

CALIBURN

By

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FADE IN:

EXT. OCEAN -- DAY

A sixth century SAILBOAT floats on a calm sea. The sail hangs limply.

THE BOATMAN, a dangerous looking character dressed in many layers of filthy wool, attempts to angle the sail to catch some wind.

In the stern of the boat a MAN sits sleeping. He wears a thick cloak over a chainmail vest and a few pieces of armour. The hood of his cloak is pulled down over his brow. A short bow is hooked over one shoulder, a small quiver of arrows at his waist.

The man looks to be in his thirties, but his face carries the lines and scars of a man who has lived longer than his years.

He is DULAC.

A sheathed SWORD, its hilt inlaid with gold, and a DUFFLE BAG lay on the floor of the boat.

The boatman eyes the sword greedily. His eyes go to the sleeping man's face.

He takes a step forward. The boards of the boat CREEK beneath his foot.

His passenger's eyes stay closed.

The boatman takes another step, his hand moving to the fishing knife at his side.

Dulac's eyes open.

The boatman quickly starts tying up the sail.

BOATMAN

No wind today.

He furls the sail and ties it tight.

BOATMAN

I'll have to row.

Dulac closes his eyes again.

DULAC

So row.

The boatman picks up two oars and fits them into the oarlocks. Glowering at his passenger, he starts to row.

EXT. ROAD -- DAY (FLASHBACK)

A procession of KNIGHTS OF THE ROUND TABLE ride through throngs of MEN, WOMEN and CHILDREN cheering and throwing flowers. We see none of the knights' faces.

The knights all wear silver CROSSES around their necks. The sun glistens off their highly polished armour.

One knight carries a BANNER bearing the symbol of Camelot - a hand holding a sword within a circle. The banner SNAPS as the wind picks up.

END FLASHBACK

EXT. OCEAN -- DAY

Dulac opens his eyes.

The the edge of the boat's furled sail SNAPS in the wind. A strong gale. The sky has darkened.

The boatman struggles against the wind. He stops rowing.

BOATMAN

The wind's against us! I'm turning back!

The coastline of England can be seen in the distance: Dover.

DULAC

Keep going. I see the white cliffs.

BOATMAN

The wind's too strong! I'll row no more!

A flash of anger in Dulac's eyes. He leans forward - a silver cross on a chain swings free from beneath his cloak. He draws his sword (with his LEFT HAND) its blade scarred from a thousand battles.

The boatman fumbles for his knife.

THUD! Dulac embeds his sword in the bottom of the boat - water begins to slowly seep in.

BOATMAN
(shocked)
You... you'll sink us!

DULAC
So row fast.

The boatman begins to row. Fast.

EXT. SHORE -- LATER

The wind has dropped. The boatman rows towards a beach.

The bottom of the boat is full of water.

The boatman jumps out of the boat and drags it onto the beach. He collapses exhausted on the sand.

Dulac picks up his duffle bag but leaves the sword embedded in the bottom of the boat. He steps onto the beach and stands motionless on the sand. The wind whips his cloak. He throws back his hood.

SUPER: "Britain 548 AD."

A jagged fork of LIGHTENING flashes against a black bank of cloud.

DULAC
Keep the sword. I won't need it.

He strides up the beach.

The boatman looks back at the priceless sword, shocked.

EXT. PATH -- DAY

Dulac follows a winding path up a steep hill that leads away from the beach.

EXT. FOREST CLEARING -- DUSK

A large DEER grazes on a patch of grass.

The deer raises its head, sensing something.

An ARROW spears the deer's neck! It falls down dead.

Dulac appears from the trees and draws a knife.

EXT. FOREST -- NIGHT

The deer's gutted carcass is suspended over a CAMPFIRE.

Dulac sits before the fire eating. He rubs a small sample of meat between his fingers, looking displeased.

EXT. FOREST -- MORNING

RAIN falls, sizzling as it hits the smouldering camp fire.

Dulac sleeps beneath his cloak. The rain PINGING off his helmet wakes him. He sits up, stretches.

LATER

Dulac takes handfuls of SALT from a small GOLD POT and rubs it onto pieces of the deer's carcass. When finished he puts the pot and the meat into his duffel bag.

He throws the bag over one shoulder, the bow over the other, and leaves his camp, chewing on a hunk of meat.

EXT. FIELD -- DAY

Dulac walks across a field of unharvested wheat. A CROW alights onto the branch of a lightning-struck tree, watches Dulac silently.

The sky grows dark above. Thunder RUMBLES. The rain increases. Dulac pulls his cloak tighter around him.

EXT. FARM -- DAY

A small wooden SHACK with a few dilapidated sheds surrounding it. A HORSE stands in the rain.

A WOMAN (40s), underfed and filthy, runs from the house to a small chicken coop. She lifts the lid of the coop, revealing a pathetic looking chicken. She searches around for an egg; finds nothing.

She closes the lid and runs back for the house. She stops...

Dulac walks towards her across the field, head down. The woman looks scared. She rushes into the house.

Moments later a MAN of the same age - a farmer, but weak-looking - emerges from the house. His wife tries to pull him back.

FARMER'S WIFE

No!

He ignores her. He carries a crude BOW. He notches the arrow with a trembling hand, aims it at Dulac.

FARMER

(fear in his voice)

Hold! Come no further!

Dulac stops, raises his head. The two men regard each other. Dulac drops his bow to the ground.

Dulac reaches into his bag. The farmer pulls back the arrow a little further.

Dulac brings out the remains of the deer from his bag. He holds it up for the farmer to see.

DULAC

Give me shelter. I'll give you food.

The farmer looks hungrily at the meat... fearfully back at Dulac. His stomach makes the decision. He lowers his bow.

INT. HOUSE -- DAY

One cramped room. A wooden table, a pile of animal skins for a bed. A stone fireplace, fire burning in the hearth.

The farmer and his wife devour the pieces of deer hungrily.

Dulac stands by the fire. He removes his cloak and unstraps armour plates from his forearms.

Dulac unbuckles his breastplate, lets it fall to the ground. He pulls off his chainmail. He lets out a long sigh, stretches. The couple watch him, fascinated.

Dulac pulls off his dirty shirt. Metal CILICES are wrapped around his upper arms, their spikes digging into his flesh. He removes them and drops them onto the floor.

On his upper right arm there is a MARK branded into the skin. A sword within a circle: the symbol of Camelot. The man and woman exchange amazed looks.

Dulac sits down by the fire and removes his boots.

FARMER

What's your name?

DULAC
(hesitates)
Dulac.

FARMER
You're French?

DULAC
I was. A long time ago.

FARMER
Here...

The man throws him a piece of meat.

DULAC
(eats)
It tastes bad.

FARMER
Everything does. Since the king
died.

Dulac looks physically pained by these words. He gets to his feet, opens the door and steps outside onto the porch.

The woman grabs Dulac's shirt from the floor and goes outside onto the

PORCH

where she starts washing the shirt in a tub overflowing with rainwater.

Dulac leans on a rail, head down. The rain washes his body clean.

SHACK -- NIGHT

Dulac lies on a blanket by the fire, staring into the flames. His clothes dry by the fireside.

The man appears asleep. His wife is not. She crawls from under the blankets and creeps naked over to Dulac. She lies next to him and begins caressing him.

DULAC
Stop.

The woman continues more energetically.

DULAC
Stop, I said.

WOMAN

Please! He can't give me a child!
I need a child! Please!

Dulac turns to face her.

DULAC

This is not a world to bring a
child into.

The woman withdraws and lies down next to her husband.
Her husband is not asleep, he looks ashamed.

EXT. FARM -- MORNING

The rain has stopped. The horse drinks water from a muddy puddle.

Dulac leaves the shack, bag over one shoulder, bow over the other. The farmer follows, his wife watches from the doorway.

FARMER

Take the horse. It's no good to
us.

Dulac nods his thanks.

MOMENTS LATER

Dulac fixes a crude saddle onto the horse's back. The man stands watching him. Dulac pats the horse's neck, soothing it.

FARMER

You're headed for Camelot?

DULAC

Aye.

Dulac mounts the horse.

FARMER

You won't like what you find.

Dulac reaches into his bag and takes out the gold salt pot. He throws it to the farmer. The farmer is almost too stunned to speak. Dulac rides away.

FARMER

(shouts)
The land is dying!

Dulac rides on.

FARMER
Everything's dying.

EXT. ROAD -- DAY

Dulac rides along a rough road. Dense forest to his left, a sheer drop to his right.

A BANDIT steps out of the trees ahead of him.

BANDIT
Pardon, brother! I am in need of
help.

The man holds up his hands to show he is unarmed.

Dulac urges his horse into a CHARGE!

He draws his bow - notches an arrow - SHOOTS the man through the throat!

The bandit dies before he has time to fully draw his hidden DAGGER.

Dulac LEAPS from his horse and picks up the bandit's dagger - as FOUR more BANDITS burst from the surrounding trees!

Dulac doesn't hesitate, charging at the BANDIT nearest to him, who falters in the face of Dulac's charge.

Dulac THROWS the knife - which plunges into the man's throat, sending him screaming backwards into a ditch, dropping his sword.

Dulac grabs the sword just in time to BLOCK a blow from a THIRD BANDIT. He HEADBUTTS the man hard - breaking his nose and sending him staggering backwards.

Dulac side-steps the FOURTH BANDIT's attack - rolls beneath his guard - grabs a rock as he rolls into a crouch - BLOCKS Fourth Bandit's sword with the rock and STABS him, killing him.

Dulac stands to face the last two bandits.

He THROWS the rock - hitting Third Bandit in the temple and killing him instantly.

Fifth Bandit stands shaking with fear.

Dulac takes a step towards him. The bandit lets out a sob, drops his sword, runs and JUMPS over the edge of the road! There is the CRASH of him landing far below.

Dulac walks over to the bandit who still lies dying in the ditch.

DULAC
God be with you.

He plunges his sword into the bandit's heart.

LATER

Dulac mounts his horse and rides off; leaving behind four fresh graves, each marked by a sword planted like a cross.

EXT. ROAD -- DAY

Dulac follows a long disused road.

EXT. ROAD -- DAY (FLASHBACK)

Dulac rides with a procession of KNIGHTS OF THE ROUND TABLE through throngs of MEN, WOMEN and CHILDREN cheering and throwing flowers.

Dulac carries the King's standard. His shoulder length hair blows in the wind. His face is youthful and untroubled. He is like a young god.

A knight rides up alongside him. He is young and handsome with a cocky grin. Women scream with hysterical joy at the sight of him. He is MORDRED.

MORDRED
Did you ever want to know what it
felt like to be king, brother?

DULAC
(grins)
No, brother.

MORDRED
This is what it feels like! We're
not knights, we're kings! All of
us!

Dulac laughs. Mordred rides on ahead.

END FLASHBACK

EXT. CAMELOT -- DAY

Dulac rides up to a stone ARCHWAY, beneath which is a raised rusty PORTCULLIS, dripping rusty water into blood red pools. Dulac urges his horse on through the arch.

An enormous CASTLE looms before him, long abandoned and fallen into disrepair. Camelot.

CROWS perch arrogantly on once impressive towers and buttresses, CAWING obscenely, their nests clog the ornate architecture.

Statues of heroic knights in armour are strangled by creepers. Banners and pennants hang limply, green with mould. Ornate stained-glass windows are smashed and broken. The words: "Arthur c'est mort" are written in pitch on one wall alongside other graffiti.

Dulac dismounts and ties his horse's reins to a tree. He walks through the entrance to the castle, the rotting DOORS hang off rusted hinges.

INT. CORRIDOR -- DAY (FLASHBACK)

The ornate DOORS swing open. Inside glorious tapestries decorate the walls.

MEN and WOMEN in colourful garments cast flower petals from the galleries above.

END FLASHBACK

INT. CORRIDOR -- DAY

The walls are black, the tapestries rotten. The galleries decayed and collapsed.

Dulac walks down the corridor into

INT. TABLE ROOM -- DAY (FLASHBACK)

An enormous circular hall housing the legendary ROUND TABLE, solid oak inlaid with gold; surrounded by a hundred high-backed chairs.

KNIGHTS greet the new arrivals to the hall. Silver chalices are raised in a welcoming toast.

An elaborately carved wooden THRONE marks the place set aside for the King. KING ARTHUR stands with his back to us; he starts to turn...

END FLASHBACK

INT. TABLE ROOM -- DAY

The hall is a ruin. The round table is rotten and collapsed, a massive split runs through its centre. Arthur's throne is gone.

Dulac pushes aside two rotting chairs and falls to his knees. He rests his head on the table as if seeking comfort.

The sound of cruel LAUGHTER echoes through the castle. Dulac stands, tense.

A wounded DOG runs into the hall, panting, scared. It limps towards Dulac, whines pitifully.

A group of three YOUNG THUGS burst into the hall, sticks in their hands, looking for their prey. They see Dulac and freeze. Dulac eyes them coldly.

One of the thugs plucks up some courage.

THUG

Who are you? This place is ours.

One of the other thugs starts pissing on the floor.

SECOND THUG

(laughs)

Maybe he wants to be a knight!

Dulac struggles to keep his calm.

DULAC

Go. Now.

SECOND THUG

You can't tell us what to do,
we're under the king's protection!

DULAC

Arthur is dead.

The thugs laugh.

SECOND THUG

There's a new king. Sent by God,
to reward the strong and punish
the weak.

DULAC

What king?

THUG

Who do you think wears Arthur's
crown? The man who killed him.

DULAC

Mordred...?

THUG

King Mordred.

Dulac is shocked. And enraged. He is on the man before he
can react - his hands around his throat!

DULAC

WHERE IS HE?!

The thug shakes his head, terrified.

THUG

(choking)

I don't... know...

Dulac tightens his grip. CRUNCH! - the thug's neck snaps.
Dulac lets him fall to the floor.

He turns to the other thugs. They back away, terrified.

The dog moves to Dulac's side. It GROWLS at their mutual
enemies.

EXT. CAMELOT -- DAY

Dulac mounts his horse. Murder in his eyes.

He rides away from the ruins of Camelot, the dog
following.

The three thugs' corpses burn on a hastily built bonfire.

INT. MORDRED'S THRONE ROOM -- DAY

A vast circular stone chamber, almost an amphitheater.
Shafts of weak light lance the darkness from narrow
windows in the black walls. Burning incense sends exotic
coloured SMOKE into the air.

Mordred's SUBJECTS sit on stone steps around the room,
dressed in dark colours, perched like black crows.

A dozen of Mordred's BODYGUARDS, occupy the prestigious
bottom steps, drinking goblets of wine or roughly
fondling willing wenches.

At the centre of the room a nervous young WOMAN, dressed in the clothing of an outsider, plays a harp.

On a raised area against one wall sits King Arthur's throne. It has been painted black.

Seated on the throne, his face in shadow, sits KING MORDRED. He wears the armour of a Round Table knight. Over this, however, he wears a surcoat bearing the symbol of a black CROW. Black velvet GLOVES conceal his hands.

A large WARRIOR (40s) enters. He wears a bastardized suit of Round Table armour. This is Mordred's right hand man: AGRAVAIN, formerly of Camelot.

Two MALE PEASANTS (30s) follow Agravain into the room, almost hiding behind the man's bulky frame.

MORDRED

What is it, Agravain?

AGRAVAIN

These two men have a grievance with each other. They seek your guidance.

MORDRED

Well, bring them forward.

(gestures)

Come on, come on...

Mordred leans forward into the light. His once beautiful face is ruined by angry red, weeping SORES.

MORDRED

(smiles)

I won't bite.

Mordred's subjects laugh obsequiously. The two peasants step forward.

MORDRED

Now, what is all this about?

PEASANT #1

He stole my wife!

PEASANT #2

That's a lie!

PEASANT #1

She promised herself to me! And he took her for himself!

PEASANT #2

She never promised herself to-!

MORDRED

(laughs)
Enough, enough! Is the woman in
question here?

AGRAVAIN

Aye.

Agravain gestures to a GUARD near the door who ushers in
a thin PEASANT WOMAN (30s). Agravain positions the woman
between the two men.

MORDRED

(stands)
So this is the lucky woman, being
fought over by two men. Not much
to fight over though.

His subjects laugh. Mordred steps down from his throne.

MORDRED

This reminds me of a story in the
Bible. Two women fighting over a
child seek counsel from a wise
king.

All three peasants look uneasy.

MORDRED

The king said "Kill the child.
Kill it!"

Mordred stands before the woman. He looks her up and
down. The woman trembles.

Mordred puts out his hand, Agravain draws his sword and
hands it to his king.

