

ROUNDTABLE

by

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EXT. MEDIEVAL ENGLAND - TWILIGHT

A crowd of SCREAMING PEASANTS charges over the rolling green hills of sixth-century Britain.

But just when you start to worry that this is going to be a shitty historical drama, we push in close on one of these moaning peasants to reveal WORMS crawling through the flesh of its reanimated corpse-face.

Oh, okay, neat. These marauding farmhands are actually an ARMY OF THE UNDEAD.

ZOMBIE
REEARRRGHHHRG!

SHINK! Before the zombie can finish that thought, it's swiftly DECAPITATED by a glistening broadsword.

This feudal weapon belongs to SIR LANCELOT, a handsome blonde knight in shimmering gold armor riding a majestic white steed as he bravely leads THREE OTHER KNIGHTS into mounted battle against these decomposing monsters.

SIR LANCELOT
Ready your blades for blood, my
brothers! We shant let these
deviled creatures make mock of us!
By my hilt, we will fight until--

KZZZZAXX. Without warning, Sir Lancelot is BLASTED with a bolt of mystical purple energy that crackles about his metallic armor before cooking his body to ash.

Nearby, a dark-haired knight named SIR GALAHAD finishes HALVING a zombie with his sword just in time to watch in horror as his best friend is atomized.

SIR GALAHAD
LANCELOT!

And now we see that the late Lancelot was felled by the zombies' leader, a devastatingly gorgeous young woman wearing an ornate jeweled CROWN atop her raven-haired head. This is MORGANA LE FAY. She is LEVITATING several feet above the battlefield as her hands sparkle with mystic lightning.

MORGANA
Dry your eyes, Sir Galahad. You'll
be reunited with your fair-haired
squire boy soon enough.

Galahad confidently holds his ground as he's FLANKED by two more of his fellow knights, SIR TRISTAN and SIR PERCIVAL.

SIR TRISTAN

Nay, Morgana. Your "coronation" was a crime against our Lord. And like your dread soldiers, we shall cleave to this side of the dirt until your reign is ended.

MORGANA

(a wicked smile)

Your bluster is no match for my sorcery, children.

SIR PERCIVAL

'Tis wise we brought a sorcerer of our own then, aye?

Morgana hears a high-pitched SCREECH, and turns to see a FALCON flapping its majestic wings as it comes to rest on the arm of the man who's just MATERIALIZED at Morgana's back.

MORGANA

MERLIN?!

Yep, we're looking at the most famous wizard of all time... but for reasons that will become clear later, instead of a gray-maned old man, our Merlin should be portrayed by a younger American comic actor, more JACK BLACK or SETH ROGEN than Sean Connery or Patrick Stewart.

But for right now, our bearded American actor should be playing this role ABSURDLY STRAIGHT, speaking in his best medieval accent as his badass black cloak whips in the wind.

MERLIN

Deus ex mortis!

With that incantation, Merlin summons a powerful storm that SCATTERS the howling zombies to pieces.

MORGANA

Impossible! I imprisoned you in the Granite Bands of Fwatoom!

MERLIN

Did you truly believe your teacher could be bested by one of the spells he taught you?

Raising his arms, Merlin then fires GLOWING BANDS OF FORCE from the palms of his hands. These enchanted chains ENTWINE around Morgana's shapely body, DRAGGING her to the ground.

As she struggles against her bonds, Morgana SPITS at Merlin with derision.

MORGANA

I curse ye, old man!

MERLIN

There is little you can do to break
my heart more than you already
have, witch.

MORGANA

I curse ye... to be *banished* from
this empire... should you so much
as set a single toe off its soil.

MERLIN

(disappointed)

Oh, Morgana. What makes you think
I would ever leave my beloved
Britain?

The three surviving knights dismount their horses, draw their
weapons, and cautiously approach the writhing Morgana.

MORGANA

Get on with it then. Execute a
helpless woman.

SIR GALAHAD

You, my lady, are no woman.

Together, the knights then PLUNGE their swords deep into
Morgana's heart. As she screams, her body begins to CHANGE.
Merlin and the knights take a few steps back, and watch with
amazement as Morgana DISSOLVES into the earth before SPOUTING
back up in the form of a fully grown WEeping WILLOW TREE.

All that's left of the sorceress is the ornate CROWN she was
wearing. Merlin picks it up, holds it before his eyes.

MERLIN

And now, we must return this crown
to our one true sovereign, the
fount of all our power.

SIR TRISTAN

But what if Morgana returns?

PUSH IN on the crown in Merlin's hands.

MERLIN

Then other men shall be called to
wage your noble battle. For so
long as our kingdom has her
knights... darkness will never fall
on England.

INT. BUCKINGHAM PALACE CORRIDOR - MORNING

We then PULL WIDE from this same crown to reveal that we're now in the modern-day United Kingdom, where the crown is resting on a velvet pillow in the gloved hands of one of two YEOMEN OF THE GUARD standing watch inside Buckingham Palace.

YEOMEN #1

Bloody hell, this thing weighs more than a Volvo.

YEOMEN #2

Yeah, it's a wonder it don't snap the old bird's neck.

ANOTHER VOICE (O.S.)

And it's a wonder I don't snap yours.

Both men straighten to attention as QUEEN ELIZABETH II enters this hallway, feisty as hell despite being eighty years old.

YEOMEN #2

(frightened)

Uh-uh-apologies, your majesty.

QUEEN ELIZABETH II

Let's get on with this bullshit, shall we?

YEOMEN #1

Of course, your highness.

The two men place the crown atop the Queen's head.

QUEEN ELIZABETH II

Who's up first?

YEOMEN #1

Bloke named Simon Mintz, ma'am.

QUEEN ELIZABETH II

And what has he done to distinguish himself from the unwashed masses?

YEOMEN #2

Something to do with newts, your majesty.

The Queen just stares at him.

YEOMEN #2 (cont'd)

It's kind of like a salamander.

QUEEN ELIZABETH II
 I know what a sodding newt is, why
 does it entitle anyone to
 knighthood?

YEOMEN #1
 He's a scientist, ma'am. Made some
 kind of big discovery about them.
 Newts, that is. Not scientists.

The Queen impatiently grabs a nearby SWORD.

QUEEN ELIZABETH II
 I knighted Churchill, for Christ's
 sake. And all they bring me now
 are wankers...

INT. BUCKINGHAM PALACE BALLROOM - CONTINUOUS

Introducing the wanker in question: SIMON MINTZ, an affable
 British dude in his early 30s. He's wearing formal attire
 for probably the first time in his life, and trying his best
 not to grin like a complete dork as the ceremony commences.

Simon rises as the orchestra begins to play. Queen Elizabeth
 enters the crowded ballroom accompanied by two Gurkha Orderly
 Officers and the LORD CHAMBERLAIN, who stands to the right of
 Her Majesty and addresses the assembled audience.

LORD CHAMBERLAIN
 To receive the honor of knighthood,
 Dr. Simon Mintz, for advancements
 in the field of ecology.

Simon nervously steps forward and nearly TRIPS over the
 Investiture stool, as he clumsily drops to one knee before a
 decidedly unimpressed Queen Elizabeth.

Simon can't help but FLINCH as Her Majesty calmly raises her
 sword and WHACKS him on each shoulder.

SIMON
 Ow?

Elizabeth rolls her eyes as she reluctantly places a MEDAL OF
 KNIGHTHOOD around Simon's neck.

QUEEN ELIZABETH II
 (flatly)
 Arise, Sir Simon.

As everyone APPLAUDS, Simon gets to his feet and holds out
 his hand for the Queen to shake. She just stares at him.

SIMON

Hm? Oh, crap, right. They told me I'm not supposed to touch you. I--

QUEEN ELIZABETH II

Sir Simon, what is it you do with these... newts?

SIMON

Thank you for asking, ma'am. I study the effect of climate change on their breeding sites and terrestrial habitats. It's really quite interesting to see how--

Ignoring him, the Queen looks out into the audience to see an EMPTY SEAT next to the one where Simon was just sitting.

QUEEN ELIZABETH II

Where is your guest?

SIMON

My what? Ah, yes, well. My parents passed on a few years back. Big fans of yours, incidentally. Like so many of the elderly.

More staring.

SIMON (cont'd)

And I, uh, suppose you'd think six months would be enough notice to find a proper date, but I've been so busy with... email and what have you that I never--

QUEEN ELIZABETH II

Please go away now.

SIMON

(relieved)

Cheers.

EXT. BUCKINGHAM PALACE - AFTERNOON

The ceremony completed, Simon stumbles out into the daylight, proudly inspecting the medal still hanging around his neck.

As one of those old-fashioned carriages that only tourists ride clops past, Simon holds up the medal for one of the HORSES to see. The animal snorts with indifference.

But Simon's still smiling to himself as he approaches the crappy little SCOOTER he parked directly in front of the palace... when he suddenly notices an attractive young FEMALE POLICE OFFICER who appears to be writing him a ticket.

SIMON

Oi! Lovely Rita!

POLICE OFFICER

(not even looking up)

I'm not a meter maid, I'm a constable with the Metropolitan Police.

SIMON

Then why are you writing me a bloody ticket?

POLICE OFFICER

I'm not. I'm taking down your license number so I can have your vehicle *impounded*.

SIMON

What?! Why?

POLICE OFFICER

You can't just leave vehicles unattended in front of Buckingham Palace. In case you haven't noticed, there's a War on Terror going on.

SIMON

I'm not a terrorist, I'm a Commander of the British Empire!

The officer chuckles to herself, but Simon holds up his medal in protest for the confused woman to inspect.

SIMON (cont'd)

It's true! Look!

POLICE OFFICER

You rode a Vespa to your own knighting?

SIMON

Yeah, well, no one gets into herpetology for the money.

POLICE OFFICER

You're a doctor of *herpes*?

SIMON

What? No, it's the study of reptiles and...

(giving up)

Look, if you just let me off with a warning or whatever, I'd... I'd do anything to make it up to you.

POLICE OFFICER

Are you trying to bribe me?

SIMON

Ab-absolutely not, I--

But the bobby SMILES, her cold exterior melting away.

POLICE OFFICER

Relax, I'm just taking the piss. Sure, you could buy me a pint. Never been on a date with a real knight before. If we got married, that'd make me a lady, yeah?

SIMON

(uncomfortable)

Married...?

POLICE OFFICER

A joke, mate.

SIMON

Ah. Brilliant.

(then)

Which part?

She writes down her number on the back of Simon's ticket.

POLICE OFFICER

I'm off-duty by eight. Ring me if Her Majesty ever gives you a night off. Name's Bobbi, by the way.

SIMON

Ha! A bobby named Bobbi?

BOBBI just glares at him, clearly having heard this joke a hundred thousand times in her career.

SIMON (cont'd)

Right. Well. I'm Simon.

(with a dumb grin)

"Sir Simon."

As the sky darkens, THUNDER rolls in the distance.

EXT. ENGLISH COUNTRYSIDE - EVENING

We're looking at a TREE.

And if it seems familiar, that's because it's the same WEeping WILLOW from our medieval opening, looking exactly as it did when it first sprung fully formed from the earth.

As LIGHTNING flashes, we see an overweight CONSTRUCTION WORKER wielding a massive CHAINSAW. He's headed right for the tree.

Standing in this man's path is a lone male PROTESTER, a college-age hippie holding a hand-painted sign that reads "SAVE OUR FORREST." He's screaming at the bored worker.

PROTESTER

I won't let you rape Mother Earth
to put up another department store!
You have no right to--

CONSTRUCTION WORKER

You misspelled "forest."

PROTESTER

Sorry?

CONSTRUCTION WORKER

On your sign. It's only spelt with
one R, innit?

PROTESTER

Oh. Are you sure?

CONSTRUCTION WORKER

(really thinking hard)
...no.

The two men, alone in this large field, stare at each other for a long beat.

Finally, the construction worker YANKS his chainsaw to life.

PROTESTER

(quietly)
Right. Rape away.

Defeated, the protester steps aside, as the construction promptly CUTS into the weeping willow. But as the blade sinks deep into the wood, something strange happens.

A BLINDING BURST OF LIGHT emanates from within the bark, sending a shower of SPARKS flying everywhere.

The construction worker takes a step back as the felled tree COLLAPSES in a burst of brimstone. The trunk of the fallen tree is shrouded in smoke, and as the cloud dissipates, we see a FIGURE standing here.

It's MORGANA. She's naked, her naughty bits obscured by the swirling mist.

MORGANA

At last.

(looking at the two men)

Which of you is responsible for my emancipation?

The protester sheepishly points to the construction worker.

PROTESTER

Um, he broke your tree, ma'am. I tried to stop him.

MORGANA

Your honesty is commendable.

Without warning, Morgana reaches forward and SNAPS the protester's neck. His lifeless body crumbles to the ground.

CONSTRUCTION WORKER

(horrified)

You... you killed him.

MORGANA

Most astute, slave. Now remove his vestments and give them to me.

But instead of helping this woman, the construction worker DROPS his chainsaw and wisely RUNS AWAY.

Morgana holds out her right hand... but rather than launching a deadly blast, it just FIZZLES with a few sad little pops.

As the construction worker continues to huff away at top speed, Morgana nonchalantly picks up the chainsaw, and from about a hundred yards away, HURLS it right into the retreating construction worker's heart.

We're with a smiling Morgana as she watches him COLLAPSE in the distance.

Suddenly, Morgana hears a familiar SCREECHING, and looks up to see a FALCON gazing down at her from a nearby tree.

Having apparently seen enough, the bird LAUNCHES into the sky and flaps hard for the setting sun in the west.

Morgana watches as one of its FEATHERS flutters to the ground. She picks it up, stares at it, and SNEERS.

MORGANA (cont'd)
Merlin...

EXT. HAUNTED CAVE - NIGHT

Smash cut to this close-up of a WARLOCK, dressed like the magicians of legend.

WARLOCK
Hold your ground, knights!

We're outside of a ominous cave in what we can now tell is some kind of VIRTUAL WORLD, animated in the realistic style of an online role-playing game.

The virtual warlock is leading SEVERAL OTHER CHARACTERS, all of whom are wearing elaborate suits of armor.

WARLOCK (cont'd)
I fear a terrible darkness lurks
within this cave!

VIRTUAL KNIGHT #1
What tipped you off, cocklord?

The virtual knight jerks a thumb at a nearby wooden sign that clearly reads "THE CAVE OF TERRIBLE DARKNESS."

WARLOCK
Which is all the more reason for us
to agree on a comprehensive
strategy before we enter.

VIRTUAL KNIGHT #2
Here's a strategy: let's run in and
stab guys with our swords.

WARLOCK
But if one of you were injured--

VIRTUAL KNIGHT #3
Then you'd use your crappy +2
restoration spell. Now let's go!

