

THE FUTURE KING

by

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from the DC Comics series "Camelot 3000"

by Mike Barr & Brian Bolland

PRODUCER'S SECOND DRAFT: APRIL 16, 1999

(* Missing Pages:
27, 78, 80, 82)

FADE IN:

A GLEAMING SWORD

held aloft by

A KING

who stands beneath a field of STARS.

King and Sword are both made of STAINED GLASS, sunlight streaming through them.

MAN'S VOICE (VO)

Arthur Pendragon, The Once And Future King. Can anyone tell me why he's called that?

CUT TO:

REAL STARS

shining through the blackness of space, one of them MOVING, SOARING TOWARDS US until it's close enough for us to realize it's not a star at all but a METEOROID, its surface AGLOW with CRIMSON otherworldly energy.

BOY'S VOICE (VO)

Because of the prophecy, of course.

CUT TO:

KNIGHTS LOCKED IN BATTLE

but there's no sound of steel crashing against steel, nor cries of triumph or agony, for these Knights are woven into the threads of a TAPESTRY.

BOY'S VOICE (VO; CONT'D)

It says he'll return when his Kingdom needs him the most.

MAN'S VOICE (VO)

And who can tell me why King Arthur lost his throne the first time?

SECOND BOY'S VOICE (VO)

He got pissed at Lancelot for shagging Queen Guinevere and chased after him with all his knights -- and while they were gone his enemies stole the kingdom!

CUT TO:

THE METEOROID

zooming into our solar system, passing the rings of Saturn...

MAN'S VOICE (VO)

And who can tell me who those enemies were?

CUT TO:

MEDIEVAL WOODCUTS

of a castle being burned and pillaged, great armored armies colliding in battle...

GIRL'S VOICE (VO)

I can! Modred, who had good reason to hate Arthur, 'cause he was his bastard son -- the son Arthur never liked.

BOY'S VOICE (VO)

And Modred's mum, Morgan LeFay. She always wanted to use her powerful magic to get revenge against Arthur because his father had raped her mother.

MAN'S VOICE (VO)

And what finally happened between them?

BOY'S VOICE (VO)

They all slaughtered each other.

SECOND BOY'S VOICE (VO)

Cool.

CUT TO:

THE METEOROID

soaring past the Moon, approaching the blue-green orb of Earth...

MAN'S VOICE (VO)

No, it wasn't cool. It wasn't cool at all. Can anyone tell me why?

CUT TO:

A PAGE FROM AN ILLUMINATED MANUSCRIPT

showing King Arthur and Queen Guinevere atop their thrones, smiling down upon their subjects in Camelot...

GIRL'S VOICE (VO)
Because it left the land without a king.

MAN'S VOICE (VO)
That's exactly right. Now, after Arthur and Queen Guinevere, who's the most famous Knight of the Roundtable?

THIRD BOY'S VOICE (VO)
Lancelot of course! He was the best sword-fighter in all of Camelot.

SECOND GIRL'S VOICE (VO)
And the handsomest! That's probably why Guinevere had the hots for him.

MORE ILLUMINATED MANUSCRIPT PAGES

show Lancelot and Guinevere kissing by a stream... Arthur, enraged, attacking Lancelot with his mighty sword EXCALIBUR... and the beautiful sorceress Morgan LeFay watching over it all with her bitter son Modred by her side.

MAN'S VOICE (VO)
Which other Knights can you tell me about?

CUT TO:

THE METEOROID

as it sails past the red wastes of the surface of Mars...

SECOND BOY'S VOICE (VO)
Tristan, he was the toughest!

THIRD BOY'S VOICE (VO)
And Percival, he had the purest heart!

GIRL'S VOICE (VO)
Galahad was the wisest!

FOURTH BOY'S VOICE (VO)
But Mr. Prentice, they're all just stories.

CUT TO:

INT. BRITISH MUSEUM - DAY

The Man -- a teacher named TOM PRENTICE, 28, quietly handsome in an unassuming way -- stands with his class of 12 YEAR-OLD STUDENTS in a MUSEUM GALLERY filled with ARTHURIAN relics.

FOURTH BOY

I scanned a holo-pic about the real King Arthur -- he wasn't a medieval king in shining armor, he was a Celtic warlord who tried to unite fifth Century Britain against barbarian invaders.

Tom smiles at his student.

TOM (MAN)

You're right, Cyril, that's one Arthur. But there are many others. The 12th Century Arthur of Geoffrey of Monmouth, the 15th Century Arthur made famous by Sir Thomas Malory. In fact, almost every culture on earth has its own version of the Arthur story.

FOURTH BOY

But none of them are real. Besides, it's the 22nd century, we don't need to learn about Kings anymore.

Tom looks up at the first stained glass image of Arthur holding Excalibur aloft beneath the starry night sky.

TOM

"King" is just a word, Cyril. What it really means is "leader." The real question is what makes a good leader -- what makes a good "King"?

The Students follow Tom's gaze, staring up the stained glass...

CUT TO:

EXT. MONORAIL - DUSK

A WHOOSH of AIR and a sleek chrome cylinder -- a futuristic ISOBAR TRAIN -- skims across the quiet British countryside as the last traces of sunset fade from the sky...

INT. ISOBAR TRAIN

Tom sits at a window, using a little pocket penknife to carefully peel an apple. A GIRL STUDENT watches him closely, curious at how very intensely he is concentrating on the task at hand...

GIRL STUDENT

What are you doing, Mr. Prentice?

Tom smiles and answers matter-of-factly.

TOM

Peeling an apple.

GIRL STUDENT

I can see that. I mean the way you're doing it.

Tom finally looks up at her.

TOM

Old folklore. If you can peel the whole fruit, in one complete piece, you'll be lucky in love.

GIRL STUDENT

Don't worry, Mr. Prentice, I'll marry you when I grow up.

Tom holds up the completed peel -- an endless CONCENTRIC CIRCLE of red skin -- and smiles.

Suddenly the sounds of CHEERING rise from behind them. Tom hands the peeled apple to the Girl, turns, sees TWO STUDENTS in the midst of a brawl. Tom wades in, struggles to pry the two boys away from each other --

TOM

(to the kids watching)
Back to your seats all of you!
(to William and Cyril)
What's this all about?

CYRIL

He said he liked Amanda Wilkens.

WILLIAM

That's right I do!

CYRIL

Don't talk about her! I like her!

The two kids go at it again, but Tom is there, pushing them apart --

TOM

Knock it off!

(a beat)

I happen to know for a fact that Amanda Wilkens doesn't like either of you idiots.

William and Cyril give Tom a sullen look as a couple of the other kids LAUGH.

TOM

There are things worth fighting over --
but this isn't one of them.

CUT TO:

THE METEOROID

smashing a piece off an orbiting WEATHER SATELLITE in the outer atmosphere, then continuing to burn its way ahead on its course towards Earth...

CUT TO:

EXT. OUTSKIRTS OF SALISBURY, ENGLAND - NIGHT

The English countryside, a village of TUDOR HOUSES, retrofitted to keep up with the times.

INT. TOM'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Tom sits in his easy-chair, surrounded by BOOKS, his head buried in one particular volume: a well-worn copy of Alfred Tennyson's "Idylls of the King." He reaches out to turn a yellowed page --

SUDDENLY AN INCREDIBLY LOUD SONIC BOOM THUNDERS THROUGH THE SKY! Tom's WINDOWS are blasted into a hundred-thousand shards of SHRAPNEL, a SHOCK-WAVE knocking Tom out of his chair, sending him SMASHING head-first against the floor!

EXT. SKIES ABOVE TOM'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Having just broken the Sound Barrier, the crimson glow of the Meteoroid cuts its way across the sky above Salisbury, descending with ever-increasing velocity --

SMASH-CUT TO:

EXT. LONDON, ENGLAND - NIGHT

Despite advances in architecture and engineering this city remains familiar, still built around the legendary pillars of its past: BIG BEN, PARLIAMENT, BUCKINGHAM PALACE -- as well as the rougher sections of town...

EXT. EAST END ALLEY - NIGHT

A century-and-a-half in the future you still don't want to be caught dead here after dark. A METROPOLITAN CONSTABLE ON PATROL -- a COP -- is in the midst of ARRESTING A TRIO OF CRIMINALS, his PATROL SKIMMER hovering parked behind him.

SUDDENLY THE METEOROID PLUMMETS OUT OF THE SKY, SMASHING THROUGH THE SKIMMER AND TURNING THE STREET BELOW INTO A SMOKING CRATER!

The force of the blast knocks the Cop and the three Criminals to the ground. The Criminals scramble to their feet and take off down the alleyway. The Cop rises a moment later and goes to follow them -- then freezes in his tracks...

COP'S POV

From inside the crater an unmistakably-human form emerges -- it is the form of a strikingly-beautiful WOMAN with shimmering eyes, lustrous hair... and nothing else.

Without clothes some women are "undressed," others are "naked," but this Woman... is nude.

With impossible elegance the Woman rises out of the crater and strides up to the Cop. She casts a glance over her shoulder at the smoking crater where his vehicle used to be, then turns back to the Cop...

WOMAN

Sorry about your... steed.

OUT OF THE CRATER

crawls another creature -- a small reptillian thing, half-dragon, half-monkey. It CHIRPS and scurries up behind the nude Woman.

The Woman looks the Cop over, her eyes beginning to shimmer with appetite... she reaches out and pulls off his HELMET...

WOMAN

Don't hide yourself...

The Cop starts to say something, but she shushes him and runs her hands along his shoulders and down his arms, pieces of lightweight SHOCK ARMOR which cover his body DROPPING to the street at her touch...

She presses herself close to his muscular body -- now almost as bare as her own -- and kisses him full on the lips... a long, wet kiss. He can't help but respond, wrapping his arms around her and running his hands through her hair.

Alone in the darkened alley together they make love, their bodies melting into one.

The Woman suddenly steps away, a mischevious smirk cracking across her flushed face, her eyes staring down at the man she just reduced to a spent heap...

WHO SUDDENLY BEGINS TO SPASM and CONVULSE, a strange OTHERWORDLY GROWTH seeping out of his pores, starting to cover his body, forming into slimey, almost reptilian SCALES. The Cop SCREAMS as he continues to MUTATE, now from WITHIN, his skull and bones ripping, tearing, expanding...

The Woman surveys her handiwork with glee: the Cop has been transformed into a hideous, half-human half-lizard monster -- MULTI-COLORED ARMORED SCALES and RAZOR-SHARP TALONS, SMOKE and STEAM rising from the holes at the end of its SNOUT, a FORKED TONGUE darting in and out between long FANGS and a powerful TAIL -- longer than the biggest alligator's -- THRASHING heavily against the ground.

WOMAN

Feel proud. You're the first of your species -- *Homo Draconus*.

He is a DRAGON MAN.

The Woman suddenly grabs the fearsome creature by it's scaly CLAW and SLASHES one of her long, sharp FINGERNAILS across its PALM -- his BOILING OTHERWORLDLY BLOOD spurting out and dripping...

...to the GROUND...

...which itself begins to BOIL, coming alive with OTHERWORLDLY INFESTATION... a hideous MUTATION -- like Leprosy of the Earth itself -- which slowly, inexorably, begins to SPREAD, tendrils of otherwordly GROWTH spiderwebbing their way across the ground, INFECTING everything in their path...

The tiny DRAGON-MONKEY chirps in approval.

The Woman steps over to the armor and smiles as it COMES TO LIFE, CLAMPING itself piece-by-piece over her curvaceous form. She turns and stares at her REFLECTION in a WINDOW 'facing the alley...

Infected by the OTHERWORLDLY INTFESTATION the pieces have been TRANSFORMED into a DARKLY SENSUAL SUIT OF ARMOR, both Medieval and otherworldly. Dressed in it, the Woman is a veritable DARK GODDESS. She likes what she sees.

WOMAN

I always had an eye for fashion.

Her reflection is suddenly OBSCURED as the OTHERWORLDLY INFESTATION inches its way up the side of the building and spreads across the window-pane --

SMASH-CUT TO:

EXT. TOM'S HOUSE - DAWN

The sun edges towards Salisbury's horizon...

INT. TOM'S HOUSE - DAWN

Tom MOANS, slowly regains consciousness. He looks up from the floor, his face drained of color, blood running from multiple cuts, small shards of glass still jutting from his flesh.

He pulls himself to his feet, makes his way to one of his shattered windows and looks out...

TOM'S FACE

fills with horror.

TOM'S POV

The sun has just risen above the horizon and is shining down upon a landscape very different from the one it set over last night...

In the distance the English countryside has been INFESTED with the OTHERWORLDLY MUTATION -- grass, trees and scattered buildings all being turned into STEAMING, SLIMEY, SCALY VERSIONS OF THEIR FORMER SELVES. Nearby we can see the FORWARD EDGE of the MUTATION as it ADVANCES TOWARDS US, moving, creeping, insidious, unstoppable, infesting EVERYTHING IN ITS PATH...

EXT. ISOBAR TRAIN TRACKS - DAY

Tom runs alongside the MUTATED remains of an empty train, oblivious to the scaly GROWTH which has infested the chrome and glass...

EXT. SALISBURY ACADEMY - DAY

A 22nd Century British Public School.

At least, that's what it was three days ago.

Now it looks like some sort of mishapen monstrosity, a structure from a primeval world, an oozing biomechanical mass -- an experiment gone insane.

Tom stumbles through the mutated grounds of what used to be his school, glancing around in shock...

As far into the distance as he can see, EVERYTHING has been INFESTED, overrun with the MUTANT GROWTH...

And the growth keeps coming, Tom now noticing the barely perceptible TENDRILS of the mutation SPREADING, slowly, inexorably across the school grounds.

Tom suddenly sees something else --

TOM

Jesus...

-- POD-LIKE GROWTHS BURSTING out of the now-infected soil --

The pods SHIFTING and CHANGING, pulsing as if alive --

Then taking shape, LIMBS unfolding, Heads sprouting --

DRAGON MEN growing out of the MUTATED SOIL, hideous, savage, newly-born monsters SCREAMING and HOWLING, acclimating themselves to a new environment like feral babies tearing from their wombs.

Tom looks on in absolute terror.

SUDDENLY AN UNEARTHLY SCREECHING ROAR ERUPTS FROM DIRECTLY BEHIND TOM. He spins around and looks up --

Towering above him is an EIGHT FOOT TALL DRAGON MAN!

Tom tries to run but the creature SMASHES him to the ground with a powerful WHACK OF ITS TAIL and thrusts a deadly-looking TALON straight at his heart! Almost without thinking, Tom snatches up his copy of "Idylls of the King" and uses it as an improvised shield, the Dragon Man's CLAW SPEARING the book instead of his chest.

Tom scrambles away from the enraged Dragon Man -- but SUDDENLY TWO MORE DRAGON MEN appear, CLOSING IN ON TOM!

Tom takes off running through the mutated remains of the Academy, the Dragon Men in hot pursuit...

Tom reaches the outskirts of the School grounds and spots a familiar landmark nearby... an ancient circle of MONOLITHIC SLABS standing guard outside Salisbury since before the town existed. The one structure which somehow has remained miraculously untouched by the otherworldly infestation...

...Stonehenge.

EXT. STONEHENGE - DUSK

Tom, gasping, on his last legs, staggers up to one of the ancient stone slabs, the trio of savage, screeching Dragon Men closing in behind him...

He spins around, out of breath, trapped.

TOM

What's happening? What are you? WHAT
ARE YOU??!!!

BUT SUDDENLY THE SPIDERWEB CRACKS BEGIN TO WIDEN AND THE GREAT STONE SLABS BEGIN TO SHAKE...

The air begins to move, a strange wind swirling in on itself, rising to hurricane force, creating a SWIRLING VORTEX around Tom, the Dragon Men and all of Stonehenge...

As suddenly as it began, the windstorm ENDS, the air going still.

A LIGHTNING BOLT SUDDENLY STREAKS DOWN FROM ABOVE, SPLITTING THE GROUND BETWEEN TOM AND THE DRAGON MONSTERS!

A powerful gnarled HAND bursts out from the torn earth, like the branch of an ancient tree straining for the sky...

The hand is followed by another... then two piercing EYES... and a wise MOUTH spitting dirt from its lips.

The Dragon Men watch dumbfounded as a powerfully-built OLD MAN clad in ancient armor pulls himself up out of the earth and glares straight at them.

One of the Dragon Men aims his snout, rears back his huge head and exhales -- SHOOTING A STREAM OF FIRE STRAIGHT AT THE OLD MAN!

A split-second before the fire can engulf the Old Man he shrugs his shoulders and the flames somehow stop short and pull a U-turn, SHOOTING STRAIGHT BACK AT THE CREATURE WHO LAUNCHED THEM! The flanking Dragon Men watch in stunned disbelief as their comrade is ENGULFED AND IMMOLATED BY HIS OWN FLAME.

A stunned Tom watches as the two remaining Dragon Men let out terrifying HOWLS and charge at the Old Man. They don't get very far before the Old Man points a hand at each and with two shrugs of his wrist somehow makes the scaly skins of the reptilian aliens UNRAVEL OFF THEIR BONES!

The Dragon Men cry out in agony as their flesh collapses at their feet -- leaving two gnarled SKELETONS atop piles of wriggling organs and writhing intestines. The Old Man saunters over to the still-flaming corpse of the Dragon Man, pulls off a piece of burnt flesh and takes a bite --

OLD MAN

What a pity. Dragon steak is much tastier served rare.

Tom is speechless. In fact, he is beginning to doubt his own sanity. The Old Man turns and casts a smirk at the shell-shocked young School Teacher...

OLD MAN (CONT'D)

Don't you recognize me, my boy?

Tom stares straight ahead, glassy-eyed, unblinking.

TOM

(quietly)

I've gone insane.

OLD MAN

You ain't seen nothin' yet.

With a sudden slight-of-hand the Old Man dangles a SILVER CHAIN from which hangs a miniature SILVER BROADSWORD the size of a crucifix...

CLOSE ON TOM

The gleaming TALISMAN reflected in his eyes...

