harbour a heretic when your relationship with him could hardly have left you ignorant of his infected state.

ORY

Oh, let us not be too severe, Cardinal. Perhaps it is only that his grace has been - what shall we say - less vigilant than we would expect from a *loyal* pillar of the Church. But you must expect to be held responsible, Palmier. You can understand that, can't you?

PALMIER

I ... I was not prepared for these accusations. I can only say I have not wittingly done wrong. I beg you to forgive my inadequacies.

ORY

Archbishop Palmier, his eminence is just pointing out that you have a special duty to help us bring this man to justice. Your first loyalty is to us - is it not? We wish you no harm if we can avoid it.

DE TOURNON

Do you understand, Palmier?

ORY

I think he does. Oh, Pottain, have you been writing all this down? There was no need.

POTTAIN

Should I destroy it, sir?

ORY

Well, no. Now we have it on paper,
you may just keep it by.
Archbishop, is Doctor de Villeneuve
the known heretic Michael Servetus?

PALMIER

(crushed)

Yes.

ORY

Thank you. Then we may proceed.

DE TOURNON

(to PALMIER)

No more Paris for you!

90

I/E. SERVETUS' COURTYARD AND STUDY, VIENNE - EVENING

90

ARNOULLET gallops on horseback into the courtyard and
dismounts, leaving the reins hanging loose. GUÉROULT follows
on his horse at a more measured pace. SERVETUS hears the
horses in his study and goes out into the yard through his
private door.

ARNOULLET

(very agitated)

The guards have raided my works!
They said they knew I was printing
a heretical book. Doctor, the
Inquisitor General has come from
Lyon!

SERVETUS takes him by the arm and walks him up and down the
front of the house. GUÉROULT dismounts and takes the reins of
ARNOULLET's horse. He stays in the background, but within
earshot. SERVETUS frowns, but stays calm.

SERVETUS

Did they find anything?

ARNOULLET

No. There's nothing there to find.
Doctor, they ransacked my entire
workshop!

SERVETUS

How much do they know, do you
think? What did they say exactly?

ARNOULLET

I don't know. I wasn't there. I
returned just now from Toulouse to
find my presses turned over and my
workshop in ruins. Villeneuve, what
are we going to do?

SERVETUS
Would your men have said anything?

ARNOULLET
They can't have done. They know
nothing about it.

SERVETUS
Then we still have some time.

ARNOULLET
How did they find out?

SERVETUS
I don't know. I don't know. How
long will it take you to finish the
printing?

ARNOULLET
Lord preserve us, you're not
thinking of going on now? We must
destroy those presses and be rid of
the books today.

SERVETUS
How long would it take you to
finish the printing?

ARNOULLET
We've bound eight hundred copies.
I'll dispatch them to Frankfurt
immediately. Be satisfied!

SERVETUS
I want the last two hundred. How
long would it take you, Arnoullet?
Answer me.

GUÉROULT approaches them.

GUÉROULT
(to ARNOULLET)
We could work day and night,
Balthazar.
(to SERVETUS)
The end of the week should see it
done.

ARNOULLET
I won't do it. It's too dangerous.

SERVETUS
I'll double your entire fee for the
last two hundred.

ARNOULLET
Why did I ever get myself into
this?

SERVETUS

We know why, Arnoullet, but God
will bless you for it anyway.

ARNOULLET

May he just see us through safely,
that's all.

ARNOULLET mounts his horse and rides off.

SERVETUS goes back into the study and thinks for a moment. He takes the copies of his book from the cupboard and looks around for a place to hide them. He slips them separately among other books on his bookshelves.

He goes to his desk, sorts out various papers and throws some of them on to the open fire in the grate. As he pushes the papers in, a flame catches his hand and he recoils in pain. He binds his hand in a kerchief and sits down, visibly shaken.

Through the window SERVETUS sees someone in the courtyard. He opens the door to the yard and finds GUÉROULT still standing holding his horse. It is dark by now.

SERVETUS

What do you want?

GUÉROULT

(speaking quietly)

You would be welcome in Geneva.

SERVETUS

What? What do you mean?

GUÉROULT

If it becomes too dangerous for you
here, you have friends in Geneva.

SERVETUS

Who are you?

GUÉROULT

My name is Guérault, William. We
also are in conflict with Calvin.
Perrin wants you to know you can
rely on our party there.

SERVETUS

Perrin - head of the Geneva
Council?

GUÉROULT

Yes.

SERVETUS

You are in contact with Councillor
Perrin?

GUEROULT

I can be.

SERVETUS

(after thinking)

Then thank him from me and tell him
I've noted it.

GUEROULT

Is that all?

SERVETUS

For the moment. I'll see you again.
Goodbye.

GUÉROULT mounts his horse and rides off. SERVETUS watches him
go and then returns to the study, deep in thought.

91 EXT. CLOISTER, ARCHBISHOP'S PALACE - SAME TIME

91

PALMIER and DE LA COURT talk quietly in the dark, illuminated
only by light from a window.

DE LA COURT

There must be something we can do
for him.

PALMIER

This need never have happened. He
is a very obstinate man.

DE LA COURT

Have they discussed it with you?

PALMIER

(shaking his head)

I'm not in their confidence now.

DE LA COURT

I won't arrest him.

PALMIER

Don't be a fool! If you don't,
someone else will - and you with
him probably.

DE LA COURT

But I won't have done it.

(after a pause)

Has Michel done something wrong?
You understand these things,
Pierre, has he?

PALMIER

Wrong? What is wrong? He has
committed heresy.

DE LA COURT

But heresy or not, could he be right? Michel is very clever. Has he found out something new about God's truth? I mean, if he has, that should make all the difference about what we do - shouldn't it? Shouldn't it, Pierre? We're his only chance.

PALMIER

(exploding)

Well, what can I do? For God's sake, what do you want me to do? I can do *nothing* - *nothing*! Just leave me alone!

92 INT. SERVETUS' STUDY - CONTINUOUS

92

SERVETUS sits near the fire. He gets up, opens the door to the corridor and calls out.

SERVETUS

Marie!

He sits again. MARIE enters from the corridor with ANIQUE.

SERVETUS (CONT'D)

Sit in here with me.

They sit near him. ANIQUE sees his covered hand and goes to him.

ANIQUE

Oh, doctor, what have you done to your hand?

SERVETUS

It's nothing. I just burnt myself a little. I'm something of a coward when it comes to fire. You shouldn't copy me.

SERVETUS rocks slightly in his chair, lost in thought.

ANIQUE

Can we read, doctor?

SERVETUS shakes his head.

ANIQUE (CONT'D)

You are tired. Can I get you something?

SERVETUS does not answer. ANIQUE leaves the room and returns with his housecoat and slippers. He does not move. She puts

the housecoat over his shoulders, takes the shoes off his feet and replaces them with the slippers.

SERVETUS

Anique.

ANIQUE

Yes, doctor.

SERVETUS

Do you remember Christopher Columbus?

ANIQUE

Of course, doctor. You're writing about him.

SERVETUS

And who was he?

ANIQUE

He discovered America.

SERVETUS

And how did he do that?

ANIQUE

He sailed the wrong way round the world and he wasn't afraid because he knew the earth was round and he wouldn't fall off the edge.

SERVETUS

And what did other people think?

ANIQUE

They thought the earth was flat.

SERVETUS

Yes. They were sure it was flat and they were wrong. Anique, never believe anything just because most people think it is true.

MARIE

Doctor! I wish you would stop filling her head with such talk! You think you're the only one who knows anything.

SERVETUS

(to ANIQUE)

Trust no one only because they are important. Great men can also be wrong.

MARIE

Doctor, I am serious! Please! It's all very well for you to think what you like, but you must stop talking to her like that. I won't have you putting things into her mind that will get her into trouble.

SERVETUS

I'm teaching her to avoid trouble.

MARIE

Oh, you have an answer for everything. Doctor de Villeneuve, she is my child and I will not have you interfering. You don't realise the influence you have on her.

SERVETUS

I thought you wanted her to be educated. She has no father, Marie.

MARIE

Well, you are not her father! And you only use her for your own satisfaction. You are very selfish in many ways, doctor. What good will all this stuff be to her? She is going to live with ordinary people and lead an ordinary life.

(dropping her voice)

Not only that. She is growing up and she is getting wrong ideas about you.

ANIQUE

Mother!

MARIE

I mean it, doctor. I've been trying to tell you this for a long time. Let Anique be. Otherwise, I'm sorry, but we will have to leave you. Anique, come to the kitchen now.

MARIE goes inside.

SERVETUS

This is a bad day for me.

ANIQUE

I won't go, even if she does! I hate her. I'll stay here always and help you. And I'll learn everything you know.

SERVETUS

Anique, if anyone asks you questions about me, you must not hide anything.

ANIQUE kneels by his chair.

ANIQUE

What do you mean? Who will ask me questions?

SERVETUS

I don't know, but even if someone asks what you know about the book, you must answer truthfully. Will you promise me?

ANIQUE

But why? I wasn't to tell anyone before. What's happened?

SERVETUS

Just do as I say, Anique.

ANIQUE

Oh, they have found out! They are going to take you away!

She clasps him.

SERVETUS

I hope not. But they may ask us a lot of questions. We must be ready for them. And they must not harm you.

ANIQUE

(sobbing)

No, no! They must take me too.

SERVETUS

Take you where? I am not in prison yet. No, they will not get me so easily.

He pulls away from her and takes her head in his hands.

SERVETUS (CONT'D)

But you must keep safe, my dear. After all, one of us must stay free to carry on our work, isn't that so?

MARIE has entered unnoticed. ANIQUE clasps him again and puts her cheek against his.

ANIQUE
I would rather die than leave you.
Nothing else matters and no one
else is important.

MARIE
Doctor, I gave you every warning.
We are leaving you.

SERVETUS looks at her blankly.

93

INT. RECEPTION ROOM, ARCHBISHOP'S PALACE - DAY

93

PALMIER and DE LA COURT are waiting. They are restless.

PALMIER
What did Michel say?

DE LA COURT
Nothing. He was visiting Madame de
Maugiron. I told him there.

PALMIER
You were supposed to bring him.

DE LA COURT
He said he'd come. That's good
enough for me.

POTTAIN enters from the inner room holding a bundle of
papers, which he arranges on a large table.

POTTAIN
Good morning, your grace.
(to DE LA COURT)
Monsieur. Monsignor Ory and
Cardinal de Tournon will be here
directly.

PALMIER
Thank you.

POTTAIN
You have Villeneuve here?

DE LA COURT
Doctor de Villeneuve will come.

POTTAIN
You didn't bring him?

DE LA COURT
The doctor said he would come and
he will come.

POTTAIN

He had better do so. The guards usually bring them. Monsignor Ory is a very busy man and we must run things smoothly for him. Oh, dear, I'd better see if Villeneuve has arrived.

He opens the door to the corridor. SERVETUS is waiting there with other people.

POTTAIN (CONT'D)

(calling)

Is Michel de Villeneuve here?

SERVETUS

(approaching)

I am Michel de Villeneuve.

POTTAIN

Oh, you are here, good. Sit down. Monsignor Ory will see you shortly.

He closes the door in SERVETUS' face.

POTTAIN (CONT'D)

Well, that's all right, then. We are on schedule.

94 EXT. CLOISTER GARDEN, ARCHBISHOP'S PALACE - SAME TIME 94

The day is sunny. ORY is seated on a bench in the shade of a tree. He now wears clerical clothes. ANIQUE is shown into the garden by a priest, who leaves. ANIQUE kneels before ORY. He places his hand on her head.

ORY

May the Lord bless you and shine his light upon you

(crossing her)

in the name of the Father, the Son and the Holy Spirit.

(gently)

Do you know who I am, child?

ANIQUE

Yes, sir. You're the Church's policeman.

ORY

Yes, you are right. That's clever of you. Get up, now. Sit here by me.

ANIQUE sits on the bench next to ORY.

ORY (CONT'D)

Look at me. Do you love Doctor de Villeneuve?

ANIQUE

Yes, sir.

ORY

And you wouldn't want to hurt him, would you?

ANIQUE

No, sir.

ORY

And not only that, you would protect him, wouldn't you, even if that meant lying to me. Isn't that so?

ANIQUE

If you wanted to hurt him, sir, I would have to.

ORY speaks slowly and persuasively.

ORY

Then you are a good girl. If you love someone, it is right that you want to protect them. But you must be certain that what you are doing is protecting.

(indicating with his head)

You see the sun up there. There was once a man who boasted he was so strong that he was stronger than the sun. And to show everyone he took off his shirt and stood against the sun's heat. Was it the sun's fault he burnt himself? If the doctor is burning himself against the sun of our great Church, is it fair for you to blame the Church for it? The best way for you to help him is to take him into the shade, look, like where we're sitting now.

(he pauses)

I wonder if you know why I am here. I have to find out if the doctor has done something wrong, something seriously wrong, in the eyes of the Church. But that doesn't mean I wish to hurt him. I want to help him. I want to help him back into the love of the Church. And you should help me if you are his friend because, you see, we are

(MORE)

ORY (CONT'D)
 both his friends. Now, child, will
 you help me?

ANIQUE does not answer.

ORY (CONT'D)
 (becoming impatient)
 The danger he faces is not of me,
 but of his soul's damnation. He is
 possessed by thoughts sent up by
 the Devil. If you look into his
 eyes, you can see his soul crying
 out to us for help.

ANIQUE
 (interrupting)
 Have you met him, then, sir?

ORY
 (quickly)
 Archbishop Palmier has told me. I
 believe he is a good man at heart
 and may be saved. But if we do not
 help him, he will surely spend
 eternity in the torment of hell
 fire. My child, for his sake, trust
 me.

ANIQUE
 How do you know he is possessed by
 the Devil and not by God?

ORY
 Because everyone in the Church
 thinks so.

The priest re-enters the garden and whispers in ORY's ear.

ORY (CONT'D)
 (to the priest)
 Good, I'm coming.
 (to ANIQUE)
 I'm going to see what I can do for
 your friend now. I want you to
 think about what I have said to
 you. Will you do that for me?

ANIQUE
 Yes, sir.

ORY goes into the palace building. ANIQUE remains sitting,
 looking into space.

95 INT. CORRIDORS, ANTEROOM AND RECEPTION ROOM, ARCHBISHOP'S PALACE - SOON AFTER 95

ORY sweeps through corridors of the Archbishop's Palace and enters an anteroom where DE TOURNON is sitting.

ORY
Come along, de Tournon. We start work now.

ORY and DE TOURNON enter the reception room through the inner door. POTTAIN, PALMIER and DE LA COURT are waiting.

ORY (CONT'D)
(nodding)
Archbishop, De la Court.
(briskly)
So, Pottain, what have you got for me?

ORY sits behind the table on which POTTAIN has arranged his papers. He flicks through pages perfunctorily.

ORY (CONT'D)
Have you found Arnoullet's printing press?

POTTAIN
Not yet, sir.

DE TOURNON
Arnoullet must be tortured - get it out of him!

ORY
De Tournon, let us not be so crude. Allow me to conduct this investigation professionally. I have done this before, you know.

DE TOURNON
Ory, I will not have Palmier say publicly he knew Villeneuve was Servetus.

DE LA COURT looks at PALMIER in amazement.

DE TOURNON (CONT'D)
This situation is embarrassing enough for me as it stands.
(looking at PALMIER)
I will deal with him later.

ORY
(expansively)
Quite so, Cardinal, a natural sentiment I am only too familiar with. You see, Pottain, life is
(MORE)

ORY (CONT'D)
 simple, it is we who make it
 complicated.

DE TOURNON
 Look here, Ory, do not be
 supercilious with me! We have the
 man's handwritten letters to Calvin
 that contain enough blasphemies to
 burn a host of heretics.

ORY
 Pottain.

POTTAIN
 Handwriting is not conclusive
 evidence in a trial of heresy. In
 this case, we have heretical
 letters addressed to Calvin from a
 man signing himself as Servetus. We
 do not have proof that Doctor de
 Villeneuve is that man. We only
 have Calvin's word for that - and
 now Archbishop Palmier's. Nor can
 we yet prove who wrote the new
 book.

ORY
 Cardinal.

DE TOURNON gives no answer.

ORY (CONT'D)
 Do not look so pained, my friend.
 Aside from preserving - how shall I
 put it -
 (looking from DE TOURNON
 to PALMIER)
 Catholic unity, Rome would prefer
 us not to emphasise the courtesy of
 our reforming adversary in Geneva,
 grateful as we may be to him in
 private. No, we must do this for
 ourselves.

POTTAIN
 Will we get a confession, sir?

ORY
 We will in the end, I am sure. My
 guess is that he's a man wedded to
 the truth and that could be his
 Achilles heel. In other words, he's
 an innocent - and no match for us.
 Pottain, what do you say, we start
 by frightening the physician a
 little?

POTTAIN

Soft dough is easier to knead than hard, sir.

ORY

Good boy, Pottain, you are coming on well.

DE LA COURT

Excellences, please forgive me. Doctor de Villeneuve is a much respected man in our community. Please can he be treated with courtesy until he is found to be guilty?

DE TOURNON

Do not be so impertinent, de la Court!

ORY

No, no, Monsieur de la Court is quite right. We always treat *good* Christians with courtesy.

96 I/E. CORRIDORS AND STREET OUTSIDE, ARCHBISHOP'S PALACE - ~~SAME~~
TIME

SERVETUS sits in the corridor outside the reception room. ANIQUE appears around a corner at one end of the corridor. They see each other and both look away. SERVETUS is distressed at seeing her.

A priest appears behind ANIQUE and leads her by the arm past SERVETUS. ANIQUE and SERVETUS dare not exchange glances.

The priest lets ANIQUE out of the main door of the palace into the street. She walks aimlessly along the side of the palace, lost and dazed. At the corner of the palace she nearly bumps into GUÉROULT, who is standing there holding his horse. She jumps.

GUÉROULT

I'm sorry to startle you, miss. Did you see Doctor de Villeneuve in there?

ANIQUE nods.

GUÉROULT (CONT'D)

What is happening?

ANIQUE

I think he is waiting, sir.

GUÉROULT

How did he seem?

ANIQUE sinks to the ground, leans her back against the palace wall, and bursts into tears.

97 INT. RECEPTION ROOM, ARCHBISHOP'S PALACE - CONTINUOUS 97

POTTAIN escorts SERVETUS into the reception room.

ORY
(expansively)
Come in, Doctor de Villeneuve!
Thank you for attending promptly.
My name is Mathieu Ory. I am the
Inquisitor General in Lyon. This is
Cardinal de Tournon, also from
Lyon.