VIRTUAL KNIGHT #1
Yeah, out of the way, Merkin!

As the knights all race past him and into the cave with their weapons drawn, the warlock FROWNS with quiet disappointment.

WARLOCK
Um, actually...

INT. APARTMENT - AFTERNOON

MERLIN
...it's *Merlin*.

Now in the real world, we reveal that the human being behind this digital avatar is none other than MERLIN, who hasn't aged a day since we saw him last.

As a matter of fact, since he's shaved his beard and gotten himself some relatively contemporary clothes (old boxers and an Avenged Sevenfold T-shirt), he actually looks even younger.

Merlin's sitting in front of his desktop computer, speaking with a distinctly AMERICAN ACCENT into a little headset. He works his joystick as he watches the warlock he's controlling try in vain to save the knights from this suicide mission.

MERLIN (cont'd)
Wait! Don't all go in at the same time, retards! Gimme a second to work up a defense enchantment!

But over the computer's speakers, we can hear the cries of Merlin's troops being SLAUGHTERED: "*Ahh, the eggs keep respawning! Jesus Christ, they ate Leeroy! Merkin, you gotta rez us! MERKIN!*"

MERLIN (cont'd)
(sighing)
Don't make 'em like they used to...

And as we ARM AROUND Merlin, we see a large picture window in the background that looks out on the BROOKLYN BRIDGE.

Yep, we're in New York City.

Merlin takes off his headset just as he hears a POUNDING at his door.

VOICE (O.S.)
Marvin? Marvin, open up!

Merlin gets up and reluctantly shuffles for his front door, which SWINGS OPEN to reveal a 19-year-old FEMALE MODEL wearing nothing but a man's button-down shirt and a sleep mask bedazzled with the word "SLUT" hiked up above her eyes.

MODEL

Dude, what's it gonna take to get you to turn down the effin' video games?

MERLIN

Oh, hey, Crystal.

MODEL

It's Cristal. Look, my party went until four in the morning and I have to be at a night shoot in, like, six hours.

MERLIN

(sarcastic)

Yeah, sorry about all the noise. Hey, how about I play the same Prodigy song 10,000 times in a row at top volume?

MODEL

I love Prodigy.

MERLIN

(flatly)

Yes. I know.

MODEL

What are you doing home now, anyway? Don't you have a cubicle to be in or something?

Embarrassed, Merlin looks over to a dusty old MAGIC WAND mounted on a wooden frame in a forgotten corner of his pad.

MERLIN

I'm... kinda between gigs right now.

MODEL

How the hell can you afford this place on unemployment?

MERLIN

I've been here since... a while. Rent control's a bitch, huh?

Suddenly, the model notices something behind Merlin.

MODEL

Yeah, so's the fact that you're totally gonna get evicted for having a pet in this building.

Merlin looks around, bewildered.

MERLIN
What are you talking about?

MODEL
That, yo!

Merlin turns and notices what Cristal just spotted. Perched on the ledge of his window is the same FALCON that was spying on Morgana.

Merlin's eyes go wide with shock.

MERLIN
Princess...?

MODEL
What did you--

But before the young model can say another word, Merlin SLAMS the door shut on her face. He races to the window and flings it open to let his long-lost pet inside.

MERLIN
Princess? Is that really you?

The bird screeches in the affirmative.

MERLIN (cont'd)
Jesus, I haven't seen you since the Reformation. Is everything...?

And that's when it hits him.

MERLIN (cont'd)
No. It's *her*, isn't it?

Princess just flaps her mighty wings.

MERLIN (cont'd)
Why is it that only the assholes don't know how to stay dead?

Princess screeches again, and a suddenly somber Merlin looks up at a faded old Union Jack flag hanging on his wall.

MERLIN (cont'd)
Come with you? I... I can't go back there, girl. You *know* why. Besides, other than a few weak-ass card tricks, I've forgotten any magic worth a damn.

Ignoring this, the bird flies over to a nearby drawer and uses her beak to pull out a MEDAL identical to the one given to Simon, though this one is badly rusted, an antique.

MERLIN (cont'd)

It doesn't work like that anymore.
Knighthood isn't *earned* these days,
it's just passed around
indiscriminately. Like genital
warts.

Princess angrily flaps her wings.

MERLIN (cont'd)

Fine, you want to round up some
fresh lambs for the slaughter, go
nuts. Just keep me out of it.

Clearly annoyed, Princess lets out one last screech.

MERLIN (cont'd)

Wrong, Princess. It's the *world*
that changed. I tried to...

But as he looks around, Merlin discovers that Princess has DISAPPEARED, though he notices something she left behind:

MERLIN (cont'd)

(to himself)
Aw, son of a... she shit on my
couch.

EXT. LONDON ALLEYWAY - NIGHT

Back in England, we're now tight on another knighthood medal, this one glistening and relatively new. It's clutched by thick fingers. We hear the delightful sound of VOMITING.

The person holding this medal is RICKY BUTLER, a chubby British everyman in his 40s. And by everyman, I mean a bit of a drunk, as Ricky further illustrates by again puking his guts out onto the pavement. He inspects his own throw-up with confusion.

RICKY

Cor, when did I eat so many beans?

Wiping his mouth with the back of his sleeve, Ricky stumbles into a nearby pawn shop.

INT. LONDON PAWN SHOP - CONTINUOUS

As the bell attached to the door jingles, the lone SHOPKEEPER inside looks at Ricky with disgust.

SHOPKEEPER
We're closed.

RICKY
Hang on, mate. Got the offer of a
lifetime for you.

Ricky places his knighthood medal on the counter, and the shopkeeper immediately pulls out a jeweler's loupe.

SHOPKEEPER
This real?

RICKY
'Course it is.

SHOPKEEPER
Where'd you steal it from?

RICKY
I didn't! Look, I'm Ricky Butler.
(a beat)
Sir Ricky?
(another beat)
The Olympic athlete?

SHOPKEEPER
Which Olympics? Special?

RICKY
You serious? Track and field. I
was the best bloody pole vaulter in
the world!

And now the shopkeeper doesn't even bother stifling it, crushing poor Ricky.

RICKY (cont'd)
Laugh it up, but before I blew out
my knee, I won three gold medals.

SHOPKEEPER
(still skeptical)
Then why aren't you trying to hock
those?

Ricky hangs his head a bit.

RICKY
I... already did.

Ouch. Depressing.

SHOPKEEPER
Go home, friend. Sober up.

RICKY
But I need the--

SHOPKEEPER
(serious now)
Before I ring the police.

Weighing his options, Ricky ultimately picks up his medal and STORMS out of the store.

EXT. PAWN SHOP - CONTINUOUS

Outside, a pissed-off Ricky digs into his pockets and finds a single five pound note. He looks around, spots a pub still open across the street, and is about to head for it, when...

He see Princess, Merlin's falcon, perched on a nearby trash bin. The bird is glaring at Ricky.

RICKY
The hell you looking at?

But the falcon's eyes begin to GLOW ever so slightly, and--
FWASH!--Ricky DISAPPEARS in a burst of brimstone.

Princess watches Ricky's five pound note flutter to the ground, before the bird lifts off once more into the sky.

INT. EXECUTIVE OFFICE - NIGHT

Elsewhere in London, we're close on another of one of those medals of knighthood, this one mounted on the wall behind a golden frame.

We track along this wall to see several other awards, as well as photographs of a devastatingly handsome businessman (who happens to be black) shaking hands with politicians and captains of industry: Tony Blair, Richard Branson, etc.

WOMAN'S VOICE (O.S.)
Frightfully sorry to have to bother you, Sir Edmund. I'm afraid we have a bit of a situation.

Finally, we land on the black businessman from the photos. This is SIR EDMUND WORTHINGHAM. Unlike the jovial man in the pictures, Edmund is SCOWLING at us with simmering rage.

EDMUND

Who do I get to sack?

Widen to reveal that we're inside of an opulent penthouse office, where Edmund is speaking to his attractive Asian EXECUTIVE ASSISTANT from behind a massive oak desk.

ASSISTANT

Brittles in receiving. He made a rather regrettable overage while ordering live lobsters.

EDMUND

How regrettable?

ASSISTANT

Twenty thousand extra, Sir Edmund.

EDMUND

(leaping out of his chair)
Good Christ, this is a supermarket chain not a goddamn marine preserve!

ASSISTANT

Perhaps we could donate the leftovers to a local food bank?

EDMUND

A food bank? Ms. Nakamori, do you have any idea how old I was when I ate lobster for the first time?

The assistant just hangs her head. She's heard this shit a million times.

EDMUND (cont'd)

Twenty-five, and I'd just made my first million pounds after working my way up from nothing.

Edmund removes a Cuban cigar from his golden humidior.

EDMUND (cont'd)

Delicacies should be *earned*, not doled out to the wastrels who can't even afford to shop in my stores.

(lighting his cigar)

Have whatever we can't sell donated to area dog shelters.

ASSISTANT

Er, do dogs even eat lobster, Sir
Edmund?

Edmund opens the door to a magnificent balcony overlooking London.

EDMUND

They do tonight.

Stepping outside to be alone, Edmund takes a puff off his cigar and surveys the city. He watches with interest as Merlin's falcon circles above him before **LANDING** on the balcony railing. Edmund grins at this beautiful creature.

EDMUND (cont'd)

If you're looking for rats, you
came to the right town.

But once again, the falcon's eyes begin to **GLOW** and--**FWASH!**-- Edmund instantly **DISAPPEARS** in a puff of brimstone.

INT. SALOON - NIGHT

And we smash cut to a *different* burst of smoke, but as this cloud begins to dissipate, we see that we're now inside of an Old West Saloon, which is currently **ON FIRE**.

We then find **DAISY**, a gorgeous young female gunslinger, who's bound by heavy rope to a wooden chair.

DAISY

You're finished, Coop.

Widen to reveal that Daisy's being held hostage by **COOPER**, a nefarious-looking outlaw wearing, of course, a black hat.

COOPER

Well, ain't that the proverbial pot
and kettle. And I'd say yours is
about ready to *boil*.

ANOTHER VOICE (O.S.)

Please, that girl couldn't work a
stove to save her life.

Startled, Cooper **SPINS** to find a figure silhouetted by the flames. As he cuts through the smoke, we can see that this figure is another cowboy, a distinguished older man.

MICHAEL CAINE

(perfect American accent)
Howdy, Daisy.

Holy shit, it's MICHAEL CAINE.

Yes, THE Michael Caine, legend of stage and screen.

(And sure, while we could always fill out our Roundtable with Sir Anthony Hopkins or Sir Ian McKellen or Sir Ben Kingsley or any other venerable actor of their ilk... seriously, is anyone cooler than Michael Caine?)

DAISY
SHERIFF!

Anyway, here's Michael Caine, and he's reaching for his SIX-SHOOTER. He gives Daisy a reassuring wink before turning his attention to Cooper:

MICHAEL CAINE
What's it gonna be, Cooper? You can reach for the sky and leave in irons or slap leather and go out in a box.

Cooper starts reaching for HIS gun.

COOPER
You passed your prime when they was signing the Constitution, old-timer. You're as good as--

BANG BANG BANG.

The second Cooper touches his own weapon, Michael Caine **DRAWS, COCKS** and **FIRES** three slugs into the outlaw's chest, killing him instantly.

As the saloon continues to burn, Michael pulls out a Bowie knife, which he uses to **SLICE** Daisy free from her ropes.

DAISY
Took your sweet time.

MICHAEL CAINE
Trust me, kid, nothing sweet about time.

And as the conflagration rages on behind them, Daisy grabs Michael Caine and **KISSES HIM** deeply, madly, passionately.

DIRECTOR (O.S.)
Cut! Beautiful! Weapons up, please!

Widen to reveal that we are, naturally, inside of a **SOUNDSTAGE** inside London's Shepperton Studios.

Michael smiles at his fellow actors as a stunt coordinator rushes over to take the sidearm from him.

MICHAEL CAINE

(his usual semi-cockney)
Let's hope editing will help with that, eh? I can barely draw a *bath* these days much less a bloody pistol.

Various CREW MEMBERS rush about, helping the actor playing Cooper to his feet, etc.

ASSISTANT DIRECTOR

And that's a wrap for Sir Michael Caine!

Everyone applauds wildly, as "Daisy" pulls Michael aside.

DAISY

Was that all right, Michael?

MICHAEL CAINE

You were brilliant, pet. First rate. See a very long career for you.

DAISY

You think? I don't know. I still have to do my monologue tomorrow.

MICHAEL CAINE

Two words, my dear: Don't blink. Remember, your eyes are going to be eight feet tall up on that screen, and blinking just makes your character seem weak.

Daisy flirtatiously rubs Michael's arm.

DAISY

"Don't blink." God, that's so genius. Hey, do you maybe want to help me run lines for a bit?

(a beat)

In my trailer?

Michael smiles politely, but ultimately pulls himself away. He starts walking backwards, retreating to his own trailer.

MICHAEL CAINE

I'd love to. Really. But, I should go. Go call my *wife*.

DAISY

Oh. Sure.

She gives a disappointed little wave before turning to leave.

MICHAEL CAINE

(quietly, to himself)

And then I have to take a very cold shower.

(watching Daisy saunter away)

And then kill myself.

INT. MICHAEL CAINE'S TRAILER - CONTINUOUS

Stepping into his spacious trailer, Michael starts to change into his civilian duds when he notices something on his make-up table.

It's our falcon. But instead of freaking out, Michael defies expectations by just STARING at the bird.

MICHAEL CAINE

So. This is some kind of juvenile prank, is it?

The falcon look back as we continue this blinkless staring contest for another beat.

MICHAEL CAINE (cont'd)

Who put you up to this? Was is that shit Roger Moore?

Obviously, the falcon says nothing.

MICHAEL CAINE (cont'd)

Look, friend, this is all very funny, but I don't work with animals, so let's--

And just like last time, the falcon's eyes begin to GLOW ever so slightly, when--**FWASH!**--Sir Michael Caine DISAPPEARS.

INT. SIMON'S FLAT - NIGHT

Elsewhere that same evening, we rejoin the freshly dubbed Sir Simon, as he walks into the low-tech lab inside his modest flat, which is crowded with eerily glowing AQUARIUMS holding various newts, salamanders and lizards.

Simon removes his knighthood medal and drapes it next to one of his tanks. Oh well, back to work.

But as he makes a move for his microscope, Simon remembers what's in his pocket. He pulls out the sheet of paper that Bobbi wrote her cell number on.

He stares at it for a beat, considers picking up the phone... but then thinks better of it. He CRUMPLES the piece of paper and tosses it aside. What a pussy.

He walks to his small kitchen, opens the pantry... and finds the falcon perched just inches from his face.

SIMON
(terrified)
JESUS AND MARY CHAIN!

