

The Philosopher

by
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Based on the novel
"The Lady Philosopher," by Brian Trent

"In Alexandria there was a woman named Hypatia, daughter of the philosopher Theon, who made such attainments in literature and science as to far surpass all others of her own time."

- Socrates Scholasticus, Ecclesiastical History

"And in those days there appeared in Alexandria a female philosopher, a pagan named Hypatia, and she was devoted at all times to magic, and she beguiled many people through her Satanic wiles."

-Bishop John of Nikiu, Chronicle 84.87-103

INT. PRISON CELL - NIGHT

THASOS, 19, sits on a stone bench. He has a short beard, and a blue robe cloaks his thin body. His calloused hands and feet are shackled with heavy iron chains.

Beyond the wooden door, voices SHOUT. Thasos, troubled, tries to calm himself with meditative breathing.

The door bursts open, flooding the cell with torch-light. Four MONKS in robes enter and seize Thasos, hoist him up and force him out the door. Thasos does not struggle.

EXT. KINARON COURTYARD - NIGHT

An angry throng ERUPTS as Thasos is led to an execution pyre. They spit on his body. Thasos ignores them.

PARISHIONER

The disciple of the witch! Burn
with her!

Thasos is led up the execution pyre to the single wooden stake. His shackled hands are tied to it.

The crowd ERUPTS again, louder than before. Thasos sees a wheelbarrow, piled with books and scrolls, coming toward him.

Some of the scrolls fall from the wheelbarrow, and a parishioner snatches it and shakes it, like a hunter's prize.

PARISHIONER

The witch's books! Burn them! Burn
them with her follower!

The mob surges forward, grabbing the scrolls in a mockery of embrace. They throw them onto the pyre.

The scrolls land at Thasos' feet, unraveling before him. They contain names like ARCHIMEDES, SOCRATES, and ERATOSTHENES.

Thasos notices a sealed envelope slide out from one of the books. It says: TO THASOS, FROM THE PHILOSOPHER.

CROWD

Burn him! Burn him!

Thasos, anguished, tries to reach the envelope with his foot. His sandaled toes scrape against it, but he cannot obtain it.

PARISHIONER

In the name of the Archbishop, send
him to hell now! Light the pyre!

A new scroll is thrown at him and cuts him above the eye. Blood flows down like a crimson tear.

THASOS (V.O.)

Time is a merciless ocean, forever
pounding on our shores of
accomplishment. What man builds at
sunrise may crumble by nightfall. I
do not weep at that, for there is
nothing in the universe that
doesn't change. My quarrel is not
with time.

The monks lower their torches upon the scrolls. Fire takes hold, eating a steady path towards Thasos.

THASOS (V.O.)

It is with the ones who destroyed
you. Who destroyed everything.

Thasos looks again to the letter he can never read. Then he looks to the sky, filling with smoke.

EXT. HARBOR DOCKS - DAY

SUPER: TWO YEARS EARLIER. ALEXANDRIA, EGYPT. 414 A.D.

Thasos, now 18, runs in the sunlight. His face is clean-shaven, his hair short. Innocence radiates from him.

He runs on a riverside pier overlooking magnificent vessels. Merchants unload crates onto the pier.

EXT. MARKETPLACE - DAY

The diversity of Alexandria is apparent; Romans, Greeks, Egyptians, Arabs, Indians, and Persians barter and argue.

Thasos mulls through the market crowd. As he walks, he spies a spectacular building on a grassy hill.

This is the Great Library of Alexandria. Its colonnaded front and gabled roof catch the sunlight and make it shimmer.

EXT. LIBRARY - DAY

Thasos runs up the hill. He leaps up the stairs, and collides with a YOUNG WOMAN, 18, a beautiful specimen of nobility.

THASOS

I'm so sorry!

YOUNG WOMAN

Are you at the Library to learn how to walk?

THASOS

It might be better than trying to fly, no?

She steps back from him, smirking.

YOUNG WOMAN

Perhaps! You're a new student?

THASOS

If my appointment goes well. Yes, this will be my first day. And a friend is waiting for me. Impatiently, I fear.

YOUNG WOMAN

Then you must fly again, I fear.

THASOS

Perhaps Fortune will allow us to collide again?

YOUNG WOMAN

Perhaps!

Thasos smiles and leaves her, ascending the steps.

EXT. LIBRARY COURTYARD - DAY

Thasos reaches the top of the stairs and finds ARION, 18 waiting for him. Arion is plump, dark-haired, and awkward.

ARION

Now this is something to see!
Thasos climbing the steps of the Library! One of us has gone mad!

THASOS

To justify this climb, there'd best be ambrosia, not just books.

ARION

No ambrosia. Just every book in the world. And a good friend to wish you the best on your birthday! Seventeen! Thasos becomes a man by the law of Rome!

Thasos watches the students congregating and socializing.

THASOS

I swore to my father this place
would possess me for one year. It
was a wish spoken with his final
breath. Shall we enter?

INT. HYPATIA'S LABORATORY - DAY

HYPATIA, 45, sits with her legs under her. Hypatia is a raven-haired beauty with savage blue eyes, dressed in a white robe.

A half-finished parchment lays in front of her. Her ink-spattered fingers clutch a feather-pen as she writes.

Her fellow professor APOLLONIUS, 60s, stands over her. He looks like a white-haired stalk, burned away by time.

APOLLONIUS

Latin? Every book should be written
in Greek! We think in Greek, we
speak in Greek! Don't give the
future this guttural language of
dogs when you could give them art!

HYPATIA

Latin is the language that people
will read in tomorrow's books -

APOLLONIUS

Because we write those books in
Latin! No language is as musical as
Greek! Every time you indulge the
language of the Romans you put our
own music deeper in the grave! The
world doesn't have to change!

HYPATIA

Nihil est quod perstet in orbe.

SUBTITLE: THERE IS NOTHING IN THE WORLD THAT DOESN'T CHANGE.

APOLLONIUS

Indeed. Even the Philosopher isn't
immune to that law. Is that another
silver hair sprouting on her head?

HYPATIA

Apollonius -

APOLLONIUS

I'm leaving.

He turns to leave, stops, fidgets, then produces a tightly-wound scroll from his toga.

APOLLONIUS

Ah, nearly forgot the reason I came here! This is for you.

Hypatia takes the offered scroll.

APOLLONIUS

And don't forget you have to interview a potential student. The son of Admetus seeks admission to our noble ranks!

Apollonius exits the chamber. Hypatia shakes her head.

She breaks the waxen envelope seal and reads an invitation from the prefect of Alexandria, Governor Orestes.

ORESTES (V.O.)

Hypatia. There will be a gathering at the palace tonight that you will attend. I will not accept refusal. Many of the guests there will meet with your approval. They will begin arriving at sundown. I trust you will as well. Orestes.

Hypatia rolls the paper and tucks it into her robe, smiling.

INT. LIBRARY - MAIN HALL - DAY

Thasos and Arion enter through ornate double doors. STUDENTS and SCHOLARS bustle about like an overturned ant colony.

The gaping entrances to nine deeper halls surround them. A carving of a classical Muse guards each entrance.

THASOS

It's tremendous!

ARION

Nine halls dedicated to each of the Muses. The finest minds in the world are here.

THASOS

I'm speechless.

ARION

Good. Now when's your interview?

THASOS
Five minutes ago.

ARION
Naturally! Give me your
registration paper!

Thasos hands over a small sheet of parchment. Arion takes it to the main desk, where a FACILITATOR is seated.

Awed, Thasos walks listlessly towards the garden.

INT. LIBRARY - MAIN HALL - GARDENS - DAY

Hypatia circles the gardens, looking for someone. Thasos spots her first, and approaches her.

THASOS
The poets are wrong to say the
world is losing its wonders.

HYPATIA
And why do you say that?

THASOS
I think our wonders are intact
while this Library stands. I regret
I've let so much of my life pass
without ever setting foot inside.

HYPATIA
Are you a student here?

THASOS
I am. Forgive me, but you are as
entrancing a Muse as any poet could
desire, My Lady.

HYPATIA
And are you a poet?

THASOS
Of sorts. I am Thasos. Greek by
heritage, Alexandrian by country.

Hypatia's eyes flash in recognition of the name.

HYPATIA
Thasos? What brings you here, to
the Great Library?

THASOS
The desire for new experience. And
you? Have you studied here long?

Hypatia nods.

THASOS

Then may I request your company on a tour of this building? I would be indebted to you.

HYPATIA

Have you been approved?

THASOS

I was supposed to meet a Librarian here. But if his answer is no, I would consider *your* company more than fair compensation.

HYPATIA

Then I regret your compensation is over! You should seek something more substantial!

She strides away from him, heading for the Hall of Astronomy.

THASOS

Such as?

HYPATIA

Room Three, student! In the Hall of Astronomy!

Arion runs up to Thasos, as Hypatia disappears down the hall.

ARION

What just happened?

THASOS

I was socializing.

ARION

I abandoned you for a sliver of time!

THASOS

Flattery fells dragons and women. What did those men say?

ARION

That your father had set funds aside for your study in astronomy. What did she say to you?

THASOS

Does it matter? Did I break some rule - wait. Astronomy? When?

ARION

That depends. What did she say?

THASOS

If you like that girl, just tell me
and I'll treat her as a plague.

ARION

The Library of Alexandria is not a
marketplace for women, Thasos.

INT. LIBRARY - HALL OF ASTRONOMY - DAY

Thasos and Arion walk down a hallway whose walls are
honeycombed with books and scrolls.

THASOS

I wager she will spend a night of
her own free will in my embrace.

ARION

Wager me the Nile. I am in need of
a bigger pool.

They arrive at a classroom. A bronze placard says "III".

ARION

Here you are.

THASOS

Good day, friend.

ARION

Good luck, Thasos.

INT. LIBRARY - HYPATIA'S CLASS - DAY

Thasos walks in and freezes, seeing Hypatia at the head of
the class. Five other male students sit on stools.

HYPATIA

Thasos, native to Alexandria!
I am Hypatia, instructor of this
class. Sit quickly. You are late.

Thasos slinks between two students. One is TORSTEN, a blonde-
haired Celt; the other is KARAM, a dark Persian. There are
also two Roman brothers, and one elderly man named ERASMUS.

HYPATIA

As I was saying, astronomy begins here, on Earth, which passes around the sun with four other worlds. Tell me about the Earth, Thasos.

THASOS

It has three oceans and three continents.

HYPATIA

What's its shape and size?

THASOS

My eyes tell me it's flat, though scholars have argued it's round. I don't know how big it is.

HYPATIA

If I told you your first assignment in my class was to find out the exact shape and size of the Earth, would this be a fair challenge?

THASOS

If I had winged sandals.

The other students laugh. Hypatia's merciless stare abandons him and she singles out Karam.

HYPATIA

I offer you the challenge, Karam. What tools should I provide you in figuring out this answer?

KARAM

A fleet of ships to chart the oceans. And legions to pace off the breadth of Africa, Europe, and Asia. Then, by the end of my life, I might come up with an answer.

HYPATIA

Instead of a fleet, I'll give you two sticks. Instead of a legion, you get one healthy soldier, but he's not to travel beyond Egypt. And I want your answer in eight months. Am I being unreasonable?

The students stare at her, uncertain how to respond.

HYPATIA

This task was accomplished by a man who taught here, Eratosthenes. So relax, Thasos and Karam. Eratosthenes did your work for you, with the very tools I described.

Thasos and Karam regard each other, at ease.

HYPATIA

I notice none of you twitched at my earlier heresy. I stated the Earth and the four planets circled the sun, even though the Church thinks otherwise. But before you stone me, tell me how I'm wrong - and I'll show you how I'm correct.

TORSTEN

I won't argue, I'll agree. During a lunar eclipse, an astronomer noticed the Earth's shadow was being produced by the sun. But he figured the sun had to be immense to make that shadow, so he thought it strange that an enormous object like the sun should revolve around a small object like the Earth. He called it the heliocentric model.

Hypatia nods in agreement.

HYPATIA

Aristarchus. If you want a battle, repeat that name to Professor Apollonius. He disagrees with the heliocentric model. But he can't find mathematical errors with it. His objection is ideological. Since mankind is the glory of the Earth, he'll say, all the heavenly bodies must revolve around that glory.

Erasmus nods his head at these words.

HYPATIA

We're beginning a voyage of thought together. I think Apollonius is correct that mankind is glorious. From our little corner of Egypt men have measured the size of the Earth, the position of the sun and all planets, and determined the life and death of stars.

Erasmus winces at her statement.

HYPATIA

There is nothing we can't do.
 During our year together I shall
 prove this above all else. You will
 learn the value of asking, of
 thinking. Even to think wrongly is
 better than not to think at all.
 This is my expectation of you.
 Think as individuals; I do not
 tolerate a student who is a puppet.
 Do not be afraid to be Socrates.

Hypatia approaches them very closely.

HYPATIA

Today our class is short. You have
 one assignment, and you must do it
 alone. Go to the bins outside our
 door. Find one treatise describing
 the movements of stars. Read it, as
 much as you can.

KARAM

But teacher. How do you measure the
 size of the world with two sticks,
 one soldier, in only eight months.

HYPATIA

I'll give you that answer tomorrow.
 Today, read. Good day, class.

The students file into the hall. Thasos approaches Hypatia.

