

Nike's Last Stand  
by  
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FADE IN:

TITLES OVER AN ANCIENT MAP OF THE ROMAN EMPIRE

OPENING TITLE CARD 1

Since Alexander the Great founded Alexandria in 332 B.C., Egypt was ruled by the Greek ancestors of Cleopatra. By defeating Mark Anthony and Cleopatra in 30 B.C., Augustus Caesar brought "Hellenized" or Greek Egypt under the control of the Roman Empire.

OPENING TITLE CARD 2

As with other Roman provinces, Alexandrians could worship their local God, Serapis, as long as they honored the divine Emperors. For worshipping only one God, Jews and Christians were brutally persecuted.

OPENING TITLE CARD 3

In 313 A.D., persecution of Christians was outlawed by Emperor Constantine's Edict of Milan. But with dozens of gospels and denominations to choose from, many found it hard to understand competing Christian doctrines.

OPENING TITLE CARD 4

In 325 A.D., Constantine convened the Council of Nicea to create an official Bible and to unify church and state under a Christian God. Although history tells us Nicene or Catholic orthodoxy eventually triumphed, fourth century "Christological" debates were fought with bribery, assassination, or street brawls between rival gangs of monks.

TITLE OVER:

"Alexandria, Egypt. December 24th, 391 A.D."

EXT. PHAROS ISLAND -- LIGHTHOUSE -- NIGHT

City lights, music, and sounds of revelry dance across the tranquil harbor towards the Lighthouse of Alexandria, one of the Seven Wonders of the Ancient World.

Thirty stories tall, half its height is the tapering square base, like the Statue of Liberty. The next quarter is octagonal and its roof forms an observation deck with railing.

Rising from the center of the observation deck, a colonnaded rotunda is topped off by a colossal statue of Poseidon. From inside the rotunda, a bonfire's light is reflected by a slowly rotating mirror and beams 30 miles into the Mediterranean, across the harbor and city, then again, out to sea.

The Lighthouse commands the entrance to the half-moon harbor formed by the Pharos island, connecting jetty to the right (or west), and the bustling waterfront across the harbor.

Next to the jetty, ships are docked in front of rows of storage warehouses. Sailors and women frolic around improvised bonfires on the wharf.

Directly across from the Lighthouse, two white obelisks, colorfully painted with hieroglyphics, guard the entrance to the walled-off Plaza of the Great Church, a classical temple similar to the Lincoln Memorial.

To the left (or east,) ruins of buildings are interspersed with official buildings and wealthy manors.

EXT. WATERFRONT IN FRONT OF THE PRISON -- NIGHT

Naked carolers wearing red felt caps stumble arm in arm down the waterfront and past the prison.

(Note: "The elves' cap" or pileus (pl. pilei) was worn by emancipated slaves for 51 weeks of the year. During Saturnalia week, pilei were worn by slaves, freedmen, and masters to symbolize everyone's temporary equality.)

Roman Soldiers in front of the prison ignore the carolers and their drunken singing.

Bars rising only a foot above the level of the cobblestone street can't contain the sounds of WHIPS AND SCREAMS.

When a straggler amongst the carolers bends down to investigate, a soldier spansks him with the flat of his sword. The straggler runs to rejoin his comrades.

At a wealthy home near the prison, they stop to serenade a second story window.

INT. AARON'S HOUSE -- SIMULTANEOUS

DOCTOR COHEN 50's, a wealthy Jewish physician, lies in bed with his wife, AARON'S STEPMOTHER, a Jewish woman in her late 30's.

They lie awake, trying to sleep despite the noise below.

DOCTOR COHEN

And I say it's the sleep that matters -  
not the principle.

DOCTOR COHEN tosses some coins down into the street.

IN THE STREET

CAROLERS

Yo, Saturnalia!

The carolers gather the coins and continue on.

BACK TO SCENE

DOCTOR COHEN

Yo, Saturnalia! Now go bother someone else!  
(closes shutters)

AARON'S STEPMOTHER

Saturnalia? We're Jews.

DOCTOR COHEN

Not after today. We're converting.

AARON'S STEPMOTHER

What?

DOCTOR COHEN

Would you rather move to India like the Pagans or be burned at the stake like the eunuchs?

(NOTE: "Natural eunuchs" were men who were not physically castrated but declined sex with women (i.e., gay men.))

AARON'S STEPMOTHER

(after a silence)

We're Roman citizens. A massacre of Jews couldn't happen again.

DOCTOR COHEN

That's what we said under Caligula, Trajan, and Hadrian.

AARON'S STEPMOTHER

Where is that son of yours? I asked him to talk sense into Jacob.

DOCTOR COHEN

Good. Jacob could learn a lot from him. Aaron was quite the actor before his mother died.

AARON'S STEPMOTHER

So?

DOCTOR COHEN

We'll all be acting the soon enough.

More faint WHIPPING AND SCREAMING comes from the basement window of the prison.

A BLACKBIRD lands outside the basement prison window.

INT. PRISON -- NIGHT -- CONTINUOUS

In several adjacent torture rooms, prisoners scream as they're whipped or stretched on racks.

HYPATIA is chained face down on one of them.

She is a 20 YO Greek beauty: mathematician, musician, teacher and philosopher.

Her exposed back is a shredded, bloody mess. She has a PENTAGRAM TATTOO on her lower back.

CYRIL leads the inquisition. He's an ethnically Greek man in his early 20's. He wears a black monk's habit and wooden crucifix around his neck.

Two obese clergymen in purple vestments sit at a table transcribing the interrogation. They look bored.

Cyril shows a PORNOGRAPHIC DOODLE of Hypatia to her. It is signed "thinking of you, Hypatia."

CYRIL

She admits to drawing it. So the prisoner now stand accused of:

CLERGYMAN

(reading a transcript)

- bewitching the monks at the Temple of Serapis. Kidnapping a baby for a Blood Sabbath with Jews. And rousing the Museum's students to riot. How plead you?

HYPATIA

I deny it all. And why would I?

CYRIL

To revive Pagan ways.

HYPATIA

I'm an Arian Christian.

CYRIL

Arianism is a heresy of Goths and eunuchs. Jesus can't be considered inferior to God the Father.

HYPATIA

Must you be so literal?

CYRIL

Teach the Nicene creed. Your students will follow you.

A stomachs GROWLS and the clergymen look at each other.

CLERGYMAN

Brother Cyril, perhaps she'll see more clearly in the morning?

CYRIL

If she can bear this, you can be late for a Saturnalia feast.

Cyril takes a GOBLET OF WINE out of the clergyman's hand and splashes it on Hypatia's back, causing her to wince.

CYRIL (CONT'D)

Enlighten us with your Gnostic or Platonic philosophies. If God didn't make the universe, who did?

HYPATIA

The answer to explain everything -  
explains nothing.

The prison guards and clergymen sigh in unison.

CYRIL

Bring me the Jew.

PRISON GUARD

Which one?

CYRIL

The physician, Aaron.

In the corridor outside, a line of shackled and beaten young men are wearing togas, yarmulkes and even women's clothing.

Among them is SAINT AUGUSTINE, a charismatic man in his 30's, a smooth-talker but panic-stricken now.

SAINT AUGUSTINE

Brother Cyril, I wish to renounce my  
Pagan sins. You owe me that much.  
Flavius would agree.

CYRIL

Hold your tongue or he'll be holding  
it for you.

(gestures to a guard)

Remember your sacred oath.

(holds an index finger  
to his lips)

The guards bring in AARON, bloodied and bruised.

AARON, Jewish man in his 20's, facetious as he is fastidious.

AARON

The girls miss you at the tavern.  
It's Cyril again, isn't it?

Cyril punches Aaron in the mouth.

AARON (CONT'D)

What kind of monster orders his own  
lover burned at the stake?

CYRIL

Faith redeems me. Christ washes  
away my impure thoughts.

Cyril puts his foot on Aaron's neck presses down hard.

CYRIL (CONT'D)

Well? Is this the Jew's last night  
with the living?

Hypatia looks into Cyril's eyes, then into Aaron's eyes.

The clergymen's pens hover above the paper as they transcribe.

A beautiful woman dressed in a flowing white toga appears as  
an apparition, but only to Hypatia.

This is HYPATIA'S MOTHER. She looks like the GODDESS ISIS and an energy field projects out from the base of her spine.

HYPATIA'S MOM  
(sound FX filter)  
You promised me.

HYPATIA  
(to apparition)  
But I'm happy to die now.

CYRIL  
If that's your answer. God help  
your soul.

Cyril gestures and the prison guard raises his sword to decapitate her.

FADE TO WHITE:

FADE IN (TITLE OVER):

"December 20th, 391 A.D...The 12th year of EMPEROR THEODOSIUS' reign - four days ago."

EXT. LIBRARY OF ALEXANDRIA -- DAY

A BLACKBIRD lands on the roof of the Library, a classical edifice like the Parthenon of Athens.

The Library, statuary gardens, and the Temple of Serapis (or SERAPHEUM), comprise the acropolis and all have a commanding view of the bustling port city below.

Near the entrance to the library, a mob of MONKS IN BLACK ROBES chant and protest. Roman soldiers push them back with large rectangular shields.

Standing on the steps of the library, she shakes her head with pity. She takes a deep breath and strides towards the mob.

As she walks through the Roman soldiers and into the mob, a few of the monks spit on her. Many are young teenagers.

Hypatia heads towards the six young students waiting by the fountain in front of the Library.

HYPATIA  
But you're sure he's coming?

PAGAN STUDENT  
Yes, teacher.

HYPATIA  
Well...the Museum is where you'll study the Muses for the next four years. Who can name all nine?

Students hands go up. Hypatia nods to the student wearing the crucifix around his neck.

CHRISTIAN STUDENT  
Calliope-

HYPATIA

With titles, please.

CHRISTIAN STUDENT

Calliope...Epic song. Euterpe...lyric  
song. Clio...history. And  
Urania...astronomy. I'm nervous-

The NAIVE STUDENT runs up in a disheveled state. Hypatia  
nods to reassure him.

Hypatia points to the Pagan Student who wears a pentagram  
around his neck.

PAGAN STUDENT

- Melpone...tragedy. Polyhymnia...  
sacred song. Terpsichore...dance.  
Thalia...Comedy and low poetry.  
(has eight fingers up)  
And what's the last one?

NAIVE STUDENT

(breathless and sweaty)  
Erato - erotic poetry. Is that water?

The Naive Student snatches a cup from the Pagan student. He  
tilts it up for one measly drop.

The group laughs and Hypatia leads them towards the library.

HYPATIA

I promise you'll all return to your  
corners of the Empire well versed  
with at least eight.

As they approach the protesting monks, the students huddle  
closer together.

HYPATIA (CONT'D)

Keep your eyes forward and never let  
them rouse your passions. You have  
a right to an education.

The soldiers clear a path for the students.

As the students pass, monks spit on them and shove against  
the troops' shields.

Leading them is BROTHER AMMONIUS, bodybuilder and brute in  
his 30's. By his side is AMMONIUS' SIDEKICK, a teenager.

BROTHER AMMONIUS

(menacingly)  
We only need one book now, brothers.

PAGAN STUDENT

And you can't even read that one.

BROTHER AMMONIUS lunges at the Pagan student.



INT. LIBRARY OF ALEXANDRIA -- DAY

Bas-reliefs, statues and busts of scholars adorn the walls. Murals, tapestries and paintings also decorate the great hall where students of all ethnicities read books and scrolls.

The shelves are lined with scrolls and books too numerous to count.

Hypatia's tour group passes two WISEGUY STUDENTS.

WISEGUY #1

(whispered)

I don't care if she is the head of the Math and Philosophy departments. That is a waste. Why does a woman who looks like that even learn to read?

WISEGUY #1 shows a doodle to WISEGUY #2 who cackles.

Hypatia stops to face them.

HYPATIA

May we share in your joke?  
(takes the paper and shows it)

Hypatia holds out her hand until she gets the doodle. It shows a large-breasted and naked Hypatia tied to a pentagram.

HYPATIA (CONT'D)

I am disappointed, Gaius. Lucius.  
(an intimidating stare)

Hypatia takes their quill and draws a new doodle.

She signs it for them: "Thinking of you, Hypatia."

She compares doodles for her students who laugh with Hypatia.

HYPATIA (CONT'D)

He neglects the golden ratio on the lower two points. And look at my proportions, even allowing for hyperbole. How would I walk upright?

Hypatia leads on, leaving the Wiseguys to fight over her doodle.

CHRISTIAN STUDENT

You should have punished them.

HYPATIA

Our Museum is for free thinkers.

NAIVE STUDENT

How many did you say?

HYPATIA

Well over 500,000.

The group reaches a table where Hypatia's four friends, all students in their 20's, informally debate.

- 1) ORESTES, virile straight-shooter, is HYPATIA'S BOYFRIEND.
- 2) SYNESIUS OF CYRENE is soft spoken, diminutive scholar.
- 3) AARON, the young Jewish doctor from the prison scene.
- 4) AEDESIUS THE ARISTOCRAT is a haughty youth of elitist upbringing.

HYPATIA (CONT'D)  
Oh, and leave all books for Hierax  
to refile. Look.

HIERAX THE LIBRARIAN, 50's and creepy, admonishes a student.

HYPATIA (CONT'D)  
The original was written in the time  
of Pharaoh Akenaton-

NAIVE STUDENT  
Two thousand years ago?

HYPATIA  
We have older. There, astronomy.  
Mathematics. Poetry. Here, languages.

The Naive Student picks up a cup, smells it, then drinks.

Hypatia takes the cup out of his hand and puts it down.

HYPATIA (CONT'D)  
Learn enough Coptic to ask for the  
bathroom. And drink only water that's  
been boiled.

PAGAN STUDENT  
Why?

AARON  
- You don't want to be like Bishop  
Arius. His bowels exploded during  
his inaugural parade.

NAIVE STUDENT  
(gagging)  
Is your water so dangerous?

ORESTES  
His wine was poisoned by Bishop  
Athanasius for challenging the Nicene  
Creed.

CHRISTIAN STUDENT  
We wouldn't need Coptic if these  
monkeys could learn Greek or Latin.

A COPTIC (Black African of Ethiopian ancestry) scholar shakes his head, stands and walks away when he hears the remark.

SYNESIUS OF CYRENE  
(whispered)  
We're the newcomers. When in Egypt...

AEDESIUS THE ARISTOCRAT  
 ...do as the Romans do. Did everyone  
 bring a Nicene bible?

Some of the students laugh but others look uneasy.

PAGAN STUDENT  
 We came to study science and  
 philosophy, not superstition.

HYPATIA  
 A little philosophy promotes atheism.  
 Devoted study can only lead back to  
 God.

PAGAN STUDENT  
 (to Christian Student)  
 How can Christ be eternally created  
 yet not created...of the same  
 substance as the father yet distinct  
 and not commingled? It's pure  
 sophistry.

AEDESIUS THE ARISTOCRAT  
 Render unto Caesar what is  
 Caesar's...unless you want to feel a  
 boot on your neck.

Aedesius flips a coin into the Pagan Student's hand. It  
 shows a Christian Roman Emperor (holding a crucifix) standing  
 on the body of vanquished pagan.

The students pass around the coin as Hypatia speaks:

HYPATIA  
 You will all someday return to your  
 lands and rule the Empire. Don't  
 squander your years here on  
 Alexandrians' two favorite pastimes.

PAGAN STUDENT  
 Chariot races and bath houses?

HYPATIA  
 Mime shows and a Christological  
 debates.

Hypatia takes the coin and hands it back to Aedesius the  
 Aristocrat.

HYPATIA (CONT'D)  
 For those less familiar with  
 Christianity, begin there, with Plato.  
 Then Philo's commentaries on the Old  
 Testament.

CHRISTIAN STUDENT  
 (laughs)  
 Greek philosophy and a Jew?

SYNESIUS OF CYRENE  
 Hypatia only says what she means.  
 Now follow me and I'll show you your  
 dormitories.

The students seem perplexed but follow Synesius of Cyrene.

EXT. LIBRARY OF ALEXANDRIA -- CONTINUOUS

Hypatia, Orestes, Aaron and Aedesius walk on together.

AARON

Why is he always Philo "Judeus?" No  
one calls Aristotle "Paganus" or  
Athanasius "Christianus."

Hypatia takes Aaron's arm to comfort him. Orestes looks displeased.

AEDESIUS THE ARISTOCRAT

Don't you people ever tire of self-  
pity?

AARON

Jews aren't like your horses,  
Aedesius. Our will grows stronger  
under the whip.

ORESTES

Enough.

AEDESIUS THE ARISTOCRAT

Until tonight, my fellow Pythagoreans.  
(waves his hands like  
a magician before  
leaving)

HYPATIA

(to Orestes)  
Aedesius is harmless.

AARON

You mean brainless. He wasn't ready  
to be initiated.

HYPATIA

We must show the future rulers of  
the empire that we don't practice  
theurgy or divination.

Hypatia, Orestes and Aaron spot Cyril in his black monk's habit, copying a library scroll onto his own scroll.

As they approach Cyril, he quickly rolls up his scroll.

ORESTES

Did you tire of Theology, friend?

CYRIL

Is that what you'd call the Gospels  
of Mary Magdalene and Judas? I'm  
waiting for the Gospel of Pontius  
Pilate or Saint Nero.

HYPATIA

Christians come in many schools.

CYRIL

You philosophers break off into schools. Christians unite under the Nicene Creed or they are heretics.

ORESTES

Well said. And a good day to you, brother.

(restraining Hypatia)

Aaron and Orestes drag Hypatia away before she can speak.

EXT. OUTSIDE THE LIBRARY -- STATUARY GARDENS -- CONTINUOUS

HYPATIA

It was just becoming interesting.

ORESTES

If he saw us tonight, we'd be arrested for witchcraft.

AARON

Orestes is right. Stick to the weather. Just remember to thank his God for it.

BACK INSIDE THE LIBRARY

Cyril opens the schematics of the Serapheum and Library.

One building is drawn separately and subterranean: "The Temple of Bacchus: entrance is secret."

EXT. SERAPHEUM -- DAY -- LATER

Gypsy musicians in a trance jam on their guitar, drums, pipes of Pan, and finger cymbals. A mystical, almost lurid music permeates the sacred space.

On his throne sits SERAPIS, a 40 Foot alabaster idol accented with gold leaf and jewels. He looks like a muscular Zeus and wears a toga and a grain basket atop his head.

Serapis wields a mighty staff in his left hand.

A three headed dog sits at his right foot.

OUTSIDE THE TEMPLE

With backs to the panoramic view of the city below, protesting monks carry signs of protest, large crucifixes, and burn an effigy of Serapis.

The Roman Soldiers use side-by-side rectangular shields to form a movable barricade. They push the monks back to the top of the main access road to the acropolis.

Brother Ammonius rushes onto the scene from the adjacent gardens. He is followed by Ammonius' Sidekick.

CRAZY SINOBIA, a disheveled prostitute in her late 30's, holds a swaddled baby in her arms. The newborn has a large PORT-WINE STAIN on his face (like Mikhail Gorbachev.)

Crazy Sinobia wiggles her way through the mob of monks.

Some heckle, grope, and spit on her.

She spits, growls and barks right back.

Brother Ammonius grabs Crazy Sinobia's arm.

She recognizes him, but says nothing.

BROTHER AMMONIUS

Jesus is your salvation, sister.

AT THE ALTAR

Crazy Sinobia approaches Serapis' sandals (the size of pinball machines.) Both pagan laity and clergy wave olive branches and wear laurels.

To the sides of a bloody sacrificial altar, animal bones smolder in large urns and release grey smoke.

The onshore breeze blows the smoke through a rectangular window sill in the wall behind Serapis. The sill has a grid of wires that subdivide it into smaller rectangles.

Six sensual young women in diaphanous gowns perform a dance using colored streamers on wands.

Crazy Sinobia is hugged by OLYMPIUS, HIGH PRIEST OF SERAPIS.

OLYMPIUS, 50's, looks like a Greek God in his own right.

OLYMPIUS

Sinobia? We heard you perished.

CRAZY SINOBIA

Your servants turned me away.

OLYMPIUS

I had no idea.

Olympius refuses her money and lays the swaddled newborn upon the idol's altar.

OLYMPIUS (CONT'D)

Mighty Serapis! We ask that you would bless and protect sister Sinobia's baby...

CRAZY SINOBIA

Peter -

OLYMPIUS

- Peter.

By sleight of hand, he tosses powder into the urn causing colorful flames to leap up.

The pagans are amazed and avert their eyes from the idol.

Olympius half-heartedly makes the sign of the cross.

OLYMPIUS (CONT'D)

I bless you in the name of the Father,  
the Son and the Holy Ghost.

He looks to the monks but they are unimpressed.

OLYMPIUS (CONT'D)

Now, let's take his auspices.

Acolytes unwrap the infant and place it naked, on the altar.  
Someone hands Olympius a white dove.

The music takes on a more dramatic tone as he holds up the  
dove and murmurs incantations.

He slits the bird's throat and drains the blood into a  
chalice.

While shielding the baby's eyes, he pours blood over the  
baby's head.

At the barricades, the monks are shocked.

Olympius tears out the bird's entrails. With eyes closed,  
he massages them.

He casts them onto a kind of Ouija board with esoteric symbols  
and numbers on it.

When he opens his eyes, he is shocked to see the intestines  
are black. He flings the entrails onto the flaming urn.

AT THE BARRICADES

BROTHER AMMONIUS

(to Roman soldiers)

The laws forbid animal sacrifice!

BACK TO SCENE

CRAZY SINOBIA

What's wrong?

OLYMPIUS

(shaken up)

I need to confirm it with auguries  
of flight.

Behind the temple, doves are released.

Olympius stands a fixed distance from the window sill. He  
carefully observes their flight through the wire grid.

A look of amazement and terror comes over him. He looks  
down at the infant.

CRAZY SINOBIA

Are the omens bad?

Olympius remains speechless as the a putrid black smoke  
billows from the urns. Acolytes fan the air past their noses  
and cough.

CRAZY SINOBIA (CONT'D)  
Tell me!

OLYMPIUS  
No.

CRAZY SINOBIA  
Please. I must know.

BROTHER AMMONIUS  
(shouts)  
No more witchcraft! There is only  
one true God!

CRAZY SINOBIA  
(shouts back)  
This isn't your desert monastery!  
We have the right to worship freely.  
I should have sold you to Bedouins  
instead of freeing you, Ammonius!

AT THE BARRICADE

AMMONIUS' SIDEKICK  
But you said you were a born a freeman  
from Antioch...

AT THE ALTAR

OLYMPIUS  
He is cursed. This child must never  
see his sixteenth birthday.

CRAZY SINOBIA  
Or what?

OLYMPIUS  
He will herald a thousand years of  
darkness and fear.

Crazy Sinobia takes up her baby.

OLYMPIUS (CONT'D)  
Please! Let us sacrifice the child  
before it's too late.

CRAZY SINOBIA  
(shouts)  
They want to kill my baby! Help!

Olympius half-heartedly fights for the baby like a "jump  
ball" in basketball.

Brother Ammonius goes berserk with his brothers close behind.

The monks overwhelm the Roman soldiers and subdue them.

Brother Ammonius slaps Crazy Sinobia.

Other monks attack Olympius.

BROTHER AMMONIUS  
The name is Paul.  
(MORE)



BROTHER AMMONIUS (CONT'D)

I'm a servant of Christ now, but  
you'll always be a whore.