MORDRED

"Cut it in half," said the king.

He slowly slides the blade up the inside of the woman's
legs.

MORDRED

"And you can share it."

The woman stifles a sob. Peasant #1 trembles with fear
for the woman, peasant #2 takes a small step back.

Mordred suddenly raises the sword above his head as if he
is about to cut the woman in half.

PEASANT #1

Stop!

Mordred turns his piercing blue eyes on the peasant.

MORDRED

Stop?

He lowers his sword and takes a step towards the peasant.

MORDRED

Is that an order?

The peasant shakes his head vigorously.

PEASANT #1

No, your majesty! I would never...

Mordred bursts out laughing.

MORDRED

Relax!

He slaps the man on the shoulder. He turns to his audience.

MORDRED

I think we can guess who this woman belongs to, can't we?! The man who defies his king to save her!

His subjects cheer in approval. The peasants visibly relax.

MORDRED

But is that love... or foolishness?

The peasants tense.

MORDRED

(laughing)

It's love! Of course it is! Love!

Mordred turns to peasant #2.

MORDRED

Not a peep out of you though, eh?

Silence in the room.

MORDRED

Not a...

Mordred PLUNGES his sword into the peasant!

MORDRED

WORD!

His subjects SCREAM in excitement!

The peasant falls to the ground dead.

The two remaining peasants watch in horror.

Mordred laughs - but his laughter turns into a wracking cough. He coughs like a man with a sickness deep in his lungs.

The room goes silent. Mordred's followers look uncomfortable and embarrassed. On Agravain's face the hint of a smile, a glint in his eye.

Mordred staggers coughing to his throne. A WOMAN runs to help him - he pushes her aside. He collapses onto his throne.

His coughing subsides. He sits slumped, exhausted and pale.

A gold goblet of wine is suddenly at his lips. Holding it is a beautiful woman (50s) with long black hair and deep violet eyes. She is dressed in a white silk gown and wears thick gold jewelry. This is MORGAN LE FAY. She smiles gently down at Mordred.

MORGAN LE FAY

Your majesty.

Mordred smiles gratefully and drinks. Morgan turns to the peasant couple.

MORGAN LE FAY

You may go.

Relieved, the couple mutter their thanks and start to leave.

MORDRED

Wait.

Mordred stands, steps down from his throne and walks casually towards the man, a smile on his face.

MORDRED

You have earned a reward for your
bravery.

He reaches under his surcoat...

The peasant suddenly gasps. The woman screams... Mordred holds a dagger up to the hilt in the man's chest.

MORDRED

A lesson is your reward.
(leaning close)
Love is for the weak.

He lets the man slump dead to the ground. He turns to the shocked and terrified woman.

MORDRED

Now... what lesson shall we teach
you, eh?

Morgan cannot help but grin.

EXT. FOREST. CAVE -- DAY

Dulac rides into a clearing, followed by the dog. Before them is a cave. Dulac dismounts.

A large iron CAULDRON sits over a fire in the centre of the clearing. A clothesline hangs between two trees, long woollen socks and underwear hang drying.

DULAC

(shouts)
Merlin!

Dulac wanders over to the cauldron. He picks up a ladle to taste the bubbling liquid. He swallows, grimaces.

He wanders into the cave and peers into the darkness.

DULAC

Merlin?

His voice echoes in the darkness.

MERLIN (O.S.)

(growing louder)
... what do you expect? They've
got to eat too you know. Alright,
I'll talk to them. I'll ask them
to stop.

An old man walks out of the trees clutching a bundle of sticks. His hair and beard are unkempt. He wears a tattered blue robe, animal bones hang around his neck. He is MERLIN. There is no sign of whoever he was talking to.

Merlin throws the sticks onto the fire. He stirs the liquid in the cauldron. Dulac watches him nervously.

Merlin dips the ladle into the cauldron and lifts out a long woollen sock! Dulac makes an involuntary groan. Merlin notices him. His face flashes with rage.

MERLIN

YOU! What the hell are you doing back?!

DULAC

I came to pay tribute to Arthur...

MERLIN

Pay tribute? He's been dead five years! You bloody traitor, get out of here! Go on! There's nothing for you here!

Something in Merlin's eyes rules out an argument. Dulac gives up, walks back to his horse.

The dog growls at Merlin. Merlin growls back. The dog cowers, runs after Dulac.

MERLIN

I swear if I had an ounce of magic left in me...

Dulac mounts his horse and begins to ride away.

Merlin drops the ladle back into the cauldron. He watches Dulac riding away. He looks conflicted.

MERLIN

Where the hell do you think you're going?

Dulac stops.

INT. CAVE -- DAY

Dulac sits at a crude wooden table. The cave is lit by dozens of thick candles made from animal fat. There is a clay oven, the smoke from which disappears up into a fissure in the ceiling.

Merlin takes a dish from the oven and places it on the table. He removes the lid and ladles stew into a wooden bowl.

DULAC

Who were you talking too just now?

MERLIN

The trees.

Dulac smiles.

MERLIN

They're having problems with
woodpeckers again.

Merlin finishes serving up the stew, sits down with the bowl and starts eating. A tiny frog crawls out of the stew and hops onto the table.

MERLIN

Ha! I think it's a little
underdone, don't you?

(to frog)

Where do you think you're going,
eh?

Merlin picks up the frog and pops it into his mouth.
Dulac grimaces.

MERLIN

(indicates stew)

Did you want some?

Dulac smiles, shakes his head. Merlin carries on eating.

MERLIN

I suppose you think I'm mad
talking to trees. Bloody knights.
You think you're all so wise,
don't you? Most of you can't read.

DULAC

I can read. And I know trees don't
talk.

MERLIN

Of course they talk! Everything
that lives talks. You just need to
know how to listen. You think men
are more intelligent than the
Earth itself? That would be
like...

He gestures to the dog.

MERLIN

Like a flea being more intelligent
than the dog it lives on. I'd
rather talk to a tree or a rock
than most people. Don't ever talk
to a mushroom though. Dirty little
sods.

A bat flies out of the cave. The dog chases after it.

DULAC

What's happening to the land,
Merlin?

MERLIN

It's dying.

DULAC

Dying?

MERLIN

A lot of blood has been spilled in
this land over the years. The gods
made Arthur king because they knew
he could put a stop to it. They
knew he could unite the people and
heal the land. But now we've got a
different king. And his hatred is
poisoning everything.

DULAC

Will the land heal?

MERLIN

Maybe. Not while Mordred's on the
throne.

DULAC

I'm going to kill him.

MERLIN

Good. That's the least you can do.

EXT. FOREST -- LATER

Merlin searches for firewood. Dulac follows carrying what
he has found so far.

MERLIN

Actually it started going wrong
long before you came along. The
minute they put that crown on
Arthur's head in fact. You see,
power is a curse given to a good
man, because a good man never
wants to rule others, not in his
heart. The gods should have picked
someone a bit more ruthless.

DULAC

Like Mordred?

MERLIN

There's only one god who would
have chosen Mordred...

(MORE)

MERLIN (CONT'D)

(points downwards)

The one you Christians believe
lives down there.

DULAC

Where is he?

MERLIN

Mordred? Moved north. Built
himself a castle. Bought himself
an army. You're gonna need help. I
don't know who's left though. I've
heard talk of a blacksmith in
Colchester with a taste for
strangling wild bears. Could be
Constantine. He might know of
others.

DULAC

Constantine.

Dulac does not look pleased at the sound of this name.

MERLIN

Hey, you've not got a sword.

DULAC

I didn't think I'd need one.

Merlin looks thoughtful for a moment.

MERLIN

Come with me.

INT. FOREST CAVE -- DAY

Merlin opens an old wooden trunk. He clears aside
scrolls, jars, bottles and withdraws a long wooden box.

He places the box on the table and opens it. Inside is a
beautiful SWORD and SHEATH. The sword has an elaborate
Celtic cross on the hilt. The blade is snapped near the
hilt.

MERLIN

Caliburn. Broken when Arthur
fought Pellinore at Blood Bridge.
It was Arthur's anger that caused
the sword to break. Fortunately
the gods forgave him. Gave him
Excalibur.

Merlin holds up the broken sword.

DULAC
What good is it to me?

MERLIN
If there are any knights of
Camelot left, they're not going to
be very happy to see you.
(grins)
This might just save your life.

DULAC
A broken sword?

MERLIN
A symbol that represents all that
remains of Camelot. And I give it
to you.

He offers the sword to Dulac. Dulac hesitates, then
accepts it with a trembling hand.

DULAC
(emotional)
I loved Arthur.

MERLIN
He loved you too. Even at the end.

Dulac examines the sword.

DULAC
Where will I get it fixed?

MORDRED
(smiles)
Find yourself a blacksmith.

EXT. FOREST. CAVE -- MOMENTS LATER

Dulac mounts his horse. He has Arthur's scabbard tied
around his waist, Caliburn wrapped in a BUNDLE of cloth.

The dog sits by the fire licking itself. Merlin comes out
of the cave.

MERLIN
It won't be easy you know.

DULAC
(smiles)
Nothing ever is.

Dulac rides away.

DULAC

Keep the dog.

Merlin looks at the dog.

MERLIN

Did he say "keep" or "eat"?

The dog stops licking itself.

EXT. COUNTRYSIDE -- DAY

SERIES OF SHOTS:

A) Dulac rides through a forest.

B) He rides over a moor. Flakes of snow fall.

C) He leads his horse by the reigns over very rocky terrain.

END SERIES OF SHOTS

EXT. ROAD -- NIGHT

Dulac rides towards the distant lights of a town. It rains heavily.

EXT. TOWN -- NIGHT

Dulac rides through the quiet streets. The houses are small and ramshackle. A few emaciated ADULTS watch him from doorways. CHILDREN forage for scraps.

There is no sound but for the steady CLANG of metal on metal.

EXT. BLACKSMITH'S FORGE -- NIGHT

A wooden shack with a stone chimney. White smoke billows into the night sky. Firelight illuminates the building from within, a pulsing red GLOW. The sound of METAL being STRUCK is louder.

INT. BLACKSMITH'S FORGE -- NIGHT

CONSTANTINE. A bear of a man, late forties, bare-chested, soaked in sweat, long unkempt beard and hair. Pagan CHARMS around his neck. Pagan SYMBOLS carved into his skin. The SYMBOL OF CAMELOT branded onto his arm.

Standing next to a demonic FURNACE, hotter than the fires of Hell, he HAMMERS a red-hot BROADSWORD against an ANVIL. Pounding it relentlessly like he's punishing it.

A large pile of BROADSWORDS in one corner of the shack. He appears to have made little else.

A BOTTLE of wine sits right next to the fire. Constantine stops hammering and takes a long swig from the bottle, then goes back to his work.

The door to the shack opens and Dulac enters cautiously, wet from the rain. The bundle containing Caliburn in his hand.

Constantine registers the intrusion but does not turn.

DULAC

Constantine.

Constantine's hammer stops mid-strike. He knows that voice. He turns, sees Dulac.

Constantine calmly puts down his hammer, picks up the red-hot broadsword... and THROWS it at Dulac!

Dulac leaps aside as the sword EMBEDS itself in a wooden beam!

Dulac raises his hands to show he is unarmed.

DULAC

I will not fight you!

CONSTANTINE

Fine, then just stand still!

Constantine CHARGES like an angry bull! Dulac gets out of his way quickly, dropping his bundle.

The beam with the red hot sword embedded in it catches fire. Constantine ignores this.

Dulac backs away from Constantine as the larger man pursues him around the shack, hate in his eyes.

DULAC

I did not come to fight you,
Constantine!

CONSTANTINE

You came. That's a fight right
there.

Constantine SWINGS a massive fist - Dulac dodges it.

Constantine catches Dulac off guard - sends him REELING with a left-hook.

Dulac recovers, blocks a BLOW from Constantine and PUNCHES him hard in the face!

A trickle of blood from Constantine's nose. Constantine grins. He PUNCHES Dulac in the gut, flooring him.

Constantine goes to his stack of swords, picks one.

CONSTANTINE
I was building a sword that could
kill Mordred. Any one will do for
you!

He advances on Dulac who staggers to his feet, searching desperately for a weapon.

Constantine raises his sword and with a furious roar brings it down...!

Dulac grabs a HAMMER - CLANG! - blocks the sword, staggers from the force of the blow.

Constantine PUSHES hard against Dulac forcing him towards the FURNACE.

Dulac's eyes go desperately to Caliburn lying partly unwrapped on the floor.

DULAC
(straining)
I have the sword... that will kill
Mordred.

Dulac is forced closer and closer to the fire, his wet clothes begin to STEAM. Constantine grins.

A flash of anger in Dulac's eyes.

He GRABS Constantine by the testicles!

Constantine screams through gritted teeth. Refusing to give into the pain.

Dulac squeezes HARDER.

Constantine lets Dulac go, staggers back clutching his balls.

Before he can recover Dulac runs for his fallen bundle.

Constantine goes after him. Raises his sword - brings it down with a force no man could stop...

CLANG!

The momentum of Constantine's sword dies. It is blocked by the few inches of blade that extend from the hilt of CALIBURN.

Constantine's anger wavers, his eyes fixed on this sword he knows only too well. The glow of the furnace reflects in the magical metal of the sword.

CONSTANTINE

Where did you get that?

DULAC

Merlin.

CONSTANTINE

I thought he was dead.

DULAC

He isn't.

Constantine looks Dulac in the eyes, conflicted. Torn between two very strong impulses.

MOMENTS LATER

Dulac throws WATER from a bucket over the burning roof beam.

Constantine stands by the furnace, examining both pieces of the broken sword.

DULAC

Can you fix it?

CONSTANTINE

I don't know.

He scowls at Dulac.

CONSTANTINE

You having this doesn't change anything.

DULAC

Are you sure?

He gestures to the pile of swords.

DULAC

Would you rather wait here for an army you know isn't coming? Or join me and avenge Arthur's murderer?

Constantine sets the broken sword down on his anvil. He grabs the bottle of wine and takes a long drink.

CONSTANTINE

Good men died in the war you started! My brother!

DULAC

Not by my sword. And I did not plan to start a war. Just to save the woman I loved.

Constantine calms a little. He throws the bottle to Dulac. Dulac catches it, winces at the heat of the thing. Constantine smirks. Dulac defiantly drains the bottle. Throws it back to Constantine.

CONSTANTINE

(stops smiling)

I'll need help with the fire. It's going to take a lot of heat.

MONTAGE:

-- Dulac, stripped to the waist, furiously pumps the BELLOWS that add air to the furnace. Sweat drenches his body.

-- Constantine heats both ends of the broken sword in the furnace.

-- He lays both red-hot ends of the sword overlapping on his anvil.

-- He POUNDS the two ends of the sword together.

-- Dulac watches, anxiously.

END MONTAGE

Dulac lays on a pile of straw asleep, as Constantine POUNDS the red-hot blade against the anvil.

He stops, inspects the sword. He looks over at Dulac. The look of contempt returns to his eyes.

He walks over to the defenceless man, stands over him, sword in hand.

CONSTANTINE

It's done.

Dulac wakes.

Constantine goes to a vat of water and plunges the sword into it - steam HISSES into the air. Dulac joins him.

Constantine removes the sword and holds it up to the light. The blade is seamlessly mended. He hands it to Dulac.

CONSTANTINE

Try it.

Dulac weighs the sword in his hand.

Constantine takes a step back.

Dulac raises the sword - brings it DOWN on the anvil...

Caliburn's blade CUTS into the metal of the anvil! The blade holds.

Dulac and Constantine both breath a sigh of relief.

EXT. BLACKSMITH'S FORGE -- EARLY MORNING

The morning SUN shrouded by mist.

Dulac and Constantine make ready their horses. Constantine has a large black horse. He is dressed in an animal skin COAT, a BROADSWORD sheathed at his side, a WINESKIN slung over his shoulder.

Caliburn is in the sheath at Dulac's side.

CONSTANTINE

When Mordred is dead I'm going to kill you.

DULAC

I would like it to be you.

They mount their horses.

EXT. ROAD -- DAY

Dulac and Constantine ride side by side along a rough dirt road.

CONSTANTINE

Gawain is the only other.

Dulac seems pleased by this.

CONSTANTINE

He won't come though. The fights gone out of him. The rest fell in the war. Or were hunted down later.

(MORE)

CONSTANTINE (CONT'D)

Mordred still offers generous bounties for knights of Camelot. He has bands of men riding from village to village. Looking for signs of rebellion.

DULAC

Are there none prepared to fight?