SERVETUS attempts to kneel and kiss the ring of DE TOURNON, but the cardinal turns away.

ORY (CONT'D)
Archbishop Palmier and Monsieur de
la Court, of course, you know. They
are your friends.
(indicating POTTAIN)
This is my assistant. Pottain,
Doctor de Villeneuve will have a
chair.

POTTAIN directs SERVETUS to an upright chair set tightly against the table on which ORY's papers are laid out. SERVETUS tries surreptitiously to see what documents are there. ORY sits on the other side of the table. His chair is pushed back, allowing him to adopt a relaxed posture.

ORY (CONT'D)
During this interview my
investigators are searching your
house.
(looking at DE LA COURT)
I am sorry for this discourtesy,
but it is routine practice. This is
not a trial, doctor. We are holding
an enquiry, but you will find it in
your interests to answer our
questions truthfully. My assistant
will write down what you say, so do
take due care with your answers. Is
that all understood?

SERVETUS speaks flatly, weighing every word. Much of the interrogation sequence which follows is played with the two men shown in close up.

SERVETUS
You are welcome to my house. My
door is always open. How can I help
you?

ORY

You call yourself de Villeneuve.

SERVETUS

My name is de Villeneuve. It derives from my family's home town, Villaneuva, in Spain.

ORY

So you're a foreigner in France.

SERVETUS

No. His Majesty, King Henry the Second, has graciously granted me French citizenship.

ORY

Mm. Tell us about your life.

SERVETUS

When I was young I was assistant to Quintana who, as you know, was appointed by the Holy Father, His Holiness the Pope, to be confessor to His Imperial Majesty, Charles the Fifth. I was honoured to attend the glorious coronation of the Emperor by His Holiness.

ORY

Impressive. Go on.

SERVETUS

Then I went to study medicine in Paris and

(indicating PALMIER)

later his grace kindly offered me a position as doctor in this town, where I have lived and worked ever since.

ORY

And that's all.

SERVETUS

I hope it is enough.

ORY

Well, let's look into it a bit more, Doctor

(emphasising
sarcastically)

de Villeneuve, name derived from your family's home in Spain. Are you a Jew?

SERVETUS

I am a devout Christian.

ORY

On your mother's side you are descended from a Spanish Jewish family, who converted to Christianity as recently as 60 years ago. So you have Jewish blood flowing in your veins.

SERVETUS

I am proud of that, because I am humbly following the precedent of Christ our Lord.

ORY

Mm. And you enjoy writing?

SERVETUS

I do. In Paris I published a small book on syrups. They are good for the digestion, you know.

ORY

For the digestion.

SERVETUS

For the digestion.

ORY

Well, we may soon need a syrup to help us swallow what you are telling us. No other books?

SERVETUS

Oh, yes, I have edited geographical books for a local publisher. And I'm now editing a book on the comparative geography of the Americas, but that's not finished yet.

ORY

Comparative geography.

SERVETUS

Comparative geography. The explorers have opened up new worlds for us.

ORY

Yes, well today we are more interested in the old world of Christendom. Tell us about your explorations in the book you published 20 ago, what was it called now, "Errors of the Trinity"?

SERVETUS

Wasn't that a heresy written by a Michael Servetus? I have told you I am de Villeneuve, Michel.

ORY

You are both Spaniards. Is that a coincidence?

SERVETUS

There are many of us in France.

ORY picks up a batch of papers.

ORY

I see. Then look at these letters, asserting the self same heresies as in that book of Servetus. They are in your handwriting, are they not?

SERVETUS is taken by surprise, but stays outwardly calm.

SERVETUS

May I see? I have not written letters for a very long time. No, I don't believe this is my handwriting. In any case, look, they are signed by this Michael Servetus. It's hardly surprising they contain his heresies.

ORY

Very well, then what do you know about this book, "The Restoration of Christianity"?

He hands the printed sheets of the book to SERVETUS, who looks visibly shocked.

SERVETUS

(thinking intently)

Is this all you have of the book? Who wrote it? I don't see an author's name.

ORY

M. S. V. Michael Servetus, Michael Servetus Villeneuve!

SERVETUS

You may look at it that way. But it is not what it says.

ORY

You couldn't bear it to be completely anonymous, could you? You see, I contend that you are Michael Servetus, no doubt from

(MORE)

ORY (CONT'D)
 Villeneuve in Spain, and that after
 you published your heretical book,
 Errors of the Trinity, you
 conveniently adopted the name of
 Villeneuve and came here to Vienne
 under false pretences. Your friend
 Archbishop Palmier has already
 confirmed this for us.

PALMIER looks away.

ORY (CONT'D)
 It is pointless your denying it.

SERVETUS
 (thinking hard)
 The archbishop had no connection
 with me at the time you say I wrote
 that book. He cannot possibly know
 whether I did that or not.

ORY
 Come now, Servetus, the evidence
 against you is overwhelming.

SERVETUS
 Then why interrogate me?

ORY
 Because we are trying to help you!
 If you confess, we can say you have
 been penitent - ready to admit your
 errors. This could be of great
 benefit to you at a later stage,
 isn't that so, Cardinal? The Church
 doesn't want revenge, doctor - only
 compliance.
 (to DE TOURNON)
 Please assure him of this, your
 eminence.

DE TOURNON stays silent.

ORY (CONT'D)
 (impatiently)
 Your eminence!

DE TOURNON
 (unconvincingly)
 You have only to show penitence, my
 son, to receive the Church's
 bountiful mercy.

SERVETUS pauses for thought.

SERVETUS
 (shaking his head)
 You have brought no proof.

DE TOURNON
 (aside to ORY)
 Not such an innocent, eh?

98 EXT. STREET OUTSIDE ARCHBISHOP'S PALACE - SAME TIME 98

GUÉROULT holds his horse as ANIQUE sits on the ground.

GUEROULT
 Will you tell Doctor de Villeneuve
 something from me, when you see
 him?

ANIQUE looks at him, but says nothing.

GUEROULT (CONT'D)
 Tell him the work is finished and I
 am going back to Geneva. Tell him,
 if he can come, he should stay at
 The Rose Inn.
 (repeating)
 The Rose Inn. The landlord is a
 good man. I will find the doctor
 there. Do you understand?

ANIQUE looks blank.

GUEROULT (CONT'D)
 Do you understand?

ANIQUE
 Yes, sir.

GUÉROULT looks concerned for her state.

GUEROULT
 Should I walk home with you?

ANIQUE sits and says nothing.

GUEROULT (CONT'D)
 I am sorry, miss. I must go. Good
 luck to you.

GUÉROULT mounts his horse and rides off. ANIQUE sits
 motionless.

99 INT. RECEPTION ROOM, ARCHBISHOP'S PALACE - CONTINUOUS 99

SERVETUS' interrogation continues.

ORY
 All right, let us forget about
 Michael Servetus. Let us talk about
 Doctor Michel de Villeneuve - from
 Villeneuve in Spain. Do you now
 (MORE)

ORY (CONT'D)
submit yourself to your Holy Mother
the Church?

SERVETUS
Under the firm guidance of his
grace, the Archbishop of Vienne, I
have always tried to submit myself
to the teachings of the Church.

ORY
You have tried - but have you
succeeded?

SERVETUS
Within my limitations as a weak
human being.

ORY
Then say so now. Say: "I submit
myself in all things to my Holy
Mother the Church."

SERVETUS
I have said so.

ORY
No, you have not quite. Say it now.

SERVETUS breathes deeply and employs the same technique as he
used before the court of the University of Paris.

SERVETUS
(excessively loudly)
I submit myself ... in all things ...
to my Holy Mother the Church.

DE TOURNON looks at him thunderously.

ORY
Good. Now tell us what you, Michel
de Villeneuve, think about baptism?
Do you think it is only for an
adult to decide - you know, free
choice, free will, freedom of
conscience? What do you say?

SERVETUS is caught off guard and does not answer.

ORY (CONT'D)
Come on now, the question is
simple. You know the Church's
argument for baptism of infants -
original sin and all that. But you
think people are born good, don't
you? Now I'll tell you the real
reason the Church takes this so
seriously. A baptised child is
Christian and a Christian child
(MORE)

ORY (CONT'D)
grows up to obey the Church. The last thing Rome wants is for adults to decide for themselves. Infant baptism initiates the Church's lifelong power over the people.

DE TOURNON
Ory!

ORY
Quiet!
(to SERVETUS)
That is what you think, isn't it, doctor? Now are you going to uphold the word of God? Speak now, doctor, the truth is at stake here.

SERVETUS
(quietly)
Are there no depths for you? For me to speak to you of holy things would be profane.

ORY
So now you show contempt for the Holy Inquisition. You must understand me. What I said before was true. We have evidence to convict you of heresy many times over. I'm doing this only because his eminence has prevailed on me to help you. Now my patience is wearing thin. Why not be reasonable, doctor? A confession is to your advantage.

SERVETUS does not react.

ORY (CONT'D)
All right, I will give you one last chance and this time I will make things really easy for you. I shouldn't do it. Pottain, you must not write this down.

He picks up the printed pages of SERVETUS' book.

ORY (CONT'D)
You see, we know you wrote this book because we have found the printing press and hundreds of copies with the printer Arnoullet.

POTTAIN
(blurting out)
But we haven't, sir!

ORY gives a pained look.

SERVETUS
Am I free to go?

ORY
For the moment. I shall see you
again.

SERVETUS gets up and sees himself out.

DE TOURNON
He mustn't leave! Any fool can see
he is guilty. Why don't you arrest
him?

ORY
Unfortunately our courts are not
any fools. I nearly had him,
though. Oh, Pottain, my boy, you
have a lot to learn.

DE TOURNON
This is preposterous!

ORY
De la Court, you ensure that
Servetus does not stray from our
fold. It will put Cardinal de
Tournon's mind at rest. Do it now
and do it yourself. Then we will
know who is responsible.

DE LA COURT leaves.

ORY (CONT'D)
So, it appears we have more work to
do. Monsieur Pottain, find that
printing press if you have to turn
this town upside down.
(after a pause)
And I'll see that girl again. Bring
the mother with her this time.

POTTAIN
I'm terribly sorry about that
blunder, sir. I was so taken up ... I
...

ORY
There's no better way to learn. My
dear boy, don't worry, there soon
won't be a spark of honesty left in
you.

100

EXT. STREETS OF VIENNE AND RIVER RHONE - SOON AFTER

100

SERVETUS leaves the Archbishop's Palace. His expression is
blank, almost dazed, and he seems uncertain which way to go.

After a moment he turns towards the river and retraces the steps he took when he first came to Vienne.

He arrives at the river and crosses to the centre of the bridge where, as before, he stops to look down at the flowing water. He turns back across the bridge and goes down some steps to the river bank, where he sits on the ground and looks across to the far side of the river out of town.

DISSOLVE TO:

He still sits there when it is dark.

101 INT. SMALL ROOM, ARCHBISHOP'S PALACE - DAY

101

ORY is seated at a table. ANIQUE is shown in by a priest. MARIE tries to follow her into the room, but ORY shakes his head and the priest shuffles MARIE out, closing the door on her. ORY is no longer trying to be persuasive and speaks to ANIQUE impatiently. She stands in front of the table.

ORY

Have you thought about what I told you, girl? Are you going to help me?

ANIQUE

Yes, sir. I will help you.

ORY

You must have seen Doctor de Villeneuve writing. What do you know about this?

ANIQUE

I take his papers to Monsieur Arnoullet, the printer.

ORY

Do you indeed?! To Monsieur Arnoullet's printing works?

ANIQUE

Yes, sir.

ORY

To the main printing works?

ANIQUE

I only know one, sir.

ORY

Do you know what the papers were about?

ANIQUE

Not really, sir. I think they were part of a book.

ORY

Did he tell you what the book was about?

ANIQUE

He said I wouldn't understand.

ORY

You did ask him, then?

ANIQUE

Yes, I did ask him. He said I wouldn't understand.

ORY

Can you read, child?

ANIQUE

A little. Doctor de Villeneuve is teaching me.

ORY

Did you ever read anything he wrote - even one word?

ANIQUE

I did sometimes.

ORY

What was it about?

ANIQUE

I can't say, sir. I didn't really understand it.

ORY

Was it about God? You must remember if it was about God.

ANIQUE

Once it was about God. I saw the title. I read it on my way to Monsieur Arnoullet.

ORY

Can you remember that title, child? This is very important.

ANIQUE

I am trying, sir, because Doctor de Villeneuve told me to tell you everything you asked me.

ORY is put out by this reply.

ORY
(to the priest)
Bring the mother in.

The priest shows MARIE into the room.

ORY (CONT'D)
(to MARIE)
Do you know what Doctor de
Villeneuve's writings were about?

ANIQUE
(quickly)
Mother can't read, sir. She doesn't
know anything about it.

ORY
Quiet now, girl.
(to MARIE)
Well?

MARIE
It's true what she says, sir. Those
things were not for me. I was only
his housekeeper.

ORY
How long have you been with Doctor
de Villeneuve?

MARIE
I went into his service soon after
he came to Vienne. My man was dead
and I needed somewhere to go with
my child. He has been good to us,
sir.

ORY
Why did you say you were only his
housekeeper? Have you left him?

MARIE
(doubtfully)
No.
(after a pause)
No, I meant if you take him away.

ORY
But we haven't taken him away. Are
you leaving him - the truth, woman?

MARIE
Yes, sir, we are.

ORY
After all these years. Why would
you leave a master who is good to
you after so many years?

MARIE
It's difficult to explain, sir.
It's a personal matter. I don't
think it would interest you.

ORY
Everything interests me. Tell me
why you are going.

MARIE
(reluctantly)
I have had some trouble with him
and my daughter.

ORY
What!

ANIQUE
(excitedly)
I remember the title of that book
now, sir.

ORY
Well, what was it?

ANIQUE affects difficulty in remembering.

ANIQUE
I think it was, "The Discoveries in
America". And it was dedicated to
God who made the Earth.
(as an afterthought)
Oh, and to the Holy Catholic
Church, of course.

ORY
Listen, girl, are you playing games
with me?

POTTAIN enters in haste and great excitement. He whispers in
ORY's ear.

ORY (CONT'D)
You've found it! And the books?

POTTAIN
Some, sir.

ORY
See how the Lord doth help us with
both his hands! Well done, Pottain!
Fetch de la Court and you can go
and get him.

POTTAIN goes, leaving the door open. ANIQUE slips out of the
room, unnoticed.

ORY (CONT'D)
 (to MARIE)
 Carry on. The doctor and your
 daughter. It doesn't matter now,
 but I'm interested.

102 EXT. COUNTRYSIDE - SOON AFTER 102

ANIQUE runs from the palace along streets, through a wood and across fields. She loses her shoes and her feet are cut, but she runs desperately until she reaches SERVETUS' house, exhausted. She throws open the door from the courtyard into the study.

103 INT. SERVETUS' STUDY - CONTINUOUS 103

Anique rushes in. SERVETUS is sitting in an armchair, immobile. He sees her sorry state.

SERVETUS
 My poor Anique, what have they done
 to you?

ANIQUE
 (desperately)
 I didn't tell him anything. I only
 pretended to. But they've found the
 printing press and your books. Oh,
 doctor, they're coming to take you
 away!

She kneels by his legs and sobs into his lap.

ANIQUE (CONT'D)
 No! No!

SERVETUS
 God help me, then.

ANIQUE
 You must hide somewhere!

SERVETUS
 Hush now, let me think.

ANIQUE
 You must run away and hide -
 quickly - they're coming now. Oh,
 why won't you go?

SERVETUS
 Guards are watching the house. The
 time has come for me to be brave.
 Pray with me, Anique.

They kneel together.

SERVETUS (CONT'D)

Dear Lord, protect me, for I am fearful of the hard men who claim to act in your name. Protect me and love me, Lord - please - as I have worked to protect and love the truth of your world.

ANIQUE

Don't look like that! Oh, no, don't - don't tremble. Your hands,
(kissing them)
your lovely hands are white and wet and cold.

SERVETUS

Courage, come to me now.

ANIQUE sobs.

SERVETUS (CONT'D)

Cry, little Anique. I thank you for it. We must be brave before our enemies, but here between us we can cry and tremble. Here we can be ourselves. Oh, God, give me strength to be proud. Don't let me grovel before these ... pitiless, unfeeling men.

They kneel clasped together and wait.

ANIQUE

Doctor, it will be over. When I fear something awful will happen and I can't bear it, I say to myself, however bad it is, it will not last for ever. There will be a time when it will all be over. And that makes it easier.

SERVETUS

You have a wise head on your young shoulders. I will try to remember that.

ANIQUE

Doctor, what makes them like they are?

SERVETUS

I don't know. I really don't know.

DE LA COURT, POTTAIN and some uniformed guards ride into the courtyard. One guard leads a saddled horse without a rider.

DE LA COURT dismounts and indicates he will go in alone. He knocks on the door to SERVETUS' study and waits. POTTAIN indicates impatiently that he should just go in.

105 INT. SERVETUS' STUDY - CONTINUOUS

105

DE LA COURT enters the study. SERVETUS and ANIQUE stand up.

DE LA COURT
(distressed)
Michel, there are some men in the prison who are sick. Could you come to see them, please?

ANIQUE
(to DE LA COURT)
How can you do this? After all he's done for you - you of all people!

SERVETUS
Anique, quiet now. This is not Monsieur de la Court's fault. If he didn't come for me, someone else would. Antoine, I am glad it is you.

DE LA COURT
Can you come now, then, please?

SERVETUS nods.

DE LA COURT (CONT'D)
Do you have money?

SERVETUS
I'm owed for my work at the infirmary. Will I need money?

DE LA COURT
I'll get it for you and give it to the girl.

SERVETUS goes to a drawer, takes out a gold chain and two gold rings.

SERVETUS
Shall I take these?

DE LA COURT
(not answering)
You will need a coat. It's chilly outside.

SERVETUS puts on the chain and rings, and then a coat, helped on by ANIQUE.

SERVETUS
Well, friend, let us go then.

He starts to leave.

ANIQUE
Good bye, doctor.

SERVETUS comes back.

SERVETUS
Go with your mother to the
Archbishop. He will look after you.

106 EXT. COURTYARD - CONTINUOUS 106

POTTAIN, impatient with waiting, dismounts and starts for the door to SERVETUS' study as SERVETUS and DE LA COURT emerge. SERVETUS mounts the horse brought for him. DE LA COURT and POTTAIN remount and the horses walk slowly out of the courtyard.