The bird barely ruffles her feathers, but Simon FREAKS OUT.

SIMON (cont'd)
There's a huge bird of bloody prey
in my flat! Help me! Somebody
help--

But before he can say another word, the falcon's eyes begin to GLOW, when, you guessed it--**FWASH!**--Simon is the last of our Roundtable to DISAPPEAR in a puff of brimstone.

EXT. BROOKLYN ROOFTOP - DAY

Smash cut to elsewhere, as Simon continues his cowardly screaming...

SIMON
--meeeeee!

...but then looks around to see that he's apparently been MAGICALLY TRANSPORTED to the roof of a Brooklyn apartment. It's still daytime in the States because of the time difference, so we can see the sun looming over the Manhattan skyline in the distance.

Widen to reveal that Simon is joined on this rooftop by an equally disoriented Edmund, Ricky and Michael Caine. The four men stare at each other with disbelief.

SIMON (cont'd)
(trying to act cool)
Right. What's this then?

RICKY
Who the hell are you people?

EDMUND
Who are you?

RICKY
Asked you first.

EDMUND
Who does it look like? I'm Sir
Edmund bloody Worthingham. Of
Worthingham Markets?

RICKY
Don't get all high and mighty with
me. I'm a sir, too.

SIMON
Ooh, me, too!
(to Ricky)
Are we supposed to cross swords or
something?

RICKY
Afraid I'm hetero all the way,
mate.

Edmund squints at Michael Caine.

EDMUND
Hold on. Aren't you...?

RICKY
Wait, don't tell me! You're the
bloke from *Jaws 3-D*!

MICHAEL CAINE
Sorry?

SIMON
Actually, I think he was in the
fourth *Jaws*, wasn't he?

RICKY
Right you are.
(a beat)
Wait, which one was *Jaws 3-D*?

SIMON
The one in *3-D*.

RICKY
Ah. So what the hell was *Jaws 4*?

EDMUND
(suddenly engaged)
Jaws Strikes Back, maybe?

MICHAEL CAINE
 I was in other pictures than bloody
 Jaws, you know! *Alfie?* *The*
Italian Job?

The men just stare at him blankly.

MICHAEL CAINE (cont'd)
 (sighing)
Batman?

SIMON
 Hold on, you're Michael Keaton?

RICKY
 (an aside)
 The years have not been kind.

MERLIN (O.S.)
 I thought I told you to leave me
 out of this!

The men turn to see Merlin, still dressed in his "civilian" attire and eating a Hot Pocket. He has his falcon Princess on his arm.

MERLIN (cont'd)
 And you've gotta be shitting me
 with this crew. They're giving
 away knighthoods like Halloween
 candy and these are the four best
 you could come up with?

RICKY
 Hey, that's the bird what kidnapped
 me with its eyes!

MERLIN
 Her name is Princess.
 (pause for effect)
 And mine... is Merlin.

The knights just shrug. Who?

MERLIN (cont'd)
 Immortal advisor to the Roundtable?
 Sworn mystical defender of Britain?

RICKY
 You expect us to believe you're
 some kind of wizard?

MERLIN

And you expect me to believe you people are *knights*? I figured Princess might grab a couple of senile World War II vets, maybe an especially brave crossing guard. Not a washed-up athlete...

RICKY

Hey!

MERLIN

...a pampered millionaire...

EDMUND

Billionaire, actually.

MERLIN

...the guy from the *Muppet Christmas Carol*...

MICHAEL CAINE

Has no one seen *The Man Who Would Be King*?

MERLIN

...and a second-rate lab geek.

SIMON

(cheery)

Hello!

MERLIN

(to his bird)

If you were just looking for novelty acts, you could have at least dug up a decent soccer player.

RICKY

"Soccer?" It's called football, you Yank bastard.

EDMUND

Yes, I thought "Merlin" was a proper Englishman.

MERLIN

I am. *Was*.

A wistful Merlin looks off at the Manhattan skyline.

MERLIN (cont'd)

See, when the British Empire started setting up shop on this side of the pond, I figured I'd jump on a ship and check her out for myself. I mean, the colonials could barely bathe themselves, who knew they were gonna sign a friggin' Declaration of Independence?

Princess whines.

MERLIN (cont'd)

Anyway, the second this stopped being British soil, I was trapped in the States forever, all 'cause of her stupid curse.

SIMON

Back up. *Whose* curse?

MERLIN

Morgana.

MICHAEL CAINE

The kissing bandit?

SIMON

Who?

MICHAEL CAINE

Blonde girl. Used to run out onto the field to kiss baseball players. Tremendous knockers.

MERLIN

I'm talking about *Morgana le Fay*. Wicked stepsister of King Arthur? Ruler of the Dark Fairy Goblins?

RICKY

(confused)

And she plays baseball?

MERLIN

Look, Morgana nearly destroyed our kingdom back in the day, and now she wants to finish the job.

Merlin finishes the last of his Hot Pocket.

MERLIN (cont'd)

Only a true knight can defeat her,
so unfortunately for humanity, a
new Roundtable is all that stands
between us and, you know...
complete annihilation.

EDMUND

Ridiculous. I'm having a bad
dream.

MERLIN

We all are. And unless somebody
stops her...

Merlin WAVES his left arm with a dramatic gesture.

MERLIN (cont'd)

...this is what we'll wake up to.

Nothing happens. The knights look at Merlin with confusion.

MERLIN (cont'd)

Oop. Sorry. Been a while.

Now Merlin waves his RIGHT arm, and suddenly, the men are
standing in the middle of London, but this version of their
hometown is completely POSTAPOCALYPTIC.

Every building has been badly burned, familiar landmarks like
Big Ben have been knocked to the ground. Even Buckingham
Palace is nothing but rubble.

MERLIN (cont'd)

She'll start with Jolly Olde
England, move on to the new world
after that.

All four of the knights look completely horrified. Having
proved his point, Merlin SNAPS his fingers, returning the men
to present-day Brooklyn.

MERLIN (cont'd)

So anyway, we're pretty much boned.

But Princess screeches a correction.

MERLIN (cont'd)

Yeah yeah, fine... technically,
it'll take time for Morgana to
reach her full strength, so I guess
there's some minute chance she
could still be defeated.

SIMON

Hold on. You want... us to save
the world?

Merlin surveys his would-be troops. And as he looks into his
countrymen's eyes, his confidence actually begins to build.

MERLIN

Listen, I don't know why Princess
chose you four... but she's got a
pretty good nose for this kinda
thing. Maybe she came to you guys
for a reason.

(then, self-assured)

Came to us.

As the music swells, Merlin continues his pep talk.

MERLIN (cont'd)

I'd be lying if I told you this
wasn't going to be insanely
dangerous. In all likelihood,
you're gonna die in a horrible,
painful way, so if any of you want
to back out, speak up now, before--

EDMUND

I'm out.

MERLIN

Wait, what?

EDMUND

I want nothing more to do with this
rubbish. I'm out.

MERLIN

Um, okay. I suppose I can't *force*
you to join, but in two thousand
years, every single knight who's
heard the call has--

EDMUND

Let me out of this bloody
nightmare. Now.

MERLIN

(sighing)

Sure. But if you change your mind,
all you need to do is say my name.

EDMUND

I won't.

And with that, Edmund VANISHES.

The three remaining knights look at each other, unsure what to do now. Eventually, Michael Caine turns to Merlin.

MICHAEL CAINE

Sorry, friend. I'm with him. The special effects were very impressive, but if you want to pitch me on a project, best to go through my representation.

MERLIN

What? This isn't a movie! It's--

But Michael Caine has already VANISHED. Now it's Ricky's turn to address the increasingly crestfallen Merlin.

RICKY

If there really is some ancient evil drag queen coming to nuke London, you should call in 007. All you got here is a bunch of zeroes.

And with that, Ricky VANISHES.

Simon shuffles his feet awkwardly.

SIMON

Table for one, eh?

MERLIN

Oh, just leave already.

SIMON

And do what?

Merlin looks off at the darkening horizon.

MERLIN

With twenty-four hours to live? Don't waste your time visiting New England. Trust me, it's nothing like the real thing.

And Simon disappears, leaving Merlin more alone than ever.

MERLIN (cont'd)

(sadly, to himself)

Their chowder looks like whale jizz.

INT. EDMUND'S PENTHOUSE APARTMENT - NIGHT

We're close on Sir Edmund as his eyes SPRING OPEN. He looks around to find that he's in his own bed inside his tastefully decorated penthouse bedroom.

Shaking off the strange "dream" he just had, he spots a bottle of prescription sleeping pills next to his bed. Edmund takes one look at the label, then promptly tosses the whole bottle into the trash.

He walks over to a small bar, pulls himself a ridiculously expensive glass of Scotch, and nurses it as he looks out his window at London far below.

INT. RICKY'S SHITTY FLAT - NIGHT

Ricky is fast asleep face-down in a puddle of his own drool, as he awakens from what he hopes is just a drunken stupor. He looks over at the other side of his bed, is a little heartbroken to see that he's once again alone. He starts to climb out, when--

RICKY

FuhOW!

--he steps on something in his cluttered apartment, looks down to see that it's a child's Super Soaker-style WATER GUN.

Ricky holds it in his hands for a beat before finally picking up a nearby phone. We can hear the groggy voice of a middle-aged WOMAN on the other line:

WOMAN (FROM PHONE)

Do you have any idea what time it is?

RICKY

Jess? Jess, it's me. Look, I just wanted to make sure the boys were... you know. Are they okay?

WOMAN (FROM PHONE)

You can't see them, Ricky. You had your shot at joint custody and you pissed it away.

RICKY

I know. Jess, please, you should take the boys and... and get out of here. Go to your folks' place.

WOMAN (FROM PHONE)

*In Italy? What the hell is this
all about?*

RICKY

I had a dream. More than a dream,
really, it was like a... a vision.
Michael Keaton was there and I--

WOMAN (FROM PHONE)

Jesus, Ricky, get some help.

The line goes silent. A frustrated Ricky **THROWS** his phone against the wall... but rather than predictably breaking, it **BOUNCES** off of the wall and hits Ricky in the face.

What can he do but sigh?

INT. CAINE MANOR - NIGHT

Elsewhere in England, Michael Caine wakes up next to his still-sleeping WIFE. He stares up at the ceiling for a bit, trying to digest what just happened.

He then tiptoes over to a nearby TROPHY CASE inside of his large bedroom. On its shelves are his Academy Awards for *Hannah and Her Sisters* and *Cider House Rules*, his Golden Globe for *Educating Rita*, etc.

But at the very bottom of this display case, there's a small drawer that Michael quietly slides open. Inside is a case lined with black velvet, and he flips it open to reveal his MEDAL OF KNIGHTHOOD.

Michael runs his thumb over the medallion, feeling GUILTY...

INT. SIMON'S FLAT - NIGHT

Last but not least, Simon awakens to find that he apparently fell asleep at his computer, the imprint of his keyboard still indented into his face.

He yawns, stretches and then--**POW**--the memories of what Merlin just showed him come flooding back.

With the wizard's parting words likely replaying in his head, Simon looks around for the crumpled TRAFFIC TICKET he tossed aside earlier.

He unfolds it and stares down at the number written on it. Then he looks at his phone. Decisions, decisions...

EXT. ANOTHER APARTMENT - LATER THAT NIGHT

Elsewhere, a door opens to reveal BOBBI, the female constable we met earlier. Out of her uniform, the sleepy woman is now dressed in her pajamas and dorky eyeglasses.

She looks at us with disbelief, as we reveal that Simon is standing on her stoop, having made the bizarre decision to show up in person.

SIMON
Hello, Bobbi.

BOBBI
Simon?

SIMON
You remember my name, great! I wasn't sure, 'cause--

BOBBI
What the hell are you doing here?

SIMON
I tried ringing you, but there was no answer.

BOBBI
That's because it's two in the bloody morning. How on earth did you find out where I lived, anyway?

SIMON
(proudly)
Reverse directory. Touch of my own police work. I actually live up the hill, on Larrabee? Could probably look right into your place with my ol' binocs. I...

Simon suddenly realizes how insane this was.

SIMON (cont'd)
Right. This was a bit creepy, wasn't it?

BOBBI
A bit and a half, yeah.

SIMON
I'm so sorry, Bobbi. I swear I didn't come here for a quick shag. I mean, not that I don't think you're extraordinarily attractive--

More glaring.

SIMON (cont'd)

Yes, well, today has been just about the strangest day of my life, and I... I don't really have anyone else to talk with, so I was kind of wondering if you would... if you wouldn't mind terribly taking a walk with me.

Bobbi looks at him for what feels like an eternity; finally:

BOBBI

Let me grab my coat.

SIMON

(beaming)
Brilliant.

BOBBI

But I don't have all night. Got a long day ahead of me tomorrow.

But Simon suddenly seems a little worried.

SIMON

Let's hope...

EXT. PUB - LATE NIGHT

We're back with MORGANA, who's now wearing the ill-fitting clothes that she removed from the logging protester. Her eyes narrow as she watches something with intense interest.

Four soccer (sorry, *football*) HOOLIGANS with shaved heads are drunk off their asses, TRASHING the hell out of a car parked on the side of the road. The apparent leader of this group is hitting the hood of the car with a lead pipe, while the other three kick in its windows with their jackboots.

HOOLIGAN #1

Heh.

HOOLIGAN #2

Yeah. Heh!

HOOLIGAN #3

Stupid car.

HOOLIGAN #4

I wish this car had a face so I could kick its face in.

Morgana approaches this gang.

MORGANA

Good to see that ogres still roam
the earth.

The hooligans gradually stop pounding on the car and turn their attention to this disarmingly beautiful woman.

HOOLIGAN #1

What'd you say, whore?

MORGANA

Oh yes, you four will do nicely.

HOOLIGAN #2

Who wants to take her first?

HOOLIGAN #3

I don't care, long as I don't gotta
go last.

Morgana ignores this; instead waves her hand with a subtle "sod off" gesture.

MORGANA

Come as you are.

With that, the four hooligans begin to CHANGE, writhing in pain as they rip through their football jerseys and transform into hulking, mythical OGRES. The lead hooligan's crowbar even takes the shape of a massive CLUB studded with spikes.

OGRE #1

Rrrrrr.

The monstrous ogres all get down on bended knee before their master as they await her orders.

Morgana then produces the FEATHER she retrieved from Princess, holding it up for her new servants to behold.

MORGANA

Merlin will have likely already
dispatched his flying rodent to
find a new band of merry minions.
I want you four to use the bird's
stench to track down his
recruits... and see what they're
made of.

Through rows of razor-sharp teeth, the ogres all SMILE.