CONSTANTINE

There are few enough who can stand on their feet. Look around you. What little is harvested is taken by Mordred's men. They rape the land, they rape the people.

Both men ride on in silence for a moment.

CONSTANTINE

So where's Guinevere? You didn't bring her with you?

A look of pain on Dulac's face.

DULAC

She did not stay with me. Her shame was too much. She took holy orders.

Constantine looks surprised for a moment. Then bursts out laughing.

CONSTANTINE

She left you?! After all that... she left you?!

Constantine roars with laughter.

Dulac shoots Constantine a furious look. Constantine's laughter dries up, but the smile stays on his face.

DULAC

Where did Arthur die?

CONSTANTINE

Camlann.

DULAC

We go there first.

CONSTANTINE

Camlann's south. Mordred's north.

DULAC

I want to pay tribute to Arthur.

CONSTANTINE

What's the point? They never found
his body.

Dulac carries on. Constantine mutters under his breath
and follows.

EXT. GRASSY PLAIN -- DAY

Constantine and Dulac look out across a grassy plain.
Dulac dismounts.

CONSTANTINE

I'm staying here. I've paid my
tribute.

Constantine pulls the cork from his wineskin and takes a
drink.

Dulac walks across the ground that shows much evidence of
a great battle: rusted swords and shields, the bones of
horses.

Here and there mounds of earth mark crude graves, rusty
swords take the place of headstones.

Dulac reaches a patch of blood-red POPPIES, at the centre
of which a ROCK sticks up out of the earth. Dulac goes to
his knees before the rock. He says a silent prayer.

INT. MORDRED'S THRONE ROOM -- DAY

Two of Mordred's BODYGUARDS wrestle on the floor to the
cheers of the King's subjects and Mordred himself.

The two guards are stripped to the waist, bloody and
bruised as they POUND each other mercilessly.

Mordred screams with delight. Suddenly his jeers become a
coughing fit that wracks his body.

Agravain enters. He stands before the king, watching him
with interest.

Mordred gets his coughing under control, reacts to the
cunning look in Agravain's eyes.

MORDRED

What are you looking at?!

AGRAVAIN

Forgive me, my Lord. A merchant
wishes to see you.

MORDRED
I don't need anything.

AGRAVAIN
He has a gift.

MORDRED
What?

AGRAVAIN
A weapon, my Lord. A sword.

Mordred's eyes light up with cautious hope.

MORDRED
Bring him in.

MOMENTS LATER

A MERCHANT, well dressed in the style of a Breton, bows before Mordred. In his arms a long object wrapped in oilskins.

MERCHANT
(French accent)
Your Highness.

MORDRED
You have a gift for me I hear.

MERCHANT
Yes, majesty.

Mordred tenses as the merchant unwraps... Dulac's sword.

INT. STUDY -- DAY

The study of a scholar. A scientist. Shelves are stuffed with SCROLLS, lined with bottles and jars containing powders, mixtures, preserved animals.

Morgan extracts the seeds from a foxglove and grinds them with a pestle

The SOUND of a door opening. A slight breeze displaces some of the ingredients of her experiment. A flash of anger in her eyes.

MORGAN LE FAY
I have asked you not to disturb me
when I am-

CRASH!

Her work is destroyed by Dulac's sword thrown onto the table.

MORDRED

You said he was dead!

Mordred sits down onto a settee, seething. The boils on his face red and angry.

Morgan regards the sword. She recognizes it. She turns calmly to face Mordred.

MORGAN LE FAY

I said he was probably dead... and certainly broken.

(beat)

Where did you get this?

MORDRED

Somebody gave it to a ferryman as payment. A traveller.

Mordred jumps up.

MORDRED

What if he's back?!

Morgan stands.

MORGAN LE FAY

What if he is?

Mordred slumps back onto the settee, depressed now. Morgan sits down next to him. She strokes his hair tenderly.

MORGAN LE FAY

Kings do not worry...

She kisses him softly on the neck.

MORGAN LE FAY

Kings are not afraid.

Mordred leaps back up, angry again.

MORDRED

Look at me! Do I look like a king?!

Morgan patiently waits out his tantrum.

MORDRED

What is the point of medicine if it can't cure ME!

He tips over a bookcase sending bottles and jars CRASHING to the floor!

His anger spent he falls weeping to his knees.

MORDRED
(pitifully)
Why am I still sick?

Morgan gets up and goes to her king. She kneels down before him, takes his head in her hands and lifts his face. She kisses him on the lips.

Mordred regards Morgan's perfect, flawless skin.

MORDRED
You've done things too. Why am I
being punished?

MORGAN LE FAY
The land is sick so you are sick.
You and the land are one.
(smiles)
Besides, I don't think you are
sick, I think you are beautiful.

Mordred manages a smile.

MORDRED
Thank you, mother.

EXT. MONASTERY -- SUNSET

A plain stone structure sitting on a low hill. Around it a strong wooden fence.

Constantine and Dulac ride up to the gate. Constantine BANGS on the gate with his fist.

After a moment a HATCH in the door opens and an elderly MONK (60s) peers out.

MONK
(scared)
We have nothing for you here. Ride
on!

DULAC
We are friends of the old king. We
seek Gawain.

MONK
There are no friends of the old
king here.

DULAC
Then give us water.

The monk shakes his head.

CONSTANTINE
Where's your Christian charity,
for Christ's sake!?

Dulac winces. The monk slams the hatch shut.

CONSTANTINE
(off Dulac's look)
What?

Dulac begins to turn his horse, the SOUND of the gate
being UNBOLTED stops him.

The gate slowly opens. The nervous monk appears.

Constantine shoots Dulac a smug look as both men dismount
and lead their horses through the gate into the

COURTYARD

and are confronted by a dozen MONKS armed with BOWS.

The two knights look unconcerned. There is only one monk
under sixty in sight.

A very ELDERLY MONK aims a quivering arrow at
Constantine's face. Constantine smiles.

CONSTANTINE
You ever fired one of those
before?

GAWAIN (O.S.)
Well, well...

Constantine and Dulac turn at the sound of the voice.

Behind them, unarmed, is a well-built monk (40s) with
gentle eyes. One hand is bandaged. This is GAWAIN.

GAWAIN
It appears the dead have risen
from the grave. Is it judgement
day already?

Constantine grins.

CONSTANTINE
Gawain, you old bastard!

He grabs the monk in a bear-hug.

GAWAIN
(breathless)
Constantine... it's good to see
you.

Constantine releases him.

GAWAIN
Forgive the unfriendly welcome.
Mordred's men often visit these
parts.

CONSTANTINE
Where's the kitchen, I'm starving?

Gawain reluctantly points to an outbuilding. Constantine
strides off towards it. Gawain sighs.

GAWAIN
(to monks)
Save what you can.

The monks rush off after Constantine.

Gawain turns his eyes on Dulac. He smiles, but Dulac
looks uncomfortable nonetheless.

GAWAIN
The prodigal son returns.

INT. CHAPEL -- DAY

A small chapel. A wooden EFFIGY of Jesus on the cross
hangs above the altar. On the wall near the altar is an
ancient SPEAR - like that of a Roman centurion - its
shaft made of wood, its tip the same otherworldly metal
Caliburn is made from.

Dulac stands before the spear. He reaches out to touch
it, stops himself. Gawain watches him.

GAWAIN
Have you come seeking forgiveness?

Dulac turns.

DULAC
No. Justice.

GAWAIN
Justice or revenge?

DULAC

Either. What happened to your hand?

Gawain flexes his tightly bandaged hand.

GAWAIN

I got this wound the day Arthur fell. It has never healed. Little does these days.

Dulac becomes emotional, struggles to say something. Gawain places his hand on Dulac's arm.

GAWAIN

No man can defy God's will. What He wills will be. Camelot was meant to fall.

DULAC

Come with us. Fight again.

Gawain shakes his head.

GAWAIN

I have pledged my life to another king.

Gawain looks up at the effigy of Jesus.

DULAC

We follow the same king. You picked up the sword in the name of Arthur, take it up again in the name of God.

GAWAIN

Worship the Lord in your manner, brother, and I will worship him in mine. I do not serve him with a sword.

DULAC

Arthur must be avenged!

GAWAIN

'You have heard it said, An eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth. But I say to you, do not resist an evildoer. If he strikes you on the cheek, turn to him the other also.'

(beat)

Pray with me.

Gawain kneels before the altar. Dulac strides out of the chapel.

INT. MONK'S CELL -- NIGHT

Constantine lies on a crude monk's bed eating a chicken leg, his clothes piled on the floor. Dulac enters.

CONSTANTINE

Well?

Dulac shakes his head.

CONSTANTINE

I told you you were wasting your
time. Christ has him by the balls.

EXT. MONASTERY -- MORNING

The sun rises.

An EXHAUSTED PEASANT WOMAN (50s) staggers up the hill towards the gates of the monastery.

A MONK gathers dandelions outside the gate.

The woman tries to shout to him in spite of her exhaustion.

EXHAUSTED WOMAN

Help us... help us...

The monk sees the woman. He hurries towards her.

EXT. COURTYARD -- LATER

The old monk cradles the exhausted woman in his arms, helping her drink water from a jug. Other monks stand around.

Gawain hurries across the courtyard. He kneels by the woman's side.

EXHAUSTED WOMAN

(weakly)
Father...

GAWAIN

Take your time.

EXHAUSTED WOMAN

There is no time... Mordred's
men... in the village...

Gawain looks alarmed.

MONK

Shall I fetch the knights?

GAWAIN

No. I will go.

EXT. VILLAGE -- DAY

A Celtic STONE CROSS and a raised wooden PLATFORM mark the village square.

Two dozen VILLAGERS - none under the age of sixteen - have been assembled. They are all underfed and wear dirty, tattered clothing.

Their captors are a dozen of Mordred's SOLDIERS: well-fed, dressed in leather armour, relishing the fear they are inspiring.

The village's men are on their knees in the mud, the swords of Mordred's soldiers at their throats.

The women cling together in fear as they are 'sorted' by the soldiers; each woman dragged before a fat, smug CAPTAIN, who sits on a barrel on the platform, a SPEAR held in his hand like a staff of office.

A YOUNG GIRL is dragged forward by a LARGE SOLDIER.

CAPTAIN

Yes. She looks like a fertile little bitch.

The girl struggles.

CAPTAIN

Behave! Or you'll join your sister!

He gestures to a DYING WOMAN who lies on her side in the mud, her breathing laboured. The girl stops struggling.

The Captain jerks his head in the direction of group of women who have been 'chosen'. The girl is dragged over to join them.

Another soldier drags an OLD WOMAN (70s) before the Captain.

SOLDIER

How about this one, Captain?

The soldiers roar with laughter.

CAPTAIN

If you can clear away the cobwebs
you can have her!

The old woman is shoved into the mud.

The Captain suddenly stops laughing. Gawain rides through the village towards him.

Soldiers step forward, hands on the hilts of their swords.

Gawain dismounts, registering the villagers' plight. He looks shocked by the sight of the woman lying in the mud.

CAPTAIN

Well, what is this? Have you come
begging, monk? You won't find much
in this stinking shit hole.

GAWAIN

What right have you to be here?

CAPTAIN

What right? I am a servant of King
Mordred. That's my right. I am
tasked to find fertile women to
carry the seed of his army.

GAWAIN

That is a crime! You dishonour
these people!

The Captain laughs.

CAPTAIN

Dishonour them? I'll wager
there's not a virgin among them!

The soldiers laugh. The Captain gets to his feet, leans his spear against a post.

GAWAIN

What you do is a sin!

The Captain jumps down from the platform. He steps over the injured woman and approaches Gawain. His soldiers step aside, ready for a show. Gawain does not look afraid.

CAPTAIN

What we do is necessary! If we
were to leave these sad bitches to
get pregnant by their husbands the
whole village would die! Look at
them!

He gestures to the village's menfolk.

GAWAIN

I beg you, leave these people be.

CAPTAIN

(sneers)

If you were begging you'd be on
your knees.

Gawain hesitates just a moment before sinking to his
knees in the mud.

GAWAIN

I offer you my life. In return for
the lives of these people.

CAPTAIN

The life of a monk?

(to soldiers)

What's that worth, lads?

His men laugh.

GAWAIN

No.

Gawain lifts the sleeve of his cassock, revealing the
mark of Camelot on his arm.

GAWAIN

The life of a knight.

The Captain takes an involuntary step back.

GAWAIN

Leave these people be and I will
ride with you willingly. Mordred
would value me more alive I'm
sure.

CAPTAIN

And if we decide to rape these
women and take you with us
regardless, how will you prevent
that?

The Captain turns to the villagers, gestures to their
cross.

CAPTAIN

You promise your souls to God, and
this is the champion he sends?

(to Gawain)

Arthur's knights were always
cowards.

(MORE)

CAPTAIN (CONT'D)

Spreading lies of their bravery,
and hiding behind those lies.

The Captain takes a sword from one of his guards and
throws it in the mud before Gawain.

CAPTAIN

Fight me for these women. Fight
for their honour, since their men
are so weak.

GAWAIN

I have abandoned violence. I have
made a vow to God.

The Captain crouches down before Gawain.

CAPTAIN

How much of a comfort will it be,
knowing you have done the right
thing as you watch these people
bleed and die?

The Captain grabs a WOMAN and drags her over to the
cross. He draws his sword.

CAPTAIN

Let us make a sacrifice to MY God!

He raises his sword!

GAWAIN

NO!

THUD! - an ARROW pins the Captain's arm to the cross! The
Captain is too stunned to scream.

DULAC AND CONSTANTINE

ride into the village square. Dulac throws down his bow
and the two knights jump down from their horses, drawing
their weapons.

CONSTANTINE

Get off your knees, Gawain!

The soldiers and villagers react to Gawain's name, some
repeating it in awe... some in fear. Gawain gets to his
feet.

The Captain tries to free his trapped arm.

CAPTAIN

Kill them!

The soldiers hesitate.

CAPTAIN

KILL THEM!

The soldiers ATTACK!

Dulac and Constantine meet the attack. Dulac fights with speed and skill, Constantine is pure force.

The soldiers fall one by one, dying in the mud, blood pooling around them.

Only the Captain and the Large Soldier survive. The Large Soldier lies in the mud, badly hurt.

Dulac puts away his sword. He approaches the Captain, who trembles in anticipation of a nasty death.

Dulac RIPS the arrow from the Captain's arm, grabs him by the throat and SLAMS him up against the cross.

DULAC

Tell Mordred... Camelot is risen.

Constantine smiles at this.

DULAC

GO!

He shoves the Captain towards his horse.

The Young Girl rushes to the side of the injured woman lying in the mud.

YOUNG GIRL

Sister!

Gawain joins her. He turns the woman onto her back. Her face is drained of blood.

DYING WOMAN

My baby... they killed my...

Gawain looks in horror at the bulge in the woman's stomach where blood flows from a terrible wound. Anger in his eyes.

The Captain climbs onto his horse and rides away from the square...

THUD!

The Captain's spear EMBEDS itself in a post, wet with blood.

The Captain looks down... there is a gaping HOLE in his chest where the spear has passed clean through him! He topples dead from his horse.

GAWAIN

stands on the platform, his arm extended from the powerful throw of the spear. A look of cool anger in his eyes. He flexes his hand.

Dulac smiles.

Constantine strides over to the Large Soldier and hauls him to his feet.

CONSTANTINE

Remember the message?

The soldier nods quickly.

CONSTANTINE

Camelot is risen!

He shoves the soldier.

CONSTANTINE

Run!

The soldier limps off as fast as he can.

Dulac climbs onto the platform. Gawain tears the bandage from his hand. A thick red SCAR crosses the back of his hand.

GAWAIN

To do murder is the Devil's work.
But I will join you. And I will do
the Devil's work against the Devil
himself.

He and Gawain clasp hands.

MONASTERY -- SERIES OF SHOTS:

A) Gawain kneels before the effigy of Jesus in the chapel.

B) In his cell he takes off his habit and puts on a leather jerkin and trousers.

C) He shaves off the remainder of his hair with a dagger.

D) He takes the spear from the wall of the chapel. He looks up at the effigy of Jesus.

GAWAIN

Forgive me.

EXT. COURTYARD -- DAY

Gawain crosses the courtyard to Dulac and Constantine who tend to their horses.

The two knights smiles approvingly at Gawain's new look.

CONSTANTINE

(grins)
That's more like it.

EXT. COUNTRYSIDE -- DAY

Dulac, Constantine and Gawain ride away from the monastery.

GAWAIN

Few others survived the war. They say some were given over to Mordred's sons. Taken to Devil's Keep.