SMASH-CUT TO:

A BLINDING SERIES OF STROBE-CUT MEMORY-FLASHES:

*Knights raising swords in fellowship at a round table.
Beautiful maidens in silken gowns.
Serfs cheering their just King.
Armored horses slamming into each other.
Sparks flying as broadswords cross.
A once-grand castle being burned to the ground.
Finally the Round Table itself shattering to pieces.*

SMASH-BACK TO:

TOM

screaming in AGONY, dropping to his knees, clutching at his skull, THE IMAGES coming too fast, too furious --

TOM

Stop it!!! Make it stop!!!

OLD MAN

I can't stop it, Artus.

Tom, hyperventilating, struggles to regain control, pulls himself to his feet and grabs the Old Man by the throat --

TOM

What did you call me?

OLD MAN

This is no way for a king to treat his
mage!

Tom tightens his grip, choking the Old Man without realizing it --

TOM

Shut up! I'm Tom Prentice -- I'm a
bloody School teacher!

The Old Man struggles to breathe, struggles to speak --

OLD MAN

But that... is not all... you are.

Another bolt of LIGHTNING rips through the sky. Tom's
tightly-coiled muscles suddenly go limp. He releases his
grip on the Old Man. All the pain, all the confusion, all of
it suddenly disappears from Tom's face.

TOM

Please. Forgive me...

And the next word that Tom speaks is so strange to him, so
impossible -- but so comfortable at the same time.

TOM (CONT'D)

... Merlin.

The Old Man -- MERLIN -- sucks in a lungful of air.

MERLIN (OLD MAN)

With pleasure... Arthur, my boy.

Tom -- the King known as ARTHUR -- runs a hand across his stunned
face.

ARTHUR (TOM)

How... can this be? I remember you...
teaching me ethics by a clear stream
in Cornwall when I was eight years old
-- but I also remember my father,
Charles Prentice, buying tickets and
taking me on a shuttle to watch a
meteor shower up close...

Merlin shrugs his broad shoulders --

MERLIN

There are fires that burn so hot they
feed off themselves and so never die...

and if the spirit of a man is strong enough... he shall live on.

ARTHUR

What are you talking about...
Reincarnation? I was taught the soul lives on in Heaven or hell, not back on Earth.

Merlin looks from Arthur to the remains of the dead Dragon Men. He reaches down with his bare hands and begins ripping the ARMORED SCALES off its body, then, with a slight gesture TRANSFORMS THEM into a SHIMMERING BREASTPLATE OF SCALE ARMOR...

MERLIN (CONT'D)

"Reincarnation"... "soul"...
"heaven"... "hell"... they're words,
Arthur. They change if you speak
Gaelic or Welsh, Latin or French. What
doesn't change... is you.

Merlin steps up to his king and buckles the armor onto Arthur's body --

MERLIN (CONT'D)

The prophecies foretold you would
return on the day of your kingdom's
most desperate need. But 'tis not
only your kingdom that needs you now,
'tis your planet.

Arthur frowns at the old wizard.

ARTHUR

Tell me Merlin... were you forced to
spend these past centuries secreted in
the bowels of the earth... or did you
choose to do so?

Merlin raises an eyebrow at the man whose true inner spirit he just brought back to life.

MERLIN

What do you think?

ARTHUR

I think you never particularly cared
for the company of man.

MERLIN

Most men. But not all.

Arthur's eyes light up with a sudden thought --

ARTHUR

So if you're here... and I'm here...

Merlin's eyes twinkle with excitement as he almost smiles --

MERLIN

Now you're getting the idea.

SMASH-CUT TO:

EXT. PARIS, FRANCE - NIGHT

The City of Lights remains untouched -- but for how long is anyone's guess. The distant edge of the city is just now being reached by the SPREADING INFESTATION...

EXT. PARIS FIREWALL - NIGHT

A MILE-WIDE TRENCH dug out of the earth on the outskirts of the city. Hundreds of MEN and MACHINES pouring gallon upon gallon of OIL, NAPALM and GASOLINE into the improvised moat.

The CHIEF ENGINEER -- rugged, with piercing eyes -- looks back at his beloved City -- then turns to the trench, ignites a TORCH and heaves it into the pit...

The pit ERUPTS INTO A WALL OF FIRE, flames licking at the stars above.

The Engineer turns to his ASSISTANT --

ENGINEER

(in FRENCH w/subtitles)

<<Order the crew to evacuate immediately.>>

ASSISTANT

<<What about you??>>

The Engineer shakes his head.

ENGINEER

<<I'm gonna' stick around. See if this masterpiece of mine actually works.>>

The Assistant exchanges a look with his boss, then barks the EVACUATION COMMAND into his COMMUNICATOR. The hundreds of workers instantly mount up in their vehicles and start speeding away from the work-site.

THE INFESTATION reaches the fire-wall and seeps into the flaming pit, DISAPPEARING FROM VIEW --

ENGINEER

Come on... come on....

-- then suddenly ENERGES from out of the FLAMES, still moving forward, SPREADING, SMOTHERING THE FIRE, starting for the other side of the trench.

The Chief Engineer's face falls. He stares hopelessly at the MUTATED GROWTH as it begins to rise up the side of the trench, creeping slowly towards him. His City is doomed.

Suddenly the hot air in front of the flames begins to SHIMMER AND SHIFT...

The Frenchman watches in amazement as Arthur and Merlin APPEAR OUT OF THE FABRIC OF THE AIR ITSELF!

ENGINEER

<<Who the hell are you? This entire area is off-limits -- get out, now!>>

Merlin rolls his eyes.

MERLIN

I hate Romance Languages.

Merlin takes out the Talisman and dangles the little sword before the startled Engineer's face...

CLOSE ON THE ENGINEER

The glittering Talisman reflected in his eyes...
Wave upon wave of MEDIEVAL IMAGES rushing through his head.

The momentous realization suddenly hits him.

He falls to his knees before Arthur and speaks -- in ENGLISH this time:

FRENCHMAN

Forgive me, my King. I did not recognize you.

Arthur stares down into the eyes of the finest swordsman he ever knew.

ARTHUR

...Lancelot?

The Engineer -- LANCELOT DU LAC -- flashes a roguish smile up at Arthur:

LANCELOT (ENGINEER)

You are unchanged, though the world is not.

Arthur reaches a hand down to his knight. Lancelot grasps Arthur's hand. The king pulls his knight up face-to-face and stares hard into his eyes --

ARTHUR

I certainly hope some things have changed. Don't make it a habit this time, Lance.

LANCELOT

What, my King?

ARTHUR

Offending me... with words... or deeds.

Lancelot meets Arthur's gaze...
Over a thousand years of trouble between them.
Two men who hate each other and love each other at the same time.

LANCELOT

You have my word.

CUT TO:

EXT. TOKYO, JAPAN - DAY

A sprawling high-tech city which is slowly succumbing to the onset of the INFESTATION...

REPORTER (VO)

(JAPANESE WITH SUBTITLES)

<<...Kyoto and Osaka are completely
overrun and Tokyo is now being
evacuated...

INT. GENETICS LAB

An intensely focused Japanese Man -- A GENETIC SCIENTIST -- studies a CELL SAMPLE through the laser lens of a micro-fusionscope and makes VERBAL NOTES by speaking into a MICRO-RECORDER --

SCIENTIST

<<...the sample is some sort of organic matter, but it's molecular structure is fused in a way I've never seen before. It releases toxins the way green plants release oxygen, poisoning the air. It continues to multiply, attaching itself to other forms of matter, then altering it -- mutating it into a replica of itself. If I can unravel the genetic code, maybe it can be stopped, maybe --

WOMAN'S VOICE (O.S.)
 <<Kazuo. We must go or we'll miss the
 last evacuation craft.>>

The Scientist looks up to see that his WIFE and 6 YEAR-OLD
 DAUGHTER have entered the lab.

SCIENTIST
 <<Alright. I've packed what I could.
 The rest of the lab will have to stay
 behind.>>

DAUGHTER
 <<I'm afraid, Daddy.>>

The Scientist swallows hard, kneels down so he's face-to-face
 with his daughter --

SCIENTIST
 <<Of course you are. We're all
 afraid. But it's okay. I promise
 I'll protect you, no matter what.>>

The little girl looks up at her father for a long moment then
 HUGS him tight. Her eyes suddenly go wide as the air in the
 lab SHIMMERS and SHIFTS...

DAUGHTER
 <<Daddy...?>>

Arthur, Lancelot and Merlin stand in the middle of the lab.

Merlin dangles another sword-charm.

The Scientist's eyes fill with its REFLECTION...

His face fills with a look of physical agony as he drops to
 his knees and speaks in ENGLISH:

SCIENTIST
 Forgive me, my King... but I cannot
 join you.

GALAHAD -- the wisest knight of the Round -- looks up at
 Arthur, then over at the confused faces of his Wife and
 Daughter.

GALAHAD (SCIENTIST) (CONT'D)
 We are about to evacuate the city and
 I will not leave their side.

MERLIN

Preposterous! Your King needs you to save the world!

Arthur shoots Merlin a look. He steps up to Galahad's Daughter, touches a gentle hand to her chin and smiles.

ARTHUR

They're his family, Merlin. You don't understand such "human" concerns.

The Scientist's Wife suddenly touches her husband's shoulder --

WIFE

<<I don't pretend to understand any of this, Kazuo. But if by going with these men you can help what's left of the world... you must go.>>

She turns to Arthur, speaks in halting, stilted ENGLISH --

WIFE

You are... Samurai?

Arthur narrows his eyes at the Japanese woman, nods.

ARTHUR

In a manner of speaking -- Yes.

WIFE

And he -- my husband -- he too is Samurai?

ARTHUR

Yes.

With that the Wife disappears into another room. She returns a moment later, holding a TACHI -- a long Samurai sword -- in her hands, and hands it to her husband.

Galahad takes it, kisses his Wife on the lips -- then turns' back to Arthur:

GALAHAD

My father-in-law's sword will help in the fight -- but we must take my lab as well.

CUT TO:

EXT. MOSCOW, RUSSIAN EMPIRE - DAY

Here the future has truly embraced the past. Except for hyper-tech building materials and gleaming photon-towers, Moscow of the 22nd Century -- crowded with onion-domed

cathedrals and palaces -- could have been built by Ivan the Terrible. But the hills and mountains on the horizon are darkening with the approach of the INFESTATION...

INT. CHURCH - DAY

Overflowing with family and friends gathered for a WEDDING. INCENSE and CANDLES fill the room as a RUSSIAN ORTHODOX CEREMONY plays itself out. A striking BRIDE in an exquisite wedding gown, with long, dark hair reaching to the middle of her back, and a ruggedly handsome GROOM in the uniform of the Imperial Russian Army gaze into each others eyes.

PRIEST

(RUSSIAN W/SUBTITLES)

<<If anyone knows why this man and woman should not be joined together as a light of hope in this dark time, let him speak now or forever hold his peace...>>

MERLIN (OS)

(RUSSIAN W/SUBTITLES)

<<I know why...>>

All eyes turn to see Merlin, Arthur, Lancelot and Galahad marching down the aisle from the back of the church. A MURMUR passes through the wedding party as Merlin reaches the dais and dangles the Talisman at the Groom...

We see the gleaming sword REFLECTED in the Groom's eyes -- however he surprises everybody by KNOCKING the old wizard's arm aside and shoves him backwards!

But someone else's EYES do go wide as Merlin's charm is reflected in them as well -- the eyes of the beautiful Bride.

GROOM

<<Who the hell do you think you are?!?! Why are you interrupting our wedding?!?!>>

Merlin looks at the Groom in confusion --

MERLIN

<<Oh, dear...>>

BRIDE (OS)

<<Because there can be no wedding, Leonid.>>

The wedding party stares at the Bride in disbelief.

BRIDE

<<I'm sorry.>>

Arthur, Merlin and the others exchange dumbfounded looks -- this is the knight they came to recruit?

ARTHUR

Merlin, there's some mistake.

Merlin shakes his head and shrugs --

MERLIN

I have no control over what bodies the spirits return in. Make no mistake about it, my boy. This... is Tristan.

Merlin's words echo in the ears of TRISTAN -- the Bride herself -- one of King Arthur's most powerful knights, now in the body of a WOMAN. She runs her hands over her voluptuous form, unsure whether to laugh or cry...

Lancelot watches this with disbeleif --

LANCELOT

Are we talking about the same Tristan? Strongest knight in Camelot -- the one who could bend a sword with his teeth and drink any man under the Round Table, with a woman in every shire?

Arthur flashes Lance a harsh look --

ARTHUR

Lancelot, your sword.

Lancelot draws his blade and hands it to Arthur -- who suddenly tosses it to Tristan. Tristan expertly snatches the sword from the air, then uses it to cleave her beautiful, flowing locks off at the shoulders, then turns to her shocked Groom --

TRISTAN (BRIDE)

<<Leonid... your sidearm. I'd be honored to keep it at my side.>>

The Groom stares into the eyes of the woman he loves, hesitates...

GROOM

<<Katalya...>>

...then slowly unsnaps the laser holster at his side, raises the HI-TECH PISTOL to his lips, kisses it and passes it to her.

GROOM

<<I pray it keeps you safe.>>

She takes the weapon, shoves it into her belt.

LANCELOT

Welcome back, Tristan.

The Russian ex-Bride-to-be tosses the sword back to Lance, a grim look on her face --

TRISTAN

Sir Tristan.

CUT TO:

EXT. INFESTED LONDON - DAY

The city is barely recognizable, consumed from top to bottom by the INFESTATION -- strands and slivers of which stretch like spiderwebs from rooftop to rooftop, connecting the spires of now-mutated 22nd century skytowers to their equally-mutated Gothic and Victorian predecessors.

The air is suddenly disturbed by a familiar SHIMMER which deposits Merlin, Arthur, Lancelot, Galahad and Tristan in the middle of this tortured cityscape.

While Merlin takes it in stride, the other new arrivals are all struck by the horrific nature of the surroundings -- it's like some otherworldly urban swamp -- a mutated ghost-town, eerily silent, the only signs of human life the TORN CORPSES of people who fell victim to what must have been Dragon Men attacks, their remains now WOVEN INTO the living, breathing "stuff" of the infestation.

MERLIN

The belly of the beast.

Arthur and the Knights all jump at a sudden cacophony of HOWLING SHRIEKS from the distance...

LANCELOT

Speaking of beasts.

ARTHUR

The Dragons.

TRISTAN

Sounds like packs of them.

Another SOUND echoes through the overgrown labyrinth: the sound of WEeping, someone crying their eyes out, bemoaning a tragic fate -- but it is not quite a human sound. More a

cross between a human voice, the GROWL of a KIMONO DRAGON and the HISS of an Egyptian Cobra.

Arthur, Merlin and the Knights all exchange a look. They approach the source of the sound, cautiously rounding the corner of a mutated building...

And then they see it: a lone DRAGON MAN sitting in the middle of an infested street, staring at something held in his hand...

Lancelot draws his FLAMBERGE sword and gestures to the still-weeping Dragon Man --

LANCELOT (CONT'D)

Let's put the monster out of his misery -- and ours.

Lancelot marches up to the Dragon Man -- but it is Lance who is surprised as the otherworldly monster suddenly reaches out, GRABS LANCELOT'S SWORD BY THE BLADE AND PRESSES THE TIP UP AGAINST HIS OWN REPTILLIAN THROAT! He stares at Lancelot -- a glint of humanity shining through his own yellowed snake eyes, pleading for the Knight to slay him...

But Lancelot is so struck by this that he hesitates -- and the next thing he knows Merlin is there, brushing the blade aside and blocking the way between the Dragon Man and Lancelot and the other Knights --

MERLIN

We're not here to spill his blood.

Merlin indicates the thing the creature was holding in his talons: it's a PHOTO I.D. -- official Metropolitan Police issue.

This is the first Dragon Man -- the London Policeman we saw mutated before our eyes and then used as the source of the growing world-wide infestation!

MERLIN (CONT'D)

After all...

Arthur and the Knights watch in disbelief as Merlin dangles the Talisman in front of the creature...

MERLIN

...it's pumped by the purest heart of all.

The Dragon Man's snake-like eyes suddenly fill with KINETIC STROBE-CUTS OF MEDIEVAL IMAGERY:

*A beautiful chalice shimmering with light.
The Chalice shattering into seven pieces.*

Each piece becoming a brilliant sun.

THE DRAGON MAN

sees Arthur, CRIES OUT in his growly voice and prostrates at Arthur's feet.

ARTHUR

"The purest heart of all"...?

Arthur picks the PHOTO I.D. up off the ground and looks at it, then stares down at the Dragon Man in growing awe...

ARTHUR (CONT'D)

You were a... man?

(a beat)

Percival... if that's you... arise.
Stand proud before your King and your
fellow Knights.

A GASP passes through the rank of Knights as the Dragon Man -- .
SIR PERCIVAL -- slowly climbs up to his feet, standing more than
a foot taller than the tallest of his more human colleagues. He
lets out a ROAR -- of joy or pure rage -- it's hard to tell.
The Knights look nervous, but Merlin just shrugs at the
misshapen creature and smiles --

MERLIN

The spirit is resilient. Regardless
of the shell it inhabits, the soul
remains the same.

Tristan gives Merlin a dirty look --

TRISTAN

Easy for you to say.

ARTHUR

(to Merlin)

Merlin, with my Knights at my side,
someone is still missing.

Merlin narrows his eyes --

MERLIN

Yes, of course.

(to himself)

This is where the trouble starts...

CUT TO:

EXT. UPPER STRATOSPHERE OF EARTH

The WEATHER SATELLITE we saw damaged by the Meteoroid during its descent to Earth remains in orbit -- joined by a sleek SHUTTLECRAFT bearing United States Air Force markings -- and a 3-member REPAIR CREW, their features hidden behind the visors of their spacesuits, in the midst of working on the satellite.

CREW COMMANDER (HEAVILY FILTERED)
Bolland, take the ISD three clicks
down and seal it.

BOLLAND (HEAVILY FILTERED)
Right, Commander.

CREW COMMANDER (HEAVILY FILTERED)
Barr, you just keep your eyes on the
signal scope, give a holler if
anything starts jumping out of whack.

BARR (HEAVILY FILTERED)
My eyes are glued.

The Commander glides over to the Shuttle's HATCHWAY, opens it and disappears inside...

INT. SHUTTLECRAFT - CARGO BAY - IN ORBIT

The Commander shuts the hatch, waits for the oxygen level to rise, then climbs out of the spacesuit -- revealing that she is in fact a WOMAN. She exudes a determined professionalism that only adds to her striking beauty.