Superimpose subtitle:

4th APRIL 1553

ANIQUE stands at the door of SERVETUS' study and watches them go.

107 EXT. THE PRISON OF VIENNE - DUSK, SOON AFTER 107

The arresting party approaches the prison and stops outside. DE LA COURT and SERVETUS dismount. DE LA COURT knocks on the prison door. An observation hatch is opened by the gaoler who, seeing the magistrate, closes the hatch and opens the door. SERVETUS walks through the prison door. DE LA COURT follows leading his horse and the gaoler slams the door shut.

POTTAIN is satisfied and rides off with the guards.

108 I/E. INSIDE THE PRISON OF VIENNE - CONTINUOUS 108

In the prison yard DE LA COURT tethers his horse to an iron ring, takes the gaoler aside and talks to him. As they talk the gaoler nods and, now and again, looks at SERVETUS. DE LA COURT hands a purse to the gaoler, who puts it quickly into his pocket.

The three men walk across the yard, down some steps and along an underground corridor lined by heavy iron doors to the dungeons. One of these doors is open and as SERVETUS passes he looks into the dungeon with dread. The men ascend some steps to an inner courtyard and go along a covered corridor, off which are single cells reserved for privileged prisoners. One of these cells has an open door and they go through it.

The cell is basic, but contains a bed, a table, chairs and some items for simple comfort. On the table is paper, pen, ink and a small hand bell. At the far end of the cell is a second door, which is open and seen to lead into a small garden.

DE LA COURT
(to SERVETUS)
We've tried to make things a little comfortable for you.

SERVETUS and DE LA COURT walk into the garden. SERVETUS looks over a low wall at the far end. There is a sheer drop down the side of the prison building. They walk back into the cell and DE LA COURT closes the garden door behind him, locking it with a large key.

DE LA COURT (CONT'D)
You can use the garden whenever you like, but we must keep the door locked.

He hands the key to the gaoler.

DE LA COURT (CONT'D)
You have only to ask him. I will bring you some clothes.

SERVETUS and DE LA COURT shake hands. They look at each other, and DE LA COURT leaves together with the gaoler, who closes the door behind him and locks it.

SERVETUS sits on the side of the bed, impassive.

109 I/E. SERVETUS' PRISON CELL AND GARDEN - NEXT DAY AND NIGHT, 109
AND FOLLOWING MORNING

SERVETUS sits on the low wall of the prison garden. He studies the drop from the garden to the ground below. It is about 15 metres, broken first by a narrow terrace and then by a tiled roof, finishing in the inner yard of the building next door.

DISSOLVE TO:

He sits on the wall facing the other way to get a different perspective of the drop.

DISSOLVE TO:

He studies the drop standing and leaning over with his hands on the wall.

DISSOLVE TO:

SERVETUS tosses and turns in his bed at night, unable to sleep.

DISSOLVE TO:

It is early morning. The gaoler opens the cell door, waking SERVETUS in his bed. The gaoler opens the door to the garden and then leaves, locking the cell door behind him.

As soon as the door is closed, SERVETUS jumps out of bed and rushes into the garden. He sits on the wall and looks again intently at the drop. After a time he nods to himself, at first doubtfully and then confidently.

He rushes into the cell and sits at the table to write a letter. It is seen that he uses short words and capital letters only. He folds the letter twice over and rings the bell. The gaoler opens the door and SERVETUS hands him the letter.

SERVETUS

Take this to my home, please. Can you do this yourself?

The gaoler nods, goes out and locks the door.

110 I/E. SERVETUS' HOUSE, STABLE AND COURTYARD - NEXT NIGHT 110

ANIQUE sits at SERVETUS' desk reading his letter by candlelight. She reads painstakingly, pointing with her finger word by word. She nods to herself.

She picks up SERVETUS' shoulder bag, checks that it contains a purse bulging with money, and carries it through to the kitchen. She puts the bag down and goes through to the stable, where BENOÎT is sleeping. She shakes him awake and whispers in his ear. She returns to the kitchen, where she wraps a loaf of bread and some meat in a cloth and stuffs the food into the bag.

She carries the bag to the stable, where BENOÎT has saddled the horse and is feeding it. ANIQUE looks on approvingly. He starts to speak to her, but she clamps a hand over his mouth and puts a finger over her mouth to keep him silent.

She leads the horse out quietly away from the house with the bag over her shoulder. BENOÎT follows carrying his own small bundle. She mounts the horse from a stone and pulls BENOÎT up behind her. They ride off quietly.

DISSOLVE TO:

- 111 EXT. STREETS OF VIENNE - SOON AFTER 111
- ANIQUE and BENOIT ride quietly at walking pace through the streets of Vienne towards the prison. It is still dark. A town clock strikes four times.
- 112 I/E. SERVETUS' PRISON CELL, GARDEN AND WALL - SOON AFTER 112
- SERVETUS lies awake fully clothed on his bed. Dawn is breaking. A clock in the town strikes five times.
- Superimpose subtitle:
- 7th APRIL 1553
- Fade out subtitle.
- SERVETUS leaps off his bed and rings the bell. The gaoler soon unlocks the cell door.
- SERVETUS
I want to walk in the garden.
- The gaoler opens the garden door, leaves the cell and locks the door behind him.
- SERVETUS picks up his dressing gown and night cap, carries them into the garden and drops them on the grass near the garden wall.
- He sits on the wall, prepares himself and then slides down the outside of the prison wall, clutching as he can on to covering creepers. His fall is broken by the narrow terrace. He rolls off the terrace to fall on to the tiled roof below it. Here he steadies himself and then lets himself down the rest of the wall, holding on to uneven bricks and spouts to land in a heap in the inner yard of the neighbouring building.
- 113 EXT. STREETS OF VIENNE - SAME TIME 113
- ANIQUE and BENOÎT have dismounted and are waiting expectantly round the corner of a street from which several buildings back on to the prison wall. A hanging sign above one of the buildings reads: "AUBERGE DU CHAPEAU ROUGE".
- 114 I/E. AUBERGE DU CHAPEAU ROUGE - CONTINUOUS 114
- SERVETUS collects himself in the yard on to which he has landed. He dusts himself down, sees an open window and climbs through it. He finds himself in the drinking room of an inn. The innkeeper is clearing up from the night before and looks in amazement at the man who just climbed in from his back yard.

SERVETUS
 (blandly)
 Excuse me. I'm just going out.

SERVETUS walks calmly to the front door, unbolts it, looks back at the innkeeper, and goes out into the street.

115 EXT. FRONT OF AUBERGE DU CHAPEAU ROUGE - CONTINUOUS 115

ANIQUE sees SERVETUS appear on the street. She hands BENOIT the reins of the horse, puts the bag over his shoulder, hesitates, gives him a quick kiss on the cheek, and nods to him to walk the horse to SERVETUS.

She walks behind BENOIT up to SERVETUS, leans against him and kisses his chest. She then pulls away and walks away.

116 I/E. STEPS AND ROOF OF PRISON OF VIENNE- SAME TIME 116

The gaoler climbs a flight of stone steps from the inner courtyard of the prison and goes out on to the roof. He looks to the bridge over the Rhône in the middle distance.

117 EXT. STREETS OF VIENNE - CONTINUOUS 117

SERVETUS puts the bag over his shoulder, mounts the horse and pulls BENOÎT up behind him. He walks the horse slowly through the streets towards the town gate leading to the bridge. It is still early and the gate is shut.

SERVETUS flinches and walks the horse off the main road to the corner of a side street from where he can observe the gate. BENOÎT jumps down to hold the horse still and they wait.

A working woman walks up to the gate and speaks to the guards on duty. She chivvies the chief guard to open up as she wants to go through. He looks at the rising sun, agrees, and has the gate opened. The woman walks through and on to the bridge.

118 EXT. ROOF OF PRISON OF VIENNE - SAME TIME 118

The gaoler watches the woman as she walks on to the bridge and rests half way across.

119 EXT. STREETS OF VIENNE AND BRIDGE OVER RHONE - CONTINUOUS 119

SERVETUS waits a few moments to observe the guards. He then hoists BENOÎT back on to the horse and walks the horse calmly past the guards, through the gate, on to the bridge and past the woman resting there.

She watches him as he reaches the far side of the river, sets the horse to a canter and disappears from sight of the town.

The woman turns to look up towards the roof of the prison and pointedly pulls her shawl over her head.

120 I/E. PRISON OF VIENNE - CONTINUOUS

120

The gaoler on the roof sees the woman give him this sign and then goes back down the steps into the prison inner courtyard.

He meets his wife, who is supervising breakfast for the prisoners. One prisoner carries a huge tray on which are lumps of bread, a large bowl of porridge, and a pile of small wooden bowls. In one corner of the tray is a plate kept warm by a silver cover.

The party makes its way down to the dungeons.

GAOLER
(whispering to his wife)
We take it slowly.

At each cell, the gaoler unlocks the door and his wife ladles a dollop of porridge into a bowl, grabs a lump of bread, takes a deep breath, holds it, carries the bowl and bread into the cell, comes out quickly, and loudly exhales. The gaoler then relocks the door.

DISSOLVE TO:

They slowly go from cell to cell, repeating this performance.

They then slowly make their way up into the inner courtyard, where some guards are supervising prisoners scrubbing the floor. The breakfast party walks along the corridor to SERVETUS' cell. The gaoler unlocks the door, sends his wife in with the covered plate for the special prisoner, and goes to join the guards in the courtyard.

A few moments later the gaoler's wife runs out of Servetus' cell and along the corridor holding his gown and cap. She reaches the courtyard, where she proclaims histrionically to the guards her shock and horror at the disappearance of the prisoner.

121 EXT. STREETS OF VIENNE - SOON AFTER

121

Guards close the town gate and make house to house searches of buildings neighbouring the prison, including the Auberge du Chapeau Rouge.

ORY watches the proceedings to one side with a stony face.

122 EXT. GARDEN OF SERVETUS' CELL - SOON AFTR

122

DE LA COURT, DE TOURNON, the gaoler and his wife are present.
The wife still holds SERVETUS' gown and cap.

DE LA COURT
The door of his cell was still
locked, your eminence.

DE TOURNON
(shouting)
Yes, and he went over the wall ...

DE TOURNON grabs SERVETUS' gown and cap and throws them over
the wall, watching the gown land on the terrace below and the
cap fly off into the distance.

DE TOURNON (CONT'D)
... like this, you fool! What do
you keep here, De la Court, a
prison or a chicken coop?

DE LA COURT
The prison is very old, your
eminence.

DE TOURNON
(incandescent)
What has that got to do with it?!

DE LA COURT
I will look into the matter, your
eminence.

DE TOURNON
No, you won't, I will!

ORY enters.

DE TOURNON (CONT'D)
Have you found anything, Ory?

ORY shakes his head.

DE TOURNON (CONT'D)
My God, he's got away! We must
follow him.

ORY
Yes, and follow him where exactly?
But I'm going to find out.

123 INT. RECEPTION ROOM, ARCHBISHOP'S PALACE - SOON AFTER

123

ORY, DE TOURNON, DE LA COURT and PALMIER are present.
POTTAIN enters.

ORY
Good. Is she here?

POTTAIN nods.

ORY (CONT'D)
Bring her in. If anyone knows where
he is, this one does.

Two guards drag in ANIQUE.

ORY (CONT'D)
(to ANIQUE)
Where has he gone?

ANIQUE
I will never tell you!

DE LA COURT
Tell him, Anique, it doesn't matter
now.

ANIQUE breathes deeply. She is defiant and silent.

ORY
Girl, I warn you, we have no time
for your wilfulness now.

ANIQUE stays silent.

ORY (CONT'D)
(nodding to the inner
door)
Pottain, take her in there and put
her to the screw. We need that
information - now!

PALMIER
Ory, she's a child! In Christ's
name, don't torture her - please!

ORY
This is not a game, Archbishop. We
have no time. Pottain, what are you
waiting for?

POTTAIN
(stammers)
Sir ... I ... she ...

ORY signals to the guards, who take ANIQUE through the inner door and close it behind them. There is a long pause as they wait.

124 EXT. JURA MOUNTAINS - SAME TIME

124

SERVETUS and BENOÎT ride the horse up the foothills of the Jura mountains. It is a fine morning. SERVETUS stops the horse, breathes in the mountain air, and appreciates the scenery. He looks relieved.

BENOÎT jumps down and SERVETUS dismounts, tethers the horse and sits against a tree. SERVETUS takes his bag, checks on the money purse, and takes out the bread and meat ANIQUE has packed. He hands BENOIT his share and they eat.

SERVETUS sits with his face in the sun and closes his eyes.

125 INT. RECEPTION ROOM, ARCHBISHOP'S PALACE - SOON AFTER 125

ORY, DE TOURNON and POTTAIN wait expectantly. DE LA COURT and PALMIER are visibly agitated and distressed.

PALMIER
(distraught)
This is not for the love of Christ.

DE TOURNON
Palmier, be silent!

They wait. DE LA COURT starts to leave the room.

ORY
De la Court, sit down! I want
everyone here.

DE LA COURT tears off his medal of office, drops it to the floor and walks slowly out to the corridor.

ORY (CONT'D)
(to a guard)
Go after him. Pick him up. He's
involved somehow, I'm sure.

The guard leaves. The others wait.

DE TOURNON
He must have gone for the Swiss
border.

ORY
He has a powerful enemy in
Switzerland too. He might have
chosen to stay in France.

PALMIER
For mercy's sake, let's assume he's
going to Switzerland and try to
catch him up. We're wasting time
doing nothing, aren't we, Cardinal?
Ory, stop them in there!

ORY
 (to POTTAIN)
 See what's happening.

POTTAIN goes to the inner room and comes back shortly after.

POTTAIN
 (shaken)
 He has gone to Geneva, sir - by
 horse. Excuse me.

He rushes to a corner and retches.

DE TOURNON
 Then we have lost him.

PALMIER
 May the Lord bless her.

ORY
 (amazed)
 Geneva! Can you believe it? This
 man is even more of an innocent
 than I took him for. Cardinal, we
 really ought to return Monsieur
 Calvin his compliment, don't you
 think? I mean, I'm sure he would
 like to know about his fellow
 reformer's impending arrival.
 (laughing)
 To Geneva! The stupid fool - he
 would have been safer going to
 Rome!

CUT TO BLACK.

END OF EPISODE 2

FADE IN TITLES:

126

EPISODE 3

126

A VERY DANGEROUS MAN

DISSOLVE TO:

1553: the city state of Geneva is unstable. Not long
 independent from the Duchy of Savoy, the inheritance of power
 is still contested.

DISSOLVE TO:

The party led by Councillor Amied Perrin represents the native gentry of the city. They are popular with poorer Genevise citizens because their party spearheaded the struggle for independence.

DISSOLVE TO:

Opposed to Perrin's party is the Reformed Church of Geneva led by John Calvin. He aims to impose strict Church discipline on the city. Calvin, himself a French immigrant, is supported by Protestant refugees from Catholic France. These refugees are prospering on the trade in cloth and velvet.

DISSOLVE TO:

Entering this mix is Michael Servetus, medical discoverer and Christian free thinker. Innocent of the politics of the Reformation, he goes from the frying pan of Catholic Inquisition into the fire of Protestant tyranny.

FADE OUT TITLES.

FADE IN:

127 EXT. STREETS OF GENEVA - DUSK

127

SERVETUS rides his horse at walking pace by the side of Lake Geneva with Mont Blanc seen in the distance. BENOÎT is asleep slumped against his back. SERVETUS stops the horse to speak to a pedestrian, who points directions out for him.

DISSOLVE TO:

The riders enter a small square, where a boy of about 14 years is seen hanging by his arms from the branch of a tree. His top half is bare. As SERVETUS rides round the square he sees that the boy's back shows marks of a whipping. A guard holding a birch stands by. A woman squats on the ground by the tree weeping, while a few onlookers watch in silence.

SERVETUS stops his horse and observes the scene intently and with growing abhorrence. A clock chimes the hour and the guard cuts the boy down. The woman gathers the child into her shawl and he sobs in her arms.

SERVETUS walks the horse on through streets and arrives at a lakeside inn. A hanging sign reads: "AUBERGE DE LA ROSE". SERVETUS wakes BENOÎT and they dismount wearily. BENOÎT holds the reins as SERVETUS goes inside.

128

INT. DRINKING ROOM, AUBERGE DE LA ROSE - CONTINUOUS

128

SERVETUS enters the inn. Drinkers sit at various tables. A boisterous party of well-dressed men occupies a table in one corner. One drinker sits at a table alone. The INNKEEPER behind a counter.

SERVETUS

Can you give me a room, please?

INNKEEPER

Certainly, sir. Will you be staying long?

SERVETUS

I am not sure yet. I will be meeting a friend here.

The INNKEEPER produces a registration book, pen and ink.

INNKEEPER

I'm sorry, sir. We are obliged to keep a register of our guests now. Just your name and where you have come from, if you please.

SERVETUS thinks for a moment before registering. He signs his name as Michael Servetus and writes that he has come from France. The INNKEEPER turns the register around and reads the entry.

INNKEEPER (CONT'D)

Oh, yes, I see, sir. I know your friend. He's been expecting you. I'll let him know you're here.

SERVETUS

Thank you.

INNKEEPER

(pointedly)

So you're from France, then?

The solitary drinker looks up.

SERVETUS

Yes.

(then hurriedly)

But I'm Spanish.

INNKEEPER

If you would like to take a seat by the fire, I'll bring you a drink and we will prepare your room. Will you be taking food, sir?

SERVETUS

Yes, please. Can you stable my horse? It's outside with my boy.

INNKEEPER

Of course. I'll settle your boy in the stable.

SERVETUS

No. We've come a long way. He will stay in my room.

SERVETUS takes a seat at a table by the fire. The INNKEEPER brings him a tankard of ale.

SERVETUS (CONT'D)

Landlord, I saw something terrible as I rode in just now. There was a young boy hanging from a tree. He had been whipped.

INNKEEPER

Yes, I heard about that case. He swore at his mother and threw a stone at her.

SERVETUS

But what a dreadful punishment! The mother seemed very upset by it.

INNKEEPER

She didn't want it. But the Church said it was a sin - against her authority. Whether she minded it or not. Our Church is very strong on authority.

SERVETUS

I can hardly believe it.

INNKEEPER

Is this your first visit to Geneva, sir?

SERVETUS

Yes.

INNKEEPER

(quietly)

That is our city today. It is why I had to register you in my inn. We are all regulated now.