DULAC

Then that's where we're headed.

They ride on.

INT. MORDRED'S BEDCHAMBER -- NIGHT

A large bed, expensive tapestries on the walls. Gold goblets, jewellery, all the riches of a king on display.

Mordred lies naked on the bed, face down. His body is completely covered with sores.

Three PHYSICIANS attend to him. One wafts the smoke of a handful of burning twigs through the air. The other two very carefully lance his boils with hot PINS.

Mordred yells out in pain every time a hot pin enters his flesh. The physicians wince each time they cause their king pain.

Morgan enters. The physicians relax a little at the sight of her. She can control her son... somewhat.

Morgan sits on the bed. She takes a cloth from a bowl of cold water and mops Mordred's sweat-beaded face.

Mordred cries out again.

MORGAN LE FAY

Oh, my poor boy.

Mordred grits his teeth against the pain. He can't take any more.

MORDRED

Enough!

He sits up, angry.

MORDRED

Get out!

He kicks the nearest physician.

MORGAN LE FAY

Darling, let them do their work.

MORDRED

No! They treat me like a pin cushion!

Morgan laughs softly, stroking Mordred's chest.

MORDRED

I want them beheaded! Guards!

The physicians look terrified. Two of Mordred's bodyguards BURST in.

MORGAN LE FAY

See these men out.

MORDRED

No! Kill them!

The bodyguards drag the terrified physicians from the room. Morgan shakes her head 'no' at the guards as they go.

MORDRED

Why do you always undermine me?!

MORGAN LE FAY

Because I am your mother. And because I know your mind better than you do. Particularly when your mind is clouded by anger.

Mordred jumps off the bed and fills a chalice with wine. He drains the cup.

He catches sight of his body in a full length mirror. He throws the chalice - SMASHING his reflection.

EXT. DEVIL'S KEEP -- DAY

A MOTTE AND BAILEY CASTLE - a stone KEEP built on a hillock. Surrounding the keep and its COURTYARD is a high wooden FENCE. A wide MOAT surrounds the fence. A closed DRAWBRIDGE is the only way in.

Three GUARDS dressed in leather armour and armed with nasty looking MACES patrol along a walkway just inside the fence.

Dulac, Constantine and Gawain watch the castle from a clump of bushes.

DULAC

Looks strong.

CONSTANTINE

Everything breaks if you hit it hard enough.

GAWAIN

How many guards do you reckon?

CONSTANTINE

Fifty, sixty.

DULAC

We need to get in first.

CONSTANTINE

I know a way in.

EXT. GATE -- DAY

Constantine stands at the edge of the moat on a muddy patch of ground.

CONSTANTINE

OPEN UP, YOU MOTHER RAPING SONS OF
MAN-WHORES!

On a wooden tower that rises up beside the drawbridge a GUARD stands boredly chewing on a chicken leg. Constantine's shout rouses him. He registers Constantine is alone and relaxes.

GUARD

Go beg somewhere else. You'll find
no charity here.

CONSTANTINE

I'm not here to beg, I'm here to
fight! Send someone out!

The guard throws the piece of chicken at Constantine's feet.

GUARD

There. Now be on your way.

Constantine slowly removes his coat... revealing the mark of Camelot on his arm.

The guard almost chokes.

MOMENTS LATER

The drawbridge BANGS down.

A dozen GUARDS advance cautiously forward, scanning the surrounding countryside for more knights. They each clutch maces.

GUARD #2

How much is it?

GUARD #3

A year's wages if we take him alive.

GUARD #4

There's only one. And he's unarmed.

Still they hesitate.

A MASSIVE GUARD pushes his way through the crowd of guards. Bald headed and barrel chested, his face half devoured by some pox. His fellow guards are buoyed up by his presence, they cheer and thump him on the back.

The Massive Guard crosses the drawbridge, his fellow guards follow.

Constantine and the guard square up. The guard towers over Constantine.

Constantine hits the guard with a powerful PUNCH! The guard barely moves. Constantine looks a little concerned.

CONSTANTINE

Aye-aye.

The guard grins a toothless grin.

TREES

Dulac and Gawain creep from a copse of trees at the other side of the castle. Dulac lays his bow and arrows on the ground.

They hear the distant COMMOTION of Constantine's distraction. The guards patrolling the fence give in to curiosity, leaving their posts.

GAWAIN

Go.

Dulac runs towards the castle. He reaches the moat and slips silently into the cold, murky water. He swims across the moat towards the fence.

Gawain watches him, a hard look in his eyes. He picks up Dulac's bow and carefully notches an arrow.

Dulac reaches the small bank of earth between the moat and the fence.

Gawain aims - FIRES!

The arrow THUDS deep into the fence inches above Dulac's head!

Dulac calmly reaches up and takes hold of the arrow.

Gawain fires another arrow.

THUD! - the arrow hits three feet above the first. Dulac reaches up and grabs it, hauling himself up out of the water.

Gawain FIRES another arrow, and another...

Dulac slowly climbs the fence.

EXT. DRAWBRIDGE

Another dozen GUARDS have come to watch the fight.

Constantine and the Massive Guard FIGHT, Constantine is bloody and bruised. His opponent is stronger than him and his blows are having more impact.

Constantine is driven back. The guards surround him in a jeering circle.

Constantine changes tact. Starts using skill.

He dodges a blow and HITS the guard in the neck. The guard staggers.

Constantine avoids another blow - KICKS the guard in the knee. The guard grunts.

Constantine drives home his advantage. More strategic HITS. He begins to get the upper hand.

EXT. FENCE

Dulac nears the top of the fence.

A GUARD suddenly appears, walking towards the fence where Dulac climbs. Dulac keeps climbing, oblivious.

The guard sees Dulac, reacts.

THUD! - an ARROW plunges into the guard's heart! He falls from the fence into the courtyard.

Dulac climbs onto the fence.

GAWAIN

crosses himself, says a silent prayer. He creeps back into the trees.

EXT. DRAWBRIDGE

Constantine is winning. The cheers of the Massive Guard's supporters begin to wane.

Constantine PUNCHES the guard, sending him stumbling backwards, knocking a guard into the moat.

One of the spectators runs up behind Constantine and HITS him in the kidneys with the shaft of his mace.

Constantine growls in pain and anger - turns on his attacker and SHATTERS his jaw with a punch!

Another guard HITS Constantine in the back of the leg with the head of his mace. Constantine goes down. The guards close in, kicking Constantine while he is down.

EXT. COURTYARD

Dulac jumps down into the courtyard, draws Caliburn.

A GUARD exits a latrine. Dulac cuts him down before he can raise the alarm and SHOVES him back inside the privy.

Dulac grabs a flaming TORCH and IGNITES the thatch of several buildings - finally flinging it onto a pile of straw.

EXT. DRAWBRIDGE

Constantine is on his knees in the mud, surrounded by guards punching and kicking him.

The Massive Guard watches on, grinning. He steps forward to finish Constantine off. The guards retreat to a safe distance, laughing.

Constantine holds up his hands in a "wait" gesture. He sinks one of his hands deep into the mud.

The guard looks puzzled.

Constantine withdraws... his sword!

The guard stop smiling.

Constantine PLUNGES his sword through the massive guard's chest!

The guards panic. An unarmed Knight of the Round Table is one thing...!

Constantine starts swiftly cutting down the guards unlucky enough to be on the wrong side of the drawbridge. The rest of the guards run back into the

COURTYARD

and begin frantically turning the WHEELS that raise the drawbridge. Some notice the burning buildings.

A dozen HORSES tied to a hitching post PANIC as the courtyard goes up in FLAMES.

A dozen more GUARDS come out of their BARRACKS to investigate the commotion. They are greeted by burning buildings, panicking guards... and Dulac!

Dulac ATTACKS.

THE DRAWBRIDGE

is already half-way up.

Constantine HACKS down the guards brave enough to face him.

A guard raises his mace to bring down on Constantine's skull - THUD! - Gawain's SPEAR impales him!

Gawain, on horseback, retrieves his spear and helps Constantine kill the guards.

COURTYARD

Dulac cuts down the last of his attackers.

The drawbridge is nearly up.

Dulac CUTS the ropes that tether the horses.

The terrified horses STAMPEDE for the only escape they can see: the drawbridge.

Guards are TRAMPLED underfoot. The horses HIT the drawbridge and their combined weight FORCES it down.

Guards are killed as the drawbridge wheels SPIN wildly.

Constantine and Gawain get out of the way of the fleeing horses. The few surviving guards are not so lucky.

Constantine and Gawain enter the courtyard.

CONSTANTINE

(to Dulac)

And you said it wasn't going to be easy.

Dulac smiles.

The doors to the KEEP suddenly BURST open and a dozen KEEP GUARDS charge out, armed with PIKES!

CONSTANTINE

(grins)

That's more like it.

INT. KEEP. CORRIDOR

SOUNDS of fighting.

The last guard staggers into the keep - Gawain's spear in his chest - falls down dead.

The three knights enter. Gawain retrieves his spear, says a quick prayer for the dead guard.

Mordred's pennant hangs on the wall. Constantine TEARS it down.

INT. DUNGEON

The knights descend stone stairs into a dungeon, into the floor of which is set a large, metal GRILL.

There are SHACKLES on the walls and an imaginative selection of INSTRUMENTS of torture, all well used.

The knights react to some terrible smell.

CONSTANTINE

Jesus Christ!

(off Gawain's look)

Sorry.

Dulac grabs an iron CHAIN and pulls, raising the grill. Steps descend into darkness.

INT. CELL -- MOMENTS LATER

Constantine and Gawain descend the steps into the cell.

The floor is thick with filth. Motionless FIGURES lay against the walls of the cell, dressed in filthy rags. They all bear signs of torture.

Gawain kneels by the nearest man, brushes aside his long hair from his face. His arm bears the mark of Camelot.

GAWAIN

Bedivere!

Constantine raises another knight into a sitting position.

CONSTANTINE

Kay!

One by one the prisoners awake. They are: BEDIVERE (40s), KAY (40s), DAGONET (20s), EREC (40s), OWAIN (40s), SAGRAMORE (60s), MORHOLT (40s), AGLOVALE (40s) and BORS (40s).

KAY

(smiles, weakly)

Constantine? Gawain?... Am I finally in Heaven?

Dulac comes down the stairs.

KAY

Ah. Obviously not.

EXT. COURTYARD -- DAY

The remains of buildings smoulder.

Most of the freed knights sit in the centre of the courtyard around a camp fire, savouring the sunlight and fresh air.

Constantine and Gawain help two remaining knights down the stairs from the keep.

One knight walks unsupported. A dark haired man, with a fierce expression: Bors.

He stumbles. Dulac goes to help him. Bors pushes him away.

BORS

Get your hands off me!

Bors walks on down the stairs. Dulac feels the eyes of every knight on him.

INT. CORRIDOR -- DAY

A group of SERVING GIRLS and RICH WOMEN come shrieking down the corridor, chased by Constantine who smacks the slowest female's rump with the flat of his sword.

CONSTANTINE

Go on, get! And thank God I'm a chivalrous bastard!

A LITTLE GIRL (6) pokes out her tongue at him as she goes. Constantine grins.

Dulac and Gawain enter.

DULAC

I think it's time we called on our hosts.

INT. THRONE ROOM -- DAY

Two well dressed twenty-something PRINCES (MELEHAN and MELOU) sit on twin thrones, terrified. Their ENTOURAGE: a dozen MUSICIANS, WHORES and PRIESTS, huddle at their feet.

The princes wear distinctive RINGS holding fat jewels.

Two large oak DOORS are HAMMERED by some terrifying force beyond. The BEAM holding the doors shut seems to be doing its job, however.

The noise stops. The room is silent. The princes breath a sigh of relief.

The tip of a SPEAR suddenly PIERCES the beam!

The beam is raised - the spear withdraws - the beam CRASHES to the floor!

The doors BURST open and Constantine, Gawain and Dulac enter. Gawain blows wood splinters from the tip of his spear.

The two princes hug each other. Their subjects cling to their monarch's robes.

DULAC

Everyone leaves but the princes.

The princes' entourage sprint for the door!

Gawain looks to Constantine who eyes the two princes like a hungry animal.

GAWAIN

(to princes)

I will go and pray for your souls.

He leaves. Dulac follows.

Kay enters the room.

CONSTANTINE

Go on down. I won't be long.

KAY

No. I want to watch.

Kay finds a chair, and a goblet of wine.

Constantine grins. The two princes fall to their knees and start begging incoherently, sobbing with fear.

EXT. COURTYARD -- EVENING

The knights sit around the fire eating food that has been liberated from the princes' kitchens. They eat ravenously.

Dark looks are cast at Dulac who sits slightly apart from the others.

Constantine and Kay come down the steps, Kay leaning on Constantine for support. Constantine has a small BAG tied to his belt. He and Kay join the others by the fire.

BORS

You should have left some of the guards alive for us.

GAWAIN

To do to them what they did to
you?

BORS

Aye. And more.

GAWAIN

That is not the Law.

BORS

There is no law anymore!
(indicates Dulac)
Ask him!

AGLOVALE

What did you bring him for?

CONSTANTINE

He brought us.

BORS

We should kill him now! Execute
him!

Aglovale, Erec and Morholt voice their support.

CONSTANTINE

Settle down, all of you! There'll
be a time when he answers for his
crimes... when Mordred is dead.
And there's a line.

Bors glowers at Constantine. Constantine stares him down.

NIGHT

Most of the knights sleep. A few are still awake,
including Bedivere who stares into the flames of the
fire.

CONSTANTINE

Get some sleep.

BEDIVERE

I'm afraid to sleep. Might wake up
and find all this is a dream.

GAWAIN

We would find better cover inside.

Kay lies gazing up at the stars.

KAY

Here is fine.

DAGONET

I never want to see a ceiling
again as long as I live.

Dulac appears, throws wood onto the fire. He settles down
next to Kay.

KAY

I suppose I should thank you.

DULAC

You don't have-

KAY

I wasn't.

DULAC

I'm not looking for forgiveness.

KAY

What are you looking for then?

DULAC

Justice.

KAY

Then we have something in common.

Kay pulls his blanket over himself and closes his eyes.

KAY

I'll ride with you. For now.

INT. MORDRED'S CASTLE. CORRIDOR -- NIGHT

A dark, stone corridor, a bastardised version of the
interior of Camelot.

The Large Soldier staggers down the corridor. He is in a
bad way: sweating, coughing blood, shivering.

INT. MORDRED'S THRONE ROOM -- MOMENTS LATER

The Large Soldier falls to his knees before Mordred. He
coughs, blood speckles Mordred's armour. Mordred sneers.

Agravain grabs the dying soldier by the collar and drags
him back a few feet.

MORDRED

Why have you returned? Where are
the rest of your men?

LARGE SOLDIER
My regiment... dead...

MORDRED
Dead? How?

LARGE SOLDIER
Knights...

Mordred lunges forward, grabs the soldier by the front of his shirt.

MORDRED
What?! Speak!

The soldier slumps to the floor.

LARGE SOLDIER
Camelot... is... risen.

The soldier dies. The blood drains from Mordred's face.

EXT. DEVIL'S KEEP -- MORNING

The grass outside the keep is wet with dew. A faint mist clings to the ground.

Dulac carefully approaches a HORSE, one of the horses that escaped the keep. It eyes him warily. Dulac whispers soothing words in French.

The horse lets him approach. Dulac takes its reins and pats its neck reassuringly.

EXT. COURTYARD

Dulac leads the horse into the courtyard, where a dozen other horses are tied up.

The knights are in good spirits. Laughing and joking as they sit cutting their long hair with shears, and shaving their faces with the blades of knives. Kay keeps his beard and moustache, trims both carefully.

Bors has shaved his head close to the scalp. He picks up a dead guard's mace and gives it a few practice swings, SMASHES a barrel with it. His eyes on Dulac's skull.

The knights dress in the dead keep guards' leather armour. Dagonet holds up a leather jerkin.

DAGONET
This one's got a hole in it.

KAY

So has its owner.

The knights laugh.

Dulac attends to the horses, looks over at his former colleagues. His former friends.

Bedivere walks over. He stands admiring the horses.

BEDIVERE

These are fine horses. They
clearly fed them better than they
fed any of us.

After a moment.

DULAC

I would have come back sooner. If
I had know...

BEDIVERE

Watch out for Bors.

Bedivere walks back to the fire.

Aglovale experimentally swings a mace.

AGLOVALE

I'd rather have a sword in my hand
than one of these bastard things.

Constantine appears on the steps of the keep, a heavy
BUNDLE in his hands.