She crosses to the SATELLITE MONITOR STATION, adjusts some controls and watches the flux readings...

COMMANDER (INTO MICRO-HEADSET)
Looking good people. We're up to
ninety percent emission capacity. I'm
gonna' start inputting the codes for
each sector in the quadrant. If the
world is gonna' end, might as well do
it under optimal weather conditions...

The Commander's ears suddenly prick up -- she thought she heard something just now... there it is again.

A VOICE... humming...?

COMMANDER (INTO MICRO-HEADSET)
Bolland. Barr. Who's singing?

EXT. UPPER STRATOSPHERE OF EARTH

Behind the visors of their helmets, Bolland and Barr share a confused look --

BOLLAND (FILTERED)
What are you talking about, Commander?

BARR (FILTERED)
It ain't us.

WOMAN (OS)
Of course it's not -- I doubt you
fools could keep a tune.

Bolland and Barr's eyes nearly pop out of their sockets: there beside them, floating in the airless void of space, is the Woman who rode the Meteoroid down from the sky.

Instead of suffocating in the vacuum she is singing to herself -- an old melody, haunting, perhaps a child's Nursery Rhyme.

INT. SHUTTLECRAFT

The sounds of the crewmen's DEATH SCREAMS come in loud and clear over the Commander's headset --

COMMANDER (INTO MICRO-HEADSET)
Bolland?! Barr?! What's happening
out there?!

She frantically races through the interior of the Shuttle and punches a button on a HATCHWAY -- the doors WHOOSH open and she ducks her head into the COCKPIT --

COMMANDER'S POV

What's left of Bolland and Barr floats past the cockpit window -- both of them have been completely CONSUMED BY THE OTHERWORLDLY INFESTATION.

And there, standing in space, right outside the cockpit window, is the Woman who infected them.

She smiles at the Commander --

WOMAN
The last link in the chain, aren't you
my dear? Lucky me, to have arrived in
time... to destroy you.

The Commander looks on in shock as the Woman extends one of her FINGERNAILS and begins to draw it across the cockpit window, starting to CUT THE GLASS!

COMMANDER

late.

27

COCKPIT WINDOW EXPLODES IN A MILLION PIECES, A SOUNDLESS
OF GLASS AND METAL!

Commander is instantly SUCKED towards the shattered
abbing onto a twisted piece of metal at the last
le second -- but it doesn't matter anyway because --
THE WOMAN IS GONE -- there's no air to breathe and
Commander's lungs are about to explode --

the air fills with a familiar SHIMMER and we see the
figures of Arthur, Lancelot, Galahad, Tristan and
The Old Wizard makes a MAGICAL GESTURE and the AIR in
le suddenly returns with a fierce WHOOSH as the
drops to the floor, GASPING and HEAVING IN oxygen.

up at the strange assembly -- Arthur clad in his
armor, the old sorcerer Merlin, a steely-eyed
panese, a handsome Frenchman and a hideously
gon Man -- then turns and SEES the still shattered
ly and impossibly REPAIRING ITSELF...

COMMANDER

My Cod... what's happening. I'm going
mad...

still locked on the Commander, Arthur reaches out
o Merlin. The wizened magic-user cocks an
ow -- then hands the Talisman over to his King.
hand, Arthur walks over to the Commander
er with a mix of apprehension and

ARTHUR

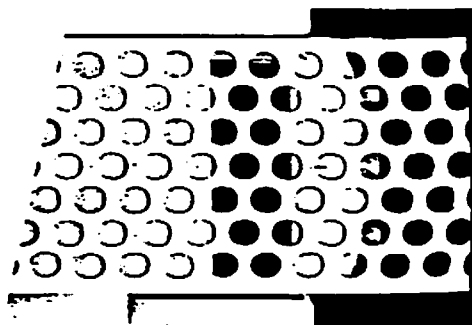
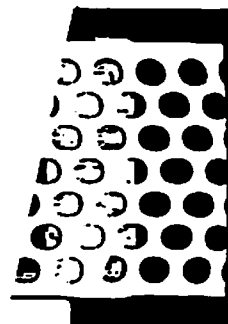
do you recognize me?

es suddenly become fixed on the Talisman
s before her.

er eyes going wide. Arthur takes her

ARTHUR (CONT'D)

a subject bowing before his King --
before her husband.



For the Commander is GUINEVERE of Camelot.

GUINEVERE (COMMANDER)

Arthur...? How...? My God... Arthur.

Arthur reaches down, takes his wife by the hand, pulls her up into his arms and kisses her, deep and passionate. Guinevere returns the kiss -- a kiss that has waited a thousand years to happen.

LANCELOT

gazes at the Queen -- he too is very happy to see her, but he's trying hard not to let it show, to keep his feelings in check.

GUINEVERE

We never got to say goodbye.

ARTHUR

(whispering)

Never leave me again.

GUINEVERE

(whispering back)

Never.

Guinevere's EYES suddenly go wide as she SEES Lancelot for the first time... then she suddenly pulls away from Arthur's embrace, a look of terror crossing her face --

GUINEVERE

No.

ARTHUR

What's the matter, Gwen, what's --

GUINEVERE

There's no time for any of this. Reunions. Old glories. I know who's responsible for what's happening.

TRISTAN

What do you mean?

GUINEVERE

I know who's killing the earth.

(a beat)

It's her.

The Knights all exchange looks of confusion --

ARTHUR

"Her?"

-- all except Merlin.

MERLIN

Of course.

All eyes turn toward the aged sorcerer.

Merlin SNIFFS the air one more time --

MERLIN

That explains the smell.

The Dragonized Percival ROARS as the Knights suddenly DISAPPEAR in a shimmering distortion of light...

CUT TO:

EXT. WHITEHOUSE - DAY

Although the city that surrounds it has been architecturally updated, the seat of the Chief Executive looks almost exactly like it did two centuries ago...

MAN (VO)

How am I gonna' explain this to all the little people out there?

INT. WHITEHOUSE - OVAL OFFICE - DAY

The MAN is in fact the PRESIDENT of the United States. A barrel-chested, amiably-good-looking fellow, he is a typical 22nd Century politician -- which is to say, like typical politicians of most every era, he would sell his own mother if it would buy enough votes to matter.

PRESIDENT (MAN) (CONT'D)

You think they care about foreigners?
You think they give a damn about
anyone but themselves? 'Cause if you
do, Jordan, I suggest you think again!

Standing at his office window is JORDAN MATTHEWS, the President's Chief of Staff -- younger and better-looking than his boss, as well as more intelligent.

MATTHEWS

Mr. President, I don't think you've been listening to me. Every scientific forecast we have says if the infestation continues as it has been we'll be the last piece of uninfected soil left on the earth --

PRESIDENT

And you think we should throw open our borders and let every Tom, Dick and Harry from Togoland to Bora-Bora come on in?! We have limited food and energy resources. How long do you think we'll last?!

MATTHEWS

Mr. President... if our science people can't figure out how to stop the infestation you and I will be spending the rest of our lives in some underground hyper-hazard bunker while the other 99% of the American people waste away up here, with or without the new immigrant population at their sides -- but if the scientists do crack it, you'll be the man who saved the entire world. Not a bad way to go down in history.

The President stares long and hard into Matthews' eyes.

Suddenly the room begins to SHAKE, knocking paintings loose from the walls and holo-disks off shelves.

PRESIDENT

What the -- ?!?! Matthews, when was the last earthquake in D.C.?

MATTHEWS

Never.

As abruptly as it began the quaking ENDS.

The President's desk-top HOLO-COM signals an INCOMING MESSAGE. He answers, bringing up a 3-D IMAGE of his COMMUNICATIONS OFFICER --

PRESIDENT

What is it?

COM OFFICER (OVER HOLO-PIC)

It's the Congress Mr. President.

PRESIDENT

What about 'em?

COM OFFICER (OVER HOLO-PIC)

They feel it's imperative you make a visit to the Capitol immediately.

PRESIDENT

Oh, really?

COM OFFICER (OVER HOLO-PIC)
Yes, sir, really.

PRESIDENT
Alright. We'll take the underground
shuttle over.

COM OFFICER (OVER HOLO-PIC)
I'm afraid that won't be possible,
sir.

The President and Matthews exchange curious looks.

SMASH-CUT TO:

EXT. CAPITOL BUILDING - DAY

Although the nearby structures reflect STYLES OF THE FUTURE the famous dome of the republic remains the same. The President does not look happy as he and Matthews marches up the granite steps, escorted by a HEAVILY-ARMED SECRET SERVICE TROOPS and a CONGRESSIONAL GUIDE --

PRESIDENT
Why can't I get a straight answer out
of anyone regarding exactly what the
hell it is I'm going to see?

The party reaches the top of the steps and heads through the corridors of power, deeper into the building --

GUIDE
Both the Speaker and the Majority
Leader felt it would be better if no
one discussed it until you were here,
sir. They were afraid --

PRESIDENT
"Afraid" what?!

GUIDE
Afraid you'd dismiss them as lunatics,
Mr. President...

With that they reach the door to the ROTUNDA. The armed Troops fan out to provide security as the Guide ushers the President inside...

INT. CAPITOL BUILDING - ROTUNDA

The President and Matthews walk in -- and instantly stop in their tracks.

MATTHEWS

They were right.

At the center of the Congressional Floor stands a great STONE in which is imbedded a GLEAMING SWORD.

PRESIDENT

Where the hell did that come from?!

GUIDE

(shrugging)

Underground.

PRESIDENT

I can see that you idiot, I mean where underground?!

GUIDE

Your guess is as good as mine, Mr. President.

The President and Matthews stare in disbelief at the impossible sight before them...

CUT TO:

A TEAM OF CONSTRUCTION TECH WORKERS

with an array of HEAVY-DUTY AUTOMATED MACHINERY attempting to lift the brightly gleaming Sword from the center of the Stone -- with no success.

REPORTER (VO)

...nothing has been able to budge the sword from the rock, nor cut into the stone. What this bizarre occurrence means, and how or if it ties in with the biological disaster -- which now appears to be global in it's scope -- is still a point of debate...

Suddenly a strange SHIFT IN THE AIR behind the Construction Team...

AN ARMORED HAND clenches the shoulder of one of the Tech Workers, forcing him aside...

ARTHUR (OS)

Allow me.

A collective GASP of shock and confusion passes through the chaos-strewn Assembly as ARTHUR AND HIS KNIGHTS push their way towards the Sword in the Stone...

ARMED SECURITY

charges out, surrounding Arthur and the Knights, blocking their way to the Sword.

SECURITY LEADER

You're under arrest.

The Knights DRAW THEIR SWORDS. Arthur stops them with a gesture. He looks over at Merlin, sighs --

ARTHUR

Help me out here.

Merlin shrugs, annoyed, WAVES his hand at the Security Team --

MERLIN

Would a little molecular shift do the trick?

Arthur suddenly STEPS FORWARD and STRIDES RIGHT INTO -- AND THROUGH -- THE BODY OF THE SECURITY LEADER!

The rest of the Security Team look on in shock, SPIN around and AIM THEIR WEAPONS --

But it's too late -- Arthur has already GRASPED THE HILT OF THE SWORD IN HIS HANDS. Now he pulls...

The SOUND of METAL SCRAPING AGAINST ROCK, then a BURST of BLINDING WHITE LIGHT, everyone in the room SHIELDING THEIR EYES...

THE KNIGHTS

all look upon their King with wonder.

EVERYONE

in the Rotunda -- World Leaders, Holographic Reporters, Construction Tech Workers, Security Personnel, Civilians -- look on in awe...

CUT TO:

RAGGED HUMAN REFUGEES

all across the globe, WATCHING HOLO-PIC TRANSMISSIONS of Arthur and his Knights as they are beamed from the floor of the Capitol. The desperate, doom-filled eyes of the Refugees starting to flicker with a tiny glimmer of hope as they stare intently at --

BACK TO:

ARTHUR

who stands in the middle of the Rotunda, overcome with emotion, the Sword raised high above his head, his voice choked, barely a whisper...

ARTHUR

Excalibur...

One of the Security Team shoulders his weapon, preparing to fire on the "intruder" King -- but before he can, the Security Leader slaps a hand over the muzzle of the weapon and pushes it away.

Arthur BELLOWS to the Capitol floor, to the World, to anyone who will listen --

ARTHUR

I am Arthur Pendragon -- Once And Future King! And I am back...

(serious, controlled)

...To save this planet!

THE DOME OF THE CAPITOL IS SUDDENLY RIPPED OPEN BY AN EXPLOSION OF OTHERWORLDLY ENERGY!

A HORDE of DRAGON MEN SWOOP THROUGH THE GAPING HOLE, all of them having SPROUTED WINGS, now LAUNCHING FIREBALLS as they go, SCREECHING and HOWLING with savage fury!

Everyone DIVES FOR COVER as the seat of democracy becomes a WAR-ZONE!

Jordan Matthews grabs the President and THROWS HIM OUT OF THE WAY OF A FIREBALL!

PRESIDENT

What the Hell's going on here,
Matthews?! WHO ARE THESE PEOPLE?!!!!

MATTHEWS

I don't know, sir, I... this is impossible.

LANCELOT barely dodges a fireball which leaves him scorched by its heat and calls out to Tristan --

LANCELOT

They're everywhere!

TRISTAN -- unused as she is to her slender female arms -- is having difficulty wielding her massive sword --

TRISTAN

You dickless bastards!

She wraps her second hand around its hilt, raises it high and HACKS through a wall of Dragon Man flesh!

Lancelot gives her a look, impressed.

LANCELOT

Pretty good, Tristan. But I'd knock off the "dickless" comments if I were you.

PERCIVAL strains his monstrous muscles and manages to RIP THE STONE up out of the floor of the Capital -- then SMASHES IT DOWN ATOP A TRIO OF his fellow DRAGON MEN, crushing them into dead lizard flesh!

TRISTAN

Get 'em, Percy! We're your brothers, not them!

Percival HOWLS ecstatically to Tristan, BASHES IN ANOTHER DRAGON MAN SKULL!

THE BATTLE CONTINUES, ARTHUR'S KNIGHTS CUTTING AND HACKING THEIR WAY THROUGH DRAGON-FLESH, THE CREATURES' BLOOD SPILLING AND SPLATTERING IN EVERY DIRECTION...

Through it all, Arthur is in the thick of it, SLICING AWAY with Excalibur, but more importantly SHOUTING ENCOURAGEMENT to his Knights, a General back in the fray with his men and loving it --

ARTHUR

Victory! Victory, knights -- die or triumph!

GALAHAD raises his Father-in-law's Samurai sword over his head and waves at the ranks of Dragon Man warriors --

GALAHAD

OVER HERE YOU SCALY WRETCHES!

Galahad SWINGS his sword down with all his might -- not into a Dragon Man but into the PLASMA ENERGY CABLE that was powering all the work! The cable ERUPTS WITH SPARKING, CRACKLING ENERGY BLASTS which STRIKE into the Dragon Mans, TORCHING them as if they had each just been STRUCK BY THOUSANDS OF TINY LIGHTNING BOLTS!

GUINEVERE plunges a short-sword into a Dragon Man's forehead, then SMASHES a mace into the jaw of another --

SUDDENLY A MIGHTY ROAR echoes from behind her and a Dragon Man appears, its lance poised to IMPALE HER BACK -- but before the monster can kill Gwen it is CLEAVED IN HALF by the blade of --

LANCELOT, who wipes spurted Dragon Man blood from his face.

GUINEVERE

Lance...

Their eyes meet.

LANCELOT

Thank you, my Queen... for the chance
to be of service.

Lance and Gwen remain locked in eye contact -- almost as if they're falling in love all over again...

Until they suddenly sense someone is eyeing them. They turn to find Arthur looking in their direction. Lance breaks away, CHARGING back into the fray. Gwen stares back at Merlin -- who is SNIFFING again.

GUINEVERE

Shouldn't you be helping us defeat our
enemies?

Merlin raises an eyebrow.

MERLIN

Indeed...

Another Dragon Man, the BIGGEST of the lot, SWOOPS down for a STRAFING RUN, loosing FIREBALLS as it comes, soaring just above the floor of the Rotunda, heading straight for Arthur. Arthur lets out a SNARL that builds to a PIERCING BATTLE CRY, SWINGS EXCALIBUR WITH ALL HIS MIGHT --

-- and CLEAVES THE DRAGON MAN IN TWO PIECES -- EACH OF WHICH GOES SPLATTERING IN OPPOSITE DIRECTION, TRAILING BLOOD AND VISCERA ACROSS THE ROTUNDA!

Arthur stands, Excalibur in his grip... triumphant.

THE KNIGHTS, battered, bruised and bloody, look at their King -- they are stunned by the realization that the battle is over -- and that they have won.

Lancelot RAISES HIS SWORD IN SALUTE...

One-by-one the other Knights do the same...

LANCELOT

Long live Arthur! LONG LIVE THE KING!

Almost like a WAVE, a sudden rush of emotion SWEEPS through the burning Capitol building, everyone -- World leader and Construction Tech Worker alike, even Jordan Matthews -- suddenly bursting into APPLAUSE and CHEERS OF VICTORY...

CUT TO:

THE RAGGED REMAINS OF HUMANITY ALL AROUND THE GLOBE

who have just watched Earth's first victory against this otherworldly attack, the people now CHEERING with relief, pride and finally... hope.

BACK TO:

INT. CAPITOL BUILDING - DAY

And as the CHEERING CONTINUES...

Suddenly there's a BLINDING FLASH OF LIGHT --

Then a FAMILIAR VOICE HUMMING a familiar tune --

Everyone looks up.

And there's the Woman, smiling and hovering in mid-air...

MORGAN LeFAY!

MERLIN

glares hatefully up at Morgan from across the rotunda --

MERLIN

Witch.

MORGAN

glares back at Merlin --

MORGAN

That's the Pot calling the Kettle
Black, Warlock.

ARTHUR SUDDENLY REARS BACK AND HURLS EXCALIBUR AT MORGAN!

ARTHUR

MOOORRGGGAAANNNNNNNNN!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

Morgan just laughs and with one gesture sends Arthur's sword
HURLING BACK AT HIM!

