

King Peter the Cruel Screen Play By Santiago Sevilla

FADE-IN

1.EXT.ALFONSO' s CAMP BY THE ROCK OF GIBRALTAR -
MEDIUM SHOT - ALFONSO - DAY.

ALFONSO, age 39, clad in armour, talks aloud for his surrounding numerous soldiers to hear his harangue. His face is rather pale. While he speaks a number of soldiers fall to the ground and die, victims of the bubonic plague. One of them falls holding a colourful pennon on a long pole. Alfonso ignores them as he makes his speech.

ALFONSO

Algeciras we have conquered
yet Gibraltar we must vanquish.
The Rock again will be Spanish!
The battle has to be offered,
triumph gained, or defeat suffered.
The very fresh air from the sea,
and triumph we sense all to near,
spurn us to jubilee.
Finish we must this campaign.
¡Oh Saint James save our Spain!
¡Smother the moors under thee!

2.CLOSE-UP– the MESSENGER (sweating, with bulging eyes, and agitated....)

MESSENGER

(calling)

There is very bad news, my liege.
Beset we are by black death:
Under torment of illness and pain
is the whole coast of Spain.
Let us all go home again!

3. MEDIUM SHOT- ALFONSO

ALFONSO

Our God is a good catholic!
Already four generations
he is in command of our legions.
(CONTINUED)

Of last triumph, the conquest,
depends on our passionate zest:
Our last must be better than best!
Neither death, nor ugly sickness
should hinder our holy business.
On top of this rock superb
Victory! will be our tongs verb.
The human kind expects no less.

A number of knights, some twenty, clad in armour, cheer the king,
shouting:

KNIGHTS

Alfonso, Alfonso, save Spain!

4. WIDE SHOT – SOLDIERS (looking ill and hungry...)

SOLDIERS

(calling, one after the other)

1.

Of us soldiers, one of each three,
collapses in the arms of death.

2.

We have dug one thousand graves
by foot of this blood stained rock.
The pest ravages off our flock.

3.

In the rage of battle we don't fall,
but our armour, made of mail,
pierced by the bolt of pest, does fail.

4.

Honour lost in mad attrition,
we get Skeleton's derision!

There is some ghastly laughter among the soldiers and some jeer against
Alfonso...

ALFONSO

Never mind, courageous soldiers,
the scythe cuts in all the fields,
sooner or later each one yields.

(CONTINUED)

Neither through ducking or hiding,
could we, men, avoid abiding
by God's terminal desire.
Yet, as long as we respire
we must and can't but fight,
might only death with all its might
keep us from doing what is right.

MESSENGER
(producing a letter)

Lady Eleanor Guzman
told me: Deliver this letter.
Read it aloud. Sound is better.
The words have much more wingspan.
Thus I dare to read it to you:
“May God almighty bless your bread.
My kisses fly, love birds, to you.
Miss you, yearn for you, your children.
Their rosy cheeks are full with tears.
My salty eyes are blurry as well.
For you we long in sadness hell.
Always your name is on my tongue.
Please beloved, come home!
Till death do us part, yours I am,
Eleanor of Guzman”

ALFONSO
(pleasantly surprised)
Alas! Alas!

MESSENGER

Alas, my Lord, in the same tune
although rather more majestic,
your noble wife, our dear Queen,
mocking the playwright, writes:
Dear Alfonso, Husband, King,
may this letter, on its paper wing,
the message of my hearty love,
a vow for peace, this pearly dove,
to you, and to your army, bring.
(CONTINUED)

Your son, Prince Peter dear,
prays for your success in war,
in the bottom of his core,
you are the hero without fear,
with the triumphant spear...
Come back to me, to all of us,
we need you here, plus and plus.
Mary of Portugal

ALFONSO
(angrily)
Silly, stupid messenger,
buffoon, mad challenger,
I take your jokes not humourless,
or else, your body, riderless,
head off, would well endure the injure.
I neither enjoy my marriage,
nor pleasures with my paramour,
warfare only is my amour.
My children's ugly miscarriage,
deadly, will cause the disparage!

5.INT.WARTENT- MEDIUM SHOT – ALFONSO – EVENING
Accompanied by a few knights, ALFONSO enters his war tent both angry and sad, drinks a glass of red wine while getting rid of the armour, and suddenly, while watching himself in the mirror and seeing buboes in the armpits, exclaims:

ALFONSO

Look at thee, an old grape vine!
Under your armpits the grapes are fine,
they have lustily multiplied.
With death you are now supplied!
“fine diae”, oh God! is thy design.
It seems that I have lived my time
I have served you, God, no crime
at this point I may regret.
For departure I am all set.
Even death should be sublime!

ALFONSO reclines his head on his sword's cross, falls over it, and dies.

KNIGHTS

1.