CONSTANTINE

Who said they needed a sword?

He violently unfurls the bundle - two dozen BROADSWORDS
fly out! Landing on the ground.

The knights scramble forward to grab a sword. All except
Erec.

The knights stand around, swords in hand, like they are
only now complete.

Sagamore takes up a sword, recognizes it. He runs a
finger affectionately over a nick in the hilt, tears in
his eyes. He lies down by the fire, a contented smile on
his face.

Dagonet is less happy with his sword.

DAGONET

This one isn't mine. Mine had a scratch just here.

The knights laugh.

OWAIN

They're all the same, lad! British steel. God I'd never seen the like before I came to Camelot.

The knights look down at the swords that are left over.

BEDIVERE

A lot left unclaimed.

The knights nod sadly. Constantine notices Erec has no sword. He picks one up and offers it to him.

CONSTANTINE

Erec, here.

EREC

(bitterly)

And how am I to hold it?

He holds up his right hand. Three of his fingers have been hacked off. The knights look embarrassed.

DULAC

A man can fight with his left arm.
And if he can't he can learn.

Heads turn in his direction.

BORS

Only the Devil's servants fight with their left hand.

DULAC

(to Erec)

If you're not going to fight, what good are you? Crawl back to your cell.

EREC

Bastard!

Erec grabs a mace from the ground in his left hand and charges at Dulac!

Dulac calmly grabs Erec's arm by the wrist and holds it easily.

Bors moves to help Erec - Constantine's sword stops him, blade pressing hard against his throat.

Gawain's spear stops Aglovale and Morholt.

Dulac holds Erec's trembling arm. Erec's face is twisted with rage and frustration. Dulac pushes.

DULAC

Do you feel the muscles in your arm? Same as the ones in your sword arm.

He shoves Erec backwards - Erec trips, sprawls onto his back.

Erec grabs a sword and scrambles to his feet. He screams with rage and swings the sword at Dulac's head...

CLANG!

CALIBURN blocks his sword.

Caliburn's unearthly metal shines even in the dull light of the day. The sound of the two swords meeting ECHOES around the courtyard.

DAGONET

(awed)
Caliburn.

The knights look stunned. They look from Arthur's old sword... to Arthur's old friend.

Erec looks at Dulac with a new found respect. He lowers his sword, looks at it.

EREC

I'll need a sheath for it.

DULAC

We can make new sheathes.

LATER

Constantine sticks metal PINS through a folded over section of a guard's leather jerkin creating a sword sheath. He throws it to Dagonet. All the other knights have their sheathes attached to their belts.

CONSTANTINE

Right, let's get going.

The knights ready their horses.

Sagamore still lies by the fire; eyes closed, a smile on his face.

KAY
Sagamore, get up. Time to go.

No response.

KAY
Sagamore?

Gawain goes to the old knight, shakes him. Nothing.

Gawain sighs sadly. He begins a silent prayer. The other knights look brokenhearted.

EXT. FOREST -- LATER

The knights stand, heads bowed, at the edge of a copse of trees. Sagamore's sword lies on a fresh grave.

Behind them the keep is in FLAMES.

EXT. COUNTRYSIDE -- DAY

The eleven knights ride across a grassy plain, past an enormous Neolithic BURIAL MOUND, Dulac, Constantine, Gawain and Kay lead.

KAY
(to Dulac)
We're not fit to fight. Not yet.

DULAC
There's time. You will be.

MONTAGE:

-- The knights have set up camp. They train, paired up. Honing their fighting skills, building up there strength.

-- The knights force their horses up a steep hill, heavy rain lashes them.

-- A different camp site. A deer roasts on a spit over a fire.

-- Dulac and Erec train together, Erec getting more proficient fighting left handed.

-- The knights train, each getting stronger, regaining their skills.

END MONTAGE

EXT. LAKE -- DAY

The knights sit beside a camp fire at the edge of a lake.

Kay, up to his waist in water, attempts to spear a fish with Gawain's spear.

Kay strikes the water with the spear.

KAY

Shit! I used to be able to do this.

CONSTANTINE

Maybe your eyesight's going.

KAY

It's not me, the fish are smaller.

The knights laugh.

KAY

Ah-ha!

Kay withdraws his spear with a small TROUT flapping on its tip. He throws the fish to Owain.

Bors trains with Dagonet. He forces the younger knight back with a series of angry BLOWS. He KNOCKS the sword from Dagonet's hand and BACK-HANDS him, sending him stumbling against a tree.

CONSTANTINE

Go easy!

Bors shrugs, unapologetic. Dagonet wipes blood from his lip.

Dulac fixes a bird feather flight to his arrow. A shadow falls over him. He looks up... Bors stands over him.

BORS

I need a new partner.

He is going to fight whether Dulac wants to or not.

DULAC

Alright.

Dulac sets aside his arrow, reaches for Caliburn.

BORS

Not that sword.

DAGONET

Here.

Dagonet hands Dulac his sword.

Constantine and Gawain exchange uneasy looks.

Dulac picks up the sword, gets to his feet. All eyes on the two knights as they prepare...

Bors LUNGES at Dulac, trying to catch him off-guard.
Dulac PARRIES the blade.

Bors ATTACKS again.

Definitely no training exercise - Bors is out for blood.

The horses are spooked by the fighting.

Gawain turns to Constantine.

GAWAIN

We have to stop this!

CONSTANTINE

No. It was a long time coming.

Bors breathes hard as he attacks Dulac. Dulac appears to be holding back. Defending more than attacking.

BORS

Fight me, come on!

Dulac lets Bors tire himself a bit more, then - SLASHES him across the hand.

Bors cries out, drops his sword - Dulac SWEEPS his feet out from under him, Bors lands sprawled on his back.

Dulac offers Bors his hand. Bors spits on it, gets up on his own.

BORS

Five years ago it would have been
you on the ground!

DULAC

No. It would still have been you.

Dulac returns to the campfire, hands Dagonet his sword back. Dagonet grins at him.

Aglovale and Morholt scowl at Dulac.

Dulac walks over to the horses, tries to calm them down.

BORS

Why do we follow this traitor?! He
betrayed the King!
(MORE)

BORS (CONT'D)

He betrayed Camelot! He betrayed
us all! I have more right to hold
Caliburn than him! Any of us do!

A few knights voice their agreement. Constantine looks uncomfortable.

CONSTANTINE

Merlin gave the sword to him. Not
you.

Bors clasps his injured hand, staring daggers at Dulac.
His eyes fall on Caliburn. A greedy look.

Bors grabs Caliburn and CHARGES at Dulac!

GAWAIN

Dula-!

THUD!

Bors freezes - sword raised. His face goes slack and he
falls face down dead on the ground. Gawain's SPEAR
embedded in his back - along with a flapping FISH.

Kay wades out of the water. Plucks the spear from Bors's
corpse, holds up the fish.

KAY

Who's hungry?

EXT. MORDRED'S CASTLE. BATTLEMENTS -- DAY

The outside of Mordred's castle speaks plainly of the
qualities of its master: rusty iron SPIKES protrude from
between the black blocks of the castle walls. CORPSES rot
in iron CAGES that hang from the battlements.

The castle itself is built upon black rock that juts out
into a fierce ocean.

Mordred stands on the battlements looking off across the
countryside that stretches out before him. He is nervous,
scared even. Black crows perch on the stonework around
him.

His mother steps through a doorway and joins her son. She
places a hand on his shoulder, he calms a little.

MORGAN LE FAY

There are only three.

MORDRED

But it's him!

MORGAN LE FAY

You don't know it-

MORDRED

I do know! I can feel it.

(beat)

Why are they following him?! He
betrayed Arthur too! I was loyal!
I told the King of his whore
wife's infidelity with... with...

MORGAN LE FAY

Say his name. Don't give it power
by not speaking-

MORDRED

LANCELOT!

The crows take flight as Mordred's words echo across the battlements.

At that moment the drawbridge below CRASHES down and three dozen heavily-armed OUTRIDERS on horseback THUNDER out of the castle.

Mordred and Morgan watch the soldiers ride away.

MORDRED

(reassuring himself)

Just three.

He smiles.

EXT. VILLAGE -- DAY

The ten knights ride through a dilapidated village.

One by one VILLAGERS come out of the buildings and gather in the street. They are emaciated and filthy. Several dozen.

As the knights approach, the people begin to beg, with cries of "help us... give us food" etc.

Dagonet reaches for his saddlebag.

CONSTANTINE

Don't. We don't have enough.

DAGONET

But...

EREC

You want them to tear each other
apart over a few pieces of rabbit?

The knights look guilty as they ignore the pleas of the villagers.

A DOZEN MEN block the knight's way. They hold SCYTHES, PITCHFORKS, ROCKS.

VILLAGER
Get down off your horses.

BEDIVERE
We are knights of-

VILLAGER #2
Give us your horses and we'll let you pass.

More and more people appear, many with improvised weapons. A hundred people now.

DULAC
We need these horses.

VILLAGER
We need them more.

VILLAGER #3
Get off your horses!

More shouts of "Give us your horses!". The crowd is becoming angry. They start picking up ROCKS off the ground.

GAWAIN
We pity your plight, but we do God's work. When our mission is finished we will return to help you.

VILLAGER
Help us now!

The knights look to Dulac. He nods. They regrettably start riding on through the crowd.

A WOMAN THROWS a rock - it hits Kay in the side of the head.

KAY
Shit!

All hell breaks loose! Townspeople start throwing ROCKS and STONES.

Villagers start grabbing at the knights, trying to bring them down from their horses!

Aglovale draws his sword.

AGLOVALE
Defend yourselves, lads!

DULAC
Put your sword away!

The knights keep their swords sheathed, kicking and punching their attackers instead.

Gawain swings the blunt end of his spear, keeping back the crowds.

Constantine, Dulac, Aglovale, Erec and Bedivere break free of the mob.

Gawain, Kay, Dagonet, Owain and Morholt are still trapped.

Dagonet is dragged from his horse and disappears into the crowd.

DAGONET
Help me!

Dulac rides back into the crowd.

Gawain climbs down from his horse.

GAWAIN
Here, take it!

People mob the horse, which is brought down by the sheer number of people.

Gawain tries to fight his way over to Dagonet. A woman HITS him with a rock, knocking him to the ground.

DULAC
Gawain!

Kay is dragged from his saddle. He is quickly on his feet again, punching and HITTING his attackers. He slaps his horse which BOLTS - charging through the crowd, TRAMPLING villagers as it goes.

Kay grabs a villagers' hoe and uses it to drive people back.

A man with a pair of SHEERS climbs up onto Morholt's horse and STABS him in the throat!

DULAC
No!

Morholt tumbles from his horse, blood pumping from his wound.

KAY

Morholt!

AGLOVALE

Enough!

Aglovale draws his sword and begins cutting down villagers.

Dulac's horse is brought down by the crowd. Some attack him even as others attack his horse - stabbing it, ripping pieces of flesh from its struggling body.

CONSTANTINE

Come on!

Constantine CHARGES his horse into the crowd. The other knights follow.

Dulac is punched and kicked to the ground. Kay fights off Gawain's attackers and comes to his side.

KAY

Fucking peasants!

Constantine is equidistant from Dulac and Dagonet. He goes for Dagonet - driving away the peasants. He jumps down and helps the bruised and bloodied knight to his feet.

A group of men hold Dulac down. One KICKS him in the head - knocking him unconscious. Another Villager steps forward with a PITCHFORK.

GAWAIN

No!

The villager brings down the pitchfork - STABBING Dulac in the chest and arm!

The villager raises the pitchfork again. Erec cuts him down.

Gawain rushes to Dulac's side.

The rest of the knights drive away the villagers, who disappear into the surrounding trees. A dozen lay dead.

Constantine checks Morholt. The knight is dead, lying in a pool of spreading blood.

The rest of the knights look down at their unconscious leader.

INT. FOREST -- NIGHT

The knights have made camp. Dulac lies, still unconscious, next to the fire. His armour has been removed. He has nasty wounds to his chest and left arm.

Gawain washes his wounds as Dagonet tears a blanket to make bandages. Gawain dresses Dulac's wounds. The other knights watch on.

BEDIVERE

Will he live?

GAWAIN

I don't know. I don't know how deep the wounds are. His fever is fierce.

He covers Dulac with a blanket.

AGLOVALE

If he dies he dies. Enough died because of him.

GAWAIN

Don't judge him too harshly, Aglovale.

KAY

Hard not to, brother.

GAWAIN

Omnia vincit Amor.

DAGONET

What does that mean?

CONSTANTINE

Love conquers all.

The knights look to Constantine, surprised at his education.

CONSTANTINE

Don't look so surprised.

OWAIN

You're saying it was love that made him betray us? Love that destroyed Camelot?

GAWAIN

Love is not always our friend.

The knights sit in silence, watching Dulac sleep.

BEDIVERE

He's not how I remember him.

KAY

Nothing's how it was.

BEDIVERE

Still. He is different. More...

GAWAIN

Humble?

BEDIVERE

(smiles)

Aye. He walks a little less like a god than he used to.

KAY

Looks a little less like one too.

The knights laugh at this.

OWAIN

What if he dies? Do we carry on?

GAWAIN

It's in God's hands. I learned long ago that what seems just does not always come to be.

(beat)

Still, I can't help feeling God has not abandoned him. Or us.

INT. MORDRED'S THRONE ROOM -- NIGHT

Two surviving GUARDS from Devil's Keep kneel before their king, terrified.

Mordred has his back to them, hands tightly gripping the arms of his throne. The news he has just received has made him furious.

Morgan and Agravain stand waiting for Mordred to react. Mordred's subjects are silent, tense.

MORDRED

What of Melehan and Melou?

The guards look uncertain. Mordred turns, angry.

MORDRED

What of my sons?!

SURVIVING GUARD

(scared)
I don't know, Majesty.

MORDRED

You ran away. Maybe they ran away too.

He crouches down before the guard.

MORDRED

So what you are telling me is my sons are either dead or cowards!

The talkative guard suddenly wishes he had kept his mouth shut.

Morgan crosses to Mordred's side, rests a hand on his shoulder.

MORGAN LE FAY

If your boys knew three of Arthur's knights were coming for them they would have run like frightened rabbits. They are fine.

Mordred sighs, returns to his thrown.

MORDRED

How many knights were there?

SURVIVING GUARD

Just three.

MORDRED

Three knights.

Mordred lowers his head, massages his temples.

SURVIVING GUARD

(nervous)
There is something else.

His colleague shoots him a look.

Mordred raises his head.

SURVIVING GUARD

There were prisoners in the dungeon. The princes kept them alive. Knights.

MORDRED

How... many?

SURVIVING GUARD

A dozen or so.

MORDRED

A dozen.

The room is silent.

Mordred DRAWS his sword - springs forward - DECAPITATES the guard!

The guard's head rolls across the floor and stops at Morgan's feet. Blood from the severed head soaks into Morgan's dress. She frowns, irritated.

MORDRED

He was supposed to kill them! Not play with them!

INT. MORDRED'S BEDCHAMBER -- LATER

Two SERVANT GIRLS attend to Mordred, undressing him. One wipes the blood from his armour. Mordred peels his blood-stained gloves off and drops them on the floor.

Morgan enters in a clean dress.

MORDRED

A dozen knights of the Round Table. All heading this way.

Morgan sits on Mordred's bed.

Stripped of his armour Mordred grabs a goblet of wine and downs it. The two servant girls wait, nervous.

MORDRED

What am I supposed to do?!

MORGAN LE FAY

You have a hundred soldiers at your command...

MORDRED

A hundred?! I had as many in Devil's Keep!

Morgan gets up and crosses to Mordred. She wraps her arms around him, kisses him on the mouth.

MORGAN LE FAY

Chivalry is dead. The knights of the Round Table are old and tired. Their day is over.

(beat)

(MORE)

MORGAN LE FAY (CONT'D)

Send for King Aelle. His Saxon warriors will make short work of these little knights.

MORDRED

You want me to invite Saxons into Britain?! Aelle already has his eyes on my throne!

MORGAN LE FAY

Sometimes you have to make sacrifices. You have to give people a little so they don't take a lot.

(beat)

Promise him something. Then break your word.

Mordred thinks this over. He grins.

He grabs one of the servant girls and throws her onto his bed, tearing off her clothes. Morgan laughs. Her eyes fall on the other servant girl and she smiles.

EXT. FOREST -- MORNING

Dulac wakes. He sits up, peels off a blanket. Then another... and another. Most of the knights have given him their blankets.

The other knights still sleep. Dulac starts to lift one of the bandages.

CONSTANTINE

Don't touch that. Let it work.
Don't meddle with it.