The baby cries on the ground next to its mother.

EXT. STATUARY GARDEN -- SIMULTANEOUS

The garden connecting the Library and the Serapheum features 14 foot ivy-covered walls, hedges, graceful fountains, and statues of mostly Greek and some Egyptian gods on pedestals.

Hypatia, Aaron, and Orestes stroll and talk.

They hear screams as pagans in togas run past.

PAGAN

They're killing Olympius!

Orestes puts his hand on Hypatia's arm to restrain her.

ORESTES

Let the soldiers handle it.

EXT. SERAPHEUM -- SIMULTANEOUS

A Roman army bugler sounds his trumpet before he is struck from behind by a monk.

Monks plunder the inner sanctum of the temple, liberating sacrificial birds and goats.

A monk pushes Olympius' face into the fire.

BROTHER AMMONIUS

See, my brothers? Mighty Serapis  
can't even save his own priest.

EXT. WATERFRONT NEAR THE GREAT CHURCH -- DAY -- SIMULTANEOUS

POPE THEOPHILUS follows monks off a sailing ship and onto the long pier that makes up the waterfront.

POPE THEOPHILUS, a bearded Greek man in his 60's. He wears purple vestments, a pharaonic hat, and carries a bejeweled shepherd's crook.

Waiting on the dock is TIMOTHY THE ARCHDEACON. Timothy is a mild-mannered Greek man also in his 60's. He wears purple vestments but has only a purple skull cap. He leans in for an embrace but instead gets the ring to kiss.

They walk pass patrol soldiers, peddlers, prostitutes, and beggars as they approach the GREAT CHURCH directly across the harbor from the Lighthouse.

ON A SIDE STREET

Drunken revelers and minstrels carry wrapped presents and wear pilei. They merrily greet and are greeted by people on the streets.

The men wear masks suggestive of erect penises and brightly colored codpieces.

The women have deep cleavage and flash their breasts to passers by.

The revelers turn a corner and bump into the two clergymen.

The long awkward silence is broken up by the Pope:

POPE THEOPHILUS  
I look forward to hearing your  
confessions.  
(winks at their leader)

REVELER  
(bows solemnly)  
Yes, your holiness.

The clergymen continue on. They pass between the obelisks that guard the entrance to the Plaza of the Great Church.

The revelers burst out laughing and resume their lewd conduct.

EXT. GREAT CHURCH -- IMPERIAL SHRINE -- CONTINUOUS

In the center of the Great Church Plaza there is a small classical rotunda. This is the IMPERIAL SHRINE which houses the statue of the current **EMPEROR Theo-DOSIUS in the capitol of CONSTANTINOPLE (not to be confused with our POPE Theo-PHILUS, here in Alexandria.)**

The offerings are paltry. Pilgrims and tourists walk past the shrine without much regard.

A few doves add to the feces on the statue's head and shoulders.

POPE THEOPHILUS  
(slapping Timothy on  
the back)  
Remember?

TIMOTHY THE ARCHDEACON  
While you were gloriously toppling  
Julian's statue, someone had to free  
the sacrificial animals.

The BUGLER'S CALL is heard and they look up at the acropolis. A nearby Roman phalanx quickly falls into formation before marching double time towards the Serapheum.

POPE THEOPHILUS  
Only one more temple to convert.  
Let's have Cyril free the doves this  
time.

The Pope places his arm around Timothy as the two men enter the GREAT CHURCH.

EXT. SERAPHEUM -- DAY -- A LITTLE LATER

The monks (about forty) have subdued the soldiers (about ten) and seized their weapons.

They ecstatically CLAP and CHANT like soccer hooligans.

Olympius' hair and face are being singed by the fire.

Hypatia runs up to rescue Crazy Sinobia from Brother Ammonius.

She hands the baby to Crazy Sinobia who instinctively hides behind Orestes and Aaron.

HYPATIA  
Please, let him go.

The monk holding Olympius lets go of the priest.

BROTHER AMMONIUS  
Who is she to give us orders?

AMMONIUS' SIDEKICK  
(aside to Ammonius)  
It's Theon's daughter, Hypatia. The charioteer for the Arian blues...with the pentagram on her carriage?

BROTHER AMMONIUS  
Ho, ho! Why don't you just use witchcraft on us?

All eyes are on Hypatia as the threat lingers in the air. Hypatia sees a musician trembling with her GUITAR.

HYPATIA  
If you insist.  
(takes the guitar and starts to play)

BROTHER AMMONIUS  
This is no game. Home now to your cats and amulets.  
(grabs the wounded Olympius by the hair)

A few heavy set monks approach Hypatia menacingly. Hypatia just plays graceful arpeggios from her guitar.

INT. GREAT CHURCH -- SIMULTANEOUS

The Great Church rivals St. Peter's Basilica in its opulence.

Most of the art is Greco-Roman in genre reflecting its original use as temple for the formerly-divine Roman Emperors.

As the clergymen pass them, worshipers and tourists bow reverently and avert their gazes.

TIMOTHY THE ARCHDEACON  
I worry the Emperors might want this church back.

POPE THEOPHILUS  
Thessalonika has made that impossible.

TIMOTHY THE ARCHDEACON  
(taking the Pope aside)  
Did the army really slaughter ten thousand civilians in the Circus Maximus? Over a slave boy?

POPE THEOPHILUS

The General's boy. The seeds of our church have always been martyrs. Emperor Theodosius remains excommunicated until he allows all our reforms.

TIMOTHY THE ARCHDEACON

I understand Pagans and Jews, but why do the new laws threaten eunuchs?

POPE THEOPHILUS

Eutropius and his kind still rule the court in Constantinople.

TIMOTHY THE ARCHDEACON

They'll never let us convert the Serapeum. All of Egypt believes Serapis makes the Nile rise and fall.

POPE THEOPHILUS

The Emperor needs grain and gold to pay Goth generals and keep the Huns at bay. If we set the stage, our Pagans and Jews will bring down their own curtain.

Some German-speaking GOTHs (ancestors of Germanic peoples) hold their pilei, drop coins into gold boxes, and pray.

TIMOTHY THE ARCHDEACON

But Serapis has been the city's god for eight centuries.

POPE THEOPHILUS

And Zeus presided over a thousand years of games at Olympia. They just chopped the old man into pieces and reassembled him for tourists in Constantinople.

They approach the ornate doors of the papal residence. It is guarded by two monks with heavy staffs.

EXT. SERAPHEUM -- SIMULTANEOUS

Brother Ammonius looks with hatred into Olympius' terrified eyes as he prepares to push him into the fire.

Other monks have been mesmerized by Hypatia's music.

HYPATIA

Is this the grace of Christ? Will you choose murder this day?

BROTHER AMMONIUS

The power of Christ compels me!

HYPATIA

Then he denied you the free choice he gave the lowest criminal. Maybe you should kill him now.

(stops playing abruptly)

Brother Ammonius looks confused. All eyes are upon him.

He lets Olympius go.

BROTHER AMMONIUS  
Blessed are the peacemakers. Jesus  
will judge them soon enough.

ROMAN SOLDIER'S BOOTS are heard coming up the hill.

The monks flee the scene and pass Crazy Sinobia, hiding in  
the bushes.

AMMONIUS' SIDEKICK  
What happened, brother?

BROTHER AMMONIUS  
Her music must have bewitched me.

INT. PAPAL OFFICES -- DAY -- SIMULTANEOUS

The papal office is adorned with religious as well as  
Classical art. On pedestals, there are busts of former popes.

Cyril daydreams with his feet kicked up onto the Papal desk.

When Pope Theophilus and Timothy enter, Cyril leaps to his  
feet and kisses the ring of his uncle, Pope Theophilus.

Timothy also holds out his hand but Cyril ignores it.

Pope Theophilus opens the door into his adjoining quarters  
and leans in to address someone off-camera.

POPE THEOPHILUS  
(into the adjoining room)  
We will have our lavender bath now.

He walks up to his regal desk and sits down.

POPE THEOPHILUS (CONT'D)  
And how was our Lord's great work  
while I was away?  
(noting tallies next  
to stacks of coins)

CYRIL  
The pews always empty during  
Saturnalia, uncle.

POPE THEOPHILUS  
Is this all? I can't convert pagan  
temples with this!  
(hurls coins against  
the wall)

TIMOTHY THE ARCHDEACON  
The slaves dream all year of being  
served by their masters.

CYRIL  
Why don't we celebrate the birth of  
Christ instead?

TIMOTHY THE ARCHDEACON  
 Because our Lord was born in March.  
 Perhaps the lad should return to the  
 monastery for another four years of  
 catechism?

CYRIL  
 Does anyone really know?

POPE THEOPHILUS  
 We mustn't change everything all at  
 once. Patience, boy.

CYRIL  
 Then let's squeeze the Novatians.

Pope Theophilus looks puzzled.

TIMOTHY THE ARCHDEACON  
 The Novatian nuns received a large  
 donation of land, but with strings.

POPE THEOPHILUS  
 Strings?

TIMOTHY THE ARCHDEACON  
 The land must used to convert  
 destitute women or house orphans.

POPE THEOPHILUS  
 My money goes to whores and bastards?

TIMOTHY THE ARCHDEACON  
 Reformed sinners make devout  
 Christians. And even orphans have  
 been known to work great miracles.

Timothy The Archdeacon humbly averts his gaze but Pope  
 Theophilus glares at him.

POPE THEOPHILUS  
 The Lord made this boy's mother and  
 me orphans to lead us to the arms of  
 Athanasius, God rest his soul.

They cross themselves as they look upon a BUST OF ATHANASIUS.

TIMOTHY THE ARCHDEACON  
 Yet even without Novatians, our  
 offerings end up in bathhouses.

POPE THEOPHILUS  
 I can't build churches without  
 guildsmen and my Paraboleans.

CYRIL  
 I've determined how much we might  
 save if we used Copts or Goth slaves-

POPE THEOPHILUS  
 (waves Cyril away)  
 - let's dine together. But without  
 your mother, please.

Cyril hands Pope Theophilus a scroll and kisses the ring before leaving.

Pope Theophilus and Timothy exit into the next room.

INT. PAPAL RESIDENCE -- CONTINUOUS

A lavish bedroom with a regal sunken tub. Several young boys in tunics work as servants.

POPE THEOPHILUS

What else?

TIMOTHY THE ARCHDEACON

Concern about the number of envoys we keep in the capital...and your nephew's new responsibilities.

POPE THEOPHILUS

We were younger than Cyril when Athanasius ordained us.

TIMOTHY THE ARCHDEACON

No one else wanted to under Julian. Now, there isn't a magistrate in the Empire who isn't at least a deacon.

POPE THEOPHILUS

They forget who ordained them. And why should they care? These are men of easy dispositions.

TIMOTHY THE ARCHDEACON

Why did they stop ordaining women? And why do they forbid us from marrying?

The two boys undress the Pope as he slides into his bathtub.

POPE THEOPHILUS

I'll not leave even a sock full of dirt to my wife or children. Now we've had a long journey.

Pope Theophilus stretches out his hand and Timothy kisses the ring before leaving.

POPE THEOPHILUS (CONT'D)

(closes his eyes

blissfully)

But tell those little men they will obey or replace me in the Roman way: with Praetorian sword or by poisoning my wine.

After Timothy leaves, Pope Theophilus unrolls Cyril's copy of the Serapheum layout and drinks his wine.

The servant boys massage his feet with oils as he soaks in the tub. He eats figs covered in honey.

When he holds his sticky finger up, one of the boys licks the honey off and is petted like a dog.

EXT. PHAROS ISLAND -- NIGHT

The slowly-rotating LIGHTHOUSE BEACON. A ship passes the lighthouse to enter the harbor.

EXT. ROAD OUTSIDE CITY WALLS -- NIGHT

Eastward, a desert road runs east, parallel to a canal that connects the city to the mouth of the Nile.

Cargo barges are propelled by Goth slaves who sing a Germanic song as they row. Their slave driver is a Copt merchant.

EXT. SUBURBS -- NIGHT

Seaside villas of the wealthy overlook the sea.

EXT. HYPATIA'S HOME -- NIGHT

Hypatia pulls up to her seaside Roman villa in a chariot with a pentagram painted on its front. A groom greets her and walks the two-horse chariot away.

A black cat jumps up into her arms to be petted. After she places it back down, the black cat still follows her.

She walks past statues and urns to enter the home.

INSIDE THE HOUSE

She searches the house while calling out.

Hypatia speaks to a SLAVE GIRL, who only shrugs her shoulders.

Hypatia looks out at the backyard which rests on a cliff overlooking the Mediterranean. Trees and wind chimes blow in the breeze as she calls out.

BACK INSIDE

Hypatia makes sure no one is watching before pressing something on a statue. A secret passageway opens. It leads down dark stairs, towards a light.

From a hiding place, the Slave Girl sees the secret door close and presses her ear up to the wall to eavesdrop.

INT. HYPATIA'S HOME -- SECRET LIBRARY -- CONTINUOUS

HYPATIA'S FATHER, THEON, is the dean of the MUSEUM (equivalent to our Universities.) He is in his 60's and looks like an absent-minded professor emeritus.

Hypatia's father sits among piles of books, reading and taking notes on a scroll. In a corner of the room, there are numerous glass flasks and distilleries with colorful liquids bubbling away.

A light comes from above as the black cat runs down the stairs and rubs against his arm.

Hypatia follows the cat down and hugs her father.

They play chess and talk a while.



Hypatia's story makes him slap his knee with delight.

She tentatively moves a chess piece on a board.

HYPATIA'S FATHER

Next time, just beat them down.

(petting the cat)

That's how you teach a dog, right?

Now they'll call you a witch.

HYPATIA

I promised the Guru I'd always look  
for a peaceful option.

Hypatia's father takes one of Hypatia's pieces.

HYPATIA'S FATHER

Ha! Like when he ran home to India?

Hypatia's Father captures another piece.

HYPATIA'S FATHER (CONT'D)

I haven't beaten you in years. Where  
is your mind?

Hypatia's move and then another piece is taken by dad.

HYPATIA'S FATHER (CONT'D)

Just concede and we'll start over.

HYPATIA

(she stays his hand)

But this is when it matters most.

EXT. STREET OUTSIDE THE BATHHOUSE -- NIGHT

Women's silhouettes beckon from behind red lace curtains.

Drunken carolers sing as they stumble through the streets.

A pair of sailors enter a bathhouse.

INT. BATHHOUSE -- NIGHT

Men of all ethnicities drink and socialize in a lavish, spa-style bathhouse.

Mosaic tiled pools are sunken into the floor.

A door opens and steam pours out of a sauna.

A man is drenched by a cold deluge and growls with gusto.

Prostitutes of both sexes serve drinks and try to coax clients  
to nearby private rooms.

Orestes politely refuses a young lady and goes behind a  
large dressing screen.

When the young lady looks behind the screen, no one is there.

BEHIND A SECRET DOOR

Orestes lights an oil lamp and descends a staircase.

INT. CAVERN UNDER THE BATHHOUSE -- LATER

Gathered here are the five friends: Hypatia, Orestes (the boyfriend,) Aaron (the Jewish doctor,) Aedesius the Aristocrat, and Synesius of Cyrene (the bookworm.)

MONTAGE:

- 1) They practice athletic, ASHTANGA YOGA as incense burns.
- 2) They meditate while staring at mandalas propped up in front of them.
- 3) Hypatia demonstrates musical intervals and their mathematical expressions using a chart and on a MONOCHORD (a single-stringed instrument with fractions written on it.)
- 3) They pass a chalice around and drink from it.
- 4) Hypatia brings out an ornate carved WOODEN BOX.

When Aedesius the Aristocrat sees it, he chuckles although no one else is in on the joke.

Aedesius is surprised when Hypatia lifts out PLATONIC SOLIDS made of colored glass and about the size of cantaloupes.

They are the cube, tetrahedron, octahedron, icosahedron, and the dodecahedron.

A chart illustrates their sides, vertices and other interesting numerical relationships.

The students ask questions and are amazed by her answers.

The GOLDEN RATIO (PHI) is illustrated in a nautilus shell, veins in leaves, the EYE OF HORUS, and a famous mural of Akhenaton and Nefertiti.

She shows the Pythagorean square roots of 2,3,and 5 and GOLDEN RECTANGLE comprise the structure of the *Vesica Pisces* or "Jesus Fish."

She draws a PENTAGRAM IN A PENTAGON to show that the GOLDEN RATIO defines its points.

After bisecting the angles, the 2D projection of the DODECAHEDRON is visible.

She holds up the dodecahedron and smiles.

Hypatia holds her lower back and excuses herself before leaving.

AEDESIUS THE ARISTOCRAT  
(holding up the  
dodecahedron)  
So, Orestes...must we still call her  
"the virgin philosopher of  
Alexandria?"

ORESTES  
Our love remains as Platonic as these  
solids.

SYNESIUS OF CYRENE

If she believes all this mysticism,  
why does she attend Novatian church?

AARON

She believes Jesus was divine but  
gives us all the same honor.

AEDESIUS THE ARISTOCRAT

Me, I could understand. But you?

EXT. PHAROS LIGHTHOUSE -- OBSERVATION DECK -- NIGHT

Orestes and Hypatia lie next to each other pointing out stars  
as they play with her ASTROLABE.

(ASTROLABE: a metal disk with an attached, smaller disc  
engraved with the names and locations of the major  
constellations.)

Orestes gets up and walks to the railing. When she joins  
him, they kiss. When he reaches for more, she restrains his  
groping hands.

HYPATIA

Now you tease. You're promised to  
Octavia.

ORESTES

I'm going to tell my parents. When  
I return to Constantinople.

HYPATIA

You know what my mother told me about  
men like you?

Orestes places Hypatia's hand on his crotch.

ORESTES

Beware of Greeks bearing gifts?

HYPATIA

(pulls hand away)  
Keep your heart open but your legs  
closed.

Hypatia leans in to give him another kiss when someone  
whistling a tune comes up the spiral steps.

HYPATIA (CONT'D)

(whispered)  
Father!

Hypatia's Father has a backpack filled with astronomical  
charts and tools.

Orestes hides on the opposite side of the roof.

HYPATIA'S FATHER

New moon but no star charts? Where's  
Orestes?

HYPATIA

He's a friend.

HYPATIA'S FATHER

Would you please marry the boy?  
Don't forget your mother's prophecy.

Hypatia hugs him from behind as they gaze out at the harbor.

HYPATIA

You'd marry off your editor and  
astrolabe maker?

HYPATIA'S FATHER

The priests of Eleusis and Olympia  
have all flown to India now. After  
Serapis falls, they'll burn books.  
And not just Apocrypha.

HYPATIA

We can't let that happen.

HYPATIA'S FATHER

They have to silence everyone who  
knows more than they do. Ach, I  
left the new star charts in my  
chariot.

(turns to leave)

Help me find mother's comet when I  
return?

HYPATIA

I have to go.

HYPATIA'S FATHER

I know he's not your equal but Orestes  
is from a noble line.

(kisses her)

Hypatia's Father descends and Orestes emerges from hiding.

ORESTES

What prophecy?

HYPATIA

Some nonsense. After mother died,  
his mind turned from astronomy towards  
astrology. He actually made me edit  
his book on the auguries of birds in  
flight.

ORESTES

Stars reveal our destinies. As above,  
so below.

HYPATIA

Nonsense. I believe each of those  
lights is a sun with planets of its  
own to govern.

ORESTES

Stop joking.

HYPATIA

The Greeks learned it from Egyptian  
priests.

(MORE)

HYPATIA (CONT'D)

It was Ptolemy who put us back in the center of things. Only a child would believe the universe revolves around him.

ORESTES

I'd ask you for proof but I know you'd give it.

HYPATIA

Lucky stars? Without free will, what are we? Anyway, how could the patterns of flying birds have anything to say about me dying a virgin?

Orestes looks puzzled.

HYPATIA (CONT'D)

I have neglected Erato to favor her noble sisters. Let's go tonight.

ORESTES

Go where?

HYPATIA

To the mysteries of Bacchus. Hierax will let anyone in for the right price.

ORESTES

Are you sure? I've never been.

HYPATIA

I'll have you to protect me, right?

ORESTES

Always.

EXT. OUTSIDE SECRET TEMPLE -- NIGHT

In the statuary gardens behind the Serapheum, Cyril gropes ivy-covered walls with his OIL LAMP on the ground nearby.

FOOTSTEPS approach so he extinguishes the lamp, gathers his map, and hides.

Hypatia leads Orestes to the area where Cyril was just searching.

Hypatia smells something and looks in Cyril's direction.

She is almost upon his hiding place.

Cyril closes his eyes, rubs the amulet around his neck and silently recites a prayer. The amulet is a polished amber jewel on one side; on the back, Greek letters encircle an ABRAXAS.

(NOTE: ABRAXAS was the Gnostic "GOD" with the head of a rooster, snakes as legs, and wielding a whip and shield.)

ORESTES

Well?

Hypatia comes back to the statue of Bacchus and reaches around with both hands to grab its butt.

ORESTES (CONT'D)

I'm jealous of a statue.

She triggers an ivy-covered door to open slightly inward.

They look at each other with ambivalence until Hypatia dons her colorful butterfly mask. Orestes puts his lion mask on.

They walk up to the open portal and smile at someone inside.

HIERAX THE LIBRARIAN (O.S.)

(whispered from the  
open door)

The password?

HYPATIA

Iacho's Ass.

They enter the crypt and the door shuts behind them.

Cyril approaches the concealed door and feels for cracks.

EXT. OUTSIDE SECRET TEMPLE -- LATER

Cyril is reaching behind Bacchus' statue when SAINT AUGUSTINE approaches (first introduced in the hallway outside the torture chamber.)

From Saint Augustine's perspective, Cyril looks like he's fellating the statue.

SAINT AUGUSTINE

Are we so lonely tonight?

CYRIL

Hello, brother. Heh, heh. No, I'm here for the...you know. Seems I've dropped my mask.

SAINT AUGUSTINE

I'm afraid I don't know what you're talking about, brother.

CYRIL

Iacho's Ass.

SAINT AUGUSTINE

(hugs Cyril warmly)

Ho, ho, ho. Yo Saturnalia!

(hands him a mask)

Can't be too careful these days.

The Pope's informants are everywhere.

I'm Augustus, from Hippo.

CYRIL

Honored to meet you. Flavius, from here.

SAINT AUGUSTINE

Well, Flavius...  
(gesturing to continue  
what he was doing)

Cyril self-consciously struggles with the statue as Saint Augustine grows suspicious.

Cyril pokes his finger into the statue's anus and is relieved when it triggers the opening of the secret door.

Standing inside the torch-lit crypt is a masked Hierax. Dressed as a SATYR, he wields a caduceus (staff with serpents wrapped around it.)

HIERAX THE LIBRARIAN

Password?

CYRIL

Iacho's ass.

Cyril begins to enter but the caduceus slams in front of his face to stop him.

HIERAX THE LIBRARIAN

Augustus, we know.

Hierax lifts Cyril's mask and is taken aback.

HIERAX THE LIBRARIAN (CONT'D)

Ho, ho, ho. You I know!

Cyril's face suggest both a plea and a threat.

CYRIL

It's me...Flavius.