JORDAN MATTHEWS

dives out from his cover and KNOCKS ARTHUR OUT OF THE WAY,
Excalibur missing it's own master by a hair's breadth!

MORGAN LeFAY
Silly boy, Artus. A good swordsman
never throws away his blade -- right,
Lancelot?

Lancelot glares hatefully at the sorceress --

LANCELOT
You're supposed to be dead!

MORGAN LeFAY
(chuckling)
So are you.

Arthur pulls himself up from the floor of the rotunda,
SCREAMS at his Knights --

ARTHUR
KILL HER!!!

The Knights ATTACK Morgan in unison -- and are instantly
halted by a WALL of MYSTICAL ENERGY...

A wall thrown up by MERLIN!

MERLIN
Don't be foolish.

Morgan WALKS THROUGH THE AIR, approaching Merlin --

MORGAN LeFAY
Very smart, Old Man. At least one of
you fears my power.

MERLIN
"Respects" perhaps. Never "fears".

MORGAN LeFAY
Whatever.

Morgan GESTURES AGAIN and BODIES of the dead Dragon Men come
together to form a hideous, levitating THRONE which she
proceeds to sit on.

MORGAN LeFAY (CONT'D)
But you should fear me. Everyone
should. It took God six days to
create this world and it will take me
six days to destroy it -- destroy and

remake it in my image... the image I
owe to you, Merlin...

(narrowing her
eyes at Merlin)

...when you crushed my spirit into
dust and exiled me to the furthest
reaches of the universe. A stupid
trick really. You see, you may be the
unquestioned Master of Earth Magicks,
Merlin -- but you sent me to other
worlds, worlds just 'as filled with
power as this one. And now I'm back
with a new Magick for a new age. And
your Time... is over.

The roguish glint disappears from Merlin's eyes, the
mischievous sparkle replaced by a deadly intensity we've
never seen before.

Before Merlin can reply, the BLINDING FLASH again fills the
room and Morgan is GONE.

Dead silence in the rotunda.

Only the sound of WIND blowing through the ruptured rooftop.

And then Jordan Matthews pulls himself and his jaw off the
floor and stumbles up to Arthur.

MATTHEWS

Uh, excuse me? Mister, uh, Pendragon
is it?

ARTHUR

You know you're not supposed to lay
hands on the King...

(clamping an arm around
Matthews' shoulder)

But I think we'll let it go this once.

MATTHEWS

Thanks.

ARTHUR

No -- thank you, for saving my life.

MATTHEWS

Uh... could you please... please...
tell us... what's going on here?

Suddenly Galahad spots something, points --

GALAHAD

That's what's going on.

EVERYONE LOOKS ON IN HORROR to see the BLOOD of the DEAD
 DRAGON MEN starting to BUBBLE TO LIFE AS THE INFESTATION AND
 BEGIN TO SPREAD!

TRISTAN

Jesus...

GUINEVERE

No...

MERLIN

(impressed)

It's why she led the Dragons here. If
 they won the battle, victory would be
 theirs, but if they spilled their
 blood and lost... she knew this would
 happen.

LANCELOT

A trick. A blasted trick!

GALAHAD

(hopeless)

She's done it -- brought the
 infestation into the United States.
 And we didn't stop her.

Arthur spins, spots the President, addresses him --

ARTHUR

What's been tried to stop this damned
 plague? Fire, water, poisons?

But the President is out of his depth and nearly in shock,
 unable to even make conversation. Instead it's his chief
 advisor who answers --

MATTHEWS

Everything. France tried to create a
 fire-wall using natural fuels and
 napalm. Israel used chemical acids
 or something --

GALAHAD

Incendiary compound with a biological
 imperative. China, high-density
 explosives. But it just keeps coming.

Guinevere's eyes suddenly light up --

GUINEVERE

Our last flight -- before the
 Satellite repair job -- it was a

weapons test on the Moon. Conducted under total security black-out, because it was the first live nuclear test in over fifty years...

MATTHEWS

The Containment Nuke.

GUINEVERE

(nodding)

Pinpoint fusion implosion. A Smart weapon designed to release an enormous nuclear fire, then suck itself back into a vacuum, eating up close to all the residual radioactivity.

MATTHEWS

You know you could be shot for divulging that information to unapproved ears --

(flashing Arthur a smile)

But I think we'll let it go this once.

ARTHUR

How many of these weapons are available for use?

MATTHEWS

There were two prototypes. We dropped one on the Sea of Tranquility, we've got one left. Takes close to five years and a trillion dollars to build each of the damned things and we weren't even sure they really worked until a month ago.

GALAHAD

One infected location behind our uninfected lines, one bomb in stock.

The President suddenly stumbles up from behind some debris, coughing up blood and plaster.

PRESIDENT

Wait a minute... what are you people talking about?

MATTHEWS

It could work, sir. Of course we'd need your authorization.

(eyeing the spreading

INFESTATION)

We have to do something.

PRESIDENT
WHAT ARE YOU INSANE, MATTHEWS?! ARE YOU
SUGGESTING WE NUKE WASHINGTON?!?!?!?

Everyone exchanges a look.

Matthews smiles sheepishly, indicating the rotunda.

MATTHEWS
No, sir. Just Congress.

CUT TO:

THE PROTOTYPE WARHEAD

being loaded onto a futuristic AIRFORCE BOMBER...

CUT TO:

THE INFESTATION

spreading through the capital building...

CUT TO:

THE BOMBER

streaking through the air above washington...

CUT TO:

ARTHUR AND THE KNIGHTS

watching from across the potomac as the bomber zooms over the
capitol and releases its bomb...

Ground Zero.

A TREMENDOUS EXPLOSION INCINERATES THE CAPITAL!

The WHITE-HOT MUSHROOM CLOUD SPREADS, Arthur and his Knights
looking on in horror as it closes in on them --

-- then just as abruptly SUCKS IN ON ITSELF, the only sound a
massive WHOOOSH and then...

Silence.

ARTHUR
My God...

Arthur and the Knights stare in awe at the BURNT-OUT stretch
of real-estate that used to be the Capital.

The President takes a deep breath, glares at Matthews.

PRESIDENT
This better've worked.

CUT TO:

EXT. BLAST SITE - DAY

Galahad, clad in an ENVIRONMENTAL SUIT, leads an INSPECTION TEAM wielding RADIOACTIVITY DETECTION DEVICES...

GALAHAD (OVER HELMET MIC)
All clear. Only trace readings of
radioactivity... and no sign at all of
the Infestation

CUT TO:

EXT. WASHINGTON, D.C. - DAY

Up and down Pennsylvania Avenue, just beyond the Whitehouse lawn, CAMPS are springing up, thousands of newly-arrived REFUGEES fleeing the specter of the infestation...

EXT. WHITEHOUSE BUILDING - WASHINGTON, D.C. - NIGHT

A THRONG OF CIVILIANS surrounds the 19th Century building as SHUTTLE CRAFT of every size and shape, from every corner of the earth, jam the airborne approach lanes --

CUT TO:

A TELECOMMUNICATIONS SATELLITE

slowly spinning above the Earth, RECEIVING AND BEAMING A SERIES OF MEDIEVAL IMAGES TO every corner of THE GLOBE, etchings, woodcuts, tapestries and a VOICE TRANSLATED into EVERY LANGUAGE on the Earth --

REPORTER (VO)
...And so it's starting to appear
that our only hope lies not in the
accomplishments of our technological
age... but in a distant, almost
forgotten legend...

DISSOLVE TO:

GUINEVERE

wearing a gown of white silk, her hair laced with wildflowers and framed about her face. She is lying on her back on a bed of soft green moss at the bank of a body of SPARKLING WATER.

A FEW DROPLETS are gently brought to her cheek and her eyes BLINK OPEN to Arthur, leaning above her.

ARTHUR

Sshhh... Everything's all right. At last.

The SOUNDS OF CHILDREN in the distance...

EXT. BANK OF THE POTOMAC - DUSK

Guinevere sits up and her gaze goes beyond the river, to a field of green grass, where TWO RAGGED REFUGEE BOYS, one slightly older than the other, are playing "King Arthur vs. The Dragons" with homemade swords. The Washington Monument towers above. Arthur regards the Boys...

Guinevere reaches over and plucks a SINGLE RED ROSE from a nearby bush, plays with it in her hands.

GUINEVERE

(quietly)

Does all this still feel like some kind of dream to you?

ARTHUR

If it is... then it's a dream that's meant to be.

Arthur notices the rose in Guinevere's hand. Reaches out and covers her hands with his own --

ARTHUR (CONT'D)

Careful -- the thorns.

Guinevere smiles, with their hands now together, pulls herself closer to him. They kiss... until Guinevere pulls back.

ARTHUR (CONT'D)

What is it?

Guinevere starts to say something -- then falls silent.

GUINEVERE

Nothing.

Arthur looks into her eyes.

ARTHUR

I want you to promise me something.

GUINEVERE

Yes?

ARTHUR

I understand, as much as I understand any of this, that to a large extent our "roles" have been predetermined. But we can still try not to make the same mistakes again. We have something few have ever had -- a second chance.

GUINEVERE

With all the terror and death surrounding us... you make it sound so... promising.

Guinevere looks at him, hesitates...
Arthur sees this hesitation.

ARTHUR

Because it is.

(a beat)

I love you, Gwen... more than anything.
I'll always love you.

Guinevere stares deeply into his eyes, considering her words carefully...

GUINEVERE

And I will always be your queen.

Arthur takes his wife in his arms and kisses her deeply.

As they kiss, small droplets of WATER begin pelting them.
A LIGHT DRIZZLE of RAIN begins sprinkling from the sky.

ARTHUR

We should get back inside.

GUINEVERE

Not yet. I like the rain. It makes me feel clean.

Arthur smiles at her and holds her tight as their faces become wet. Guinevere opens her mouth to say something to Arthur... but no words come.

CUT TO:

INT. WHITEHOUSE, OVAL OFFICE - NIGHT

The President sits at his desk, scanning Holo-Pic OPINION POLLS which show the surviving population of the Earth giving Arthur and his Knights close to 100% Approval as the new "Champions of the Earth." Jordan Matthews is watching beside him.

PRESIDENT

Sure, they've got a hundred percent approval -- nobody knows where the hell they come from, what the hell they've been doing all their lives, who they've screwed-over, who they've screwed around with, how screwed-up their kids are.

MATTHEWS

Still, Mr. President, they did manage to defeat the assault by those creatures... and that woman.

PRESIDENT

This isn't a "Constitutional Monarchy" -- nobody elected him "King." I don't trust him. But he did kick some ass on global holo-pic... and the people certainly love him.

(clapping an arm
around Matthews)

So we've got to keep him close. You're the man, Jordan -- you give him my best and you stick to him like glue... and you keep me in the "Royal" loop.

Matthews tries his best to look happy.

MATTHEWS

Yes, sir.

CUT TO:

THE HOMELY AND WISE FACE OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN

carved into lifeless granite but still exuding dignity... and distress.

INT./EXT. LINCOLN MEMORIAL - NIGHT

Tristan, Galahad and Percival are all bivouacked in the MEMORIAL ROTUNDA. Galahad sits at an improvised LAB STATION, taking SKIN SAMPLES from the Dragon Man who is Percival and using a GENETITECH MICROSCOPE to examine them, while Tristan lifts a GRAVIMETRIC BARBELL, trying to bulk up her arms...

EXT. STEPS OF THE LINCOLN MEMORIAL - NIGHT

Lance is alone on the huge granite steps which lead up to the memorial, practicing CUTS and THRUSTS with his sword.

Out of the darkness behind Lancelot, Merlin suddenly APPEARS, causing the courageous French Knight to JUMP in fright.

LANCE
 (deadly)

Wizard.

 MERLIN
 (dry)

Frenchman.

Merlin locks eyes with Lancelot.

 MERLIN
That sword of yours... take care where
you sheath it.

The air SHIMMERS and Merlin is gone...

EXT./INT. LINCOLN MEMORIAL - DAY

Tristan and Percival look up as the sounds of heavy FOOTFALLS on
the granite steps herald Lancelot's arrival...

 LANCELOT
Damn him to Hell!

 TRISTAN
Who?

 LANCELOT
Who do you think? That stinking wizard
uses us all as pawns in a chess game
whose board we've never even glimpsed.

 TRISTAN
If Merlin does know that game, better
to have him with us than against us.

 GALAHAD
You describe life, Lancelot. No one
knows God's plan.
 (a beat)
Or even if there is a God.

Percival glares at Galahad through his lizard eyes and lets out
an angry GROWL -- even if God's plan called for him to be trapped
in the body of a monster, he will tolerate no sacrilege.

 ARTHUR (OS)
You're right, Percival. Of course
there's a God.

All heads turn to see Arthur and Guinevere reaching the top
of the steps, back from their time together at the riverbank.

ARTHUR (CONT'D)

If not there could be no Devil... and
Merlin would have no father.

Arthur gazes around the memorial, searching the face of each
of his Knights...

ARTHUR (CONT'D)

The story -- and it may be only a
story -- is that one day the Demons of
Hell plotted the birth of an Anti-
Christ. They visited a beautiful
young princess and impregnated her
with a seed they hoped would lead man
to the Apocalypse. But when the child
was born the Mother spirited it away
and took sanctuary in a House of God,
where the Demons could not touch him.
She raised the boy herself and --
though he still possessed the dark
gifts bestowed by his father's
bloodline -- the goodness of her soul
and purity of her spirit overcame the
evil within him.

Silence...

LANCELOT

A fine story, my King. But if the
hearts of men cannot change, how can
the hearts of devils?

The King stares at his Knight, wondering if Lancelot's own
heart has changed...

SUDDENLY THE AIR FILLS WITH THE SOUND OF A SHUTTLECRAFT
LANDING RIGHT ON THE STEPS OF THE LINCOLN MEMORIAL. Arthur
and the Knights watch as a HATCH slides open and out steps...

Jordan Matthews.

Matthews steps down onto the Memorial's steps and rushes
forward to greet Arthur with the outstretched hand of a
seasoned campaigner --

MATTHEWS

Your... Highness, I've come at the
command of the President himself. He
wanted me to personally accompany you
to the special quarters we've been
preparing.

Arthur and his Knights exchange surprised looks...

CUT TO:

INT. UNDERGROUND SHUTTLE TUNNEL

Carved out of the earth beneath the nation's Capital.
A SUBTERRANEAN AIR-CAR shoots past --

INT. SUBTERRANEAN AIR-CAR

Arthur, Guinevere and the Knights are listening to Matthews --

MATTHEWS

This system was first built to
withstand nuclear attack in the mid-
Twentieth Century and it's been
updated ever since. It connects all
our key government installations.

ARTHUR

Which one are you taking us to?

Matthews smiles.

MATTHEWS

Closest thing we could find to a
castle around here.

CUT TO:

EXT. PENTAGON - NIGHT

The familiar 5-walled FORTRESS has been constantly updated
and upgraded over the past two centuries.

MATTHEWS (VO)

I guess you can call it the "New
Camelot."

CUT TO:

INT. PENTAGON - CORRIDOR

Arthur, Gwen and the Knights march in step behind Matthews...

MATTHEWS

We're making these facilities and the
personnel available to you as per
direct orders from the President
himself...

INT. PENTAGON - WAR ROOM

The hyper-tech doors glide open and Arthur and his comrades
march in to find a state-of-the-futuristic-art STRATEGIC/
TACTICAL HEADQUARTERS. Arthur takes in the impressive

view... his eyes finally falling on the long, gleaming-surfaced RECTANGULAR CONFERENCE TABLE.

ARTHUR

There's just one thing wrong with this picture.

CUT TO:

INT. PENTAGON - CORRIDOR

The monstrously-muscled Percival wrestles a HUGE CIRCULAR CONFERENCE TABLE out of another office, ROLLING it down the corridor and carrying it into --

INT. PENTAGON - WAR ROOM

Percival drops the circular table down in the middle of the room with a loud, echoing SLAMMMMM! Arthur, Guinevere and the Knights gather 'round, a gleam in Arthur's eye...

ARTHUR

Percival... 'tis truly... glorious.

Percival GRUNTS and lowers his head, proud to be so complimented by his King.

ARTHUR

Round in the likeness of the World. All of us equal in the sight of one another. None with more favor than the rest.

The Knights all DRAW THEIR SWORDS, point them at EACH OTHER... and smile.

CUT TO:

A SHIMMERING TWISTED VISION

of Arthur and his Knights conferring at their new Round Table.

PULL BACK TO REVEAL

Morgan LeFay, Dragon Monkey on her shoulder, the little creature munching on a HUMAN FINGER. Morgan is watching her enemies on a alien-looking CRYSTAL GLOBE -- an ugly ball of biomechanical glass dripping with alien slime, mystically powered by Morgan's otherworldly magicks.

MORGAN LeFAY

(a hushed whisper)

Tell me more, Arthur. Tell me more...

CUT TO:

HOLOGRAPHIC NEWS FOOTAGE

from around the world: the INFESTATION continues to spread... Dragon Men GROWING from the MUTATED EARTH, laying waste to City after City... People hiding UNDERGROUND in old SUBWAYS, BASEMENT, NUCLEAR FALLOUT SHELTERS, everything overcrowded, people fighting to get in, sardines squashing themselves into underground cans...

CUT TO:

INT. PENTAGON LAB

Galahad and a TEAM of MILITARY SCIENTISTS are studying the SKIN SAMPLES from Percival. Arthur stands over Galahad's shoulder. Galahad looks up from the microscope, rubs his tired eyes, grim --

GALAHAD

These new facilities have helped speed up the tests but I'm afraid the results aren't good. It's some sort of Viral mutation.

ARTHUR

Like a disease?

GALAHAD

(nodding)

Nothing I've ever seen before. No way to reverse it either. No cure. If we can't stop it...

ARTHUR

What?

GALAHAD

She's literally changing the Earth into... something else. Another world. One that's completely uninhabitable to it's original species.

The full ramifications hit Arthur for the first time.

ARTHUR

The end... of man.

CUT TO:

EXT. ARLINGTON NATIONAL CEMETERY - NIGHT

A pair of figures stand alone together before a pair of simple HEADSTONES. One bears the name "BOLLAND," the other "BARR."

Guinevere produces the single RED ROSE she plucked with Arthur at the bank of the Potomac and lays it down beside the other flowers.

LANCELOT

He wouldn't come?