THASOS

I would like to apologize, teacher.
 I had no idea.

HYPATIA

I understand the confusion. You are
 approved for my class. Good day.

INT. LIBRARY - HALL OF ASTRONOMY - DAY

Thasos walks down the hall. He notices Arion poking his head
 out of a class. Arion sees him, waves, then pops back in.

EXT. ALEXANDRIAN PORT - NIGHT

A distant State ship crashes through waves, navigating the
 ocean swells to reach the port.

INT. STATE SHIP - GOVERNOR'S QUARTERS - NIGHT

ORESTES, 40s, looks out the porthole, unafraid but troubled. His rugged face is attractive, and his eyes are angry.

Through the porthole, a light penetrates the darkness. It is a flame, the beacon of the Great Lighthouse of Alexandria.

A smile creeps across Orestes' face.

EXT. OCEAN - NIGHT

The State ship is illuminated by the dazzling lighthouse, which stands on a small island at the mouth of the Nile.

The ship passes the Great Lighthouse. It continues onward to a harbor lit by several fire-bearing columns.

EXT. GOVERNOR'S PALACE - OUTER PATIO - NIGHT

A mix of ARISTOCRATS socialize and drink from goblets provided by SERVANTS. There is much light talk and laughter.

At one table, four men and one woman are seated. MARINA, 20s, Orestes' wife, sits in a red tunica. Her eyes piercingly watch the party while she drinks.

Surrounding her are three men; HELIODORUS, 40s, in a black tunic, SYNESIUS, 60s, in simple garments, and SIMPLICIUS, 20s, strong, dressed in military regalia.

As Marina watches, Hypatia enters the patio wearing a stunning green tunica.

MARINA

I would be the last one to know, Heliodorus. If Orestes had gone to Far-Distant China, he would still find time to write, dictating how the palace is to be run in his absence. I don't ask. His letter commanded me to host a party, just as his letters to all of you commanded your attendance. He has us all on a leash.

HELIODORUS

Perhaps this party is no mystery at all. Some of you I've not seen in a long time. It may be a glimmer of nostalgia on Orestes' part, to see us all reunited.

MARINA

Nostalgia?? My husband is incapable of that. Parties are strategies for him. People can be shaped like wet clay when food and wine are about.

HELIODORUS

But he's not even here.

MARINA

Isn't he? What was said of Alexander? 'When Alexander dies, the whole world will stink of his corpse.' Even when he isn't here, you can still smell his presence.

SYNESIUS

And yet we are all not reunited. I notice there is one missing piece.

HELIODORUS

I don't know if Hypatia was invited.

Marina is amused they haven't noticed her. Across the way she sees DARIUS, 30s, a tall, handsome Persian man at the fruit table. He looks at her and smiles brightly.

MARINA

I must plead my guests excuse me. My husband would never forgive me if I neglect his other guests.

She gets up and leaves the table. She approaches the fruit table, casually plucking a grape off a silver platter.

DARIUS

My Lady.

MARINA

Is the food to your liking, Darius?

DARIUS

It is well prepared. Yet I've eaten my fill.

MARINA

Have you?

A CHEER arises behind her. Marina turns to see Hypatia approaching the table she just left.

MARINA

Could we ask for a better distraction?

She walks into the wooden foyer. Darius follows.

EXT. OUTER PATIO - NIGHT

Hypatia approaches the table. Two city officials, CIRO and GREGOR, walk together when they see her. Gregor is in awe.

CIRO
Look, there's Hypatia.

GREGOR
I've been looking. Dear Lord.

CIRO
Hypatia!

Hypatia and Ciro embrace in greeting.

HYPATIA
Ciro. How is your wife?

CIRO
Fine, she is fine. And I should inquire as to the health of your own husband, but I assume such a man continues to not exist.

HYPATIA
You assume correctly.

Ciro laughs heartily, escorting her to Marina's table. She immediately embraces Synesius.

SYNESIUS
I missed you dearly!

HYPATIA
And I you. All of you! Do we know what occasion we're celebrating?

SIMPLICIUS
None of us can guess, dearest Teacher. But enough of that! I understand classes have begun anew at the Library. How are you finding the latest crop of students?

HYPATIA
Too early to tell.

Synesius raises his goblet in toast.

SYNESIUS

A toast to the Philosopher! Our
teacher and friend across the
years. Our guiding light.

HYPATIA

Nonsense. You're the leaders of
Egypt, not me!

INT. GOVERNOR'S HOUSE - FOYER - NIGHT

Darius enters the foyer. Marina aggressively grabs him.

MARINA

Would the whole evening go by
before you approached me?

DARIUS

I was helping maintain the
illusion. Would you have it any
other way?

Marina grasps the back of his neck and pulls him into her.
They begin passionately kissing and fondling.

Darius kisses down her neck. Marina turns her head, peering
through the flowers. She spies Hypatia sitting at the table.

MARINA

You didn't tell me the seductress
was coming here tonight.

Darius lifts his head to peek through the flowers.

DARIUS

Hypatia? How would I have known?
Why would I care?

Darius returns to kissing her. Marina continues watching
through the flowers.

EXT. GOVERNOR'S HOUSE - PATIO - NIGHT

Hypatia laughs with the men at her table, raising her goblet
to drink. Ciro stands behind her.

INT. GOVERNOR'S HOUSE - FOYER - NIGHT

Marina continues to watch, oblivious to the intensity of
Darius' kisses.

MARINA

Four hundred years ago she'd have been the main bait at an Egyptian Pleasure House. Look at her! Men flock around her like birds, to hear whatever comes from her mouth.

DARIUS

Are we to talk all night when we can be indulging other sport?

MARINA

Now I have your attention!

DARIUS

You have more than that, My Lady! I need you!

Darius slips to his knees.

MARINA

Then indulge.

She watches his head disappear under her tunica, and yet she cannot look away from Hypatia. Her eyes narrow in hatred.

EXT. GOVERNOR'S HOUSE - PATIO - NIGHT

Hypatia and her friends converse at the table.

HYPATIA

I wonder how the Governor's voyage is going. He hasn't even written, except to order me to this gala with his customary tact.

HELIODORUS

He wrote me with the same courtesy. But I know he thinks highly of you, Teacher. He mentioned he was upset he'd miss your latest lecture.

SYNESIUS

What lecture?!

HYPATIA

Civilization. Its purpose, its future.

SYNESIUS

And was it a lively crowd?

HYPATIA

I suggested our own choices, not interference from God, determines our success or failure. So it was lively. But it was more of a field test for a new manuscript I've begun. A treatise on the future of civilization.

CIRO

The future is set ahead of us, waiting for us to arrive.

HYPATIA

I must disagree. The future must be shaped by us in the present, engineered like a bridge or city.

SYNESIUS

And what must we engineer?

Orestes emerges suddenly from the crowd.

ORESTES

A fleet of ships more suitable than the one I just sailed in, I hope.

The men and Hypatia stand up respectfully.

SYNESIUS

Governor!

HELIODORUS

We didn't expect you so soon.

INT. GOVERNOR'S HOUSE - FOYER - NIGHT

Marina, in the throes of passion, glances absently toward the patio and sees Orestes. Startled, she cries out and recoils. Darius falls forward and grunts loudly in pain.

MARINA

Shh!

DARIUS

What?!

MARINA

Shut up!

EXT. GOVERNOR'S HOUSE - PATIO - NIGHT

Orestes stands in front of the table across from Hypatia.

ORESTES

Please, don't let me interrupt.

SYNESIUS

The Philosopher was telling us the subject matter of her new manuscript, which I have been needling her to let me read.

ORESTES

What is your new work about?

HYPATIA

Days to come, days we must work at achieving.

ORESTES

You mean like a calendar?

HYPATIA

A calendar that promises things, instead of being a series of blank tablets.

ORESTES

And what does it promise?

HYPATIA

Good health from medicine. Maps of the world.

Orestes gives a nod of approval.

HYPATIA

Peace between countries.

ORESTES

Now you're stretching.

HYPATIA

Faster ships to reach every part of the Earth, connecting all people.

ORESTES

Faster ships need faster winds.

HYPATIA

Shame on you! Have you read Heron's Automata?

ORESTES

I have not.

HYPATIA

It's a book on construction, of fast ships for the ocean, faster ships for the air, and the construction of artificial people.

ORESTES

You mean like Galatea? Statues that walk around and try to pass off as ordinary Alexandrians?

HYPATIA

Maybe ships to the stars.

Orestes and Hypatia share a playful smile.

ORESTES

You amaze me. Your dreams are so vivid.

HELIODORUS

Affairs close to home are in need of discussion, Governor.

ORESTES

That is why I returned early. I do have a wife, hidden somewhere I'm sure!

Marina returns to the patio, walking briskly to him.

ORESTES

I speak and she arrives like a djin summoned!

MARINA

Another two weeks in Constantinople?

Orestes turns to address the entire assembly, and speaks loud enough to command the attention of all.

ORESTES

I requested leave of the Regent early. I discovered matters at home deserving of my attention.

Marina is unsettled.

MARINA

We are all wondering what those matters are. As the architect of this mystery, you must be pleased.

ORESTES

Nothing in this story pleases me, Marina. In Constantinople I was approached by a couple from Alexandria.

INT. CONSTANTINOPLE - REGENT'S PALACE - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

Orestes stands in the shade of immense columns, listening intently to a HEBREW MAN and HEBREW WOMAN.

ORESTES (V.O.)

They begged for my audience. The husband showed me what had happened to his wife, on these streets, as she was returning from the market.

The Hebrew Man peels his wife out of her tunica. Purple contusions and mutilations cover her chest, arms, and torso.

Orestes' eyes are inflamed by rage and pity.

ORESTES (V.O.)

Raped by five men. Does anyone know this story?

EXT. GOVERNOR'S HOUSE - PATIO - NIGHT

The crowd listens intently to Orestes' report.

HELIODORUS

She was a Hebrew?

ORESTES

She was.

HELIODORUS

That explains it. Tensions between Christian and Hebrew have escalated these last few weeks.

ORESTES

I am aware of the strained relations. Now, you all are aware of it. And you will each see personally about ending it.

A general protest rises, soft but audible. Orestes' eyes blaze and he turns to Ciro with thinly-restrained fury.

ORESTES

Ciro? What city do you serve?

CIRO

Alexandria, Governor.

ORESTES

Founded as a place for all people to coexist! You are all subjects of the Empire; thus you are subjects to me. As of tomorrow, I will hold each of you responsible for any violence that erupts between people of varying faiths in your spheres of influence.

The crowd is wide-eyed, attentive, and disturbed.

ORESTES

Ciro owns a shipping industry, one of the largest in Egypt. He employs a thousand people from Alexandria to Karnak. Tomorrow, he will mandate any conflicts will result in the permanent dismissal of the guilty. District representatives will circulate word this kind of sedition will have immediate legal consequences. There are barbarians in the West; see that they stay there. I bid you all good-night.

The stunned assembly disperses. Orestes retires through the foyer, Marina trailing him like a shadow.

INT. GOVERNOR'S HOUSE - FOYER - NIGHT

Orestes takes off his cloak and NEITH, 20s, servant, takes it from him. Marina studies him intently.

MARINA

Not welcome in Constantinople?

ORESTES

I told you why I returned. It doesn't bother you one man has declared war on a certain population of our city?

MARINA

Whether the Hebrews are here or not
doesn't change my life. And it's
not just one man. Cyril is an
Archbishop.

ORESTES

Don't tell me you've suddenly
converted your love of gold and
jewels to a love of theology!

MARINA

No, my dear, my love is still of
you, and you alone.

ORESTES

Sweet relief!

Orestes ascends the stairs. Marina leaves the room.

INT. THASOS' HOUSE - NIGHT

A modest, clay dwelling in the merchant district, Thasos'
mother, DEMETRIA, 40s, prepares a meal as Thasos enters.

He offers, silently, to help her, but she silently declines.
He sits at the table. She brings the meal over and sits.

DEMETRIA

You're late tonight.

THASOS

No later than usual.

DEMETRIA

Today you went to the Library, not
the shop.

THASOS

I spent some time exploring the
Library.

DEMETRIA

I expected you earlier. You could
have been tending the yard.

THASOS

Our teacher tasked us with some
readings. Then she let us go.

DEMETRIA

She?

THASOS

Hypatia.

DEMETRIA

The Library employs women now as its teachers?

THASOS

Her father was Theon, the great scientist. You've heard of Theon?

DEMETRIA

From your father.

THASOS

She is said to exceed him.

DEMETRIA

I want the weeds cleared from the yard by the morning.

THASOS

I'll take care of it.

Demetria eats some soup. Thasos takes a few spoonfuls.

THASOS

You should see the Library, mother.

DEMETRIA

I don't need to see it, Thasos. I shared your father with it for many years. Finish your meal.

A knock on the door, and Arion enters. Demetria stands.

DEMETRIA

Arion, how are you? I have some soup if you'd like.

ARION

Thank you but no, I've stuffed myself to gluttony, I'm afraid. Thasos, doing well today? First day of class wasn't too distracting?

THASOS

Tend to my yards, won't you?

ARION

Hypatia is something, isn't she? In an earlier time, they might have launched a thousand ships for a glimpse of her face. Or ten thousand for a glimpse -

THASOS

And your engineering studies? Is your instructor as captivating?