Each third of us falls to black death.
The outmost unbelievable!
Our King lies irretrievable
after expiring his last breath
by this Rock unachievable.

2.

My liege, do You now understand
why we wanted to leave this land
and wait for the signs from high sky
or by crystal gazing, scry, scry,
divine best time well beforehand?

The knights put the body of Alfonso on a bier and carry him away for burial. We HEAR medieval music (DRUMS AND BELLS) and funeral chanting.

The Vengeance by MARY QUEEN MOTHER:

6.INT.HALLWAY IN CASTLE– MEDIUM SHOT - MARY QUEEN MOTHER- DAY. The hall is decorated with great tapestries. We hear happy music of lute. MARY QUEEN MOTHER, age 37, dressed in red, moves with elegance and gesticulates with both hands towards PETER, age 17.

MARY QUEEN MOTHER

The King is dead, long live the King !
Castile is yours, Sceptre, Crown and Ring.
All folk under your lions paw,
You are now master of the law.
Our foes you must kill with a fling
of your tail. Whole clan of Guzman
must be already on the run.
To death condemn Eleanor,
your father's haughty whore,
and all of her sons, spare none.

Five ladies in waiting, in colourful robes, accompany MARY and echoe her words:

LADIES IN WAITING

Your father's haughty whore!

PETER

(with an outward air of royal authority)

You have been reading my thought,
mother. Vengeance is my affair.
Blows from my mouth that chilly air:
Nemesis, the Gods afterthought
for whom should be rendered to nought.
I will hound those Guzman
and leave none of them alive.
The Bastards hive must not thrive.
Believe me. This is final ban.
I'll hunt them down to the last man.

MARY QUEEN MOTHER embraces her son, PETER with great affection.
He kisses her on the front head.

Death of ELEANOR:

7.EXT. OPEN FIELD ROAD – MEDIUM SHOT - ELEANOR – DAY
ELEANOR, age 38, prisoner between armed soldiers, looking sad and
tired, surprised by seeing her son FADRIQUE, age 18.

FADRIQUE

(desperate)

Mother! What a horrible surprise:
You caught by King's men enterprise?
God may free you from dark prison,
and the Queen's horrid malison.
The King our vengeance must appraise!

The soldiers tolerate the approach with curiosity, yet remain vigilant...

ELEANOR

(in tears)

My dear son, I am but lost.
To Talavera they take me.
Alas! I am the fallen tree:
Firewood to fight winter frost.
Flee away or face holocaust!
King Peter hates our noble breed.
He wants us all, to death to bleed.
You have to take refuge in France,
perchance, take the warrior's lance,
save Spain from misdeed and greed.

The SOLDIERS of PETER pull them apart and take ELEANOR to her punishment. When they finally arrive in Talavera, the sentence is about to be carried out:

8. EXT. INSIDE THE WALLS OF THE CASTLE -WIDE SHOT –
AFTERNOON

ELEANOR faces up to the CONSTABLE, age 50, a stern man in black.

CONSTABLE OF TALAVERA

Queen Mary of Portugal
wants to exert her reprisal:
She orders expurgation
for suffered humiliation:
You will die through flagellation,
and decapitation later.
Would like to be the abater
of such excessive punishment
by the new establishment.
Don't think I am your hater!

ELEANOR

(pale but resolute)

I wish my end to be quick.
There is only one death, many not.
This fact cannot change the despot!
My killing should be a simple trick,
with noble sword or broomstick.
Carry out my execution!

(CONTINUED)

I dream away in my delusion,
my mind is gone elsewhere.
Is it a dream, is it nightmare?
My king expects me with fanfare!

ELEANOR kneels down, and two soldiers armed with truncheons
beat her unconscious.

Then, the EXECUTIONER kills ELEANOR with the axe and exhibits her
head chopped off.

Mockery and Scorn by Peter the Cruel

9. INT. CASTLE HALLWAY – MEDIUM SHOT – MARY – DAY

MARY QUEEN MOTHER
(In most splendid clothes)
My king and son, your marriage,
obeys the Reason of State
and to an empire could be gate.
A French princess' heritage,
the golden dowry in her carriage
would place you as king of Europe:
Blanche of Bourbon be the stirrup,
to mount the Pyrenean horse.
Pope Clemens would endorse,
your palfrey's splendid gallop.

PETER

Dear mother, don't torment me!
I love a woman of Seville.
With Maria my sweet idyll,
is reason to be or not to be,
the glee of my eyes. My plea:
let me be free of such a bond
as marriage is. Let me abscond
from this royal obligation.
Paramour is my elation.
Let me roost at the back of beyond!

MARY QUEEN MOTHER

Dear Son, don't miss the occasion:
France should be your best ally.
Your might much would multiply.
Of powers, perfect equation!
Protection against invasion!
Your enemies: Aragon,
Navarre and Granada's moor,
your kingdom would respect for sure.
Beautiful Blanche of Bourbon
is convenient, you must reckon.