HIERAX THE LIBRARIAN

Right, Flavius...well, let me remind you of the sacred oath. Those that tell of things said, seen or done at the mysteries are sure to die an equally mysterious death.  
(puts index finger to  
his lips)

SAINT AUGUSTINE

(also puts his index  
finger to his lips)

They cut out the tongue, chop off the ears and then scoop out the eyes before killing them. Very messy.

Cyril puts his index finger to his own lips and nods.

HIERAX THE LIBRARIAN

And who will make the tribute to the playful god?

Cyril reaches in his pockets for money but finds none.

SAINT AUGUSTINE

Allow me, brother.  
(hands over a purse)

## HIERAX THE LIBRARIAN

Then enter and behold the mystery  
and the magic of the dead and rising  
god...

Hierax pulls aside a curtain to reveal an unmasked beautiful  
TEENAGE GIRL and TEENAGE BOY who bow deeply.

They are scantily clothed, covered in oils, and wear laurels  
upon their heads.

They seductively hand chalices to Cyril and Saint Augustine  
before leading them down a ramp into darkness.

Saint Augustine gladly takes the girl's hand but Cyril self-  
consciously refuses the boy's hand.

INT. SECRET TEMPLE -- CATACOMBS -- SIMULTANEOUS

Farther down the passage, Hypatia and Orestes are led deeper  
into the earth by their own teenage escorts.

They pass torch-lit Hellenised SARCOPHAGI and statues of  
Egyptian gods and sacred bulls.

ORESTES

Really, what can you hope to learn?

HYPATIA

Therein lies the mystery. Ugh!  
(gesturing to drink)  
What is this?

YOUNG GIRL

Kykeon, mistress - it helps unfold  
the secret meaning of the ritual.  
You may see spirits.

The escorts lead them to a red lace curtain. As they  
approach, a pulsating and LEWD MUSIC grows louder.

INT. SECRET TEMPLE -- INNER SANCTUM -- CONTINUOUS

Hypatia and Orestes pass through a slit in a red lace curtain  
to enter a ceremonial chamber the size of a basketball court.

Along the walls, marble columns alternate with life-sized  
statues of Greek and Egyptian gods on pedestals.

In the central area, scantily-clad teenage boys and girls  
perform a sexy group dance number.

Guests sway and commingle with other masked guests or unmasked  
prostitutes of both sexes. Food and drink is brought around  
on trays.

The walls and ceiling are dark except when flickering  
torchlight reveals frescos of Greek and Egyptian Mythology.

Aedesius the Aristocrat, with prostitutes on each arm,  
recognizes Hypatia and Orestes.



## AEDESIUS THE ARISTOCRAT

Well..you Pythagoreans never cease  
to amaze.

## HYPATIA

(raising her chalice)  
To following the truth. No matter  
where it leads.  
(they toast)

Aedesius cheerfully leaves and Orestes and Hypatia seem to  
relax into the festivities.

## A LITTLE LATER

Orestes watches the sex acts of guests while Hypatia gazes  
up at pedestals bearing statues of Greek and Egyptian gods.

## P.O.V. HYPATIA

The room's sounds and colors are vividly animated. A server  
offers to refill her chalice but she declines.

When she sees a STATUE OF ISIS' eyes move, she rubs her own  
with disbelief.

When she looks again, Isis appears immobile. Orestes leads  
Hypatia away.

Hypatia spots Cyril and Saint Augustine being led through  
the red curtain.

A masked Cyril stares back at the masked Hypatia.

Hypatia closes her eyes and rubs her temples.

## HYPATIA

Can we go?

## ORESTES

After paying ten gold solidus?

Hypatia leans against a column to gain her equilibrium, giving  
a masked woman the chance to lure Orestes away.

Saint Augustine comes from behind Hypatia and places his  
hands on her hips, swaying with her to the music.

Hypatia moans a little.

## HYPATIA

Orestes. Oh...yes...

## SAINT AUGUSTINE

What shall I call you?

Hypatia spins around and is shocked.

She tries to escape Saint Augustine's lewd embrace.

DAPHNE, a young prostitute disguised as a statue of Isis,  
sees the assault from her pedestal. (She and some of the  
"statues" are really actors with white plaster painted on  
their bodies.)

## SAINT AUGUSTINE (CONT'D)

Hold her, Flavius. She wants to  
deny her own body's needs.

Cyril grabs Hypatia from behind but she reels around and  
SCRATCHES HIS FACE.

Cyril raises his hand to strike Hypatia but Daphne takes it  
and places it on her bosom instead.

Cyril is distracted by this. Daphne calls over a male and  
female prostitute to keep Cyril occupied.

Daphne leads Hypatia by the hand to a quiet corner of the  
room.

## HYPATIA

Mother? I remembered the math in  
our music.

INT. SECRET TEMPLE -- INNER SANCTUM -- (LATER)

A HIEROPHANT (religious master of ceremonies) finishes  
addressing the guests.

## HIEROPHANT

...and the penalty for breaking this  
sacred oath remains a slow death by  
mutilation.  
(holds finger to his  
lips)

A CYMBAL CRASHES and the room falls dark and silent.

Music and lights slowly rise and everyone joins hands.

## HIEROPHANT (CONT'D)

(sung)  
Clay from dust, we're torn from her  
womb...a day in the sun, then back  
to our tomb.

The crowd repeats to music. A CYMBAL CRASHES. The Hierophant  
brings out a WOODEN BOX like the one that stored Hypatia's  
solids.

He pulls out a MARBLE PHALLUS with a rounded base and a  
rubbery model of a GIANT VULVA.

Alone in her corner, Hypatia sits on the floor smiling with  
tears in her eyes. She is transfixed by lights dancing off  
the walls and her hands.

One by one, guests remove the objects to copulate with them  
before replacing them in the box. (Suggested by shadows and  
facial expressions, not shown.)

A LITTLE LATER

Hypatia sees colorful, pulsating numbers, geometries, and  
equations on the statues and floating through the air to the  
rhythms of the music.

By gracefully waving her hands, she conjures upward and downward overlapping triangles rotating in opposite directions in midair.

HYPATIA  
 (murmured repeatedly  
 with eyes half closed)  
 Aishwara, Dzogchen, Aum.

Hypatia's head is surrounded by a yellow glow as a white energy field begins to radiate from the base of her spine.

Daphne squats next to her and touches her shoulder, causing the energy phenomena to fade.

DAPHNE  
 Are you all right?

HYPATIA  
 I spoke the words but the amulet  
 couldn't save you.

DAPHNE  
 Come with me.

They leave though the red curtain.

SEX SOUNDS and MUSIC grow louder.

IN THE CENTER OF THE ROOM

The masked eyes of guests peer into a shallow pit sunken into the floor.

In the pit, Hierophant and HIERODULE (high priestess) are having sex doggie style as the pit slowly rotates on a turntable.

GUESTS  
 (chanting like  
 fraternity brothers)  
 Hie...Kie!! Hie...Kie!

The Hierophant stands triumphantly as the Hierodule makes him ejaculate onto her using her hands.

The rotating pit sinks out of sight as the lights come down on the spectacle. A musical denouement is followed by:

Complete darkness...nervous laughter.

A blinding white light streams in from a small rectangular window sill high on the wall.

A screaming baby swaddled in red is suddenly silhouetted in the window as triumphant music erupts.

Spontaneous applause erupts.

Tears stream down the face of many guests.

People zestfully embrace one another and sing along with the simple liturgical melody as the lights come back up.

Guests break off into couples to make out and engage in heavy petting.

Orestes looks around but doesn't see Hypatia. He tries to leave but is brought back by a playful "statue" dressed as the goddess Artemis.

EXT. STREET IN FRONT OF THE TEA HOUSE -- NIGHT

A half dozen drunken, naked carolers go house to house. They stop and sing until someone throws coins down at them.

SLEEPING PERSON

I have to work in the morning.

CAROLER

Then send your wife out!

The sleeping person douses the caroler with a fluid.

Furious, the caroler smells, then tastes it on his clothes.

He smiles, making them all laugh, embrace, and walk on.

Daphne helps Hypatia across the street and into a tea house.

EXT. TEA HOUSE -- NIGHT

A waitress brings Hypatia something to drink.

There are several other empty cups on the table.

The color has returned to Hypatia's face as she does a yogic breathing exercise.

HYPATIA

I can't believe I missed the show.  
My father must be right about me  
dying a virgin.

DAPHNE

Interesting father.

HYPATIA

Very. He taught me philosophy, math,  
astronomy.

DAPHNE

What about your mother?

HYPATIA

Music. But she died when I was young.  
(pushing together her  
breasts)

Why do we fuss so much over something  
cats and dogs do in the streets?  
Diogenes was right.

DAPHNE

Who was he?

HYPATIA

Greek philosopher.

(MORE)

HYPATIA (CONT'D)

He lived naked in a barrel, right in the middle of the agora.

DAPHNE

Also an interesting fellow.

HYPATIA

A disciple once asked him how to quiet the temptations of the flesh. Do you know what he did to show them?

Daphne makes a pumping motion with a half-closed hand.

HYPATIA (CONT'D)

(chuckles)

Are you a philosopher too?

DAPHNE

A lucky guess. I can't even read.

HYPATIA

I'm sorry.

DAPHNE

Why? Do you think you're better than me?

HYPATIA

Not at all. My own mother coupled for money.

DAPHNE

I don't believe you.

HYPATIA

Really. She was once the high priestess of the temple of Hecate.

DAPHNE

They say men might pay five gold solidus for an hour with a Hierodule.

HYPATIA

So what's the difference?

DAPHNE

Men come to me already knowing what they want. The temple offered a mystical experience.

(pause)

Come to my brothel. If you teach me to read, I'll teach you the about the other.

HYPATIA

Does it ever bother you if a man is -

DAPHNE

- a pig? I can transform him in my mind or I leave my body at will.

HYPATIA

I'm working on that too.

DAPHNE

I'll bet you're more fun than a dozen  
philosophers in barrels.

"December 21st"

INT. AARON'S HOME -- DUSK

Doctor Cohen, Aaron's Stepmother, Aaron, and Jacob (his half-brother) stand around a partially consumed feast table.  
Doctor Cohen lifts his cup:

DOCTOR COHEN

Baruch atah, Adonai, Elohaynu melech  
ha'olam, boray pri hagafen.

Doctor Cohen lifts a bowl of potpourri:

DOCTOR COHEN (CONT'D)

Baruch atah, Adonai, Elohaynu melech  
ha'olam, boray minay vesamim.  
(sniffs the spices)

Dr. Cohen checks his fingernails in the bright candlelight.  
He prays over a cup of wine, drinks some, then extinguishes  
the candle in the cup.

Jacob hastily leaves the table. His father glares at him.

JACOB

I have to meet friends.

DOCTOR COHEN

Not those friends.

JACOB

Because they're poor?

DOCTOR COHEN

For twelve generations, no man in  
our family has failed to graduate  
the Museum. And graduate -

JACOB

- "with honors." What about during  
Caligula's reign, or The Great Revolt?

DOCTOR COHEN

Maybe then -

JACOB

- or the Kitos war? Bar Kochba?

DOCTOR COHEN

The Yeshiva teaches you such wonderful  
things but will they teach my son  
the conical sections or the poems of  
Homer?

JACOB

Everything I need know is in the  
Tanakh...

(MORE)

JACOB (CONT'D)  
 (a kiss on his father's  
 forehead)  
 and Mishnah.  
 (a kiss on the hands)

Doctor Cohen won't let Jacob's hands go.

DOCTOR COHEN  
 Do they teach how much was lost by  
 following messiahs?

JACOB  
 We would have prevailed if not for  
 fair-weather Jews like him.  
 (pulls his hands free)  
 They say one in four Egyptians used  
 to be a Jew.

DOCTOR COHEN  
 You make my point. You and your  
 little "Sicari" gang should read the  
 gentile's books once in a while.

JACOB  
 Don't worry, father. I'll enroll  
 this fall, and you'll soon have  
 another doctor for a son.

INT. BROTHEL -- DUSK

In a serene courtyard, prostitutes mingle with the men amidst  
 fountains, urns and statues.

Seductive gypsy music animates a belly dancer in her human  
 bird cage atop a circular stage.

Men hold out coins. She lets the men drop them into her  
 cleavage or into her skirt (right below a lower back tattoo  
 of a serpent swallowing its tail.)

A child uses a TEN FOOT POLE to hang paper lanterns on walls  
 and trees.

Down a corridor, several doors are closed with red flags,  
 like postal box flags, flipped down.

A prostitute runs from an intoxicated client into a bedroom.  
 The man blocks her exit and kicks the door shut behind him.

A moment later, a woman's arm emerges to lower a flag before  
 the door shuts again.

IN A BEDROOM

A bas-relief of a satyr gazes down at the passionate couple.  
 The satyr's eyes blink.

BEHIND THE BEDROOM WALL

Light rays stream through 8 pairs of eye holes into a dark  
 corridor where Hypatia and Daphne spy. They try not to  
 giggle.

Through a peephole, Hypatia spies on an older man dressed as a Roman commander with a Goth, Valkerie-like prostitute dominating him with a dog collar and chain.

Daphne breaths heavily onto Hypatia's neck.

DAPHNE  
We could make a fortune if you tire  
of philosophy.

They leave the secret hallway to enter the regular corridor outside the bedrooms.

HYPATIA  
The guitarist is a Chaldean gypsy.

DAPHNE  
She just quit the Serapheum. How  
did you know?

HYPATIA  
The odd usage of the Phrygian mode.  
Where are the bathrooms?

DAPHNE  
Downstairs, behind the eating area.

A handsome man displays a lurid interest in Hypatia.

HANDSOME MAN  
Where have you been hiding?

Daphne whispers something into the man's ear.

HANDSOME MAN (CONT'D)  
(look of disgust)  
Oh.

DAPHNE  
Hypatia, I'll meet you in fifteen,  
no twenty minutes, okay?  
(leads the HANDSOME  
man away)

EXT. TEA HOUSE -- DAY -- (SIMULTANEOUS)

Cyril, CYRIL'S MOTHER and Pope Theophilus dine al fresco.

CYRIL'S MOTHER, 60's, malevolent and steely.

CYRIL'S MOTHER  
She's looks just like her mother.  
Priestess of Hecate? She was the  
whore of Babylon.

POPE THEOPHILUS  
Hypatia's father was my mentor. Can  
I arrest her for playing guitar?

CYRIL  
Why do you hate her mother so?

CYRIL'S MOTHER  
What? That's absurd.



CYRIL

You've cursed her ever since we first met them at the Healing Shrine of St. Menas. Before father died?

CYRIL'S MOTHER

(defensively)

Christians must unite or face the wrath of God. Goddesses promote lust.

POPE THEOPHILUS

What about Mary, mother of Christ?

CYRIL'S MOTHER

What about the she-wolf that Romulus and Remus suckled on? Or Artemis with her eighteen tits in Ephesus?

POPE THEOPHILUS

My noble sister, what is your point?

CYRIL'S MOTHER

We will only have peace through absolute unity. Only through unshakable obedience to our Father. A true Christian won't hesitate to kill his own first born, like Abraham.

POPE THEOPHILUS

Like Cyril and Dionysus? You could have absolved him.

Cyril closes his eyes and inhales deeply.

Cyril's mother hugs Cyril tightly and strokes his hair.

CYRIL'S MOTHER

To burn his earthly body was to save his soul from the eternal flames of hell. It was the purest act of brotherly love I can imagine.

(gives Theophilus a dirty look)

INT. BROTHEL -- CAFE-- LATER

Hypatia sits and sips her tea.

Crazy Sinobia sees Hypatia before entering the restroom with her swaddled baby.

A creepy man solicits Hypatia.

Hypatia excuses herself to go to the bathroom.

OUTSIDE THE BATHROOM

Crazy Sinobia emerges alone from the bathroom and flees.

INSIDE THE BATHROOM

Hypatia enters the bathroom and hears a baby crying.

She follows the cries to one of the toilets.

Taking a lamp off the wall, she peers down into a 4ft DIAMETER SEWER LINE to see a swaddled baby resting precariously but about to be washed away.

Crazy Sinobia bursts back into the room.

CRAZY SINOBIA  
Leave him!  
(pulling Hypatia's  
hair and toga)

Hypatia does an arm bar judo move to subdue her.

CRAZY SINOBIA (CONT'D)  
Can't you see? If the Gods wanted  
him to live, they would have given  
me a daughter without marks.

Hypatia looks in and sees the baby unraveling from its blankets.

The toilet seat won't budge.

CRAZY SINOBIA (CONT'D)  
Are you an angel...or a devil?

HYPATIA  
Neither. Get me the pole they use  
to hang the lanterns.  
(pause)  
Now!

Crazy Sinobia returns with the 10 FOOT POLE.

IN THE SEWER LINE

Hypatia topples a bust to use it as a fulcrum.

With pole and fulcrum, she pops off the seat cover.

Crazy Sinobia looks back over her shoulder when a stranger enters.

CRAZY SINOBIA  
Get out!  
(the stranger leaves)

Leaning down, Hypatia's pole won't quite reach.

HYPATIA  
Hold my feet!

Crazy Sinobia holds Hypatia's feet although she looks like she wants to let go.

As Crazy Sinobia holds Hypatia upside down, she notices a TATTOO OF A PENTAGRAM on Hypatia's lower back.

Hypatia uses the 10 FOOT POLE to hook the swaddling clothes.

As she pulls the hook, the clothes peel away and the baby is washed into the downstream LARGE CISTERN.

HYPATIA (CONT'D)

Let go!  
(kicking her feet)

CRAZY SINOBIA

What?

HYPATIA

Let go of me!

Hypatia drops into the sewer pipe and does a combat crawl towards the cistern.

She dives under the water to look for the submerged baby.

She gasps for air before diving back under the raw sewage.

IN THE BATHROOM

Crazy Sinobia hears nothing from the toilet and quickly replaces the seat and lifts the bust back upright.

The stranger comes back in bouncing on her heels with thighs pressed together.

CRAZY SINOBIA

You are welcome now.

She lets out a crazy laugh before walking away.

OUTSIDE THE BATHROOM

Crazy Sinobia's elation evokes suspicion in Daphne as she continues to search for Hypatia.

CRAZY SINOBIA (CONT'D)

(muttered to herself)  
Must have been a devil.

DAPHNE

Hypatia! Where are you?

INT. SEWER SYSTEM -- LATER -- NEAR DARKNESS

Hypatia emerges gasping from the cesspool.

She holds the naked, lifeless baby.

She clears its throat and does mouth-to mouth resuscitation.

HYPATIA

Please.

The baby gags and starts crying.

She rips off part of her toga to swaddle the baby.

HYPATIA (CONT'D)

That's my good boy.

She spots a light at the end of the tunnel.

HYPATIA (CONT'D)

Follow the light, right?

The sewer opens to a larger room where aqueducts cross in all directions.

Faint light streams down from a grate at the top of a stone "steps" carved into the wall. The water runs around her feet and disappears into a grate at the base of the steps.

At the base of the ladder, she steps on something that makes a crunching noise.

The baby in her arms cries.

When she looks down, there are skeletons of many other babies.

She climbs the ladder towards the light of the street above.

EXT. TEA HOUSE -- DUSK

People enjoy a pleasant evening meal when a clanging noise is heard.

A sewer grate with a blackbird near it pops up out of the sidewalk.

Hypatia emerges holding the baby.

She approaches the horrified waiter in the cafe.

HYPATIA

Please...water.

People are speechless until the stench hits them.

CYRIL'S MOTHER

There is our charge. She steals babies for Satanic rituals. Or to sell to Jews...

HYPATIA

(to bystanders)

This probably seems strange.

CYRIL'S MOTHER

Arrest that witch! She stole that baby!

Roman soldiers approach Hypatia. Hypatia drops back into the sewer.

CYRIL'S MOTHER (CONT'D)

After her!

SOLDIER

We'll follow you, my lady.

INT. SEWER SYSTEM

Hypatia notes the flow of sewage. She proceeds down a larger tunnel fed by smaller ones.

ON THE LADDER

Soldiers carrying oil lamps descend with caution.

SOLDIER

Seems she got away.

CYRIL'S MOTHER

What's that? Down at your feet!

The soldiers look down to see skeletons of dead babies.

FARTHER DOWN THE TUNNEL

After a time, Hypatia hears the ocean.

She emerges onto the beach.

The Lighthouse of Alexandria shines in the distance.

On the beach, sea birds peck away at the carcass of an albatross.

"December 22nd"

INT. ORPHANAGE -- DAY

The orphanage is a squalid hovel in the countryside staffed by Novatian nuns, dressed in tan robes.

Orphans of all ethnicities play in the back yard gardens. Hypatia speaks with the MOTHER SUPERIOR, 50's and always smiling with her eyes.

Mother Superior cradles CRAZY SINOBIA'S BABY.

MOTHER SUPERIOR

The pornae often kill their boys.  
Even slave traders don't want them.

HYPATIA

Don't you need more space?

MOTHER SUPERIOR

Olympius donated land but Pope Theophilus will take it. He's always hated us.

HYPATIA

Why?

MOTHER SUPERIOR

At the Synod of Alexandria --

HYPATIA

After Emperor Julian's pagan revival?

MOTHER SUPERIOR

Yes. Theodosius' so-called uncle, Pope Athanasius, ordained magistrates who had murdered Christians only months before. We Novatians opposed this just as we still oppose their sale of indulgences. My God can't be bribed.

HYPATIA

(looking at the orphans)  
Is there anything I can do for them?

MOTHER SUPERIOR

Their stomachs are full but their  
minds starve.

HYPATIA

Then I'll come twice a week to teach.  
May I take him for today? My friend  
is a doctor.

MOTHER SUPERIOR

Of course. God be with you, my child.

EXT. SERAPHEUM -- DAY

Crazy Sinobia mumbles prayers over the smoldering carcass of  
a goat. Her forearm wipes soot and mucous from her face.

Monks shout insults but she is oblivious to them.

Thirty soldiers keeps the monks at bay.

IN THE NEARBY GARDEN

Aaron walks with Orestes and Hypatia through the statuary  
garden that connects the Library and Serapheum.

Hypatia holds the baby tenderly.

ORESTES

No good can come from this.

AARON

Was she supposed to let him drown?

ORESTES

If his own whore of a mother abandoned  
him, why must she concern herself?

HYPATIA

Didn't you abandon me last night?

Orestes looks over shoulder to make sure no one is listening.

ORESTES

The kykeon affected my senses. When  
I gathered them, you were gone.

They walk in silence and emerge in the temple of Serapis  
area. Crazy Sinobia spots Hypatia and her baby.

AARON

The birthmark will be there for life.  
It's harmless unless it grows or  
hums.

Crazy Sinobia approaches as if in a trance.

CRAZY SINOBIA

Witch! You stole my baby!

ORESTES

Are you the whore who drowns her son  
in the sewers?

CRAZY SINOBIA

Liar! She cast a spell on me!

Roman soldiers and the monks they were restraining take notice  
and form a circle around the group.

SOLDIER

What's all this?

CRAZY SINOBIA

(reaching for the  
infant)

The witch stole my baby!

Soldiers restrain Hypatia.

When Orestes tries to defend her, he gets punched in the gut.

Orestes takes a coin purse and slyly stuffs it into the  
soldier's cuirass.

ORESTES

Let's forget this misunderstanding.  
Hypatia, she clearly wants him now.

Hypatia looks at Crazy Sinobia who seems pathetic but sincere.