ARION

He is a great architect, as comely as the Minotaur. But I'm not here to seduce my teachers.

Thasos seizes his friend by the neck of his tunic and draws him near in mock threat.

THASOS

A miscalculation, based on lack of information - and a proper guide.

ARION

You have one guide in your life, and it doesn't need a voice. And by our bargain, I believe you owe me a rather large body of water?

Thasos releases his friend.

THASOS

The year isn't over.

ARION

What?

THASOS

The laws of attraction are without border.

ARION

She's older than you.

THASOS

So are the fig trees. That doesn't stop me from plucking their fruit.

ARION

I will see you tomorrow. May it be a better day!

DEMETRIA

Go carefully.

Arion leaves. The dinner continues in silence. Demetria watches him, sharp-eyed as a hawk.

EXT. ALEXANDRIA - DAY

An overview of the city brightens with a new sunrise.

EXT. PALACE - DAY

Heliodorus waits at the palace door. It swings open and Neith is there, smiling politely.

HELIODORUS
Is the Governor awake?

NEITH
He is by the pool, Heliodorus.

Heliodorus crosses the palace hall and through the foyer.

EXT. PALACE FOYER - POOL - DAY

Orestes stands by the pool's edge. Heliodorus approaches.

HELIODORUS
Governor. Are you well rested?

ORESTES
You are punctual, Heliodorus.

HELIODORUS
Where is your wife?

ORESTES
Asleep. But not for long. I am taking her to the theater tonight, so soon she'll awaken, eager for a new addition to her wardrobe. Tell me of the events leading up to the rape of that Hebrew woman.

HELIODORUS
Theodosios' Edict, Governor. But specifically, Archbishop Cyril. His uncle outlawed other religions throughout the Empire. He lectures openly that the Jews are traitors to Christ. That they should not be exempted from the Edict.

ORESTES

Then you believe these instances
will continue.

HELIODORUS

I believe you should consider
holding summit with the religious
leaders of Alexandria.

ORESTES

That didn't answer my question.

HELIODORUS

As long as one man shouts and stirs
hatred, the attacks will continue.
Lay down secular law so Cyril is
held in check by civic fear.

Orestes considers these words.

ORESTES

How are other matters?

HELIODORUS

What matters are those?

ORESTES

How is your wife?

HELIODORUS

She is well.

ORESTES

How is Hypatia?

HELIODORUS

You missed her lecture on ideals of
government. She argued an educated
population might be a peaceful one.

ORESTES

A peaceful population is only
possible when the people are united
by pride or fear.

INT. LIBRARY - HYPATIA'S CLASS - DAY

Hypatia teaches, chalk in one hand, slate behind her.

HYPATIA

This is how he did it.

She draws a half circle, with two sticks protruding from its curved surface. Above this, she draws the sun. One stick is directly beneath the sun, the other at an angle far away.

HYPATIA

Any ideas now?

KARAM

Shadows, teacher.

HYPATIA

Eratosthenes had stumbled upon an astronomical journal from Syene. It stated that on June 21st at the noon hour, all shadows disappeared; the sun was therefore directly overhead. Eratosthenes marked his calendar and waited. The next time June 21st arrived, he drilled a stick in the soil, and watched as noon came. A shadow was still cast.

The entire class is enthralled by the illustration.

HYPATIA

Remember he lived here, 800 kilometers north of Syene. There were only two possibilities. Either the Syene journal was wrong, or -

ERASMUS

Or the surface of Earth is curved.

HYPATIA

On a curved Earth, the rays of the sun impact the sticks at different angles. The Syene journal is not inaccurate. There is a curvature to the surface of this world, that can be measured from here to Syene.

Hypatia leaves the slate and begins pacing the classroom.

HYPATIA

And Eratosthenes measured it by hiring a soldier to pace out the distance between the two cities. That distance is seven degrees, or one fiftieth of a circle's circumference. 800 kilometers multiplied by 50 is 40,000 kilometers. That's the size, and shape, of our world.

Thasos breathes out sharply, astonished.

HYPATIA

That is my point. Astronomy, like every science, is observation. How many people flipped through that journal unaware it held a key to our planet?

Hypatia begins pointing at each student, singling them out.

HYPATIA

Any one of you can make a discovery as monumental, but you must be an observer of this world first. That's our purpose. Why would God or Fate imbue man with thinking minds and demand he reject the gift? Tonight I ask that you look at the stars - and read the first three chapters of Hipparchus.

The class disperses slowly. Thasos approaches her.

THASOS

You were angry at me yesterday. I had compared the pleasure of your company to the joy of studying in the Great Library.

HYPATIA

I remember.

THASOS

I was right. Your gift of teaching is not dependent on this place, Teacher. The sun, the stars, they're items for priests and poets to gape at. But you imply that we might measure their distances. That we might even reach them.

Thasos follows Hypatia out into the halls.

INT. LIBRARY - HALL OF ASTRONOMY - DAY

Hypatia and Thasos walk through the corridor.

THASOS

But what of those who whisper this Library houses the devil's work?

HYPATIA

Everything is the devil's work to the ignorant. The sun sets and night is to be feared. The sun rises and people thank God. Commit yourself to learning, and you will see that the sun will rise, it will set, and no prayer will change that motion of solar reality.

THASOS

I never looked at it that way.

HYPATIA

How did you look at it before?

THASOS

I never really looked at it at all. It's the sun. Whether it was hung in the sky by God or formed as an apple on the tree of the universe, it didn't matter to me.

HYPATIA

You don't have the same attitude the other students possess, Thasos.

THASOS

How would you describe my attitude?

EXT. LIBRARY COURTYARD - DAY

Hypatia and Thasos enter into the sunlight.

HYPATIA

Apathetic, reluctant, lost.

THASOS

Well - apathetic?

HYPATIA

There's wonder all around you and you've told me you don't notice it.

THASOS

I notice some things.

HYPATIA

Close your eyes.

THASOS

My eyes?

HYPATIA

The two portals on your face which
you use to see, yes.

Thasos smiles. He closes his eyes. Hypatia draws near.

HYPATIA

Now, slow your breathing, and
listen to the world around you.
Once you've listened, open your
eyes as a new child does.

Thasos concentrates, listening to his environment. He hears
the CHATTER of fellow students and sandaled footsteps
CLAPPING on the marble courtyard.

THASOS

I hear lots of people.

HYPATIA

That's society you hear. Listen
beyond it.

Thasos renews his concentration. Slowly, the gentle LAPPING
of water penetrates the human noise.

THASOS

I hear water.

HYPATIA

What's the water doing?

THASOS

It's waves lapping the shore, I
think.

HYPATIA

Is that all?

Thasos relaxes as he listens to the waves.

THASOS

I don't know. I hear the patterns
of the water.

HYPATIA

Now open your eyes and look.

THASOS

The canal.

HYPATIA

And reflected in its water?

Thasos looks at the water, and sees the sun reflected in it like melted gold. He nods, understanding.

HYPATIA

People wander this way and that,
but the Nile flows on, and the sun
rises each day. This is a bigger
world than society. Most people are
afraid or too apathetic to ask big
questions. Learn to see, Thasos.
Only then can you begin asking.

Hypatia touches his shoulder as she walks away, leaving him alone in the Library courtyard. Thasos watches her go.

EXT. CANAL EMBANKMENT - DAY

Hypatia stands with the red light of the sun behind her. A crowd has gathered. PEOPLE sit on the ground.

HYPATIA

Reserve your right to think, for
even to think wrongly is better
than not to think at all. To think
is a precious ability and yet so
many throw it away.

The crowd listens to her, entranced.

HYPATIA

Those who don't think are puppets
for others to control, horses for
others to steer.

EXT. NEARBY ROAD - DAY

CYRIL, 40s, rides atop his chariot on the high road. He is lean and sharp-featured, a scowl etched on his face.

He turns the corner when he sees the huge crowd at the river. Puzzled, he pulls the reins on his horses to stop them.

AT THE CANAL EMBANKMENT

HYPATIA

Long ago people found fire and
worshiped it as a god. But some
people studied it, learned fire can
be manufactured, that it could warm
their cold skin, cook their meat,
light their caves, keep dangerous
animals at bay.

EXT. NEARBY ROAD - DAY

Cyril listens with shock and growing envy.

HYPATIA (V.O.)

It became a tool, not a god, for us
to use wisely! Today we use that
same fire in our Great Lighthouse,
to welcome ships from other lands!

EXT. CANAL EMBANKMENT - DAY

HYPATIA

We have each other on this quest!
I can't help but get so excited.

The crowd laughs warmly.

HYPATIA

That is all. And remember, you are
all welcome at the Library. Please
come, and see us.

The sun sets behind her.

EXT. NEARBY ROAD - DAY

Cyril stares, then grabs the reins and snaps his horses to
attention, continuing down the road and away from the canal.

EXT. CANAL EMBANKMENT - DAY

The crowd disperses, people thanking Hypatia. Simplicius,
hidden in the crowd, approaches her.

HYPATIA

An eavesdropper in my midst!
Simplicius the spy?

SIMPLICIUS

Returning to my memories of when I
sat enthralled as you lectured,
when I was but your student. It is
always good to hear you speak.

HYPATIA

And I thought soldiers shunned the
lectures of a philosopher.

Simplicius looks at the ground, hurt. Hypatia notices this
and touches his shoulder.

SIMPLICIUS

Even a commander of armies can read.

HYPATIA

Forgive me, it was a misplaced
joke. You were always a tremendous
student.

SIMPLICIUS

One who has read Automata, anyway.

Hypatia laughs.

HYPATIA

What did you think of Orestes'
decree last night?

SIMPLICIUS

He is right. City officials should
be held accountable if these
attacks are commonplace.

HYPATIA

Now that this has come to his
attention, he will handle it. He is
tremendously concerned by
Alexandria's affairs.

SIMPLICIUS

Is it concern? Or ego?

HYPATIA

He has an honest heart.

SIMPLICIUS

Why now, with these religious
attacks? What's happening?

HYPATIA

Theophilus' nephew, the Archbishop
Cyril. When he was first appointed,
I heard him speak. He promised to
crack the heathen heart of Egypt.
But then I heard no more of him.
Sometimes, in the market I'll hear
reference to a speech he gave. But
now, the whispers have exploded to
angry shouts. And worse.

The wind picks up suddenly, rustling them both. She notices
that he's only half-listening.

HYPATIA

Simplicius?

SIMPLICIUS

My apologies. I was thinking,
tomorrow I'm off to Pentapolis.

HYPATIA

The Empire's borders need
protection.

SIMPLICIUS

This assignment will be my last.
After this, I return to Alexandria
to stay. Away from here there is
only bitter desert and empty winds.
I've lived my life as a soldier,
but I'll not age and die like one.

Hypatia nods in approval.

INT. CITY THEATER - NIGHT

Ionic columns decorate the scene: an empty rock where
Prometheus will be fastened. Laughter and chatter come from a
THRONG of people who fill the ring-like seats.

Governor Orestes and Marina make their way through the crowd
to a balcony, where they sit.

MARINA

What is showing here tonight?

ORESTES

The Prometheus Saga.

MARINA

I'm well aware of how it ends.

ORESTES

I wouldn't have married an
uncultured woman. You're Greek, you
should know.

MARINA

I forgot that was one of your
marital requirements. The wife of
Orestes must be highly cultured.

ORESTES

Now you are reminded.

INT. CITY THEATER - STAGE - NIGHT

Two actors enter, playing STRENGTH and VIOLENCE, dragging a third actor playing PROMETHEUS. They chain him to a rock.

STRENGTH

Stay there, and swell with your
arrogance, and steal the privileges
of gods for mortal men.

VIOLENCE

How are your mortals going to cut
this knot for you?

INT. THEATER - BALCONY - NIGHT

Darius and his wife, KIPA, 20s, join Orestes and Marina in their seats. Kipa is a pretty, native Egyptian.

DARIUS

Orestes.

MARINA

Good evening, Darius. Kipa, you
made it to the theater! It has been
months since you have graced us
with your presence.

Kipa smiles and nods.

DARIUS

Are you fully recovered from your
voyage?

ORESTES

Fully recovered and desiring to
watch this play, yes.

Darius sits beside Marina, nodding to her in brief greeting.

A sudden yelling and commotion rings out. Orestes leans forward and sees two groups of men are facing off.

The two groups are comprised of HIERAX, 30s, and his friends facing off to the Hebrew Man Orestes met in Constantinople.

HIERAX

It's not our fault your wife's slit
begs for so many men!

The two groups attack. There is a flash of bronze daggers.

Orestes flies up from his seat.

ORESTES

Is there no authority to ensure
peace at the theater?

MARINA

It is not your concern, Orestes.

ORESTES

We differ as usual.

INT. THEATER - STAGE - NIGHT

The three actors have stopped their performance and, leaving
their masks on, look up at the fighting.

Orestes rushes towards the fray. The THEATER GUARDS, seeing
him, leap to action and pry the men apart.

ORESTES

Silence! **Silence!**

The crowd goes silent.

ORESTES

This is a theater. This is
Alexandria. And I am Orestes, your
Governor! I will be informed of how
this brawl began.

HIERAX

I was attacked tonight, great
governor. We were fortunate it
happened before your own eyes!

ORESTES

And before my ears, Hierax. Please
finish the story of his wife's
hungry slit!