GUINEVERE

Of course not. He's the King. He has other duties that take precedence.

Lancelot takes a step closer to Guinevere.

LANCELOT

Nothing should come before the duty to your heart.

Guinevere looks into Lancelot's eyes... shakes her head.

GUINEVERE

We can't make the same mistakes again.

LANCELOT

I don't think that was a mistake -- following our hearts. It was how we did it. The secrets. The lying.

GUINEVERE

And how exactly do you suggest we do it this time, Lance? What kind of effect do you think "following our hearts" would have on the one man with a fighting chance to lead what's left of humankind out of this mess?

An irrepressible smile dawns across Lancelot's handsome features...

LANCELOT

So you feel it too?

GUINEVERE

(quietly)

Since I first set eyes on you. Just like before.

LANCELOT

Well... that's a start.

GUINEVERE

No. That's where it ends, Lance. Some stories are bigger than two people.

Lancelot stares at Guinevere's face... sees the pain etched just beneath the surface... wants so badly to wrap his arms around Gwen and comfort her... but forces himself to do nothing.

CUT TO:

INT. GYMNASIUM

Tristan going about a complicated training ROUTINE with her sword -- a combination fencing/gymnastics/combat regimen -- which she completes, but not without being winded and covered in sweat.

TRISTAN

Dammit.

MATTHEWS (OS)

Now what was wrong with that?

Tristan turns, sees Matthews watching her workout. She gives him a flat stare, begins CARVING THE AIR with her sword, doing another routine --

TRISTAN

Not fast enough. I'm not used to this body.

Matthews nods at this, looks Tristan over, bemused.

MATTHEWS

That's right. You, uh, you used to be a guy, right?

Tristan FLIPS across the room, spinning her sword, gripping it again, parrying, thrusting -- her blade coming to a stop just centimeters from Matthews THROAT.

TRISTAN

You have a problem with that?

MATTHEWS

(nervously)

Uh, no, Ma'm. Uh, sir. Uh, M'am, uh... No sirree. Besides, it's the 22nd century now. Anything goes.

Tristan gives the young Presidential Advisor a dirty look, then pulls the sword away from his neck, continues her routine...

CUT TO:

INT. PERCIVAL'S QUARTERS

Thick with shadows, lit only by CANDLELIGHT. The hulking Dragon Man sits on the floor, scrawling SOMETHING on PAPER with a PIECE of GRAPHITE...

The door slowly SLIDES OPEN and Arthur steps into the room.

ARTHUR

Percival...?

Percival looks up from the floor, BOWS HIS HEAD to his King, GRUNTS. Arthur reaches out a hand, touches his mutated Knight on the shoulder --

ARTHUR

No need for such formalities, Good Knight. I'm here to pass news from Galahad about your... condition. It's not good... but I --

Arthur's eyes have adjusted to the darkness and he SEES something that makes his voice trail off into the blackness...

Arthur's gaze falls on the wall behind Percival which is completely covered with A SERIES OF ESOTERIC HIEROGLYPHICS, amongst which are drawn what appear to be DIAGRAMS OF SEVEN BRIGHTLY BURNING SUNS -- the rays radiating outward and TOUCHING UPON A GLOWING CHALICE set at the center between them.

It's a crude illustration of the VISION Percival had just before he was mutated into a Dragon Man...

CLOSE ON ARTHUR

The candlelight dancing in his eyes...

ARTHUR (CONT'D)
(barely audible)

No cure.

CUT TO:

INT. PERCIVAL'S QUARTERS - LATER

Arthur and the Knights look on as Galahad studies the HIEROGLYPHIC SCRIBBLES ON THE WALL. Percival remains hidden in the shadows...

TRISTAN

(a hushed whisper)

It's the Grail. It has to be.

ARTHUR

Yes. The cup touched by the Son of God.

TRISTAN

Percy drew the goddamned Grail.

GALAHAD

It was said that Percy --
 (catching himself,
 glaring at Tristan)
-- Percival... he told me that he had
actually seen the grail with his own
eyes.

ARTHUR

I believe he's trying to tell us... if
only he could speak.

GALAHAD

 (studying the diagram
 of the Seven Suns) .
Most interesting.

ARTHUR

What?

GALAHAD

The way he chose to depict these sun-
like objects. The type of fusion that
occurs in the sun and all the stars
that we're aware of is hydrogen fusion
-- where the energy is released
outward. But if you look very closely
at these depictions, you can see that
he took great detailed care in
representing the energy flowing inward
-- as is the case with plutonium
fusion.

ARTHUR

 (tracing his finger
 along the drawings)
A Nuclear reactor?

GALAHAD

Seven to be exact.
 (a beat)
And I happen to know for a fact that
there are exactly seven nuclear plants
with plutonium reactors left in existence
-- relics from the 20th century.

Percival joins Galahad and Arthur at the wall and as if to
convey a thought, stabs one of his monstrous forefingers
straight at the DRAWING OF THE CHALICE in the center of his
illustration.

ARTHUR

The cure for the world's pain. Even if science can't reverse the Earth's mutation ... maybe the Grail can.

LANCELOT

"Maybe"?

ARTHUR

If you have a better idea, Lance, I'm open to suggestions.

CUT TO:

INT. PENTAGON - WAR ROOM

A MORPHING HOLOGRAPHIC TERRAIN MAP OF THE WORLD comes to life above the ROUND TABLE. Galahad hits some controls and 7 SPOTS are PIN-POINTED with FLASHES OF COLOR --

GALAHAD

Argentina, Turkey, Alaska, Egypt, Pakistan, The Congo, and Sri Lanka.

LANCELOT

Insane. Trying to locate the Grail across a third of the earth is like trying to find a needle in a haystack.

GUINEVERE

I could find the pin-head of a needle...

Arthur and the Knights all turn to face their Queen.

GUINEVERE (CONT'D)

...in a million haystacks.

CUT TO:

THE ORBITING WEATHER SATELLITE

that Guinevere helped repair.

GUINEVERE (VO)

I can tap into the Air Force navi-link on the Weather Sat, order up a thermal image facsimile scan of the seven sights... and see what there is to see.

CUT TO:

INT. PENTAGON WAR ROOM

The Knights are scanning through THERMAL GRID HOLOGRAPHS of the seven abandoned REACTORS...

GALAHAD

Negative in Argentina... Turkey...
Egypt... Pakistan -- Alaska... the
Congo... and Sri Lanka.

The Knights look sullen, depressed, Arthur looking the most depressed of all.

ARTHUR

Maybe it was nothing but a story we
told our children. And if that's the
case, nothing can change... we're all
doomed to failure. Again.

Arthur suddenly notices something:

Sitting around him are SIX -- Lance, Tristan, Jordan Matthews, the mutated Percival, Galahad, and Gwen -- and Arthur makes SEVEN. The Knights all have their SWORDS tabled -- the blades all POINTING TOWARDS THE CENTER OF THE ROUND TABLE...

ARTHUR

(thinking out loud)
If not One... it must be All.

GUINEVERE

What?

Arthur SUDDENLY LEAPS onto the Round Table, raises EXCALIBUR and PLUNGERS IT DOWN in the CENTER of the Table! The Knights all exchange shocked looks, gasps, what the hell is Arthur doing -- ?

ARTHUR

Seven Suns surround an Earth, the
Earth the Center Point -- perhaps... a
single point equi-distant from each of
the seven reactors.

The Knights exchange a look...

SMASH CUT TO:

THE HOLOGRAPHIC TERRAIN MAP

now shifting and shaping, plotting the EXACT CENTER POINT
from all seven reactors...

The 3-D IMAGE FORMS into a COLORED GRID MODEL -- some sort of
old, weathered FORTRESS -- and then a THERMAL GRID HOLOGRAPH
showing a GLOWING PINPOINT within the Fortress.

MERLIN (OS)

The Krak De Chevalier. Of course...

ARTHUR AND HIS KNIGHTS

share a growing enthusiasm...

LANCELOT

The legendary Crusader fortress in the middle of the Syrian desert....

GUINEVERE

The Grail was rumored to have been returned to the East...

ARTHUR

Where better for it to lie safe and sound than in a forgotten ruin from a forgotten war?

CUT TO:

GALAHAD

wearing a FUTURISTIC WELDING MASK as FLAMING SPARKS fly from the HYPER-TECH WORKBENCH where he stands wielding GRAVITY HAMMER and LASER CHISEL with help from his sightly confused and amazed Pentagon Science Team...

CUT TO:

THE KNIGHTS

arming themselves with customized HI-TECH versions of Medieval weapons and armor that Galahad has created for them:

GAUNTLETS -- a single ARMORED GLOVE snapped onto the right hand of each Knight. The Knights hit buttons on the gauntlets, generating first a transparent Force Shield -- then a Laser Cross-Bow capable of firing Pulse Bolts...

GALAHAD (VO)

We'll each have a personal shield -- it can withstand 20 times the punishment of one forged in iron. Microgenerator can also power a cross-bow which can fire 10,000 megawatt pulse bolts.

CUT TO:

THE KNIGHTS JAB AND PARRY WITH --

BASTARD SWORDS -- a Hyper-Tech hand weapon which can MORPH from a Blade to a Mace to a Flail...

GALAHAD (VO)

The Bastard Sword can be three weapons in one.

MATTHEWS (VO)

Like a Swiss Army Knife!

CUT TO:

THE KNIGHTS STRAP ON --

BATTLE HELMS -- Hi-Tech futuristic versions of Medieval GREAT HELMS...

GALAHAD (VO)

These new Battle helms have onboard tactical computers, targeting systems, communication link-ups.

CUT TO:

ARTHUR AND THE KNIGHTS OF THE ROUND TABLE

standing outfitted in FULL 31st Century BATTLE-GEAR -- ready for the Grail Quest of the Future.

Arthur looks over his Knights proudly.

ARTHUR

This will be the most important journey of our lives. Rest the night -- come the dawn we find the Grail or die trying.

Matthews suddenly shakes his head in disbelief at all this "Grail" talk --

MATTHEWS

Look, I didn't want to be the one to say this, but I have to ask -- another Grail Quest? Am I wrong or, look, I don't know what really happened, but didn't you guys spend years looking for the Grail the first time? And correct me if I'm wrong, but you never found it. Nothing. Anyone ever think maybe -- it doesn't exist? Maybe the Grail's a myth?

Arthur locks eyes with the young presidential Advisor.

ARTHUR

If the Grail's a myth... So are we.

The Knights stiffen in their hyper-tech boots. SUDDENLY Merlin APPEARS out of thin air --

LANCELOT

Where've you been, Wizard?

MERLIN

Practicing, of course, swordsman. You see, what you mortals call Magic is merely the manipulation of Natural Forces. Gravity. Molecules. Magnetic Fields. Matter. Mother Nature's building blocks, taken apart and reassembled to one's will, so to speak. Energies which emanate from the very planet itself.

(darkly)

But we face a different magic now. Morgan's magic is not of this earth. A magic I fear may be beyond my powers to even grasp -- let alone master.

Merlin turns and addresses the assembled Knights, outfitted in their hi-tech Medieval garb:

MERLIN (CONT'D)

You all look very impressive with your new armor and weapons. But a word of caution: the most important piece of your armor will be these...

The Knights exchange looks as Merlin marches up to each of them and HANGS AN IDENTICAL SWORD-SHAPED TALISMAN AROUND EACH OF THEIR THROATS -- including Matthews. Matthews furrows his skeptical eyebrow.

MATTHEWS

You're kidding -- right?

Merlin raises an eyebrow in response.

MERLIN

I never kid.

SMASH CUT TO:

MORGAN'S CRYSTAL GLOBE

the IMAGE of the Knights BREAKING UP in a BURST of MAGICAL STATIC --

MORGAN LeFAY

No! Dammit, NO!

Enraged and frustrated, Morgan SMASHES her Globe into a million pieces and fumes.

Morgan just glares at him and begins slicing small NOTCHES into the skin of her forearm with one of her long BLACK FINGERNAILS. The Dragon Monkey HISSES...

MORGAN LeFAY

We've got a problem, little friend.
They're after the Grail.

(quietly)

"...Suddenly the Hall was lit by a sunbeam which shed a radiance through the palace seven times brighter than had been before..." *Chretien de Troyes*. The Crater of the Earth -- the Cup of Jamshid -- the Cure for the World's Pain.

CUT TO:

EXT. PENTAGON - NIGHT

The new Camelot, sitting quietly beneath the glow of the moon...

INT. ARTHUR'S QUARTERS

Guinevere lies sleeping in bed. Arthur sits beside her, looking troubled as he gently runs his fingers through her hair. Suddenly Merlin appears out of the shadows...

ARTHUR

I'm the King, Merlin. Have some respect for my privacy.

MERLIN

I wasn't watching from the shadows, my boy.

ARTHUR

(with a sense of dread)

But maybe she was. Morgan LeFay. She... scares me, Merlin.

MERLIN

She should.

ARTHUR

Perhaps you woke the wrong spirit in the wrong man. Perhaps I wasn't meant to be after all.

MERLIN

Remember, Arthur... the man who believes he won't succeed... never will.

Merlin SHIMMERS and is gone -- leaving Arthur grim and alone.

CUT TO:

INT. GALAHAD'S QUARTERS - NIGHT

The Japanese Knight sits on a narrow bunk. He is staring at a small HOLO-PIC SNAPSHOT of his Wife and Daughter. The place is eerie and dark, stipples of moonlight entering through the window. Suddenly --

VOICE OF A YOUNG GIRL (OS)
(barely audible)
Daddy... where are you?

Galahad freezes -- what the hell...?

GALAHAD
Hello...? Who's there?

Silence.

VOICE OF A YOUNG GIRL (OS)
(louder)
Daddy... please...

Galahad rises, stares into the darkened corners of his room. Steps towards where the Voice of the Girl seemed to be coming from...

VOICE OF A WOMAN (OS)
Kazuo? Is that you?

Another VOICE, this one coming from right behind him! Galahad spins -- sees a HUDDLED FORM SLUMPED IN THE CORNER SHADOWS... A WOMAN holding a CHILD in her arms...

Galahad reaches out a hand for the form...

GALAHAD
Sani...?

The Woman suddenly leans out of the shadows, the Child still in her arms, the FACES OF BOTH MUTATED INTO HIDEOUS DRAGON CREATURES!

Galahad SCREAMS IN ABJECT HORROR AND STAGGERS BACKWARDS --

MORGAN LeFAY IS SUDDENLY STANDING THERE, BLOCKING HIS PATH.

GALAHAD
Witch...?!!

GALAHAD RAISES HIS SWORD AND RUSHES AT MORGAN -- and sails right through her, his sword raking across the wall behind where she stands.

GALAHAD (CONT'D)
 (spinning to face Morgan)
 My wife. My daughter. What have you
done to them?

With this LeFay produces a HOLOPIC COMMUNICATOR.

VOICE OF THE WOMAN (OVER HOLOCOM)
 Hello, Kazuo? Is that you?

Galahad SNATCHES THE HOLOCOM FROM LeFAY. The IMAGE projected on the small monitor APPEARS TO BE HIS WIFE, joined by a child who APPEARS TO BE HIS DAUGHTER. Galahad keeps the HoloCom at arms length, as if afraid to respond.

MORGAN LeFAY
 (an evil smile)
 Go ahead.

GALAHAD
 (tentative)
 Sani? Miho?

DAUGHTER (CHILD) (OVER HOLOCOM)
 Daddy!!!

WIFE (WOMAN) (OVER HOLOCOM)
 Kazuo!

The Signal on the HOLOCOM begins to BREAK UP --

GALAHAD (CONT'D)
 I love you! I love you both!

The HoloCom goes BLANK as the signal is lost.

MORGAN LeFAY
 How interesting, that you love your wife
 and child so much. I couldn't imagine
 what it would be like to see them killed.

Galahad spins and tries his door -- but it won't open. He piulls out his sword and SLASHES AT THE DOOR -- but it's no use. Morgan indicates the Talisman hanging around Galahad's neck --

MORGAN LeFAY
 You know, if you weren't wearing those
 infernal little charms, I'd eviscerate you
 right here. But one does need to conserve

one's power occasionally. So I'm playing fair. A bargain. The location of the Grail -- in exchange for the absolute safety of your Wife and Child.

GALAHAD

(barely audible)

I... I can't help you.

Morgan just smiles.

MORGAN LeFAY

The night is young.

CUT TO:

INT. TRISTAN'S QUARTERS - NIGHT

Tristan awkwardly removing her ARMOR and CLOTHES. Clumsily adjusting to her new body. She turns, stares into a MIRROR hanging on the wall. Closes her eyes in revulsion, a wave of psychological pain washing over her.

Suddenly rears back and PUNCHES THE MIRROR with her fist. The glass CRACKS and SPLINTERS. Tristan curses under her breath, licks blood from her knuckles. Suddenly freezes. Stares INTO one of the cracked mirror --

MORGAN LeFAY (OS)

Handsome isn't he?

Tristan brings a hand up to her face...

THE BROKEN MIRROR

reflects the image of a HANDSOME YOUNG KNIGHT as he BRINGS A HAND UP TO HIS OWN FACE...

TRISTAN

is still staring at herself in the mirror -- only she's SEEING the BODY she had 1000 years ago. A man's BODY.

TRISTAN

How... I... I don't understand...?

MORGAN LeFAY (OS)

It's a face that you recognize, don't you? A face that you've seen before?

Tristan eyes go wide in shock. A BEAUTIFUL YOUNG MAIDEN steps up next to her. She is wearing a LOCKET around her throat -- a HEART with a KEY.

MAIDEN

Remember me?

TRISTAN
(unbelieving)

Isolde?

ISOLDE (MAIDEN)

Yes, my love.

Tristan's gaze falls on her own arms which are now THOSE OF A MUSCULAR MAN. Isolde STEPS OUT OF THE BROKEN MIRROR and embraces Tristan...

...who has now TAKEN ON THE FULL APPEARANCE OF THE HANDSOME KNIGHT REFLECTED IN THE MIRROR.

Tristan/Knight somewhat awkwardly wraps her/his arms around the beautiful young Isolde --

ISOLDE

It's been so long, Tristan. I've missed you so very much...

TRISTAN/KNIGHT
(all she/he can muster)

Yes...