EXT. HYDE PARK - LATE NIGHT

Bobbi (no longer in her dorky glasses) and Simon are now walking through London's decidedly creepy Hyde Park, populated by various SKETCHY CHARACTERS.

Simon looks nervous.

SIMON

You really walk this way every night? You're a braver soul than I.

BOBBI

I do have a badge, Simon.

SIMON

Yeah, well, until they start letting your lot have *guns*, I'd take the long way home.

BOBBI

Duly noted, mother.

Simon smiles, but only for a moment.

SIMON

Can I ask you something? When you decided to join the force, was it like... a calling?

BOBBI

Yeah, a calling to quit my job at the chip shack so I could make more than twenty grand a year.

SIMON

But didn't you want to, I don't know, help people?

BOBBI

I suppose.
(then; matter of fact)
I was working the day those bastards set off bombs in the Tube. Had to go down through the smoke and flames to pull folks to safety.

Simon is significantly impressed.

SIMON

Bloody hell. But I guess that's all just another day at the office for you?

BOBBI

Oh, bollocks. When they were interviewed, every guy I work with spat out that old cliché about "just doing my job." Screw that! I put my ass on the line for complete strangers. They should throw me a giant bloody parade.

And now Simon and Bobbi both smile as they exit the park...

SIMON

Seriously, I don't know how you do it.

BOBBI

Come on, your job's important, too. What about all that environmental stuff you were telling me about? Your work could help the whole planet.

SIMON

If it does, it'll be a happy accident. I didn't set out to save the world. I just like newts.

Bobbi stops in her tracks, arches an eyebrow at him.

SIMON (cont'd)

They're kind of like salamanders! Only... friendlier. They have this really lovely courtship behavior before they start mating and--

BOBBI

Simon?

SIMON

Yeah?

BOBBI

Here we are then.

Bobbi thumbs over at her house, which we can now see the duo has finally made their way back to. Simon's embarrassed.

SIMON

Right. Sorry. Um, thanks for tonight. It was perfect, really. Just what I needed to hear.

But Bobbi actually looks a little hurt that this cute guy isn't being more assertive by maybe inviting himself in.

BOBBI
Oh. Okay. Well, good night then?

SIMON
Yeah. Good night.

Simon goes to kiss her on the cheek and Bobbi goes for lips--
THUNK! And he ends up kissing her smack on the EYE.

BOBBI
(in pain)
My eye!

SIMON
Oh, hell. I'm so... I didn't--

BOBBI
No, no, perfectly all right.
(blinking)
Think I lost a contact.

Simon begins to search the ground madly.

BOBBI (cont'd)
No worries. Disposable. I have a
ton. Good night?

SIMON
Sure. Good enough.

They chuckle nervously, as Simon then watches Bobbi step
inside and close the door behind her.

SIMON (cont'd)
(under his breath)
Imbecile.

As he rounds the corner and starts heading down another
street back home, Simon continues to beat himself up.

SIMON (cont'd)
"I like newts?" Seriously? Well,
what was I supposed to tell her?
That I've been hallucinating magic
birds? I'm such a--

Kroom. KROOM. Hearing the sound of heavy footsteps behind
him, Simon slowly turns around, only to be greeted by--

OGRE #1
ROOOOOAAAAARRRR!

--the LEAD OGRE, who holds his massive club above his head as he roars right in Simon's face.

At first, Simon has no reaction at all. He's literally FROZEN with terror. Eventually, a single tear rolls down his cheek.

SIMON
(barely audible)
I've shat myself.

At the last second, Simon DUCKS just as the ogre SWINGS his heavy club right into a parked car, whose windows all SHATTER on impact.

INT. CAINE MANOR KITCHEN - LATE NIGHT

Michael Caine, now wearing a robe, is nursing a cup of tea in his kitchen. In the distance, he hears what sounds like a car being totalled.

The hell...?

EXT. CAINE MANOR GARDEN - LATE NIGHT

Stepping outside in his slippers, Michael cautiously enters his quaint garden.

MICHAEL CAINE
Is someone there?

Hearing a branch snap nearby, he picks up a GARDENING HOE.

MICHAEL CAINE (cont'd)
(lying)
I've got a shotgun at the ready,
friend, so you're better off
robbing the neighbors.

Just then, OGRE #2 comes RIPPING through one of Caine's big topiary bushes.

Without missing a beat, Michael WHACKS the big creature in the face with his hoe, which sadly SPLINTERS to pieces on impact.

The monster GROWLS with annoyance.

MICHAEL CAINE (cont'd)
Well. That's unpleasant.

EXT. STREETS OF LONDON - CONTINUOUS

Finally, we're back with Simon, who's RUNNING at full-speed right at us to escape from the club-wielding ogre, who's causing massive property damage as it huffs and puffs down the street in hot pursuit.

SIMON
MEEEEERRRRLLLLIIIIIIINNNNNN!

EXT. RENAISSANCE SETTING - AFTERNOON

Elsewhere, Simon comes TUMBLING out the other side of a glowing portal, and lands at the feet of the shaken Ricky, Edmund and Michael Caine, who are already gathered here.

SIMON
What the...?! I almost got killed
by sodding *Shrek*!

MICHAEL CAINE
I'm beginning to think this might
not be a movie, lad.

EDMUND
Where the hell are we?

Ricky looks around to see that they're surrounded by HORSES and what appear to be MEDIEVAL LORDS AND LADIES.

RICKY
I don't believe it. That poof sent
us back in time!

MERLIN (O.S.)
Not quite.

The four men turn to see MERLIN with Princess on his shoulder.

He's snacking on a funnel cake beneath a banner that reads "NEW JERSEY WELCOMES REN-FAIRE IX!"

EDMUND
We were nearly murdered by some
kind of *monsters*, and you drag us
to a bleeding dress-up party?

MERLIN
You all came here of your own free
will, so I'm guessing that means
you're ready to get serious?

EDMUND
 Serious? Look around. These
 people are mongoloid virgins.

Merlin takes in the various geeky PRETEND KNIGHTS
 entertaining even geekier WOMEN and CHILDREN.

MERLIN
 Maybe, but they're also the keepers
 of a dying code. A code of virtue
 and honor... one you're gonna need
 to adhere to if you stand any
 chance at kicking Morgana's taint.

RICKY
 What, you want us to fight her with
 good manners and crap costumes?

SIMON
 Well, if it'll help us stop those
 monsters, I'm in.
 (then, strong)
Whatever it takes.

Wow. Simon actually looks self-assured, BOLD.

But then, Merlin wrinkles up his nose like he's just smelled
 something awful.

MERLIN
 Did somebody...?

SIMON
 I had a bit of a trouser accident.
 (and)
 I'm not gonna lie, it's bad.

EXT. MEDIEVAL WEAPONS STAND - AFTERNOON

We're close on a BEARDED DUDE, loudly selling his wares.

BEARDED DUDE
 Get yer broadswords, kids! One for
 thirty bucks, two for fiddy!

Widen to reveal Merlin and his troops approaching this
 makeshift ARMORY in the center of the fair. Simon wears
 colorful JESTER SHORTS he's thankfully just purchased.

SIMON
 We're getting our weapons next to
 the chocolate-covered banana stand?

RICKY

Actually, I could murder a
chocolate-covered banana about now.

SIMON

It's just, I figured we'd get the
big guns. Like, Excalibur or
something.

MERLIN

Excalibur was only a sword, Simon.
The man makes the blade, not vice
versa.

Merlin then gestures at the row of assorted weapons.

MERLIN (cont'd)

As we used to say in the Grail
days, "Choose wisely."

Simon inspects the armaments, picks out a nice SWORD.

SIMON

Stick with the classics, yeah?

Michael surveys the spread, selects a badass BATTLE AXE.

MICHAEL CAINE

Hello hello hello, where've you
been all my life?

Now it's Ricky's turn. He stares at a BO STAFF for a nice
long beat.

RICKY

And I'll take... a flamethrower.

Merlin frowns.

MERLIN

You pole vault for a living, Ricky.
Just use the staff.

RICKY

If I have to fight more of those
goddamn giants, I won't be doing it
with a bloody stick!

MICHAEL CAINE

(an aside)

They were decently sized, but I'd
hardly call them giants.

MERLIN

Modern armaments are useless
against Morgana. Besides, there's
a reason that people relied on
weapons like these for centuries.

RICKY

Yeah, 'cause they were all waiting
for something that could *throw*
flames to be invented!

EDMUND

Give me the bow and arrows.

MERLIN

You sure about that, Edmund?

RICKY

Yeah, hold on, Winston Zeddemore.
Maybe *I* want the arrows.

EDMUND

Winston who?

SIMON

Black guy from *Ghostbusters*.

RICKY

The useless one. They just put him
on the team to be politically
correct.

MICHAEL CAINE

Actually, Ernie Hudson is a fine
actor. We did *Miss Congeniality*
together back in--

MERLIN

Quiet! You guys hear that...?

In the distance, we hear the sound of SCREAMING.

MERLIN (cont'd)

Oh, no. Who was last through the
tesseract gateway?

Everyone points at Simon.

MERLIN (cont'd)

You didn't close it behind you??

SIMON

Hang on, I don't even know what a
testicle gateway is!!

Suddenly, ALL FOUR OGRES come bursting onto the scene, having apparently followed our boys through the aforementioned gateway. The monsters ROAR, and the RenFaire attendees all wildly APPLAUD, thinking this is part of the show.

MERLIN

Not cool.

RICKY

You think?! Make 'em disappear already, ya half a Gandalf!

One of the ogres charges right for Merlin, who struggles to remember his old spells.

MERLIN

How did that stupid freezing incantation go? Libra... libra gela? Libra jello?

The ogre is almost on top of him now...

MERLIN (cont'd)

Libra geli!

Merlin then fires a blast of frigid energy, which FREEZES one of these ogres in place. The wizard smiles proudly as his falcon flies over to rest on the frozen ogre's head.

MERLIN (cont'd)

BAM! Did you see that?? I haven't cast that spell in eons! And I totally--

But just then, the Lead Ogre runs into frame and BASHES Merlin with his club, sending the wizard SAILING into a TURKEY LEG STAND. Hunks of meat go flying.

SIMON

Merlin!

As Simon and Michael Caine try to decide what to do with their weapons, the three remaining ogres all turn their attention to the unarmed Ricky.

RICKY

No! Please! Don't hurt me! Don't--

But just as the lead ogre is about to club Ricky to death-- **ZWISH!**--an arrow EMBEDS itself right in the monster's eye! It stumbles backwards a bit, and--**ZWISH!**--a SECOND ARROW splits the first arrow right down the center, as this perfect shot kills the lead ogre dead.

Reverse to reveal EDMUND, who is confidently wielding the bow and arrows like a professional goddamn archer.

The other two ogres charge right at him, but--**ZWISH! ZWISH! ZWISH!**--Sir Edmund easily dispatches them by emptying his entire quiver into the monsters with blinding speed.

Several role-playing WENCHES cheer with approval.

As the monsters drop to the ground dead, a cowering Ricky picks up a staff and slowly gets to his feet. He looks at Edmund with a mixture of gratitude and bewilderment.

RICKY (cont'd)
How... how did you...?

EDMUND
Oxford. President of the Archery Club.

RICKY
You saved my life!

EDMUND
(deadpan)
Not my goal, I assure you.

MERLIN (O.S.)
That was so badass!

ON MERLIN, crawling out of the obliterated food stand, chewing on a turkey leg.

MERLIN (cont'd)
You guys crushed Morgana's henchmen!

SIMON
So... that means we won?

MERLIN
Oh, hell no. This was just the opening salvo. Morgana was probably just keeping you guys occupied to give her enough time to raise her army of the undead.

RICKY
You mean... zombies?

SIMON
Not terribly keen on those.

The guys look at Merlin, clearly worried. He tosses the turkey leg aside.

MERLIN

I don't remember all the details to be honest. This was, like, forty-three presidents and a few hundred monarchs ago. But whatever, it doesn't change the fact that she has to be stopped, so you four should get back to London ASAP.

With a wave of the hand, Merlin opens another glowing portal.

SIMON

We're supposed to stop an army on our own? Without you?

Merlin reaches into his pocket for something.

MERLIN

Don't worry, I'll be in touch every step of the way.

MICHAEL CAINE

How? Some kind of telepathy?

The wizard pulls out an ordinary-looking cell phone.

MERLIN

No. My magic cell phone.

RICKY

(under his breath)
It's called a *mobile*, you sellout.

MICHAEL CAINE

What's so magic about it?

Merlin tosses the phone to Michael Caine.

MERLIN

Free roaming. Pretty decent international rates.

As the knights enter the portal, Edmund just shakes his head.

EDMUND

We are well and truly bugged...

EXT. LONDON SKYLINE - JUST BEFORE DAWN

As the sun threatens to rise, a FOG rolls over England, monstrous even by London standards.

EXT. ABNEY PARK CEMETERY - CONTINUOUS

As the mist clears, we see Edmund FACE DOWN on the damp earth in front of a crumbling old tombstone. He's fast asleep.

SIMON (O.S.)
You are indeed brave, sir knight,
but the fight is mine!

RICKY (O.S.)
Oh, had enough, eh?

Edmund finally wakes from his slumber, opens his eyes, and looks up to see Sir Simon (wearing new jeans) and Sir Ricky in the middle of this foggy old cemetery, using their weapons to reenact a scene from *Monty Python and the Holy Grail*.

SIMON
"Look, you stupid bastard, you've
got no arms left!"

RICKY
"It's only a flesh wound!"

Edmund rolls his eyes as Michael Caine helps him to his feet.

EDMUND
How long have they been at it?

MICHAEL CAINE
'Bout three hours. Already made it
through the whole film once, then
they started over from the top.

EDMUND
And still no sign of Morgana?

MICHAEL CAINE
Or her zombie hordes. We haven't
seen so much as a maggot crawl out
of these graves.

Simon and Ricky stop their games to join the conversation.

RICKY
I'm telling you, she probably
packed up after she heard about the
beating we gave her other goons.

EDMUND

"We?"

SIMON

What is this woman's problem anyway? I mean, France has knights, don't they? Why can't she go bother them?

MICHAEL CAINE

She obviously wants something.

A light bulb goes off over Ricky's head.

RICKY

Revenge!

EDMUND

For what?

RICKY

No, *Jaws* 4. It was called *Jaws the Revenge*!

Michael Caine sighs.

SIMON

That's right! "This time, it's personal."

EDMUND

Personal for whom?

SIMON

The shark, I think.

RICKY

Are you serious? Because that's stupid on a level I never imagined possible.

MICHAEL CAINE

Enough!

Michael Caine suddenly raises his hefty battle axe. Everyone falls silent.

MICHAEL CAINE (cont'd)

I don't know if any of you right bastards have families, but sometimes, we have to do unpleasant things to take care of them.