Orestes looks at the Hebrew Man, and recognizes him. He turns
to the crowd.

ORESTES

There are eleven men here who have
disturbed the peace! One brandished
a dagger. By law, what should
happen to them?

CROWD

Imprisonment for five days!

Orestes nods his head, then glares at Hierax.

ORESTES

We also have a man accused of beating and violating a woman. And he will meet a swift trial.

HIERAX

Will I be permitted to speak at this trial?

ORESTES

Most certainly. As will your accuser. And his wife.

The two warring groups are taken away by the Theater Guards. Orestes stares at the audience.

ORESTES

After seven hundred years I will not let two populations destroy all we have created! If you cannot tolerate each other, at least pretend, or no God's wrath will equal mine.

Orestes returns to Marina. The theater is gravely silent. As he sits, he notices the actors have not resumed the play.

ORESTES

I don't recall Prometheus was ever so silent.

The actors bow and turn to each other; resuming their scene.

MARINA

The mighty Governor has spoken.

ORESTES

Yes, Marina, he has.

Darius stares at Orestes a moment longer, swallows nervously, and turns back to watch the stage below.

INT. CYRIL'S CONFERENCE CHAMBER - DAY

CYRIL sits at a wooden desk as PETER the Reader, 19, talks to him. Peter is like a crueler, angrier version of Thasos.

PETER

The Governor ordered the man's punishment. Seventy lashes, Cyril. The flesh was spraying the audience.

Cyril is lost in thought, stroking his chin and frowning.

PETER

Is this blasphemy to go unpunished?
The heathen Jews have attacked
Christian men, and now a Christian
man is tortured beyond endurance!

CYRIL

I saw a woman today by the greater
canal. A crowd had gathered itself
to listen to her. Who is she?

PETER

I can only imagine it is Hypatia.

CYRIL

Hypatia? Who is she?

PETER

You have never heard of her, not
once since ascension to Archbishop?

CYRIL

If I had heard of her I would not
be asking you!

PETER

She is the Librarian and Scientist
of the Great Library, Archbishop.
She is respected by all, welcome
even at the governor's council.

CYRIL

Had I seen so many people at a
Christian sermon I should think
our Lord was returning from
Paradise. This entire situation may
work out to our benefit, Peter.

PETER

How?

CYRIL

Six Christian men have been
imprisoned. One was tortured. That
is enough to make complaint to
Regent Pulcheria. I had warned her
no spider can weave a web as the
Jews have done in Alexandria. They
hook their pincers into everything;
the trade routes, the grain
business. Now they're trying to
corrupt Orestes' judgment.

PETER

I hear the Governor has already
 dispatched a letter to her
 regarding this incident. Why can't
 we simply close the Jewish temples?

CYRIL

Go home, Peter.

PETER

One century ago we were fleeing the
 wrath of a pagan Emperor. Now we
 have numbers, Cyril. We have
 influence. We can stamp out the
 enemies to the faith. You must -

CYRIL

Enough! Go home! And put your
 impulses to good use by summoning
 all my parishioners to a Mass at
 sundown.

PETER

There is no Mass scheduled for
 tonight.

CYRIL

There is now.

INT. CAESARION CHURCH - DAY

Hundreds of people, mostly black-robed monks, fill the pews
 of the church, chanting passionately.

The Archbishop addresses them with equal passion, digging his
 fingernails into his fisted palms.

THASOS (V.O.)

There used to be religious freedom
 in the Roman Empire. Cyril's uncle
 stopped that. And there used to be
 epic debates among different sects
 of Christianity. Cyril ended that,
 with help.

EXT. TEMPLE OF SERAPIS - NIGHT

An immense pagan temple is ablaze, and bloodied corpses fill
 the street's drainage ditches.

Pagan parishioners attempt to flee the fiery temple, but are
 intercepted by club-wielding Nitrian monks.

THASOS (V.O.)

As any general has soldiers, Cyril had his followers, including five hundred monks from Nitria who arrived one night at his request. They were zealots who had killed for Theophilus in previous years.

INT. CAESARION CHURCH - DAY

Cyril steps down from the pulpit. His palms bleed from digging his nails into his flesh.

THASOS (V.O.)

They were happy to serve the new patriarch of the city.

INT. THASOS' HOUSE - DEMETRIA'S BEDROOM - DAY

Thasos reaches under Demetria's linens to reach a wooden box.

He quietly pulls it out, glances at the doorway to make sure his mother isn't coming, and regards the box.

The box is ornately carved in beautiful, Egyptian symbols. Thasos lifts up the copper latch and opens it.

Inside are yellowed scrolls tightly bound, a small bronze model of planets orbiting the sun, a rusted stylus, and small clay tablets with ancient writing on them.

Thasos examines each item. He plucks a scroll, unfurls it, and begins to read.

EXT. HYPATIA'S HOUSE - DAY

Hypatia scrubs a sundial in her yard. She turns to find Thasos approaching her yard. She sighs.

THASOS

Am I disturbing you, Philosopher?

HYPATIA

A good teacher is not disturbed by her students, so long as they conduct themselves as students.

Thasos stands at the edge of her walkway, not daring to step further into her property without an invitation.

THASOS

Then I, Thasos the student,
approach you if I may.

HYPATIA

You may, of course.

Thasos takes a single step, then halts.

THASOS

By the laws of good etiquette I
feel I must inform you of an
impending accusation.

HYPATIA

Am I to presume you are my would-be
accuser?

THASOS

A correct presumption. I accuse
you, with all respect, of great
selfishness.

HYPATIA

State your case.

THASOS

Were you to keep to yourself the
fact that at the end of this month
there shall be a storm in the
heavens, so great that even the
stars will shake loose and drop
into the desert?

Hypatia is too surprised to answer him immediately.

THASOS

I leave you speechless! My, I
should be pleased with myself, were
I not so modest!

HYPATIA

How did you come by this
information? Surely not in a dream?

THASOS

Modesty aside, I am pleased with
myself!

Hypatia draws near, smiling in spite of herself.

HYPATIA

There is no one in the Library who knows of the falling stars predicted for this month's end.

THASOS

Pardon my brashness, but I know.

HYPATIA

Yes, you do.

As she draws close, Thasos loses his youthful pride and becomes enamored once again, blushing with infatuation.

THASOS

I made a flourish of discoveries today. My father was taught by Theon, the scientist. Your father.

Hypatia nods.

THASOS

In my father's notes, he remarks of conversations they shared. Theon predicted a storm of falling stars, at the end of this month. I believe he would have confided this in his daughter as well.

HYPATIA

He did. Yet it is only a prediction, and may be proven wrong.

THASOS

Why did he not write this prediction in a book?

HYPATIA

He did not like to be wrong.

THASOS

Yet he shared his poetry with the public.

HYPATIA

Have you read any of my father's poems?

Thasos nods.

HYPATIA

And your assessment?

THASOS

Dearest Teacher, your father was a miserable poet.

Hypatia bursts out laughing. Thasos is relieved he hasn't offended her.

THASOS

His enlightened lyrics aside, his reputation dominates the Library. If I may ask, when did he die?

HYPATIA

Twenty-five years ago.

THASOS

And will you tell the other students? About his prediction?

HYPATIA

I believe his reasoning and research are sound.

THASOS

Shouldn't others know of it?

HYPATIA

Others will know. I have told a select group of friends to watch the skies ten days from now. They know I don't make idle requests. If the stars fall, I'll publish his paper on that prediction. Future generations can use it.

THASOS

I would honor you by keeping it to myself then.

HYPATIA

You flatter me.

THASOS

You are worthy of more than flattery, Philosopher.

HYPATIA

Thasos ...

THASOS

May I inquire where you intend to watch the skies on that night?

HYPATIA

I shall watch the heavens in the
comfort of my own yard.

THASOS

Would that comfort be spoiled if I
happened to be walking by?

HYPATIA

If your eyes remain on the sky, my
comfort will be intact.

THASOS

Ten days is an eternity.

He turns to walk away. Hypatia loses her smile. Guardedly,
she watches him walk out of her yard.

THASOS

You asked that we read Hipparchus.
I challenge you to test me on it
come the morning.

Thasos leaves with a confident strut. Hypatia returns to
cleaning off the sundial.

EXT. ALEXANDRIAN STREETS - DAY

Thasos walks the streets, happy. He turns a corner and
disappears from view.

EXT. ALEXANDRIAN STREETS - NIGHT

The same corner and street are dark now. Creeping shadows
fill the streets. Peter leads the black-robed figures.

The growing mob of men and women converge at the Hebrew
District's synagogue. They brandish unlit torches.

Peter climbs the nearest torch-post. He dips his torch into
the flame.

He scrambles back down and rushes to the synagogue doors.

PETER

All other faith are false! Do you
believe that in your heart?

MONKS

All other faiths are false!

PETER

In the year of our Lord shall we
tolerate the blasphemers?

MONKS

No!

PETER

Do we honor Hierax and the holy
destruction of the pagan temple at
Serapis?

MONKS

Yes!

PETER

Then strike down with holy wrath
those that oppose us!

The monks storm the synagogue, breaking open the door.

INT. SYNAGOGUE - NIGHT

The monks rip down the Jewish symbols, bringing clubs and
spears and torches to the interior.

EXT. ALEXANDRIA - JEWISH DISTRICT - NIGHT

The monks turn their attention on nearby homes, and hurl
firebrands onto roofs.

Some kick in the doors and openly struggle with men and women
on their way out, curious of the noise.

A terrible battle ensues. The Hebrews are rounded up and
chased from their homes.

PETER

Do not burn the homes! Do not burn
the homes!

A Jewish woman falls, and is raised by three monks. One tears
her blouse open when her husband rushes to her side.

The monks throw her into her husband's arms and the couple
cuts through a neighboring yard to escape the mob.

PETER

The houses are ours now. Do not
burn them!

The monks shout gleefully as they chase the Hebrews, forcibly
dragging some, from the Jewish District.

PETER (V.O.)

What will the Governor do, when he
hears of this attack?

CYRIL (V.O.)
Leave that to me.

EXT. LIBRARY COURTYARD - DAY

Thasos walks to the open grounds. STUDENTS and SCHOLARS eat.

Suddenly, someone jumps out from a column to surprise him. It is the Young Woman he met on his first day at the Library.

YOUNG WOMAN
I was beginning to think the whole
year would pass before I saw you
again!

THASOS
I beg your forgiveness.

YOUNG WOMAN
A little begging might get you far.

THASOS
Might I beg an answer to a question
then, dearest Aphrodite?

YOUNG WOMAN
You may.

THASOS
Have you been a student here long?

YOUNG WOMAN
I have. For two years, I've studied
here.

THASOS
You know the Library well?

The Young Woman leans on the column, smiling seductively.

YOUNG WOMAN
I do.

THASOS
I hear rumors of secret chambers.
Places a new student might not be
aware of.

YOUNG WOMAN
Maybe.

THASOS

Could I trouble you for the location of such a chamber?

YOUNG WOMAN

Of course.

THASOS

Hypatia's laboratory, where she does most of her work.

The Young Woman snaps back, angry.

YOUNG WOMAN

Is that what you want? Is that what you were hoping I'd tell you?

THASOS

I was hoping you would.

She turns her back to him and storms off.

YOUNG WOMAN

Invest your hopes in someone else!

Thasos shrugs and enters the Library.

INT. LIBRARY - MAIN HALL - DAY

Thasos stands near the gardens, and eyes each of the nine halls. He sees the Hall of Astronomy, and smiles.

INT. LIBRARY - HALL OF ASTRONOMY - DAY

Thasos passes several classrooms and laboratories of study. He turns down a corridor and comes to an intersection. He turns left into gloom.

INT. LIBRARY - MAIN HALL - DAY

Thasos is back in the Main Hall, staring at the Hall of Invention. His smile is gone.

INT. LIBRARY - HALL OF INVENTION - DAY

In the labyrinthine corridors, Thasos finds himself lost.

He stumbles into a vast room where massive gears are turning by steam power, under the direction of Library scientists.

Thasos runs, stumbles into a bin of scrolls. He finds his way back out to the corridors.

INT. LIBRARY - MAIN HALL - DAY

Once again, Thasos is back. He looks wearied and frightened. He stares at the Hall of Philosophy.

INT. LIBRARY - HALL OF PHILOSOPHY - DAY

Running past scholars who argue over scroll-lined tables, Thasos once again loses himself deep in the corridors.

He is exhausted, and finally collapses into a kneeling posture against a wall at the end of an aisle.

Catching his breath, he looks down a hallway and sees a single wall-candle burning.

Thasos treads to the candlelight, and finds a marble pillar. It leads to a grand staircase into the bowels of the Library.

Thasos, shaken, sighs in relief. He proceeds down the stairs.

INT. LIBRARY - SECRET HALL - DAY

In darkness, Thasos feels his way down the hall past a line of Egyptian statues. He reaches a set of double doors.

Thasos nervously nears, touches the handles, and turns them. He pushes the doors open.

INT. HYPATIA'S LABORATORY - DAY

Thasos enters the laboratory looking in awe at the contents. He finds a very large desk covered in scrolls.

Tenderly, he leafs through papers and HE SEES HYPATIA'S FEATHER-PEN. He nods.