PETER

Mother, I am young and you are wise.
This wedlock may give me pleasure,
if the dowry is a great treasure.
Our kingdom to aggrandize,
perhaps, blessing in disguise
may be Blanche, the unknown princess.
In nation's chess is best, I guess,
to acquiesce to such concessions,
so accessing to new possessions:
Thus, to this marriage I say yes!
Don Fadrique, my half brethren,
to fetch Blanche at France's door,
may go as my ambassador,
safe and sound, as her paladin,
to me bring that sovereign virgin.
I wait to hear the sounding
of Toledo's great church bell
when arrives mademoiselle
to us, in her surrounding,
at her beauty all astounding.

10. EXT. PATIO IF THE CASTLE-WIDE SHOT-DAY

We HEAR the ringing sound of CHURCH BELLS.

BLANCHE, age 15, arrives accompanied by FADRIQUE. (CONTINUED)

PETER

My Lady Blanche, welcome! welcome!
Was your travel tiresome?
From your heirdom, the great dowry,
We haven't got penny's penury
Awesome!. Awesome for the kingdom!

BLANCHE

Yes, the trip was venturesome...
Yet, where is the great Dukedom,
you had so much promised for me?
From debts of love, you are not yet free!
Awesome!. Awesome for the kingdom!

PETER

Alas, Lady, we are even!
Your word is as bad, as mine.
Of each other, we are indign.
This is a duel uneven,
I rather myself confine!

BLANCHE

Confine to your concubine?
The Maria of Seville?
You go to her windowsill?
Notice well your head cervine...
Don Fadrique was divine!
Beware of your arrogance!
You will have to bow to France.
Even if I am worthless,
my king will defend my rightness
and chastise your vileness.

PETER

This is in no way farewell:
such a marriage would be hell.
Let us go we both asunder.
(CONTINUED)
The whole affaire is a blunder.

You repel, mademoiselle!

BLANCHE

Oh king, your word of honour,
is, no doubt, notorious whore,
payments you want, an no more.
I pray to Maria Madonna,
Queen Mother save my dishonour.

PETER

Stay, stay with my mother.
For me to ask, never bother.
I don't want this wedlock,
Would be the mock of the folk.
Marry my brother or other!

On his way out, PETER signals REBOLLEDO, his crossbow murderer, age 35, and tells him:

Rebolledo, your crossbow
keep, I command, at the ready
and your pulse slow and steady.
The more in my anger I grow,
the surer your accurate blow!

Love and Passion of Peter the Cruel for Maria de Padilla

11. INT.BEDROOM-MEDIUM SHOT-PETER, visits his paramour PADILLA, age 16, at her palace. It is decorated with plenty of flowers and a gobelin tapestry with the motive of the Unicorn.

PADILLA

Peter dear, finally here!
Your love for me barren, arid,
I thought you already married.
But back you are in my sphere.
Are you to me at all sincere?

PETER

Such a marriage of convenience,
tells historical experience,
follows reasons of state,
obeys neither love, nor hate:
Is common sense's miscreance!
It means big business with France,
great alliance, at a glance!
Yet I made no consummation
of the marriage with that nation.
No romance was that séance!

Princess Blanche remains confined
until her dowry is well defined,
and paid without dilation.
Yet I play with a temptation,
which still must be refined...
As for you, my love and passion,
are eternal in their fashion.
Let me kiss your silky lips,
cherish the shape of your hips,
get of love my deadly ration!

PADILLA

Until my bones are white and dry
beyond the dawn after doomsday
my love for you will not decay.
Come and dive into my river,
I'll refresh you from your fever!

1. INT.BEDROOM - CLOSEUP – DAY - PETER and his paramour PADILLA do like lovers do FOR SOME EXTENDED TIME.

Assassination of BLANCHE at the castle of Medina Sidonia.

13. EXT. GARDEN-MEDIUM SHOT-BLANCHE-DAY

At this time Blanche is 22 years old.

BLANCHE

(Joyous face)

Oh! What a beautiful garden.

A magic orangery!

The white, perfumed tree...

No heart at this sight can harden,
but like the lark sing free.

I want to forget my misfortune,
God with tears not to importune,
but in joy to vow for love,
like the doves which murmur above,
and harmonizing, attune.

BLANCHE SINGS with a marvellous voice, and dances....
Hiding behind a hedge, THE MURDERER REBOLLEDO

REBOLLEDO

Lady Blanche give up the ghost!

That is the kings command.

Aim well, crossbow, is my demand!

The heart midmost and innermost...

My bolt flies off. Perfect! I boast.

BLANCHE suffers grave injury and CRIES aloud

BLANCHE

Ah!, ah!