That hits all of the knights, but Ricky in particular.

MICHAEL CAINE (cont'd)
 And I don't care how awful the job
 may be, when your loved ones are in
 need... you close your eyes and do
it for England.

Everyone just hangs their heads a bit as those words sink in,
 when--**DEET DA DEET!**--all four knights simultaneously FREAK
 OUT as an unexpected noise cuts through the silence.

Slowly, the electronic chirping becomes more recognizable as
 a digital RINGTONE of The Police's "Every Little Thing She
 Does Is Magic." Breathing a sigh of relief, Michael reaches
 into his jacket to retrieve Merlin's magical CELL PHONE.

MICHAEL CAINE (cont'd)
 'Ello?

INT. MERLIN'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Back in the States, Merlin has returned to his Brooklyn
 apartment, where he's watching television with concern.

MERLIN
 Mike, it's Merlin. Um, there's
 been a little change of plans. I
 need you guys to get back to the
 city. Like, now.

MICHAEL CAINE (FROM PHONE)
 Why?

MERLIN
 Because Morgana's army is already
 there.

Angle on Merlin's television, as we see BBC World News
 showing footage of TERRIFIED LONDONERS screaming through the
 streets at they FLEE some unseen horror.

MICHAEL CAINE (FROM PHONE)
*That's impossible! We've checked
 every cemetery in London!*

MERLIN
 Yeah, well, turns out her army
 isn't undead as much as it is...
 not alive.

There's silence on the other end of the line for a beat.

MICHAEL CAINE (FROM PHONE)
 ...what?

EXT. MADAME TUSSAUDS' WAX MUSEUM - MORNING

We're right outside of the world-famous Madame Tussauds' Wax Museum, as we finally reveal what all of those terrified Londoners have been running from:

ABRAHAM LINCOLN, GEORGE CLOONEY, MARILYN MONROE, and about a dozen other WAX FIGURES have been magically brought to life. Led by a Thriller-era MICHAEL JACKSON, they're lurching Frankenstein-style out of the museum and onto the street, where they're SMASHING anything that gets in their way.

Our four knights have just arrived on the scene with their weapons at their sides. They're staring slack-jawed at the supernatural horrors come to life before their eyes.

RICKY

Goodbye.

With that, Ricky immediately drops his staff and RUNS AWAY.

MICHAEL CAINE

Where the hell are you going??

RICKY (O.S.)

(already gone)

Home...!

SIMON

Ricky!

EDMUND

Leave him. We can handle these things ourselves.

(raising his bow)

They're just dummies.

Michael Caine and Simon retort simultaneously:

MICHAEL CAINE

What does that make us?

SIMON

What does that make us?

SIMON

Ooh, jinx.

MICHAEL CAINE

Great minds.

EDMUND

GET DOWN!

Simon and Michael DUCK, as Edmund FIRES an arrow into the one good eye of a rapidly approaching WAX SAMMY DAVIS, JR.

EDMUND (cont'd)
 Spread out! Kill as many as you
 can.

Michael and Simon ready their battle axe and sword
 respectively as they survey their choices.

MICHAEL CAINE
 I'll take Hitler.

SIMON
 Dammit, I was just going to call
 Hitler!

MICHAEL CAINE
 You can take Madonna.

SIMON
 (considering this)
 Fair deal.

As screaming civilians continue to stream past them, the
 three knights charge into battle.

Simon heads for WAX-FIGURE MADONNA, tarted up in her Vogue-
 era cone bra. He somewhat reluctantly POKES her in the wax
 tummy with the tip of his broadsword.

SIMON (cont'd)
 (skeeved out)
 Eeee.

But Simon's eyes go wide as "Madonna" continues to shuffle
 right for him, pressing on as Simon's sword moves RIGHT
 THROUGH her waxy midsection.

SIMON (cont'd)
 Um, bad?

Nearby, Michael Caine is having problems of his own, as he
 continues to battle the now-decapitated body of ADOLF HITLER,
 which is running about like the proverbial headless chicken.

MICHAEL CAINE
 Very bad! How are we supposed to
 stop these things??

Behind him, Edmund is flailing as WAX DAVID BECKHAM tries to
 choke the life out of him with an inhumanly strong grip.

EDMUND
 (gasping for air)
 Somebody... please...

ANOTHER VOICE (O.S.)
 Sorry about that.

Edmund looks over to see a triumphantly returned RICKY.

RICKY
 Live right up the street but I had
 to stop for petrol.

Simon YANKS his sword out of Madonna's midsection as he notices that Ricky is carrying his son's SUPER SOAKER.

SIMON
 What the hell is that?!

Ricky calmly flicks a ZIPPO to life.

RICKY
 Guess.

He then holds the lighter in front of the water gun and--
FWOOOOOOOOOOOM!!!--a spectacular RIVER OF FIRE shoots out of
 the toy weapon.

That's right, Ricky's manufactured a homemade FLAMETHROWER.

Edmund screams as wax David Beckham is ENGULFED in flames...
 but a smile slowly breaks over the businessman's face as he
 watches the figure MELT into a puddle of warm goo.

RICKY (cont'd)
 What do you say, Eddie? We even?

EDMUND
 By almost no system of measurement.

MICHAEL CAINE (O.S.)
 Um, excuse me!

Simon, Ricky and Edmund all turn to see Michael Caine, who's
 struggling to pry his battle axe away from... MICHAEL CAINE,
 more specifically, a younger wax figure of him circa *Get
 Carter*.

MICHAEL CAINE (cont'd)
 Little help over here!

The other three knights are agape.

RICKY
 Which... which is the real one?

SIMON
 On the right?

EDMUND

It's the one on the left,
obviously.

(a beat)

I think.

A pissed-off Michael Caine continues to struggle.

MICHAEL CAINE

I look nothing like this thing, you
absolute assholes!

RICKY

Bit of a sticky wicket, innit?

MICHAEL CAINE

Also, I'm the one talking!

RICKY

Might have to do them both.

SIMON

Well, trust your instincts.

FWOOOOOOOOOOOM!!! The wax Michael Caine goes up in flames,
and the real one frowns at his compatriots.

MICHAEL CAINE

About sodding time!

SIMON

Did we get the right one...?

ANOTHER VOICE (O.S.)

DROP THE WEAPONS!

All four knights turn to see none other than BOBBI, in
uniform and wielding her police-issue nightstick.

BOBBI

Simon?

SIMON

Bobbi?

BOBBI

What the hell is going on here?

SIMON

Well, it's quite a story actually.
I don't know if you've ever read
The Sword in the Stone, but--

BOBBI
(interrupting)
Is that Michael Caine?

RICKY
Michael who?

Michael steps forward, gives a charming little bow.

MICHAEL CAINE
At your service, luv.

Bobbi blushes. Simon frowns.

BOBBI
(collecting herself)
Right, why are there wax pop stars
running down Mansell Street?

SIMON
We'll finish them off, Bobbi. You
should stay here, help any hurt
civilians.

BOBBI
Who the hell are you to give me
orders?

Simon pulls her aside, a little embarrassed about being
dressed down in front of the boys.

SIMON
Bobbi, please.

BOBBI
And why are you carrying a sword?
What *is* this?

SIMON
A mess I have to clean up. I know
you have no reason to trust me...
but I hope you will.

Bobbi just stares at him, but their moment is interrupted by
a ringtone of "Black Magic Woman," as Michael Caine pulls out
his phone.

INT. MERLIN'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

We rejoin a frantic Merlin, who's got his falcon Princess
flapping her wings on his shoulder.

MERLIN

Guys, you have to get over to the
Tower of London!

Push in tight on Merlin.

MERLIN (cont'd)

It's Morgana. I just remembered
what she wants.

INT. TOWER OF LONDON VAULT - MORNING

Smash cut to this close-up of the QUEEN'S CROWN, as gloved
hands return it to its pedestal.

We're with the same two YEOMEN OF THE GUARD from Buckingham
Palace, now inside a hi-tech vault brimming with jewels. The
men are in the middle of a heated discussion:

YEOMEN #1

Hold on, what's the difference
between a Yeti and a Sasquatch?

YEOMEN #2

Sasquatch is your basic bigfoot,
any large, hairy bipedal primate
indigenous to the remote forests of
the Pacific Northwest. Yeti is its
Himalayan cousin, more of the
Abominable Snowman variety.

YEOMEN #1

Hm, in that case, I suppose I'd
rather make love to the
Sasquatch...

Suddenly, the two men hear the distant sound of screaming,
followed by what sounds like GUNSHOTS.

The pair of Yeomen quickly draw their MACHINE GUNS, and take
up a defensive position in front of the crown jewels, when--

KRAKOOM! The heavy vault door explodes inward. As the smoke
clears, we see four figures standing here: it's THE BEATLES
(or at least their wax doppelgängers), dressed in their
colorful faux-military attire from SGT. PEPPER'S.

The Yeomen look at each other, shrug, then OPEN FIRE on just
RINGO. But the bullets harmlessly pass through the dummy's
body. WAX JOHN LENNON then steps forward and calmly PUNCHES
Yeomen #1's nose up into his brain, while WAX PAUL McCARTNEY
dispatches Yeomen #2 by brutally KICKING right through him.

As the dead guards slump to the floor, the Wax Beetles suddenly BOW as a fifth figure enters this vault.

It's MORGANA, who's apparently found time to secure some sexy evening attire for herself.

MORGANA

Charming.

Morgana then waves her hand, and the four wax BEETLES all SLAM TOGETHER, melting into each other's bodies. The four waxy moptops soon combine into one new bug-like being, a six-foot-tall BEETLE CREATURE who sprouts large, insectoid wings. Morgana kisses her new golem, and its compound eyes SPARKLE as it comes to life.

MORGANA (cont'd)

On your way, beautiful. You have a long flight ahead of you.

The Beetle Creature spreads its wings and FLIES out of the vault, as Morgana turns her attention to the queen's crown...

EXT. TOWER OF LONDON COURTYARD - CONTINUOUS

Outside the Tower, our four knights finally arrive on the scene, but clearly too late.

The ground is littered with the bodies of BEEFEATERS who apparently died in pitched battle against Morgana's wax army. The knights are horrified.

MICHAEL CAINE

Good Lord.

SIMON

They're... they're all...

EDMUND

What are we supposed to do now?

RICKY

We find the slag that did this...
(raising his flamethrower)
...and we give her what for.

Just then, the sky begins to DARKEN.

ANOTHER VOICE (O.S.)

Two entire centuries and nothing has changed.

The knights all turn to see Morgana, who's now WEARING the Queen's crown atop her head.

SIMON

Morgana.

RICKY

She's already got the crown.
That's... that's trouble, right?

MICHAEL CAINE

Merlin says it makes her more
powerful.

EDMUND

I say it makes her a bull's-eye.

Edmund FIRES an arrow, it HITS Morgana high in her shoulder.

MORGANA

NAHHH!

Edmund fires again, but this time, Morgana SNATCHES the arrow out of midair just before it connects. She SNAPS this arrow in two before painfully YANKING the first arrow out of her flesh.

Morgana makes a show out of licking her own blood off of this projectile.

MORGANA (cont'd)

First blooding to you... Sir
Edmund, isn't it?

Edmund's surprised this woman knows his name.

MORGANA (cont'd)

Knighted for "charitable work," and
yet you never donated a single
shilling more than what you were
able to write off on your taxes.

Sir Edmund tightens his grip on his bow.

EDMUND

You have no idea who I am.

MORGANA

Oh, I've seen your brand of gentry
a thousand times. The sad little
urchin boy who stepped on as many
of his fellow downtrodden as it
took to reach the very "class" he
used to curse.

Edmund hangs his head a bit. Apparently, this was a fair evaluation...

MORGANA (cont'd)
 You fancy yourself a man of power,
 but you're just as impotent as the
 pathetic eunuchs with which you've
 aligned yourself here.

Ricky looks to Michael Caine.

RICKY
 Eunuchs?

MICHAEL CAINE
 Blokes without bollocks.

RICKY
 That's what I thought.

With that, Ricky FIRES his flamethrower... but Morgana HALTS the flames in mid-air by simply extending a palm.

RICKY (cont'd)
 Oh, come on! That's cheating!

She then uses her mind to PUSH the fire back into Ricky's Super Soaker, causing the homemade weapon to EXPLODE. The ensuing BLAST knocks all four knights right onto their asses.

SIMON
 Ricky! Rick, are you all right?!

Ricky slowly turns to reveal that he's alive. The bad news is that the entire front of his shirt has been burned away, exposing his meaty man-breasts. One of his nipples is still on fire here.

RICKY
 (dazed)
 Do... do I still have my eyebrows?

Morgana lords over them.

MORGANA
 You knights are all the same...
 indolent, glory-starved, absurd.
 You claim to be champions of the
 poor, the oppressed, the so-called
 "fairer sex," and yet you only care
 about yourselves.

Edmund and the others start to get to their feet.

EDMUND

And what the hell do you care about?

MORGANA

Remaking this mundane world as it was before barbarians like you stole it from *my* kind. When elves and trolls roamed this land, it was thrilling. It was alive. But in your selfish pursuit of dull tranquility, you monsters nearly wiped us off the face of the earth.

(then)

But sadly for you, "nearly" is not nearly good enough...

More storm clouds gather overhead as Morgana's hands begin to CRACKLE with mystical energy.

MORGANA (cont'd)

Your time is over, Roundtable.
Welcome back to the Dark Ages.

The knights can only cower as MASSIVE BOLTS OF LIGHTNING suddenly shoot out of Morgana's fingertips.

EXT. ENGLAND - CONTINUOUS

We're high above all of England, a SATELLITE P.O.V., as we see Morgana's energy arc high into the heavens and spread out across the entire country like an incandescent spider web.

EXT. STREETS OF LONDON - CONTINUOUS

Back on earth, a double-decker bus and several black cabs SCREECH to a halt as every motor vehicle on the road suddenly LOSES POWER.

EXT. BIG BEN - CONTINUOUS

Finally, this is an iconic shot of Big Ben. The clock's hands freeze in place as we hear its motors GRIND to a halt.

EXT. TOWER OF LONDON COURTYARD - CONTINUOUS

Back at the Tower of London, the knights angrily confront a defiant Morgana.

EDMUND

What have you done??

SIMON

All the power's gone out! Looks like she hit us with some sort of E.M.P., that is, an electro-magnetic--

MICHAEL CAINE

Yes yes, we've all seen a movie before, Simon.

RICKY

I think Edmund was being rhetorical.

SIMON

(quietly)
Right, sorry.

MORGANA

You have the rest of the day to enjoy sweet chaos. And then, I shall welcome *Doomsayer*, the Final Herald, into this realm.

EDMUND

Alternately, we end this now.

All four knights CHARGE Morgana, but she LEVITATES ten feet into the air.