Suddenly he hears FOOTSTEPS approaching, and he quickly ducks into the shadows as Hypatia and Apollonius enter.

HYPATIA

The entire quarter was emptied.

APOLLONIUS

Surely the Governor can do something!

HYPATIA

He'll do something, and that's what has me concerned. Orestes is not a subtle man.

Thasos, still unseen, anxiously looks towards the door.

APOLLONIUS

And what of us? We are teachers, we have influence! Surely there's something we can do.

HYPATIA

Such as?

APOLLONIUS

Before our students hear this on the streets, let's unmask this grudge-match between a Hebrew and Christian deity. Cyril is the only one speaking. We should state our piece to counterbalance his!

HYPATIA

Let Cyril hang himself with his own hypocrisies.

Behind them, Thasos makes a quiet dash through the doors.

EXT. KINARON DISTRICT - DAY

Cyril walks, lost in thought. So lost, he nearly stumbles into a Nile Crocodile. The creature halts and hisses.

Cyril recoils in terror, and the creature pads off into the brush. As it disappears, Cyril hears distant screaming, wailing, and sobbing. He hurries towards the sounds.

EXT. CAESARION CHURCH - DAY

A crowd of Cyril's parishioners, including Peter, ring the church, anguished. When they see Cyril, they assail him.

MALE PARISHIONER

Archbishop! You must help us!
Please!

FEMALE PARISHIONER

They arrested Father Tobias,
Archbishop. Dragged him away,
chained him, said he was inciting a
riot!

PETER

They'll feed us to lions next!

CYRIL

Tell me what happened, Peter.

PETER

The city militia just arrested
Father Tobias inside the Caesarion.
There are others, too. Arrested by
the Governor! Is this our reward
for expelling the Jews? Is this how
God shows his gratitude for -

Cyril slaps him into the dirt, and the crowd surges forward
towards Peter, murder glinting in their eyes.

CYRIL

Is your faith so feeble? Do you
fear jail more than damnation? Will
you be the first to betray us when
the soldiers come again?

The crowd surrounds Peter, ready to destroy him.

PETER

Archbishop! Please!

CYRIL

(to crowd) You must be strong. We
will prevail, but you must trust in
the Lord's plan and in me.

Cyril leans close to Peter, very close, so his lips brush the
young boy's ear.

CYRIL

Never question me in front of
others again. I will deal with
this. You will obey.

EXT. ALEXANDRIAN ROYAL DISTRICT - CANOPIC WAY - DAY

Heliodorus, Synesius, and Hypatia talk on this ancient road,
oblivious to those around them.

HELIODORUS

They emptied out the Hebrew
District in one night.

SYNESIUS

How is that possible? How many
attacked?

HELIODORUS

Cyril made use of Nitrian monks. We didn't think there were any more.

HYPATIA

People will be talking of this a thousand years hence.

HELIODORUS

I'm on my way to the palace now. Would you care to accompany me?

SYNESIUS

You'll forgive me if I pass.

HELIODORUS

I understand. (to Hypatia) You'll accompany me? He seems less likely to explode when you're around.

HYPATIA

Less likely, perhaps. Orestes is a passionate man. Synesius, you know Cyril.

SYNESIUS

I supported him in his election. Cyril is a passionate man as well.

HYPATIA

There is nothing wrong with passion. It is the application of that energy that makes the difference. I hoped Cyril would use his power to unite people, not divide them.

HELIODORUS

You have an idea, Teacher?

Hypatia nods.

INT. GOVERNOR'S FOYER - DAY

Marina sits at a table. Neith fills her goblet with sweet water. Marina sees Hypatia approach. She is not pleased.

MARINA

Hypatia! You are unexpected this morning.

HYPATIA

I apologize for the intrusion, My Lady. Is Orestes in?

A cabinet SLAMS, echoing throughout the palace.

MARINA

The god of thunder himself? Yes.

Orestes emerges into the foyer, clutching a lengthy sheet of parchment. He hands it to Neith.

ORESTES

I need that mailed the very instant it dries. And send another message to have the slave barge brought in as soon as the oarsmen can manage.

NEITH

Yes, Governor. (to Hypatia?)
Hypatia?

HYPATIA

Good morning, Governor. I did not mean to interrupt you.

ORESTES

You are interrupting, though. Most citizens make appointments to see their prefect.

HYPATIA

I will leave if you wish.

ORESTES

You don't need to leave. Just, walk with me.

Orestes and Hypatia enter the palace. Marina watches them.

INT. PALACE - DAY

Hypatia and Orestes walk together through the palace.

HYPATIA

So... how goes your morning?

Orestes can't resist a smile at her levity.

ORESTES

How goes yours?

HYPATIA

A slave barge? For what, dare I ask?

ORESTES

The men guilty of rioting will be stripped, chained, and taken to every port from here to Memphis. They will be displayed as malcontents and dissidents.

HYPATIA

And what will the Regent say once she hears of this?

ORESTES

I have already written her. I advised her most of Cyril's parishioners are good, decent people. Some are not. What do you think?

HYPATIA

Direct.

ORESTES

What brings you to me today?

HYPATIA

I thought you might want a friend near.

ORESTES

Why else did you come?

HYPATIA

Do you intend to arrest the Archbishop, too?

ORESTES

I intend to execute him.

Hypatia jumps back in shock. Orestes bursts out laughing.

ORESTES

I'm joking, lest the entire Empire declare me a heretic and burn me alive.

They pass by a long wall-length mirror. Orestes glances at it, seeing the reflection of them both together.

HYPATIA

Remember when we first met?

ORESTES

You were giving a lecture.

HYPATIA

On reason. You walked in, refusing to sit as the others were, and interrupted my lecture with a question.

ORESTES

If reason is as powerful as you claim, why is it not wielded by more rulers throughout history? That was my question.

HYPATIA

And my answer?

ORESTES

Without pausing, you told me that reason was powerful but ignorance was more seductive, more palatable. And then you ignored me and returned to your lecture.

HYPATIA

You did strike me as arrogant.

ORESTES

You flatter me.

They reach the gates of the palace grounds. Hypatia sees Heliodorus on the other side, talking to the two guards.

HYPATIA

I see you have another visitor!

ORESTES

Happy day.

Hypatia embraces Orestes, a little too long. They release each other stiffly and part.

HYPATIA

I am available whenever you want me. Need me. (to Heliodorus)
Heliodorus. A pleasure to see you.

HELIODORUS

Likewise, Teacher.

Hypatia exits the palace grounds. Orestes watches her go.

EXT. PALACE FOYER - DAY

Marina watches as Orestes returns with Heliodorus.

ORESTES

What brings you here, this morning?

HELIODORUS

In part to see how your arrests
were coming.

ORESTES

What of the other part?

HELIODORUS

To say that you should attempt a
reconciliation with your enemy.

ORESTES

Reconciliation. Are you insane?

HELIODORUS

Synesius of Cyrene is talking to
the Archbishop even now. He feels,
as I do, the rivalry between you
should end in a treaty of
compromise.

Orestes' eyes fill with rage.

ORESTES

With one population uprooted, now
we talk peace?

HELIODORUS

The tide can turn in either
direction for us. Make the attempt.
Meet with him, and afterwards it
will be known you tried to quell
the conflict. Hatred of Jews is not
Cyril's only policy. Like his
uncle, Cyril considers the pagans
to be the enemies of God.

ORESTES

Make your point.

HELIODORUS

Meet with him and craft a treaty
which will protect those you care
about. Both sides will be
protected, and publicly none will
be offended.

ORESTES

Synesius stands by his faith, of
course.

HELIODORUS

Synesius has no love for Cyril. He does this out of concern for another. It is the most reasonable thing to do, Governor.

Orestes and Heliodorus stare at each other. Marina watches them over her water.

EXT. CAESARION CHURCH - DAY

The stone church stands tall in the sunlight. It forms the top of a courtyard where people draw water from wells.

INT. CAESARION CHURCH - DAY

Cyril reads in the rectory. He is startled by a loud knocking on his door. He opens it, and sees Synesius.

SYNESIUS

Archbishop!

CYRIL

Synesius?

Synesius enters Cyril's chambers. Cyril offers Synesius a seat. He sits, rubbing his knees.

CYRIL

It is good to see you! I never thanked you adequately for all your support. Your petition to the Emperor helped me greatly.

SYNESIUS

I recognized passion in you Cyril. Do you still consider yourself a man of strength?

CYRIL

You doubt me?

SYNESIUS

I'll test you. There is a grave matter I need your help with. It concerns our prefect.

CYRIL

I have already taken steps in addressing that problem.

SYNESIUS

Then you'll help me?

CYRIL

Of course! You need only tell me what you want!

Synesius straightens in his chair.

SYNESIUS

I want you to meet with the governor, and form a truce with him. God gave us reason. You and Orestes are reasonable men, and a truce between you would bring peace to Alexandria again.

CYRIL

You would have me share the same air with the man who just ordered a city-wide harassment of Christians? Need I remind you that you are Christian, Synesius?

SYNESIUS

You need not. But violence is not the Lord's way, for even when He was confronted with violence, he spoke only of love. The governor feels injured by the departure of the Hebrews -

CYRIL

I felt injured by their blindness!

SYNESIUS

Only the guiltless shall throw the first stone, Cyril. This city doesn't belong to you. The people perceive that you expelled a population -

CYRIL

A population of infidels!

SYNESIUS

A population, nonetheless. Make peace with the man you despise, and together forge a pact. Not for your people, or his people, but for all people. You must cooperate with the secular, as you preach of the holy.

CYRIL

And if he is unwilling to cooperate?

SYNESIUS

You are both stubborn men.

CYRIL

My stubbornness is to make people see the glory and truth of God!

Synesius stands.

SYNESIUS

The end of this week, at sundown at the Great Harbor. The prefect will be waiting for you there. You must do your part, Cyril. You must channel anger into peace, for they cannot exist simultaneously.

CYRIL

I do this for you, Synesius.

SYNESIUS

No. Do it for the city, and I will stand with you as I once did.

EXT. ALEXANDRIAN SHORELINE - DAY

A jagged, rock-filled shore away from the harbor. The great Lighthouse is in the distance. Orestes and Cyril approach each other slowly.

ORESTES

Archbishop, you are punctual.

CYRIL

And you. Your choice of meeting places is unusual.

ORESTES

I suppose our friends felt it was neutral ground. Neither a church, nor a palace.

The two men drink in the view of the Lighthouse in silence.

ORESTES

I have traveled much of the world, and there is no place on Earth like Alexandria. It is a privilege that we share a land such as this.

Orestes circles Cyril like a hawk.

ORESTES

The time is long overdue for this talk. For centuries this city has granted equality and respect to people of different faiths. Why is that changing now? It is by no policy of mine.

CYRIL

There is only one faith, need I remind you? All others are false.

ORESTES

I don't care whose faith is right or wrong. I care about the peace and comfort of my citizens. My decree has unanimous support. Anyone participating in a religious-driven riot will be subject to instant arrest.

CYRIL

I wonder what Regent Pulcheria will do, when she hears of it. It was passed without her consent. She will consider it a violation of the Edict of 391.

ORESTES

I disagree. I am not allowing pagan temples to operate. The Edict says nothing of granting people the right to worship as they please in their own home.

Cyril begins circling Orestes.

CYRIL

I have not violated your decree. I'm sure you know that already, since you have people spying on my sermons now.

ORESTES

I sent people to examine your conduct, yes. They told me you've found a new subject to rail against. The Great Library.

CYRIL

There was no decree against that.

ORESTES

I want the riotous talk to cease.
All of it.

CYRIL

God speaks of love. Those pagan
scrolls in that Library do not. Why
study math? To count the eternities
you'll spend in hell, if God is not
in your heart?

ORESTES

I was taught that it was to
understand the world we live in.

CYRIL

Ah. You were taught. The devil can
assume a pleasing shape.

Orestes moves closer, as a swordsman might in a deadly dance.
Cyril recoils from his wrath.

ORESTES

You shall mind your tongue! Do not
forget who I am!

CYRIL

Do not forget who I am!

ORESTES

And what are you, Cyril? An
ambitious, hateful man who has long
been battling me behind the faces
of his sheep?

CYRIL

The Lord does not tolerate those
who question his wisdom and mercy!

ORESTES

Then the Lord has no place in
Alexandria! Is it the Lord's will
to condemn others? Didn't your
messiah warn against violence?

CYRIL

My law comes from higher than
yours!

ORESTES

So you say! So you believe! I
don't!

CYRIL

You admit godlessness to me?

ORESTES

If disagreeing is godlessness, let me bay at the moon!

CYRIL

That woman has corrupted your soul. She slithers through our streets spilling venom for men to follow.

ORESTES

Your parishioners are free to worship as they see fit. But if you bring violence to my people, I will hunt you to the edge of the world.

CYRIL

There is poison in that shapely woman.

ORESTES

The poison is your envy of her, that you can never have the respect she commands. Your fellow Christians dislike you, Archbishop. Hypatia is respected by most.

CYRIL

Having a witch as advisor can only be forgiven by the Lord our God.

ORESTES

I don't want His forgiveness, for I need it not.

CYRIL

I fear we have nothing else to discuss. My dear Governor, may God be with you.

Cyril leaves Orestes standing on the edge of the shore.

INT. LIBRARY - MAIN HALL - GARDENS - NIGHT

Thasos reclines in the shade of the gardens, lying down upon the stone bench which surrounds them.