Isolde pulls Tristan/KNIGHT to her in a DEEP PASSIONATE KISS... then STEPS BACK THROUGH THE CRACKED MIRROR. Tristan/Knight trying to follow, as if in a trance -- but she/he suddenly COMES TO AN ABRUPT STOP. The mirror has now SOLIDIFIED, Isolde standing on the other side, beckoning...

ISOLDE

Oh Tristan! I want you so much!

TRISTAN/KNIGHT
Goddammit. What's happening to me?
What is happening?!

ISOLDE

Tristan, my love... you have to do something for me.

TRISTAN/KNIGHT
(almost desperate)
What. Tell me what do I have to do.

ISOLDE

The Grail. Tell me where it is.

Tristan/Knight is quiet for a second.

TRISTAN/KNIGHT

I... don't know.

ISOLDE

I think you do.

Tristan/Knight SHIVERS WITH SENSATION as Isolde puts a hand back through the mirror, and begins WORKING IT UP HIS/HER THIGH...

TRISTAN/KNIGHT

I... I...

Tristan suddenly TEARS herself/himself away from the mirror --

TRISTAN/KNIGHT

NO!

Tristan, now BACK IN HER FEMALE INCARNATION, collapses to the floor of her room, beginning to cry softly...

TRISTAN

I'll not betray my King. Not even for her. Not even for her...

THE BROKEN MIRROR

shifts and Isolde MORPHS into the form of Morgan LeFay.

MORGAN LeFAY

Are you so sure, Tristan? Are you?

Tristan won't look back at the mirror -- but the expression on her face tells us she's not sure at all.

CUT TO:

INT. ARTHUR & GUINEVERE'S BEDCHAMBER - NIGHT

CLOSE ON GUINEVERE

Asleep. Lost in some dream, lips parted slightly, eyelids fluttering...

Suddenly we HEAR a familair VOICE HUMMING a familair TUNE, a haunting medieval NURSERY RHYME...

Guinevere's eyes SNAP OPEN.

She grabs up her broadsword from the side of her bed, looks around. Arthur is GONE, rumpled sheets where her husband should be.

GUINEVERE

Artus...?

Guinevere suddenly she finds herself SURROUNDED BY A HOLOGRAPHIC PROJECTION...

A MAN AND A WOMAN

enmeshed in mad, passionate lovemaking, their MOANS and GROANS echoing throughout the chamber.

Guinevere stumbles out of bed, spins around, watches the 3-DIMENSIONAL IMAGES that surround her, everywhere she turns. As she sees more of the TWO LOVERS she realizes exactly what it is she's watching -- not her and Arthur, but HERSELF AND LANCELOT!

GUINEVERE

NO! It's not true! It hasn't happened -- not for a thousand years!

MORGAN LeFAY (OS)

But it is what you want. These images are your dreams.

Guinevere turns to see Morgan standing right behind her.

MORGAN LeFAY

Poor Gwen. Still having relationship problems, I see.

Guinevere draws her sword and CLEAVES at Morgan -- but the blade slices through the sorceress's presence, cutting only the air.

MORGAN LeFAY (CONT'D)

You really must find another outlet for all this violent energy. But in the meantime, if I were you, I'd be more concerned with keeping my husband from seeing my dreams --

(whipping out a HOLO-PIC disk)

-- easily available as they are on this holo-disk, downloaded directly from your tiny, little brain.

(grinning)

Isn't modern technology wonderful.

Guinevere takes another SWING at Morgan -- again her sword PASSES THROUGH the sorceress, chopping at the walls of the bedchamber --

MORGAN LeFAY

You know, when that dried-up old Merlin banished me from my own world... well, it

was horrible. Can you imagine what that's like, Gwen...? To drift between eternities...? To be nothing... to be less than nothing? But in the end it all worked out for the best. The millennia passed and I reached another world... the Dragon world... and made it mine.

GUINEVERE

Burn in hell you BITCH!

Guinevere makes one last, frustrated HACK at Morgan, BREAKING her sword against THE FLOOR.

MORGAN LeFAY

(laughing)

I'm impressed, Gwen. You could barely slice your own loaf of bread when we last met.

Gwen, beaten, exhausted, drops to the floor, leans on her now-broken sword.

GUINEVERE

What do you want from me?

MORGAN LeFAY

Well... I really want you to take off that little trinket of Merlin's so I can use my magicks to shred your body into teeny, tiny pieces and paint this room with your blood.

(a beat)

But I'll settle for the location of the Holy Grail. And after my victory I promise you and Lancelot will have a corner of the earth -- in it's original, un-mutated state -- to yourselves. A small price, wouldn't you say? You could finally get out of this ridiculous arranged marriage between you and Arthur. How old were you when your father gave you to him -- fifteen... sixteen? We both know you're only sticking with him out of a sense of duty.

(indicating the DISK

in her hands)

Arthur's crown will be broken no matter what -- why break his heart as well?

Guinevere ponders this...

Shivers, from a chill in the room -- or her own fear?

Suddenly the barely audible sound of FOOTSTEPS behind Guinevere --

She SPINS, shoving her broken blade into the face of --
Arthur.

ARTHUR
Gwen -- what the hell are you doing?

GUINEVERE
Hell, indeed! Where have you been?

ARTHUR
I'm sorry, Gwen. I couldn't sleep. I
took a walk around the building. Hoping
Merlin would show himself I guess.
(a beat)
What happened to your sword?

Guinevere nervously drops the sword, hugs Arthur tight.

GUINEVERE
A nightmare, you bastard. A horrible,
horrible... don't leave me again, do
you understand? Never again.

Arthur holds his wife close, tries not to worry about the
fact that his brave, courageous Gwen is shaking like a
frightened child...

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. SKIES ABOVE THE MIDDLE-EAST - DAY

AN AIRFORCE JUMPSHIP burns through the inner layer of the
atmosphere, hurtling over the burning sands below.

INT. JUMPSHIP COCKPIT - IN-FLIGHT - DAY

Guinevere and Lancelot PILOT the craft from the COCKPIT.

INT. JUMPSHIP SQUAD BAY - IN-FLIGHT - DAY

Arthur and the other Knights sit STRAPPED IN to their jump
seats -- the Knights pissed, Arthur grim and lost in thought.

LANCELOT
I'm telling you, he sold us out --
straight to Morgan LeFay.

TRISTAN
What are you saying?

LANCELOT

Two sorcerers -- birds of a feather.
What do you expect from the Son of the
Devil?

ARTHUR

Shut up. All of you.

(a beat)

He'll return when I need him the most
-- he always has.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. STONEHENGE - DAY

Gloomy and overcast. Merlin stands surveying the ruined Plain of Salisbury, the place where Tom Prentice's family was destroyed by the Aliens...

The Old Wizard reaches under his armor, pulls out a handful of small objects: a HOLO-PIC COMMUNICATOR from Galahad's quarters... a LOCKET with a HEART and a KEY dangling from it, from Tristan's vision of Isolde... and the HOLO-DISC from Guinevere's Bedchamber -- all objects that Morgan LeFay used when trying to seduce the Knights...

Merlin carefully ARRANGES Morgan's objects on the ground and begins to CHANT in some ANCIENT DRUIDIC LANGUAGE...

Merlin suddenly stops chanting, cocks an eyebrow... SNIFFS the air, smelling something --

SUDDENLY MERLIN IS HIT WITH A SHOCKWAVE OF OTHERWORLDLY ENERGY AND BLASTED BACKWARDS THROUGH THE AIR!

He lands hard, hitting the ground with a loud THUD, a couple of creaky old bones CRACKING with the impact.

Merlin, dazed, looks up to see Morgan LeFay smiling down at him --

MORGAN LeFAY

Hello, pathetic Old Man. Trying to
use my own Magicks against me?

Merlin SNAPS some joints back into place with a shake of his head, glares into Morgan's black eyes.

MERLIN

You're stronger than when we last met,
that's for damn sure. But not strong
enough to destroy me.

Morgan LeFay CHUCKLES --

MORGAN LeFAY

Don't be ridiculous.

Morgan's objects suddenly LEVITATE and EXPLODE with Morgan's OTHERWORLDLY MAGIC ENERGY, the Objects zipping around the Old Wizard, spinning an OTHERWORLDLY WEB around him, STRANDS OF MYSTICAL ALIEN ENERGY wrapping themselves around his face, neck, arms and legs, smothering him, strangling him, keeping him from conjuring up another spell...

Morgan laughs and strides over to the struggling sorcerer --

MORGAN LeFAY (CONT'D)

You think I left my little possessions
lying around by accident? I was
laying a trap for you, Old Man.

Merlin struggles, but it's no use -- he's merely a fly caught in Morgan's web.

SMASH-CUT TO: . .

EXT. SKIES ABOVE THE MIDDLE-EAST - DAY .

THE JUMPSHIP BLASTS OVER THE BARREN SANDS -- heading straight for a slowly building, swirling CLOUD OF SAND looming on the horizon...

INT. JUMPSHIP COCKPIT - IN-FLIGHT - DAY

Arthur steps in, sees Gwen and Lance side-by-side in their flight-seats, hesitates a moment, then --

ARTHUR

What is it?

Guinevere stabs a finger at the cockpit window, below them --

GUINEVERE

We've got trouble. Sand Storm dead ahead.

ARTHUR

Can we get through it?

LANCELOT

We have to.

GUINEVERE

It's risky. We try to cut through we
may crash and burn.

ARTHUR

Then we'll land now and wait it out.

LANCELOT

There's no telling how long it'll take
to blow over. By the time it does it
may be too late.

ARTHUR

If we charge in now we may die -- not
like warriors, but like crash victims.
(to Gwen)

Set us down.

Arthur heads back to the Squad Bay. Lancelot shakes his head
in frustration as Guinevere proceeds to guide the craft down
for their upcoming landing.

LANCELOT

He's wrong. The risk is worth taking.

GUINEVERE

It's not your place to say -- or mine.
He's the King.

Lancelot looks into her eyes, trying to control his rage.

EXT. DESERT - DAY

The Jumpship is starting to lose it's way in the GROWING
STORM -- it slowly LANDS, the desert SANDS starting to bury
it the second it touches down...

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. DESERT - NIGHT

The Jumpship is half buried in the sand, the storm winds
still howling...

INT. JUMPSHIP SQUAD BAY - NIGHT

Arthur, Guinevere and the Knights lie sleeping on the deck of
the ship, each with some distance from the other. The sound
of the howling wind penetrates even the titanium skin of this
craft -- but then, woven into the wind, comes another,
distant, sound...

MERLIN (OS)

Artus...

Arthur stirs in his sleep. The voice grows nearer --

MERLIN (OS)

Artus...

Arthur's eyes snap open.

MERLIN (OS)

Help me, Artus...

Arthur stands, silently steps to the nearest porthole and stares out at the moonlit desert.

ARTHUR'S POV

The sands are still SWIRLING like mad -- but there, in their midst, we catch a GLIMPSE of something -- someone.

ARTHUR

(whispering to himself)

Merlin...?

EXT. JUMPSHIP - NIGHT

The outline of the ship's entry-hatch suddenly LIGHTS UP as the hatch OPENS and Arthur marches out into the whirling sand, Excalibur hanging at his side --

ARTHUR

Merlin...?

INT. JUMPSHIP - NIGHT

Percival is lying on his back, still awake, eyes fixed on the ceiling where a SKETCH OF A FACE -- a human face -- his face -- has been rendered.

TRISTAN (OS)

Percy?

Percival responds with a soft MOAN and Tristan appears and sits on the floor beside him --

TRISTAN (CONT'D)

Do you remember, at all, what it was like... when you were... you?

Percival says nothing.

TRISTAN

I just... chances look pretty damn good that... well, if Morgan wins this time... I mean, the end of the human race...

(a beat)

You and I are alike, you know. We both used to be something else.

She trails off. A long pause. This is hard for Tristan, once the mightiest warrior in all of Camelot...

TRISTAN (CONT'D)

I'm scared.

Percival gently brings a mutated hand to Tristan's face and she tightly embraces him.

EXT. DESERT - NIGHT

Arthur plunges on through the blinding, blowing sand, still following the voice...

MERLIN (OS)

Help me, Artus...

INT. JUMPSHIP - SQUAD BAY - NIGHT

Guinevere is woken with a sudden start by the echo of the wind. She reaches over to run her hand across Arthur's chest -- but Arthur is not there. She senses something and looks over to find one Knight who has also awoken, now staring at her from the other side of the ship...

Lancelot.

He rises to his feet, silently pads past his sleeping comrades, kneels down beside Guinevere and takes both her hands into his, INTERLACING her long, slender fingers with his own strong hands.

He whispers in her ear --

LANCELOT

What you said before... it made me think. Think about what it is my place to say: I've loved you for a thousand years. And tomorrow that could all end. The world...could end. All those stars in the sky... all the worlds revolving around each of them... in this whole universe there's only one story I care about now.

They both stare out through the window, gazing at the night sky, the glow of starlight falling on their faces...

GUINEVERE

Lance...I...

LANCELOT

Tell me I'm wrong... tell me you don't feel the same.

Guinevere stares into Lance's eyes...

GUINEVERE

You're wrong.

...her lips moving to his, TEARS welling in her eyes...

GUINEVERE (CONT'D)

I don't feel the same.

And now their saliva mingles with the wet salt of Gwen's tears as they roll down her face and she devours Lancelot's mouth in hers...

EXT. JUMPSHIP - NIGHT

Arthur finally SEES Merlin -- the Master Mage has collapsed on his knees in the sand, under assault from the whirling desert wind...

MERLIN
(weakly)

Artus...

Arthur reaches out a hand to help the old Wizard -- but Arthur's HAND PASSES RIGHT THROUGH Merlin --

ARTHUR
Merlin! What's happening?

SUDDENLY A VISION OF MORGAN APPEARS OUT OF NO PLACE AND YANKS MERLIN BACK INTO A BLUR OF SWIRLING SAND PARTICLES!

ARTHUR
Merrrrllliinnnnnnn!!!!

Nothing. Just the SOUND of the swirling sands -- and Morgan's LAUGHTER echoing through the air.

Arthur, looking disturbed, confused, for the first time worried about his old mentor -- turns and starts making his way back to the ship...

He suddenly freezes.

ARTHUR'S POV

Framed in the sand-swept cockpit windshield is a living work of art -- a perfectly melded man and woman, their two equally beautiful bodies entwined as one.

Lancelot and Guinevere.

ARTHUR

stands there all alone in the desert, facing the sight of his Queen and his finest Knight making mad, impassioned, treasonous love.

BEHIND THE GLASS OF THE COCKPIT WINDSHIELD

Guinevere's eyes -- up until now shut tight in the throes of intense pleasure -- suddenly SNAP OPEN and stare straight out at her husband, all alone in the sand.

ARTHUR

draws Excalibur from his waist, lets out a PIERCING CRY OF ANGUISH AND HATRED, charges across the sand, LEAPS UP ONTO THE COCKPIT AND STABS EXCALIBUR DOWN, SPLINTERING THE WINDSHIELD GLASS INTO A MAP OF SPIDERWEB CRACKS!

INT. JUMPSHIP COCKPIT - NIGHT

Lance shields Gwen from the SPRAYING GLASS, throws her out of the way as Arthur SMASHES THROUGH THE REMAINS OF THE GLASS --

IN THE SQUAD BAY

The other Knights and Matthews AWAKEN with a start --

IN THE COCKPIT

Arthur SWINGS Excalibur down at Lance -- who ROLLS out of the way, DIVES back into the --

INT. SQUAD BAY

Lance grabs up his sword, PARRIES a THRUST from EXCALIBUR just in time to keep his head on his shoulders!

A BRUTAL SERIES OF BLOWS is exchanged between the two men, Lance clearly the better swordsman, but Arthur driven on by his rage --

ARTHUR

How could you betray me again?!

LANCELOT

Because she's dying inside and you don't care. That's why you'll always lose her, Arthur. Because you won't set her free.

THEIR SWORDS MEET AGAIN

sparks skidding off their blades, burning through the air.

What follows is a FEROCIOUS BATTLE, equal parts grace and brute force as Arthur and Lancelot exchange blows, each

live! When the first drops dead the
other can keep their dry bones company
'till they follow them to Hell!

Arthur stares into Guinevere's eyes -- then abruptly turns
his back on her. The other Knights all exchange desperate
looks and turn their eyes away from traitorous lovers.

Lance takes this all in, shrugs.

LANCELOT

A Knight's place is on the Quest.

He turns to go. Tristan suddenly speaks up --

TRISTAN

A Knight's place is with his King.

Guinevere steps up to Lancelot and goes to take him by the
arm -- he looks at her with stunned surprise. Lancelot takes
her hand in his, both of them filled with mixed emotions, but
knowing this is where their destiny lies...

SLOW DISSOLVE TO:

LANCELOT AND GUINEVERE

Two small figures marching away into the SWIRLING SANDS...
Heading for a distant shape on the horizon... THE KRAK De
CHEVALIERS. The Ancient Crusader Fortress -- weathered to
the point of almost being one with the lifeless landscape.

SLOW DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. JUMPSHIP - DAWN

The Sand Storm has started to lift. The Knights stand around
their downed craft, staring at Lance and Guinevere as they go.

TRISTAN

(quietly)

The same damned thing, all over again.

Matthews watches this this, slack-jawed.

MATTHEWS

That's it? Just like that? Our best
Knight's caught doing the nasty with
the Queen and the whole war-effort
falls apart?

Matthews turns his gaze from the distant specks of Lancelot
and Guinevere to the figure of Arthur: the King is sitting
alone atop a sand dune, poised like Rodin's "The Thinker".

is suddenly SPRAYED BY WATER -- he looks up, eyes wide -- before him is MORGAN LeFAY lying amidst a GREAT FOUNTAIN that spurts a stream of OTHERWORLDLY multi-colored sparkling water HIGH INTO THE HOT AIR as she pets her trusty pet Dragon Monkey --

MORGAN LeFAY

So, dear half-brother, she finally up
and deserted you did she? But I'll
always be here for you. After all, we
are of the same flesh... and blood.

With that, Morgan opens her palm -- revealing it is covered in HUMAN BLOOD -- and the Dragon Monkey enthusiastically LAPS IT UP.