MORGANA

Midnight. Trafalgar Square. I value punctuality.

With that, Morgana snaps her fingers and DISAPPEARS. Her crown clanks to the ground, and a torrential DOWNPOUR ensues.

As lightning flashes, the helpless knights stare up at the suddenly opened heavens.

SIMON

Well, that was pants.

EDMUND

She's really going to finish it. England is dead.

MICHAEL CAINE

I lived through the Blitz, lad. If the Nazis couldn't beat us, neither can some overdramatic dinner theater wench. We can beat her.

RICKY

Not until I find another weapon, we can't.

MICHAEL CAINE

Fine, but no more flamethrowers. You heard Merlin. Only medieval weapons can stop her. You need a club or a... a mace or something.

RICKY

Way ahead of you, M.C.

EDMUND

If we're all going to perish at midnight, I have some... unfinished business to attend to first.

MICHAEL CAINE

Then I'll try to get in touch with Merlin. See if he can tell us what to expect at Trafalgar tonight.

SIMON

What about me?

MICHAEL CAINE

You're the brains of this outfit, aren't you?

(a beat)

Think up a way to beat her.

INT. SIMON'S HOME - NIGHT

It's later that evening, and we're close on a NEWT.

The amphibian is regarding a CHALKBOARD illuminated by several Bunsen burners. On this large black slate, an intently focused Simon is scribbling some complex diagrams. But after a moment, he THROWS his chalk to the ground.

SIMON

What the hell am I doing?! I work with *lizards*! I can't beat a sorceress with hibernation factoids! I--

KERRASH! Startled by this sudden noise, Simon **DRAWS** his broadsword and wildly **WAVES** it at the shadows.

SIMON (cont'd)
Is...is somebody there? Show yourself!

And that's when a nightstick-wielding **BOBBI** steps out of the darkness.

BOBBI
Easy, Prince Valiant. I come in peace.

SIMON
Bob!

BOBBI
Sorry to scare you. After this morning, I wasn't sure what kind of trouble might have followed you home.

She then surveys Simon's chalkboard, which looks not unlike a football play analysis with its various Xs and Os.

BOBBI (cont'd)
What's all this then?

SIMON
Hm? Oh, I, uh, was just plugging in a few figures to help me, you know... strategize.

Bobbi seems lost.

BOBBI
Madame Tussauds, the blackout... this is all just some *game*?

SIMON
What? No! No. You know how people say, "It's not the end of the world."
(beat)
Well, this is pretty much the opposite of that.

Bobbi is even more at sea. Simon takes a moment, then:

SIMON (cont'd)
Would you like some tea?

INT. SIMON'S KITCHEN - A LITTLE LATER

And now our couple is finishing their second cup, with Bobbi clearly having just been downloaded a lot of fascinating exposition by Simon.

BOBBI

So you have no idea what this
"Doomsayer" is?

SIMON

(eating a cucumber
sandwich)

No, but I'm guessing it's either a
great evil or a terrible band.

BOBBI

This is madness. You boys aren't
going anywhere without a tactical
unit backing you up.

SIMON

No! Bobbi, please, if you'd seen
what this woman did to those guards
at the Tower...

He takes her hand.

SIMON (cont'd)

I can't let any more innocent
people get killed. Knights are
supposed to be the protectors of
this realm. It's *our* fight.

Bobbi looks down at his hand. The tension builds...

BOBBI

Well... if there's a chance this is
the end of the road for us all, be
a bit silly for you and me not to
go out with a bang.

(a beat)

As it were.

Simon blushes, tries to hide his shyness.

SIMON

Ha! You're wonderful. But no.
No, it wouldn't be right for me to
(immediately changing his
mind)
Yeah okay let's.

INT. SIMON'S BEDROOM - ELEVEN MINUTES LATER

We're directly above Simon's bed, as the two post-coital lovers, covered by sheets, stare up at us with contentment.

BOBBI

Hm.

SIMON

Right.

BOBBI

Shame if that's the last time we got to do that.

SIMON

Well said.

(then; noticing the time)

I swear I'm normally a cuddler, usually to a fault, but my scooter's out of commission, and it's a long walk to--

BOBBI

Go.

SIMON

Cheers. Wait for me here?

In the distance, we hear what sounds like a trash can being THROWN through a plate-glass window.

BOBBI

You wish. Sounds like the inevitable looting has gotten underway. I'm back on the clock.

SIMON

Do me one favor, will you?

BOBBI

You, too.

SIMON

Try not to die.

BOBBI

Try not to die.

SIMON

Ooh.

BOBBI

Jinx.

And off Simon's nervous smile...

INT. MERLIN'S APARTMENT - MORNING

...we're back in the States with Princess, as the falcon SCREECHES loudly.

Widen to reveal that Merlin is yelling at his bird as an American television report plays in the background.

MERLIN

What do you *mean* you can't break through? You have to keep trying, Princess!

FROM TELEVISION

...and with no communication going in or out of England, exactly what is going on inside the UK remains a complete mystery...

Suddenly, a ring tone of Heart's "Magic Man" plays, as Merlin breathlessly picks up his cell phone.

MERLIN

Hello?

MICHAEL CAINE (FROM PHONE)

Hello yourself, old son.

MERLIN

(relieved)

Michael! I thought all the lines were dead!

MICHAEL CAINE (FROM PHONE)

Says the genius behind the magic phone?

Princess the falcon squawks as if to call Merlin a complete and utter dipshit. Merlin covers the phone to yell at her:

MERLIN

I forgot, all right? I'm under a lot of stress! Go take a dump on a statue!

(into the phone)

Sorry. We at the end of the world yet or what?

EXT. CAINE MANOR - EVENING

And now we join Michael Caine, SHARPENING his axe beneath his rain-slicked outdoor patio, as we INTERCUT between the two sides of this conversation.

MICHAEL CAINE

Close enough. Morgana got her hands on the crown jewels, killed all the power, and now we're supposed to meet her at midnight to fight some bloke named Harold.

MERLIN

You mean, the *Final Herald*? As in, the *Doomsayer*?

MICHAEL CAINE

That's the one. What's he all about then?

MERLIN

I... I don't know.

MICHAEL CAINE

Come on, mate, I know it's been a few years, but you have to remember.

MERLIN

I remember the name, it's just... the last Roundtable *stopped* Morgana way before she could ever bring whatever that thing is here.

(beat)

I'm sorry. I have no clue what you guys are up against next.

Michael thinks this over.

MICHAEL CAINE

You know, first day I was shooting *The Ipcress File*, director set the entire bloody script on fire in front of us, told us we'd be better off improvising.

(then)

If I could fake my way through that picture, I figure we'll be able to pull this off.

MERLIN

I appreciate the stiff upper lip, but I still feel like a douche. I mean, I should be there with you guys, not running stupid *simulations* in my apartment. I... I never should have left the British Isles.

MICHAEL CAINE

Now now, don't beat yourself up. I did my time in the States just like you. England is a miserable, gray, cold-hearted place. You can't blame a guy for needing some time away.

MERLIN

So why'd you go back?

As the clouds part and the rain finally starts to die down, Michael Caine looks out beyond his garden to see rolling green hills swallow a blood red sphere in a heartbreakingly beautiful sunset. It's England in all her glory.

MICHAEL CAINE

(matter of fact)

For a proper pint. The Guinness is for shit in America.

Merlin allows himself a little smirk.

MERLIN

Break a leg tonight, Sir Michael.

MICHAEL CAINE

I will.

Michael snaps the phone shut.

MICHAEL CAINE (cont'd)

(muttering to himself)

And probably a hip while I'm at it...

EXT. LONDON HOME - AFTERNOON

We're outside of someone's front door as it swings open to reveal an ADORABLE CHILD, a ten-year-old boy.

ADORABLE CHILD

Daddy!

Widen to reveal that Ricky--still wearing his singed and open shirt--is standing outside in the rain.

RICKY

Hello, champ.

The boy's YOUNGER BROTHER then runs up to hug his father.

YOUNGER BROTHER

We saw you on the telly before the
lights went out!

ADORABLE CHILD

You set Margaret Thatcher on fire!

YOUNGER BROTHER

It was brilliant!

RICKY

Couldn't have done it without your
toy, handsome.

ADORABLE CHILD

Can you make *my* water gun shoot
fire?

RICKY

Oh, it's easier than a drunk
hooker. You just--

ANOTHER VOICE (O.S.)

Ricky?

The door opens wider to reveal a pleasant-looking WOMAN the same age as Ricky... but Ricky feels a hundred years old when he looks at her. This is JESS, his ex-wife.

RICKY

(quietly)
Hello, Jess.

Jess looks at him, then up at the supernaturally black sky.

JESS

You... you were right all along.
Something *bad* is happening, isn't
it? How'd you know we should get
out of town?

RICKY

Never mind about that. The
motorways are jammed with dead cars
and none of the trains are running.
Best thing for you and the boys to
do now is get down to the cellar
and stay there.

JESS

What about you?

RICKY

I'll be fine. I just wanted to come here and say... and say I'm sorry for being such a complete arse.

That word makes the two boys giggle a bit.

RICKY (cont'd)

Look, these last couple of years, I've been a worthless freeloading bastard. I wasn't there for you, and nothing I can do now is ever gonna make up for that. But for what little it's worth, I love all three of you. More than the world.

Genuinely moved, Jess is on the verge of tears.

JESS

Ricky. I... I...

RICKY

Um, also, I was wondering if I could maybe borrow a wee something of yours?

And off Jess' FROWN...

INT. EDMUND'S OFFICE BUILDING - EARLY EVENING

...we're on Sir Edmund's EXECUTIVE ASSISTANT, who is wearing a similar expression. She's holding a candle close to her face as she barks orders at her COLLEAGUES gathered in the darkness.

ASSISTANT

I don't care about whatever rumors you're hearing. What do you think Sir Edmund's going to do when he returns to find you people just milling about?

ANOTHER VOICE (O.S.)

I think he's going to send them home to look after their families.

Everyone turns to see a torch-wielding Edmund enter the dark offices. He has his quiver slung over his back and his bow at his side.

EDMUND

But first, I need you each to check in on one of our markets. Tell the managers that they're to open the stores to anyone and everyone. I don't want a single soul left out on the streets tonight.

The assistant is stunned.

EDMUND (cont'd)

Perishables are worthless without refrigeration, but all of our canned goods should be evenly distributed to those in need.

ASSISTANT

Distributed? Sir, before you send our entire inventory out the door for free, are you sure you don't want to look into less costly--

EDMUND

Ms. Nakamori, never argue with a man wielding a bow and arrow.

And for the first time in a long time, the assistant SMILES.

ASSISTANT

You heard him. Let's get to work!

EXT. SIMON'S STREET - NIGHT

Speaking of which, Bobbi is once again on the beat. The afterglow of the evening's proceedings is starting to fade as the seriousness of the situation again rears its ugly head.

Down the street, Bobbi sees an OLD WOMAN struggling to get to her feet, having apparently been knocked to the pavement. There's a nasty gash on her forehead.

BOBBI

Hell.

She runs to help the old woman up.

BOBBI (cont'd)

Ma'am! Are you all right?

OLD WOMAN

Oh, bless your heart, dearie. It's nothing.

Suddenly, the Old Woman reaches out and GRABS Bobbi by the throat. As Bobbi GASPS for air, the "Old Woman" SHAPESHIFTS into her real form: Morgana.

MORGANA
Nothing at all.

BOBBI
...who...?

MORGANA
I apologize for this, girl, but your involvement is a necessary evil. If there's one thing a knight can't resist...

Morgana smiles as Bobbi finally PASSES OUT.

MORGANA (cont'd)
...it's a damsel in distress.

INT. MERLIN'S APARTMENT - AFTERNOON

On cue, we reenter the virtual world of Merlin's VIDEO GAME, where a simulated DAMSEL IN DISTRESS screams for help.

DAMSEL
SAVE ME!

Merlin watches helplessly as four knights (each a medieval approximation of our Roundtable members) try to rescue her, only to be DECIMATED by a virtual version of Morgana.

VIRTUAL KNIGHT #1
No way! This chick ripped 5000 damage points in a single move!

VIRTUAL KNIGHT #2
Weak, I just logged on! How can I be dead already?

Pull out to reveal that we're in the Brooklyn apartment, where a groggy Merlin has clearly been at this for a while.

MERLIN
That doesn't bode well...

Merlin takes off his headset as he once again hears a POUNDING at his door. He reluctantly gets up to answer it.

MERLIN (cont'd)
God, Cristal, either invest in earplugs or--

But as he opens the door, Merlin is greeted not by the female model who lives downstairs, but by the winged BEETLE CREATURE Morgana dispatched from the Tower of London.

Merlin calmly gives this towering wax creature the once-over... and SNIFFS at it.

MERLIN (cont'd)

Huh.

(a beat)

You smell like candles.

The oversized insect responds by PUNCHING Merlin so hard that he FLIES back across his studio, SMASHING into a bookcase.

Merlin just shakes this off and gets to his feet.

MERLIN (cont'd)

I'm guessing Morgana sent you? If you were from the co-op board, I'd be dead already.

The Beetle Creature then PROJECTILE VOMITS molten lava across the room at Merlin, who DEFLECTS it at the last second by conjuring a GLOWING FORCE FIELD.

MERLIN (cont'd)

LIKTUS PROPECTOR! Also? So, so gross!

As Morgana's emissary moves in for the kill, PRINCESS swoops off her perch and ATTACKS the giant bug, who promptly SWATS the falcon to the ground.

MERLIN (cont'd)

Did... did you just hit my *bird*?

Merlin's hands begin to crackle with mystical energy as he FIRES a blast at his enemy.

MERLIN (cont'd)

Experimo flarus! That's Latin for **SUCK IT.**

But the Beetle spreads its wings and LIFTS OFF into the air to avoid the blast. It then dives down from the high ceiling to TACKLE Merlin, pinning him against a wall.

BEETLE CREATURE

Morgana sssssends a messssssage...

As the creature begins to CHOKE the life out of him, Merlin strains to reach for the nearby MAGIC WAND we saw mounted on the wall when we first visited this apartment.

BEETLE CREATURE (cont'd)
 Today, all of Britain will
 celebrate your demisssssssse.

MERLIN
 (choking)
 Too bad... we ain't... in Britain.

Merlin finally GRABS the wand, but as he tugs down on it, the wooden panel it's mounted on SLIDES OPEN. This isn't a real magic wand, but a lever that activates a hidden panel... one concealing a Dirty Harry-style SMITH & WESSON MODEL 29 .44 MAGNUM, "the most powerful handgun in the world."

MERLIN (cont'd)
 This is how we roll in the
 U.S. of A.

And as the heavy revolver slides into his hand, Merlin FIRES RIGHT INTO THE MONSTER'S FACE.