HYPATIA

You promise not to hurt him?

CRAZY SINOBIA

Yes. Please.

After a moment of consideration, Hypatia hands over the baby  
and the soldiers release her.

The soldiers shake their heads as they walk off.

SOLDIER

By Odin's beard, Alexandrians are a  
strange lot.

HYPATIA

I'm glad for you. What's his name?

CRAZY SINOBIA

Peter.

Crazy Sinobia raises her baby up to Serapis.

CRAZY SINOBIA (CONT'D)

Thank you, mighty Serapis.

Hypatia, Aaron and Orestes look on with disbelief.

AARON

That's so sad. Prostitutes develop  
brain fevers from venereal disease.

ORESTES  
 (holding his sore gut)  
 Brain fever or not, you trust too  
 easily.

"December 23rd"

EXT. TEMPLE EXCAVATION -- DAY

PARABOLEANS (burly men of the paramedics guild) are excavating a partially ransacked pagan temple.

Pope Theophilus and Cyril review architectural plans as they look out at the work site.

JACOB, 18yo brother of Aaron, wears long braided locks and a yarmulke. He digs alongside a powerful Greek Parablean with a TATTOO OF A CROSS on his neck.

PARABOLEAN  
 If my father was one of the richest  
 men in Alexandria, I'd be in a  
 bathhouse, not this ditch.

Jacob hits something with a shovel and unearths a model of a phallus like the one used in the mysteries. Other men laugh as he shows it off.

Cyril approaches and the men quiet down.

CYRIL  
 Give that to me.

JACOB  
 I found it. Can't I keep it, sir?

CYRIL  
 I said give it now!  
 (snatches it away)  
 Insolent Jews.

Jacob sucker punches Cyril on the chin.

Cyril wipes blood off his lip and gestures for two big men to grab Jacob in a choke hold.

Cyril borrows a knife and hovers over Jacob. With an evil grin, then he chops off Jacob's locks.

CYRIL (CONT'D)  
 Now you look more like a man. Get  
 this Christ-killer out of my sight.

The men push Jacob away. He fights to hold back bitter tears before running away in shame.

Pope Theophilus approaches.

POPE THEOPHILUS  
 What is it?

Theophilus examines the phallus.



CYRIL

Pagans glorify animal lust. It's  
one of their ritual objects.

POPE THEOPHILUS

And you know this how?

CYRIL

A brother at the monastery confessed  
it to me.

Cyril places it on the floor and it rocks on its rounded  
base with a rhythm of ejaculation.

Cyril lifts a sledgehammer to smash it but Pope Theophilus  
stays his hand.

POPE THEOPHILUS

Look again. This cock may herald a  
new dawn for us.

Pope Theophilus lifts the phallus and smiles as he looks up  
at the Serapheum on the Acropolis.

EXT. SERAPHEUM -- DAY

Paraboleans and black-robed monks carry banners and lewd  
effigies of Greek and Egyptian deities.

Pope Theophilus addresses the mob from a makeshift stage.

CHANTING AND CLAPPING rouses the bloodthirsty mob.

Frightened temple priests hide behind fidgety soldiers.

Hypatia and Orestes are among the civilian bystanders gathered  
to witness the confrontation.

POPE THEOPHILUS

Behold a sacred objects of the pagans!  
(the crowd laughs at  
the phallus)  
And does wearing this make me "thrice  
greatest?"

He dons a BABOON HEADPIECE (the Baboon headed man was an  
aspect of the Deity THOTH) and prances about like an ape.

Some in the crowd laugh but others are filled with rage.

HELLADIUS, the EGYPTIAN PRIEST in his 40's, comes up behind  
Hypatia. He is a muscular, completely hairless Copt.

Pope Theophilus casts the baboon head onto a bonfire. The  
crowd throws their pagan effigies on as well.

Hypatia and Orestes try to restrain Helladius but he breaks  
free to recover the headpiece from the flames.

The monks grab and begin to pummel Helladius.

BROTHER AMMONIUS

Dirty Copt!

Orestes holds Hypatia back but she stares him down.

ORESTES  
You already face charges of  
witchcraft.

Hypatia breaks free and confronts the monks.

BROTHER AMMONIUS  
Where's your guitar now, witch?

HYPATIA  
Have you know this one?

Hypatia does judo move on the monks. Without injuring them,  
she makes fools of them by tripping them into the dirt.

Roman soldiers intervene.

BROTHER AMMONIUS  
Don't save her!

SOLDIER  
It looks like we're saving you.

Hypatia helps the beaten Helladius away from the scene.

EXT. SERAPHEUM -- MONK'S RALLY -- NIGHT

Monks and Paraboleans carry torches and makeshift weapons as  
they listen to Pope Theophilus.

POPE THEOPHILUS  
Like the Jews they conspire  
with...many Alexandrians worship  
Mammon as if that is all our lives  
could be worth. Like many of you, I  
was once bought and sold for a handful  
of coins.

(crowd says "AMEN")  
You may earn your freedom on earth,  
but will you have it in the afterlife?

(crowd says "AMEN")  
But worst are the snobs of the Museum.  
To them, any perversion or cult is  
but a metaphor. I question whether  
they believe in anything at all.

(crowd says "AMEN")  
Those sons of senators gather weapons  
to harm us. But remember the words:  
"Though I walk through the valley of  
death, I will fear no evil: for thou  
art with me; thy rod and thy staff -  
they comfort me."

(WHIMPERING is heard)  
Who is that?

BROTHER AMMONIUS  
(pushing Ammonius'  
Sidekick forward)  
Your grace, this one says he's afraid  
to die before becoming a man!

POPE THEOPHILUS

If you die for Jesus, I promise you  
a dozen virgins for every day of the  
week...except Sunday when even God  
rested.

(crowd laughs)

MONKS

(jumping up and down)

Jesus now! Jesus now! God will  
save my soul somehow!

INT. LIBRARY OF ALEXANDRIA -- PAGAN RALLY -- NIGHT

Museum students, Jews, and civilian pagans are gathered.

Helladius is bandaged. Olympius has burns on his face.

Hypatia looks on with Aaron and Aedesius the Aristocrat, who  
looks nervous.

OLYMPIUS

We're all Egyptians! Whether Copt,  
Greek, Jew or other freeman.

CROWD

Yeah!

HELLADIUS

If I worship Thoth, can't I also  
honor the Rabbi Jesus? Many of us  
worship the old gods and also follow  
Arian Christianity. So why does  
Pharaoh Theophilus persecute us? I  
say unto him: "Let my people go!".

CROWD

(with clapping)

Down with Green, up with Blue, Jesus  
was created too! If that's true,  
then it's a fraud -- how could Mary  
make a God?

AARON

(aside to Hypatia)

Where are Synesius and Orestes?

HYPATIA

Away from this madness.

CUT TO:

EXT. SAILING SHIP -- NIGHT

A sailing ship has left the harbor of Alexandria.

Soldiers remove a hood and manacles from Orestes who shoves  
his captors back in anger.

A soldier raises his hand to strike Orestes but a centurion's  
baton blocks the attack.

## CENTURION ON SHIP

Hold, pleb. This one might be your  
emperor one day.

The solder laughs it off but spits on the ground.

Synesius also massages his wrists. The centurion hands  
Orestes a letter with Hypatia's pentagram on the wax seal.

## BACK TO THE PAGAN RALLY

The crowd goes wild as MARTIAL MUSIC is played.

## OLYMPIUS

For reasons of politics, noble Theon  
could not attend. But let us hear  
encouragement from his wise and  
beautiful daughter.

Hypatia reluctantly takes the stage.

CAT CALLS as students lean forward in anticipation.

## HYPATIA

Heraclitus proved we can't step into  
the same river twice. I believe we  
must all find shade under a Christian  
tent and stop arguing over semantics  
and metaphors.

(BOOS and HISSES)

The music dies and there is stunned silence.

## OLYMPIUS

Jesus himself would have overturned  
Theophilus' tables!

## HYPATIA

For our Library to survive, we must  
survive...whatever the cost. I beg  
you all to go home. Let reason and  
diplomacy win this day.

Crowd is drawn in to what she is saying.

## HYPATIA (CONT'D)

Why must good Christians be condemned  
for the actions of ruthless men?  
Making martyrs is a sure way to  
strengthen them.

## AEDESIUS THE ARISTOCRAT

I say enough rhetoric and philosophy!  
(upstages Hypatia)

Now is the time for the actions of  
men, not the talk of women! Brothers,  
your weapons and your glory await  
you at the gymnasium. Will you tell  
your grandchildren you never rose to  
defend our civilization against  
illiterate book burners?

AEDESIUS starts some RHYTHMIC CLAPPING as MARTIAL MUSIC and  
chanting becomes deafening.

Hypatia tries to speak but is drowned out.

HYPATIA  
(shouting unheard)  
Violence is not the answer!

OLYMPIUS  
(to Helladius)  
Put your affairs in order, brother.  
Tonight, we may see for ourselves  
which gods live on the other side of  
the Styx.

Hypatia sits down as the MUSIC AND CHANTING grows.

Hypatia tries to speak to Aedesius but he walks right by.

EXT. SERAPHEUM -- LATER THAT NIGHT

The chanting of monks and Paraboleans drowns out the chanting of students and pagans.

Pagans are armed with SWORDS AND SHIELDS while the monks and paraboleans have crude, improvised weapons.

Mounted on war horses, the Roman General and his commanders watch from the sidelines. Next to him are Aedesius the Aristocrat (hidden under a monk's robe) and Cyril. Cyril places a hand upon the shoulder of Aedesius, who recoils.

AEDESIUS THE ARISTOCRAT  
(to Cyril)  
I wasn't for you. I was warned by a  
friend in the emperor's court.

CYRIL  
You said Hypatia might calm them.

AEDESIUS THE ARISTOCRAT  
I made sure she didn't play her music.

Some MONKS BREAK THROUGH the Roman line and ATTACK.

Hypatia rushes to come between her PAGAN STUDENT and CHRISTIAN STUDENT. The Pagan Student stabs the Christian Student in the neck.

In doing so, the Pagan Student inadvertently wounds Hypatia. As he helps her, his head is CRACKED OPEN by a hoe swung by Brother Ammonius.

ON THE SIDELINES

Soldiers are poised to intervene but the General uses his baton to restrain his Lieutenant.

In the next few minutes, monks and students battle each other, although the students' superior arms make it a slaughter.

Olympius and Helladius expertly kill monks and Paraboleans.

Soldiers in line glance back over their shoulders at their commanders.

CENTURION

Eyes forward, you Goth dogs!

Hypatia spots the poised soldiers and runs up to the general.

Aedesius retreats into the background.

Hypatia is surprised to see Cyril standing next to the general, with fresh nail scratches on his face.

Cyril turns away self-consciously.

HYPATIA

General! You must stop them!

GENERAL

Those whose gods are stronger will prevail.

Hypatia seizes the bugler's trumpet.

GENERAL (CONT'D)

Don't even breath into it.

Hypatia looks out on the carnage, then back at the General. She SOUNDS THE CHARGE and the TROOPS ATTACK.

GENERAL (CONT'D)

Call them back!

LIEUTENANT

You there! Sound the retreat!

Hypatia bends the trumpet into a "U" before returning it.

EXT. SERAPHEUM -- LATER THAT NIGHT

Roman Soldiers have reestablished control and the wounded and dead are being carried off in stretchers by Paraboleans.

Laity weep as Pope Theophilus goes around with a small entourage to consecrate the dead.

Brother Ammonius weeps beside the MONK'S SIDEKICK's corpse.

The boy has an otherworldly smile on his face.

Brother Ammonius kisses the boy's forehead and puts a coin into the boy's mouth.

Helladius sits covered in other people's blood and mutters a prayer with his hands turned up.

BROTHER AMMONIUS

It was you, Copt! You did this!

Brother Ammonius starts walking, then running towards Helladius with a spiked club above his head.

Helladius ignores Brother Ammonius but brings his sword within arms length.

At the last moment, some monks restrain Brother Ammonius.

## MONK

The little brother is with Christ.  
You'll have justice, in God's time.

Hypatia holds the hand of the dead Pagan Student. She gazes at Cyril who points at the temple as he addresses some Parableans.

## LATER

The area is almost deserted. Beggars and small children pry the jewels off Serapis' sandals.

They flip through books to tear out illustrations.

The pages of other vandalized books are blowing in the wind.

## EXT. SERAPHEUM -- NIGHT

Brother Ammonius sits on Serapis' shoulder wielding an ax. By torchlight, the gathered mob looks on with trepidation.

A light rain begins to fall.

## OLYMPIUS

Why look away, old friend?

## HELLADIUS

I don't want to be blinded when  
Serapis casts his lightning.

## OLYMPIUS

It's only a statue now. His spirit  
has flown.

Brother Ammonius hesitates then swings at the idol's neck.

THWACK! SPARKS FLY and the AX HEAD SHATTERS.

The crowd gasps and people take a step back.

Brother Ammonius is frightened and tries to climb down.

Cyril grabs another ax and hands it up to Brother Ammonius.

## CYRIL

His or yours.

Brother Ammonius closes his eyes and swings more gently.

A dent is created and this time, no sparks fly.

Cyril stirs up some rhythmic clapping which grows bolder with each swing of the ax.

THUD!... the god's head falls and rolls to the feet of Pope Theophilus like a large beach ball.

The crowd waits with baited breath for Serapis' retribution.

When none comes, they cheer and proceed to swarm upon the statue and chisel off the remaining jewels.

The mob also swarms into back rooms to loot and vandalize.

"December 24th"

EXT. SERAPHEUM -- MORNING

Hypatia comforts her father as they walk through the rubble.

The NAIVE STUDENT sits at the foot of the idol, crying as he holds a piece of Serapis' toe.

Looters come from the nearby library with armfuls of scrolls and books.

Hypatia's Father goes chasing after the looters.

HYPATIA'S FATHER  
You there, that's priceless!

Cyril's Mother spies on Hypatia.

NAIVE STUDENT  
(to remains of statue)  
If you weren't going or protect us,  
why did you accept our offerings!

Hypatia comes up behind the young man to comfort him.

HYPATIA  
Tomorrow we start with Ptolemy's  
Astronomy - at my villa.

NAIVE STUDENT  
But God is dead. Olympius has sailed  
and Helladius retreats to Upper Egypt.

HYPATIA  
Gods aren't made from this.  
(taking the TOE and  
throwing it away)  
True divinity is a spark that's  
trapped inside us.

White doves feed on grain by the altar.

NAIVE STUDENT  
Then Serapis' spirit escaped? How  
will the Nile rise?

HYPATIA  
They do a disservice to teach myths  
as literal truth. Truth is always a  
matter of perspective. Even good  
and evil are only points of view.  
(surveys the damage)  
But empires can only be built upon  
their myths.

Hypatia leads the Naive Student away.

EXT. LIBRARY OF ALEXANDRIA -- NIGHT

Monks led by Cyril toss Gnostic and Scientific Books onto  
the bonfire.



They chant and jump up and down with triumphant enthusiasm  
Cyril sees Hypatia looking down from the Library steps.

MONKS

Christ is Great, Green is too! Jesus  
has struck down the Blue.

Cyril's Mother is talking to Roman soldiers and points at  
Hypatia. The soldiers look over and approach Hypatia.

CENTURION

Are you Hypatia, Theon's daughter?

HYPATIA

Yes.

Soldiers restrain her.

ROMAN SOLDIER

You're under arrest for witchcraft,  
kidnapping and inciting riots.

HYPATIA

That's ridiculous.

ROMAN SOLDIER

Tell it to Brother Cyril. He'll be  
leading the inquisition.

As Hypatia is dragged away, she makes eye contact with Cyril's  
Mother, who wears an evil grin on her face.

EXT. WATERFRONT IN FRONT OF THE GREAT CHURCH -- NIGHT

OLYMPIUS and some other dejected Greeks are departing on  
ships with what possessions they could throw together.

Their sorrow is revealed with every rotation of the  
lighthouse's beacon upon them.

INT. PRISON -- NIGHT

We return to the cliffhanger of the opening sequence.

CYRIL has his foot on AARON'S neck.

Hypatia only sees the APPARITION OF HER MOTHER.

The clergymen's pens hover above the paper.

HYPATIA'S MOM

(fx filtered)  
You promised.

HYPATIA

(to apparition)  
But I'm happy to die now.

CYRIL

If that's your answer. God help  
your soul.

Cyril gestures and the prison guard raises his sharp sword.

The sword falls.

SPLAT! Two halves of a large melon fall to the ground. The Prison Guard sharpens his sword some more.

CYRIL (CONT'D)

Last chance to accept the truth.

The sword goes up. Cyril gestures. The Prison Guard raises his arms up.

At the last moment, Hypatia smiles and looks at Cyril.

HYPATIA

Aaron and I will sign confessions.

CYRIL

Confessing what?

HYPATIA

The truth. That Jesus is our eternal and non-created Lord and savior.

CYRIL

And?

HYPATIA

Of the same substance as the father but at the same time distinct and not commingled.

CYRIL

And?

HYPATIA

And he created and creates everything, including each of our souls at birth.

CYRIL

Except?

HYPATIA

He himself was born of Mary, the mother of Christ, in an immaculate and mysterious fashion.

Cyril looks suspiciously at Hypatia.

He turns to the clergymen, who nod their approval.

Cyril presses the boot into Aaron's neck.

CYRIL

And you, Jew?

AARON

How could I say it any more clearly?

Cyril gives Aaron a swift kick to the ribs.

He then holds out his hand to Hypatia.

CYRIL

We welcome you back to your church family, sister Hypatia. After a three year penance.

AARON

Fortune tellers only got one!

CYRIL

Scholars will need longer to repent.

The clergymen exhale and quickly roll up their scrolls before Cyril can change his mind.

Aaron is taken out to a different cell.

Cyril and his clerics leave her alone with the Prison Guard.

PRISON GUARD

How does a pretty thing like you remain a virgin?  
(removes his pants  
and caresses Hypatia)

CUT TO:

INT. TEA HOUSE -- NIGHT - (FLASHBACK)

The scene with Daphne helping Hypatia sober up.

HYPATIA

Does it ever bother you if a man is -

DAPHNE

- a pig? I transform him in my mind or I leave my body at will.

BACK TO SCENE

HYPATIA begins to chant her mantra.

HYPATIA

(murmured repeatedly  
with eyes half closed)  
Aishwara, Dzogchen, Aum.

She sees upward and downward overlapping TRIANGLES ROTATING in opposite directions in midair.

A BRIGHT LIGHT is reflected in the face of the PRISON GUARD.

PRISON GUARD

Sweet Jesus...how did you get in here?

The Prison Guard falls to his knees in awe.

EXT. WATERFRONT IN FRONT OF THE PRISON -- (SIMULTANEOUS)

A BLACKBIRD on the street outside the basement prison window flies away.

"406 A.D. - 15 years later"

EXT. SERAPHEUM -- DAY

The SERAPHEUM has been converted into a CHRISTIAN SHRINE although some of the Hellenistic and Egyptian motifs remain.

Serapis' head has been replaced with a bearded, OLD TESTAMENT JEHOVAH (that bears a strong RESEMBLANCE TO POPE THEOPHILUS.)

The statue's powerful body remains but the three headed beast and his staff are gone.

By the statue's left foot, a life-sized statue of JESUS BEARING HIS CROSS.

Jesus' face bears a RESEMBLANCE TO SERAPIS without the basket on top of his head.

By the statue's right foot, the life-sized THREE MARYS weep for Jesus' suffering and reach out to him.

Worshippers are lined up to have children blessed or be healed.

The old altar is still front and center, at the feet of the idol. After worshippers drop coins into a gilded box, they are blessed by the pair of the fat clergymen from the prison scene.

EXT. GREAT CHURCH -- IMPERIAL SHRINE -- DAY

The NEW STATUE is a 13 YO BOY EMPEROR, THEODOSIUS II (Theodosius' grandson.)

EXT. WATERFRONT NEAR THE GREAT CHURCH -- DAY

Although some carolers carry wrapped presents and wear pilei, no one is drunk or flashing strangers.

Alexandrians are dressed conservatively and homogeneously.

EXT. PHAROS LIGHTHOUSE -- OBSERVATION DECK -- NIGHT

POV flying over the ocean towards the lighthouse.

A flock of birds lands on the lighthouse, startling a BLACKBIRD.

The BLACKBIRD hovers against the onshore breeze for a moment, momentarily illuminated by the Pharos lighthouse rays.

On the observation deck below, Hypatia is chanting, trancelike in lotus position.

WHITE ENERGY FIELDS project from her as she appears to LEVITATE SLIGHTLY off the roof.

FOOTSTEPS come from the steps. 15 YO PETER THE READER, Sinobia's baby with facial port-wine stain appears.

Behind him is HIERAX THE LIBRARIAN, now older and wearing a monk's robe. Astrological charts protrude from his backpack.

Peter the Reader is stunned to see the glowing Hypatia, who is levitating inches above the floor.

PETER THE READER

Oh my God!

Hypatia's eyes snap open and her butt falls hard onto the observation deck.

15 YO Peter the Reader turns to Hierax but Hierax breathlessly ascends the top stair too late to see the spectacle.

The blackbird drops out of the wind and into darkness.

Quickly standing, Hypatia grabs a broom to sweeps up.

HYPATIA

The birds are migrating.

HIERAX THE LIBRARIAN

Sister Hypatia, I was just going to teach this lad how to use your astrolabe.

(holds up the astrolabe)

Fantastic improvement from the Chaldeans'. And I see you kept the base 60 convention.

HYPATIA

Hierax can teach you much.  
Well...Merry Christmas.

HIERAX THE LIBRARIAN

Peace of the Lord be with you, sister.

Hypatia bows cordially and goes to the ladder.

PETER THE READER

Wait!

(startles Hypatia)

You forgot this.

(holds up broom)

HYPATIA

Thank you.

Hypatia retrieves the broom and descends the stairs.

PETER THE READER

(whispered)

Did you see her glowing?

HIERAX THE LIBRARIAN

I told you. No more ale until you're sixteen.

PETER THE READER

I swear it.

HIERAX THE LIBRARIAN

Could she really have done it?

PETER THE READER

Done what, master?

HIERAX THE LIBRARIAN

When a mystic attains egolessness,  
they can generate a Merkahbah.

PETER THE READER

Merkahbah?

HIERAX THE LIBRARIAN

Ezekiel's flaming chariot. Jacob's  
ladder. A passage to another  
universe. But don't tell a soul.

PETER THE READER

Why, master?

HIERAX THE LIBRARIAN

Because Hypatia is my colleague and  
because I ask it.

(slaps the boys bottom)

Now let's have your lesson.

INT. GREAT CHURCH -- DAY

Hypatia plays the PIPE ORGAN as the congregation sings a  
liturgical hymn based on the motif she played for Brother  
Ammonius at the Serapheum.

Cyril is older and wears a beard.

SAINT AUGUSTINE, also bearded and solemn, has a place of  
honor on the dais.

Aaron sits in the congregation with Doctor Cohen and Aaron's  
Stepmother.

The song ends to applause which Cyril cuts short.

CYRIL

This is no mime show. This is very  
the house of God.

(pause)

We now continue our discussion of  
heresy.

(audible groans)

Heresy comes from the Greek  
"hairesis" meaning choice. But as  
Christians, we have no choice. We  
are compelled by the power of Christ.