Hypatia emerges from the Hall of Philosophy. She sees Thasos.

HYPATIA

Thasos, there is no class today.

THASOS

I am well aware of that, Teacher.

HYPATIA

Come to admire the gardens?

THASOS

Walk with me tonight.

HYPATIA

I beg your pardon?

THASOS

Walk with me. Around the campus.
Tonight.

HYPATIA

The falling stars are hours away.

THASOS

I know.

Hypatia's face hardens in anger.

HYPATIA

I am not available for a seduction.
You certainly have your choice of
sexual conquest in this city.

THASOS

I was not speaking of seductions.
Just a walk between two human
beings beneath the canopy of stars.
That's all.

HYPATIA

And what would be the purpose of
such a stroll?

THASOS

The pleasure of your company?

HYPATIA

The purpose for me?

Thasos shrugs.

THASOS

The pleasure of my company?

HYPATIA

And what makes you believe your
company is so pleasurable?

THASOS

Maybe because over the last few weeks I've proven myself? Maybe the fact that you're tolerating me now?

HYPATIA

Tolerate is a well-chosen word.

THASOS

I thought we could talk about Hipparchus. I've formed some opinions you might want to hear, if only to laugh.

Hypatia approaches him with venom in her eyes. She imitates a seductive voice.

HYPATIA

Over fine wine, perhaps? Or maybe you intend to cook me a dinner and serve it on the shore with a blanket shared between us? Then, you could win me over the way so many have tried, and I could be your housewife, perhaps? You could tell me to put away the scrolls and studies, I am a woman, a man's property, I am the object of his control and disciplining!

THASOS

That's not what I mean!

HYPATIA

Do you think you're the first would-be suitor to me? I have handled others in more dramatic ways! I'm not to be told what to do, what to think, and what to love. This is the lesson I hoped you had learned from our first encounter.

THASOS

A walk, between two human beings, under the stars. That's all I want.

HYPATIA

No. That's not all you want.

Hypatia turns and starts to walk away. Thasos follows her. She reaches the Library doors and exits through them.

EXT. LIBRARY COURTYARD - NIGHT

Hypatia inserts keys into the door as Thasos emerges.

THASOS

I believe there is no woman like you in all the world. I believe you have outdone your father's accomplishments. And when I read your works, they impress me, touch me, and teach me.

HYPATIA

Flattery is often a way to a woman's heart. You're a strong tactician, I'll give you that.

THASOS

This isn't a tactic! We're not at war! Would you reject my friendship, because of how some people treated you twenty-five years ago in Athens?

HYPATIA

You know nothing of me, and you are out of line, student!

THASOS

I would like to know something of you! I thought we were enjoying one another. I thought -

HYPATIA

You thought you were netting me.

THASOS

You think I'm playing some God-cursed game? I'm learning under your tutelage. I don't come here to seduce you. One day, all that will be left of you will be in a book. But I have the chance to know you, as a person. Future people will never be able to walk with you. I ask for that privilege.

HYPATIA

I respectfully decline.

THASOS

Do you think me a liar?

HYPATIA

I think you've convinced yourself
you want only my words.

THASOS

Yes Professor Hypatia, I find you
more beautiful than Aphrodite. But
tonight is about words. Would you
feel more comfortable if we walked
with a screen held between us?

HYPATIA

I am comfortable with our
relationship in class. I have no
interest in knowing you beyond
that.

THASOS

You're a coward, Hypatia. You judge
me so readily, yet hide from the
possibility of a relationship with
anyone!

HYPATIA

And so the truth comes out. You do
seek a relationship, beyond that of
a student and his teacher. I am
closing the Library for the night.
Go home. If you want to plant your
flag, find some willing whore.

THASOS

If I wanted such things, dearest
teacher, I wouldn't be devoting my
days to you.

Thasos, upset, flees the courtyard. Hypatia stands alone by
the door. She sighs and locks them for the night.

EXT. SYNESIUS' HOME - NIGHT

Synesius laughs warmly as he gazes at the sky from his porch
stairs. His face and surroundings are lit by multiple lights.

EXT. HELIODORUS' HOME - NIGHT

Heliodorus and his wife NEPTHYS gaze from their bedroom
window at the heavens, and their joyful eyes reflect the
flaring light. They embrace each other passionately.

EXT. DESERT PLAINS - NIGHT

An encampment of Roman soldiers stands upon the desert vista.

Several shooting stars race across the sky. A long line of soldiers look up fearfully. Simplicius watches the skies.

EXT. THASOS' HOUSE - NIGHT

Thasos lies on his roof, staring at the night sky. His face is illuminated by a flash of light, followed by yet another.

INT. GOVERNOR'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Orestes sleeps in his bed while the light from the shooting stars flickers on him.

Marina removes her earrings in front of a mirror. She disrobes, and appraises her reflection.

She climbs into bed. Orestes, still asleep, cradles her. Marina begins kissing him on the neck, working her way up.

Eyes still closed, Orestes responds.

Marina mounts him and begins their lovemaking. She also shuts her eyes, lost in fantasy and rapidly working towards climax.

ORESTES

Hypatia!

Marina's eyes snap open; Orestes still appears to be sleeping. Wrath passes over her face.

EXT. ALEXANDRIAN MARKETPLACE - DAY

A bustling crowd shops amid merchant booths. A black-robed monk jumps onto a stone block and begins a fiery sermon.

MONK #1

The end times grow near and
damnation approaches to all who are
lost! Evil walks among you! It
tempts every heart! Heathen
rituals! Poisonous lies like a
serpent's hiss! These things strive
to draw your hearts from the One
True God! This evil isn't even in
hiding! The godless Library! It
lures the souls of our young.

A woman looks up sharply from her shopping, mesmerized by this last statement: Thasos' mother Demetria.

INT. HYPATIA'S CLASSROOM - DAY

Thasos sits on his stool. He is pensive, and not a part of the discussion.

KARAM

Teacher, Hipparchus is proposing a chaotic universe. That seems contrary to what we see when we map the stars and planets. But Hipparchus implies Venus could collide with something and be sent off course, perhaps even hurtling towards us. I can't say I like that possibility.

HYPATIA

Nor do I! But the universe is indifferent to us. Remember Pompeii? Today you hear people claim that Pompeii must have been evil; why else would God have allowed a volcano to destroy it? I say that had humans never existed, that volcano would still have erupted that August day in 79 A.D.

ERASMUS

We'll never know the truth.

HYPATIA

We do know the truth Erasmus. Volcanos erupt. It's a natural inclination to assign divine properties to an eruption when a city or people are destroyed. Ignorance! There are physical properties at work behind a volcanic eruption, and one day we shall explain them.

ERASMUS

Maybe not. You seem to make a lot of assumptions.

HYPATIA

Do you know of Hippocrates?

Erasmus scowls.

HYPATIA

Hippocrates is the father of medicine. He studied epilepsy. In his time, people thought it was divine punishment. He hated this view, for even little children can be afflicted with epilepsy, and what kind of sin can a child have committed? Better, what wicked God would punish children with a lifelong malady? Hippocrates said, 'People think epilepsy is divine because they don't understand it. But I propose one day we will know what causes epilepsy, and in that moment it will cease being divine. So it is with everything in the universe.'

ERASMUS

That's such a hopeless, soulless view!

Hypatia approaches him, galvanized.

HYPATIA

Is it? Erasmus, pay attention! When waters rise and swallow crops, we count on one another to plant those crops again, to rebuild homes, to care for our sick. Some blame God and demand we make sacrifice to Him. If your village was being flooded would you, Erasmus, butcher your daughters like Abraham tried with Isaac, because a priest told you God demanded it? Or would you try to build canals to divert the water, understanding that there is a mechanism to why floods happen?

Thasos raises his hand.

THASOS

Teacher, I think Hipparchus is right. But with enough study, a person can be in control of his own destiny. If one man can predict a night of falling stars, is there no end to what man, or woman, can do?

HYPATIA

Indeed student. Indeed.

INT. GOVERNOR'S HOUSE - FOYER - DAY

Neith washes the floor as Orestes walks by. He halts suddenly, smelling something he can't immediately identify.

ORESTES

Neith!

NEITH

Yes, Governor?

He notices an incense bowl in the doorway burning steadily.

NEITH

Sorry Governor. The Lady returned from market very early and ordered me to light these incense bowls throughout the palace.

ORESTES

Did she say why?

NEITH

She said we needed it for protection.

Right then, Marina enters the hall and smiles in feigned joy.

MARINA

Orestes! I was just coming to fetch you!

ORESTES

What is the purpose for the spice bowl in the doorway?

MARINA

It's an incense bowl.

ORESTES

I know what it is.

Neith flees from the chamber fearing an all-out battle.

MARINA

Then you should know what it's for.

She attempts to walk by him when he seizes her by the arm.

ORESTES

I know you too well to think you've lost your mind.

MARINA

It's an Egyptian custom. When an evil spirit is near, strong incense protects the household.

She tries to leave again; Orestes holds her firm.

ORESTES

What's this new game? Who is this evil spirit?

MARINA

Haven't you heard? Everyone in the marketplace was asking me if it's true. I suppose it isn't that important. She's only a teacher at the Great Library.

Orestes lets her go, shocked and afraid. Marina smiles cruelly and walks off.

EXT. LIBRARY COURTYARD - DAY

The street clears of people as a royal chariot, driven by an ATTENDANT, pulls up to the edge of the Courtyard.

Orestes steps down to the street from the chariot and regards the Library ahead of him.

A monk in the crowd sees the Governor. He quickly finds another monk nearby and the two depart in search of others.

Orestes walks up the Courtyard steps, toward the entrance.

INT. HYPATIA'S CLASSROOM - DAY

Thasos walks by his teacher, nodding to her.

HYPATIA

Good day, Thasos.

THASOS

It was a good night, teacher.

HYPATIA

Yes.

INT. HALL OF ASTRONOMY - DAY

Thasos leaves the class. He nearly collides with Orestes, who shuttles by him.

INT. HYPATIA'S CLASSROOM - DAY

Orestes enters and sees Hypatia. The two stare at each other.

HYPATIA
Your timing is impressive.

ORESTES
I wish to speak with you.

HYPATIA
Please.

ORESTES
How goes your research and writing?

HYPATIA
I expect to have completed my
manuscript by the summer months.

ORESTES
This is your calendar of days to
come? The cures to disease in some
distant future? Like the disease of
fanaticism?

HYPATIA
What?

ORESTES
I would like to make a request.

HYPATIA
What is it you wish?

ORESTES
Not what I wish. I request you
accept passage on a ship to Greece.

HYPATIA
For what purpose?

ORESTES
You do know the Library is in
wrongful possession of original
plays from Athens, which a
predecessor of yours took, and-

HYPATIA
And after centuries Athens suddenly
wants those originals back? Send
them with the next cargo ship; I
don't need to go.

ORESTES

Is it reason enough that your
Governor requests it?

HYPATIA

No, it isn't.

Hypatia brushes by him and leaves the classroom. He follows.

INT. HALL OF ASTRONOMY - DAY

Orestes and Hypatia walk briskly towards the Main Hall.

ORESTES

You're a stubborn woman.

HYPATIA

And you are an irrational man. Why
are you trying to get rid of me?

ORESTES

You're smart enough to know why.

HYPATIA

I'm only a woman, Governor.

ORESTES

And Cyril is a man with many
followers. Each day his power grows
stronger. I command you to leave.

HYPATIA

Are you Alexander all of a sudden?

INT. MAIN HALL - DAY

Hypatia gets ahead of Orestes. He halts, angry and desperate,
and calls after her.

ORESTES

Hypatia! Close the doors of the
Library and wait until this hate-
monger tires.

Hypatia stops and turns.

HYPATIA

Cyril won't tire, Orestes.

ORESTES

'All dogmatic religions are fallacious and should never be accepted by self-respecting persons as final.' That's straight from one of your lectures. And Cyril's followers will reply with stones.

HYPATIA

Words are heavier than stones.

ORESTES

Sophistry! People are sheep. They cannot think for themselves.

HYPATIA

They can think for themselves.

ORESTES

They don't think for themselves.

HYPATIA

It was inevitable that knowledge and superstition should cross paths. I will not flee when this battle needs to be waged.

She turns and moves quickly towards the doors. Orestes comes up behind her just as swiftly and spins her towards him.

ORESTES

I did not tell you to keep quiet! I only want you to leave for a few months until I can handle Cyril.

HYPATIA

I need to be here.

ORESTES

Then the Library will have guards. That is not negotiable.

HYPATIA

Are you Alexander again?

Orestes releases her so harshly he tosses her away from him.

ORESTES

I'm sick of your games! Cyril and his sheep are coming for you.

HYPATIA

And they must be fought!

ORESTES

Those who blindly believe will
always outnumber those who
question! It's a fact of life!

HYPATIA

I'll change that, Governor.

ORESTES

Are you Alexander all of a sudden?

HYPATIA

You flatter me, Orestes.

Orestes is about to respond, when he realizes all occupants
of the Main Hall are staring at them.

ORESTES

The next time I set sail for
Constantinople, you will accompany
me and we shall speak.

HYPATIA

Athens never asked for me to bring
back the plays, did they?

ORESTES

Good day, Hypatia.