For such a wound there is no cure!

You killed me, Peter the Cruel.

Face now with France the duel.

War, famine, despair conjure....

Oh my god, take me secure!

BLANCHE gives up the ghost....NUNS come out into the garden and
CRY in grief, lamenting the death of BLANCHE.
The MURDERER escapes unnoticed, while uttering some words:

REBOLLEDO

(disgusting gesture)

This job is done, the next awaits:
Her lover Fadrique must wither!
Then both may well play the zither,
while king my work remunerates,
for murdering those mates he hates...

The murder of FADRIQUE

14. CASTLE PERGOLA – MEDIUM SHOT- PETER- DAY

In the Castle of Seville PETER, age 27, is sitting under an arcade of flowering vine, with him a number of men armed with hatchets and lances. FADRIQUE, age 28, approaches the group greeting the king with a profound bow of reverence.

PETER

(showing intense animosity)

Here comes the paladin
whom I trusted with my virgin!
Don Fadrique, do respond
why of Blanche you were so fond,
knowing it would bring your ruin?
Ready is your assassin...

FADRIQUE

(scared to death)

My liege, it's foolish hearsay.
I was of Blanche knight servant
of my duties well observant;
play or lay with her, the affray,
never dared such betray...

PETER

She confessed your paramour
to be, and called cervine
my crowned head. Divine
the time spent under your lure
in amorous sinecure.

You are condemned to death immediate.
Cut the traitor with the hatchet!

FADRIQUE

Are you killing your own brother?
Oh God, let him in hell smother!

The assassins, REBOLLEDO among them, cut FADRIQUE to a gruesome death.

The War between the Kings PETER I of Castile and Peter IV
KING OF ARAGON

15. EXT. THE WALL of the town of Cariñena-WIDE SHOT- KING OF ARAGON- DAY

A gathering of all citizens: women, children and men hear the king. Dogs linger away. Pigeons fly. Saddled horses in waiting. Armed knights in attendance.

KING OF ARAGON

(smiling and friendly)

My good people, through centuries
and numerous misadventures,
not in serfdom but in freedom,
you survived within my kingdom,
which to protect is good wisdom.
Are you willing to defend,
against king Peter the Cruel,
this town which is my crown jewel?
This war, I guess, is godsend
to put to that tyrant an end!

1.CITIZEN

To Zaragoza gateway
is Cariñena's bulwark.
Peter, oh! most cruel monarch
turn around and get away
or suffer of our sword the sway.

(CONTINUE)

2. CITIZEN

Famous well over the planet,
our walls are made of granite,
tougher than the Sogdian Rock,
too steep for the steinbok,
deadly for the obstinate!

KING OF ARAGON

Very brave and resolute
are you, sons of Aragon!
You deserve a golden pennon
on your lances, to salute
in belligerent dispute.
I pray: May God much bless you,
save you from treacherous coup,
renew your force every day!
Alas, I must again go away,
defence for the realm to pursue!

The CITIZENS of Cariñena acclaim the king with cheers, as he mounts his palfrey and leaves Cariñena to its own devices, followed by a number of knights.

15. EXT. BY THE WALLS OF CARIÑENA- WIDE SHOT- DAY

The ARMY of PETER arrives and a horrid siege begins. Catapults are brought in to throw huge stones into the town.

PETER

Surrender to me, evil town,
or else suffer punishment.
When I enter your emplacement,
and your defenses brake down,
frightful will be your abatement!

1. CITIZEN

Not a king you are, but monster;
a tyrant who kills your own brethren!
(CONTINUED)

2. CITIZEN

Don't enter our walls, bad sovereign,
or you will be slain by one soldier
perhaps knight, or simple youngster.

3. CITIZEN

May you pay for all the wrong
you have done your life along!

4. CITIZEN

Go and be damned with bad luck.
Go and suck the devil's guck.
Go to hell where you belong!

The ARMY of PETER surrounds Cariñena and after a terrific attack, climbs the walls, breaks and enters the gates, burns and loots, taking the main square and the whole town.

PETER

(on horse)

Cariñena you are defeated.
Crowned are your roofs with flames.
Judgment comes that blames and maims:
You have cheated, me maltreated,
traitors, now you must be bled!
To the world penalty exposes,
King imposes that be cut your noses,
making you all to scarecrows,
until the snoot perchance re-grows,
and your faces recomposes...

The executioner of Peter the Cruel, REBOLLEDO, and a number of other executioners cut off the noses of all CITIZENS, one after the other, lined up by the soldiers. There is great mournful wailing and lamentation.

1. CITIZEN

Cariñena is now defeated.
Crowned our roofs with flames.
Judgment comes that blames and maims:
We have fought, par force submitted,
the victor wants us to be bled...