The solitary drinker looks at him.

129 I/E. STREETS OF GENEVA AND JACQUES' HOUSE - THAT EVENING 129

GUÉROULT walks through the streets of Geneva carrying a bag. It is dark. He knocks on the door of a small terraced house. JACQUES, a man in his 30s, opens the door.

JACQUES
William, you've back! Come inside.

GUÉROULT enters.

GUÉROULT
(taking of his coat)
I've been here a few days - moving
around seeing people.

The room has a low ceiling and serves for both living and eating. The furniture is simple but adequate, and an open fire burns in the grate. The room looks homely.

JACQUES
Well, sit by the fire. It's chilly
at night now.
(calling)
Marguerite, it's William Guérault.
He's come back.

MARGUERITE, JACQUES' wife, enters from a kitchen.

MARGUERITE
Hello, William! Welcome back.

They kiss each other on the cheek.

MARGUERITE (CONT'D)
You're staying with us, I hope.

GUÉROULT
If it's all right. I don't want to
be a nuisance.

MARGUERITE
You were never that.
(calling)
Children, come and say hello to
your friend William.

Two young children come in and hang shyly on their mother's skirt.

GUÉROULT
I don't think they remember me.

MARGUERITE
'Course they do. It's not been that
long -
(to the children)
- has it? Well, you've come at the
(MORE)

MARGUERITE (CONT'D)
 right time, Will, I'm just serving
 up. Children, set the table now and
 give Will the place near the fire.

MARGUERITE goes to the kitchen and the children set the
 table. JACQUES pours GUÉROULT and himself some ale and they
 sit either side of the fire.

JACQUES
 Here, get this inside you.

They both look at the fire and JACQUES suddenly becomes lost
 in thought.

GUÉROULT
 Is everything all right, Jacques?
 You look a bit low.
 (after a pause)
 I'll pay for my stay, you know.

JACQUES
 Dear lord, I know you will. To be
 honest, we love to have you with
 us, but your generous contributions
 will be welcome at the moment.

GUÉROULT
 Times are bad, Jacques? Not much
 business?

JACQUES
 It's not that, exactly.

He stops in thought again. MARGUERITE comes in carrying a
 large pot of steaming food and puts it on the table. JACQUES
 does not move. She goes over to him and strokes his shoulder.

MARGUERITE
 Come on, you two. Supper is ready.
 Let's sit down to eat.

GUÉROULT and the family sit at the table. JACQUES clasps his
 hands, shuts his eyes and bows his head. The rest of the
 family do likewise. GUÉROULT sits respectfully still.

JACQUES
 We thank you, Lord, for your
 bountiful provision.

MARGUERITE serves the food.

130 INT. DRINKING ROOM, AUBERGE DE LA ROSE - SAME EVENING 130

SERVETUS and BENOÎT sit by the fire. Used plates are on the
 table in front of them. BENOÎT is asleep with his head on
 SERVETUS' thigh. SERVETUS is drinking and is relaxed looking
 into the flames.

A loud guffaw breaks out from the well-dressed group in the corner. SERVETUS looks over to them. One of the group, PHILIPPE BERTHELIER, a man in his late-30s, is very drunk. He catches SERVETUS' eye, waves to him and shouts over.

BERTHELIER
(slurring)
H'lllo! You're new here.

SERVETUS is unsure how to respond.

BERTHELIER (CONT'D)
Wa' a minute - I'm comin' o'er.

BERTHELIER sways as he goes over to SERVETUS, bumping into tables and other drinkers.

BERTHELIER (CONT'D)
Oh, ve'y sor'y - ve'y sor'y - I
mus' be more careful.

He leans on SERVETUS' table and bends down toward him. SERVETUS draws back from his breath.

BERTHELIER (CONT'D)
I don' think I've seen you b'fore.
Are you new here?

SERVETUS
Yes. I've just arrived from France.

The INNKEEPER intervenes from the counter.

INNKEEPER
But he's Spanish.

BERTHELIER
That's alrigh' then. We're not too
keen on Frenchies here, y' see.
Well, I want to intr'duce myself.
I'm Philippe Bert ... Bert ...
Berthelier. There, I go' it!
(offering his hand)
How'd y'do?

SERVETUS
(shaking hands)
How do you do.

The solitary drinker observes the conversation.

BERTHELIER
I'm ve'y sor'y if we're makin' too
much noise.

He looks over to his group.

BERTHELIER (CONT'D)
 It's those people o'er there -
 (confidentially)
 - they're qui'e drunk, y'see.

The group watches him with amusement.

BERTHELIER (CONT'D)
 (sitting down)
 Look, would'y mind awful'y if I sit
 down for a moment. I won't wake
 your son there, I promise.
 (looking at the group)
 Y'see, I want to explain their bad
 behaviour - well, our bad
 behaviour, I s'ppose, to be honest.
 We're celebra'ing something, y'see,
 and I want to tell you what it is.
 It's my excomm ...
 (screwing up his face)
 ... my excomm-un ... Wait, I'll ge'
 it in a minute.

MEMBER OF GROUP
 (shouting over)
 Excommunication!

The group laughs.

BERTHELIER
 Precise ...
 (deliberately)
 precis-e-ly. That's what I've just
 been saying - my excomm-un ... Wel',
 you get the idea. And d'you know
 why I've been ... you know what?

MEMBER OF GROUP
 (shouting over)
 For doing exactly what you're doing
 now!

The group laughs again.

BERTHELIER
 Look, no one's goin' to tell me I
 can't go to church if I want to.
 I'm not saying I will necess ... I
 will defini'ely want to. But that's
 not the poin'. I can go *if* I want
 to, can't I?
 (whispering)
 Who does 'e think 'e is anyway, yer
 know, that what's 's name chappy -
 does 'e think 'e's the Pope? -
 going 'round excommunic ... you know,
 telling people what to do all the
 time?

(MORE)

BERTHELIER (CONT'D)
 (getting up)
 Well, I'm sorry to 'ave taken up
 your time, sir.
 (shaking hands with
 SERVETUS)
 It's been ve'y nice to meet you. I
 'ope you enjoy your stay in Geneva.

He returns unsteadily to is group.

BERTHELIER (CONT'D)
 (giggling to himself)
 If that's pos'ible to do these
 days.

131 INT. JACQUES' HOUSE - SAME EVENING

131

GUÉROULT and JACQUES are sitting alone drinking by the fire.

GUÉROULT
 Jacques, I don't like to see you
 like this. Something's the matter,
 isn't it?

JACQUES
 (finding it difficult to
 speak)
 It's my loom.

GUÉROULT looks across to a good-looking loom in the corner of
 the room.

GUÉROULT
 It looks alright to me.

JACQUES
 It should, it's new.
 (resolving to explain)
 My old one broke down. I couldn't
 fix it anymore. I had to get a new
 one. But I don't have that kind of
 money. So I took out a loan - from
 my trader.
 (after a pause)
 Loans come with interest these
 days, you know.

GUÉROULT
 I know.
 (shaking his head)
 Even the Catholics don't like money
 lending.

JACQUES
 Oh, but our friend, Reverend
 Calvin, is not so fussy. He says
 (MORE)

JACQUES (CONT'D)
 God doesn't mind if the interest's
 only five per cent.

GUÉROULT
 (nodding)
 He concedes where he must to keep
 control where he can.

JACQUES
 I couldn't keep up with the
 payments, Will. I tried, but I just
 went further and further into debt.
 In the end my trader -
 (bitterly)
 - my colleague - took my loom in
 payment.

GUÉROULT
 But you've still got it.

JACQUES
 I just wanted more time to pay. I
 thought maybe the Church would help
 me. They say a man shouldn't profit
 from another man's misfortune. Some
 elders came here to make sure I
 wasn't destitute -
 (looking around his home)
 - well, I'm not. They said it must
 be the will of God. They just told
 my creditor he must give me work so
 I can feed my family.
 (in close up)
 So now I work for him. I don't
 think anymore. I weave when he
 tells me to. I'm finished. He owns
 me. I'm his slave.

132 INT. DRINKING ROOM, AUBERGE DE LA ROSE - LATE THAT EVENING 132

The fire is low. SERVETUS gets up and carries the sleeping
 BENOÎT upstairs.

Only the solitary drinker remains. He goes to the counter,
 swivels the register of guests around, reads it, and looks up
 at the stairs.

133 INT. SERVETUS' ROOM, AUBERGE DE LA ROSE - SOON AFTER 133

BENOÎT sleeps in the bed. SERVETUS looks reflectively out of
 a window across the lake, which is illuminated by a full
 moon.

134 EXT. BY LAKE GENEVA - NEXT MORNING

134

SERVETUS and BENOÎT sit on the bank of the lake, looking out across the water. Mont Blanc is seen in the distance. GUÉROULT approaches them from behind.

GUÉROULT
Welcome, my friend, to Geneva!

SERVETUS gets up, and he and GUÉROULT hug.

SERVETUS
You are my friend. I am very glad
to see a familiar face.

They sit down on the grass.

GUÉROULT
So you found the inn alright. Is it
comfortable?

SERVETUS
Very. The landlord is a kind man. I
have learnt a lot about Geneva in a
short time.

GUÉROULT
Well, you are about to learn a lot
more. We're invited to a reception
at Perrin's house tonight.

SERVETUS
What's a 'reception'?

GUÉROULT
It's where you'll meet a lot of
people you need to meet.

SERVETUS
(indicating his clothes)
This is all I have to wear.

GUÉROULT
(indicating his own
clothes)
This is all I have to wear. It
won't matter.

SERVETUS
(indicating BENOÎT)
Can I bring him?

GUÉROULT
Why not?

135 EXT. PERRIN'S COUNTRY SEAT OUTSIDE GENEVA- THAT EVENING 135

PERRIN's mansion house sits in extensive grounds. Carriages queue up in the driveway to off-load their well-to-do occupants. Music is heard from inside.

GUÉROULT and SERVETUS ride their horses slowly up the drive. BENOÎT sits behind SERVETUS on the horse. They dismount at the house and BENOÎT holds the horses, while GUÉROULT and SERVETUS climb the steps to the front door.

Servants look disapprovingly at their workaday clothes. GUÉROULT speaks to them and indicates BENOÎT and the horses at the foot of the steps. One servant nods, goes down the steps and leads BENOÎT with the horses away.

136 INT. PERRIN'S COUNTRY MANSION - CONTINUOUS 136

The front door leads to a spacious entrance hall, from which a fine staircase curves its way to the upper floor. A glittering function is in progress.

AMIED PERRIN is welcoming guests in the entrance hall. PERRIN is in his early 60s, is portly in build, has a jovial personality, and presents a benign outward appearance. GUÉROULT introduces SERVETUS to him.

GUÉROULT
Councillor, may I introduce Doctor
Servetus from France?

PERRIN
(shaking hands warmly)
Ah, yes! I am very glad you are
here. We have been waiting for you
to come.

SERVETUS
Thank you. And thank you for
inviting me tonight. I am sorry I
don't have the clothes to match
your brilliant occasion.

PERRIN
Oh, we don't worry about that.
You're among friends. That's what
matters.

BONNARD, the senior steward, comes up to PERRIN and whispers in his ear.

PERRIN (CONT'D)
(looking harassed)
Doctor, you'll have to excuse me.
My wife is not down yet and I have
to attend to everything. We'll talk
later.

(MORE)

PERRIN (CONT'D)
 (to a servant)
 Drinks for these gentlemen.

PERRIN rushes off with BONNARD.

SERVETUS and GUÉROULT pick up wine goblets and walk into the main hall. This is a large banqueting room, luxuriously decorated and furnished, and boasting chandeliers with lighted candles. The walls are adorned with paintings of battle scenes and portraits of military leaders. Tables and chairs have been pushed to the sides to leave a central area for walking and dancing. Musicians play at the far end of the hall. Guests are mingling and some are dancing.

SERVETUS and GUÉROULT stroll among the guests. PERRIN rejoins them.

PERRIN (CONT'D)
 Bonnard, some more holy water for
 Madame Vandel, if you please.

BONNARD
 Yes, sir.

He indicates BENOÎT, who has been dressed up in smart page-boy clothes and is holding a tray with one goblet of wine on it.

BONNARD (CONT'D)
 This young man is waiting tonight.
 (to BENOÎT)
 You heard Councillor Perrin. Take
 that to the lady in the red dress.

BENOÎT carries the wine with great care to the guest, who picks up the goblet with a smile. BENOÎT returns with a broad grin on his face, giving SERVETUS a 'just-look-at-me' glance. SERVETUS smiles.

PERRIN
 (indicating BENOÎT)
 Who is he?

STEWARD
 He's the doctor's stable boy.

PERRIN
 Good, Bonnard, well done!

A servant in the doorway to the entrance hall nods to PERRIN.

PERRIN (CONT'D)
 Ah, here they are!

PERRIN nods to the musicians. They stop the music and strike up a fanfare. PERRIN and some of the guests go into the entrance hall. MME. PERRIN and their 20-year old daughter, SUZANNA, both in fine regalia, make a glamorous descent down

the staircase to acclaim and applause. PERRIN ostentatiously kisses MME. PERRIN's gloved hand and, with a broad public smile, whispers to her privately.

PERRIN (CONT'D)
So you're down at last - not before time! I've had to be everywhere at once!

MME. PERRIN, with a smile equally for public consumption, replies privately.

MME. PERRIN
Yes, yes, poor Ami, and you are quite red in the face.

She and SUZANNA sweep into the main hall with PERRIN following. The music restarts. MME. PERRIN is approached by PIERRE VANDEL, a councillor and leading member of PERRIN's party.

VANDEL
Francisca! Where have you been, my dear?

MME. PERRIN
Titivating, Pierre, you know me.

VANDEL
(kissing her hand)
The result is worth the waiting - as always.

MME. PERRIN
Galant as ever. Et Suzanna?

VANDEL
(kissing SUZANNA's hand)
Charmant! Parfait!

PERRIN
(to SERVETUS)
Doctor, I want you meet my lovely wife and daughter. My dear, this is Doctor Servetus from France.

MME. PERRIN
(offering her hand)
So! You are the man to fight our intellectual battles for us.

SERVETUS
(kissing her hand)
For God, I hope, madam.

MME. PERRIN
Well, whoever it's for, you are welcome to our house and to Geneva.
(MORE)

MME. PERRIN (CONT'D)
We have heard so much about you
from Will Guérault.

SERVETUS
It means a lot to me to be here. It
is a ... different world, certainly.

PERRIN
And this is my little one, Suzanna,
the would-be adventuress of our
family. She dreams of travelling to
the new countries. What can I do
with her?

SERVETUS nods to Suzanna respectfully.

SERVETUS
It is an unusual interest for a
young lady.

SUZANNA
But no reason, I hope, not to have
it.

SERVETUS
None whatsoever.

SUZANNA separates herself from the group and looks to see if
SERVETUS will follow her. He does.

SERVETUS (CONT'D)
You find the new countries
interesting, then, mademoiselle?

SUZANNA
I think it must be marvellous to
travel and see the world that it is
out there, just waiting for us. But
I must be content with reading
about it. If I was a man, I would
be free as a bird and fly off -
(dramatically)
- deep into the mysterious unknown!

SERVETUS
(awkwardly)
That would be a great loss to us
men you would leave behind.

SUZANNA
(coquettishly)
Oh, what a sweet thing to say.

SERVETUS has no idea what to say next.

SERVETUS
(offhand)
I have written a little about the
(MORE)

SERVETUS (CONT'D)

Americas myself. Unfortunately I left my work in France. Perhaps one day I might present you with my book.

SUZANNA

I would love to read it. But you can tell me about it in the meantime, can't you?

BERTHELIER enters the main hall and the guests applaud. The music stops.

PERRIN

Ah, the man of the hour! You have come at last.

BERTHELIER

(expansively)

Greetings, everyone!

VANDEL

Do you feel different, lost soul?

BERTHELIER

I feel thirsty, Pierre.

MME. PERRIN

Well, come on then. You can sin freely now.

BERTHELIER

Yes, I hadn't thought of that. I have nothing more to lose!

People laugh. BENOÎT is prompted by BONNARD to take BERTHELIER a drink.

BERTHELIER (CONT'D)

Who's this, then?

(to BENOÎT)

Who are you, sir?

(shaking his hand

solemnly)

My name is Philippe Berthelien.

How do you do, sir?

BENOÎT

How do you do, sir.

BERTHELIER

What's your name, then?

BENOÎT

Benoît, sir.

BERTHELIER

Benoît what, sir?

BENOIT
Benoît Perrin, sir.

BERTHELIER
Perrin! Hello, what's this?

People look surprised.

MME. PERRIN
Goodness, what a coincidence! At least I hope it is. Ami, what have you been up to on your travels in France?

People laugh.

PERRIN
(pretending to be caught out)
I am at a loss for words.

SUZANNA
For once, father.

PERRIN
(to BERTHELIER)
I must introduce you to Doctor Servetus from France.

BERTHELIER shakes hands with SERVETUS, but does not recognise him.

BERTHELIER
It is my pleasure, Doctor Servetus.
Welcome to our city.

SERVETUS
(amused)
Thank you. Everyone has been very kind.

The music strikes up again.

MME. PERRIN
(clapping her hands)
Now come along, everyone, we must dance. Come on, Pierre, Philippe, Ami. Don't be shy, William. And you too, doctor.

SERVETUS
Oh, no! Please, not me, really. I have no idea what to do. And you see, I'm not dressed for it.

MME. PERRIN
 Yes, indeed, everyone! No one will
 look at you, I promise. Suzanna,
 show Doctor Servetus how to dance.

SUZANNA all but flutters her eyelashes at SERVETUS and takes
 his hand. They all dance.

MME. PERRIN (CONT'D)
 Now this is better. You're doing
 very well, doctor - not that anyone
 is watching you.

SERVETUS
 (to SUZANNA)
 I am sure this is awful. I'm very
 sorry. The problem is with my feet,
 I think.

SUZANNA
 Not a bit of it.
 (smiling sweetly)
 Your feet are just right. You have
 all that natural elegance.

The dancing continues. PERRIN drops out.

PERRIN
 That's enough for me. Suzanna, go
 and play with someone else. I want
 to speak with the doctor.

SUZANNA
 You are horrid, father.

PERRIN
 Yes, dear, so you always tell me.

SUZANNA
 Shall I see you later, Michael?

SERVETUS
 I hope so.

MME. PERRIN
 But no politics tonight, Amied.

PERRIN
 Of course not, dear.
 (to SERVETUS)
 Let's go outside.