(pause)

Yes, our God is personal...but we  
can never see him face to face but  
only through a glass darkly. We  
must never try to have a mystical  
experience of things divine. It is  
because we are incapable of it that  
God created both Jesus and his  
Apostolic Church.

(gestures to dais)

We are honored by the presence of  
the most important theologian of our  
day, Bishop Augustus of Hippo.

(MORE)

CYRIL (CONT'D)  
 (SAINT AUGUSTINE takes  
 a bow)

In his book, he bravely confessed to partaking in pagan rites of sex and death. Because he came to realize the body is but the sepulcher of the soul. And why should we glorify something that an alley cat can do? And why do they obsess about death? A Christian rejoices to die at any moment for it will bring them home to God.

(crowd says "Amen")

That is why Christ destroyed the false idols and their temples. Think of how blessed we are to live in these modern times, free from the superstitions of the past. But our young people must constantly be reminded how many were martyred to give us our freedom to worship.

Hypatia tries to join the congregation but Cyril grabs her arm (causing Hypatia to flashback to the Mystery Rites when he tried to hold her).

CYRIL (CONT'D)  
 Sister, Hypatia. You once practiced the sorcery of the Jews. Kabbalah, they call it. Perhaps you will read to us Paul's second letter to the Corinthians, chapter 10, verse 4.

Congregation all flip through their bibles in unison.

Hypatia takes Cyril's bible but recites from memory.

HYPATIA  
 "...For the weapons of our warfare are casting down imaginations...and bringing into captivity every thought to the obedience of Christ."

CYRIL  
 Would you agree with Saint Paul?

HYPATIA  
 (looking at Aaron)  
 How could I say it any more clearly?

INT. LIBRARY OF ALEXANDRIA -- DAY

The stacks of books and scrolls are vastly depleted.

Many art works are missing or damaged.

The entire section of theology has been emptied with the exception of new copies of Nicene bibles and books by Saint Augustine.

Hierax the Librarian reads at his desk and chuckles.

Cyril compares an ABRAXAS AMULET hidden around his neck with ABRAXAS ILLUSTRATIONS in a book.

The book's cover reads "HOLY BIBLE".

Cyril flips through a few more to ensure no other Gnostic books have been rebound to look like orthodox Christian ones.

Across the library, Hypatia oversees high school children studying from trigonometry books.

Hypatia sees Hierax speaking in hushed tones with Cyril.

HIERAX THE LIBRARIAN

She wouldn't dare.

CYRIL

Well, someone rebound this. And why do you still have that?

HIERAX THE LIBRARIAN

Father, It's Aristotle.

CYRIL

(grabbing the book)  
*Poetics*, fine. *Comedics*, never.  
 (stuffs it in his bag)  
 Have you seen the mime shows mocking my uncle? And do you know why?

HIERAX THE LIBRARIAN

Come now, I don't think that's true.

CYRIL

You don't? Humor's only purpose is to drag down that which is elevated and sacred. Besides, the shows only promote drunkenness and debauchery.

HIERAX THE LIBRARIAN

They've celebrated winter solstice for a thousand years. Where's the harm if people enjoy themselves a little. And they've stopped the mysteries of Bacchus. A shame, don't you think, Flavius?

Cyril slams the Abraxas book onto Hierax's hand and presses hard before regaining his composure.

CYRIL

A new thousand year reign is here. If your Greek pride's the issue, remember that Plato recommended outlawing the theater in utopia.

HIERAX THE LIBRARIAN

You really think you can destroy all books you find offensive?

CYRIL

If you'd stop selling them back to Jews and witches.



Hierax feigns surprise.

CYRIL (CONT'D)

Yes, I believe the Lord will soon call to the desert, to tend the libraries at the monastery.

HIERAX THE LIBRARIAN

But that's not at all necessary. Father, I know these bookbinders. Let me search Hypatia's home and bring you the banned books. Just lend me some strong men.

Cyril lets Hierax sweat it out a bit.

CYRIL

Don't fail me this time.

Cyril hands Hierax some money under the table.

Hypatia notices but looks away.

Cyril approaches her table and Hypatia greets him with a kiss on the cheek. He recoils.

CYRIL (CONT'D)

Peace of the Lord be with you, Sister Hypatia...

HYPATIA

And with you, Brother Cyril.

CYRIL

Hierax's apprentice says he saw you atop Pharos.

HYPATIA

I like to be alone when I pray.

CYRIL

Mother Superior speaks highly of your unorthodox teaching methods.

HYPATIA

Sacred geometry helps the children see Christ's presence in all his creations.

CYRIL

You're not aware of anyone still practicing the Hindu, Gnostic or Pythagorean magic?

(shows her the book)

Children's minds are so easily corrupted.

HYPATIA

(sees the ABRAXAS illustration)

I agree. Do you remember St. Menes? I gave you an amulet.

CYRIL

Not really.

HYPATIA

You chanted my healing mantra for your father. I learned about the last rites.

CYRIL

(flustered)

My father died a Christian. That is all that matters.

HYPATIA

Didn't you also burn a dove for Serapis?

CYRIL

I have put away childish notions just as I have defeated the demons within me.

HYPATIA

Couldn't we preserve any old stories? There contain metaphorical truth.

CYRIL

God's word is real and eternal. Do you think anyone would come on Sunday to worship a metaphor?

HYPATIA

So if someone questioned the literal truth of anything in the bible -

CYRIL

- a heretic.

HYPATIA

And where scripture contradicts itself?

CYRIL

Impossible. And I'll pretend you didn't say that.

HYPATIA

I see.

CYRIL

I hope that you do. Tell your father I'll need a reckoning of the every book in your personal libraries.

EXT. PHAROS LIGHTHOUSE -- OBSERVATION DECK -- MOONLESS NIGHT

Hypatia's Father lies on his back and is tries to locate a star with an astrolabe while Hypatia watches him.

HYPATIA'S FATHER

When Athanasius asked me, I agreed because I thought a classical education might broaden Theophilus' mind.

(MORE)

HYPATIA'S FATHER (CONT'D)

I realize now that to speak of sacred wisdom with the uninitiated is to invite scorn. Aristophanes and Euclid... they'll soon greet me on the other side to scoop out my eyes with a rusty spoon.

HYPATIA

We'll restore the Library...and reopen the Museum.

HYPATIA'S FATHER

It's too late for that. Your mother foretold the burning the books.

HYPATIA

More bird signs?

HYPATIA'S FATHER

You mock. But I tell you...you will see Orestes again. Mark my words.

HYPATIA

Orestes is married with children and lives in Constantinople.

HYPATIA'S FATHER

Between your science and Cyril's blind faith, only philosophy can guide us. We only can perceive *Pistis Sophia* dimly, as through a veil.

FLASHBACK of Hypatia seeing a masked Cyril entering the Mysteries through the sheer curtain of the SECRET TEMPLE.

HYPATIA

Some glimpse yet are not turned into stags or eaten by their dogs.

(pause)

I've finished mother's work.

HYPATIA'S FATHER

So soon?

HYPATIA

It's been fifteen years, father. The nuns and I converted over a thousand songs into Christian hymns.

HYPATIA'S FATHER

Now that is something to celebrate. Should we name this new comet after mother too?

HYPATIA

You were right. Cyril asked for our books.

HYPATIA'S FATHER

Our vanity demands we rewrite history. But our desperation allow us to believe.

(MORE)

HYPATIA'S FATHER (CONT'D)

I suppose even pharaoh's pyramids  
will some day be buried under desert  
sand.

HYPATIA

Buried? Father, you are a genius!  
(kisses her father  
and gets up)

Don't submit a list yet. I am going  
to pay a visit to our old friend at  
Chenoboskion.

INT. PAPAL OFFICES -- DAY

Cyril's Mother holds up the Abraxas Holy Bible.

CYRIL'S MOTHER

I told your uncle to burn all the  
books. He should have burned Iranaeus  
and Justin Martyr as well.

CYRIL

Why would we burn works by our own  
church fathers?

CYRIL'S MOTHER

*Apologia* was a response to Pagan  
*Kategoria*. A family need not air  
its dirty laundry to strangers eyes.

CYRIL

After fifteen years, I thought I had  
destroyed them all...

CYRIL'S MOTHER

You will. It was foretold that my  
son would be the greatest Pope of  
them all.

CYRIL

But it's illegal to take the  
auspices...

CYRIL'S MOTHER

This was long before you were born.  
And so far, everything the Witch of  
Hecate prophesied has come to pass.

CYRIL

Really? Her daughter lacks the second  
sight.

CYRIL'S MOTHER

Beware of Hypatia. Must you let her  
play organ in our church?

CYRIL

I'm told the music is what they come  
to hear. And why should we fear  
her? She has no Museum or students  
now.

CYRIL'S MOTHER

(holds up book)

As sure as Christ is the vine of our church, that witch is the root of this bitter harvest.

CYRIL

What was my fortune, mother?

CYRIL'S MOTHER

A man must not know his destiny. It clouds the mind and weakens resolve.

Cyril looks up with hurt puppy eyes and snuggles up to her.

CYRIL'S MOTHER (CONT'D)

She foretold of two virgins. After you became Pope, one would elevate your name and the other could destroy it. Sleep now.

Cyril's mother leaves after kissing him like a child.

Cyril pulls the book from the fire and stomps out the flames.

INT. HYPATIA'S HOME -- DAY

Monks in chariots accompany Hierax and Brother Ammonius.

They burst into Hypatia's home and begin to ransack it.

Hypatia's Father pleads with them but they shove him down.

Hierax is ashamed when Hypatia's father looks up at him.

A LITTLE LATER

The men have torn apart the house yet have found nothing. Four slaves and Hypatia's Father are rounded up for interrogation.

Brother Ammonius threatens Hypatia's Father with chopping off the thumb of a slave.

Ammonius makes good on the threat. The slave howls and falls to his knees to recover his thumb while blood pumps from his amputated hand.

The monk then holds the knife to another slave's throat.

Hypatia's father caves in and leads them to the secret basement library.

Hierax takes a lamp downstairs to find most of the bookshelves empty.

The chess set shows almost all the white pieces are gone and are surrounded by black.

Hypatia's Father blocks the stairway entrance but thugs push past him, causing him to lose his footing.

The old man tumbles down the stairs and falls unconscious and bleeding at the feet of Hierax.

Paraboleans walk over Hypatia's Father and carry the remaining books out to their chariots. They delight in smashing the alchemical beakers and flasks.

Slaves weep as they watch the men go in and out of the secret basement.

One of the Paraboleans brings up Hypatia's wooden box to Hierax, waiting at the top of the stairs.

Hierax is excited to lift out the Platonic solids.

When the thugs leave, the slaves rush downstairs to the aid of Hypatia's Father.

EXT. ROAD IN DESERT -- LATER

Hypatia's chariot is now decorated with a "JESUS FISH," not a PENTAGRAM.

She passes the book thieves riding back towards the city.

When Hierax's and Hypatia's eyes meet, she looks worried. She drives her horses faster with the whip.

She pulls up to the house and the groom is weeping.

Inside, the house is trashed.

Hypatia goes to the backyard where her father has been laid out on a day bed.

HYPATIA  
(through tears)  
I've got to get you to Aaron!

HYPATIA'S FATHER  
(labored)  
My neck is broken and my hip  
shattered. Listen now...I loved  
your mother very much.

HYPATIA  
Save your strength.

HYPATIA'S FATHER  
The finest families fought to send  
their daughters. At the temple, she  
was worshiped as an anti-Circe.

HYPATIA  
Why?

HYPATIA'S FATHER  
She could turn animals into men.

HYPATIA  
Shh. The Arab Bedouins gladly took  
most of the classics but I gave the  
Gnostic books to Brother Gregory at  
Chenoboskion. He promised to bury  
them.

HYPATIA'S FATHER

Thank you. Some day, the world will  
want to know. Now, I'm free.

Hypatia's Father dies in Hypatia's arms.

Hypatia weeps and rocks back and forth.

INT. CONSTANTINOPLE -- ORESTES' HOME -- DAY

Orestes rubs his eyes and once again looks at an opened scroll  
with Hypatia's wax pentagram seal. He sets fire to the scroll  
before casting it into the hearth.

ORESTES' WIFE

Is the news bad?

ORESTES

The worst. Theon is dead.

ORESTES' WIFE

He was old.

ORESTES

No. Killed by his own protege. I'm  
going to ask to be made prefect.

ORESTES' WIFE

It's a good stepping stone. And  
Alexandria should be safer now.

ORESTES

Then you'll come with me?

ORESTES' WIFE

I won't bring my children to such an  
uncivilized place.

ORESTES

You said it was safer.

ORESTES'S WIFE

But not safe enough for a woman of  
independent thought.

ORESTES

Hypatia?

ORESTES' WIFE

I refer to myself. I've no wish to  
live under the scrutiny of nuns and  
monks. We both enjoy our little  
freedoms too much for that.

INT. ORPHANAGE -- DAY

ORPHAN GIRL, 10 YO, teaches other orphans to play "ROW, ROW,  
ROW YOUR BOAT" on a guitar.

Hypatia watches them from hiding.

EXT. HYPATIA'S HOME -- FLASHBACK

Hypatia, now a 10 yo girl, spies on her mother who is playing "Row, row, row your boat" with an arpeggiated harmony. A subtle yellow aura appears around her head.

Hypatia's mother feels eyes watching her so she turns slowly enough for Hypatia to duck for cover.

Hypatia's mother smiles and improvises words to the melody.

HYPATIA'S MOM

"Bless, bless, bless these hands and  
bless my dear Hypatia. Bless her  
though she spies on me, behind my  
own acacia."

HYPATIA

Mother! I can never surprise you.  
What's that?

Hypatia picks up a flute and plays the melody.

HYPATIA'S MOM

A gift for my angel. Will you help  
with the words?

They look out at a ship on the ocean. Slaves sing as they row the long galley oars.

A Copt merchant (black man) whips slaves (white men) who go off rhythm.

HYPATIA

How can they sing? Don't they know  
they're slaves?

HYPATIA'S MOM

What did the guru teach you about  
slavery?

HYPATIA

Samsara makes us all slaves to the  
Dukkha. He who looks outside dreams-

HYPATIA'S MOM

- while he who looks inside, awakes.

HYPATIA

Who was the woman that attacked you?

HYPATIA'S MOM

Don't worry about her. How can I  
regret anything that brought you  
into my life.

(kisses Hypatia)

How's this? "Row, row, row your  
boat. Gently on the sea..."

HYPATIA

"...Joyfully, joyfully, joyfully,  
joyfully, your life is but a dream."

Hypatia's Mom winces in pain and clutches her flank.



HYPATIA (CONT'D)

Yesterday, that boy told me that you would need a priest to bless you or you'd go to hell.

HYPATIA'S MOM

Is that what you believe?

HYPATIA

I think so. Do you?

HYPATIA'S MOM

At my age, you can believe everything yet still believe in nothing. The ancient ways will soon be gone. But promise you'll save all the music you can.

HYPATIA

Even if we change the words?

HYPATIA'S MOM

The song remains the same because it exists in the eternal mind of the Universal Man. It is only imitated by the Son of Man.

BACK TO SCENE AT ORPHANAGE

CROSS-FADED MELODY as Hypatia comes back to the moment. An ORPHAN GIRL stops when she senses Hypatia is behind her.

ORPHAN GIRL

I knew you were there! What did you bring?

The girl runs up to Hypatia first but the other children also run up to share a group hug.

The children reach into Hypatia's robes and backpack before Mother Superior comes over.

MOTHER SUPERIOR

Children! Stop that at once.

Hypatia reaches into a bag and hands them all PRISMS.

HYPATIA

Wait for me and I'll teach you how God makes a rainbow.

The children scurry off.

Mother Superior looks pitifully at Hypatia before breaking down in tears.

Hypatia hugs her.

MOTHER SUPERIOR

That was no accident. You know who ordered it.

HYPATIA

The prefect won't bring charges because Cyril is favored by the Emperor's sister.

MOTHER SUPERIOR

That PULCHERIA should mind her own affairs. Virgin? I hear unmentionable things from nuns in Constantinople.

HYPATIA

It will be years before the boy emperor crawls out from under his sister's dress.

They walk outside into the garden where the children play with their prisms.

MOTHER SUPERIOR

They're saying they found proof of witchcraft. Promise me you'll leave Alexandria after the funeral.

HYPATIA

If it's too late for the books, we can still save our people. We mustn't live in fear. Things will have to improve after Timothy becomes Pope.

MOTHER SUPERIOR

You and he are the only ones who think he'll be our Pope. Maybe Augustus or Chrissostom.

HYPATIA

You should have more faith in the goodness of man.

Daphne is in a habit, playing with orphans.

HYPATIA (CONT'D)

How is my old friend?

MOTHER SUPERIOR

Magdalena? The children love her.

EXT. PHAROS LIGHTHOUSE -- FUNERAL ON THE BEACH -- NIGHT

Hypatia's Father's corpse lies on a funeral pyre near the base of the lighthouse.

Mourners wear philosophers' togas and laurels. They either hold candles or wave tree branches and palm fronds as they sing a melody and harmony in the style of John Lennon's "IMAGINE."

The light-robed nuns and monks stand closest to the improvised stage. Roman Soldiers separate mourners from the small gangs of monks and Paraboleans lurking at the periphery.

Cyril, Hierax the Librarian, Peter the Reader, and Brother Ammonius lurk among the crowd of mourners. Cyril glances at a group of monks carrying wooden staffs.

The singing subsides as Hypatia mounts the stage to speak:

HYPATIA

I had the privilege of editing  
father's books on Ptolemy's  
*Astronomy*...but it came at the price  
of reading the ones on bird omens.

(some laughter)

And until this very moment, I was  
blind to the connection.

(pause)

Now I see that his spirit only longed  
to know the mind of God.

People in the crowd nod in agreement.

Cyril gestures for his men to move into position.

HYPATIA (CONT'D)

When I was a girl, he was fond of  
saying "Hypatia, deep thought always  
brings about a generality of forms."

Former students smile with recognition.

HYPATIA (CONT'D)

Look to the person next to you. But  
not the label of man or woman, young  
or old, Greek or Copt. Look deeply  
and you will see a generality of  
form: another person. Look deeper  
and you might see yourself. But  
look with the eyes of a child and  
you can see the kingdom of God is  
within you, not in a church or the  
sky.

The orphan girl smiles and Hypatia smiles back at her.

Brother Ammonius lurks right behind the Orphan Girl.

HYPATIA (CONT'D)

This eternal city belongs to us just  
as we belong to it. Alexander wanted  
to create a brotherhood of all men.  
Not Greek against Persian or Zeus  
against Mitra. That was the true  
greatness of Alexander.

Spontaneous cheering and clapping rises.

HYPATIA (CONT'D)

There! Pompey was stabbed by his  
own guard. There! Cleopatra was  
smuggled ashore wrapped in a carpet.  
Here, Saint Mark preached a life  
eternal and there, his relics were  
saved by the divine rain.

Nuns and Monks cross themselves.

HYPATIA (CONT'D)

It now appears Serapis was not making the Nile rise and fall.

(crowd laughs)

Christians, Copts and even the lighthouse may no longer be here in a thousand years. Maybe Bedouins will walk camels down Canopic way with the dust of our bones under their hooves.

(crowd laughs)

But for tonight, the oldest claim still goes to the Pharaohs, so they shall have the last word.

ANGLE ON EGYPTIAN MOTIFS ON PHAROS LIGHTHOUSE

HYPATIA (O.S.) (CONT'D)

"We now return our souls to the creator, as we stand on the edge of eternal darkness. Let our chant fill the void in order that others may know: In the land of the night the ship of the sun is drawn by the grateful dead."

She kisses her dead father, then brings a torch over and LIGHTS THE PYRE.

The body of Hypatia's father burns as embers rise into the night sky.

Hypatia resumes the a *cappella* melody based on "IMAGINE."

The singing grows louder and is sung in a round.

Cyril and some monks force their way through the crowd, take the stage, and seize Hypatia.

CYRIL

She beguiles you all with her forked tongue and the Devil's music. It was her defiance of church authority that killed Theon.

AARON

Liar! Hierax killed him!

CYRIL

Brother Hierax was serving our lord when he seized THIS from their secret library.

(shows Abraxas book)

It's a book of spells and incantations to their demon god, Abraxas. And they dared to bind it in a Bible's cover.

Black-robos monks and Paraboleans rush the stage and tie up Hypatia. Tan-robed monks and nuns appear confused.

MONKS

(chanting)

Burn the witch! Burn the witch!

Hypatia closes her eyes and chants a mantra.

Her POV grows fuzzy and lights dance around.

A yellow aura/halo appears around Hypatia as she enters a trance state.

Hypatia sees fuzzy lights, reminiscent of her mother's energy field. The lights cross the jetty towards the Pharos Island.

CYRIL

We will cleanse her soul with fire  
to save it!

The monks try to drag her to the bonfire but a white light radiating from the base of Hypatia's spine startles them.

Cyril takes up one of the torches and approaches Hypatia who appears to float on invisible wires.

At the last moment, GALLOPING HOOVES are heard.

Orestes rides up with the OUTGOING PREFECT and some Roman cavalry.

OUTGOING PREFECT

I said no violence.

CYRIL

Go home, prefect. God's soldiers  
will handle this.

ORESTES

Didn't they tell you, brother Cyril?  
He's no longer prefect. I am.

CYRIL

What? Pulcheria would never allow  
that.

ORESTES

You're not the only one with friends  
in Constantinople. Centurion, you  
will guard Mistress Hypatia with  
your life.

(Centurion salutes  
and obeys)

The crowd cheers.

Cyril and his henchmen retreat.

EXT. PHAROS LIGHTHOUSE -- OBSERVATION DECK --NIGHT

Hypatia and Orestes gaze down at the city. Drunken singing and celebrations are heard.

Hypatia strolls but Orestes' gaze is fixed on her.

HYPATIA

Your turn to rescue me?

ORESTES

I remember the last time we were here.

(blocking her path)

HYPATIA

(reversing direction)

How old are your children now?

ORESTES

Julian is eight and Olivia turns six next week.

HYPATIA

You would have been blacklisted or killed if you had stayed.

ORESTES

I would have preferred stargazing here with you. Politics doesn't remind one of man's higher nature.

HYPATIA

How is Synesius? I told him not to write. It's not safe for him.

ORESTES

He indulges some fantasy of saving Platonism by Christianizing it.

HYPATIA

Why? Christianity is already Platonism for the masses. But is he truly Bishop of Cyrene? It might be a sign of the apocalypse.

ORESTES

We thought we could change things from inside. Instead, the system changed us.

(he leans in)

HYPATIA

(squirms away)

Synesius told me that Theophilus let him keep his wife and his belief in the preexistence of our souls.

Orestes runs his hand down her back and leans in for an awkward screen kiss.

Hypatia pushes his hand away when he feels the scars on her back.

ORESTES

What's that?

HYPATIA

I fell during a chariot race.

(moves away)

Seems I gave too little credit to father and his bird omens. You're here and Pulcheria and I both remain chaste.

ORESTES

Her reputation exceeds her. I tutored her brother for years before he became emperor. But you mean to tell me that in fifteen years you've never -

HYPATIA

- Don't think you had anything to do with it. I saw enough that night at the mysteries.

ORESTES

That was actors. Stagecraft.  
(he leans close to  
smell her hair)  
The Great Work is more mystical when experienced in the flesh.