2. CITIZEN

One by one he cuts our noses,
bloody to the world exposes,
of cruelty the ugliest show.
The snoots in our pennons will glow
as glorious metamorphoses!

The disfigured CITIZENS of Cariñena sing defiantly this choir again and again. The army of PETER is seen leaving the destroyed town.

Excommunication of PETER

16.INT. HALLWAY-MEDIUM SHOT- POPE -DAY

In the POPE' s Palace at Avignon. The POPE, age 42, sits in his throne in full use of his symbols of power and regalia.

POPE INNOCENT

Great kings of France and Aragon,
I have asked you to Avignon
to face a mortal challenge:
Sacred commandment to infringe,
the murder of Blanche of Bourbon,
has dared king Peter the Cruel.
We must put an end to this gruel!
This dragon, this evil scorpion
must be mashed with the truncheon,
to enable a renewal!

KING OF ARAGON (age 33)

True indeed, Your Holiness,
King Peter' s wicked godlessness,
has made him into murderer
and Castile' s tyrant torturer.
For the war we all must harness!

(CONTINUED)

KING CHARLES OF FRANCE (age 24)

I received the worst offence,
the aggravation was immense!
France's knights must go to war
against this outrage we abhor.
Hence the battle can commence!

HENRY (age 29)

I am the oldest heir in Castile.
I must deal with this ordeal.
Let me, I pray, command the forces,
Spain will grant me the resources,
to move of war the wheel!

BERTRAND (age 42)

In Castile the monarch to restore,
Leave to Henry lead the war.
French knights are ready in Perpignan
the biggest warrior caravan,
the world has never seen before.

POPE INNOCENT

(solemnly)

I speak excommunication
against whom assassination
has committed: Peter the King,
Castile's tyrannical nestling.
I advocate his damnation!

The kings kiss the ring on the hand of the POPE and leave the Hallway.

16.EXT. OPEN COUNTRY-WIDE SHOT-DAY

An army of thirty thousand men crosses through Aragon and enters
Castilian territory under the command of HENRY and BERTRAND.
The army has foot soldiers armoured with cuirass and helmet, and knights
in full etched and gilded armour.

(CONTINUES)

17.INT. CATHEDRAL- WIDE SHOT- DAY

In Calahorra HENRY is crowned king. The people cheer him up and jeer against PETER, wishing him death..

HENRY

Until when, my dear people,
must we endure Peter's terror?
It would be capital error
to let him reign from high steeple,
turning Spain into a cripple.
Royal is my bastard's blood,
me made God of the same mud,
as all the preceding kings,
only wider are my wings,
and sharper my warring spud.
By command of nature's law
I am now the lion's paw
to tear apart our enemy
and end an age of infamy.
Peter the Cruel I outlaw!

The people of Calahorra y and the nobles show support for HENRY.
The army marches on in pursue of PETER.

Death and Burial of PADILLA.

18.EXT.GARDEN- MEDIUM SHOT- PETER-DAY

PETER (age 29) arrives at his castle in Seville and finds his beloved PADILLA, dead (age 26) in the garden. He is surrounded by knights and servants. Peter embraces the body of dead PADILLA, a pale beauty...

PETER

My heart is torn apart by thy defunctness!
As well as my love for thee was sempiternal,
Maria, I guessed wrong thou were eternal.
Goddess, I say, are not subject to illness,
nor death, this horrible state of lividness,
the leaden pallor of thou black eyes, the less.
(CONTINUED)

And yet thou hands touch me now most hibernal,
thy gentle ghost, thy soul, gives me no signal
for me to know that thou, my love, still exist.
Bring in a saint, a magician exorcist!
I need with this deceased communicate!
Oh cruel God, for any help is now to late!
What can I, king, do, to assuage the rage of fate?
¿Raise perchance my angry fist? Tears? I desist!

PETER pauses and later, thoughtfully, he states:

Which are of this distraught passion the remains?
This fortress I built as hint of paradise.
For Maria its gardens, roses in her praise,
all the plants in love to whom now death enchains.
The transparent waters which fountain contains
were they not toys in her hands so tepid nice?
Each cypress' shadow for minding her suffice,
and the aroma in the air her soul entrains.
For me is now time to search for proper death.
I bless occasion of blood and mutilation,
hope in battle to expire my last breath.
I pray for wealth to my Spanish nation.
May it unite in all it's length and breadth.
To fight for it, my highest obligation!

PETER brings the body of PADILLA to the chapel for her interment.
We HEAR medieval funeral music and chanting.

King Peter at Corunna. Alliance with the Black Prince

19. EXT. CASTLE TOWER-WIDE SHOT-AFTERNOON

At the Castle of Corunna overlooking the raging sea, PETER is in a dilemma...