BLAM! Purple blood splatters everywhere as the Beetle Creature TOPPLES backwards.

As the smoke clears and a recovered Princess flaps onto his shoulder, Merlin looks down at his firearm, decidedly impressed.

MERLIN (cont'd)
 Well, screw the old-school stuff,
 huh? Maybe I should have armed the
 boys with these things after all...

But before he can pat himself on the back, the Beetle Creature scares the hell out of us by LEAPING TO ITS FEET. Clearly not dead yet, it POUNCES on Merlin, knocking our poor wizard out of frame.

EXT. TRAFALGAR SQUARE - LATE NIGHT

It's a little before midnight back in England, and Trafalgar Square is eerily silent, with everyone in the city having gone into hiding behind closed doors.

Everyone except Michael Caine, that is. He strides purposefully down the empty street, his trusty battle axe at his side.

Suddenly, he hears something.

MICHAEL CAINE
 Who the hell goes there?

Edmund steps out from behind an old-fashioned phone booth.

EDMUND

Thought I might be the only one
stupid enough to show up.

MICHAEL CAINE

I'm a sucker for a good fight.

The two men walk together.

EDMUND

You do any time in the armed
services, Sir Michael?

MICHAEL CAINE

Queen's Royal Regiment. Saw some
action in Korea. Filthy business
that was. Vowed I'd never take up
arms on someone else's turf. If
the bastards wanted to scrap,
they'd have to come to me.

EDMUND

And here we are.

MICHAEL CAINE

And here we are.

ANOTHER VOICE (O.S.)

Well, you're a somber looking
couple of sods, aren't you?

The two men turn to see RICKY, now wearing a fresh new shirt.

RICKY

I, for one, am ready to get
medieval on a proverbial ass or
two.

MICHAEL CAINE

Ricky? Where's your weapon?

Ricky pulls out a SMALL CANISTER from his pocket.

RICKY

Never fear.

Edmund inspects it with disappointment.

EDMUND

Pepper spray?

RICKY

No, it's *mace*. You said that counts, right?

MICHAEL CAINE

I said a mace, you daft...
(increasingly frustrated)
That stuff is worthless!

RICKY

Have you ever been maced before?
My ex got me in the eyes with this crap last year. I was crying like a Spaniard.

ANOTHER VOICE (O.S.)

Guys!

All three knights turn to see Simon, breathlessly dragging his heavy broadsword behind him.

SIMON

Guys, wait up!

EDMUND

Please tell me you have something worthwhile to contribute.

SIMON

I do. Tonight, I was with Bobbi, and as she was leaving, I realized how we can win against Morgana.

RICKY

The cop? You were with her or with her?

SIMON

(blushing)
With her?

RICKY

Nice one. Use the cuffs?

MICHAEL CAINE

Shut up! How do we beat Morgana.

SIMON

Easy. By not fighting her.

MICHAEL CAINE

What?

SIMON

Look, if she wanted us dead, she could have killed us back at the Tower. Morgana obviously *needs* us to accomplish whatever comes next, so the logical thing for us to do is deny her the satisfaction.

EDMUND

You're saying, what... we just retreat and go into hiding?

RICKY

(suddenly excited)
I love this plan.

MICHAEL CAINE

And what about England? We let Morgana stay in power, her goblins and fairies lording over us while we're cut off from the rest of the world, living without electricity like some third-world country?

SIMON

(starting to have second thoughts)
An agrarian lifestyle isn't *all* bad, really.

ANOTHER VOICE (O.S.)

Yes, run away and beat your swords into plowshares.

The knights spin around to see Morgana standing in the middle of this square.

She's holding Bobbi hostage, standing behind this policewoman with a DAGGER pressed to her neck.

MORGANA

This battle has already been lost.

SIMON

BOBBI!

BOBBI

Get out of here, Simon! I can handle this tart!

Edmund raises his bow, but Simon calls him off.

SIMON

Don't! You'll hit her!

RICKY
I thought you were just *with* her.
What's she doing here?

BOBBI
Jesus, Simon, you *told* them?
Already?

But Morgana KNICKS Bobbi with the dagger.

BOBBI (cont'd)
Ahh!

MORGANA
Unless you want to watch me bleed
your consort like a fatted calf,
you will kneel before me.

Simon immediately drops his sword and falls to his knees. On cue, LIGHTNING flashes in the distance.

SIMON
Don't hurt her!

But Morgana stares at the other thee knights.

MORGANA
All of you.

Ricky's not quite sure what to do here.

RICKY
Actually, I've got a bit of a bum
knee, so--

Morgana GLARES at him.

RICKY (cont'd)
Right, down I go.

Ricky WINCES as he kneels, and another bolt of lightning cracks above them.

And now only Michael Caine and Edmund are left standing. Simon looks at Michael with pleading eyes...

SIMON
Michael, *please.*

MICHAEL CAINE
I know, but what about your plan?
Maybe us bowing before Morgana is
what *causes* this Doomsayer chap to
appear.

Seemingly confirming this, Morgana CUTS Bobbi deeper.

BOBBI

AHHHHHH!

Michael sighs, drops his battle axe, and kneels as lightning once again flashes.

Now only Edmund is holding his ground.

SIMON

Edmund...

EDMUND

I don't kneel before anyone except the Queen. And that was under protest.

But Simon is done playing nice.

SIMON

(hard as nails)

Get down before I take your legs out from under you.

Edmund says nothing for a beat, but finally kneels as the last bolt of lightning flashes on cue.

SIMON (cont'd)

We held up our end of the bargain, now let her go.

MORGANA

Who said we were bargaining?

With that, the earth begins to TREMBLE.

RICKY

Saw that coming.

Suddenly, the street OPENS UP, and Morgana and Bobbi are THRUST into the air by the MASSIVE HILL that springs up beneath their feet.

RICKY (cont'd)

Not that part, truthfully.

And then, the hill begins to LENGTHEN and UNFURL, as we see that it's not a hill... but a living creature, a scaly monster more than 100 feet long with a head like an oversized lizard.

That's right, it's a DRAGON.

Still on their knees, the knights look up at this mythical creature with an appropriate mix of shock and awe. As Morgana and her hostage take up position on the creature's back, SMOKE billows out of the dragon's nostrils.

RICKY (cont'd)

Uh...

SIMON

EVERYONE, MOVE!

Quickly grabbing their weapons, the knights SCATTER a split-second before the dragon EXHALES LIQUID FIRE all over the spot where they were just kneeling. Ricky ROLLS to a stop and pats out his smoldering clothes.

RICKY

Now *that* is a proper flamethrower.

The dragon ROARS, as Simon looks up to see the captive Bobbi high on the monster's back with Morgana.

EDMUND

Is this the part where we retreat?

SIMON

(total badass)

Change of plans.

Raising his sword, Simon charges forward and SLASHES his weapon against one of the dragon's legs. But the monster's hide is too thick, and the attack only seems to make it angry. The dragon LUNGES at Simon.

SIMON (cont'd)

Bother.

Trying to distract the creature, Edmund LAUNCHES several arrows at its head. The steel-tipped projectiles only BOUNCE off of it, but the annoyed dragon does turn away from its attackers.

Seeing an opening, Michael Caine rushes at the dragon's long tail and SLICES into it. He manages to dislodge some sort of shell-like COATING, but the dragon remains unhurt.

ACKLING, Morgana then motions for her dragon to move. It obliges and STOMPS AWAY, knocking over street lamps and traffic lights as it leaves Trafalgar Square with Morgana and a screaming Bobbi still on its back.

BOBBI

(gradually fading away)

SIIIIIiiiiimooooon...!

The knights just stand there helplessly, absolutely dumbfounded.

As the sounds of the creature's heavy footsteps finally subside, Ricky holds up his little canister of mace.

RICKY

Come back and I'll spray you!

EDMUND

What the hell are we supposed to do now? That thing is unstoppable.

MICHAEL CAINE

What *is* it?

SIMON

It's a dragon.

(then, dramatically)

It's kind of like a salamander.

RICKY

Yeah. Except no. Because salamanders aren't a million bloody feet tall.

EDMUND

Nor do they normally breathe fire.

Ignoring them, Simon reaches down and picks up the piece of shell-like coating Michael Caine knocked off the dragon.

SIMON

Do you have any idea what this is?

Simon hands it over to Ricky, who shakes his head.

SIMON (cont'd)

It's a cocoon.

RICKY

Ah.

SIMON

Made of mucus.

RICKY

Eh.

Ricky promptly DROPS it.

SIMON

Listen, in order to prevent their skin from drying out on land, some amphibians encase themselves in a... a kind of *protective shell*. That's why we couldn't break through its hide. But if we had enough water to *rehydrate* the thing, it would suddenly be vulnerable to our attacks.

MICHAEL CAINE

You're saying we need to get it wet before we can kill it?

RICKY

(an aside)

Knew I should have brought another squirt gun.

EDMUND

The taps all went dry the second Morgana killed the power. We can't exactly hose it down, Simon.

Suddenly, a HORSE-DRAWN CARRIAGE abandoned by its driver clops into frame. It's the same one Simon saw outside of Buckingham Palace.

SIMON

If you can lead a horse to water...

Simon walks over, starts unhooking the handsome BLACK STEED from this carriage. The other knights look confused.

MICHAEL CAINE

The hell are you doing?

SIMON

The River Thames is just a stone's throw from here. If I can catch up to that beast, I should be able to steer him into the drink.

RICKY

What about us?

SIMON

Go home to your families. I don't want any more of you getting hurt. This... this is absurd. We're not even real knights.

But Michael Caine stands strong.

MICHAEL CAINE

Maybe not. But I sure as shit know
how to act like one.

The venerable actor extends his hand, palm down, in the center of this foursome.

MICHAEL CAINE (cont'd)

Long live the Roundtable.

Ricky thinks about this, nods, puts his hand on top of Michael's.

RICKY

He's right. This is our code. All
for one, one for all.

Edmund rolls his eyes, but reluctantly places his hand on top of Ricky and Michael's.

EDMUND

We're not Musketeers, idiot.

Grateful for his new comrades, Simon adds his hand to the others'.

SIMON

Right then. God save the Queen...

He then dramatically MOUNTS his horse's saddle.

SIMON (cont'd)

...and our worthless asses.

EDMUND

Do you even know how to ride that
thing?

SIMON

(a little too confident)
Like a scooter with legs, mate.

EXT. NORTHUMBERLAND AVENUE - MOMENTS LATER

Smash cut to Simon's horse GALLOPING AT FULL SPEED through the urban destruction left in the dragon's wake.

Simon hangs on for dear life as his horse LEAPS over the scattered debris.

SIMON

(screaming)
FFFFUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUU--

EXT. STREETS OF LONDON - CONTINUOUS

Before Simon can finish that thought, we rejoin the other three knights, who are RACING down another street.

RICKY
(winded)
A little... slower... maybe?

EDMUND
Where exactly are we going?

MICHAEL CAINE
I'm guessing you own a boat, yeah?

EDMUND
Six. Why?

MICHAEL CAINE
Just get us onboard, Captain. I'll handle the rest...

EXT. DRAGON'S BACK - CONTINUOUS

As the dragon continues to slouch across London--CRUSHING comically small European cars with each step and INCINERATING British billboards with its fiery breath--Morgana calmly rides on the beast's back, sitting behind Bobbi with her dagger still pressed to the police officer's neck.

BOBBI
He's gonna kill you, you know.

MORGANA
Your knight in shining armor? Oh, I'm certain he'll try, just as I'm certain he'll fail.

BOBBI
Yes, well, I'm certain that... your hair is stupid.

MORGANA
(a little self-conscious)
What?

BOBBI
You heard me.
(under her breath)
Bitch.

ANOTHER VOICE (O.S.)
HEY!

ANGLE BELOW, as Simon pulls his horse to a stop right in front of the dragon. He yells up at the creature.

SIMON

Down here, you mutant bastard!

Morgana smiles back at Bobbi. She pets her dragon.

MORGANA

And now, my love, you may sup.

With a forked tongue, the dragon LICKS ITS LIPS.

Simon kicks his horse to life, steering the steed towards the nearby shoreline.

BOBBI

What the hell is he doing?

Below, Simon begins to freak out. This was a bad idea.

SIMON

What the hell am I doing?!

EXT. EDMUND'S SAILBOAT - NIGHT

Elsewhere, Ricky, Michael Caine and Edmund are hopping aboard one of Edmund's yacht-like SAILBOATS.

MICHAEL CAINE

Edmund, you have the wheel. Ricky, help me hoist the main sail.

RICKY

I don't even know what that means! Give me a harpoon or something!

EDMUND

What for?

RICKY

Maybe I can poke out one of Godzilla's eyes. I used to throw a little javelin.

EDMUND

You're barely fit to throw a party.

MICHAEL CAINE

Shut up and raise the anchor! We've only got one shot at this...

EXT. EDGE OF THE RIVER THAMES - NIGHT

With the dragon stomping through the city right behind him, Simon RACES his steed right to the edge of the water.

SIMON
Bloody whoa!

The horse SKIDS to a stop and Simon quickly dismounts. He slaps his animal on the ass.

SIMON (cont'd)
Go on, mate. I'll take it from here.

As the dragon lumbers right up to him, Simon meekly raises his sword.

SIMON (cont'd)
Look, we... we both know you don't want to eat me. If you're anything like my little guys, your favorite dish is fish, yeah? Maybe some lake trout or a nice cod or--

Suddenly, the dragon lowers its massive head and ROARS right in Simon's face, drenching him with its fetid saliva.

SIMON (cont'd)
(grossed out)
Nuggaaahh! That is never washing out!

Just as the dragon is about to use its mighty jaws to SNAP him in half, Simon clutches his sword tight and DIVES into the freezing water.

EXT. RIVER THAMES - CONTINUOUS

Coming up for air in the brackish river, Simon looks absolutely disgusted.

SIMON
Oh, for Christ's... how can this smell worse than that thing's breath?!

It's out of the frying pan, as Simon looks up to see the dragon finally FOLLOW HIM into the water.

But as the dragon sinks up to its waist in the Thames, we see its protective shell of hardened slime begin to DISSOLVE...

EXT. EDMUND'S SAILBOAT - NIGHT

With Edmund at the wheel, the other knights' sailboat KNIFES through the water at a good clip. From the lookout, Ricky suddenly spots something:

RICKY
Big ugly lizard thing, dead ahead!

Edmund shakes his head in wonder as sees the dragon trudging slowly through the water.

EDMUND
I don't believe it. He actually did it...

At the ship's bow, Michael Caine grabs his battle axe and carefully walks out to the wooden bowsprit projecting from the front of the vessel.

MICHAEL CAINE
Don't pop the champagne yet. Keep us sailing at full-speed right for it.