He departs through the doors.

EXT. LIBRARY COURTYARD - DAY

A crowd has gathered before the Courtyard, yelling and
cursing. Many of the throng are Cyril's monks.

Orestes' chariot is completely surrounded, and Orestes'
ATTENDANT nervously watches the crowd, fearing for his life.

Orestes walks down the steps. Two monks, AZIZA and HASINA,
heckle him.

AZIZA

We will not be ruled by a godless
pagan!

HASINA

Orestes! How is your mistress?

Nearby, Thasos stands with a group of students watching the
crowd. Thasos sees Orestes.

ORESTES
 (to Attendant) We'll not be cowed
 by our own people.

Orestes and the Attendant walk towards the chariot. The crowd's cries grow louder.

AZIZA
 You spit on the Archbishop's truce?

HASINA
 Pagans are purified by fire!

Thasos watches as Orestes climbs into his chariot. Suddenly, Aziza leaps onto the chariot and strikes Orestes in the head with a jagged rock.

Orestes topples, bloody, as the monk strikes him twice more.

The crowd cheers and the Attendant flees the scene. Thasos runs down the steps to try and help Orestes.

THASOS
 Governor! Let me help you!

Thasos sees how serious Orestes' wounds are. Blood splashes onto the street from his head.

THASOS
 Let me get Hypatia!

ORESTES
 No!

Thasos is suddenly pelted by a rock. He jumps back and is struck with a second rock.

MONK #1
 If you stand with the pagans you
 burn with them too!

With a flourish, a new figure in silver armor emerges from the crowd - SIMPLICIUS.

Simplicius swings an iron club into two monks as he rushes to the aid of Orestes.

Thasos recoils as an enraged Simplicius steps between Orestes and the crowd.

SIMPLICIUS
 Who will be next? Who will try?
 (to Orestes) Lie still, Governor.

Thasos helps Orestes crawl to the chariot. Simplicius charges forward and the monks flee before him.

Suddenly, Simplicius sees Monk #5 in the crowd. The monk attempts to flee, when Simplicius runs him down.

The crowd around them erupts into their own fighting, between monks and citizens. Simplicius drags Aziza to Orestes.

Orestes looks down at Aziza in hatred and disgust.

ORESTES

There is no mirror wide enough for
you to see the truth.

AZIZA

God will forgive me but He won't
forgive you.

Hypatia appears at the top of the courtyard steps. She looks to the fighting below, bewildered.

AZIZA

Witch! There's the sorceress now!

The crowd sees Hypatia.

HASINA

There's the witch! She's the one
responsible for this!

Thasos becomes enraged at the words and charges Hasina. They collide and grapple, rolling over in the dirt.

Two monks haul Thasos from Hasina.

ORESTES

(to Aziza) God won't judge you. I
will. (To Simplicius) Bring him to
the magistrate.

Hypatia hurries downstairs. Orestes' injury shocks her.

HYPATIA

Orestes!

Orestes attempts to hide his injury from her. He takes up the chariot reins and snaps the horses to a full run.

Thasos is still being restrained by two monks. Hasina advances to him.

HASINA

The Jews are gone and so a new
vermin must be removed!

Thasos tries to escape from their grip, but is held fast.

HYPATIA

Release him!

THASOS

Hypatia! No!

Hypatia strides to the monks and they shrink from her.

HYPATIA

Release him! You do not intimidate
me! Neither will I allow you to
intimidate one of my students.
Release him now!

The two monks holding Thasos let him go and they retreat.

Hypatia seizes Thasos by the hand and takes him away, back
into the building's interior.

INT. HYPATIA'S CLASSROOM - DAY

Hypatia holds a moistened cloth against Thasos' head.

HYPATIA

You seem unharmed, in physical terms.

THASOS

The stones hit my head, Teacher.
They had no chance against the
thickness of my skull.

HYPATIA

I hope your spirit is unfazed as
well. I should hate to lose a good
student.

Thasos is so surprised, he cannot muster a clever retort.

HYPATIA

How badly would you say the
Governor was injured?

THASOS

He was bleeding horribly. Please
stay here, Teacher. You could have
been killed, walking into the crowd
like that.

HYPATIA
I protect my students. Especially
the good ones.

Simplicius enters the room suddenly.

HYPATIA
Simplicius!

SIMPLICIUS
What's the point of protecting
borders when the barbarians are
already inside?

HYPATIA
Where did Orestes go?

SIMPLICIUS
I think he was heading to the
palace.

HYPATIA
Then we must leave at once. And we
must find Setne to help.

They depart the classroom, and Thasos is left alone.

INT. GOVERNOR'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Orestes lies on his bed, bloody rags about him. He is
surrounded by Marina, Darius, Hypatia, and SETNE, 60s.

Setne has an obsidian tray opened up before him with a
variety of surgical tools and medicine.

Orestes is semi-conscious. He does not react to his visitors.
His head is wrapped in dark bandages.

SETNE
The opium should be reaching its
peak about now. He is feeling no
more pain.

Marina is silent. She is touching fingers with Darius.

HYPATIA
He should heal over the stitching?

SETNE
He will heal. It is not the wound
itself which worries me, but the
fevers which follow.

Simplicius and Synesius are shown in by Neith.

NEITH
(to Marina) More visitors, my Lady.

Synesius and Simplicius gather near the bed.

MARINA
What do we do if he contracts the fevers?

HYPATIA
No physician has been able to treat them. We don't know why they happen.

MARINA
A matter which eludes you, Hypatia? This is a grim situation indeed.

Orestes' eyes flutter open. He looks around with difficulty.

ORESTES
(to Synesius) Come close.

SYNESIUS
Yes, Orestes. I am with you.

MARINA
(to Setne) When will I have my bedroom back?

Hypatia slaps Marina across the mouth. Marina reels back.

HYPATIA
Your husband is trying to speak. Be silent!

ORESTES
(to Synesius) You recommended a talk between myself and Cyril.

Synesius lowers his head sadly.

ORESTES
He and I shall never speak again.

For an instant Orestes' eyes register their old strength; then his head rolls to the side and he is motionless.

SETNE
He will not be able to stay awake.

HYPATIA

Will he live?

SETNE

His heart beats in his neck. He still breathes. The opium is strong.

SYNESIUS

Will he live?

SETNE

The next few days are critical. Only when they have passed can that question be answered.

Marina and Darius leave the bedside and head to the top of the stairs outside the bedroom.

Hypatia holds Orestes' hand and leans close to his ear. He continues to sleep.

HYPATIA

I will voyage with you to see the Regent in Constantinople. We will set out together and convince her to properly address the war in Alexandria.

SIMPLICIUS

Orestes' attacker will not live to see tomorrow's sunset. Heliodorus is already preparing his case for execution.

Orestes regains consciousness.

ORESTES

We can watch the Pharos as we leave.

As Orestes falls back asleep, everyone is puzzled by his words - but Hypatia understands.

HYPATIA

Yes, we will.

INT. STAIRWAY - GOVERNOR'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Marina and Darius stand together in privacy.

MARINA

You have to go. They will want these moments alone with him.

DARIUS

Perhaps I should stay away for the next few days as well.

MARINA

It may not be that long.

DARIUS

If he does recover I believe my days in coming here are over.

MARINA

Why?

DARIUS

It was not right what happened to him.

MARINA

I had nothing to do with it! If anything I tried to discourage him from starting this war.

DARIUS

The thrill has worn thin, Marina.

MARINA

You wound me such?

DARIUS

This has been a game for us both. I have grown tired.

MARINA

You dare to wound me such!

DARIUS

If he lives I'll not be the next man he has executed. If he dies, I'll not sleep with a widow.

Darius leaves her. Marina is too stunned to speak.

INT. GOVERNOR'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Hypatia continues holding Orestes' hand. Synesius leaves the bedside, determined, and exits the room.

EXT. CAESARION CHURCH - DAY

A monk raises water from a well as Synesius walks by and approaches the doors of Cyril's chambers. He knocks loudly.

The door swings open, and Peter appears.

PETER
Synesius? You are unexpected.

SYNESIUS
Where is Cyril?

PETER
He is holding a special Mass. You can come in and wait for him if you wish.

SYNESIUS
No, but I ask that you bear a message to him from me.

Synesius pulls out a slightly-yellowed scroll. He opens it, folds it, and rips it in four. He hands the pieces to Peter.

SYNESIUS
That is a petition I drew in support of Cyril's election. It offered wishes of good fortune when he needed it most.

PETER
Is there anything else you would like me to say to him?

SYNESIUS
Tell Cyril Lucifer never betrayed God the way Cyril betrays the message of Christ.

Synesius turns his back on Peter.

Five monks gather at the bottom of the stairs. Synesius marches through them as if they do not exist.

EXT. THASOS' HOUSE - NIGHT

Thasos sits on his roof, reading a book by moonlight.

Footsteps disturb him. He puts down the book and warily sits forward. Arion appears from the shadows.

ARION

Thasos lives! He still breathes! By the gods I have found him!

THASOS

And if any doubted it, now the entire neighborhood knows.

ARION

What are you reading?

THASOS

Mathematics.

ARION

What is Thasos doing reading a book without illustrations of shapely women in suggestive poses?

Arion grabs the book, reads the author's name, and nods.

ARION

Now it becomes clear! A woman had to fit into the picture! How interesting math becomes to a glass-worker, especially when it's taught by Hypatia! Her name alone keeps you at attention!

THASOS

Maybe I borrowed the book because of that, but there's more to it now.

ARION

There's more to you now, Thasos.

DEMETRIA (O.S.)

Thasos! Come in and eat now!

THASOS

I'll be in momentarily!

ARION

She won't take to your bed!

THASOS

You know, I really don't care.

ARION

You're not a mathematician. You're fevered.

DEMETRIA (O.S.)
Thasos! Dinner is on the table!

THASOS
Thank you!

ARION
Consider this also. Ever since the Jews were expelled, there's a growing rally against the Library, especially those near Hypatia. I fear for your safety.

THASOS
Those people will shout until their throats dry up.

ARION
And then they'll spit the blood from their parched throats! These are hateful people, Thasos.

DEMETRIA (O.S.)
Thasos! Get inside now! I won't tell you again!

Thasos regards his mother, then looks back at his friend.

THASOS
I have to eat dinner, or there shall be a great earthquake. We will speak of this again soon.

Thasos climbs down and enters his house as Arion walks away.

INT. THASOS' HOUSE - NIGHT

Demetria pours soup into two bowls. Thasos enters the room, glances at his mother, and seats himself.

Demetria brings the bowls to the table and sets them down with shaking hands.

DEMETRIA
Tomorrow you are going to a carpenter who trains apprentices.

THASOS
I am?

DEMETRIA
Yes, Thasos, you are.

THASOS

Is the house in danger of collapse?

DEMETRIA

Your soul is in danger of collapse.

Thasos rolls his eyes.

THASOS

Yes, so I've heard.

Demetria slaps him, nearly knocking over the soup bowl.

DEMETRIA

The sermon at the church today was delivered by the Archbishop himself. He spoke of the evils which go on in your precious Library. Pagan scrolls! My son!

THASOS

You have to read the books to be able to criticize them.

DEMETRIA

I'll not read what the devil has scribed.

THASOS

The devil! These books are written by the greatest minds that ever were. The Archbishop's attitude is what holds us back!

Demetria slaps him again, harder.

DEMETRIA

We were warned of this. That those infected by that place would begin to question, would talk back! Would criticize him and the good he's doing, making mothers realize that to send their children to that witch is to send them to hell!

Thasos leaps up and knocks over the table, which crashes thunderously to the floor.

THASOS

Hypatia is no witch! You don't even hear yourself!

Demetria pounces Thasos and grabs hold of his arm.

DEMETRIA

You'll not go there again! I'll not
be an agent to my son's damnation!

Demetria's face is reddened with fear and passion. She backs
Thasos up against a wall.

THASOS

And my father? What of his wishes?

DEMETRIA

I knew your father was lost, lost
to that place. Lost from me! I just
didn't realize the depth of his
sin! I'll not let you follow him
down that path!

THASOS

What defines the devil, mother?

DEMETRIA

That place defines-

THASOS

What criteria define the devil?
Violence? Evil? Victimizing the
innocent?

DEMETRIA

Yes, Thasos. Yes.

THASOS

We are learning in that place. This
table was built by men of
knowledge. Is it so difficult to
see the changes that knowledge has
done for the world, for me as your
son? Are you blind to my direction
now? Some hateful old man with
delusions of divinity tells you
something is evil, and you swallow
it without question? Is that truth?

Demetria flies into a frenzy and strikes him repeatedly.

DEMETRIA

The devil won't corrupt my son! You
will never go in that place again!
Never!

Thasos pushes her away and she falls to the ground.

THASOS

I don't know you anymore. What happened to my mother?

DEMETRIA

What happened to my son?

THASOS

Your son is obviously not wanted here anymore.

Thasos leaves the house and Demetria makes a desperate reach for him, failing.

DEMETRIA

Thasos! Don't leave me!

Thasos halts. He doesn't turn around. After a moment, he continues walking.

EXT. ALEXANDRIAN SHORELINE ROAD - NIGHT

Hypatia rides at breakneck speeds in her chariot, her two horses racing along the abandoned streets.

She suddenly sees a distant chariot and driver. She takes a moment to stare, and finally realizes who it is.