She pulls away causing him to fall forward and bump his head on the railing.

HYPATIA

I keep busy with music. And I teach Yoga and Kabbalah.

Orestes looks down the ladder to check for eavesdroppers.

ORESTES

Never speak of those things.

HYPATIA

I'll have you to protect me, right?

ORESTES

Wrong.

Orestes turns away, looking at the revelry in the street.

ORESTES (CONT'D)

I once believed everything was possible...that we could experience things divine.

HYPATIA

And now I'm certain of it. Didn't you feel it those nights we meditated and chanted?

ORESTES

I don't know what I felt. Listen, the Pope's is ill.

HYPATIA

Alexandrians dislike meddling.

ORESTES

I'll have a free hand as long as those ships remain full.

HYPATIA

Whose chariot does Pulcheria back?

ORESTES

You know. But she is busy playing court eunuchs against the Goths. We must meet with Timothy.

INT. PAPAL OFFICES -- DAY

Cyril sits behind the Papal desk as three church elders stand before him.

CYRIL'S MOTHER sits behind and off to the side, knitting.

CYRIL

I just told you I would inform his Holiness, didn't I?

The church elders humbly bow and scrape as they leave.

CYRIL (CONT'D)

You see, mother? They already treat me like their Pope.

CYRIL'S MOTHER

Then why does Timothy meet with Orestes and the Novatians? His chariot was seen outside the witch's home in plain daylight.

CYRIL

How do you know this?

CYRIL'S MOTHER

Old men worry about history books, not nephews. But the great Theophilus will not forsake us again.

CYRIL

Don't worry, mother. I will be chosen by the committee.

CYRIL'S MOTHER

Half those "golden asses" wore togas and laurels before the Serapheum was cleansed. The moment my brother dies, there will be a power struggle and our streets will run red unless you act. Take what's rightfully yours.

CYRIL

What are you saying?

CYRIL'S MOTHER

It is time for deeds, not words. You've always known how your father died.

CYRIL

Aaron's father missed his stomach cancer.

CYRIL'S MOTHER

Don't you remember how he beat me?

(MORE)



CYRIL'S MOTHER (CONT'D)

That animal looked down on me...though my family was born more nobly. All because I didn't please him as a wife. But to run into the arms of that whore!

CYRIL

Stop it, mother. What are you saying?

CYRIL'S MOTHER

Do you recall his special diet from St. Menas?

CYRIL

Yes?

CYRIL'S MOTHER

And he died two weeks later...

CYRIL

Because I was making sacrifices to Serapis instead of praying in church.

CYRIL'S MOTHER

Are you still a child? Your uncle now drinks a potion from St. Menas.

CYRIL

Mother! You are not yourself!

CYRIL'S MOTHER

(slams down knitting)

I had to defend myself. There are two kinds of people in this world, Cyril. Those that create fables and the rest that believe them. Which one are you?

CYRIL

Enough!

CYRIL'S MOTHER

Of all the children at the orphanage, have you never wondered...why did that Copt slave trader bring us to Athansius? And why did your noble father marry a girl with no dowry?

CYRIL

I'll ask him myself.

CYRIL'S MOTHER

Because twice I was his whore! But not once did he thank me.

CYRIL

I won't listen to this.  
(turns to leave)

CYRIL'S MOTHER

(she grabs his arm)

The witch's mother predicted your future. It must all come to pass.

INT. PAPAL RESIDENCE -- DAY

Lying on his deathbed, Pope Theophilus whispers to Timothy the Archdeacon as the POPE'S WIFE and GROWN SONS pray.

(NOTE: CATHOLIC PRIESTS were commonly married with children until the *Codex Canonum Ecclesiae Africanae*, completed and promulgated in 419 A.D., by Saint Augustine himself.)

Just outside of the open window, Cyril eavesdrops. The wind blows the curtains to show a hint of Cyril's silhouette.

Theophilus gestures for his family to leave. They kiss him and leave Timothy and the Pope alone.

POPE THEOPHILUS

You've not always approved of my methods. That's why I trust you. I want you to know I did it all for God's glory, not my own.

(gestures down)

After I'm gone, lift the three bronze thetas under this bed. It is my gift to you. Please, protect my family.

TIMOTHY THE ARCHDEACON

Like my own, old friend.

POPE THEOPHILUS

So Constantinople never tires of Egyptian politics?

TIMOTHY THE ARCHDEACON

Orestes is a good man. A Greek also trained by Theon. He and Hypatia talk of reopening the Museum.

POPE THEOPHILUS

Good. Cyril is an empty pot. He was deprived of a proper education. I warned my sister not to send him to the monastery so young.

CUT TO:

Cyril is shocked.

BACK TO SCENE

POPE THEOPHILUS (CONT'D)

Lying here, I feel such remorse. So many souls cry out.

(starts weeping)

Give me the rites.

Timothy The Archdeacon administers last rites.

Pope Theophilus looks reassured.

POPE THEOPHILUS (CONT'D)

The Alexandria of our youth was so vengeful. I can't enter the promised

(MORE)

POPE THEOPHILUS (CONT'D)

land so you must take our people  
there.

TIMOTHY THE ARCHDEACON

Will you receive them now?

Orestes, Hypatia, and a Centurion are shown in. They bow  
and kiss the ring.

The Centurion sniffs the wine chalice on the nightstand and  
hands it Orestes.

ORESTES

(sniffs a wine glass)

Get Aaron. Hurry.

POPE THEOPHILUS

The time has passed for that. Come  
close, I want to bless you.

(puts hand on Orestes'  
head)

Hypatia...your father -

HYPATIA

(places her finger on  
his lips)

- In God's unfolding mystery, we all  
must play our roles. Yours was to  
unite Christians after a 100 years  
of infighting. You saved countless  
lives.

POPE THEOPHILUS

Let us pray. Merciful father, help  
them bring healing so that they may  
rebuild the proud Greek traditions  
of our city. Amen. Please leave me  
now. I must speak with my nephew.  
Will you send him in?

Outside the window, Cyril is angry.

Everyone leaves.

OUTSIDE THE DOOR

Timothy asks Pope Theophilus' family:

TIMOTHY THE ARCHDEACON

Well where is he? There isn't much  
time.

The Pope's sons go to search for Cyril.

BACK INSIDE

Cyril climbs through the window onto Pope Theophilus' bed.

POPE THEOPHILUS

How long have you been there?

CYRIL

Mother said you would oppose me but  
I didn't believe.

POPE THEOPHILUS

Timothy is an old man.

CYRIL

I have done things, terrible things,  
so that your hands could be clean.  
But you only used me just like you  
used mother.

POPE THEOPHILUS

What?

CYRIL

She told me.

POPE THEOPHILUS

Your mother suffers brain fevers.  
What did she say?

CYRIL

You made her suck black cock so that  
you could suck the great white one  
of Athanasius.

Pope Theophilus slaps Cyril who begins to cry in his arms.

CYRIL (CONT'D)

(sobbing)

And that my father's money bought a  
bride and spared his pagan head.

POPE THEOPHILUS

My poor sister. Surely you can't  
believe any of it. Come.

(puts hand on Cyril's  
head)

Let me bless you. There isn't much  
time left.

CYRIL

Less than you know.

(rings his uncle's  
neck)

We all have our roles to play...but  
mine won't be Esau to Timothy's Jacob.

POPE THEOPHILUS

(shaking free)

And what will you do? You're a puppy  
who needs the bitch's permission to  
bark. I sucked for a higher purpose.  
You did it for pleasure.

CYRIL

You old fool. She poisons you.  
(offers the cup)

POPE THEOPHILUS  
 (knocks the cup away)  
 You're the fool. She did the same  
 to your father.

CYRIL  
 The scales have fallen from my eyes.  
 (starts to strangle  
 him again)

POPE THEOPHILUS  
 Murder!  
 (smothered by pillow)

OUTSIDE THE DOOR

Pope Theophilus' wife lifts her head when she hears the cry.  
 She presses her ear to the door.

BACK TO SCENE

CYRIL  
 Don't worry, uncle. They'll probably  
 make saints of both of us.  
 (Pope Theophilus goes  
 lifeless)

Cyril sees the door opening as he STRADDLES HIS DEAD UNCLE  
 with a pillow over his face.

He rolls under the bed to hide.

POPE THEOPHILUS' WIFE enters and tries to revive him.

She knocks over the poison cup and the SPLASH gets in Cyril's  
 eyes. He resists screaming out.

POV hiding under the bed: Cyril notices the THREE THETAS of  
 bronze embedded into the floor next to his cheek.

EXT. GREAT CHURCH -- DAY (DAYS LATER)

In the plaza, black-robed monks and light-robed monks clash  
 with each other. Roman soldiers with shields keep them apart  
 but the shouting and gestures are fierce.

INT. GREAT CHURCH -- DAY

A hundred clergy of diverse ethnicities and clothing have  
 gathered to elect a new Pope.

Pope Theophilus lies in state, embalmed and in his finest  
 vestments.

Cyril and Timothy the Archdeacon have positions of honor on  
 a dais with their advisors.

The atmosphere is somber but tense.

Timothy fidgets as he sits next to a tranquil Cyril.

Timothy leans over to address Cyril:

TIMOTHY THE ARCHDEACON

(whispered)

So you have no idea who has been threatening my children?

CYRIL

Maybe the same scoundrels who broke into uncle's vault. Aaron spent the most time with him.

TIMOTHY THE ARCHDEACON

And the threats against his family?

CYRIL

I will personally attend to my cousins' safety. You should concern yourself with yours. These are dangerous times.

OUTSIDE THE CATHEDRAL

Hypatia drives the Mother Superior but decides to stop the chariot short of the entrance.

HYPATIA

You can't be seen with me.

MOTHER SUPERIOR

Don't be ridiculous. They wouldn't harm a woman.

HYPATIA

Isn't that what Saint Catherine said before she went before the emperor?

Hypatia dons a light colored monk's robe.

They dismount and Hypatia escorts the Mother Superior through a rear door.

INT. GREAT CHURCH -- CONTINUOUS

Cyril takes note of their entrance but doesn't recognize Hypatia who feigns a limp and wears a hood to cover her head.

Saint Augustine sits on the other side of the dais with other high-ranking bishops.

Hypatia makes eye contact with Orestes who has a prominent position in the front row along with the OLD DUX (supreme military commander of African legions.)

Cyril walks amidst the congregation and stands right next to Hypatia in her covered robe.

He glares down at her although Hypatia doesn't look up.

CYRIL

The Great Satan no longer uses Christians as torches or as food for lions. The Empire is now like...

(gestures to Orestes and the OLD DUX)

...a mother and father to us.

Cyril walks up to Pope Theophilus' corpse and holds the stiff hand with the bejeweled RING OF ST. MARK on it.

TIMOTHY THE ARCHDEACON  
Father Cyril. The nominations should-

CYRIL  
- Brothers and sisters, Romulus and Remus were suckled by a she wolf. The metaphor is apt. I am told the Pagan mysteries only glorified sex and ritualized death.

Saint Augustine shows no change in expression.

CYRIL (CONT'D)  
We are called upon to finish cleansing Alexandria. That is why I will be the one to lead us.

Monks CHANT AND CLAP with approval.

SAINT AUGUSTINE  
Many of you have read my "Confessions" so it comes as no surprise that I attended many a Pagan mystery rite.  
(some tittering)  
But the modern church must teach chastity.

CYRIL  
Timothy has too light a touch to lead us in these dangerous times. Christ's enemies are legion! My brothers, I have proof that witchcraft is being practiced here in our midst!

Cyril holds up Hypatia's ASTROLABE and her PLATONIC SOLIDS.

He then unveils a large poster of METATRON'S CUBE.

(NOTE: METATRON'S CUBE is a figure of lines and circles with many connections from the vertices.)

Using DIFFERENT COLORS OF CHALK, CYRIL quickly connects lines to show the 2D projections of all five Platonic solids amidst the intersecting lines.

CYRIL (CONT'D)  
These tools of Satan come from the home of Hypatia and some even from the Novatian orphanage. Now we see her conversion was empty. She still practices theurgy and probably consorts with Buddhists, Manicheans and Jews.

Hypatia places a hand upon Mother Superior's hand to keep her from jumping up in protest.

MOTHER SUPERIOR  
But that's not true!

CYRIL

Then why the similarity with the  
sign of the Chris-killers? Bishop  
Augustine...

SAINT AUGUSTINE holds a CANDLE BEHIND THE PAPYRUS.

The STAR OF DAVID has been traced out with an INVISIBLE INK  
and glows brightly for the entire congregation to see. A  
AUDIBLE GASP goes up through the crowd.

ORESTES

(standing up)

Those are teaching tools! To learn  
geometry and no more.

CYRIL

How interesting that you and Timothy  
were both with the sorceress just  
before my uncle died. Perhaps she  
cast a spell on you both?

Orestes feels all eyes upon him. The Old Dux pulls him back  
down to sit.

Timothy now feels all eyes shift to him.

CYRIL (CONT'D)

Must we reconcile with witches and  
Jews? Is that what my uncle and the  
great Athanasius fought for?

After a dramatic pause, Cyril shatters a glass dodecahedron  
on the ground and the entire congregation falls silent.

CYRIL (CONT'D)

We will defeat Lucifer here and now!  
Glory unto God in the highest!

SAINT AUGUSTINE

Glory to God! Long live Pope Cyril!

There is loud CHANTING and CLAPPING for Cyril.

TIMOTHY THE ARCHDEACON

(rising slowly)

In light of these serious threats, I  
would like to cast my vote for Father  
Cyril...

MAJOR CONSTERNATION breaks out.

Cyril walks up to Mother Superior and glares at the light-  
robed person sitting next to her.

He suddenly casts back the hood but it's only an old man.  
Mother Superior and Cyril exchange venomous looks.

CYRIL

The Novatians will answer for your  
treachery.



EXT. PHAROS LIGHTHOUSE -- OBSERVATION DECK -- DAY

Hypatia looks out at the city while Orestes' head is buried in his hands.

Cyril's inaugural parade makes its way down the central boulevard towards the former Serapheum.

AT THE PARADE

Monks and Paraboleans are over-represented as women, children, Copts, and Jews watch on.

Effigies of WITCHES AND JEWS are carried and spit upon by the procession.

BACK TO SCENE

Hypatia comes up to Orestes, caresses his forehead, then gives it a gentle kiss.

Orestes grabs her and forces a kiss on her which she fights, then surrenders to.

As soon as she is enjoying it, he pushes her away.

HYPATIA

I'm a bad kisser, aren't I?

ORESTES

If he could force the Novatians out of Alexandria, the Jews will be next.

Orestes is surprised when Aaron appears at the top of the ladder.

AARON

Next for what?

Aaron gives Hypatia a long embrace.

HYPATIA

Orestes, I need to be with Aaron, alone.

Orestes gives a jealous look and leaves.

INT. ORPHANAGE -- DAY

Monks sack the orphanage as the nuns and orphans are huddled in front, weeping.

Brother Ammonius strikes down the Mother Superior.

He is shown the children's prisms. He hurls them against the wall to shatter them.

EXT. ROAD OUTSIDE CITY WALLS -- DUSK

TAN-ROBED NUNS and monks head away from the city with possessions on donkeys.

MOTHER SUPERIOR looks towards the distant lighthouse.

She smiles when she sees a flock of sea gulls flying away from the city.

INT. HYPATIA'S HOME -- NIGHT

A COPT SLAVE GIRL listens at the wall which is the entrance to the secret basement library.

She looks repeatedly looks over her shoulder.

INT. HYPATIA'S HOME -- SECRET LIBRARY -- SIMULTANEOUS

By the light of oil lamps, two Jewish scribes furiously transcribe what Hypatia dictates.

Aaron and his father, DOCTOR COHEN, marvel as she reads from a TORAH SCROLL.

HYPATIA

See? The Septuagint is wrong there.  
The letters should total 72.  
Hellenised Jews lost the hidden  
message. Peshawar obscures or  
illuminates depending on the listener.

DOCTOR COHEN

(looking at some books)  
Rebbi Akiva's works in such fine  
condition? From where?

AARON

The Catholics seize them -

HYPATIA

- Then we buy them back from Hierax.

DOCTOR COHEN

Look. This was made in Jerusalem  
during Bar Kochba. Priceless.

OUTSIDE THE DOOR

PETER THE READER is now next to the slave girl, his ear pressed to a cup on the door.

SLAVE GIRL

(whispered)  
And I hear strange things. Like  
chanting spells. I'm sorry. I  
couldn't read the titles.

PETER THE READER

(hands her some coins)  
Don't be ashamed. My master will  
arrange your freedom if you let me  
in to see them. Then I can teach  
you to read just as he taught me.

SLAVE GIRL

But nothing will happen to my  
mistress?

## PETER THE READER

We only want the books. You wouldn't want to protect Jews or witches, would you?

## SLAVE GIRL

Come tonight. She'll be at the theater.

## EXT. AMPHITHEATER -- THE MIME SHOW -- NIGHT

The crowd enjoys themselves and even Hypatia toasts with Aaron and Orestes.

Cyril lurks in the rear of the theater with Hierax and some of his Parabolean henchmen.

The mime show depicts a procession at the old Serapheum.

The adult ROMAN EMPEROR, a GREEK PRIESTESS and an EGYPTIAN PRIEST (shaved head) ride in a chariot drawn by a harnessed POPE, a MONK and a NUN.

The Emperor whips the trio who bear the punishment nobly.

Pagans in the chariot wave to the STAGE CROWD that frolics in togas and BLUE ARM BANDS.

The crowd tosses garlands and coins to NYMPHS AND SATYRS who walk behind the emperor's chariot.

On the stage, a fool (resembling Hierax) fights to get a glimpse of the parade over the stage crowd.

The fool comes up with an idea and uses a LASSO around Serapis' head to climb high enough to see the parade.

The smoke from a torch tickles his nose. After resisting the urge twice, he SNEEZES and the force DECAPITATES the statue, much to his chagrin.

MUSIC STOPS, everyone freezes as the HEAD OF THE SERAPIS rolls onto the stage and is trapped like a ball under the Pope's foot.

Soldiers in the farce look uneasy and scratch their heads.

After a pause, the MUSIC CHANGES CHARACTER and the POPE, the MONK and the NUN all switch places with the PAGANS, who put on the yoke and begin to pull the Christians.

The SATYRS AND NYMPHS transform into MONKS AND NUNS but continue collecting coins.

The crowd's arm bands are flipped over to BECOME GREEN and branches become crucifixes in an umbrella-like motion.

People in the stage crowd cross themselves and seem morose.

The scene changes to the Papal residence. The Pope MELTS DOWN PAGAN STATUES to fashion Christian statues.

Finding a phallus, he looks around before stuffing it into his robes.

THE POPE continues counting coins when a KNOCK is heard.

He stuffs everything into a large trunk and pushes it under his bed just before his wife, children, a TIMOTHY STAND-IN and CYRIL-STAND IN (a grown man dressed as an infant) all enter.

Later, the Pope is alone on his deathbed trying to bless the Archdeacon.

The Archdeacon kicks "CYRIL" away twice but the third time, it is a lovable dog whom he pets.

With his dying gesture, the Pope points to under his bed.

The Archdeacon reaches under the bed but pulls out a PHALLUS.

The Pope shakes his head, tosses it away, but the dog keeps bringing it back like a bone.

The Pope dies with his hand upon the Archdeacon's head.

"CYRIL" shoves the archdeacon aside and struggles to pull the ring off the dead man's finger.

The entire hand comes off and the Archdeacon and the dog chase Cyril around a bit until the Pope's family knocks at the door.

Cyril takes the Pope's handless arm and stuffs it into the corpse's pants.

Uncertain about what to do with the hand, he shoves it into his own pants before the Pope's family enters to mourn at the bedside.

A brief scene change and then Cyril is dressed as the pope. People enter to kiss his ring.

When the guests finally leave, Cyril eagerly reaches under the bed and pulls out the chest.

He is overjoyed to find it is very heavy.

Cyril slowly opens the chest...

The Fool pops out and kisses his ring.

Cyril slaps the Fool and gestures to go back under the bed to continue looking.

The dog retrieves the phallus while the fool is under the bed with his bottom up in the air.

Cyril gets an idea and takes the phallus from the dog.

The final curtain drops and a SCREAM is heard.

The amphitheater audience applauds wildly as performers take a curtain call.

Before the applause dies, a disruptive RHYTHMIC CLAPPING is begun by Hierax and the Paraboleans.

Hierax takes the stage with his thugs.

HIERAX THE LIBRARIAN  
(shouted)  
Is this how you mock our spiritual  
leader?

STAGE ACTOR  
It is just a show, gentle sir.

JACOB  
And be grateful they don't portray  
your life!

HIERAX THE LIBRARIAN  
I have nothing to hide. And what  
kind of Jews attend shows on Sabbath?

JACOB  
What kind of a Christian profits  
from selling banned books? Each  
time you say the church will destroy  
them so each time the price goes up!

There is shoving between the PARABOLEANS and Jacob's gang of  
JEWISH TOUGH GUYS. Soldiers break up the fight.

HYPATIA  
(aside to Orestes)  
This is the trap. Be careful.

ORESTES  
Because the Nile failed to rise, we  
have famine and idle youth in the  
streets. I am forbidding Nitrian  
monks to enter the city and the  
Paraboleans can no longer gather.

HIERAX THE LIBRARIAN  
See how the Jews and that witch  
control him?

ROWDY CHANTING goes up but soldiers file down the aisles to  
arrest the Paraboleans.

Hierax is brought before Orestes.

HYPATIA  
(an aside)  
Don't harm him. It's what they want.

HIERAX THE LIBRARIAN  
It's not what I want...  
(slapped by Orestes)

ORESTES  
Shut up.  
(aside to Hypatia)  
He insulted me publicly. And he  
called you a witch!

HYPATIA

Cyril wants you to harm a prominent Christian so the cycle of violence can begin again.

ORESTES

I must show strength or risk anarchy.

HYPATIA

The New Dux won't be as corruptible. And we can still find the missing grain.

ORESTES

Has Constantinople sent even one ship to feed my city? And the Tenth Legion should have been here a week ago.

HYPATIA

But this is Hierax. The fool. He believes in nothing but profit. It's Cyril that's behind it.

Orestes allows the soldiers to FLOG HIERAX.

Hypatia WINCES and touches the SCARS ON HER BACK.

EXT. STREET -- NIGHT

Hierax, nearly beaten to death, is thrown onto the street where he is tended to by Paraboleans and Peter the Reader.

PETER THE READER

We found the evidence you spoke of.  
(holds up a Kabbalah  
book)

Paraboleans carry Hierax on a stretcher through the streets.

PETER THE READER (CONT'D)

Look at what your Prefect and the Jews have done! Orestes cares only for the rich and powerful, not his starving people.

INT. HIERAX'S HOUSE -- DAY

Hierax lies in a bed while Peter sits in a vigil.

OUTSIDE HIERAX'S HOUSE

Monks and Paraboleans demonstrate in the streets against Orestes and the Jews.

EXT. WATERFRONT -- DAY

Orestes drives his chariot through the streets with an armed escort surrounding him.

People lining the streets shout insults at Orestes.

INT. GREAT CHURCH -- PAPAL OFFICES -- DAY

In the back offices, a meeting is under way.

Orestes and his guards find it hard to hide their contempt.