PERRIN and SERVETUS enter from the main hall. They lean on a
 railing overlooking the grounds.

SERVETUS

So, Amied, what do you expect of me here?

PERRIN

For now I would like you to do nothing.

SERVETUS

I have come a long way!

PERRIN

Yes, but I must deal with the Philippe Berthelier issue first. Calvin has excommunicated him.

SERVETUS

He told me.

PERRIN shows surprise.

SERVETUS (CONT'D)

I met him in the Rose Inn where I'm staying.

PERRIN

Yes, he goes there.

(anxiously)

Did he behave himself?

SERVETUS

He was ... happy.

PERRIN

Philippe is a good lad and his father was a hero of our independence struggle. His excommunication insults our entire people. We are going to use it against Calvin.

SERVETUS

To get rid of him?

PERRIN

No. It's not that simple.

(indicating a bench)

Please.

They sit.

PERRIN (CONT'D)

We brought Calvin here to head our new reformed Church and that's fine. But now he is trying to control every inch of our lives - and that we can't - and won't - allow. You see, excommunication is
(MORE)

PERRIN (CONT'D)
his only power. And we are going to
take it from him.

SERVETUS
What has this to do with me?

PERRIN
Michael, we now have a council of
tradesmen, who doubtless know their
businesses, but are children in the
business of ruling. They think we
need Calvin to keep the people in
order, because they don't know how
to do that for themselves. But our
party knows how to rule and the
people accept us.

(after a pause)
We will propose that the council
reverses Philippe's excommunication
and, if we win that vote, we will
have transferred the Church's power
to us. Calvin will have to seek our
approval for his dictates or he
can't enforce them. We will control
Calvin and we will control the
people.

SERVETUS
So what has this to do with me?

PERRIN
Many of our councillors are
mesmerised by Calvin. He is a
clever man.

SERVETUS
He is.

PERRIN
But you can challenge him on his
own terms in a way that we cannot.
I just want you to wait until the
Berthelier matter is settled. If
you challenge Calvin now it may
rally councillors to his side -
against both of us. But if we win
the vote, the council will have
confidence in our leadership, you
will be safer in Geneva, and people
will be more open to your ideas.
You can help us, but at the right
time.

(after a pause)
For the moment, Michael, you should
stay quiet - and out of sight.

SERVETUS
I may go out into the city!

PERRIN

Personally I would not. Times are dangerous in Geneva. Calvin has his people everywhere. It is quiet by the lake. It would be best if you stayed there.

138 EXT. GROUNDS OF PERRIN'S MANSION - SOON AFTER 138

SERVETUS and GUÉROULT ride their horses away from PERRIN's house at walking pace. BENOÎT is asleep slumped against SERVETUS' back.

SERVETUS

These people are very rich. I didn't imagine that from you.

GUÉROULT

I am not rich. Doctor, at this moment, Calvin is our enemy. To fight him we need a powerful leader. Perrin is that. The people trust him. He fought for Geneva's freedom.

SERVETUS

And their freedom to think for themselves?

GUÉROULT

(after a pause)

We take one step at a time.

139 INT. SERVETUS' ROOM, AUBERGE DE LA ROSE - MORNING 139

It is a sunny morning and church bells ring. SERVETUS looks out across the lake from his bedroom window. BENOÎT sits on the bed, still in his smart clothes.

SERVETUS

(resolving)

It's Sunday. We are going to church!

140 EXT. STREETS OF GENEVA - SOON AFTER 140

SERVETUS and BENOÎT walk through the quiet streets of Geneva. They climb a hill to approach St. Peter's Cathedral, which they enter.

141 INT. ST. PETER'S CATHEDRAL - CONTINUOUS 141

A service is in progress. SERVETUS and BENOÎT sit quietly at the back. The congregation stands and sings psalms.

SERVETUS gazes around the cathedral. He views the Gothic arches and the sculpted stalls of the chancel. The windows are of plain glass. The walls are whitewashed and there is no ornamentation.

CALVIN sits on a ceremonial chair in the chancel near the communion table. The congregation finishes singing and sits down.

A pastor whispers in the ear of CALVIN, who looks up sharply. Calvin half gets up and stretches himself to look to the back of the cathedral. CALVIN nods meaningfully to the pastor and then rises to administer communion.

The pastor goes into the congregation and talks to some men, who then approach SERVETUS. CALVIN keeps an eye on the events. The men talk to SERVETUS quietly and then lead him out of the cathedral. BENOÎT follows.

142 EXT. STREETS OF GENEVA - CONTINUOUS 142

SERVETUS and the group of men walk through the streets of Geneva to an old, dilapidated prison. BENOIT follows them on his own.

143 INT. GENEVA PRISON - SOON AFTER 143

SERVETUS is unceremoniously thrown, together with BENOÎT, into a bare dungeon. SERVETUS sinks to the floor in despair, holding his head in his hands. BENOÎT stands watching him.

144 EXT. GENEVA CITY HALL - DAY 144

A winding, cobbled ramp leads to the entrance of the hall, which is a building of three floors.

145 INT. CAUCUS ROOM, GENEVA CITY HALL - DAY 145

Present are PERRIN, VANDEL, BERTHELIER and GUÉROULT.

PERRIN
(testily)
I told the man not to go out.

GUÉROULT
Yes, but he is who he is. We must
still help him.

PERRIN
(to VANDEL)
We should bring forward
Berthelier's case in the council -
before this Servetus business blows
up in our face.

VANDEL nods.

PERRIN (CONT'D)
(to GUÉROULT)
Then we'll see what we can do.

GUÉROULT
Will we bring the people out?

PERRIN
We'll see.

146 INT. JUDGE'S ROOM, GENEVA CITY HALL - DAY

146

A plaque outside the door reads: "CHIEF JUSTICE OF GENEVA".

In the room the JUDGE sits behind a desk. In front of him stands the gaoler from the prison in Vienne. The gaoler hands the JUDGE official-looking documents.

While the JUDGE reads the documents, there is knocking on the door and an attendant puts his head into the room. The JUDGE indicates to the gaoler to move into a corner out of sight. The JUDGE nods to the attendant, who shows SERVETUS into the room.

JUDGE
(to the attendant)
A chair for Doctor Servetus.

SERVETUS sits.

JUDGE (CONT'D)
You were arrested recently in the town of Vienne in France.

SERVETUS
(taken by surprise)
How do you know that?

JUDGE
We know. You lived there under the name of Michel de Villeneuve. Why was that?

SERVETUS
(trying to understand)
You have been in contact with the Papists in France?

JUDGE
No, with the civil authorities. Geneva is on good terms with the Kingdom of France.

SERVETUS

I have written two books in support of the Reformation. I had to hide my identity while I lived among the Catholics. But here I am in a Protestant city. I can be who I am. I am Michael Servetus and I can freely speak the truth.

The JUDGE indicates to the gaoler to come where SERVETUS can see him. SERVETUS looks at the gaoler in alarm and disbelief.

JUDGE

They want us to extradite you to France. As you see, they have even sent the gaoler from the prison in Vienne to fetch you. Where do you prefer to face justice, in France or in Geneva?

SERVETUS

Dear God, please don't send me back to the Inquisition! I have faith in the justice of the reformed city of Geneva. I have done nothing wrong. But if I must be tried, let it be here.

JUDGE

Very well. The gaoler makes a personal request to you. He asks you to certify that he did not help you to escape from his prison. It seems they are searching for your accomplices.

SERVETUS looks at the gaoler.

SERVETUS

Of course, I will do that. The gaoler did not help me, nor did anyone else. I escaped from the prison in Vienne entirely by my own efforts.

JUDGE

(to the gaoler)

You may rest easy now. Doctor Servetus will sign a declaration of your innocence.

He looks at SERVETUS for confirmation. SERVETUS nods, smiling wryly.

147 EXT. STREETS OF GENEVA - SOME DAYS LATER 147

SERVETUS is marched, looking dishevelled and dirty, under guard through the streets from the prison to the City Hall. A few bystanders watch with idle curiosity.

148 INT. COURTROOM, GENEVA CITY HALL - SOON AFTER 148

Five men sit on the bench. The JUDGE presides. On one side of him sit CALVIN and DU PAN, a leading Calvinist councillor. On the JUDGE's other side sit PERRIN and VANDEL.

SERVETUS sits in the well of the court, with guards standing by. Attorney General CLAUDE RIGOT and the CLERK of the court stand ready.

Onlookers watch from a gallery.

CLERK

The prisoner will stand.

SERVETUS stands.

CLERK (CONT'D)

(reading)

Michael Servetus, you are on trial before the Supreme Tribunal of Criminal Justice of Geneva, holding the power vested in it by the Council of Geneva, charged with heretically dissenting from holy doctrine, in that you have published inflammatory books undermining Christian authority and inciting disorder, and have over many years defamed and abused the Chief Minister of the established Church of this city. In addition you are charged with leading an unholy life, in that at the age of forty-four years you have not entered the state of holy matrimony, but have consorted with innocent maidens brought under your influence. To these charges, how do you answer?

SERVETUS is open mouthed in disbelief.

SERVETUS

My lord, I am overwhelmed by the injustice of these accusations. I am guilty of none of them.

JUDGE

Monsieur Rigot, what are these references to the prisoner's

(MORE)

JUDGE (CONT'D)
personal life? Is there a question
in them of unlawful conduct?

RIGOT
No, my lord, but they expose the
immoral nature of the accused. They
enhance the formal charges.

JUDGE
Then facts may be brought in
evidence, but they cannot form part
of the indictment. As Attorney
General you must know this. I am
surprised at you. The personal
charges are inadmissible.

CALVIN
My lord, Satan has many faces and
all of them should be exposed. Let
us leave the accusations in full.

JUDGE
This is a court of law, Reverend
Calvin. We are concerned with
crimes, not moral judgements.

CALVIN
There is the law of God and these
are crimes against it.

JUDGE
Reverend Calvin, this is my
courtroom and not your pulpit. My
ruling stands here. I will go
further. You are inextricably
involved in this prosecution. One
of the accusations refers directly
to yourself and you cannot be both
accuser and judge. In the interests
of justice, I ask you to relinquish
your seat on this tribunal.

CALVIN
(after a pause)
Let it be so - in the interests of
justice.

CALVIN whispers to DU PAN and then steps down from the bench.
He takes a seat in the well of the court.

DU PAN
My lord, the court is now
unbalanced. I request Councillor
Perrin to step down.

JUDGE
Councillor Perrin?

PERRIN

Very well.

PERRIN steps down and takes a seat at a distance from CALVIN.

SERVETUS

My lord, may I ask a question of the court?

JUDGE

Of course.

SERVETUS

Why have I been arrested and why am I standing trial here? I have committed no crime in your city. I came here only in peace. Your old Catholic laws on heresy were surely set aside when you reformed your Church. In early Christianity ...

RIGOT

(interrupting)

My lord, I must object ...

JUDGE

(interrupting)

Just a moment, Monsieur Rigot, the accused is speaking and I will hear him. Carry on, Doctor Servetus.

SERVETUS

My lord, in the early days of our religion, differences of opinion were never judged as crimes. They were matters for dispute within the Church. If you think I will incite disorder - which I will not - but if you think it, you can expel me from Geneva. There is no call for a criminal trial here. Reverend Calvin and I have our differences, so let us debate them - in public - openly. Let the people judge. That way we will reach the truth.

RIGOT

Geneva is a still part of the Holy Roman Empire, whose laws define heretics as traitors to the state. We can use these laws here.

SERVETUS

My lord, do you have to resort to a thousand year-old legal code that has been perpetuated by Catholic emperors?! Please, we are

(MORE)

SERVETUS (CONT'D)
 Protestants here and this is the
 sixteenth century!

PERRIN
 (standing)
 I propose your lordship should
 refer this whole matter to the
 Geneva Council. That is the only
 body that can properly investigate
 the real motivation for bringing
 such a contrived and malicious
 prosecution as this.

The JUDGE pauses to think.

JUDGE
 There are unusual features about
 this case and I am going give all
 your submissions some thought. Yes,
 I recess this case until further
 notice.

149 EXT. STREETS OF GENEVA - SOON AFTER 149

Guards escort SERVETUS through the streets back to the
 prison.

DISSOLVE TO:

150 INT. CAUCUS ROOM, GENEVA CITY HALL - DAY 150

Present are PERRIN, VANDEL and BERTHELIER. VANDEL is pouring
 wine into silver goblets. PERRIN shakes BERTHELIER's hand.

PERRIN
 Congratulations, Philippe. You are
 back in the fold of respectable
 society!

BERTHELIER
 It's all thanks to you, Ami.

He proudly produces an official-looking document.

BERTHELIER (CONT'D)
 Look, I've even got a certificate
 of absolution. You handled the
 debate brilliantly.

VANDEL hands around the goblets.

VANDEL
 (to PERRIN)
 Yes, you made the case for council
 sovereignty perfectly. It persuaded
 (MORE)

VANDEL (CONT'D)
 even our petty-minded shopkeepers.
 Calvin has been seriously damaged.

They clink their goblets and drink. GUÉROULT enters excitedly.

GUEROULT
 Calvin says he still won't
 administer communion to Berthelier!

VANDEL
 We've got him then. That openly
 defies the council.

BERTHELIER
 (showing his certificate)
 I'll go with this to his cathedral
 on Sunday. Then we'll see who's in
 charge!

PERRIN
 No, Philippe, stay away on Sunday.
 Let's not push this too fast. The
 council is still nervous about
 Calvin. It can only take so much at
 a time. And the Servetus trial
 resumes tomorrow.

GUEROULT
 Can we bring the people out now?

PERRIN
 (after thinking)
 All right, but not too many,
 William. And at all costs no
 violence - not at this stage.

151 EXT. OUTSIDE GENEVA CITY HALL - NEXT DAY

151

A small crowd of demonstrators waits at the foot of the ramp. GUÉROULT is doing his best to keep the people in order. Some hold banners reading: "CALVIN - GO HOME!" and "CALVIN - GO BACK TO FRANCE!"

CALVIN and a small entourage arrive on foot and are jostled by the demonstrators. A few of them shout: "Calvin, go home! Go back to France!" One demonstrator brandishes a sword and shouts: "Yes, and take your froggy friends with you!" The protestors laugh.

Calvin and his companions look shaken. GUÉROULT rushes to take the sword from the demonstrator and allows CALVIN and his party to climb the ramp.

152 INT. OUTSIDE COURTROOM, GENEVA CITY HALL - CONTINUOUS 152

CALVIN is about to enter the courtroom. He pauses for a moment at the door to collect himself, takes a deep breath, and opens the door confidently.

153 INT. COURTROOM, GENEVA CITY HALL - CONTINUOUS 153

The JUDGE has been waiting for CALVIN. The other participants in the trial are already present. CALVIN enters the courtroom and the JUDGE looks at him impatiently. CALVIN nods an apology and sits down. SERVETUS is seated and looks even more unkempt and dirty than before.

JUDGE
Michael Servetus ...

SERVETUS stands.

I have considered the submissions to abandon this trial, but for the moment I have decided against them. We have embarked upon this process and the charges go beyond heresy to concerns of civil disorder, which are within our jurisdiction. For the moment, we will continue.

(briskly)

Doctor Servetus, you are a foreigner in our city and I will outline our procedure to you. Your trial will be conducted by myself. Verdict and sentence, if there be any, will be decided by a majority vote of this tribunal. As you see this now consists of myself and two councillors. I shall see to it that you are given every opportunity to defend yourself and that you have all the time you require. I advise you to consider your answers very carefully. In any event, I promise you a fair trial.

(to RIGOT)

Monsieur Rigot.

RIGOT
(standing)
Thank you, my lord.

Chanting is heard from outside the building.

JUDGE
(to the CLERK)
What is that noise?

154 EXT. OUTSIDE GENEVA CITY HALL - CONTINUOUS 154

The demonstration has grown in size and is now well organised. The protestors are chanting their slogans and raising their banners in unison. The protest looks altogether more threatening. GUÉROULT watches anxiously.

The CLERK of the court appears from inside the hall and observes the proceedings.

155 INT. COURTROOM, GENEVA CITY HALL - CONTINUOUS 155

The CLERK returns to the courtroom and whispers in the ear of the JUDGE, who does not react. The noise of the demonstration is heard from time to time during this scene.

The JUDGE nods to RIGOT, who picks up SERVETUS' recent book.

RIGOT

Doctor Servetus, let me start with this book you have just published - 'The Restoration of Christianity'. I take it you admit to writing this diabolical concoction, this poisoned arrow aimed straight to the heart of Christian beliefs.

SERVETUS

I am proud to say I wrote that book. Of course, I do not think it is diabolical or poisoned. How can I poison our religion by restoring the meaning it had in the early years after the Lord Jesus? I am just completing the job started by other reformers.

RIGOT

You are modesty itself. Tell us then, good doctor, in your own words, what is this *restoration* you claim - simply if you please, for ordinary mortals like his lordship and myself to understand.

SERVETUS

Simply then, my restoration is exactly what you say, Monsieur Rigot - understanding. It was for our understanding that fifteen hundred years ago God created his Son to live among us, talk to us, help us grasp his message.

RIGOT

Thank you, Doctor Servetus! You have brought us straight to the essence of your poison. So the Father and the Son, and the Holy Spirit, have not existed before all time, is that right?

SERVETUS

(impatiently)

That so-called Trinity is just a Catholic dogma invented three hundred years after Jesus died. Tell me, is Christ the son of the Father?

RIGOT

Of course he is.

SERVETUS

Then when exactly did the Father beget the Son if they have both existed for ever?

RIGOT

(defensively)

Look, I am asking the questions here.

SERVETUS

God wants us to understand his world and then have faith through the free will he has given us. It is the principle of the Reformation, is it not?

RIGOT

Man has no will of his own because he is born with the sin of Adam. God predestines those who will have faith and be saved. All others are damned - whatever they do.

SERVETUS

So, Rigot, you mouth Calvin's inhumanity! That theory turns us into passive objects. If any of us is damned, it will be for our own sins, not for those of an ancestral father. We choose for ourselves.

CALVIN

(standing)

My lord, may I speak?

JUDGE

You may.

RIGOT sits. The camera gradually closes in on CALVIN's face as he speaks.

CALVIN

I must give Doctor Servetus credit for one thing. He is nothing if not consistent - consistent in the supremeness of his self-belief. He alone, it seems, has fathomed the mysteries of God and man, and he has it all parcelled up in a neat system of universal truths. Why, we might wonder, does he believe so much has been revealed to him? When he was a medical student, he tried to teach anatomy to his professors of anatomy. Evidently he has been blessed to know everything about everything.