PETER
(doubtful)
Count Ferrante, dear old friend,
You have witnessed my disgrace,
You, the only loyal to embrace
me at long journey's bitter end...
To posterity I commend
your very noble example.
(CONTINUED)

For gratitude, time is ample,
and sure I will with you comply.
Don't your good advise to me deny.
I'll be towards your wisdom, humble...
My half brother, bastard Henry,
with the support of all France
has made a relentless advance.
Him supports all citizenry,
and a great force of weaponry...

FERRANTE (age 35)

(faithful)

Your worst enemies contain
can the Prince of Aquitaine,
Edward, also Prince of Wales;
oblige them all to turn their tails,
and the strain of bad luck detain.
My liege, embark and leave the port.
You will find him at Bordeaux.
This diamond upon him bestow,
ask for his princely support,
and offer him duchy in rapport.

PETER

(resolute)

With your counsel I agree.
Count Ferrante, I go to sea.
My two daughters I do entrust
to your shield and heart robust,
to you, my only true trustee!

PETER, with a gesture, invites his two lovely daughters:
BEATRICE , age 13, and CONSTANCE, age 12, to approach him and
puts them symbolically in the hands of Ferrante.

20. EXT. SEA SHORE-MEDIUM SHOT-PETER – NIGHT

PETER enters a sailing vessel and leaves Corunna in stormy weather.

War between, on one side, PETER and EDWARD against HENRY and a French army under BERTRAND, on the other side.

21.EXT.OPEN COUNTRY-WIDE SHOT- TELLO

Riding a magnificent white charger, TELLO, age 30, boasts with confidence...

TELLO

Now we face the greatest war:
English arms, and Muslim riders,
Castile menaced by outsiders!
Our anger makes us roar and soar,
the ancient order to restore.
Death's hatcher and incubator,
Peter is the greatest traitor!
In battle ground and backwater,
let us dare the greatest slaughter,
each of us, exterminator!

HENRY(age 34)
(riding a grey palfrey)
Peter's raving cruelty
knows no limit or extreme:
My twin, with his blood-letting beam,
he tortured to death. Fealty,
caused Fadrique's casualty.
And Cariñena's defiance
brought Peter's ugliest vengeance:
He cut all citizen's noses
which now this pennon exposes
in fame's splendid luminance.
Look at him across the river,
surrounded by dark English knights.
In golden armour Peter fights.
Thousand arrows from their quiver
British archers will deliver.
Could that be a Spanish king?
One English, and one Moorish wing?
Foreigners for him do battle!
In what language does he prattle?
He is an alien fosterling!
(CONTINUED)
On our side the French are, true!

Revenge they must the deadly coup,
of whom poor Blanche of Bourbon slew.
Men, let me greet Monsieur Bertrand
who today vanguard will command.
He is Europe's greatest warrior
against him no use is barrier,
like a bolt he dashes through.
The English sure he will subdue
under his rapacious rapier.

BERTRAND, age 47, the dwarfish knight is cheered up by the troops, who admire him.

BERTRAND

Brothers in arms, I greet you!
Overhead a great eagle flew!
That is a sign of victory
over king Peter's felony.
To the fight I make debut!

BERTRAND heads the charge of the French knights across the marshes of the river Najera.
The opposing ARMIES are ready for battle. On the other side of the river Najera...

PETER (age 33)
(riding a white charger)
Finally we come together
both enemies to do battle...
Better than the throne, the saddle!
Under such splendid weather,
holding reins of plaited leather,
the heart throbbing under armour,
the sword rattling in soft tremor,
one feels the true pleasure of life.
Prince Edward let us start the strife!
Hears thou not the warriors clamour?
(CONTINUED)

EDWARD (age 37)
(riding a black stallion)
Wait, good king, for them to charge,
let them cross the marsh at large.
My archers will their horse transpierce.
Thou may then confront them fierce,
wounded, will they not recharge.
Trust the strength of British lances,
they will hold the middle ground.
Round and round the opponents hound,
so no chance they have to advance,
until we defeat Spain and France.

PETER

I have fought so many wars
Yet your tactics are superior.
All enemy your inferior!
Of your triumphs many scores,
France one more today deplores.

EDWARD

We have had enough chitchat.
Let us now commence combat.
Archers hear, you have free hand!
Lancers, do wait for my command,
when to hunt over wide flatland!

The archers release thousands of arrows over the advancing French and Spanish cavalry. Before they can strike a blow, most of these knights are gravely wounded...

22.EXT.MEDIUM SHOT-BERTRAND-DAY

The battleground is marshes and grassland surrounded by trees, close to the town and by the river named Najera. BERTRAND pauses to exclaim:

BERTRAND

The sky is darkened by arrows,
like we saw never before.
(CONTINUED)

There is of wounded galore!
Around us, battleground narrows.
With much pikes and lances harrows
our forces the tough enemy.
Men don't defraud me. Infamy!
Let us advance! The last chance
for a glorious performance,
don't let by, mes chers amis!