Arthur watches Morgan -- then lets loose a BLOODCURDLING SCREAM OF RAGE and CHARGES AT HER -- but he ends up diving right through her and getting a faceful of burning sand instead. Morgan LAUGHS and is suddenly SOLID MATTER again and is on top of Arthur, shoving his face into a PUDDLE of otherworldly water --

MORGAN LeFAY

Whata an interesting death, Arthur --
drowned in the desert.

Arthur struggles to breathe, to free himnself, but it's no use -- Morgan's too strong.

MORGAN LeFAY (CONT'D)

It's a pity you won't live to see me
drink from the Holy Grail and toast
the end of the earth. You see, I know
where you're going -- thanks to a
little friend of mine on your team.

Suddenly, a GLINT of something REFLECTED in Morgan's drowning pool and Morgan stabs out a hand just in time to stop JORDAN MATTHEWS FROM SLICING HER IN HALF FROM BEHIND with a STROKE FROM EXCALIBUR!

MORGAN LeFAY

Nice try, young man.

MATTHEWS

Leave him alone, you twisted bitch!

Morgan lets up on Arthur, turns and rears back to SLASH Jordan with her fingernails -- which GROW into razor-sharp TALONS before his eyes --

Arthur uses the distraction, leaps up from the sand, SMASHES Morgan in the back of the head, yells to Matthews --

ARTHUR

Matthews...?!! You bastard.

MATTHEWS

I am a bastard, thanks to you,
"father". But you're mistaken on the
other account. My name isn't
"Matthews" -- it's Modred.

Arthur stares at MODRED/MATTHEWS in shock --

The bastard son Arthur spurned for embracing Morgan LeFay's
evil LIVES AGAIN!

MORGAN LeFAY

The whole gang back together again,
Arthur. Isn't it glorious?
(to Matthews/Modred)
Plenty of time to kill him later,
darling boy. We've got a date with a
Grail.

Morgan LAUGHS, her evil voice echoing across the desert --
then she and MATTHEWS/MODRED disappear in a shimmer of
otherworldly energy.

Arthur pulls himself to his feet and starts to RACE back
towards the downed Jumpship --

THE KNIGHTS

see him coming -- then, high in the sky above his head, they
see something else coming as well...

A DRAGON MAN... and another... and another.

The Knights suddenly rouse to action, retrieving their
weapons, Percival letting out a tremendous guttural YELL
while the others SHOUT warnings to their King --

TRISTAN

ARTHUR!

GALAHAD

FROM THE SKY!

Arthur turns and looks up at the enemy. His eyes go wide as
DRAGON MEN SWOOP DOWN TO ATTACK like a squadron of close air
support fighter jets, LAUNCHING FIREBALLS from their gaping
jaws!

ARTHUR

is sent CRASHING into a sand dune as the first of the BLAZING Dragon Man fireballs scorches past, scorching his armor BLACK and leaving him motionless atop the sand!

The desert is suddenly covered with BLAZING FIREBALLS as the Winged Dragon Men close in!

THE KNIGHTS

are literally frozen by the sight of their King lying helpless atop the dune -- until Arthur pushes himself up to his feet and raises Excalibur above his head --

ARTHUR

Slay the Dragons!

A CHEER GOES UP FROM KNIGHTS and they LEAP INTO ACTION: they ACTIVATE their GAUNTLETS -- generating individual TRANSPARENT FORCE SHIELDS which manage to WITHSTAND the first wave of Dragon Man FIREBALLS!

They shift to the offensive, using the hyper-tech GRAPH DISPLAY IMAGES projected within their BATTLE HELM visors to put their onboard TACTICAL COMPUTERS to work -- plotting out fields of fire and maneuver which will engage the attacking Dragon Men at the moment and angle of greatest advantage.

They shift their GAUNTLETS into ATTACK MODE -- LASER CROSSBOWS popping up to launch ENERGY BOLTS at the incoming Dragon Men!

Winged Dragon Men begin dropping from the sky like flaming pieces of debris after a mid-air collision under the Knights counter-attack --

PERCIVAL

is suddenly ENGULFED IN A FIREBALL LAUNCHED BY THE LAST OF THE DRAGON ATTACKERS! Percival drops to the sand with a horrific ROAR, shivering in agony, his hyper-tech armor MELTED INTO HIS FLESH!

ARTHUR

Noooooooooooooooooooooo!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

ARTHUR AND HIS KNIGHTS

pour a withering fire at the few remaining Winged Dragon Men still in the sky, tearing each one of them to shred. As the last of their enemies are incinerated, Arthur lowers his Laser Crossbow and races to the side of his Mutated Knight... where he is joined by each of the other Knights. They gather around their fallen comrade, Percival.

ARTHUR (CONT'D)

Percival... my bravest.

The Knights stare in shock at Percival -- his terribly-burned face twisted in agony, still a monster, but his eyes filled with emotion -- human emotion.

TRISTAN

Percy...

Arthur traces a hand across Percival's scaly features, remembers the words Merlin said to him...

ARTHUR

(quietly)

Regardless of the shell it inhabits...
the soul remains the same.

A single tear streaks down Arthur's bloodied, blackened cheek as he watches Percival die.

CUT TO:

EXT. KRAK DE CHEVALIAR - DUSK

Red firelight from the setting sun sillouetting the ancient ruins of the thousand-year old Crusader fortress...

INT. KRAK DE CHEVALIAR TOWER - DUSK

Long shadows falling across the weathered stone and cracked mortar of the medieval structure.

Lancelot and Guinevere cautiously move through the ruins, swords in hand...

Guinevere suddenly stops in her tracks --

GUINEVERE

Lance...

A PINPOINT of Light in the distance, burning through the shadows.

Guinevere and Lance move faster, heading for the light, finally running...

INT. INNER CHAMBER - DUSK

Only it doesn't look like dusk in here, because there's light, bright, golden, almost blinding.

A GOLDEN CHALICE sits on a small stone altar.

THE GRAIL.

It's polished surface catches whatever tiny sparkles of light there are in the room and magnifies them ten-fold.

Lance and Guinevere move towards it, overwhelmed.

LANCELOT

My god...

GUINEVERE

All this time... I can't believe...
it's real.

CUT TO:

THE JUMPSHIP

tearing through the sky, Arthur and the Knights closing in on the Krak de Chevalier...

CUT TO:

GUINEVERE

reaching out a hand, touching her finger to the golden cup.

GUINEVERE

It's warm, Lance. It's --

Gwen's voice is suddenly cut short, turned into a SILENT GASP as she is IMPALED ON A LARGE BROADSWORD!

GUINEVERE (CONT'D)

...warm...?

THE BROADSWORD BELONGS TO JORDAN MATTHEWS, WHO STEPS FROM THE SHADOWS, HEFTING THE MEDIEVAL WEAPON LIKE HE WAS BORN TO IT!

LANCELOT

GWENNNNNNN!!!!!!

Matthews/Modred pulls his Broadsword out of Gwen and lets her drop to the floor.

MATTHEWS

Long time no see, Lance. Don't you recognize your old pal, Modred?

Lancelot lets out a CRY of ANGUISH and DISBELIEF and races to Guinevere's side --

THE JUMPSHIP

lands in the COURTYARD of the Krak de Chevaliers --

ARTHUR AND THE KNIGHTS

leap out, race to the TOWER and BURST in -- just in time to see MORGAN and MODRED start to SHIMMER and DISAPPEAR with the HOLY GRAIL...

MORGAN LeFAY

Goodbye, brave knights. Junior and
I'll be back to kill you all -- but
the earth dies first.

...while Lance holds the dying Guinevere in his arms.

Arthur races to Gwen's side, drops Excalibur to the floor and takes her in his arms -- he and Lancelot now cradling her between them...

Galahad, the scientist, reaches her with his MEDI-TECH EQUIPMENT and goes to work, trying to save her life...

Above the dying body of the woman they both love, Arthur and Lancelot lock eyes...

DISSOLVE TO:

ARTHUR AND LANCELOT

still staring at each other as Guinevere's body -- now slung from a MEDI-HARNESS being carried in Percival's monstrous arms -- is gently placed into the Jumpship.

Arthur turns and stares out at the Middle-eastern desert -- which is now starting to be slowly overrun by the creeping INFESTATION. Brown sand being mutated into scaly, mucousy tissue, the MUTATION continuing to envelop the world.

Galahad climbs out of the ship and marches over to Arthur --

GALAHAD

It gets worse, my King.

LANCELOT

(quietly chiming in)

She's dying. Nothing could be worse
than that.

Galahad's eyes fall to the sand-swept floor of the courtyard.

GALAHAD

The infestation has reached the States.
The West Coast, the Mid-West... it's all...
changed. Breathable oxygen is being

replaced by chemical toxins indiginous to
whatever planet this virus comes from.
Population is starting to... choke on it's
own air. Sattellite reports from the east
show New York.. gone.

(a beat)

Washington's next.

ARTHUR

How long do we have left.

GALAHAD

Based on the global spread rate... five,
maybe six hours until total contamination.

Grim looks pass between all the Knights as they stand waiting
for their King to tell them their next move... to say
something... anything...

Instead Arthur silently walks to the Jumpship and stares in
at the motionless figure of Guinevere, his Queen...

ARTHUR

New Camelot.

TRISTAN

Sire...?

ARTHUR

That's where she'll go. She wanted
Camelot then, she'll want it now.
That's where we're going.

CUT TO:

EXT. WASHINGTON, DC - NIGHT

Well, it used to look like Washington -- now the whole surface
of the city is covered with an UNDULATING GROWTH, slime-
encrusted and black with oil.

EXT. THE PENTAGON - NIGHT

The last place that isn't almost entirely overgrown by the
INFESTATION. The perimeter is guarded by a savage, smarling ARMY
of Dragon Men who spit FIRE at the HORDES of pathetic HUMAN
REFUGEES trying desperatly to find a safe haven from the spread of
the the Mutant Growth and ARMY & NATO SOLDIERS who are hoelessly
out of their league against the Dragon creatures...

INT. PENTAGON WAR ROOM

The place has been taken over, transformed into MORGAN
LeFAY'S CHAMBER. The Round Table has been SHATTERED, cracks

splintering it in all directions. In the middle of the chamber is a OTHERWORLDLY POOL which has been formed from the rock and Metal of the walls of what used to be the War Room. The WATERS CHURN and RIPPLE with swirls of OTHERWORLDLY ENERGY...

And Morgan is BATHING in it, watching IMAGES IN THE MAGICAL WATERS of the EARTH BEING CONSUMED by the INFESTATION, enjoying every moment, her pet Dragon Monkey also bathing in the pool...

The Grail is nowhere to be seen.

But there is something else, something terrifying...

It's Merlin, held in Morgan's MYSTICAL ENERGY WEB, floating just a few inches above the floor, his face SWITCHING back-and-forth between AGONY and ECSTASY, his body looking weak and frail, Morgan sucking the very LIFE FORCE out of the Old Wizard...

MORGAN LeFAY

How do you like my decorating job,
Merlin? The War Room curtains just
had to go.

CUT TO:

EXT. SKIES ABOVE WASHINGTON - NIGHT

The Jump-ship swoops down out of the clouds.

INT. JUMP-SHIP - IN-FLIGHT - NIGHT

Galahad sits at the craft's INFRATHERMAL-SCOPE, intensely scanning the earth below...

GALAHAD

Got it.

CLOSE ON THE SCOPE

a bit-map grid highlighting the series of UNDERGROUND TUNNELS connecting all the Governement buidings...

THE JUMPSHIP

Slows to a stop and hovers in mid-air -- just on the other side of the PENTAGON PERIMETER.

INT. JUMPSHIP - NIGHT

Galahad punches some buttons on the Control Panel, joins Arthur, Lance and Tristan -- the King and his two knights overlooking the comatose body of Guinevere.

ARTHUR

Will she be safe?

GALAHAD

We're on auto-hover, out of range of any contact with the infestation. The hull's got a 5000 megawatt electrical charge in case one of those flying dragon things gets curious. She'll be fine.

Arthur and Lancelot both gives one last look at Guinevere, then Arthur nods --

ARTHUR

Let's go.

EXT. JUMPSHIP - NIGHT

A HATCH in the belly of the jumpship opens and Arthur, Lance, Galahd and Tristan REPEL out, dropping along lenth's of cable, stopping just a few feet above the Mutated ground. They each aim their Gaunlets at the earth below their feet and SIMULTANEOUSLY LET LOOSE WITH AN ENERGY CHARGE THAT BEGINS BLASTING INTO THE INFESTED EARTH --

INT. UNDERGROUND SHUTTLE TUNNEL

Dark and dank, no Air cars in sight. The HUMM of the Gauntlet Blsters from above, then the CEILING of the tunnel EXPLODES, debris raining down from above -- then the armored forms of Arthur and his Knights rappeling down into the tunnel, weapons at the ready.

LANCELOT

It's been a long time since I've mined under the walls of an enemy castle.

TRISTAN

About a thousand years, give or take a decade.

ARTHUR

Good tactics never go out of date. They just adapt to the times.

LANCELOT

(shrugging)

Like us.

Arthur gives Lancelot a look -- then starts moving forward. The Knights follow, their Gauntlet FLARES lighting the way...

GALAHAD

(inspecting the tunnel walls)
The infestation hasn't reached this
far underground yet.

TRISTAN

Great. We can all live like
earthworms.

INT. PENTAGON - MORGAN LeFAY'S CHAMBER

Morgan now out of her pool, taunting the helpless Merlin,
GOOSING and TWEAKING him with little MYSTIC SPELLS OF AGONY --

MORGAN LeFAY

How does it feel for one used to being
soooooooo powerful to become soooooooo
helpless? Now you know how I felt all
those years ago...

INT. PENTAGON CORRIDOR

Arthur and the Knights keep moving forward, Arthur taking
pains to stay ahead of the group, away from Lancelot.
Lancelot notices this, angrily jogs up beside his King --

LANCELOT

If you have a problem going into
battle with me, my King, say so now.

Arthur shoots Lance a look.

ARTHUR

The problem would be if there was no
battle... because then I would fight
you until I took your head off your
shoulders -- or you took mine.

Arthur and Lancelot glare at each other, round a corner --

-- AND COME FACE TO FACE WITH A PACK OF MORGAN LeFAY'S
DRAGON MEN GUARDS!

LANCELOT

Oh, shit.

The Dragon creatures HOWL in rage and instantly ATTACK the
Knights!

ARTHUR

Retreat!

Arthur and the Knights launch into a fighting retreat,
tearing back around the corner, drawing the ranks of

attacking Dragon Men after them. Arthur scans the corridor ahead and barks an order to his Knights --

ARTHUR

There, where the hall narrows -- it'll
slow them down!

The Knights follow as he races for the spot where the
CORRIDOR DOES IN FACT GROW NARROWER -- from room for 4 across
to room for only 2.

ARTHUR

Keep going!

They round the NEXT CORNER of the corridor and come face-to-
face with a wall.

It's a dead-end. A cul-de-sac.

ARTHUR

Dammit!

GALAHAD

Nowhere left to go

Lancelot looks around and shrugs, the SCREECHING Dragon men
closing in --

LANCELOT

As good a place to die as any.

ARTHUR

We can't afford to die yet.

Galahad suddenly aims his GAUNTLET up at the ceiling and BLASTS
AWAY -- LOOSING A TON OF DEBRIS onto the floor between the
Knights and the pursuing Dragon Men!

GALAHAD

And you won't, my King. The air-duct
system will give you a way out. It's
like the veins of this castle's body.
Climb up and keep going until you find
Morgan LeFay.

ARTHUR

You're coming with me -- all of you.

Tristan steps up beside Galahad and shakes her head --

TRISTAN

The way here is narrow, my King, and
the Dragons are coming. We'll stand

like Horatius at the Bridge... to buy
you time.

LANCELOT

I'll stay too.

GALAHAD

No, Lancelot. Two swords can hold
this corridor. A third would get in
the way.

(smiling)

Besides, we can't let it be said that
every Knight of the Round Table
deserted their King in his greatest
hour of need.

Lancelot glances at his King -- Arthur thinks it over for a moment, then nods. Lancelot links his hands together and gives Arthur a BOOST. The King reaches up and pulls himself through the gaping hole in the ceiling, then reaches down a hand and helps Lancelot to follow.

Tristan and Galahad begin BLASTING AWAY at the attacking Dragon Men with their Gauntlets...

CUT TO:

ARTHUR AND LANCELOT

BURSTING UP into the AIR DUCT of the Pentagon, scurrying quickly through the darkness...

BACK TO:

GALAHAD AND TRISTAN

firing ENERGY BOLT after ENERGY BOLT at the Dragon Men, the narrow hall now starting to fill with scaly, Dragon Man bodies --

TRISTAN

My gauntlet's running out of power!

GALAHAD

Keep firing!

BACK TO:

ARTHUR AND LANCELOT

Arthur suddenly motions for Lancelot to freeze and stay quiet. They both hear VOICES coming from nearby...

The two Knights follow the AIR DUCT to a the lip of a small GRATING, PEER down below...

THEY SEE MORGAN TORTURING MERLIN, cackling gleefully as she does.
The King and his best Knight look away, their faces grim.

ARTHUR
(whispering)
Merlin told me of Morgan's new magic --
the more the Earth was changed the more
powerful she became. And now the bitch
is siphoning more power from Merlin
himself.

LANCELOT
(whispering)
If she's beaten him what chance do we have?

ARTHUR
(whispering)
Losing your nerve, Lance?

Lance glares at Arthur.

LANCELOT
(whispering, tight)
Ready whenever you are.

SUDDENLY the ROAR of a DRAGON MAN FROM BEHIND THEM --

Arthur and Lance try to parry the Dragon Man's attack, but the
GRATING suddenly CAVES IN and they are sent CRASHING FROM THEIR
HIDING PLACE AND SENT PLUMMETING DOWN FROM THE CEILING --

-- SPLASHING DOWN HARD INTO MORGAN LeFAY'S BATHING POOL!

Morgan SCREAMS for help in an ALIEN TONGUE, then stares
hatefully at Arthur and Lancelot --

MORGAN LeFAY
You... infernal... pests! Hasn't it
sunk in yet? I've won! I've won and
there's nothing you can do about it!

Arthur and Lance both CHARGE at Morgan, but are intercepted
by the sudden arrival of a SQUAD of DRAGON MAN GUARDS,
breathing FIRE and slashing with razor-sharp talons!