Constantine sits up.

CONSTANTINE

How do you feel?

DULAC

Like shit.

CONSTANTINE

Good. That means you're alive.

Dulac notices his cilices have been removed.

CONSTANTINE

We threw those bastards in the fire.

EXT. COUNTRYSIDE -- DAY

The nine knights ride across a grassy plain. There is a large forest on one side of them.

Ahead of them, beyond a hill, a column of SMOKE rises into the air.

The knights stop. They look uneasy.

HILL -- LATER

Dulac, Constantine, Kay and Gawain creep forward to peer over the brow of the hill.

Below them: Mordred's outriders have set up a camp.

The knights regard them thoughtfully.

CONSTANTINE
We could take them.

GAWAIN
Better we avoid them.

They look to Dulac.

DULAC
We'll go around.

CONSTANTINE
(disappointed)
Suit yourself.

They crawl away.

INT. FOREST -- LATER

The knights follow a path through a forest.

They enter a

CLEARING

A peasant woman (SARAH, 20s), thin but pretty, gathers firewood. When she sees the knights she starts.

SARAH
(scared)
Are you servants of Mordred?

CONSTANTINE
Hell, no.

KAY

No. We are free men.

Kay gives the woman a warm smile. She relaxes.

EXT. VILLAGE -- LATER

A village at the heart of a forest. A strong wooden FENCE - sharpened fence posts angled outwards give it the appearance of a massive bird's nest.

The knights enter the village. Sarah sits behind Kay. He smiles down at her. She shyly returns his smile.

A sturdy gate is lowered to the ground by three VILLAGERS - above the gate a platform has been built for a look-out.

The village: two dozen thatched buildings and a large building with a wooden roof, the village hall.

VILLAGERS regard the knights curiously. A middle-aged man (late 60s) approaches them. He is DUNCAN, the village elder.

DUNCAN

These are no soldiers of Mordred,
I'll wager.

The knights dismount. Kay helps Sarah down from his horse.

DUNCAN

I am Duncan. And you...

Where Dulac's arm is bandaged can be seen part of the mark of Camelot.

DUNCAN

... are most welcome.

A male VILLAGER (30s) stands a little way away, leaning on a crude crutch, one of his feet badly disfigured. He sees the mark on Dulac's arm. He may as well be looking at gold.

INT. VILLAGE HALL -- DAY

Duncan and the knights enter. In the centre of the hall is a round wooden TABLE. The site of it stops the knights in their tracks. Duncan notices their discomfort.

DUNCAN

I built this in honour of Camelot,
the day Arthur died.

The knights sit around the table. The first time they
have sat together since...

DUNCAN

You are knights of Camelot?
(off their looks)
You are among friends, I promise.

KAY

No offence, friend, but Mordred
places a high bounty on outlaws.
The bonds of friendship strain
under the weight of enough gold.

DUNCAN

(chuckles)
No offence taken. Although what
good gold would be to us I don't
know. There is nothing to trade in
these parts.

Sarah appears with a plate of meat. She sets it on the
table.

DUNCAN

We have little to offer, but we
would be honoured if you shared
our food.

DULAC

There is no need...

Constantine and several other knights dig into the food,
rendering Dulac's protests useless.

EREC

We could use some water.

DUNCAN

I am sorry, the well water has
become stagnant of late. All we
have is beer.

Constantine nearly chokes on his food.

CONSTANTINE

Beggars can't be choosers.

KAY

Now I know I'm in Heaven.

He smiles at Sarah again.

DUNCAN

Sarah, fetch our new friends beer.

Sarah shoots Kay a smile as she leaves.

DUNCAN

We have heard rumours of "outlaws"
about in the land. Enemies of
Mordred.

Duncan spits on the ground. A few of the knights do also.

DUNCAN

(emotional)

I knew you would be knights of
Camelot. In my heart I knew.

DAGONET

Mordred's soldiers tried to
recruit you?

DUNCAN

(chuckles)

They know what the answer would
be. We have refused to pay tribute
to the usurper king for five years
now.

GAWAIN

Five years?

DUNCAN

Aye. We have sworn not to let them
steal our children's food nor lay
a hand on our women.

(sadly)

Though we have paid heavily for
our pride.

CONSTANTINE

Still, five years. You must have
some good fighters amongst you.

DUNCAN

Farmers all of us. But we know
these woods. And I will say I am
proud of the defences we have
built. Still, we cannot hold out
forever.

A grim silence.

Sarah returns with a tray of clay cups of beer.

DUNCAN

Ah! Here we are! Let us make a toast...

The knights take their cups and raise them in a toast.

DUNCAN

To a world without Mordred.

The knights raise their cups. Very serious expressions on their faces.

KNIGHTS

To a world without Mordred.

EXT. COUNTRYSIDE -- EVENING

The crippled villager hobbles out of the woods. He sees the column of smoke from the camp of Mordred's outriders and limps towards it.

EXT. VILLAGE -- NIGHT

The knights sleep at the centre of the village around a campfire.

GATE

Kay sits on the look-out platform sipping a cup of beer and thinking private thoughts, a blanket thrown over his shoulders.

He glances over at Dulac asleep by the fire, Caliburn on the ground next to him. He regards him thoughtfully.

CREAK!

Kay's hand flies to his sword. Someone climbs the ladder up to his position...

Sarah appears.

Kay relaxes.

KAY

You should be in bed.

SARAH

I came to keep you company.

Sarah disarms him with a smile, and settles down next to him. Kay smiles back, wraps the blanket around her shoulders.

SARAH
Tell me about yourself.

KAY
What do you want to know?

SARAH
Father says you were a knight of Camelot, but that I should not ask you about that. Were you a knight of Camelot?

Kay chuckles.

KAY
I was. Believe it or not.

SARAH
I believe it. Did you know Arthur?

Kay is quiet a moment.

KAY
Arthur was my brother. My little brother. Merlin gave him to my father to raise as his own.
(smiles)
We didn't always get on.

SARAH
But if you were older you should have been king.

KAY
I thought that too for a time. But few men are born to be king.

He can't help but glance over at Dulac, firelight dancing on Caliburn's blade.

Sarah throws off the blanket and goes to Kay's side. She kisses him. Kay eventually pushes her gently away.

SARAH
Stay with us, don't go on. You don't have to fight!

Kay smiles sadly.

KAY
I wish I could stay. But some things are worth fighting for.

He gently strokes her face, his eyes filled with regret.

CRACK!

A noise from the surrounding woods.

Kay is instantly alert. His eyes scan the darkness.

SARAH
It's nothing. Just...

KAY
Get inside! Stay there!

Sarah hesitates.

KAY
GO!

Sarah hastily climbs down the ladder.

Kay stands, peers into the darkness.

A LIGHT in the darkness... growing brighter.

A torch. Held in the hands of an approaching man. A CAPTAIN of the outriders! The light from the torch illuminates his cruel face.

Kay's hand goes to his sword.

Mordred's Captain touches the torch to the ground - a trail of FIRE blazes in the darkness as a trail of oil is lit...

Mordred's OUTRIDERS are illuminated by the fire - each with a bow in his hand!

Kay turns.

KAY
ATTACK!

THE KNIGHTS

are awake in an instant. Dulac is on his feet first, Caliburn in his hand.

Several FIRE ARROWS streak through the air - one hits Kay in the back! Kay drops his sword and topples from the platform.

Sarah rushes to him.

DULAC
(to knights)
Spread out! Guard the-

His words are cut off as a hundred FIRE ARROWS streak through the air - THUD into the surrounding buildings. Fires start immediately.

DULAC
Get those fires out!

OWAIN
We're trapped! We've got to get out!

Sarah reaches Kay's side. He struggles to his feet and pulls the arrow out of his back. He grabs the controls for the gate.

Erec and Gawain run to help.

FOREST

The outriders prop thick branches against the gate, keeping it from opening.

GATE

Kay, Gawain and Erec try to force open the gate.

DULAC

SMACKS an arrow out of the air with his sword.

AGLOVALE
We'll not last the night here!

FOREST

The Captain looks pleased.

Suddenly he frowns, looks up - RAINDROPS illuminated by the torchlight. The Captain swears under his breath.

OUTRIDER CAPTAIN
Scale the walls!

The soldiers take GRAPPLING HOOKS from their belts. They begin to swing them - hooking the tops of the fence...

VILLAGE

Duncan and villagers have all emerged from the buildings.

DULAC
 (to Duncan)
 Put these fires out!

DUNCAN
 The well is beyond the fence!

Soldiers begin to appear on the fence. They draw their bows and begin firing on the knights and villagers who have only burning buildings for cover.

The rain is not putting out the fires.

Villagers are cut down by arrows.

DULAC
 Come on!

Dulac races for the fence, the other knights follow.

Dulac scrambles up the fence, digging Caliburn into the wood and hauling himself up.

He reaches the top of the fence where a grappling hook has found purchase.

A soldier pulls himself up onto the fence. His look of triumph is short lived - Caliburn TAKES off his head!

Dulac ducks as an arrow flies past his head.

Constantine, Bedivere, Dagonet, Owain and Aglovale have also reached the top of the fence to meet the invaders.

An arrow HITS Dagonet in the leg and he loses his footing - tumbling back down the fence.

GATE

Kay, Gawain and Erec push hard against the gate, villagers join in, but to no avail.

FENCE

An arrow HITS Owain in the chest! He falls dead from the fence.

BEDIVERE
 Owain!

An arrow hits Dulac in the arm. He loses his footing and CRASHES back down the fence.

Dulac hits the ground and Caliburn FLIES out of his hand.

CONSTANTINE

angrily KICKS an outrider in the face as he clambers onto the fence, sending him flying off again.

A grappling hook CATCHES around Aglovale's throat and pulls him off the fence!

He crashes to the ground at the feet of the outriders who hack at his body with their swords.

KAY

looks up at the rain that is not falling nearly hard enough. He looks over at Dulac climbing to his feet and to Caliburn lying on the ground.

Kay looks finally at Sarah, huddled against the fence silently, desperately praying. He makes a decision.

Kay races to where the horses are tied up - two already dead with arrows in them. He mounts his horse.

KAY

YAH!

He urges his horse forward - racing toward the fence.

Kay leans down in his saddle and grabs Caliburn from the ground, even as Dulac reaches for it.

Kay's horse hits the fence at an angle and RACES up it, following a spiral path. Constantine and Bedivere leap out of the way.

Kay swings Caliburn - cutting down on outrider, then another, and another...

ARROWS begin to find their target. One hits Kay in the leg, one in the shoulder. Several hit his horse.

Kay clears the fence of attackers, their bodies CRASHING onto their comrades below.

Kay looks back at Sarah, who looks up at him terrified for his welfare.

Kay grins at her... and urges his horse off the fence!

WOODS

Kay and his horse land on several outriders - CRUSHING them.

Kay's horse goes down as does Kay, but he is on his feet again in seconds - FIGHTING his way through the enemy, moving towards the props that keep the gate clamped shut.

Outriders fire ARROWS at the knight - many hit their target, but Kay makes it to the gate.

He roars as he drags aside the props keeping the gate closed.

More ARROWS drive into his flesh. An outrider runs forward and drives his sword between Kay's shoulder-blades! Kay drops to his knees.

The gates CRASH open!

Constantine, Gawain, Bedivere, Erec surge out - CUTTING down outriders. Within seconds the tide is turned, two dozen outriders lay dead, their fellows driven back into the woods.

Sarah and Dulac rush to Kay who lies dying.

Kay smiles up at Sarah, reaches out and brushes a tear from her cheek.

He then looks to Dulac, smiles again, takes his hand. Places Caliburn in his hand.

KAY

For Arthur. For my brother.

He dies.

It begins to rain heavily.

EXT. FOREST CLEARING -- DAY

More graves. Three graves each marked by a sword.

Sarah weeps as she lays flowers on one particular grave.

EXT. VILLAGE -- DAY

Some buildings have been destroyed, but many have survived including the village hall.

Constantine, Gawain, Bedivere, Erec and Dulac ready their horses. Dagonet is nowhere to be seen. Dulac's arm is heavily bandaged.

Duncan watches them, Sarah at his side.

DUNCAN

I am sorry that you have paid so high a price for helping us.

GAWAIN

We had a duty to help. We need no apologies.

Dagonet comes out of the hall, limping badly. The knights see him, but do not look pleased.

CONSTANTINE

Where the hell are you going?

DAGONET

With you!

EREC

The hell you are.

DULAC

Stay here, Dagonet.

DAGONET

No! I can still fight...

DUNCAN

We need strong young men, to help rebuild the village.

GAWAIN

You have nothing left to prove.

DAGONET

This is my fight as much as any man's! You'll not leave me behind.

CONSTANTINE

He's right.

Constantine approaches Dagonet. Dulac walks up behind the younger knight.

CONSTANTINE

We can't leave him.

Constantine PUNCHES Dagonet in the jaw - sending him flying backwards into Dulac's waiting arms.

Dulac gently lowers the unconscious knight to the ground.

DULAC

(to Duncan)
Look after him.

DUNCAN

Like he is one of our own.

Sarah goes and kneels by Dagonet's side.

The knights mount their horses.

DUNCAN

There is a red bridge. North of here, a few miles...

GAWAIN

Blood Bridge. We know it.

DUNCAN

A knight guards it. A black knight.

The knights look puzzled.

BEDIVERE

Pellinore?

(shakes his head)

The Black Knight is dead.

DUNCAN

It is guarded nonetheless.

The knights exchange worried looks.

INT. MORDRED'S BEDCHAMBER -- DAY

Mordred in bed. On top of a SERVANT GIRL, thrusting himself into her. The girl bites her lip, stares fixedly at the ceiling.

Mordred grunts as he enters the girl, his face red, the BOILS standing out on his body.

Morgan enters and casually sits down on the bed.

MORDRED

(annoyed)

Mother!

Morgan idly plays with the girl's hair.

MORGAN LE FAY

Having trouble?

MORDRED

Shut up.

MORGAN LE FAY

He is here.

MORDRED

Aelle? Good, I'll see him...

Morgan shouts towards the door.

MORGAN LE FAY

Bring him in!

Mordred panics, rolls off the girl. Morgan laughs.

MORDRED

Damn you, Mother!

INT. THRONE ROOM -- LATER

Mordred enters in full armour, crown on his head. Morgan follows.

AELLE, king of the Saxons, sits on Mordred's throne. He is in his fifties, a grizzled war veteran with a full beard and many battle scars. At his side a large, well-used BATTLE AXE.

Agravaine is on his knees, clutching a wound to his arm. Mordred's bodyguards are on their feet, swords in hand, ready to strike...

Mordred scowls at Agravain. Looks from him to the Saxon King's dirty hands caressing the wood of his throne.

MORDRED

My apologies, my friend, my
servants neglected to bring you a
seat of your own.

AELLE

(German accent)

No matter, this seat suits me
well.

The room is silent. The two kings regard each other coolly.

Aelle suddenly bursts out laughing. He jumps to his feet and grabs Mordred in a bear hug.

Mordred's bodyguards relax.

Mordred accepts Aelle's hug with a fixed smile, wrinkling his nose at the man's smell.

Aelle releases him. Takes in the boils that cover his face.

AELLE

It is good to see you.

MORDRED

And you. You know mother.

Aelle bows to Morgan, his eyes running over the full length of her body. Morgan smiles, bows in return.

Mordred reclaims his throne.

MORDRED

How is your queen?

AELLE

Fat.

A MALE SERVANT enters with a wooden chair, much lower than Mordred's throne. Aelle ignores it.

AELLE

I hear you have need of my army?
Perhaps your women have need of
their attentions?

He laughs. Mordred smiles stiffly.

MORDRED

Actually I have a small matter
that needs taking care of. I would
hardly bother you with it but my
armies are rather stretched at the
moment.

AELLE

More trouble with those bastard
Picts?

MORDRED

No. There is a small band of
outlaws who have been causing me
trouble.

AELLE

How many?

MORDRED

A dozen.

AELLE

(laughs)
For this you want my army?
(suspicious)
There is more to this than you are
telling. Who are these outlaws?

Mordred sighs.

MORDRED

They are knights of Camelot.

AELLE

Knights of Camelot? I thought you had killed them all.

MORDRED

I was clearly too merciful.

AELLE

(thoughtful)
Knights of Camelot.

MORDRED

I will understand if your army is not up to the task...

AELLE

Ha! You overestimate your former friends, Mordred. I will have their heads on stakes!

(beat)
Still, I would lose many men. Many good warriors.

MORDRED

For which I would compensate you handsomely.