With the help of his KNIGHTS and foot SOLDIERS, BERTRAND battles on and on. The ground is covered with wounded KNIGHTS and SOLDIERS.

1. SOLDIER OF CASTILE

On the blackest of palfreys,
the Black Prince, the Prince of Wales,
goes along, with his black lance,
whom him he faces by mischance;
pennon swings with his entrails,
while king Peter with an axe
cuts the heads of all his foes,
for their guts to feed the crows.

2. SOLDIER OF CASTILE

Let us cleave him through the thorax
to reach battle's final climax!

23.EXT.OPEN BATTLEFIELD-MEDIUM SHOT-DAY

The two armies come into close combat. The SPANISH CAVALRY comes under a hail of arrows, while trying to encircle the ENGLISH. TELLO suffers hits by many arrows.

TELLO

Bristled with arrows are the horse,
my stallion is bleeding to death!
Run, run, run, while you breathe a breath!
For eternal shame and remorse,
I take, like coward, escape course!

TELLO retires from the fighting followed by other wounded KNIGHTS.

HENRY

Tello, brother, you defeated?
Why your forces have retreated?
On other horse be reseated!
Don't disgrace by cowardice,
of our name, the benefice!

TELLO overhears him and flees behind the fighting lines.

HENRY

These cowards in disregard,
let us charge, the rearguard!
Follow my Castilian banner,
fight or die in hero's manner,
Unsheathe the swords, and strike hard!

In the vanguard, BERTRAND finds himself surrounded by the English lances and crossbows.

BERTRAND

Weakly knight, Don Tello, fool,
of true war, you missed the school!
Had you freed me from my foes,
would I face all these crossbows?
I give up, surrender! Stay cool!

BERTRAND offers his rapier to EDWARD.

HENRY

Ah, Bertrand, you do surrender!
And with you two thousand more...
The day is lost, I must withdraw!
As offender and pretender,
Peter will me to death render.
(CONTINUED)

In France I must take succour
from my brethren, the bloodsucker.
In due time I must return,
at my turn, him overturn,
and then kill the mother fucker!

Henry II, disengages from battle and gallops away towards the limits with
France where he takes refuge.

PETER

Our enemies are vanquished!
They try now to run away.
Prince of Wales, we won the day!
Flags of triumph be now brandished...
Du Guesclin his head must shed!
This vile French mercenary
known as most sanguinary
in all land under the sky,
I demand by that he must die.
Punishment is necessary!

EDWARD

Conducting war as a business,
which should cover its own cost,
wins ransom over holocaust.
Would this midget go headless,
I would have a million less!
For each noble prisoner
gold will ask the reckoner.
So, good king, thou will excuse
that thine justice I abuse,
idling the executioner.

With corpses is covered the field
the river, of death has a dike;
punishment was that, if thou like.
Knights which to death had to yield,
their names thou may read off their shield...

PETER nods, but his face expresses great disappointment...

Henry II returns later to Castile to wage war again.

24. EXT. CITY WALLS OF BURGOS-MEDIUN SHOT-DAY

HENRY arrives on a white charger at the walls of Burgos, from France and Aragon, heading an army of seven thousand foot soldiers and one thousand knights. With him BERTRAND who has been ransomed by the king of France.

HENRY

Hear, hear citizens!
Open of Burgos the gate.
For freedom is never too late.
I'm here to free you from prison,
and offer lucky horizon.

The heavy doors of the city are opened.

HENRY

Let me invite you to regain
Toledo and the rest of Spain.
Let us fight against king Peter
asking God to be the arbiter
to establish who should reign.

1. CITIZEN OF BURGOS

We want you to brake the chain.
God will you as king ordain!

2. CITIZEN OF BURGOS

Drink our water, eat our bread.
Before warring and bloodshed,
rest your bones in a soft bed.

3. CITIZEN IF BURGOS

With you we intend to regain
Toledo and the rest of Spain.

4. CITICEN OF BURGOS

King Peter went to Seville,
ignoring your threat and peril
of retaking his domain!

HENRY

Many thanks! Many thanks to you!

The soldiers and the people of Burgos mingle and feast together....

25.EXT.CASTLE OF SEVILLE-MEDIUM SHOT-DAY

MESSENGER arrives on Arabian horse, dismounts and bows
before PETER (age 35) who dwells with his two daughters, Constance and
Beatrice in the castle's garden. Together with him also a number of Knights
and ladies of his court.

MESSENGER

My liege, Toledo is under siege
of your bastard brother Henry,
all the Jews and gentile gentry
in turn beseech you to besiege
the invader; his menace diverge!