The OLD DUX sits on Cyril's side and eats grapes.

ORESTES

What if I don't grovel for your forgiveness?

CYRIL

You will be excommunicated and the emperor will know you have forsaken his church. In these troubled times, people should take comfort from their church family. Come home.

ORESTES

It was your guildsmen who were guarding my grain reserves.

CYRIL

Orestes, who profits most from famine? The Jews. They hope to drive prices higher. I have to feed the masses with their overpriced grain.

ORESTES

Empty stomachs make converts of them.

CYRIL

The Dux and his investigation found proof of Jewish treachery but someone suggested he was too favorably disposed to us.

ORESTES

What are you implying?

CYRIL

Help me investigate the Christ-killers.

ORESTES

You already purged the Novatians. What kind of man are you?

CYRIL

Some wanted to cleanse Hypatia with fire, but I stayed their hands. People blame black magic now that Serapis no longer controls the Nile.

EXT. GREAT CHURCH -- IMPERIAL SHRINE -- DAY

A mob of monks and Parableans has gathered outside the Great Church.

EXT. WATERFRONT IN FRONT OF THE GREAT CHURCH -- DAY

A STREET MAGICIAN entertains children and sailors with pyrotechnics. He wears a WIZARD'S HAT and ROBES with astrological symbols on it.

INT. GREAT CHURCH -- DAY

At mass, Orestes sits in the front row with Hypatia and Aaron.

Most of the congregation is civilian although some monks guard the exits with an equal number of Roman soldiers.

CYRIL

I say that even the sinner who consorts with witches and scoundrels will be made blameless...if he obeys the church.

Hypatia places a calming hand on Orestes' arm.

HYPATIA

(aside to ORESTES)  
Don't...

CYRIL

Yes, we built churches over pagan temples. Because the final perfect revelation of all truth can only be found between these covers.

(holds up bible)

I am not ashamed to say that I pray for the day when we'll burn all the other books to heat our baths.

Cyril approaches Hypatia and places a hand upon her shoulders.

CYRIL (CONT'D)

And now, brother Orestes will be baptized anew to show his obedience to God's will and his church.

Orestes is urged by Hypatia to go to with Cyril to the baptismal font.

Cyril places his hand upon Orestes' head.

CYRIL (CONT'D)

I baptize you in the name of the father

(dunks once)

The son

(dunks again)

And the Holy Ghost

(dunks again and holds down as if to drown)

Cyril finally lets him up and Orestes gags and coughs.

CYRIL (CONT'D)

Let us welcome brother Orestes back into the fold.

LOUD APPLAUSE allows Cyril to whisper to Orestes:

CYRIL (CONT'D)

I hear Aedesius beds your wife and teaches your son to ride like a man.



Orestes looks with amazement at Cyril who applauds and smiles before whispering another aside:

CYRIL (CONT'D)  
They tell me Hypatia enjoyed being  
whipped and violated after you  
abandoned her.

ORESTES punches Cyril. He then tries to DROWN HIM.

Monks and soldiers rush the stage and a fracas ensues.

As Cyril is revived, the soldiers rally to escort Orestes out of the Church as the stunned congregation looking on.

EXT. GREAT CHURCH -- IMPERIAL SHRINE -- CONTINUOUS

Orestes and his soldiers defend themselves with swords drawn.

Monks with makeshift weapons greatly outnumber them.

Hypatia approaches a STREET BOY.

HYPATIA  
See that ship?  
(shoves coins into  
his hands)  
Twenty follis if you bring the one  
they call the Dux.  
(boy runs off)  
Tell him the Prefect will be killed  
if he delays. Go!

She approaches the Street Magician and trades a gold bracelet for his CONICAL HAT (like a witch), robe, and some pouches.

Spectators surround the mob of monks and Paraboleans but are afraid to help Orestes and his soldiers.

AT THE DOCKS

The Street Boy beseeches the NEW DUX who reacts in horror before motioning for his men to accompany him.

BACK AT THE SHRINE

Cyril approaches, still soaked and massaging his neck. Peter the Reader addresses him:

PETER THE READER  
Holy father! The Prefect is likely  
possessed. What is your bidding?

ORESTES  
Tell them what you said!

CYRIL  
I blessed you and welcomed you back.  
I must rest now.  
(Cyril reenters the  
church)

The mob closes in on the soldiers and just before they attack, GALLOPING OF HORSES is heard.

## OUTSIDE THE CATHEDRAL

Hypatia and her chariot race towards the monks. She wears the magician's cape and conical hat.

HYPATIA

No one touches the Prefect!

Hypatia jumps from the chariot and stands between the soldiers and the mob.

HYPATIA (CONT'D)

Back, or I'll turn you into frogs!

The Paraboleans recoil in fear.

Peter the Reader and some of the bolder monks do not.

Hypatia takes a concealed bag of powder and dramatically casts it down causing a burst of light and smoke!

HYPATIA (CONT'D)

(to soldiers)

Go! Now!

Soldiers flee and try to bring Orestes with them. A wounded soldier needs to drop his sword to help Orestes.

Orestes won't leave without Hypatia.

PETER THE READER

Magician's saltpeter! Grab her!

They seize Hypatia.

Orestes tries to rescue her but Brother Ammonius throws a rock which knocks him unconscious.

Orestes is groaning and bloody on the ground.

BROTHER AMMONIUS

The witch cast a spell on the Prefect.  
That's why he reacted like a cat to  
the water. Kill her and he'll be  
freed.

Peter the Reader has the sword but his hand trembles as he holds it to Hypatia's neck.

Brother Ammonius takes the sword from Peter.

BROTHER AMMONIUS (CONT'D)

Let a man do this, little brother.

Brother Ammonius raises the sword but Hypatia looks coolly into Peter's eyes and smiles.

HYPATIA

Tell your mother I'll never regret  
what I did.

PETER THE READER

Then you were the cause of her  
madness?

BROTHER AMMONIUS

I've waited a long time for this.

Brother Ammonius swings at Hypatia.

Hypatia dodges, allowing the sword to split her captor's head like a melon.

She does a roundhouse kick to send the sword into the air.

She uses gymnastic tumbling to seize the sword before it hits the ground.

Hypatia kicks Brother Ammonius' legs from under him.

Peter the Reader attacks and she dodges with a Judo move that puts him on the ground next to the monk.

HYPATIA

He who lives by the sword...

Hypatia thrusts the sword down between their heads and into a crack between the stones.

She then snaps it at the hilt and attends to Orestes.

Brother Ammonius takes up the broken handle and sneaks up behind Hypatia weeps as she tends to Orestes.

NEW DUX

You there! Put it down!

The NEW DUX and a group of crack soldiers surrounds them.

The mob of monks and Paraboleans scatters. Brother Ammonius is apprehended by soldiers.

ORESTES

(still groggy)

You said violence is never the answer.

HYPATIA

It might be if you don't hold your tongue.

Cyril watches from a window in the church rafters.

IN THE RAFTERS

Cyril's mother beats Cyril with her cane.

CYRIL'S MOTHER

Idiot! If you had been man enough to watch him die, you could have told them any story you wanted. We don't have enough gold to buy another Dux.

CYRIL

The Jews have plenty.

CYRIL'S MOTHER

Yes they do. But this time, you must do exactly as I say.

INT. PRISON -- DAY

Orestes' head is bandaged. He sits next to Hypatia as the New Dux paces the room.

Brother Ammonius is being tortured in the adjacent room.

NEW DUX

And I'm charged with preventing chaos,  
not helping you become another Anthony  
and Cleopatra.

ORESTES

Hypatia is only an advisor.

IN THE TORTURE CHAMBER

WHIPS and RACKS elicit screams from Brother Ammonius.

PRISON GUARD

Where is the grain!

BACK TO SCENE

NEW DUX

They said the Prefect of Alexandria  
is controlled by astrology and music.

Orestes stands up in anger and Hypatia restrains him.

ORESTES

Who dares?

NEW DUX

We soldiers prefer being stabbed in  
the chest. You're a politician.

ORESTES

What?

NEW DUX

Pick your friends carefully. Any  
news from your wife?

ORESTES

Is that your concern?

NEW DUX

Gossip flies faster than sparrows.

The Prison Guard leans in from the torture chamber:

PRISON GUARD

He's passed out again.

ORESTES

That fool doesn't know a thing. Let  
him go as a goodwill gesture.

EXT. PHAROS LIGHTHOUSE -- OBSERVATION DECK -- NIGHT

Hypatia lies on her back using the astrolabe. Orestes stands  
as he speaks down to her.

ORESTES

No more Kabbalah and no more Chakras.  
It all has to stop.

HYPATIA

Those are only metaphors. God lies  
behind all masks.

Orestes snatches the astrolabe and hurls it off the  
observation deck into the night sky.

Hypatia calmly stands and walks to the railing to look for  
the astrolabe.

ORESTES

Stop all of it now. None of it is  
real.

(grabs her arms)

This is real!

After the kiss is over, Hypatia speaks:

HYPATIA

But isn't everything in our minds?

ORESTES

(sighs)

You are a scientist. Stop it. Stop  
playing the mystic.

HYPATIA

I'll always stand by you.

ORESTES

I know you want to believe in these  
things. But this world won't bend  
to Hypatia's will. Do you know why  
they honor martyrs? Because in our  
hearts, we only believe in the  
material world. Most people would  
renounce anything or anyone if it  
meant living just one more day. The  
Christological debates of the last  
hundred years were never about faith.  
It was about money and power. This  
is our last chance to stop the  
madness. It must be here and it  
must be now that we make our last  
stand.

HYPATIA

Maybe you're right.

ORESTES

(hugs Hypatia)

We'll do it my way...just this once.

HYPATIA

I said no violence.

ORESTES

One man's cruelty is another man's  
crusade. Leave it all to me.

Peter the Reader comes out of the shadows at the base of the lighthouse and retrieves the astrolabe that was thrown from above.

EXT. AMPHITHEATER -- NIGHT

Hypatia and Doctor Cohen sit on stage as Orestes addresses a large crowd.

The NEW DUX sits in the first row near Cyril's entourage.

ORESTES

No more than three men can gather together. Curfew is moved to the third bell so any mime shows must begin before sundown.

Groans go up from the crowd along with hissing.

ORESTES (CONT'D)

I thought as much. I've arranged for Hypatia to lift the spirits of you wounded theater lovers.

Applause and cat calls as Hypatia stands.

Peter the Reader hides in the shadows.

PETER THE READER

(shouted)  
Must witches obey your curfew?

ORESTES

Who said that?

PETER THE READER

I did.  
(holds up book in Hebrew)  
This book of Jewish magic was found in her secret library. If there are Christians here, you must leave now!

Hypatia restrains Orestes. Some of the audience begin to leave.

With all eyes upon her, Hypatia begins singing *A CAPPELLA*.

Second verse is accompanied by her guitar.

The pipe organ joins in on the chorus of the third verse.

The audience sings along and even when the music pauses, the crowd is sings loudly like a soccer rally song.

Hypatia does a U2/Bono-style improvisation with the AUDIENCE ECHOING each time.

CYRIL

(aside to Peter)  
Mother was right. This enchantress must be driven out. Send last week's collection to our New Dux with my regards.

INT. BATH HOUSE -- DAY

Cyril bathes with the New Dux who examines the shiny brass astrolabe.

Peter the Reader stands close by. He ignores or pushes away prostitutes who chide him.

PETER THE READER

My mother said Hypatia uses it to  
summon demons.

NEW DUX

I was stationed in Chaldea for five  
years, boy. I know what an astrolabe  
is, even if your mother does not.

CYRIL

The lad is eager to help you.

NEW DUX

Help me? Why do you think I came  
here?

CYRIL

To prove that the Jews are profiting  
from our misery.

The New Dux laughs which makes Peter angry.

Cyril restrains Peter.

CYRIL (CONT'D)

Then to replace me as Patriarch?

The New Dux drinks wine, looks at Cyril, then spits it back  
into the cup.

NEW DUX

Bring me some fresh water!

A girl brings water and the New Dux drinks deeply.

NEW DUX (CONT'D)

Finest bath houses in the world. Of  
the two thousand here I wonder how  
many aren't associated with brothels?

PETER THE READER

Maybe that's why he's come here...

The New Dux lunges at Peter who reaches for his weapon.

CYRIL

Peter! Wait for me outside!

The New Dux laughs and throws his cup at Peter as the boy  
leaves.

NEW DUX

A good dog but not the pick of his  
litter. What's happened to his face?

CYRIL

General, my time is short so let us speak plainly.

NEW DUX

Pulcheria asked me to help you but since your monks have now tried to kill a Roman Prefect, there has been a change in the royal sentiment.

CYRIL

Did Jews buy her favor?

NEW DUX

Maybe. But if you cause another Thessalonika, it will be months before grain and gold reaches the capitol.

CYRIL

Absurd. You command the city.

NEW DUX

Really? It's Hypatia that had two thousand Alexandrians singing as one. You're not quite the gangster your uncle was.

CYRIL

What do you mean?

NEW DUX

Understand this. I don't care if you live or die. And based on that meager tribute you sent over, I expect I never will.

CYRIL

And if I bring you a talent of gold by nightfall?

NEW DUX

Then, I would care. But that is simply not possible.

CYRIL

With faith, nothing is impossible.

NEW DUX

Then let's toast to your miracle, your holiness.

INT. HIERAX'S HOME -- HIS BED -- DAY

Hierax reads a KABBALAH BOOK while Aaron taps on his chest and examines his wounds.

AARON

That was a foolish thing you did. You should be grateful Orestes listens to her.

HIERAX THE LIBRARIAN

I was quite the actor in my time, you know.



AARON

The abscess gives you night fevers.  
Chew these roots when it comes. I  
will come again tomorrow.  
(reaches for the book)

HIERAX THE LIBRARIAN

(keeps it away)  
Only this one, right?

AARON

Fine. Forget my bill.  
(Hierax hands it over)  
What do you do with all the money  
you've extorted from us?

HIERAX THE LIBRARIAN

I have my expenses.  
(reaches for goblet)

AARON

(takes away the goblet)  
And no more wine. Drink the tea.

A KNOCK on the door.

Cyril and Peter enter and flash dirty looks at Aaron.

AARON (CONT'D)

I was just leaving.

CYRIL

Peter, will you see the doctor out?  
We wouldn't want anything to go  
missing like after uncle died.

As the two leave, Peter tries to take Aaron's arm but Aaron  
jerks it away.

Cyril is alone with the bedridden Hierax.

CYRIL (CONT'D)

Was that one of the Jewish magic  
books I banned?

HIERAX THE LIBRARIAN

No. Herbal medicines, I think. How  
is the library?

CYRIL

You taught Peter well.

HIERAX THE LIBRARIAN

He's a good boy. Like my own son.

CYRIL

I pray for his mother. She wanders  
the agora shouting at demons only  
she can see.

Cyril pours two goblets of wine and empties poison into  
Hierax's before handing it to him.

CYRIL (CONT'D)

To your health.

Hierax smells the bouquet suspiciously but toasts Cyril's waiting chalice.

CYRIL (CONT'D)

Peter told me a funny story on the way here.

HIERAX THE LIBRARIAN

I didn't think he was capable.

CYRIL

He said Bedouins came to the library with books they found hidden in a cave. Banned books that someone was trying to hide.

HIERAX THE LIBRARIAN

Who would do that?

Cyril looks at some of the fine art on the walls.

CYRIL

You've always had expensive tastes for a librarian. I trust you've provided for the church in your will?

HIERAX THE LIBRARIAN

I'm tired now -

CYRIL

- Then let me get to the point. We require a sizable loan from you.

HIERAX THE LIBRARIAN

(laughing)

From me?

CYRIL

(squeezing Hierax's leg abscess)

It was I who spoke with the Bedouins. You've been trading in banned books again, haven't you?

HIERAX THE LIBRARIAN

(wincing in pain)

There's a thousand solidus under my bed. The key is in this locket.

Cyril snatches the locket around Hierax's neck and pushes aside the bed.

Cyril pulls out a heavy chest, unlocks it and finds it filled with gold coins.

Hierax begins to vomit and writhe in pain.

CYRIL

(counting money)

I invented the story of the Bedouins.

HIERAX THE LIBRARIAN  
Call for Aaron. Please.

CYRIL  
I'm glad you trained Peter to read.  
He seems better-suited to carrying  
out church dogma and it's time for  
you to retire, anyway.

Cyril presses a pillow against Hierax's face.

Hierax struggles, rupturing the pillow in the process.

After Hierax dies, Cyril strolls to the window, opens it,  
and shouts:

CYRIL (CONT'D)  
Peter! Bring the doctor. Something's  
happened.

When Peter and Aaron return, Cyril is praying at the bedside.

Peter becomes hysterical.

The trunk has been tucked back out of sight.

Aaron checks for breathing noting some GOOSE DOWN on the  
corpse's blue lips.

A ruptured pillow has been placed under HIERAX's closed,  
clenched fist.

Aaron looks at Cyril and examines the wine goblet.

CYRIL (CONT'D)  
Was he poisoned?

AARON  
Uh, no. It must have been apoplexy  
from his blood fever. I'll make  
arrangements for the body.

CYRIL  
I will tend to all his affairs.

After Aaron leaves, Cyril shows Peter that the chalice has a  
ring of suspicious sediment in it.

CYRIL (CONT'D)  
Not poisoned? Look.

PETER THE READER  
(tasting the sediment)  
I'll kill him.

CYRIL  
His martyrdom will unify all  
Christians. This was God's will.  
Tell the Dux's secretary that I will  
visit before sundown.

EXT. STREET -- NIGHT

The sidewalk is littered with shattered glass from windows and medicine vials. The wooden caduceus signage has been smashed. Anti-Semitic graffiti is painted on the storefront.

Jacob addresses a dozen young Jewish men.

Aaron sifts through the rubble. He finds a wooden crucifix and places it upright in the window sill.

JACOB

Cyril actually accused him of poisoning the old swindler when he was trying to help him.

AARON

Hypatia warned us.

JACOB

We'll avenge you brother.

AARON

I don't care about glass jars. You mustn't give them a single martyr.

JACOB

What would he know about being a man? Let's go!  
(murmurs of agreement)

INT. WATERFRONT IN FRONT OF THE PRISON -- NIGHT -- LATER

Paraboleans with torches listen to Peter the Reader.

PETER THE READER

(through tears)

He raised me after my mother lost her mind to the witch's curse. He taught me everything.

Some of the men exchange knowing looks.

PETER THE READER (CONT'D)

It was the converted Jew, Aaron - he poisoned my master. I tasted the dregs myself.

(shows a blackened finger)

Jacob is off in the shadows and shouts:

JACOB (O.S.)

They're burning down St. Matthew's!  
The Jews are burning it down with people still inside!

Peter and the Paraboleans rush out of the scene.

EXT. ST. MATTHEW'S CHURCH -- NIGHT

The Jewish gang hides in the shadows with makeshift weapons.

Peter and his Parableans are stunned to find the church is fine but they are surrounded by the threatening Jewish gang.

A street brawl ensues and Jacob ACCIDENTALLY KILLS one of the Christians.

Jacob bleeds from his thigh but thinks only of the lifeless body he's holding.

Everyone is frozen in stunned silence until the CHURCH BELLS RING.

The doors of St. Matthew's burst open and the worshipers emerge to see Jacob holding the dead Christian.

PETER THE READER

See! My master was not enough! The Jews will kill us while we sleep.

The Jewish Gang and Jacob escape into the night.

EXT. WATERFRONT IN FRONT OF THE PRISON -- NIGHT (LATER)

TORCH-WIELDING MOBS of Christians led by monks and Parableans wander the Jewish quarter near Aaron's house.

Jewish homes and business are ablaze and innocent people are dragged from their homes in night clothes.

CUT TO:

EXT. WATERFRONT IN FRONT OF THE GREAT CHURCH

Hypatia drives her chariot along the docks as soldiers march by in DOUBLE TIME towards the disturbances.

PERSON IN MOB (O.S.)

They're killing Jews and converts!

Hypatia sees the STREET MAGICIAN and indicates she has nothing to pay him this time...he shrugs it off.

Hypatia takes a TARRY PASTE from the magician and hastily paints a PENTAGRAM on her chariot.

The magician hands her a burlap sac. She smiles when she see what's inside.

INT. AARON'S HOUSE -- NIGHT

Jacob lies in the arms of his father.

Aaron wipes away tears as he tries to staunch the bleeding from Jacob's superficial leg wounds.

JACOB

I'm sorry I wasn't as smart as Aaron.

A POUNDING is heard at the door.

PETER THE READER (O.S.)

We know Jacob is there!

Aaron answers the front door to find an angry mob.

AARON

He is not here, brothers.

They burst past Aaron to find Jacob and Doctor Cohen.

BROTHER AMMONIUS

See? The converted Jew always runs  
back to his own.

They DRAG JACOB OUT into the street.

IN THE STREET

The mob ties Jacob to the back of a chariot.

In a side alley, Crazy Sinobia, now a disheveled street  
person, watches the scene with amazement.

DOCTOR COHEN

Please, take me instead!

The chariot drags Jacob through the street as they laugh.

AARON

Stop it! God will punish you!

PERSON IN MOB

Your God can't save you in a Christian  
city!

Aaron spots Hypatia turn the corner behind the Christian  
mob. Hypatia wears a JACKAL HEADDRESS and a pentagram blazes  
on the front of her chariot.

AARON

Then Egyptian Gods will punish you.

Their derisive laughter is cut short by GALLOPING HOOVES.

She lets out a blood-curdling SCREAM as SPARKS come off the  
wheels.

The mob disperses in fear.

Hypatia stops the chariot and removes the headdress.

Crazy Sinobia recoils in horror.

HYPATIA

Get on.

Another mob approaches from a different street. Hypatia  
helps the three men into the chariot.

Jacob inadvertently kicks the jackal headdress into the street  
as they speed off.

Crazy Sinobia comes out of the shadows to retrieve the  
headdress.

INT. HYPATIA'S HOME -- DAWN

A small detail of soldiers guards the front yard.

SMOKE RISES from the city in the distance.

Hypatia emerges from the house to bring refreshments.

HYPATIA

The slaves ran off but I found this much.

ROMAN SOLDIER

How will you exercise your rights?

HYPATIA

Rights?

ROMAN SOLDIER

To punish them? I recommend hanging one to set the example.

HYPATIA

What? No. I'll free them. Anyway, if they were found aiding Jews, they'd might have been harmed.

IN THE BACKYARD

Aaron, Doctor Cohen and Jacob are resting on furniture in the back yard.

Jacob is almost dead.

Hypatia enters the scene but stands back out of respect.

JACOB

(whispered)

Did we show them?

DOCTOR COHEN

Yes. I'm so proud of you.

Aaron checks Jacob for signs of life.

He closes the corpse's eyes as Doctor Cohen begins to sob and rock back and forth with Jacob in his arms.

MONTAGE:

ON THE DOCKS, wealthy Jews hurry aboard ships with what possessions they could carry.

The ship captain whispers to a group of thugs on board.

In the main avenue, Jews of more humble means load candlesticks, wooden chests, and corpses onto wagons.

A long traffic jam exits the city as angry mobs threaten and curse the refugees.

Soldiers defend Jews from crazed monks and paraboleans.

Citizens peek out from doorways and balconies in disbelief. A Jewish Lady cries up to Aaron's Stepmother's second story window.