(changing tone)

The arrogance of this man beggars belief. Who is he to preach to us in these terms? He is no one. With what authority does he speak? None. What is he in the Christian Church? Nothing at all. He is a doctor. All he has is private imagining, entirely divorced from the ancient traditions of the Church. Those who have been called by God to the Church submit themselves to years of ecclesiastical schooling and church discipline. Would this doctor have me treat his patients for fever or excess of bile? Would he consider that I, a churchman, was equipped to play dice with people's lives? Would he indeed allow me to do it, were I so presumptuous as to try? I think not - and rightly not - for I would be dangerous. I should not meddle where I am unqualified. I am not a physician. And Doctor Servetus is not a churchman.

(starting a new tack)

The prisoner is not content with the state of Christianity. Is any one of us? Which of the Protestant reformers thinks we are perfect? If we thought that, we would not dedicate ourselves to the search for deeper revelation as we do now. Doctrinal intercourse takes place continually between the reformed Churches. And we of the Church of Geneva are in the forefront of reforming innovation. We are

(MORE)

CALVIN (CONT'D)

consolidating the gains of Protestantism throughout the world. By the will of our great civic council - led by worthy men of substance - Geneva will become a model Christian commonwealth, an orderly city of God where decent people can live, work and worship knowing that they are blessed with divine approval. People will pilgrimage to us as to the Holy Land and the good folk of our city will prosper. But who will deliver this for Geneva? Is it a lone dreamer barely on the fringe of our religion or the Church's trusted leaders? My lord and councillors, it is the latter.

(starting another tack)

We of the Reformation have thrown off the yoke of the Roman Church, but we have retained the authority of twelve centuries of church teaching. The prisoner's obsession with perfect freedom of will means the destruction of church authority. Do that and you open the floodgate to anarchy.

The chanting from the demonstration becomes louder and CALVIN pauses to allow the court to take it in.

CALVIN (CONT'D)

You know that this very same obsession for freedom is the rallying cry of those extremists who are rebelling all over Europe. Remember, I beg you, the peasants' war in Germany. Remember, I beg you, the insurrection at Münster. This infection has spread to Holland, to England, to Austria, to Italy, to France, to Poland, to Moravia, to Hungary, to our Swiss Confederation - and even to this, our own city.

He pauses again to allow the noise of the demonstrators to be heard.

CALVIN (CONT'D)

And who are these fanatical troublemakers? Bakers, barbers, tailors, teachers - petty messiahs who promise the lower orders a new Zion of equality, toleration and brotherly love. These fanatics will

(MORE)

CALVIN (CONT'D)
 overthrow civic religion - and
 civic authority!

He pauses again for effect.

CALVIN (CONT'D)
 My lord and councillors, you may be
 interested to know that these
 fanatics have such a high regard
 for our prisoner that some have
 even written to us appealing on his
 behalf. They call him good and
 pious and beg us to show him
 Christian clemency. But beware -
 this man is no harmless dreamer. He
 has written a weighty book
 championing the very heresies that
 are fuelling these rebellions.
 Whatever may be his avowed
 intention, his voice threatens the
 Christian discipline - and the
 social order - that we are building
 in this city. This voice, my lord
 and councillors, at any cost, we
 must - and will - silence.

CALVIN sits.

SERVETUS
 (protesting)
 My lord, I ...

JUDGE
 (interrupting)
 No, I have heard enough for today.
 I have listened carefully to what
 has been said here and I will say
 that I do not like the case that
 has been brought before us. I
 confess I may not have followed all
 the doctrinal niceties, but I have
 understood enough to doubt - as the
 prisoner has submitted - that his
 views are unlawful in this city.
 Therefore, I am going to seek
 independent opinion. I require you
 both, Doctor Servetus and Reverend
 Calvin, to lay out in writing -
 briefly if you please - the essence
 of your arguments and I will send
 your material to the other Swiss
 councils and churches for their
 views.

CALVIN glares in anger at the JUDGE.

JUDGE (CONT'D)

Doctor Servetus, I will give you every facility for your writing. In addition I ask you, Reverend Calvin, to visit the accused in prison and both of you to try to reach some kind of an accommodation, so that we may let this whole matter rest. I urge you both to put aside your past differences in this endeavour. I now adjourn this hearing.

The JUDGE stands and starts to leave.

CALVIN

My lord, of course I will do as you instruct, but this case is the concern of Geneva and of no other city. Delay in bringing the trial to a proper resolution is both unnecessary and ...

(indicating the shouting
from outside)

... potentially dangerous.

The JUDGE comes back impatiently.

JUDGE

I have had to remind you before, Reverend Calvin, that my ruling stands here. This case troubles me and I will seek independent advice on it.

The JUDGE starts to leave again.

SERVETUS

My lord, may I beg a word?

The JUDGE comes back again.

SERVETUS (CONT'D)

I have become infested with lice in your prison. I have no other clothes to wear than these. I do not even have water to wash myself.

(shaking his head)

How can I defend my case in these conditions? May I ask your lordship to intercede on my behalf?

JUDGE

Doctor Servetus, I apologise for your poor treatment.

(to the CLERK)

You will see to his needs.

The JUDGE rhetorically looks around the court.

JUDGE (CONT'D)
May I go now?

The JUDGE leaves and the court disperses.

156 INT. BELOW THE COURTROOM - CONTINUOUS 156

SERVETUS is led by guards down steps to a corridor below the courtroom. The CLERK follows. CALVIN follows the CLERK and takes him to one side.

CALVIN
I know you are a busy man.
Humbleness of circumstance leads to
humility of spirit. You must obey
the judge's order - but in the
fullness of time.

157 INT. CALVIN'S ROOM, GENEVA - DAY 157

CALVIN writes at his desk.

CALVIN (V.O.)
To the Chief Ministers of the
Reformed Churches of the Swiss
Confederation. Dear colleagues, the
name of Servetus is not unknown to
you. Twenty years ago he infected
the Christian world with his
pestilent doctrines and now he has
had a large volume printed secretly
in Vienne, full of the same
heresies. The book was divulged to
the French authorities by ...

He looks up and shakes his head.

CALVIN
(to himself)
No.

CALVIN (V.O.)
... The book was *somehow* divulged
to the French authorities and he
was thrown into prison. He
contrived to escape and was driven
by his evil destiny to this city
where - at my instigation - he was
arrested. Our authorities will
shortly solicit your views on the
opinions of Servetus. It is despite
us that you are troubled with this
...

He looks up again and then resumes writing with an angry expression.

CALVIN (V.O.)
 ... but the people here have come to such a state of mind that they suspect anything I say. If I were to declare there was daylight at noon, they would question it. Now as regards this man, I ask you to consider the obstinacy with which he has shunned all our counsels and the offensive manner in which - even now - he spews out his abominations. I write to you in advance of our officials so that he will not escape the fate we desire. The sentence must be capital ...

He looks up again, pauses, and then continues writing.

CALVIN (V.O.)
 ... although I would refrain from the ultimate penalty of fire.
 (changing tone)
 Things go no better in France. Last Sabbath three of our pious brothers were burned to death in Lyon. The danger is that the commotions we hear of in Scotland will add fuel to the fires.

158 INT. SERVETUS' NEW CELL, GENEVA PRISON - DAY

158

SERVETUS is now in a better cell. It has a window and basic furniture including a table, chair and bed. He has washed, wears a change of clothes and looks in good shape.

He writes intently at the table. BENOÎT busies himself about the cell, cleaning and clearing up.

A guard enters carrying food and SERVETUS puts the writing aside. The guard puts the food on the table and leaves. SERVETUS puts some of the food on a plate for BENOÎT and they both eat with relish. SERVETUS finishes eating and goes back to writing. He stops for moment to admire something he has just composed.

SERVETUS
 (reading out loud)
 Calvin's theories are limited by his ignorance of science. But that doesn't stop him judging things about which he knows nothing.

SERVETUS chuckles and continues writing.

159 INT. JUDGE'S ROOM, GENEVA CITY HALL - DAY

159

The JUDGE sits at his desk and writes.

JUDGE (V.O.)

To the Burgomasters and Councils of the Swiss Confederation. We do not know if your honours are aware that we have in hand a prisoner, Michael Servetus, who has published a book containing many things about our religion. On this we have consulted our ministers of the Church and, although we do not mistrust them, we desire to hear the opinion of your clergy on this matter. We send to you herewith the prisoner's written views together with the responses of our ministers. If it so please you, we pray you to lay this material before your churchmen and request them to give us their views on the merits of this case.

160 I/E. DRINKING ROOM, AUBERGE DE LA ROSE - EVENING

160

The tables are crowded with men drinking and carousing. There is scattering of women. Some of the men are playing cards for money. BERTHELIER and his friends sit at their usual table. The solitary drinker is again present.

Behind the counter is the INNKEEPER and his daughter. She is a pretty young woman, who wears a demure black dress reaching up to her neck. She washes tankards in a bowl of water.

GUÉROULT and JACQUES enter the room and sit at a table. Some of the men look over and nod to them.

OLDER MAN

(calling over)

Alright, Will?

GUÉROULT nods and smiles.

OLDER MAN (CONT'D)

Jacques? Family?

JACQUES smiles weakly. GUÉROULT shakes his head behind JACQUES's back so as to say: "leave him now".

There is loud laughter from some card players as one of them wins a large kitty. BERTHELIER calls over to them.

BERTHELIER

(slurring)

I say, keep it down there, fellas!

(MORE)

BERTHELIER (CONT'D)

Can't a man have a quiet drink
here?

CARD PLAYER 1

(calling back, slurring)
That's the pot calling the kettle
black!

They all laugh.

The door of the inn opens roughly and a YOUNG PASTOR enters with two guards. The room goes quiet. The YOUNG PASTOR flicks a momentary glance at the solitary drinker, who keeps his head down.

JACQUES

(bitterly under his
breath)

There goes our quiet drink.

The YOUNG PASTOR looks around and goes over to a table of card players. He glares at them sternly.

CARD PLAYER 1

Right, lads, looks like we've got
another one who's after a bit of
cash.

(offering a chair)

Here you are, preacher boy, pull up
a chair. Two sous a throw - alright
for you?

(calling)

Landlord, let's have another round -
and something for this young ... er
... person here. A cup of milk,
maybe?

The card players laugh.

YOUNG PASTOR

(with a French accent)

I pity you, scum, you with your
foul mouths and drunkenness and
gambling. The Lord has surely
marked you out for damnation.

JACQUES

(shouting angrily)

How do you know that, then?

YOUNG PASTOR

Well, you can know this, then.
Our churches are closed to the
likes of you -

(looking around)

- to all of you!

During the following dialogue, a couple of drinkers take the guards quietly aside, speak to them persuasively, and lead them gently out of the inn.

CARD PLAYER 1

Your churches! Our churches!

(standing unsteadily)

Look, mister preacher boy, you're starting to spoil my evening. And I don't like that. Because we're going to get a bit merry here tonight and we're going to bet a sou or two on our luck, and we're going to do that whether you or your mister reverend man like it or not. Do you see? So you listen here and you listen good. I'm a God fearing man as much as the next one. And if I want to go to church on a Sunday, I'm not asking anybody's permission first. I'm just going. I'm not telling you what do. You can go and live in a nunnery ...

(chuckling and shaking his head)

... I mean a monastery - for all I care.

He sways and sits down.

CARD PLAYER 2

He looks like a nunnery might do him a bit of good!

The card players laugh.

The YOUNG PASTOR looks round for his guards and sees they have gone. He looks nervous.

YOUNG PASTOR

Yes, you can force your way into our churches - if you manage to stay on your feet - but there will be nothing there for you.

BERTHELIER shouts over from his table.

BERTHELIER

Listen, boy, do you know who's boss in Geneva now? Our Councillor Perrin has beaten your governor down to size. So you just watch yourself - alright?

YOUNG PASTOR

And your Councillor Perrin will give you Holy Communion, will he,
(MORE)

YOUNG PASTOR (CONT'D)
 Monsieur Berthelier?
 (to the whole assembly,
 speaking emotionally)
 Make no mistake, any of you. Our
 struggle in Geneva has only just
 begun. We will purify this stinking
 city if we have to break every one
 of you to do it. Give us time,
 that's all. Perrin will not last
 long.

There is silence. The OLDER MAN gets up and takes the YOUNG PASTOR by the arm.

OLDER MAN
 Alright, lad. You've had your say.
 That's enough now. OK?

The YOUNG PASTOR, looking relieved, allows the OLDER MAN to lead him out of the inn.

GUÉROULT
 I'm afraid the young pastor is
 right. Perrin will not last long.
 He is a man of the old times. Our
 rich merchants will soon overthrow
 him.

SECOND MAN
 (calling from another
 table)
 Will, what've they got against
 harmless enjoyments, anyway?

GUÉROULT
 Because they express the human
 spirit and that's the last thing we
 may do. We might even come to think
 for ourselves. No, Calvin keeps us
 with our heads bowed and his
 friends on the council are only too
 pleased.

OLDER MAN
 No, sometimes you go too far, Will.
 You see politics in everything. The
 fact is Geneva is too easy going
 these days, too indulgent - no
 boundaries. Just look at those
 parties the rich folk get up to in
 their big houses - drunkenness,
 wildness, and ...
 (euphemistically)
 ... all the other things.

BERTHELIER

I heard that old man! You watch yourself!

OLDER MAN

And it's the same everywhere. Just look around this town any night. Reverend Calvin is too harsh at times and I don't like that any more than the next man. But it's the Church's duty to keep some order in the city. And that isn't politics, Will. It's morality.

The INNKEEPER comes from behind the counter, pulling his reluctant daughter with him by the hand.

INNKEEPER

We were celebrating the wedding of our daughter - just singing and dancing, that's all. Then the church elders came. They said that singing worldly songs was forbidden, and a woman who dances with a man - even her husband - is a whore. They said my daughter's wedding dress was too pretty - it was impious.

His daughter bows her head in shame.

INNKEEPER (CONT'D)

My wife and I spent three days and nights in prison on bread and water.

He puts his arm round his daughter's shoulders and holds her tightly.

INNKEEPER (CONT'D)

(with tears of rage)

My darling daughter was beaten ten times with a rod.

The daughter pulls herself away and runs out of the room.

A woman stands up. She is the mother of the boy whom SERVETUS had seen hanging from a tree.

WOMAN

He's a cruel man - no heart, no love. He is no minister of God. Just a cruel, hard man.

There is silence. GUÉROULT stands to speak.

A THIRD MAN gets up from a table.

THIRD MAN
Just a momen', Will.

He approaches the solitary drinker.

THIRD MAN (CONT'D)
And you can go an' al'. We know 'oo
are - sittin' there and watchin'
us. Go on, go to yer master and
tell yer little tales and get yer
pieces of silver.

A FOURTH MAN gets up and also approaches the solitary drinker.

FOURTH MAN
Yeah, you're righ', there is a bad
smell in 'ere.
(to the solitary drinker)
Go on, get ou', clear the air for
us.

The solitary drinker does not move. The FOURTH MAN knocks over his tankard, which falls on its side, spilling some ale over the drinker's clothes.

FOURTH MAN (CONT'D)
(shouting)
Go on - get ou'!

The solitary drinker slowly picks up his tankard, finishes the remains of his drink, gets up, and slowly leaves the inn without looking at anyone.

The assembly is quiet. GUÉROULT speaks so they all can hear.

GUÉROULT
A weight bears down on the people
of Geneva. It is not enough that
they are poor. Now they are
assaulted by something much more
sinister, much more oppressive. Now
their minds are taken over. They
are beaten, imprisoned and
indoctrinated until they believe
that God wills their subjection,
until they believe it is all by
divine providence. One by one
Calvin inflicts punishments of
pitiless savagery: blasphemy -
death, adultery - death, strike a
parent - death, until he controls
the very hearts and souls of the
people. So our spirit will be
crushed, our compliance will be
enforced, and our resolve to resist
will be extinguished. But my
brothers and sisters, this tyranny
(MORE)

GUÉROULT (CONT'D)
 we must resist! We must defend
 ourselves against this inhuman
 subjugation. Because if we do not,
 no one will do it for us.

GUÉROULT's speech is greeted with silence.

161 EXT. GENEVA PRISON - EARLY EVENING 161

CALVIN approaches the prison on foot with two attendants. One attendant knocks on the prison door. An observation hatch is opened and closed, and noise of the door being unlocked is heard.

162 INT. GENEVA PRISON - SOON AFTER 162

SERVETUS is in his prison cell. The door is opened by a guard.

GUARD
 Come on.

SERVETUS is led down corridors of the old prison to an interview room. He is ushered into the room, which is dimly lit. CALVIN sits at a table. SERVETUS is left to stand.

CALVIN
 The judge has instructed me to meet
 with you. I have come.

SERVETUS
 Thank you.

There is a pause.

SERVETUS (CONT'D)
 Is there anything left for us to
 say?

CALVIN
 I do not know.

There is another pause.

CALVIN (CONT'D)
 Servetus, you have given me no
 choice, you know.

SERVETUS
 I also. I also could not have done
 otherwise.

There is another pause.

CALVIN

(quietly)

If only you had acted with more ...
(looking for the right
word)

... *moderation*. If you had just
listened to me - it need not have
come to this. I am not a vain man,
but my word carries weight in the
Protestant Churches. You could have
respected it.

SERVETUS

But I did - and I do! I would not
have tried to convince you for so
long if I didn't value your
opinion. I persisted because I
wanted you to understand me.

(conciliatorily)

Look, Calvin, I know when I'm
really engaged I can get, well you
know, a bit over excited. So if at
any time I have offended you, it
was unintentional and, for that, I
do apologise.

CALVIN

(bristling)

It is not a question of offending
me! The issue between us is not
personal. But you should not have
been so obstinate.

SERVETUS face hardens. There is a pause.

CALVIN (CONT'D)

It is late, but even at this stage
if you submit yourself to our
Church, the case against you might
still be stopped.

SERVETUS

Would I be able to defend my views
before your scholars?

(becoming enthusiastic)

Or even better - you and I - could
we have a public disputation? I
have proposed that to you already.

CALVIN

(becoming icy again)

Your views are only too clear.
There is no need for you to restate
them.

SERVETUS

But you dismiss them out of hand. I
must be allowed to reply.

CALVIN

There is no 'must' about it! It is you who must just submit. There will be no disputation.