AELLE

How so? What would you give me?

Aelle's eyes go to Morgan.

MORDRED

Sussex.

Aelle is silent for a moment

AELLE

Very well. You have my army.

Aelle sits on the arm of Mordred's throne. Mordred leans towards him.

MORDRED

(quietly)
The man who leads these knights,
I want him brought to me alive.

EXT. BLOOD BRIDGE -- DAY

The knights come to a dilapidated, once magnificent, wooden BRIDGE. The bridge is rotten in several places. The wood a faded red.

The river beneath the bridge has all but dried up. The river bed is littered with the CORPSES of long-dead knights and soldiers. What little water is left is red with the rust of decayed weapons and armour.

On the far side of the bridge is a squat stone HOUSE at the edge of a forest.

The knights dismount.

GAWAIN

Look.

A thin trail of SMOKE rises from the chimney of the house.

GAWAIN

Ghosts don't make fires.

Dulac draws Caliburn. Steps onto the bridge.

CONSTANTINE

Where are you going?

DULAC

This is my challenge to make.

BEDIVERE

He's right.

DULAC

(smiles)

Are you afraid I'll get hurt, Constantine?

CONSTANTINE

'Course not. But you can't fight for shit with your arm the way it is.

Dulac places his sword in his right hand.

DULAC

A man can fight with his right arm.

Erec laughs. Constantine smiles despite himself.

Dulac slowly crosses the bridge. The wood CREAKS worryingly underfoot.

The other knights watch on nervously.

Dulac reaches the other side of the bridge.

At the centre of the grassy plane beyond the bridge a thick metal spike is driven into the ground. Extending from the spike and disappearing into the surrounding trees is a very long, rusty metal CHAIN.

DULAC

(shouts)

Who holds this bridge? I challenge
you in the name of the King!

Dulac cautiously follows the chain towards the woods, peering into the shade of the trees.

DULAC#

Who holds this...?

The chain moves slightly.

A sound. HOOVES, growing LOUDER.

Dulac takes backs away...

A massive BLACK KNIGHT on a BLACK HORSE BURSTS out of the trees! He swings a vicious looking FLAIL.

Around his neck is an iron COLLAR that the chain is attached to.

Dulac draws his sword - CLANG! - Caliburn is knocked from his hand, landing hanging over the edge of the river bank.

The black knight turns his horse sharply, faces Dulac. His armour is decorated with African shapes and symbols painted in black pitch. He wears a black cloak. His horse's saddle is loaded with weapons.

He CHARGES!

Dulac looks around for a weapon. He picks up a rock and THROWS it.

The rock HITS the black knight in the chest, knocking him back in his saddle.

As the horse charges past, Dulac grabs the knight's arm and PULLS him from his horse!

The knight CRASHES to the ground, his flail flying from his hand.

Dulac grabs the flail as the black knight gets to his feet. He towers over Dulac.

Dulac SWINGS the flail - SMASHES its spiked ball against the side of the knight's helmet, sending him staggering backwards.

Dulac swings the flail again - the black knight CATCHES the deadly ball in an armoured fist and SLAMS his other fist into Dulac's face. Dulac goes down - the flail's chain SNAPS.

The black knight's horse trots back towards its master. The knight grabs his SWORD from the saddle.

Dulac scrambles to his feet and races towards Caliburn.

The black knight goes after him.

Dulac grabs Caliburn - rolls into a crouch just in time to BLOCK his opponent's sword.

Dulac straightens up and the two knights start a ferocious FIGHT!

The black knight drives Dulac back onto the bridge. The wood CREAKS beneath their feet.

Dulac's foot PLUNGES through the ancient wood of the bridge!

The black knight lunges - Dulac PARRIES the blow and SWEEPS the knight's feet from underneath him.

Dulac frees himself as the knight gets to his feet.

Their swords CLASH again!

Dulac gets the upper hand, forcing the knight back.

Dulac KNOCKS the sword from the knight's hand - KICKS him back against the rail - the rail BREAKS!

The black knight grabs hold of the remains of the rotting wood, struggling to stop himself plunging into the river fifty feet below.

DULAC

Do you yield?!

The knight loses his grip...

Dulac GRABS his hand - pulls him back onto the bridge.

The two knights collapse exhausted on the grass.

DULAC
 (out of breath)
 It's good to see you again,
 Palamedes.

The knight removes his helmet, revealing the face of a very dark-skinned African (40s). PALAMEDES.

The other knights carefully lead their horses across the bridge.

Palamedes grins.

PALAMEDES
 It's been a long time, brothers.

EXT. PALAMEDES'S HOUSE -- LATER

A cauldron hangs in the fireplace. The knights sit in a circle on wooden stools. Palamedes hands round bowls of broth.

Hanging on the walls are dozens upon dozens of WEAPONS: swords, maces, daggers, bows, axes, spears, etc. Also shields and various items of armour.

CONSTANTINE
 They said a black knight guarded
 the bridge... we didn't know they
 meant a Saracen.

Palamedes smiles.

BEDIVERE
 Who put the chain on you?

PALAMEDES
 I did. Arthur asked me to keep the
 bridge and I swore I would. Not
 until my head was cut off from my
 body would I give up this bridge!

He casts an admiring look at Dulac.

PALAMEDES
 Or until I was defeated.

Constantine examines the weapons on the walls.

CONSTANTINE
 These belonged to the men you
 defeated?

PALAMEDES
 Yes.

Constantine notices a pitchfork, looks to Palamedes.

PALAMEDES

Peasants come this way sometimes.
Seeking to kill Mordred.

EREC

You fight them? Enemies of
Mordred?

PALAMEDES

Farmers. Not warriors. Mordred
would make them suffer before he
killed them. I send most of them
home. With a few cuts and bruises.
(he looks unhappy)
Some are more determined.

GAWAIN

Where do you send them?

PALAMEDES

To God.
(off Gawain's look)
There are worse things than death.
You'll see.

The knights are silent for a moment.

DULAC

Will you come with us?

PALAMEDES

You've beaten me, I am yours to
command.

DULAC

This is a fight to the death.
There will be no return journey. I
am asking you.

PALAMEDES

(grins)
Of course I will come.

CONSTANTINE

(indicates weapons)
Mind if we borrow a few of these?

EXT. BLOOD BRIDGE -- DAY

Dulac, Constantine, Gawain, Bedivere and Erec have
upgraded their armour and have added weapons (flails,
maces, etc) to their armoury. They also now have wood or
metal shields.

Palamedes stands before the bridge which is being consumed by FIRE. He watches as the bridge collapses.

EXT. COUNTRYSIDE -- DAY

The knights ride across a misty plain. A hill far ahead of them.

PALAMEDES
Mordred's castle is beyond that hill. Night will give us a better chance of taking him by surprise.

The knights chuckle.

GAWAIN
Did we not mention he knows we're coming?

Palamedes looks to Constantine.

CONSTANTINE
Don't look at me. I was all for being subtle.

PALAMEDES
So what is your strategy? How do you expect to escape once you've...

Palamedes sees the look in his friends' eyes.

PALAMEDES
Ah. It's not that kind of mission.

BEDIVERE
If you want to turn back...

PALAMEDES
No. I wouldn't miss this for the world.

FIGURES appear on the crest of the hill, silhouetted against the horizon. SAXON WARRIORS, some on horseback.

HUNDREDS.

GAWAIN
Saxons.

EREC
To think, I could be lying in a dungeon right now drinking my own piss.

Constantine unslings the wine skin from around his neck and raises it.

CONSTANTINE

To us! The bastard sons of Avalon.

He drinks. Passes the wineskin around. Each knight drinks.

They draw their swords and cross blades. Time stops for a moment. This is the end of an era.

THE SAXONS

advance towards them.

The knights form a line, facing the enemy army.

BEDIVERE

How many do you reckon?

CONSTANTINE

Five hundred.

DULAC

And you said it was going to be difficult.

Constantine smiles.

PALAMEDES

We'll have to split up.

DULAC

No. Stick together. That's our strength.

AELLE

at the head of the Saxon riders raises his sword and screams a war cry! The Saxons echo his cry.

The Saxons CHARGE!

DULAC

raises Caliburn. The sword catches the light for a moment. Becomes a beacon.

DULAC

FOR CAMELOT!

ALL

CAMELOT!

The Knights of the Round Table begin their last charge!

SAXON RIDERS

charge down the hill!

SAXON FOOTSOLDIERS

unsling BOWS from their shoulders. They notch arrows and FIRE a volley of ARROWS into the air - hundreds!

THE KNIGHTS

crouch beneath their shields as the ARROWS rain down!
Their horses SCREAM as arrows pierce their flesh.

The knights ride hard to meet the Saxon charge.

An arrow EMBEDS itself in Dulac's horse's head! Horse and rider CRASH to the ground!

BEDIVERE

Dulac!

GAWAIN

I have him!

Gawain breaks formation, TURNING hard.

The other knights continue their charge towards the Saxons.

DULAC

raises his shield as the rain of ARROWS continues to fall. An arrow sticks in his boot.

He sees Gawain riding towards him.

GAWAIN

Go back!

Gawain throws away his shield and reaches down to Dulac.

GAWAIN

Take my hand!

Dulac reaches up...

An ARROW hits Gawain in the back!

DULAC

GAWAIN!

Gawain topples from his horse - into Dulac's arms. Dulac raises his shield to protect Gawain. Gawain's horse is felled by arrows.

Dulac cradles his dying friend. Gawain smiles up at Dulac.

GAWAIN

Give them hell, brother.

Gawain dies. Dulac lowers his shield, a cold look of fury in his eyes.

KNIGHTS and SAXON RIDERS COLLIDE!

Aelle and Erec's weapons CLASH! Erec is KNOCKED from his saddle - CRASHES to the ground.

The other knights separate Saxons from their horses - heads and limbs from bodies!

SAXON FOOTSOLDIERS

throw down their bows - draw their swords and CHARGE!

DULAC

closes Gawain's eyes and lays him gently on the ground. He picks up Gawain's spear and secures it to his back.

He stands... draws Caliburn... CHARGES!

SAXON RIDERS

encircle Constantine, Palamedes and Bedivere. Drawing in around them like a noose.

Aelle watches the battle from a safe distance, grinning.

The knights fight like demons, KNOCKING Saxons from their saddles, SPLINTERING swords and shields.

Erec staggers, badly wounded, to his feet. His sword lies several yards away.

A Saxon charges him!

Erec staggers towards his sword - the Saxon's sword
SLICES through his left arm, severing an artery...

Erec picks up his sword in his right hand as best he can,
turns as the Saxon raises his sword - kills the Saxon
with his sword!

Erec collapses, blood soaking the earth. He holds his
sword tightly in his right hand, dies with a smile on his
face.

Aelle sees Dulac running towards him. He grins and spurns
his horse into a CHARGE!

DULAC

doesn't falter.

AELLE

raises his axe!

DULAC

THROWS Caliburn!

Caliburn EMBEDS itself in Aelle's chest! The Saxon king
TOPPLES from his horse - a shocked look on his face.

Dulac GRABS the reins of Aelle's horse and LEAPS onto the
still moving animal! He pulls hard on the horse's reins,
turning it back towards the battle.

He leans down and PULLS Caliburn from Aelle's corpse as
he rides past.

THE KNIGHTS

are bruised and bloodied, exhausted. The bodies of dead
Saxons litter the ground, but a dozen Saxons riders
remain. And the Saxon footsoldiers are closing fast.

Dulac TEARS into the fray, cutting a swath through the
Saxons!

The four knights dispatch the last of the Saxon riders.

Constantine lets out a roar of triumph. The knights catch
their breath.

BEDIVERE

(to Dulac)

Where's Gawain?

Dulac shakes his head no.

CONSTANTINE

The bastards!

The knights CHARGE the oncoming footsoldiers!

They SMASH through the lines of Saxons, crushing and decapitating as they go!

They ride deeper and deeper into the Saxon ranks until they can ride no more.

The knights form a circle as the Saxons close in on them.

Palamedes's horse goes down under a BARRAGE of Saxon swords. Palamedes rolls to his feet and carries on fighting - driving back Saxons with sword and flail.

Bedivere's horse goes down.

Then Dulac's.

Constantine LEAPS off his horse into the Saxon throngs!

The knights fight on foot, decimating the Saxons like the warriors of legend they are. Taking hits but fighting on.

An injured Saxon retrieve his bow. He notches an arrow and aims it at Dulac, who is oblivious...

Bedivere puts himself between the archer and Dulac - the arrow HITS him in the shoulder! He THROWS his mace at the Saxon archer - killing him.

AGRAVAIN!

PLOUGHS through the Saxon soldiers on his horse, TRAMPLING those that get in his way.

He reaches the eye of the battle where the knights fight and dismounts. He pushes through the Saxons, his scarred and rusty sword held high.

A Saxon sword HITS Palamedes in the head - denting his visor. Palamedes pulls off his helmet and fights on.

Bedivere turns from dispatching one Saxon to find himself facing Agravain.

BEDIVERE

Agravain!

Agravain grins.

The two knights FIGHT! Agravain has the advantage over the wounded, exhausted Bedivere.

BEDIVERE

You were always a vulture,
Agravain...

AGRAVAIN

That is why I survive.

Agravain disarms Bedivere and PLUNGES his sword into his chest! - killing him!

Constantine sees this.

CONSTANTINE

NO!

Constantine FIGHTS through the Saxons to get to Agravain.

Agravain pushes through the Saxons to get to Constantine.

The two knights FIGHT!

AGRAVAIN

You're on the wrong side again,
Constantine!

Palamedes and DULAC

fight back to back. Saxons struggle to climb the mound of bodies piling up.

AGRAVAIN

deals Constantine a serious wound to his leg. Constantine goes down onto one knee.

AGRAVAIN

Now I kill you... like I killed
your brother!

Rage in Constantine's eyes.

Agravain brings down his sword - Constantine catches the wrist that holds Agravain's sword...

CONSTANTINE

Go to HELL!

He runs Agravain through with his sword!

Agravain screams, drops dead to the bloody grass.

THE KNIGHTS

suddenly find themselves without opponents. The Saxons are hanging back.

The field is littered with corpses. The grass is red, slick with blood. The remaining Saxons are a disorganised rabble.

The three knights are exhausted. Bloodied, wounded.

PALAMEDES

How many more do we have to kill
before they surrender?

CONSTANTINE

Ask them.

DULAC

(to Saxons)
Who leads you?

A wounded SAXON GENERAL raises his sword.

SAXON GENERAL

Ich.

DULAC

Übergeben Sie?

The Saxon nods, exhausted.

SAXON

Ja... wir übergeben.
(to Saxons)
Weg gesetzt Ihren Klingen!

The Saxons lower their swords. Some just slump to the ground. As do the knights.

Constantine leans against a dead Saxon horse. He lifts the flap of its saddle bag and takes out a large sausage. He eats.

CONSTANTINE

This is the life, eh, lads?

HILL

The setting sun turns the sky blood red.

The three surviving knights cross the bloody field of victory, climb the hill.

Injured Saxons follow, keeping their distance, not sure where else to go. The knights pay them no mind.

A further HILL rises up before them.

Dulac looks up. A SHAPE on the crest of the hill, silhouetted against the setting sun.

A CROSS.

An inverted cross.

Dulac's expression is one of horror as he gets close enough to make out...

The body of a dead KNIGHT OF CAMELOT crucified - upside down on the inverted cross. His hands and feet have been cut off. Crows have long ago devoured the flesh of his face.

CONSTANTINE

Jesus Christ!

PALAMEDES

(sadly)

I told you... there are worse things than death.

Mordred's CASTLE is half a mile away, dominating the horizon.

Between the hill and the castle a HUNDRED KNIGHTS are crucified along both sides of the road.

Constantine trembles with rage, tears in his eyes.

CONSTANTINE

MORDRED! I'M COMING FOR YOU! I'M COMING FOR YOU, YOU BASTARD!

Dulac turns angrily to the Saxons.

DULAC

Begraben Sie diese Männer!
Begraben Sie sie! Or we will bury you!

The Saxons agree, afraid to refuse. They start to dig graves for the dead knights.

EXT. MORDRED'S CASTLE -- EVENING

The day fades.

The three knights' expressions are grim, but determined, as they reach their final destination...

There is no water in the moat that surrounds the castle. Instead hungry WOLVES prowl - waiting for fresh meat.

PALAMEDES

How do we-?

The DRAWBRIDGE suddenly descends, BANGS against the ground before the three knights. Beyond it is sturdy iron PORTCULLIS. Standing behind the portcullis are a dozen of Mordred's soldiers. The knights ready themselves for another fight.