PETER

As soon as I turn my back,
bastard Henry is on my track,
to sack and ransack the country.
Dear Toledo must be free!
I'll destroy this devil's pack!
I want at once a great force:
Together Christian and Moor,
Henry's danger to conjure.
Each Arab or Spanish horse,
for all supplies, take recourse!
My friend, the king of Granada,
with a myriad of brave rider,
will support me against the invader.
(CONTINUES)
So the Arab and the crusader
will in my war be the raider!

26.EXT. CITY OF SEVILLE- MEDIUM SHOT- SOLDIERS-DAY
There is great pre-war activity: Horses, arms, and food supplies are gathered by SOLDIERS. Later PETER appears heading an enormous army, setting off towards the highland of La Mancha, and Montiel...

The Battle of Montiel

27.HIGHLAND – MEDIUM SHOT – BERTRAND (age 49) – DAY

BERTRAND

(riding a brown horse)

Peter comes with a great force,
so I hear from a good spy.
The king in front, a lonesome guy;
far behind foot soldiers, packhorse,
even knights ride afar divorced!
Let us hurry swift to face him,
and his body guards of Muslim.
The farther he may be ahead
the nearer would he, to be dead.
Time, in fast gallop, we must trim!

HENRY (age 36)

(riding a grey charger)

In a day we are at Montiel
There it should be Peter's hell!
Yes, speed must be our aim.
For me it means the endgame,
brethren cruel to expel!

KNIGHTS

(choir)

In a day we are at Montiel.
Ring for battle farewell bell!
Remember the loved one,
when to fight you all outrun,
and the most famous excel!

The ARMY of knights on horseback headed by HENRY and BERTRAND set in rapid motion across the grassland where numerous SHEEP are pasturing.

Later the French companies of BERTRAND as well as the Castilian KNIGHTS of HENRY are waiting ready to attack the vanguard of PETER, whereof he himself is at the head.

PETER is caught by surprise by the charge and must withdraw fighting his way to the Castle of Montiel.

28. INT. HALLWAY – MEDIUM SHOT – PETER - DAY

PETER

(taking off his helmet)

Albeit covered in sweat and blood,
only by sake of Saint George,
into castle could we forge.

Like the hare we had to scud!

Yet to eat, or drink or cud
there is nothing to be found.

Only rats and mice abound.

Before early auroral dawn

if not by a warn forlorn,

flee we must, my friends, westbound!

PETER counts now only with twelve Knights as his royal guard....

These knights surround Peter and cheer him up CALLING

KNIGHTS

God save the king! God save the king!

29. EXT. CLOSEUP-BEGUE DE VILLAINES- EARLY DAWN

The Castle of Montiel has only one way out. BEGUE DE VILLAINES, (age 35) a captain in the French Companies of BERTRAND, is guarding that escape route. PETER, FERRANTE, and the English knights Ralph Helme, James Roland and a few more, twelve in number, at early dawn try to pass, riding by, unnoticed...

(CONTINUES)

BEGUE DE VILLAINES

What steps I hear near?
The enemies escape, I fear!
Speak out the pass parole,
or be killed if passed the goal!
Bring a light! Who does appear?

PETER

My good knight, I am forlorn!
As would be king, I was once born,
and king I am, Peter the Cruel.
Lost I have the warring duel.
You take my sword. I don't suborn,
yet I ask grace to be ransomed,
as ransomed was monsieur Bertrand.

BEGUE DE VILLAINES

King Peter, your wish is command,
which I completely understand,
and to my mind it is most welcome.

BEGUE DE VILLAINES accepts the surrender of PETER. He and his companions are taken inside a war tent to wait for HENRY and BERTRAND to meet the royal prisoner.

30. INT. WAR TENT – HENRY – DAY

Some time later enter HENRY with BERTRAND and Count Roquebertin.

HENRY

Who is here Peter king?
Hate and death for him I bring!

PETER

Your rightful monarch and lord!
Bastard, give me back my sword,
or do you intend to murder me,
defenceless on my knee?

HENRY

Your offence killing my mother,
makes naught of the common father;
enemies to the death, rather!
Take your dagger or poniard
like I. God save the less coward!

PETER

The less bastard, you should say,
and be this a glorious day!

PETER and HENRY attack each other frontally. Fighting fiercely they fall to the ground and roll in desperate effort, clad in armour as they are. In the end HENRY cleaves his dagger in Peter's face. Bleeding profusely from his pierced eye, PETER is about to die.

His two guarding KNIGHTS Ralph Helme and James Roland are killed by Roquebertin and Begue de Villaines in close encounter.

PETER

Blind I am and sure to die...
Swear to me that you wont lie:
Respect, protect my two daughter
will you, after finished the slaughter?

HENRY

I swear that both shall be Queens!

PETER dies and is beheaded by his own brother.

21.EXT.CASTLE – PETER – DAY

PETER 's head is put into a cage and exhibited to the world at the entrance of the Castle of Montiel.

FADE OUT