There is a pause. SERVETUS suddenly pulls up a chair uninvited, sits at the table and leans across towards CALVIN. He speaks earnestly as 'man to man'.

SERVETUS

Calvin, I know your situation in Geneva is difficult at the moment. If we could work together, it might help to see you through it.

CALVIN

(standing up)

How dare you patronise me like that! Do you think I, the head of the Church of Geneva, need your help to keep my position? Who are you to speak to me like that? You are my prisoner!

SERVETUS

(riled, also standing)

You know what your problem is, Calvin, you are all 'do not' and never 'do'. Your Christianity is dried up, closed in on itself. But God's creations are open and wondrous. Your Christianity will not last because it violates God's most wonderful creation of all - the human spirit.

CALVIN

(calmly)

Yes, Servetus, I can answer your question now. There is nothing left for us to say. You have sealed your own fate. I have tried. My conscience is clear.

163 EXT. GENEVA PRISON - DAY

163

GUÉROULT approaches the prison on foot, carrying a jar. He knocks on the prison door. The observation hatch is opened and closed, and noise of the door being unlocked is heard.

164 INT. SERVETUS' CELL, GENEVA PRISON - SOON AFTER

164

SERVETUS sits in his cell. Sunlight streams in through the barred window. The door is unlocked and GUÉROULT enters. BENOÎT is in the background.

SERVETUS
 (standing)
 Will, my friend! Thank you for
 coming to see me!

They hug.

GUÉROULT
 Of course I have come, doctor. We
 are all very anxious about you.

SERVETUS
 Sit yourself down, Will. Benoît,
 bring the chair for Monsieur
 Guérault.

GUÉROULT sits on the chair and SERVETUS sits on the side of
 the bed.

GUÉROULT
 Doctor, how are your spirits in
 this dreadful place? We worry you
 cannot bear it.

SERVETUS
 It is not so bad now and Benoît
 does what he can for me. He's a
 good boy -
 (to BENOÎT)
 - aren't you, lad?
 (to GUÉROULT)
 And I've had work to do for the
 court. That was good for me. Work
 has always kept me going.

GUÉROULT hands over the jar.

GUÉROULT
 I've brought you some pottage,
 mutton pottage, doctor. Can Benoît
 heat it for you? I knew from Marie
 you like it.

SERVETUS
 (suddenly dejected)
 Marie, Anique - they were my
 family. They seem a lifetime away.

SERVETUS pauses and then collects himself.

SERVETUS (CONT'D)
 I've had another argument with
 Calvin, Will. I don't see my way
 out of this. Of course I still hope
 for justice, but I fear they may
 keep me in this place for ever. I
 realise they may even kill me. I
 just thank God I am in a Protestant
 (MORE)

SERVETUS (CONT'D)
city and saved from the dreadful
practices of the Catholics.

GUÉROULT looks doubtful.

GUÉROULT
Doctor, we have something to ask of
you. May I?

SERVETUS
Of course, but I can't think what I
can do for anyone here.

GUÉROULT
You can save yourself.

SERVETUS
How can I do that? How do I save
myself?

GUÉROULT
Recant.

SERVETUS
(shocked)
William, how can you ask that of
me? You expect me to renounce my
life, my belief, my work, just to
save my miserable self. Did Christ
recant to save himself from the
cross?

GUÉROULT
But we ask you for ourselves. The
people of this city suffer
dreadfully under Calvin. His
punishments get more savage every
day. They cannot break free on
their own, but you can show his
coercion is not the Christian way.
You can give our people the heart
and hope and the *knowledge* they
need to stand up for themselves.
You can become their moral leader.
But for that you must be free and -
excuse me, doctor - alive. Don't do
it for yourself. Do it for others
who need you.

SERVETUS
A coward who lacks the courage of
his convictions loses moral
authority. If I recant I would be
no use to anyone.

GUÉROULT
No, doctor, I don't agree with you.
You are not some oracle to be
(MORE)

GUÉROULT (CONT'D)

worshiped from afar. Perrin and his friends only want you as an intellectual front man against Calvin to keep power in their own hands. For them, yes, if you recanted you would be useless. But the people in the streets don't care about that. You can still work with us day by day. There are so many arguments we cannot express that you can. You can help us build the real opposition in Geneva.

SERVETUS

William, William, I am as sorry for the plight of your people as anyone. I saw that poor whipped child as I rode into this city. But I am not a political person. I know nothing about politics and I would not even be able to do what you want of me. In your own way - and I know you mean this from the best of reasons - you also want me as a tool for your purposes, selfless as they may be. I must do what I must do, on my own and in my own way - for the truth of God's world as I see it.

GUÉROULT

Doctor, you know I have the greatest possible respect for you and please forgive me for what I am going to say. But you indulge yourself. The purpose of life is not to feel good inside, to satisfy some inner conviction, but to do what is right for others, others whose needs are greater than your own. My people look to you for help.

SERVETUS takes GUÉROULT's hands.

SERVETUS

Will, I do hear what you are telling me. I would like to help your people however I can, but it can only be *how* I can. There is no point in wishing me to be some other person, a person with your fine - even noble - qualities of service. We each of us can only do what we can. And what I can do comes, as you say, from inside me. It is who I am. For me to do anything else would be false and I

(MORE)

SERVETUS (CONT'D)
 would fail at it for that very
 reason. Will, come here.

They stand. SERVETUS gives GUÉROULT a hug and then looks
 intently into his eyes.

SERVETUS (CONT'D)
 I am sorry if I let you down. I
 have great admiration for you and
 wish from the bottom of my heart
 that you succeed in your great
 cause. But for me to renounce
 beliefs that come from the very
 core of my being is just not
 possible -
 (firmly)
 - and I will not do it.

165 EXT. GENEVA PRISON - DAY 165

The JUDGE approaches the prison on foot attended by a guard.
 The guard knocks on the prison door. As before, the
 observation hatch is opened and closed, and noise of the door
 being unlocked is heard.

166 INT. INTERVIEW ROOM, GENEVA PRISON - SOON AFTER 166

The JUDGE and SERVETUS sit on either side of the table.

JUDGE
 I'm sorry to say I have bad news
 for you. We have heard from the
 Swiss cities. They condemn your
 heresies and say we must suppress
 them.

SERVETUS
 And me? What should you do with me?

JUDGE
 We should try to bring you to your
 senses. But if you are obstinate,
 we should deal with you severely.

SERVETUS
 Severely - how?

JUDGE
 They do not commit themselves on
 that. I will take advice from our
 Council.

SERVETUS
 (frowning)
 Why the Council? It is your court.
 (MORE)

SERVETUS (CONT'D)

You are the judge. Why should you consult the Geneva Council?

JUDGE

The court answers to the Council. We administer its laws.

SERVETUS

Judge, you promised me justice!

JUDGE

No, that is your word. I promised you a fair trial and you are having a fair trial - according to the laws of Geneva. The Council makes those laws.

SERVETUS

I am a refugee! I have not preached! I have not made speeches! I have committed no crime in your city!

JUDGE

Doctor Servetus, for your own good you must understand one thing. Your call for freedom of thought unsettles us. We have enough unrest in our city as it stands and your ideas strike a cord of fear in the Council. Those ideas threaten civil order in Geneva, however you have behaved since you came here. Our laws protect our society. If your opinions are *of themselves* seditious - whatever your intentions may be - you break our laws. And that makes you a criminal.

SERVETUS

Then deport me.

JUDGE

It is not so simple. The Reformed Churches have a reputation for softness on heresy. We do not want to be seen as condoning yours.

SERVETUS

And that is a reason to condemn me!?

JUDGE

I did not say that.

(impatiently)

Servetus, you would do well to enter the real world. There are

(MORE)

JUDGE (CONT'D)

pressures. The Council has defeated Calvin over the Berthelier issue. They are nervous. They are not looking to defeat him again.

SERVETUS

Pressures! *Pressures!* Are you bargaining over my life!? What if I am actually *right*? What if you will suppress the real truth about God's world? Judge, you hold the balance in the court. I don't want to be rude, but can you not rise above this civic parochialism? I ask you again, not for the law, but for justice.

JUDGE

Then you ask too much. You live in a world of absolutes. I make my judgements with care, and fairness, and yes, in many cases with justice. But by and large I agree with our laws and what they stand for. Even if I thought your opinions could be right, I would not sacrifice our society for them.

SERVETUS

(uncomprehending)

How do you live with your conscience?

JUDGE

My conscience is clear because what I do is acceptable to my society. And because I am part of that society, it is acceptable to me as well.

SERVETUS

Then I am alone. My God, I am truly alone.

JUDGE

Doctor Servetus, I believe you are good man, a sincere man, but if you persist you are a foolish man. I have come here to make your position quite clear to you. You should have no illusions when we resume the trial.

SERVETUS

What can I do now?

JUDGE

Recant. Submit to Calvin's Church.
The case against you will be
stopped.

There is a pause while SERVETUS thinks.

JUDGE (CONT'D)

I hope you will take this chance.
You are trying to achieve too much
too quickly. What happens to you
now is not my responsibility. It is
yours.

SERVETUS

What matters to you is the security
of your city. Is that right?

JUDGE

It is the most important thing.

SERVETUS

May I have writing materials again,
please?

JUDGE

Of course. But be careful,
Servetus.

SERVETUS

Thank you for explaining how your
law works.

167 INT. COURTROOM, GENEVA CITY HALL - DAY

167

The courtroom is as before.

CLERK

The prisoner wishes to address the
court.

JUDGE

Very well.

SERVETUS speaks without confidence and has to refer to notes.

SERVETUS

Judge and Councillors of Geneva, I
came to your Protestant city, like
many before me, a refugee from the
tyrannies of the Roman Church. I
came in peace and have committed no
offence in your territory. The
differences between Reverend Calvin
and myself are real. I have not
tried to hide them. But I humbly
submit that for this court to

(MORE)

SERVETUS (CONT'D)
 accept the interpretation placed on
 my views by the man who is also my
 chief accuser is inconsistent ...

RIGOT
 (interrupting)
 Will the prisoner please get to the
 point?

SERVETUS
 (excitedly)
 Yes, that is what I'm doing! I beg
 leave to inform the court of the
 duplicity of the man you allow so
 profoundly to influence your
 judgement. Lordships, without the
 permission of your Council, Calvin
 has secretly conspired with the
 enemy Papists in France ...

RIGOT
 (interrupting)
 My lord, I protest at this vile
 slander of our Chief Minister. The
 prisoner is trying to divert
 attention from his own crimes. He
 has no shred of evidence ...

SERVETUS
 (shouting)
 My presence in this courtroom is my
 evidence! I was arrested in France
 because Calvin informed on me to
 the Papal Inquisition ...

RIGOT
 (interrupting)
 I must insist this is all
 irrelevant! We are in Geneva, not
 in France. We do not need to know
 what happened in France.

VANDEL
 My lord, I would like to know what
 happened to Doctor Servetus in
 France.

SERVETUS
 For some time I wrote
 confidentially to Calvin from
 France hoping to convince him of my
 opinions, and recently I sent him a
 copy of my latest book. *Within a*
month my letters and pages from
 that book were in the hands of the
 Inquisition in France - and I was
 arrested! Only Calvin could have
 supplied our common enemy with that
 (MORE)

SERVETUS (CONT'D)
 material. He is the one who should
 be condemned for collaborating with
 the Papists!

CALVIN
 (standing)
 This accusation is frivolous. Is it
 at all credible that I communicated
 with the sworn enemies of our
 faith?

VANDEL
 That does not answer the question.

CALVIN
 I passed the prisoner's writings to
 an acquaintance of mine, at his
 request, for some purpose of his
 own. What he then did with them I
 do not know. May I remind the
 court, my lord, that it is the
 prisoner who is on trial here?

JUDGE
 (to SERVETUS)
 I have already told you that we
 ourselves are in contact with the
 French authorities.

SERVETUS
 But not with the Inquisition!

JUDGE
 (shaking his head)
 No, I will hear no more of this.
 This case could go on for ever. We
 must now come to a verdict.
 (indicating)
 Councillor du Pan.

DU PAN
 (at SERVETUS)
 You are a dangerous man. You
 subvert the Christian religion,
 which is the foundation of our
 social order. We are well rid of
 your kind. I find you guilty of
 heresy and sedition.

JUDGE
 (indicating)
 Councillor Vandel.

VANDEL
 Doctor Servetus rightly claims he
 has violated no statute of our law.
 He cannot therefore be guilty of a
 crime before this court. His case,
 (MORE)

VANDEL (CONT'D)
 however, raises serious questions
 about the conduct of our Chief
 Minister. I propose the whole
 matter be brought before the
 Council of Geneva.

JUDGE
 This court has the Council's
 mandate to dispose of this case and
 I see no reason for us not to use
 it. The final verdict rests with me
 and I see clearly what I must do.
 Servetus, whatever may have been
 your intent, your ideas profoundly
 threaten the security of our state.
 I have no alternative but to find
 you guilty as charged and to resort
 to the law's ultimate sanction.

SERVETUS
 (alarmed)
 What do you mean?

The JUDGE reads from a prepared judgement.

JUDGE
 Now we, Judge and Councillors of
 the Supreme Tribunal of Criminal
 Justice of Geneva, having reviewed
 the trial carried on before us of
 you, Michael Servetus of Villaneuva
 in the Kingdom of Aragon in Spain,
 and having been guided by your
 voluntary confessions as well as by
 your writings, decree and determine
 that you, Michael Servetus, have
 promulgated false and heretical
 doctrines undermining the
 foundations of Christian society
 and that - *until this very day* -
 you have rejected all remonstrance
 and correction, so that you deserve
 severe corporeal punishment. These
 causes move us, with the assent of
 the Council and citizens of Geneva,
 to say: in the name of the Father,
 the Son and the Holy Spirit, we now
 pronounce our final sentence and
 condemn you, Michael Servetus, to
 be taken to the district of Champel
 and there, being bound to a stake ...

There is a gasp from the onlookers in the gallery.

SERVETUS
 (desperately)
 No!

(MORE)

SERVETUS (CONT'D)

(screams)

No!

SERVETUS looks as though he is about to faint and the onlookers gasp again. An officer guard rushes forward to support SERVETUS, who throws him off angrily.

JUDGE

(continuing)

... and there, being bound to a stake, to be burned alive, along with your works printed as well as written by your hand, until your body be reduced to ashes. So will your days end and will you be made an example to others who would do as you have done.

(to the guard)

We command you, captain, to see this sentence is executed.

SERVETUS

(stupefied)

No, no, you never said burned. You never said to be *burned*! I could not endure it.

He falls to his knees.

SERVETUS (CONT'D)

My lord, I beg you for mercy. I do not fear to meet my maker. But I do fear the fire. And I do fear that through my suffering I might despair and belie the convictions of my lifetime.

(pleading)

Please, please, allow me to die by the sword.

CALVIN

(standing)

My lord, as head of our Church, I thank God the world will be rid of this obstinate heretic. But as a servant of the God of mercy, I believe that beheading will serve the purpose. We do not wish to be vindictive.

JUDGE

Even you, Reverend Calvin, do not appear to appreciate the extent of his threat to our state.

(to SERVETUS)

Michael Servetus, you should understand that no lesser punishment is possible - so long as

(MORE)

JUDGE (CONT'D)
 you remain unyielding. I have no doubt about this sentence, because your fate is in your own hands. I have told you this already. If you recant I will revoke the conviction.

SERVETUS stands up, helped by the guard.

SERVETUS
 No! Don't torture my mind as well as my body! Be irrevocable or my God I shall give way.

JUDGE
 I will be quite clear with you. If you recant at any time before the execution, the conviction will be revoked. Or if it is during the execution and you are too far gone to be saved, you will be put to death humanely by the sword. Now, Servetus, have you anything to say to this court?

SERVETUS
 (speaking factually)
 I say that I cannot endure to be burned alive.

JUDGE
 Does that mean you will recant?

SERVETUS tries to work his situation out. He is seen in increasing close up as he speaks.

SERVETUS
 (conversing with himself)
 Burned - while I live? No, that is impossible. Fire blackening, searing my skin, eating, gnawing my flesh - endlessly - endlessly.
 (making up his mind)
 No, it is unthinkable - that pain is unthinkable. Then to crumble into nothingness. No, no, I cannot go through that. No man can go - voluntarily - through that ordeal.

He starts shaking. This distracts him from thinking and - almost in annoyance - he tries to control it.

SERVETUS (CONT'D)
 So what does this mean? It means I must think. It means I must think and do something ...

The shaking stops.

SERVETUS (CONT'D)
 (sensibly)
 So what must I do?
 (shaking again)
 I can't even remember. Oh, yes -
 yes, I must recant.

The shaking stops as he recovers his composure with that thought.

SERVETUS (CONT'D)
 Yes, I must renounce my life, my
 life's work, and my God. Is that so
 terrible? Retract some words. They
 are only words. What I keep in my
 heart no one will know. Yes, I see
 it clearly now.
 (resolutely)
 I cannot - of my own free will -
 allow myself to be burned alive.
 Only a deranged creature would
 allow himself - for *anything* - to
 go through such torture. It is
 against human nature.
 (realising)
 Yes, of course it is! *That is it!*
 It is against human nature, the
 natural law, God's law. Man has
 been made by God to feel pain and
 to fear pain. A baby takes its hand
 out of a fire because God has made
 us with nerves to feel and a brain
 to react. God has made us that way
 for a purpose, to save ourselves
 from danger. I cannot be wrong if I
 submit to a law of nature created
 by God himself.
 (loudly to the court)
 I can recant!

SERVETUS is shown again standing on the courtroom. In the
 gallery people are seen to wait expectantly.

SERVETUS stays still and silent.

JUDGE
 Then recant.

SERVETUS remains motionless. A pause ensues.

JUDGE (CONT'D)
 Servetus!

SERVETUS stays entirely passive.

JUDGE (CONT'D)
 (to the guard)
 Take him away.

The guard leads SERVETUS away. CALVIN speaks to him as he passes.

CALVIN
 Servetus, you are a learned man. I believe you acted as you thought right. But now submit to our Church and save yourself.

SERVETUS looks at CALVIN and then at the JUDGE.

SERVETUS
 (calmly)
 Do not trouble me further. I must speak with my God.

168 EXT. OUTSKIRTS OF GENEVA - DAY

168

The execution shown in Scene 1 is now reprised in shortened form.

The stake is being prepared and onlookers are congregating. They murmur as they see a procession coming down the hill towards the site. The procession consists of guards, SERVETUS, a PASTOR and followers. SERVETUS' expression is a mixture of apprehension and concentration. As he sees the stake, he falls on his knees and prays. The procession waits for him to recover and stand up again.