Above the on the ramparts Morgan appears, standing out against the darkening sky in her white dress. She holds a white scarf in one hand which she holds up for the wind to tease.

PALAMEDES

Morgan.

MORGAN LE FAY

Welcome to the castle of your king, brave knights of Camelot.

CONSTANTINE

We've come for your son, Morgan. Send him out.

MORGAN LE FAY

I have come to barter for my son's life.

DULAC

No. No truces. Not this time.

MORGAN LE FAY

Come now. My brother always showed mercy to his enemies...

DULAC

I am not Arthur.

MORGAN LE FAY

Indeed you are not. You would be a very different kind of king, wouldn't you? Is that what you came for, my son's crown?

DULAC

Is that what he offers in return for his life?

MORGAN LE FAY

No. That is what I offer in return
for mine.

Dulac smiles grimly.

DULAC

What loyalty Mordred commands.

MORGAN LE FAY

I love my son more than anything
... but myself.

(beat)

You know the value of an
experienced woman, Lancelot Du
Lac.

Dulac tenses.

MORGAN LE FAY

I could give you the power to rule
and help you keep it.

CONSTANTINE

Don't fancy your son's chances
much then?

MORGAN LE FAY

Oh, you are still a way from
victory, Constantine.

Morgan releases her scarf. As it flutters to the ground
two dozen of Mordred's SOLDIERS BURST from the
surrounding trees!

ARCHERS appear on the battlements!

The knights are trapped.

Dulac, however, smiles.

DULAC

Morgan, you are like no woman I
have ever met.

Morgan smiles.

In one swift movement Dulac draws Gawain's spear and
sends it HURTLING through the air. Morgan is impaled
before she has time to react.

Morgan staggers and FALLS from the battlements. She
CRASHES onto the drawbridge, still alive.

The knights raise their shields as arrows FIRE on them
from above.

Mordred's soldiers surge forwards. The knights turn to face them.

Morgan raises a hand to the soldiers behind the portcullis.

MORGAN LE FAY

Help... me!

The portcullis rises and the soldiers surge forward - two stop to help Morgan to her feet - the rest rush at the knights.

Dulac cuts a swathe through the oncoming soldiers, leaving his friends to fight the remainder.

Dulac swiftly cuts down the soldiers who are helping Morgan and drags her to the edge of the drawbridge.

DULAC

You are like no woman at all.

Dulac lets Morgan go. She lands amongst the wolves - who tear her to pieces!

The portcullis begins to LOWER!

CONSTANTINE

Run!

The three knights charge for the castle entrance - ARROWS rain down on them.

An arrow HITS Palamedes in the ankle - he goes sprawling.

Dulac and Constantine DIVE under the lowering portcullis just before it SLAMS closed!

Dulac and Constantine realize they have left a man behind.

DULAC

Palamedes!

Palamedes gets to his feet.

PALAMEDES

(grins)

Looks like I hold the bridge.

He turns to face the oncoming soldiers.

DULAC

No!

CONSTANTINE

Up!

Dulac and Constantine CHARGE up a staircase leading to the battlements - killing the ARCHERS who come down the stairs.

BATTEMENTS

The portcullis CONTROLS. A dozen remaining ARCHERS.

Dulac and Constantine kill the archers.

PALAMEDES

stands at the end of the drawbridge where it meets the ground. The soldiers ATTACK!

DULAC AND CONSTANTINE

grab bows and SHOOT at the soldiers.

PALAMEDES

sends a dozen soldiers into the jaws of the wolves before the first blade enters his body. Badly wounded he fights on.

DULAC AND CONSTANTINE

run out of arrows.

PALAMEDES

runs out of strength - falls to his knees. Three soldiers stand over him. They raise their swords.

Palamedes lunges - THROWS himself against the three soldiers and the four of them plunge into the moat below!

CONSTANTINE

Palamedes!

Lies dying from his fall. The injured soldiers scream as the wolves ATTACK!

Palamedes smiles as he dies. It was a good end.

Wolves approach his body. Something about this human... they back away, go after the soldiers instead.

CONSTANTINE AND DULAC

lean heavily against the battlements. The fight is nearly gone from them. They are wounded in many places. Blood runs down their armour.

The SOUND of RUNNING below.

The two knights look at each other. Look into each other.

Mordred's BODYGUARDS run up the stairs. They are strong, well rested and ready for a fight.

CONSTANTINE

(smiles)

For Arthur?

DULAC

(nods, smiles)

For Arthur.

They turn, raise their weapons.

INT. THRONE ROOM -- NIGHT

Dulac and Constantine are dragged forward, thrown to their knees before Mordred. One of the bodyguards holds their weapons (Caliburn camouflaged by the blood that coats it) and Constantine's bag.

Mordred rises from his throne, grinning like a skull.

MORDRED

Hello, Lancelot.

DULAC

(exhausted)

Hello, Mordred.

MORDRED

King Mordred actually. And Constantine too! It's so good to see you both!

He peers through the doorway.

MORDRED

Oh, is it just you two? I thought they'd be more.

His subjects laugh. Constantine glowers at him.

MORDRED

I assumed you were both dead...
or hiding. But here you are!
(MORE)

MORDRED (CONT'D)

Come all this way just to pay
tribute to your king.

DULAC

We didn't come to bring you
tribute, Mordred. We came to bring
you death.

MORDRED

Oh, please don't lose what little
dignity you have left by making
pathetic, empty threats!

DULAC

We came to repay your treachery.

MORDRED

My treachery?

(laughs)

Surely even you can see the
hypocrisy of that!

CONSTANTINE

He betrayed a man... you betrayed
a country.

MORDRED

(sighs)

I thought this would be fun,
watching the last knights of
Camelot on their knees... but I'm
just bored.

Mordred notices the knights' confiscated possessions.

MORDRED

Bring me those.

The bodyguard brings him the weapons and the bag. Mordred
briefly examines Constantine's sword, casts it aside.
Some of his subjects snatch it up, fight over it.

Mordred inspects Caliburn. The sword's unnatural metal
shines in the candle light. Mordred excitedly wipes off
the blood.

MORDRED

Caliburn? It is! Arthur's sword!

(awed)

The broken sword... made whole
again... like I will be.

Mordred looks to Dulac, genuinely moved.

MORDRED

Thank you, Lancelot!
(to servant)
Fetch food and drink! Fetch my
physicians!

His subjects and bodyguards exchange confused looks.

DULAC

That sword does not belong to you,
Mordred. It is not a gift. It is
the sword I will kill you with.

Mordred's subjects laugh. Mordred turns on them.

MORDRED

SHUT UP!

They fall silent.

Mordred sighs, disappointed. He looks at Constantine's
bag.

MORDRED

And what's this?

Constantine grins.

CONSTANTINE

That is a gift.

Mordred upends the bag... his sons' HANDS fall out -
complete with distinctive rings!

CONSTANTINE

Surprise.

Mordred is horrified.

MORDRED

NO! NO! NO! NO!

He grabs the hands, clasps them to his chest.

CONSTANTINE

For all the children you've
killed, Mordred. And for all the
bastards you made.

Mordred pulls himself together. He calmly places each
hand on the arm rests of his throne.

MORDRED

You always did enjoy the killing
just a little bit more than the
rest of them, didn't you,
Constantine?

Mordred crouches down in front of Constantine.

MORDRED

I'm going to make you suffer. So.
Very. Much.

CONSTANTINE

Do your worst. I can take all the
pain you've got.

MORDRED

Really? Let's see.

Mordred stands. He draws his sword and places it at
Constantine's throat. Not a flicker of fear on
Constantine's face.

Mordred lowers his sword, then...

PLUNGES it into Dulac's side!

CONSTANTINE

NO!

Constantine lunges. Two bodyguards hold him back.

CONSTANTINE

YOU BASTARD! YOU BASTARD! I'LL
KILL YOU! I'LL KILL YOU!

MORDRED

Does that hurt, Constantine?

Dulac straightens up, badly hurt, but a defiant look in
his eye.

MORDRED

(laughs)
How did you two ever think you
could defeat me? Really? Please,
tell me. Tell me!

DULAC

Faith.

Mordred turns on his subjects.

MORDRED

Faith!

His subjects force a laugh.

MORDRED

(to Dulac)
Faith in what?

DULAC

Faith that Evil doesn't last. That
no matter how dark it gets there
is always light within the
darkness. There is always hope.

MORDRED

(amused)
And what hope is left for you,
good Sir Lancelot?

DULAC

Fight me.

MORDRED

Trial by combat? You always
opposed that tradition if I
remember correctly. God does not
take sides in matters of violence,
isn't that what you used to say?

DULAC

This isn't about God. This is you
and me.

Mordred looks hesitant. He looks to Dulac's many
injuries, to the life blood flowing from his body.

MORDRED

Very well.
(to audience)
I shall prove that I am the
rightful King of Britain! At one
with the Land! Anointed by God
himself!

The people force a CHEER.

MORDRED

And to show that I am a good and
humble king...

He takes Caliburn in his left hand. His own sword in his
right.

MORDRED

(to Dulac)
... I give you my own sword.

He throws his sword at Dulac's feet. Dulac looks worried.
As does Constantine.

MORDRED

I will fight with the sword of my
father!

Dulac reluctantly picks up Mordred's sword, gets to his
feet.

CONSTANTINE

Kill him.

Dulac nods. The bodyguards drag Constantine aside,
clearing the "arena" for the fight that is about to take
place.

Dulac faces Mordred. He holds Mordred's sword in his
right hand. Mordred notices.

MORDRED

You've changed.

DULAC

You haven't.

Mordred smiles... ATTACKS!

The two men FIGHT.

Dulac fights HARD - forcing himself to ignore his pain
and exhaustion. Mordred fights easily, playfully, dancing
around.

MORDRED

If only you had sworn allegiance
to me, I wouldn't have had to tell
my father about you and Guinevere.
I would have let you fuck her to
your heart's content!

They fight on. The spectators watch anxiously, including
Constantine and the bodyguards.

Mordred CUTS Dulac's arm badly.

MORDRED

Come on, Lancelot! Fight! Where's
your spirit? Is this how your
story ends? A betrayer of a king
killed by a king! Is this how
history will remember you?

DULAC

History won't even remember you
were king.

Mordred's eyes burn with hate.

MORDRED

They will always remember me! I
WILL MAKE THEM!

Mordred drives Dulac back with a BARRAGE of blows!

DULAC

You are weak, Mordred.

MORDRED

SHUT UP!

The two men's swords CLASH...

CALIBURN SHATTERS!

The blade CLATTERS to the floor. Mordred's subjects gasp.

Mordred is left holding the hilt and a stump of blade. He looks shocked and terrified.

DULAC

That is not your sword.

MORDRED

(to bodyguards)
Kill him!

One bodyguard puts his sword to Constantine's throat.

BODYGUARD

Drop the sword or he di-

Without taking his eyes off Mordred Dulac THROWS his sword - it IMPALES the bodyguard, killing him instantly!

Constantine grabs the sword before the dead bodyguard hits the ground - rises and DECAPITATES the other bodyguard before he has time to react!

The last bodyguard backs slowly towards the door.

MORDRED

Oh, Christ.

Mordred drops Caliburn. Turns to his subjects.

MORDRED

A sword! Quick!

The subject with Constantine's sword hides it beneath his robes.

A defiant look in the eyes of Mordred's subjects.

MORDRED
KILL HIM! I ORDER YOU TO KILL HIM!

Nobody moves.

Mordred turns to Dulac who stands perfectly still, calm, strong. Legendary.

Mordred sinks to his knees.

MORDRED
Lancelot, please. P-please! We
were brothers! We were brothers!

CONSTANTINE
Kill him, Lancelot!

MORDRED
No! Forgive me! Forgive me!
Look...

Mordred reaches into his armour, pulls out his Camelot crucifix. It is tarnished and unpolished.

DULAC
You're not a Christian...

MORDRED
But you are!

Dulac takes his crucifix from around his neck and throws it to Constantine.

MORDRED
No! Forgive me! Forgive me,
please!

Dulac walks slowly towards Mordred. He stoops and picks up what remains of Caliburn in his left hand.

He kneels before Mordred. Puts his hand on Mordred's shoulder.

Mordred reaches under his surcoat - a dagger! - PLUNGES it into Dulac's chest!

CONSTANTINE
LANCELOT!

Dulac does not react to the dagger.

DULAC
I forgive you, Mordred.

Dulac IMPALES Mordred with the remains of Caliburn!

Mordred's face goes pale. He gasps. Falls onto his back, a look of horror and disbelief on his face. He lets out a strangled sob.

MORDRED

I... am... your...

Mordred dies.

Dulac lets out a sigh of relief. A sigh that has been building for a long time. He collapses.

Mordred's subjects get to their feet and FLEE! Leaving behind their dead king.

Constantine runs to Dulac's side, cradles the dying knight in his arms.

DULAC

(smiles weakly)

Mordred is dead... are you going to kill me now?

CONSTANTINE

(crying)

No... brother.

Lancelot Du Lac, Knight of the Round Table, hero of Camelot, dies. A smile on his face. At peace.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

EXT. FOREST -- DAY

Snowdrops and the buds of flowers push through the soft earth. It is Spring at last.

Merlin sits on a rock talking to a small BOY (5) who sits at his feet stroking Dulac's dog.

MERLIN

... Of course there was no way Arthur was going to run all the way home to get Kay's sword. So when he saw a perfectly good sword sticking out of a rock he grabbed it... and pulled it out! Well, of course the people went wild.

BOY

What was the sword called?

MERLIN

Caliburn. Most people think it was called Excalibur, but it wasn't. That was later...

CONSTANTINE (O.S.)

I thought it was an anvil Arthur pulled the sword from.

Constantine walks towards him. The sun shines on Dulac's cross hanging around his neck. Mordred's crown is attached to his belt, he holds a bundle in his hand. Merlin smiles.

MERLIN

Rock, anvil. It's the truth that matters, not the details.

Constantine hands Merlin the bundle that contains Caliburn.

CONSTANTINE

(sadly)
It's over.

MERLIN

Over?
(grins)
It's only just beginning.

EXT. LAKE -- DAY

Constantine and Merlin walk towards a crystal clear lake. The boy and the dog follow.

The sky above is a perfect blue. Shoots and buds spring up everywhere. A kingfisher alights onto a branch.

CONSTANTINE

Who's the boy?

MERLIN

He's an orphan. I found him wandering in the forest. Actually I was wondering if you'd look after him for me.

CONSTANTINE

Me? Why, where are you going?

MERLIN

I'm moving on. Back to the water.

CONSTANTINE

There's a lot of work to do. Crops
to sow, homes to rebuild...

MERLIN

You'll be okay. It'll be Summer
soon.

Constantine remembers the crown.

CONSTANTINE

Oh, there's this too.

He offers it to Merlin.

MERLIN

Why don't you hang onto that?

Constantine shrugs. Merlin turns to the boy.

MERLIN

This is Constantine. He's going to
take care of you.

The boy regards Constantine nervously. Constantine
crouches down before him.

CONSTANTINE

I'm looking for someone to help
me. Someone with a strong pair of
hands. What do you reckon?

BOY

I've got strong hands.

The boy shows off his little hands. Constantine smiles.
The boy smiles back.

Merlin nods approvingly.

MERLIN

Right. Cheerio then.

Merlin walks into the lake.

MERLIN

People won't remember these times.
You're going to have to remind
them.

CONSTANTINE

Me? How?

MERLIN

Stories, poems, songs. Pass them
on. Start with the boy.
(MORE)

MERLIN (CONT'D)

(beat)

And remember, it's the truth that matters not the details.

Merlin wades deeper into the lake.

MERLIN

Ooh, tell him the one about the giant, he'll like that one.

Merlin wades up to his chest.

CONSTANTINE

And what shall I tell the people about you, Merlin?

Merlin turns, grins.

MERLIN

Tell them I was wise. Yes, tell them I was wise.

Merlin disappears under the water.

Constantine stands watching until the last ripple disappears from the lake's surface.

He looks down at the boy who gazes up at him expectantly.

He puts out his hand, the boy takes it. They walk off into the forest.

CONSTANTINE

Well, there was this giant you see. In Devon. His name was Gargantua. He was causing all kinds of trouble.

BOY

What was he doing?

CONSTANTINE

He was eating people.

The boy gasps.

CONSTANTINE

So the King sent Lancelot, Kay, Gawain and me to go and have a word with him... don't pick your nose... anyway, we went to see this giant and...

Constantine and the boy, future kings of Britain, disappear into the forest...

Into legend.

FADE OUT.