HYPATIA

Don't.

She resists a moment, but then she snaps the reins and her horses leap forward.

Hypatia races to cut off the chariot at a bridge. Archbishop Cyril rides the opposite chariot.

She turns down a narrow back-alley, gathering speed.

As she emerges from the alley, her chariot hits a bump in the road and is temporarily airborne. It lands hard, and Hypatia steers her horses to the bridge, obstructing Cyril's path.

Cyril's horses neigh in terror at Hypatia's sudden arrival from the adjacent road.

CYRIL

Maniac! You ...

He realizes who has met him on the bridge.

HYPATIA

Good evening, Archbishop. As you have not yet offered condolences, I've come to solicit them.

CYRIL

My condolences?

HYPATIA

Surely you heard Governor Orestes was attacked by a cowardly monk? Or are the walls of your church so thick no news can penetrate them?

CYRIL

There is no point drawing treaties with Orestes when you are the source of his poisoning. How is he?

HYPATIA

Eager to deal out more punishment.

Cyril draws his horses past hers. They stand face-to-face.

CYRIL

Perhaps the walls of the Great Library are also thick. You are not wanted in Alexandria.

HYPATIA

Neither are you.

CYRIL

We'll see who lasts. The people will decide, Hypatia. Tell me, what kind of feeding the minds of Alexandria?

HYPATIA

Not the nonsense you feed them! One of your former parishioners came to the Library and confessed what you'd been preaching. Sickness is handed out by the Devil on some occasions, by God on others. A couple who has lost their child must have sinned, and are being punished. God loves us but tortures us in Hell if we question him. Do you recognize those teachings?

CYRIL

You wouldn't comprehend them. You need a soul to see the wisdom in such truths.

HYPATIA

And you are an expert on souls. I'm certain you can write a treatise on their weight, color, and radiance!

Cyril clenches his fists, digging his nails into his palms.

HYPATIA

'Stop judging, that you may not be judged. For as you judge, so will you be judged, and the measure with which you measure will be measured out to you.' The Gospel of Matthew 7:1 and 7:2.

Cyril paces back and forth like a caged tiger in his chariot.

CYRIL

The unholy shall not speak His word.

HYPATIA

Is that the eleventh commandment? Let us come to the point Cyril! Leave my Library and my students alone! Abide more closely to the deeds of your messiah!

CYRIL

You condemn yourself where you stand, dear woman.

HYPATIA

I'll not sweat over you, Cyril.

CYRIL

You don't sweat at the thought of God's wrath! But I know all about you, Hypatia of Alexandria. How you were shaped by your father, poisoned from birth. Brought up to think you were a man.

HYPATIA

No, just an individual.

Spit flies from Cyril's mouth as he paces again.

CYRIL

Once again Eve plucks fruit from
the tree of knowledge!

HYPATIA

While Adam prefers the bliss of
oxen!

Confidently, Hypatia folds her arms across her chest. Cyril continues clenching his fists, blood seeping from his palms.

CYRIL

To hell with your sorcery! The
Bible says -

Hypatia loses her cool and sticks her face in front of his.

HYPATIA

Whatever you want it to say! You wave it before your parishioners like a golden idol and tell them their unhappiness is caused by whoever disagrees with it! You tell them it talks about love while you speak in a voice twisted by power! What an opiate your position must be! What control! You claim the Jews or the Library causes them grief, that I am the latest incarnation of evil in this world!

Cyril recoils, stung.

HYPATIA

And what do they do? Like starving dogs they come barking at my door, threatening me and my students! You deny people responsibility for their actions by blaming it on everything you can. And you have a legion of followers who whimper at your heels and would kill for you because you tell them they are damned, cursed, stained with original sin and the only way to wash it out is to obey, without question, what you require of them. Oh, Cyril, how gratifying for you! How seductive! How corruptive!

Enraged, Cyril leaps out of his chariot, a tiger bursting from his cage. He lands on her chariot, and grabs her neck.

Shocked, Hypatia grasps his hands to remove them. Cyril's blood covers her neck and robes.

Hypatia leans into the strangle. She hisses in his face. Cyril, horrified, stumbles back, falling upon the ground.

HYPATIA

How true evil shows its colors.

She stares down at him a moment longer, then cracks the reins on her horses and leaves him.

EXT. HYPATIA'S STABLES - NIGHT

Hypatia unhitches her horses from the chariot. She guides them into their stables when a shadowy figure appears.

Hypatia is terrified, until she realizes it is Thasos.

THASOS

I didn't mean to startle you,
Teacher.

HYPATIA

Then never do it again!

She sees his anguished face and her attitude softens.

HYPATIA

I don't give lectures from my home
anymore.

THASOS

No lecture, Teacher.

She closes the gap between them.

HYPATIA

Why are you here?

Thasos produces a tiny glass angel from his tunic pocket. It is a lovely creation, made of different hues of glass.

THASOS

Mathematics is your sphere of
power. Glass-working is mine.

HYPATIA

Glass-working is not your only
sphere of power, Thasos.

THASOS

Hypatia ...

HYPATIA

I am proud of you. Your father, I
knew your father well, he would be
so very proud of you.

THASOS

I am flattered Philosopher, but -

HYPATIA

I don't love you, Thasos.

A brief expression of hurt passes over his face.

THASOS

I know. But I love you Philosopher.
I came here to tell you that.

HYPATIA

This is hardly an appropriate night
for this revelation. This day has
been longer than you can imagine.

THASOS

You misunderstand me. I don't seek
your love in return.

HYPATIA

What then?

THASOS

A walk. For all the reasons I've
already given. A walk between two
human beings. And whether you
refuse me or not, it's all I will
ever ask of you.

Hypatia walks out of the stables. Thasos follows.

EXT. HYPATIA'S STABLES - NIGHT

Hypatia steps out into her yard. Thasos follows.

HYPATIA

Thasos, please go home. You flatter
me, and I am flattered, but -

THASOS

I can't honor your request, only
because I have no home to go to.

Hypatia regards him with confusion.

THASOS

It has been a long night for me as well. I thought we might enjoy what remains before the sun breaks. I promise no juvenile poetry.

Hypatia smiles.

THASOS

Or games of a young man. Just a walk, and an appreciation of the stars, for they are out in force tonight.

Hypatia considers, shakes her head, and extends her hand. Thasos is stunned. He nervously takes it.

HYPATIA

I will walk with you, Thasos. One walk, under the stars. But then we must return, for there are classes in the morning.

They walk together to the edge of the yard, holding hands, and step out beyond her property.

SERIES OF SHOTS

EXT. ALEXANDRIAN MARKETPLACE - NIGHT

Thasos and Hypatia walk through the marketplace, talking.

EXT. ALEXANDRIAN SHORELINE - SUNRISE

Thasos and Hypatia watch the sunrise at the Great Lighthouse.

INT. GOVERNOR'S BEDROOM - SUNRISE

Orestes awakens from his coma, and turns a tired head towards the sunrise he sees at the window.

INT. SYNESIUS' HOME - MORNING

Synesius, Simplicius, Heliodorus, and Nephthys talk gleefully together. Heliodorus places his hand on his wife's belly.

INT. DARIUS' HOME - MORNING

In bed, Darius and Kipa rise and go to the window to appreciate the morning sun.

EXT. DARIUS' HOME - MORNING

Marina strides towards their home, consumed with rage.

She stops and sees them in the window, holding each other. They don't see her.

Marina feels her resolve crumbling, watching them as they kiss. She abandons her mission and sloughs away.

INT. HYPATIA'S CLASSROOM - MORNING

Hypatia teaches her students, and asks a question. Thasos, tired but thrilled, replies at length. He seems to be comfortable now speaking in front of others.

END SERIES OF SHOTS

INT. HYPATIA'S LABORATORY - NIGHT

Hypatia sits on the floor, writing on a parchment. She blows on it to dry it, then folds it into an envelope and writes: TO THASOS, FROM THE PHILOSOPHER.

She stands and slides it into a book. Then she extinguishes her lantern and the room goes black.

EXT. LIBRARY COURTYARD - NIGHT

Hypatia climbs into her chariot and begins to leave.

Several monks leap from hiding and assault her. Hypatia screams for her horses to run; the horses panic, and a monk clubs one. It collapses in agony.

Hypatia is pulled out of the chariot. Monks beat and kick her. She falls to the road. Peter swings a club into her arm. Hypatia screams wildly.

Peter swings the club again, striking her belly. Blood erupts from her mouth and leaks from the wounds across her body.

PETER

The Caesarion! Take her to the
Caesarion!

Hypatia tries to stand but is kicked and punched again. She is grabbed by the hair and dragged to another chariot.

Her clothes tear beneath her on the cobblestone. A tuft of her hair is ripped bloodily from her scalp.

HYPATIA

To kill is forbidden by your own
commandments!

One of the monks slaps his hand around her mouth and presses firmly. She is lifted and dumped into the chariot.

Peter enters the chariot after her, while a monk takes the reins and drives it from the Library.

Hypatia is brutalized, twitching on the chariot floor.

PETER

You look good down there.

EXT. CAESARION CHURCH - NIGHT

The chariot arrives at the church, where a large crowd is waiting for it. Monks trail the chariot gleefully.

INT. CAESARION CHURCH - NIGHT

Hypatia is thrust inside, the monks still holding her. They gather around her. She is fighting back tears.

The men attack her, tearing her clothes off and scratching at her flesh. Her attackers' faces look like animals.

The glass angel Thasos has given her flies from a pocket and explodes on the church floor.

Hypatia falls once and is nearly stomped by the crowd. While down, her head is kicked repeatedly. Her nose is shattered.

Desperately, she crawls from them. Shaking, naked and bloody, Hypatia forces herself to stand and face her attackers.

Peter empties a basket of broken sea shells and pottery onto the floor. The crowd accepts them like some unholy Eucharist.

Hypatia faces her attackers, tears streaking her face.

PETER

What's wrong, Hypatia? Stand up!
Give us a lecture, witch! One final
lecture!

MONKS

Lecture, yes! Speak! Speak!

Hypatia, bloody and battered, becomes very calm. She looks at Peter and slowly smiles, infuriating him by her defiance.

HYPATIA

Learning will ... go on. You can't cripple it. You can't destroy it! One day ... all of you ... will be forgotten! I promise you! One day no ... self-respecting person will dare ... to stand in the pool of murder you have made! I swear it!

PETER

By God this woman shall be silent!

Peter leaps at her and drives a shard into her neck. She whirls from one attacker to the next.

For one moment, she sees an opening in the crowd and lunges for it. Then one of her arms is caught by a monk, then her other arm, and her hair. She is pulled back into the fray.

Her final scream is hideous.

FADE TO BLACK.

HYPATIA (V.O.)

I enjoyed our walk last night. I enjoyed our conversation, learning about you and your dreams.

EXT. ALEXANDRIAN PORT - DAY

A royal boat pulls out from Alexandria's harbor. Orestes stands at the deck rail, broken, watching the endless horizon. He does not look back at the land he is leaving.

HYPATIA (V.O.)

I'm sorry I can't give you what you want. And perhaps my friendship will never be fair compensation. I offer it regardless. I look at you and feel incredible pride in being able to call myself your teacher.

EXT. NILE EMBANKMENT - DAY

Thasos addresses a large crowd. He speaks with passion and confidence, and his listeners are enthralled by his words.

HYPATIA (V.O.)

You have your father's gifts. Great men would have applauded your presentation today. You were passionate about what you were saying. You strove from the classroom eager to learn more.

EXT. LIBRARY - EVENING

The Great Library is consumed by flames. Monks jubilantly celebrate its destruction. Torches burn in their hands.

HYPATIA (V.O.)

Last night you told me you wished to remain at the Library longer than the year your father's funds permit. If after a year you still feel that way, I can arrange it.

EXT. HYPATIA'S HOUSE - AFTERNOON

Heliodorus, Simplicius, and Synesius are standing solemnly in her yard, anguished and in mourning over her murder.

HYPATIA (V.O.)

Friendships sometime begin in interesting ways. Someday I will have to tell you the story of how I met my circle of friends. One day I will introduce you to them.

FADE TO BLACK

HYPATIA (V.O.)

Good day, student.

EXT. FUNERAL PYRE - EVENING

Hypatia's letter sits in the envelope at Thasos' feet. He tears up as the fire devour the books around him.

Surrounded by smoke, he looks to the skies.

THASOS

Hypatia ...

FADE TO BLACK.

TEXT: AFTER HYPATIA'S MURDER, THE CLASSICAL AGE OF LEARNING CAME TO A CRASHING HALT. COUNTLESS "PAGAN" BOOKS CONTRADICTING THE ROMAN CHURCH'S VIEW WERE DESTROYED, NEVER TO BE RECOVERED.

TEXT: IN 646 A.D., MUSLIM FORCES CONQUERED ALEXANDRIA AND DESTROYED THE REMAINING "INFIDEL" TEXTS OF THE GREAT LIBRARY.

CIVILIZATION PLUMMETED INTO THE DARK AGES, WHERE IT REMAINED FOR ONE THOUSAND YEARS.

TEXT: ARCHBISHOP CYRIL WAS SUBSEQUENTLY DECLARED A CHRISTIAN SAINT, A TITLE HE CONTINUES TO HOLD TODAY.

FADE TO BLACK.