Michael begins CHOPPING into the bowsprit with his axe.

EDMUND
What the hell are you doing to my boat?!

The bowsprit SPLINTERS in half, leaving only a jagged hunk of wood protruding from the boat.

A look of horror washes over Edmund as he realizes what Michael is up to.

EDMUND (cont'd)
Hold on, you're turning our ship into a *weapon*?

RICKY
What makes you think we can kill a monster with a sailboat?

Michael Caine looks back at us, a twinkle in his eye.

MICHAEL CAINE
A little picture called *Jaws: The Revenge*.

For an uncomfortably long beat, Edmund and Ricky just STARE at him.

MICHAEL CAINE (cont'd)
Trust me, all we did was tap that
shark and it pretty well exploded.

Edmund and Ricky are aghast.

EDMUND
You insane old bastard.

RICKY
It was a crap movie, not a sodding
documentary!

MICHAEL CAINE
That "crap movie" bought my family
a home... and now it's going to
save the world.

EXT. RIVER THAMES - CONTINUOUS

Simon is SWIMMING as fast as he can, spitting out the rancid
river with each stroke.

SIMON
Pwah! It tastes like hepatitis!

Trudging through the water behind him, the relentless dragon
is almost on top of poor Simon.

EXT. DRAGON'S BACK - CONTINUOUS

Looking down at her slow-moving prey, Morgana simply SMILES.

MORGANA
Chivalry is dead.

But the hostage Bobbi notices something else in the water
moving right for them.

BOBBI
Not just yet, twat face.

EXT. EDMUND'S SAILBOAT - CONTINUOUS

As the sailboat closes in on the dragon, Michael Caine
bravely stares down the monster.

MICHAEL CAINE
Smile, you son of a bitch!

RICKY

That was the ending of the *first* Jaws! You can't just recycle good lines from earlier, vastly superior films!

MICHAEL CAINE

Tell that to Mr. Bruce Willis. Or Governor Schwarzenegger. Or--

EDMUND

HANG ON!

EXT. RIVER THAMES - CONTINUOUS

We're with an awestruck Simon in the river, treading water as he watches his friends' sailboat COLLIDE with the dragon, PIERCING its now-unprotected belly with the ship's jagged wooden bowsprit!

The dragon HOWLS in pain as a massive amount of GREEN BLOOD seems to almost EXPLODE out of its punctured chest.

EXT. DRAGON'S BACK - CONTINUOUS

High above, Morgana manages to hang on as the mortally wounded dragon REARS BACK, but the sorceress is forced to let go of Bobbi, who screams as she PLUNGES towards the water.

EXT. RIVER THAMES - CONTINUOUS

Simon looks up in horror to see his girlfriend PLUMMETING right towards him. Still treading water with his legs, he holds out his arms to CATCH her.

SIMON

Don't worry, Bobbi! I've got you!
I've--

Realizing a moment too late that this is a profoundly stupid plan of action, Simon braces for impact as Bobbi LANDS right on top of him.

SPLOOOOOSH!

EXT. EDMUND'S SAILBOAT - CONTINUOUS

Back on the yacht, the other three knights are celebrating like crazy as they watch the dragon stumble backwards off of their boat's bowsprit and tremble in the THROES OF DEATH.

EDMUND

I don't believe it! We slayed a bloody dragon!

MICHAEL CAINE

Was there ever any doubt?

RICKY

Oh, loads! Loads of loads!

But the celebration dies down as the men notice the monster SWAYING back and forth. As its eyes roll back into its head, the dragon finally COLLAPSES... right onto the MILLENNIUM WHEEL, the world's tallest Ferris Wheel.

London's multi-million dollar tourist attraction TOPPLES along with the dragon, SMASHING into a billion little pieces under the creature's immense weight. The knights all WINCE.

RICKY (cont'd)

They're probably insured.

(a beat)

Against dragons.

EDMUND

Well, that's on Sir Michael.

MICHAEL CAINE

Me? What the hell happened to "us" slaying that thing?

ANOTHER VOICE

Oi! Wankers!

The men all turn to see SIMON clinging to the side of the yacht with BOBBI at his side!

SIMON

Permission to come aboard and all that?

EDMUND

Simon!

RICKY

And that girl he porked!

Edmund, Ricky and Michael Caine all race over to help pull up the soaking wet couple.

MICHAEL CAINE

You two all right?

BOBBI
 If by "all right," you mean smell
 like the back of Simon's balls,
 then yes.

SIMON
 (a little hurt)
 You're welcome?

Everyone freezes as a ringtone version of The Who's "Magic Bus" suddenly breaks the silence. Michael Caine reaches into his pocket to answer his cell phone.

MICHAEL CAINE
 Merlin?

MERLIN (FROM PHONE)
*Oh, dude! I was sure I'd be
 leaving voicemail for your charred
 corpses.*

INT. MERLIN'S APARTMENT - DAY

And we were just about to say the same thing about MERLIN.

He's standing next to Morgana's Beetle Creature, who's now TETHERED to one of Merlin's chairs with wired controllers from a hundred different old video game consoles. The wizard is pacing nervously as he talks on his cell.

MERLIN
 I interrogated Morgana's one-man
 British Invasion about this
 Doomsayer thing. Turns out it's
 actually a--

MICHAEL CAINE (FROM PHONE)
Dragon. We know.

MERLIN
 Oh. Okay, good, listen, whatever
 you do, do not kill it.

There's an uncomfortable silence.

MICHAEL CAINE (FROM PHONE)
Say again?

MERLIN
 The dragon. Morgana's gonna say
 that she needs you guys to conjure
 it, but that's a lie. Really, she
 needs you to *destroy* it.

MICHAEL CAINE (FROM PHONE)

Uh...

MERLIN

Look, if a sorceress bathes in dragon's blood, she'll be made *impervious* to the entire Roundtable. She'll be completely unstoppable!

EXT. EDMUND'S SAILBOAT - NIGHT

Everyone looks at Michael Caine, who listens to other end of the line and FROWNS.

MICHAEL CAINE

You don't say...

RICKY

What's he so glum about?

Suddenly, Edmund notices something in the water.

EDMUND

That, I'm guessing.

All four knights and Bobbi then look over the edge of the boat to see the water BOILING and BUBBLING as it mixes with the dragon's green blood.

Without warning, Morgana comes BURSTING out of this broth. She LAUNCHES into the night sky before finally LANDING in a dramatic pose on the deck of Edmund's ship, right in the middle of our knights.

MORGANA

I'm in your debt for *completing* my metamorphosis, Roundtable.

(a beat)

So I promise to end you quickly.

Not hesitating even a little, Michael Caine drops his cell phone and HURLS his battle axe at Morgana, throwing it with enough force to EMBED the weapon deep in her heart!

RICKY

(enthused)

Right between the jublies!

But Morgana just looks down at the battle axe, and then calmly REMOVES it from her chest. Beneath her torn clothes, we watch as her skin instantly HEALS.

Morgana tosses the weapon overboard as the others watch with awe-struck fear.

MORGANA

Thanks to your efforts, no knight
on the planet can ever again harm
me.

(a beat)

I'm afraid I can't return the
favor.

Morgana extends her hand and FIRES a bolt of crackling mystic energy right at Michael Caine.

Shockingly, the energy RIPS THROUGH the actor's body, tearing a massive hole in his chest. He collapses to the deck.

RICKY

MICHAEL CAINE!

Ricky, Edmund and Bobbi are frozen in horror, but Simon rushes to his fallen comrade's side. He cradles Michael Caine's still-smoking body.

SIMON

Just hang on, Sir Michael.
You're... you're gonna be fine.

Taking shallow breaths, Michael Caine looks up at Simon.

MICHAEL CAINE

It was a privilege... serving with
you rascals.

SIMON

(through tears)
No. No, please.

MICHAEL CAINE

No matter what happens...
(a beat)
...don't... blink...

And with that, Michael Caine dies.

Simon looks into the late actor's eyes. They're open but lifeless. Holy shit. The moment hits every member of the surviving Roundtable HARD.

Filled with sorrow and rage, Simon wipes away his tears. Slowly, he RISES, his glistening broadsword at his side. Absolutely UNBLINKING, Simon stares Morgana down.

MORGANA

Your weapons are useless against me, boy. All you can do is annoy.

SIMON

Aye.

(a beat)

It's what I'm best at.

With that, Simon lifts his sword and THROWS it as hard as he can. We watch in slow-motion as the blade SPINS towards Morgana's face...

...and MISSES her by a country mile.

MORGANA

(smiling)

What is it that you don't you understand? In the unlikely scenario you could even *hit* me, you still couldn't kill me. No knight can.

ANOTHER VOICE (O.S.)

Yeah?

Morgana spins around to see the woman she turned her back on. It's BOBBI, who's wielding the broadsword that we now realize her boyfriend tossed to *her*.

BOBBI

Good thing I ain't a knight.

And before Morgana can open her mouth to respond, Bobbi SWINGS the heavy sword, DECAPITATING the sorceress with one smooth slice.

The knights all shield their eyes as the headless Morgana then EXPLODES in a blinding shower of mystical sparks.

And as the energy disappears, the dark clouds evaporate and a glorious EARLY MORNING SUN suddenly appears over Britain.

Simon proudly beams at the sword-wielding Bobbi... until the memory of his recently fallen friend comes rushing back.

He races to the nearby corpse and picks up the cell phone that Michael Caine dropped earlier. Simon frantically dials.

SIMON

Come on, pick up. Pick up!

Just then, we hear a digital ringtone of The Lovin' Spoonfuls' "Do You Believe in Magic?" *behind* us.

Edmund and Ricky turn to see MERLIN, with Princess on his shoulder, exiting a glowing portal.

Stepping onto the deck of the boat, a flabbergasted Merlin drinks in his surroundings: Big Ben, Parliament, etc.

He's really back.

MERLIN

God.

(then)

I'm home.

EDMUND

(confused)

Merlin? I thought...

MERLIN

Me, too. But the curse is broken.

Which means you magnificent bastards actually destroyed her.

For keeps.

(looking around)

So why does everybody look like their grandfather just died?

Ricky somberly gestures at the back of the boat, and Merlin turns to see Simon and Bobbi holding Michael Caine's lifeless body.

MERLIN (cont'd)

(heartbroken)

Oh. Oh, no.

Simon looks up at the wizard with pleading eyes.

SIMON

Can... can you save him?

Push in tight on Merlin, a glimmer of hope in his eye.

MERLIN

I can try.

The music begins to swell, but then we abruptly HARD CUT TO:

EXT. ABNEY PARK CEMETERY - DAY

A TOMBSTONE that reads:

**SIR MICHAEL CAINE
STAR OF STAGE & SCREEN/SAVIOUR OF EARTH
1933 - 2008**

We're back in the cemetery where our knights first gathered. It's been several weeks, and Bobbi and Simon are visiting the grave of their late friend. They're holding hands.

SIMON
Well, he tried.

BOBBI
Not much of a wizard if you ask me.

SIMON
He's Merlin, Bobbi, not Jesus.

Bobbi can't argue that.

BOBBI
And I suppose you can't say Sir Michael didn't live a hell of a life.

Simon reaches into his jacket for something.

SIMON
Which reminds me, his family gave me this, but I think he would have wanted you to have it.

It's Michael Caine's MEDAL OF KNIGHTHOOD.

SIMON (cont'd)
I'd say you earned it, yeah? And long before you ever beheaded that bee-yotch.
(embarrassed)
As it were.

Bobbi is almost moved to tears.

BOBBI
Simon, I... I don't know what to--

Suddenly, a FRISBEE hits Bobbi right in the face.

BOBBI (cont'd)
OW!

ANOTHER VOICE (O.S.)
Sorry!

Bobbi and Simon look over to see Ricky, who's apparently been playing Frisbee with his two boys.

RICKY

That was my little one. Future
discus star, he is.

ADORABLE CHILD

Did you see that, dad? Got her
square in the face!

Just then, Sir Edmund appears in the distance, walking arm in
arm with his female assistant.

ASSISTANT

Apologies for our tardiness, all.
Sir Helps-a-lot made us stop to
change an old woman's flat tire.

EDMUND

(humorless)
She's lying, of course.

The three knights all look to each other with contented
smiles, when suddenly... *Merlin* appears in a burst of
brimstone.

He's dressed in an embarrassing suit that looks like it's
made out of the British flag.

MERLIN

Guys! Red alert!

RICKY

(re: Merlin's outfit)
Elton John's been robbed?

MERLIN

I have a lot of national pride, all
right!
(calming himself)
Look, we got a problem.

EDMUND

Don't tell me Morgana's back
already. It's barely been three
months!

MERLIN

Not Morgana. Her son.
(a beat)
Well, *my* son, actually.

BOBBI

Wait, which one is it?

MERLIN
Um. Technically? Both.

SIMON
(putting this together)
You *slept with Morgana*?

MERLIN
Wine was much stronger back then,
okay!

The others shake their heads judgmentally.

MERLIN (cont'd)
Whatever, it's not my brat I'm
worried about, it's what he's let
loose in the middle of the city:
the Werewolves of London.

EDMUND
What, like the song?

MERLIN
No. Like the *werewolves*.

RICKY
But it's not a full moon!

SIMON
(looking up at the sun)
It's not even a moon!

MERLIN
Either way, only the Roundtable can
stop them.

SIMON
Us? But, we're kind of down a man,
Merlin.

BOBBI
(pointing to her medal)
Excuse me!

SIMON
Well, in all fairness, that makes
you more of a *dame* than a knight,
but--

Bobbi PUNCHES Simon in the arm.

SIMON (cont'd)
(rubbing his arm)
Gonna be a bruise there.

MERLIN

Bobbi's welcome to join us, but
I've already sent Princess for
reinforcements.

The assembled knights all look at the wizard expectantly.

EDMUND

What *kind* of reinforcements?

INT. MANSION BEDROOM - DAY

We're inside of a palatial bedroom, where a MYSTERY FIGURE is fast asleep beneath the covers between TWO SLEEPING SUPERMODELS.

Princess flies in through an open window and lands on a clock radio, which comes alive with The Rolling Stone's "Start Me Up."

As the vocals kick in, the mystery figure rouses to reveal that he is, of course, SIR MICK JAGGER.

Mick stares at the falcon on his clock radio for a long beat, before he finally says:

MICK JAGGER

Princess...?

The bird squawks.

Wait, these two KNOW each other?

Reaching behind his headboard, the shirtless Mick produces a MEDIEVAL SHIELD.

MICK JAGGER (cont'd)

About bloody time.

And just as Keith's guitar solo punches the song into overdrive, a WEREWOLF crashes through one of the bedroom windows.

The two supermodels scream, but Sir Mick just SMILES his endless grin, as we...

...SMASH TO CREDITS.