## JEWISH LADY

Rebecca! Do you think converting  
will save you? They want your money,  
not your soul.

The balcony window SLAMS SHUT.

Orestes rides through the city on horseback.

INT. GREAT CHURCH -- DAY

People pray over a few bodies laid out amidst flowers and  
votive candles.

Peter the Reader is there, crying over the body of Hierax.  
Brother Ammonius comforts him.

EXT. WATERFRONT IN FRONT OF THE GREAT CHURCH -- SIMULTANEOUS

New Dux, Orestes, and Cyril stand by the obelisks at the  
entrance to the Church Plaza. They listen to a CENTURION'S  
report.

Cyril's Mother ushers over Crazy Sinobia, holding the jackal  
headdress.

## CYRIL'S MOTHER

Excuse me, gentlemen. Here is the  
witness.

## CRAZY SINOBIA

It was her! The witch who kidnapped  
my baby and tried to drown him!

## CYRIL

Hypatia? Are you certain?

## CRAZY SINOBIA

Yes. She rescued the Jews in her  
flaming chariot. Then she cast a  
spell on the Christian men.

## ORESTES

This woman is obviously mad.

## NEW DUX

Hold, Orestes. Others also witnessed  
her sorcery. Don't be swayed by  
friendship.

## ORESTES

Should I be swayed by money, then?

The New Dux gives Orestes a dirty look.

Cyril escorts Cyril's Mother and Crazy Sinobia towards the  
church.

## CYRIL'S MOTHER

Very good. God will bless you.  
(hands over some coins)

BACK IN FRONT OF THE OBELISKS



The New Dux walks around the base of the obelisks and runs his fingers over the carved hieroglyphics and pictographs.

ORESTES

You would throw your lot in with those worms?

NEW DUX

Do you remember Tutmoses' Obelisk at the Hippodrome?

ORESTES

In Constantinople? It stands 30 feet shorter than these because our engineers didn't use air-filled cushions like the Copts.

NEW DUX

Yes, yes. The glories of ancient Egypt and such. My point is, I always lose money but the Imperial family always seems to win.

ORESTES

Because they wait for the race to end before placing bets.

NEW DUX

Something to think about, prefect.

Cyril returns.

CYRIL

My apologies. You may continue, Centurion.

The Centurion looks at the New Dux.

NEW DUX

Proceed.

CENTURION

All synagogues and many of the larger homes have been burned. Reports of about twelve Christians killed.

NEW DUX

What about Jews?

CENTURION

Too numerous to count, sir.

CYRIL

The church will distribute reparations to the families of the dead.

ORESTES

Why the sudden sympathy for the Jews?

CYRIL

The families of Christian martyrs. Those Christ-killers should be grateful for the chance to flee.

Orestes jumps Cyril and punches him out before the New Dux and soldiers break it up.

CYRIL (CONT'D)

I'll have you head! And your whore's!

INT. HYPATIA'S HOME -- DAY

THE FRONT DRIVEWAY

Soldiers are nervous as a cloud of dust comes down the road.

THE BACKYARD

Hypatia and Orestes embrace as Aaron and Doctor Cohen recite prayers over Jacob.

ORESTES

We do this, and the nightmare ends.  
For everyone. We can finally be  
together. My wife has already sued  
for divorce.

HYPATIA

What?

ORESTES

She accused me of adultery and plans  
to marry her cousin.

HYPATIA

Aedesius?

ORESTES

The same. I see now how he alone  
escaped interrogation after the  
Serapheum was sacked.

AARON

Let me first speak with his mother.  
She poisons his mind.

ORESTES

What? Cyril hates you.

HYPATIA

Hate is only love's shadow. One  
can't exist without the other.

ORESTES

No. I'm going to turn my Goth loose.  
I've had enough of your philosophy.

HYPATIA

This is when philosophy matters most.  
That would only start another cycle  
of violence.

ORESTES

Violence? None of this would have  
happened if we had done it my way!

Hypatia looks at Jacob's body and the smoke rising from the city.

A soldier escorts a MUSCULAR MONK and Daphne (dressed in her nun's habit) into the back yard.

She hugs Hypatia and bows to Orestes.

Hypatia takes Daphne off to the side.

DAPHNE

The girl is near death but no doctors  
will come.

(turns to look at the  
monk)

HYPATIA

Why are you trembling?

DAPHNE

Am I? I'm just so worried.

Daphne kisses Hypatia before leaving.

Hypatia notices the TATTOO OF A CRUCIFIX on the Monk's neck.

HYPATIA

Time to return an old favor. Tell  
them I'll be there soon. I have one  
more thing I must do.

INT. HYPATIA'S HOME -- BEDROOM -- DAY

Hypatia and Orestes are clothed and sit on the edge of the bed together.

HYPATIA

Of course I know what I'm doing.

ORESTES

Your timing is odd, to say the least.

HYPATIA

You're the one who believes in omens.

ORESTES

Just because your father said you'd  
die a virgin? So if we break the  
prophecy, you can survive?

HYPATIA

Great minds think alike.  
(kisses him)

ORESTES

Are you saying all this just to trick  
me to bed?

HYPATIA

Perhaps.

They undress each other and begin making love.

At first, with unbridled passion, but Orestes slows down when he notices something...

Hypatia is crying.

He holds her tenderly and covers her with the sheet.

HYPATIA (CONT'D)

They say that when love is eternal,  
death has no dominion.

ORESTES

What did she want?

HYPATIA

I left something at the orphanage.

ORESTES

No. Monks have come out of the desert  
like rats after rain. Wait until I  
can finish it.

HYPATIA

Please. Let me meet with the his  
mother before you do anything.

ORESTES

I can't allow that.

HYPATIA

Allow it? Since when have I ever  
obeyed you. You just be careful, my  
love. I'm a witch but you're only  
human.

INT. HYPATIA'S HOME -- LATER

IN THE BACKYARD

Hypatia hugs Aaron and Dr. Cohen

IN THE FRONT YARD

She takes two backpacks and loads them into her chariot before  
kissing Orestes goodbye.

Her BLACK CAT jumps into the chariot with her.

INT. ORPHANAGE -- LATER

In a back room, 3 Parableans and Peter have drawn swords  
against the huddled children and nuns. Peter holds a finger  
to pursed lips. The black cat jumps into the orphan's arms.

Hypatia enters the seemingly abandoned orphanage.

She kneels at the altar to pray. Peter sneaks up.

HYPATIA

I can feel you breathing, Peter.  
(to herself)  
The very breath I gave you.

Peter and one of the Parableans emerge while the other two  
remain with the hostages.

HYPATIA (CONT'D)

Release the children. You don't  
want to hurt them.

PETER THE READER

We all must answer for our sins.

HYPATIA

Will you judge me? After I saved  
you from the sewers under your  
mother's brothel?

PETER THE READER

How dare you? It was you that tried  
to drown me.

The Orphan Girl escapes and runs into Hypatia's arms.

HYPATIA

(in Hebrew)

Oh, my beauty. How many are they?

The Orphan Girl shows four fingers.

HYPATIA (CONT'D)

You'll always hear me in our music.  
Never be afraid. You will shine so  
brightly.

Hypatia begins to sing and the Orphan Girl joins in.

PETER THE READER

Stop that! No singing!

The captive children hear it and begin to sing along.

This confuses the henchmen.

The nuns also join in.

PETER THE READER (CONT'D)

She casts a spell. Kill her!

The henchman approaches with sword raised and Hypatia holds  
the Orphan Girl's head down so she can't see.

Hypatia stares into his eyes and smiles.

The henchman pauses when he sees a halo around her head.

Hypatia gently takes the sword out of his hand and the man  
squats and begins to cry.

HYPATIA

You know, don't you?

PETER THE READER

(shouts to O.S.)

Leave them and come help me!

Two men emerge but they are holding hands with the children.

Peter takes a sword out of the henchman's limp grasp and  
swings it at Hypatia.

Hypatia ducks and uses a double fistful body blow to knock  
Peter onto his butt.

She steps on his forearm to release the sword from his hand.

Singing has stopped and all eyes are on Hypatia.

She raises the sword as Peter shields his face.

PETER THE READER (CONT'D)  
Please don't kill me! It's my  
birthday, for mercy's sake.

CUT TO:

EXT. SERAPHEUM -- DAY (FLASHBACK)

Bird omens frighten Olympius as he turns to the baby.

Crazy Sinobia keeps the baby away from Olympius' clutches.

OLYMPIUS (V.O.)  
"...this child must not live to see  
his sixteenth birthday..."

BACK TO SCENE:

HYPATIA lets the sword trace the outline of PETER THE READER'S  
PORT-WINE-STAIN.

She tosses the sword away. Peter scampers away.

The orphans, nuns and three henchmen engage in a group hug  
then kneel in a group prayer.

Hypatia grasps Daphne's hand while her head is still bowed  
in silence.

OUTSIDE THE ORPHANAGE -- (LATER)

Hypatia drives off in her chariot, away from the city.

DAPHNE  
Send word when you reach the Thebaid!

DOWN THE ROAD

Hypatia's chariot speeds east, away from the city.

On the canal, she sees Goth slaves singing as they row a  
cargo barge towards the city.

A flock of birds in formation flies towards the city, bringing  
a wry smile to Hypatia's face.

She stops the chariot, picks up her black cat, and turns  
around to look back at Alexandria.

OUTSIDE THE ORPHANAGE

Everyone but the Orphan Girl has gone back inside.

When Hypatia passes, she pretends to not see the Orphan Girl.

The Orphan Girl steals a horse to follow Hypatia's chariot.

EXT. PAPAL RESIDENCE -- DAY

Cyril's Mother speaks to Peter the Reader, who is winded.

CYRIL'S MOTHER  
When she comes to the Great Church  
we'll have them both. Then your  
mother will be avenged.

Peter the Reader bows before leaving through a back door.

Hypatia is shown upstairs by Cyril.

CYRIL  
It seems you were right, mother.  
She came.

CYRIL'S MOTHER  
Why don't you go back to the Great  
Church? A shame your useless brutes  
haven't completed the Pulcheria's  
shrine. Tonight's funeral mass will  
be remembered for many a year to  
come.

CUT TO:

INT. GREAT CHURCH -- PULCHERIA SHRINE -- DAY

A side chapel with a gilded statue of PULCHERIA is under  
construction.

Roof tiles and shards are scattered on the floor.

BACK TO PAPAL RESIDENCE

Cyril leaves but eavesdrops from just outside.

CYRIL'S MOTHER  
You got my message. We're you  
shocked?

HYPATIA  
I have always known it.

CYRIL'S MOTHER  
How?

HYPATIA  
Because my father never kept secrets  
from me. And he knew she was pregnant  
when he married my mother.

CYRIL'S MOTHER  
And you look just like your whore of  
a mother.

HYPATIA  
Tell me, if you sell yourself to one  
man, does that make you less of a  
whore?

CYRIL'S MOTHER

It makes you a wife, you arrogant  
bitch!

Cyril's Mother slaps Hypatia.

Hypatia literally turns the other cheek repeatedly until  
Cyril's Mother begins to weep cathartically.

CYRIL'S MOTHER (CONT'D)

Cyril's father died just as he lived -  
in ignorance. He never knew he had  
a bastard but I could see it in your  
eyes.

AT THE DOORWAY

Cyril has been watching the whole thing. He embraces his  
mother and looks at Hypatia in a new light.

CYRIL

So that's why you hated her?

CYRIL'S MOTHER

You were listening?  
(crazy laughter)  
A shame Orestes doesn't have your  
luck.

HYPATIA

What?

CYRIL'S MOTHER

He'll be blamed for the martyrs.

HYPATIA

Why?

CYRIL'S MOTHER

For protecting you and the Jews.

HYPATIA

And if I admit to bewitching him?

CYRIL'S MOTHER

That might be the only way to save  
him now.

Cyril looks at his mother with pity.

He leads Hypatia to the adjacent Library.

IN THE LIBRARY

There is an extensive collection of books.

Cyril takes the Gnostic AMULET from his neck and gives it to  
Hypatia. Cyril hugs her.

CYRIL

I know I shouldn't hold faith in it,  
but it has brought me luck.



HYPATIA

It's possible he wasn't my father.  
As Priestess of Hecate, she knew  
many.

CYRIL

When you gave it to me did you believe  
it would save him?

HYPATIA

The child-mind accepts and believes  
fables and miracles. Only through  
pain can we be relieved of them.

CYRIL

I can't control the mobs now. I  
will meet Orestes but you can not go  
near the waterfront.

EXT. GREAT CHURCH -- STREET -- EARLY EVENING

Hypatia rides her chariot towards the Great Church when she  
comes upon a road block.

The solders restrain her horses.

CENTURION

The Prefect forbids you to pass, my  
lady.

HYPATIA

I don't care. Let me through.

Monks and Paraboleans spot Hypatia's chariot and close in on  
her from all sides.

The black cat jumps out of the chariot and hisses at the  
men, scaring them a little.

The Orphan Girl rides up but Brother Ammonius grabs her  
horse's reins.

ORPHAN GIRL

Hypatia!

Brother Ammonius drags the ORPHAN GIRL off her horse and  
puts her into a choke hold.

BROTHER AMMONIUS

The music's over now, witch.

Hypatia puts down her whip and the monks swarm upon her.

EXT. STREET -- (LATER)

A cheering mob of monks forms a circle around two people on  
the ground.

The Orphan Girl tries in vain to fight her way past the men  
and into the circle.

After a big cheer, a younger monk makes his way out of the  
circle as other monks pat him on the back. He pulls up his  
undergarments through his cossack.

The Orphan Girl runs up to Hypatia, naked on the ground.

HYPATIA  
 (hugging the girl)  
 I didn't feel it. Not a thing.

Hypatia places the Gnostic Amulet around the girl's neck.

INT. GREAT CHURCH -- FUNERAL MASS -- EVENING -- (LATER)

Requiem music plays on the pipe organ.

In the shadows of the Pulcheria shrine, a Goth Assassin, disguised as a monk, smiles and shows Orestes a squiggly dagger coated with orange paste.

Orestes grasps his upper arms and leans in.

ORESTES  
 Let this be our signal.  
 (pulls on his ear)

For a while, mourners file past the martyrs in caskets and comfort the family members.

Mourners settle into the pews.

Orestes joins the New Dux, seated in the first row.

Soldiers guard the exits.

NEW DUX  
 If you won't denounce her and swear  
 allegiance, I can't protect you.

Orestes stands and reluctantly kneels at Cyril's feet.

The congregation watches every gesture between the two men.

The Goth Assassin stands poised in Cyril's blind spot, only steps away. He reaches into his cloak.

He looks to Orestes who reaches towards his ear...

Cyril leans in towards Orestes:

CYRIL  
 (whispered)  
 I will protect Hypatia. But you  
 must renounce her publicly.

ORESTES  
 (whispered)  
 Liar.

CYRIL  
 She is my half-sister. She never  
 told you either? By now, she must  
 be half way to Canopus.

Crazy Sinobia prays to the Pulcheria statue. She is the only person in the church who does not react or look up when:

...the church doors are CAST OPEN by monks dragging a disheveled Hypatia.

BROTHER AMMONIUS  
We have the witch who incited the  
Jews to murder!

CYRIL  
What proof have you?

BROTHER AMMONIUS  
The Jews confessed it. But they  
still refused to accept Jesus.  
(spits)

CUT TO:

EXT. HYPATIA'S HOME -- BACKYARD -- (SIMULTANEOUS)

Aaron and Doctor Cohen's corpse lie in Hypatia's backyard as Parableans rifle through their pockets.

BACK AT THE GREAT CHURCH

Family members stare hatefully as Hypatia is dragged to the front of the church.

BROTHER AMMONIUS  
Look what we found in her chariot!

Empties a bag full of gold, an astrolabe, a book entitled "The Emerald Tablets of Hermes Trismegistus."

The Orphan Girl runs between a soldier's legs although Daphne, close behind, is kept out.

ORPHAN GIRL  
Leave her alone!

PETER THE READER  
That is her apprentice! She can  
command the girl with musical spells.

Men seize the Orphan Girl but Orestes rescues her.

ORESTES  
Stop this!

CYRIL  
Yes, stop it. His grace and mercy  
will redeem us all. Let her free.

The congregation is shocked and stare at Cyril.

PETER THE READER  
She even casts a spell upon the Holy  
Father. Cover the eyes of the witch!

They throw a burlap bag over Hypatia's head and Orestes is beaten down when he tries to help her.

Cyril looks at angry mob and considers his options.

Just then, Cyril's Mother arrives.

Crazy Sinobia walks up to Hypatia as if in a trance. Hypatia instinctively holds out her hand to comfort her.

PETER THE READER (CONT'D)

Mother! Keep away from her!

CRAZY SINOBIA

I remember it now. She saved you.  
It was I who tried to drown you.

CYRIL'S MOTHER

This is the blackest form of  
witchcraft. God only knows our hearts.  
Confess nothing or she'll use it to  
weave more magic.

CYRIL

Quiet, mother! We will hear from  
Hypatia in her defense.

Cyril removes the bag over Hypatia's head and releases the ropes that bind her.

HYPATIA

Dear friends...I loved God and hoped  
to know him in my own way. That is  
a vanity that many will not forgive.

CYRIL

But you now accept the Nicene Creed  
as the one true faith.

HYPATIA

I accept that a spark of the Great  
Spirit descends through seven spheres  
and into our bodies. But all things  
emanate from the one and he is  
nameless.

CYRIL'S MOTHER

Kill her before she beguiles us all!

CYRIL

But you now accept Jesus as your  
personal savior?

After a moment of looking into everyone's eyes, she settles upon the eyes of the Orphan Girl.

HYPATIA

No, I don't.  
(audible GASPS)

By the shrine to Pulcheria, rough looking men grab and pass around sharp roof tiles as the Roman soldiers are distracted by the spectacle.

HYPATIA (CONT'D)

Better to think and be wrong than  
not to think at all.

CYRIL

What are you saying, sister Hypatia?  
(MORE)

CYRIL (CONT'D)

(whispered)

This is no time for word play or  
heresy. Say it and live.

Hypatia goes to the pipe organ.

HYPATIA

I can better explain with a song.

CYRIL'S MOTHER

Don't allow it!

PETER THE READER

Her music will beguile us!

HYPATIA

Just a simple tune my mother played  
at your own father's funeral. What  
is the harm in that?

Hypatia plays the verse on the organ and then begins to sing  
it a *cappella*.

The crowd starts to join in.

Hypatia smiles at the Orphan Girl.

Hypatia begins chanting a mantra which fits perfectly with  
the simple melody.

As Hypatia squints her eyes, the P.O.V. gets blurry as the  
kaleidoscope of numbers, colors and chords envelops her.

IN THE REAL WORLD

Hypatia is surrounded by a white glow which extends out like  
a planet waves around her. She begins to levitate and become  
a bit defocused.

ORPHAN GIRL

I'll remember.

ORESTES

(to orphan girl)

What did you say?

ORPHAN GIRL

She has to go back to her mother  
now.

Peter the Reader flashes back to his P.O.V. as the baby held  
in Hypatia's arms fifteen years before.

He is handed by Hypatia into the arms of Crazy Sinobia who  
bears a look of malice for HYPATIA.

IN THE REAL WORLD

People in the church chant and hold hands as the glow around  
Hypatia grows brighter.

A CRASH as a candelabra splits hole in Hypatia's head.

CYRIL'S MOTHER

Die, witch!

Cyril's mother continues to bludgeon Hypatia's body.

Peter the Reader snaps to his senses.

PETER THE READER

No!

Several brutish men jump onto Hypatia and start to slash her body to shreds with roof tiles.

Orestes tries to help her but he is no match for the Parableans.

Strangely, the congregation remains in a trance state.

From the congregation's P.O.V., Hypatia is still singing while GLOWING/LEVITATING.

PARABOLEAN

Kill the witch!

INTERCUT BETWEEN SLASHING ATTACKS AND:

CYRIL'S FACE: His eyes close. Tears stream down his face.

Hypatia's eyes are wide open. She smiles.

CUT TO:

EXT. BEACH BY LAKE - HEALING SHRINE - (CHILDHOOD FLASHBACK)

10 YO CYRIL PRAYS at the edge of a vast lake. On the far shore, we see the southern skyline of Alexandria.

In the shade of a nearby monastery, the sick and deranged wait for a miracle to cure them. The line extends far up the beach.

10 YO HYPATIA sings as she walks along this beach, touching some and smiling at others who have come for healing.

When 10 YO CYRIL opens one eye to sneak a look at 10 YO HYPATIA, she is already standing next to him, smiling.

HYPATIA

I'm Hypatia. Will you teach me your mantra?

CYRIL

You mean prayer? My name's Cyril. My uncle is the Pope.

HYPATIA

Well my father is the smartest man in Alexandria. He teaches me things.

CYRIL

Why does a girl need to learn things? I'm praying that my father will get better.

HYPATIA

With your mantra?

CYRIL

With my prayers. But he still hasn't answered me.

HYPATIA

Maybe you're praying to the wrong gods.

CYRIL

(laughing)

Everyone knows there's only one God.

HYPATIA

That's just what father says. But he says God doesn't wear a beard like most believe.

CYRIL

No one talks to Zeus or those fairy tale gods any more.

HYPATIA

Well just to be sure...  
(gives GNOSTIC AMULET  
to him)

Chant what's carved on the back.

BACK TO GREAT CHURCH SCENE

Hypatia's eyes are permanently closed. The congregation has emerged from their trance and stares in stunned silence.

Hypatia's body lies mutilated on the ground as Orestes sobs over it.

In the deafening silence, the Orphan Girl continues singing the haunting song as she grasps the GNOSTIC AMULET around her neck.

Orestes lays Hypatia's body onto the altar but Cyril's Mother walks right up to scrutinize the Orphan Girl.

CYRIL'S MOTHER

There must be no relics! See how she still possesses the child. Cut her body to pieces and burn it on the garbage heaps. Go!

The Paraboleans oblige as Orestes just kneels helplessly.

Parishioners line up to console Orestes.

First among them is Peter the Reader, Crazy Sinobia, and finally Cyril.

A WHITE DOVE lands on the altar.

It flies around church a bit, then rests in an open window.

Everyone looks at it before it flies into the sunset as viewed from the Pharos Lighthouse.

FADE TO BLACK

END TITLE CARD 1

Hypatia's invention of the Astrolabe permitted accurate predictions of the movements of the sun, the moon, the planets and the stars. It was the principle tool for sea navigation until the invention of the sextant in the 18th century. Ironically, it was most frequently used to construct horoscopes.

END TITLE CARD 2

Saint Cyril is best remembered for his position on whether divinity and humanity could coexist in Christ. Cyril argued that Jesus' divinity must take precedence...even at the expense of his humanity.

END TITLE CARD 3

While Christendom was mired in the Dark Ages, Arabic translations preserved many classical texts until they could be rediscovered during the Renaissance...One of them, Theon's Commentaries on *Ptolemy's Astronomy*, was edited by Hypatia.

END TITLE CARD 4

In 642 A.D., Alexandria fell to an Islamic army after 14 months of siege. When the Arab general asked the Caliph Omar what he should do with the vast collection of books that remained, he was told to burn them as fuel to heat the baths... "If what is written in them agrees with the Book of God, they are not required; if it disagrees, they are not desired." - Caliph Omar

FADE OUT:

THE END