The CHIEF EXECUTIONER inspects the pyre. The wood is seen to be fresh oak still in leaf.

CHIEF EXECUTIONER
 (to a young assistant)
 What's this? It's still green. It will take for ever.

ASSISTANT EXECUTIONER
 It's all I could get.

The CHIEF EXECUTIONER throws up his arms in exasperation and walks away, shaking his head.

The procession reaches the execution site. The ASSISTANT EXECUTIONER binds SERVETUS to the stake with chains around his waist and neck. SERVETUS breathes deeply, mustering his strength.

The PASTOR speaks to the crowd.

PASTOR
 You see what power Satan has once he gains possession of a soul. Here
 (MORE)

PASTOR (CONT'D)
 is a man, learned above most
 others, who perhaps even meant to
 do good. But he fell under the
 spell of the Devil ...

(pointing to one after
 another in the crowd)
 ... and the same might happen to
 you, or you, or you!

(to SERVETUS)
 Do you, Michael Servetus, even at
 his last hour, recant your
 heresies?

SERVETUS does not answer. He prays silently and is almost
 serene.

PASTOR (CONT'D)
 (to the crowd)
 This obstinacy you see - even in
 the face of a terrible death - is
 proof of his diabolical possession.

The PASTOR hands the ASSISTANT EXECUTIONER a book and a roll
 of papers.

PASTOR (CONT'D)
 Tie his writings to the stake, so
 that his person be reduced to ashes
 and all trace of his evil presence
 be expunged from God's earth.

The ASSISTANT EXECUTIONER carries out the instruction. The
 PASTOR calls over the CHIEF EXECUTIONER and hands him a paper
 packet containing yellow powder.

PASTOR (CONT'D)
 (quietly)
 Sprinkle this brimstone on his
 forehead. When the flames reach his
 head, it will glow red. The people
 will see the Devil coming out.

The CHIEF EXECUTIONER carries out the instruction.

PASTOR (CONT'D)
 Then let the sentence be executed.

The ASSISTANT EXECUTIONER lights the fire. SERVETUS gives out
 an involuntary cry and the crowd gasps. Flames flicker weakly
 and the wood only smoulders. The CHIEF EXECUTIONER closes his
 eyes, shakes his head and turns away.

The ASSISTANT EXECUTIONER goes to the stake and blows on the
 wood, but it still does not catch. A gust of wind blows and
 flames momentarily flare up.

SERVETUS lets out a heart rending cry.

SERVETUS
Jesus, have mercy on me!

CUT TO BLACK:

FADE IN:

169 EXT. THE EXECUTION SITE - LATER THAT DAY

169

All that remains now of the site is a charred stake, smouldering embers and the chains that had bound SERVETUS. The CHIEF EXECUTIONER and his assistant are clearing up the area. The onlookers have dispersed.

BENOÎT sits on the ground a little higher up the slope and looks down on to the execution site. He wears his original smock. He gets up and walks a little closer. The CHIEF EXECUTIONER sees him.

CHIEF EXECUTIONER
Clear out of here, lad!

BENOÎT does not move.

CHIEF EXECUTIONER (CONT'D)
Go on - clear off! You don't want
to be seeing this.

BENOÎT comes closer.

BENOÎT
Excuse me, sir.

CHIEF EXECUTIONER
What do you want?

BENOÎT
Excuse me, sir. I'm sorry, sir.
(after a pause)
Have they killed Doctor Servetus,
sir?

CHIEF EXECUTIONER
Now what you asking that for? Did
you know him then?

BENOÎT
He was my master, sir.

The CHIEF EXECUTIONER goes over to him.

CHIEF EXECUTIONER
Look, laddie, I'm afraid, yes, they
have. I'm sorry.

BENOÎT breathes deeply.

BENOÎT
 (after a pause)
 What do I do now, sir?

CHIEF EXECUTIONER
 I don't know. I suppose you'd
 better go home.

He gives BENOÎT some coins.

CHIEF EXECUTIONER (CONT'D)
 Here take this, lad. It should see
 you back alright.

He starts to walk off.

BENOÎT
 Thank you, sir.
 (calling)
 Sir?

CHIEF EXECUTIONER
 (impatiently)
 Yes, what do you want now?

BENOÎT clenches his fists and has tears in his eyes.

BENOÎT
 (shouting venomously)
 Kill them, sir! That's what I want -
 I want to kill them - all of them!
 (crying openly)
 Then they'll never do that again.
 They won't be able to. They'll
 never do that again - never!

BENOÎT sinks to the ground and sobs. He is seen in increasing
 close up.

170 EXT. STREETS OF GENEVA - DAY

170

Angry street demonstrations take place.

Superimpose subtitles:

Protests against Calvin increased for a time, but came to
 nothing.

Perrin's party was soon defeated.

171

171

172 EXT. AN EXECUTION SCAFFOLD, GENEVA - DAY 172

Four well-dressed men are led in quick succession to an execution block. The axe falls on their necks one by one.

Superimpose subtitle:

Members of Perrin's party were executed.

173 I/E. CENTRE OF GENEVA - DAY 173

The Geneva residencies of PERRIN, VANDEL and BERTHELIER are seen in quick succession. In each house the owner hurriedly throws articles of clothing and paper scrolls into a bag. PERRIN leaves his house in a carriage, while the other two gallop off on horse back.

174 EXT. OUTSIDE GENEVA - SOON AFTER 174

The party leaders up meet in the countryside. VANDEL and BERTHELIER abandon their horses and get into PERRIN's carriage. They drive off.

175 EXT. PERRIN'S COUNTRY SEAT - SOON AFTER 175

The carriage enters the grounds of PERRIN's mansion, where MME. PERRIN and SUZANNA are waiting anxiously on the steps.

Superimpose subtitle:

The leaders of Perrin's party took refuge
outside Geneva's jurisdiction.

176 EXT. OUTSIDE JACQUES' HOUSE, GENEVA - NIGHT 176

In the street GUÉROULT gives JACQUES a big hug, looks him in the eye, and hurries off into the night carrying a bag.

Superimpose subtitle:

Under interrogation in Geneva, Servetus insisted that Guérault had played no part in the printing of his heretical book in Vienne. Guérault escaped.

177 INT. SMALL ROOM, ARCHBISHOP'S PALACE, VIENNE - DAY 177

ORY and Pottain are present.

POTTAİN
(excitedly)
We've located five chests of his
books in Lyon.

ORY
 Good! Fetch them. Add them to the
 tumbrel.

178 I/E. BOOKSHOP, LYON - DAY 178

Guards raid the bookshop that was earlier the go-between for the SERVETUS/CALVIN correspondence.

To the terror of the proprietor and his assistant, the guards push their way into a store room at the back, break open chests to find SERVETUS' books, and load the chests on to a wagon in the street outside.

The proprietor looks on, with a guard holding on to his arm.

179 EXT. STREETS OF VIENNE - DAY 179

A tumbrel carrying an effigy of SERVETUS is drawn by a horse through the streets to a mock execution site.

The effigy is bound to a stake and set on fire. Books from the recovered chests are thrown into the flames.

Superimpose subtitle:

In Vienne the Catholics, cheated of Servetus' body, burned him in effigy.

180 INT. CALVIN'S ROOM, GENEVA - DAY 180

CALVIN finishes writing a letter at his desk. He speaks to two men.

CALVIN
 Take this letter to our minister in
 Frankfurt. Get to the depot and see
 that every one of the books is
 burned.

181 I/E. BOOK DEPOT, FRANKFURT - EVENING 181

Calvin's men raid the book depot. They search the property, locate the copies of SERVETUS' book, carry them into the street, and make a bonfire of them.

Superimpose subtitle:

Between the Catholics and the Protestants, the copies of Servetus' book were systematically hunted down and burned.

182 INT. ST. PETER'S CATHEDRAL, GENEVA - DAY 182

CALVIN preaches in St. Peter's Cathedral to row upon row of plain-clothed, serious and placid-looking people.

Superimpose subtitles:

After the execution of Servetus, Calvin was attacked in the Reformation movement for establishing a new Inquisition.

But in Geneva the Council surrendered to his will.

The Reformation ideal of freedom of conscience
was suppressed.

The city faced a future of iron Church rule.

183 I/E. SERVETUS' HOUSE, OUTSIDE VIENNE - DAY 183

GUÉROULT walks his horse through the entrance gate and down the driveway. The house has broken windows and looks dilapidated.

GUÉROULT dismounts and enters SERVETUS' study, which has been ransacked. Most of the furniture has gone and the remaining pieces are scattered around the floor.

GUÉROULT walks into the kitchen, which is in a similar state. He goes out the kitchen door and into the stable. Here he finds BENOÎT sitting on a pile of straw, with ANIQUE's scarf draped over his legs. BENOÎT rocks gently backward and forward. He hears GUÉROULT enter and looks at him blankly.

GUÉROULT

What are you doing here, Benoît?

BENOÎT

I live here, sir.

GUÉROULT

Benoît, you can't live here. You must go home.

BENOÎT

This is my home, sir.

GUÉROULT sits on the straw next to BENOÎT.

GUÉROULT

(very gently)

What happened was a terrible thing - probably the worst thing that will ever happen in your life. You must be very upset. I am too. But Benoît, bad things - very bad things - happen in this world. We have to learn to live with them. Go

(MORE)

GUÉROULT (CONT'D)
home. You won't believe this now,
but you will get over it.

BENOÎT sits still, looking straight ahead of him.

GUÉROULT (CONT'D)
Doctor Servetus was your master and
I think he became your friend as
well. I know he was very fond of
you. You don't know what to do with
how you feel now. But in the
meantime, go back to your family.

BENOÎT
(through gritted teeth)
I want to kill them.

GUÉROULT
Yes, I would like to kill them
myself. But the problem, Benoît, is
that if we tried to kill them, they
would probably wind up killing us
first.

(after a pause)
We will never forget Doctor
Servetus, will we?

BENOÎT
No, sir.

GUÉROULT
I'm going to try to make sure other
people don't forget Doctor Servetus
as well.

(after a pause)
Are you sure you don't want to go
home, to see your mother and
father?

BENOÎT sits impassively.

GUÉROULT (CONT'D)
(doubtfully)
Would you like to come with me?

BENOÎT
Yes, sir, please, sir!

GUÉROULT
Yes. All right then, son, let's do
it together. Come on.
(getting up)
We've a lot to do. You know that,
don't you?

BENOÎT
If you say so, sir.

GUÉROULT offers BENOÎT his hand and they shake hands.

GUÉROULT
So, it's you and me, then. We'd
better make a start.

They walk hand in hand towards GUÉROULT's horse.

BENOÎT suddenly lets go of GUÉROULT's hand, runs back to the stable, and returns with ANIQUE's scarf.

GUÉROULT mounts his horse, hitches BENOÎT up behind him, and walks the horse up the driveway.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

184 EXT. MODERN-DAY GENEVA - DAY 184
Scenes of central Geneva are seen and traffic noise is heard.
Superimpose subtitle:

GENEVA
2013

185 EXT. A HOTEL, GENEVA - DAY 185
It is a sunny summer's day.
A minibus stands outside the hotel picking up a group of tourists of various nationalities. They are shepherded on to the bus by WILL, a guide. WILL is played by the actor who has portrayed GUÉROULT. He is assisted by a boy, who is played by the actor who has portrayed BENOÎT.

The boy is not paying attention.

GUIDE
Ben! Come on, son!

The boy jumps and quickly starts to give out leaflets to the tourists as they board the bus.

186 EXT. STREETS OF GENEVA - SOON AFTER 186
The bus passes by Lake Geneva. The view of the lake and Mont Blanc is the same as that seen when SERVETUS entered Geneva on horseback.

The bus enters the old city and passes by St. Peter's Cathedral and the City Hall.

It then leaves the city centre and enters a suburb, where a road sign reads: "CHAMPEL". The bus takes a right turn into a smaller street, where a sign reads: "RUE MICHEL SERVET".

The bus stops and the tourists alight. WILL leads them down a hill and into a side street on the left. The area exhibits the same topography as the site of SERVETUS' execution. A few meters along the side street the tourists come to a small stone monument in the form of a simple tablet.

MALE FRENCH TOURIST

Will, is this where it happened,
then?

WILL

No, down there at the bottom, where
the hospital is now.

FEMALE NORTH AMERICAN TOURIST

Gee, it's creepy just to think
about it.

(looking at the tablet)

That's not much of a monument,
though, it's so small.

She bends down to read the inscription.

FEMALE NORTH AMERICAN TOURIST (CONT'D)

At least let's see what it says.

A close-up the monument is shown.

DISSOLVE TO:

FILS
 RESPECTUEUX ET RECONNAISSANTS
 DE CALVIN
 NOTRE GRAND REFORMATEUR
 MAIS CONDAMNANT UNE ERREUR
 QUI FUT CELLE DE SON SIECLE
 ET FERMEMENT ATTACHES
 A LA LIBERTE DE CONSCIENCE
 SELON LES VRAIS PRINCIPES DE
 LA REFORMATION ET DE L'EVANGILE
 NOUS AVONS ELEVE
 CE MONUMENT EXPIATOIRE
 LE XXVII OCTOBRE MCMIII

DISSOLVE TO:

RESPECTFUL AND GRATEFUL SONS OF CALVIN
 OUR GREAT REFORMER
 BUT CONDEMNING ONE ERROR
 WHICH AS THAT OF HIS CENTURY
 AND FIRMLY ATTACHED TO FREEDOM OF CONSCIENCE
 ACCORDING TO THE TRUE PRINCIPLES OF THE REFORMATION
 AND OF THE GOSPEL
 WE HAVE ERECTED THIS MONUMENT IN EXPIATION

27 OCTOBER 1903

CUT TO:

FEMALE NORTH AMERICAN TOURIST

Oh, my God, talk about weasel words, this is terrible! It doesn't even say what actually happened here - or who they did it to! Some kind of an apology that is, I don't think!

MALE JAPANESE TOURIST

350 years to the day. It shows it still weighed on their conscience all those years later.

WILL

It isn't true what they say. Many reformers of the day condemned it.

The tourists walk back in silence the way they came.

FADE TO BLACK.

FADE IN TITLES:

Three copies of Servetus' book survived the burnings:
one is now in Paris, one in Vienna and one in Edinburgh.

On pages 170-171, the book describes how blood flows from the right to the left side of the heart through the lungs and that in the lungs the blood becomes red.

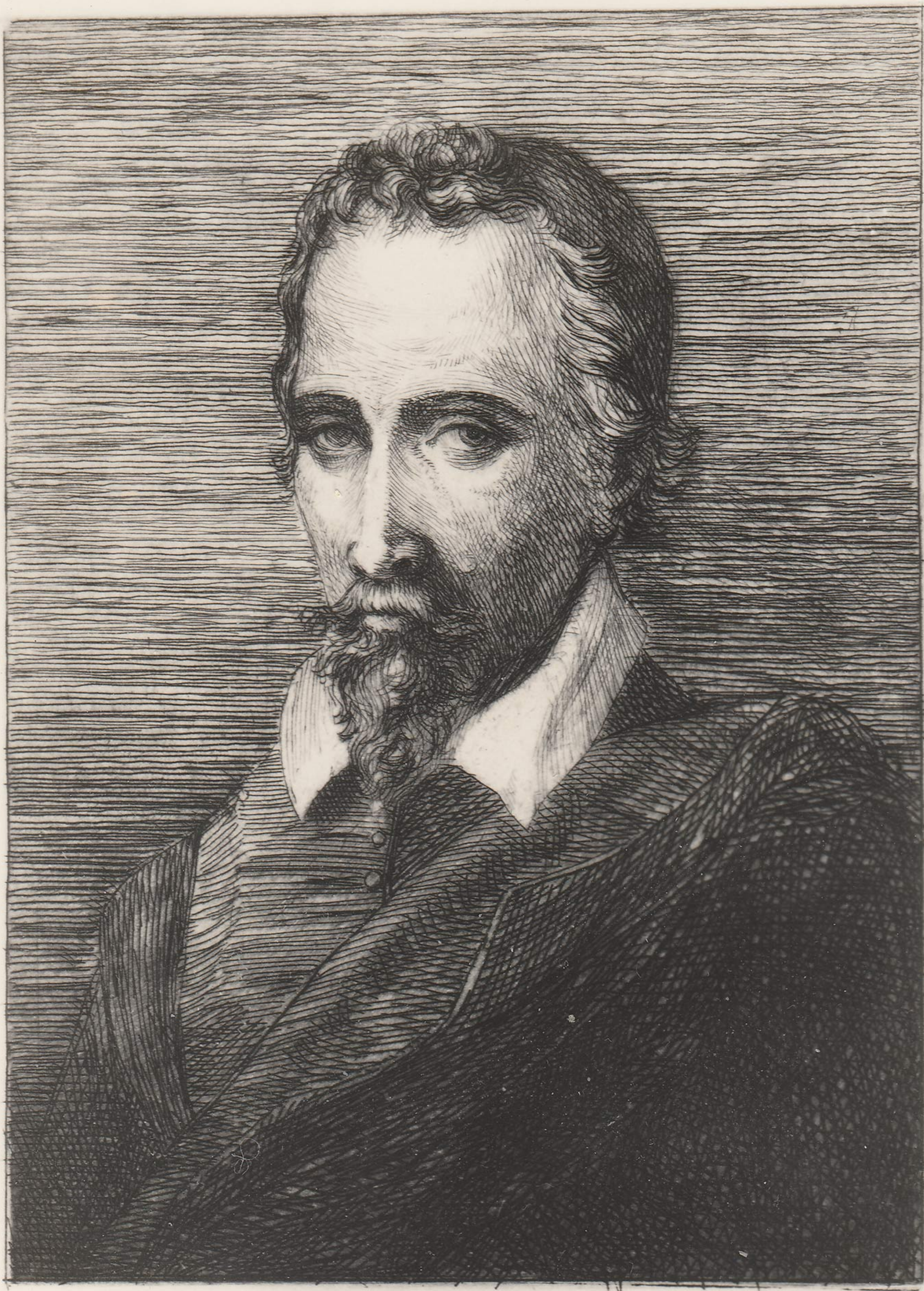
We now know this is because it picks up oxygen from the air.

With the suppression of Servetus' book, this discovery was lost for 140 years.

DISSOLVE TO PORTRAIT OF SERVETUS.

DISSOLVE TO TITLE:

THE END



Michel Sermetus