Arthur and Lance BATTLE THEIR WAY THROUGH the Dragon Men,
when suddenly BOTH MEN ARE SLASHED FROM BEHIND BY ONE MIGHTY
SWORD STROKE!

Lance and Arthur drop to their knees, clutching at WOUNDS on
their backs --

MODRED stands behind them, bloodied BROADSWORD in his hands.

He is wearing a GOLDEN SUIT OF BATTLE ARMOR -- a suit of Armor which GLOWS with a FAMILIAR RADIANCE...

MODRED

Howdy, guys! How do you like my new threads? Molded and cast from the melted-down Holy Grail itself!

CUT TO:

INT. NARROW CORRIDOR

Tristan & Galahad making a last stand, Tristan's Gauntlet finally FIZZLING OUT, no more ENERGY BURSTS. She tears out her broadsword and yells into the oncoming HORDE of Dragon Creatures --

TRISTAN

Come on! COME ON!

Now Galahad's Gauntlet has also run out of power and he's reaching for his sword, HACKING and SLASHING at the monsters...

BACK TO:

INT. MORGAN LeFAY'S CHAMBER

Lance and Arthur pull themselves up from the cavern floor to face Modred, tighten their grips on their swords --

MODRED

But if you're both here, who's at home feeding Guinevere? Oh, I forgot -- she's dead!

Lancelot snaps and CHARGES AT MODRED, PLUNGING HIS SWORD CLEAR THROUGH MODRED'S ABDOMEN!

LANCELOT

Filthy Monster!

Lance pulls out his sword and Modred staggers backwards --

Morgan LeFay begins LAUGHING hysterically. Her Dragon Monkey begins jumping up and down, CACKLING --

Lancelot steps back in horror -- the mortal wound that he just inflicted on Modred has COMPLETELY HEALED!

MODRED

(grinning)

Ouch.

Arthur YANKS the stunned Lancelot BACKWARDS, out of the way of a devastating SWORD-THRUST from Modred --

ARTHUR

(to Lancelot)

The Grail can heal any wound! He will only grow stronger each time you shed his blood!

MODRED

Oh shut up, Arthur!

Modred SLAMS HIS FIST INTO ARTHUR'S FACE and follows this up with a FLURRY OF BACKHANDS TO HIS JAW --

-- Arthur is KNOCKED BACKWARDS, Modred SLASHING at the staggered King --

-- But this time, it's Lance who BLOCKS a death-blow from Modred with his blade!

MODRED (CONT'D)

What an annoying little French piss-ant!

Modred SLASHES at Lance, Lance barely blocking the blow --
Modred KEEPS SLASHING, punctuating each STROKE with his words --

MODRED (CONT'D)

You know, Lance, I admire your determination. A dashing Knight like yourself, you could have any woman in the 22nd Century -- but you still go after Arthur's wife. I suppose it probably started out with an innocent little peck on the cheek -- then maybe you brushed your hand against her thigh? And she lifted her eyes and met yours, and an unsaid but all-so-clear proposition of the most sordid sort passed between you -- but what about Arthur? What about your King? This is oh so wrong, you must've told yourself! But by this time your hand has found it's way to the Queen's tender flesh and you think to yourself... damn it, if it's good enough for a King, then it's good enough for me!

LANCELOT SNAPS and IN A BLIND RAGE SWINGS HIS SWORD at Modred, BREAKING THROUGH MODRED'S SWORD and RIGHT THROUGH HIS NECK, COMPLETELY DECAPITATING HIM!

Lancelot and Arthur both look on in AMAZED HORROR as Modred's Head TEETERS ON HIS NECK as it is about to topple off, but instead realigns itself and undergoes a RAPID HEALING PROCESS --

-- first the Arteries and then the Skin itself REATTACHES...

MODRED

(with renewed vigor)

That was a good one!!!

Modred STABS the awestruck Lancelot with the JAGGED END OF his BROKEN SWORD!

CUT TO:

INT. NARROW CORRIDOR

as WAVE UPON WAVE of Dragon Men KEEP ATTACKING TRISTAN and GALAHAD, scaly bodies piling up at the feet of the two brave knights -- fear clearly registering in their faces -- a fear we've never seen before...

GALAHAD

They keep coming! How can we win?

How can we win without our King?

Tristan HACKS AWAY at the onrushing Aliens, SCREAMS at Galahad --

TRISTAN

Our Cause is desperate, but it is Just --
and without us, it's lost! Let the Cause
be our King!

GALAHAD

The... Cause be our King... ?

Galahad suddenly CLENCHES HIS TEETH and CUTS A DRAGONAUT IN HALF --

GALAHAD (CONT'D)

(raising his sword)

The Cause be our King!

BACK TO:

INT. MORGAN LeFAY'S CHAMBER

Lancelot drops to his knees, grabs at where Modred just stabbed him, Modred CHARGING to finish him off --

-- but Arthur LEAPS TO DEFEND Lance, desperately HACKING and SLASHING AT MODRED -- but EVERY WOUND JUST HEALS!

CLOSE ON LANCE

Arthur and Lance race over to the barely-conscious figure of Merlin --

MERLIN
(dazed)

Artus...?

Arthur HUGS the Wizard tight, WHISPERS in his ear --

ARTHUR
Merlin. Thank God.

Arthur plucks a SHARD OF THE DESTROYED GRAIL ARMOR up off the cavern floor -- then looks at Lance --

ARTHUR
You saved my life.

LANCELOT
You saved mine.

ARTHUR
We have to stop doing that.

CUT TO:

INT. NARROW CORRIDOR

Galahad and Tristan amidst a pile of Dragon Man BODIES, Dragon BLOOD starting to MUTATE, the INFESTATION GROWING and SPREADING from the corpses. The two Knights cough and try to catch their breath in the poisoned air.

No sign of any more Dragon Men.

Then Tristan suddenly SEES something over Galahad's shoulder and drops to her knees --

GALAHAD
Tristan... what -- ?

Now Galahad SEES it too: Arthur, Lance and Merlin emerging from the bowels of the Pentagon, battered, bruised, but triumphant, Arthur cradling the SHARD of the Grail in his hands.

Galahad also drops to his knees, awe and joy on his face.

GALAHAD
My King.

All the Knights embrace, Arthur pulling Tristan and Galahad up from the ground with a triumphant hug. Lance is the first to break away, desperately addresses Arthur --

LANCE

Gwen. We must recover the drop-ship
and take the shard to her.

Arthur shakes his head.

ARTHUR

There's no time, Lance. We can't save
Guinevere until we save the world.

LANCELOT

Like hell!

ARTHUR

No...

(looking up at the sky)

Like heaven.

(to Galahad)

The satellite were we found the Queen,
it helped... control the weather?

GALAHAD

Yes, my King. The key component of a
Global System.

Arthur nods, stares at the Grail Shard in his hands, mind
racing, an idea forming.

ARTHUR

(barely above a whisper)

Galahad. Is there a way to... somehow
harness the power of the Grail, use it
with the satellite?

GALAHAD

Well. You'd have to switch the
weather system off, place the shard
between the refracting glasses in the
power core, enter new weather codes...
I'm not quite sure what your getting
at and even if I was, it can't be done
from here. That satellite is in orbit
500 miles above the earth.

Arthur turns his gaze upon Merlin.

ARTHUR

A meager distance for a man to travel,
wouldn't you say, Merlin?

MERLIN

(concerned)

Artus... Morgan sapped almost all my power. I may just be able to send you up there... but I don't know if I can bring you back.

Arthur takes a deep breath, nods.

ARTHUR
Haven't I ever told you, Merlin: the man who believes he won't succeed, never will.

Arthur turns to Galahad --

ARTHUR
Galahad, you said something about a code?

Galahad nods his head and starts pecking at his trusty Hyper-tech palm-top computer...

GALAHAD
I'm on it, my King.

Arthur looks at Lancelot...

ARTHUR
I know why you broke your promise to me... you had no choice. You had to follow your heart. That's why you could never be King... and why I could never make her truly happy.

Arthur reaches out a tentative hand and touches it to Lancelot's shoulder.

ARTHUR
You'll always be my First Knight.

LANCELOT
But, Arthur.... what about Gwen?

Arthur thinks for a moment... smiles at a fond memory of the past with a potentially profound meaning for the future --

ARTHUR
She always liked the rain.
(a beat)
If you should see her, tell her...
(recalling the words
he spoke on the
bank of the Potomac)
...It's a Dream that's meant to be.

Lancelot looks into Arthur's eyes... nods in understanding.

GALAHAD
(suddenly)

5-8-6-0-1-2-1-0!

Arthur turns back to Merlin...

ARTHUR

Mage.

MERLIN
(voice choked
with emotion)

My... King.

Arthur and Merlin look deep into each other's eyes. Something passes between them -- the Master realizing his Pupil has learned everything he now needs to know.

Suddenly the AIR AROUND ARTHUR SHIMMERS and he begins to DISAPPEAR...

CUT TO:

EXT. SPACE

The WEATHER SATELLITE hangs in silent orbit around the Earth.

INT. WEATHER SATELLITE CONTROL BAY

A SHIMMER of MYSTIC EARTH MAGICK and Arthur appears inside the satellite, walls of WIRING and CIRCUITS surrounding him. He moves towards the POWER CORE SYSTEM of the satellite, the Grail Shard clutched in his hand. His breathing is raspy, quick, the artificial atmosphere of the satellite thin and unfiltered...

ARTHUR
(to himself)

Remember the code, Artus. 5-8-6-0-1-
2-0... 5-8-6...

Arthur reaches the Power Core, inspects it -- tries to remember Galahad's instructions. Begins jerry-rigging the Grail Shard into the Core System, finds the PROGRAMMING CONTROL and begins punching in a SERIES of NUMBERS...

ARTHUR
(to himself)

5... 8... 6...

Arthur suddenly hears something he hasn't heard before, but we have: a VOICE HUMMING a sing-song Medieval Nursery Rhyme...

MORGAN LeFAY (OS)
Hello Arthur.

Arthur spins to see Morgan standing on the opposite side of the Control Bay, OTHERWORLDLY ENERGY BUBBLING UP ALL AROUND HER...

MORGAN LeFAY
That was a song my Mother used to sing
to me. Before your father raped her.
She never sang much after that.

Arthur does not respond. He and Morgan STALK each other around the Control Bay, CIRCLING, WARY --

ARTHUR
Why all this, Morgan? Why?

Morgan just LAUGHS.

MORGAN LeFAY
Because I want you dead, silly. And I
want your kingdom dead. And very soon
I shall have all that I wish. Forgive
me if I come across a tad arrogant,
but my time has arrived, and there is
absolutely nothing I can fathom that
can lead to anything else. But it's
not too late for one thing...

ARTHUR
And what would that be?

MORGAN LeFAY
If you would like to apologize, I might
find it in my heart to forgive you --
even though I have been awaiting this
moment -- the moment that I would
finally gain my revenge for what your
father did to my poor Mother -- for
thousands of years. And now you've
killed my son to boot. Again.
(whispering)
Say it...

ARTHUR
(soft)
I'm sorry.

MORGAN LeFAY
What?

ARTHUR
(louder)

I'm... sorry.

MORGAN LeFAY
(disturbed)

I... know you are.

(a beat)

But it doesn't matter anymore.
Without the idea of killing you to
drive me forward... I have nothing
left to live for. So you see... I
can't really accept your apology.

Arthur suddenly THROWS EXCALIBUR AT MORGAN'S HEAD --

MORGAN'S POV

Excalibur FLYING AT HER with blinding speed!

MORGAN

Jerks her head out of the way just in the nick of time,
Excalibur JUST MISSING her and IMBEDDING IN THE WALL BEHIND HER.
-- out of Arthur's reach!

Arthur watches in horror as Morgan lets out an ANIMALISTIC
ROAR, THREE-FOOT BLADES OF RAZOR-SHARP BONE SPROUTING FROM
HER BODY, ripping through her clothes!

MORGAN LeFAY

I make my own swords, Arthur.

Morgan CHARGES at Arthur, STABBING AND SLASHING AT HIM WITH
HER BONE-BLADES!

Arthur, unarmed, uses his Gauntlet Energy Shield to BLOCK
Morgan's Bone-Blades, ducking and diving, the razor-sharp
blades narrowly missing his flesh --

Until -- KA-CHUNK!!! One of Morgan's Bone Blades PLUNGES INTO
ARTHUR'S ARM!

Arthur SCREAMS in agony, manages to pull himself OFF Morgan's
Bone-blade and staggers backwards...

Morgan laughs and raises her hands, her fingers twisting into
horrifically-elongated RAZOR-SHARP TALONS --

MORGAN LeFAY

Look at all the new power I was able
to suck from Merlin before you saved
his wrinkled, old ass!

-- the rest of her body MUTATING INTO A HUGE HALF-HUMAN, HALF-
DRAGON CREATURE, sexy and terrifying all at once, a DRAGON QUEEN!

MORGAN LeFAY
I'd say I'm pretty damn unstoppable.
wouldn't you?

Arthur manages to power up his ENERGY SHIELD just as Morgan charges at him --

Arthur tries to protect himself with the shield, but Morgan's razor-sharp talons effortlessly SLICE and DICE through the Energy Shield, SHORT-CIRCUITING it -- then Arthur has only the armored gauntlet to block her attack, but she SLASHES THE GAUNTLET TO PIECES TOO!

ARTHUR BACK-PEDALS FRANTICALLY, REACHING, trying to yank EXCALIBUR free from where it's imbedded in the wall of steel and wires --

But it's too late.

Morgan SLASHES, tearing through Arthur's Armor. Another SLASH, and another, and another...

Arthur falls to the floor of the Control Bay. Barely alive... Excalibur just out of reach.

Morgan LAUGHS maniacally. She's been waiting for this for 2,000 years...

MORGAN LeFAY (CONT'D)
 There now, Arthur -- don't you feel better? I know I do. So many whose fate was in your hands... and you failed them all. You failed your entire world.

CLOSE ON ARTHUR

Dying. Everything a blur. He stares up at Excalibur, his sword, the greatest weapon of all time... out of his reach.

Arthur grits his teeth, swallows his own blood, stares at Morgan, then stares at the Control System and the NUMBERS -- the Code, almost complete: 0-1-2-0...

ARTHUR
 Zero... one... two...

And now Arthur is straining every muscle in his dying body, reaching for Excalibur, reaching, reaching, Morgan LeFay still CACKLING MADLY, GLEEFULLY, not paying attention...

He's got it.
 HE PUNCHES IN THE LAST THREE NUMBERS OF THE CODE --

ARTHUR

...zero.

Morgan suddenly SEES Arthur --

MORGAN LeFAY

No! WHAT ARE YOU DOING?

The POWER CORE begins to HUM and GLOW --

EXT. SPACE

The Weather Satellite comes to life, beginning to GLOW with the GOLDEN LIGHT of the GRAIL POWER, then firing a SHOWER of ENERGY at the earth, BLANKETING THE ATMOSPHERE...

INT. WEATHER SATELLITE CONTROL BAY

The GOLDEN GLOW of the Grail-Powered ENERGY CORE bathing a dying Arthur and a frantic Morgan as the sorceress grabs Arthur in her fist and violently shakes him --

MORGAN LeFAY

What have you done?

Arthur smiles back at her, defiant.

ARTHUR

I've saved my Kingdom... and beaten you.

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. THE PENTAGON - NIGHT

The Jumpship hovers just above the mutated surface of the pentagon lawn, the Knights climbing back aboard the ship --

-- which is suddenly ATTACKED by a screeching PACK of Dragon Men.

TRISTAN

(defeated)

No. No more...

LANCELOT

(yelling to Galahad)

Pull up! Pull up!

But it's too late.

The Dragon men swarm over the ship, a few of them BLASTED OFF by the ship's ELECTRICAL CHARGE, but they keep coming...

The Knights try to fight them off, but they're exhausted, the INFESTATION now everywhere, surrounding them, choking the air they breathe, Washington now nothing but a dense, otherworldly cess-pool of MUTATED mass and matter...

LANCELOT

cradles the unconscious Guinevere in his arms, fighting back tears.

The Dragon Men begin to close in...

And then, slowly, without warning... it begins to rain.

First a drizzle, then HUGE DROPLETS of WATER STREAMING OUT OF THE SKY!

But not a normal rain -- a GOLDEN RAIN, a cleansing rain made by the power of the last remaining Shard of the Holy Grail.

A rain which begins to DISSOLVE the ALIEN MUTATION, a rain that begins to KILL THE VIRUS, the Infestation and Dragon Men alike beginning to DISINTEGRATE at it's touch.

A rain that begins to CURE THE WORLD...

ALL OVER THE EARTH OF THE 22ND CENTURY

In every location, every country we've visited, the rain falls and the Infestation disappears.

THE KNIGHTS

let out a CHEER and raise their swords to the heavens --

LANCELOT

Long live Arthur!

THE KNIGHTS

LONG LIVE THE KING!

INT. WEATHER SATELLITE CONTROL BAY

Morgan, enraged, picks Arthur up and SLAMS him hard against the floor --

MORGAN LeFAY

You haven't won, Arthur. Not yet.

She marches over to where Excalibur juts out of the wall, PULLS the sword free and with her Dragon talon and suddenly SLASHES it at A CONTROL PANEL on the satellite! Sparks fly and the satellite suddenly LURCHES and begins to DESTABILIZE --

ARTHUR
(weakly)

What... are you doing, Morgan... we'll
crash...

Morgan ignores Arthur, rears back with Excalibur and STABS
HERSELF THROUGH THE HEART!

Arthur looks on in confused disbelief, but Morgan just LAUGHS
and LAUGHS as her blood -- a disgusting, infected, green alien
substance -- DRIPS from her chest and drops to the floor.

And where the blood drops, the MUTATED INFESTATION BEGINS AGAIN!

MORGAN LeFAY

That's right. We'll drop through the
atmosphere, burn to a cinder and
crash. Only one thing will be left
alive... the Virus. And it'll start
all over again. And I'll have won,
once and for all.

Arthur looks up at the Dragonized Morgan with horror --

ARTHUR

No.

Horror -- and something else.

ARTHUR

No. I... am... Arthur Pendragon...
and this time...

Arthur stumbles to his feet, LEAPS at Morgan, GRABS THE HILT
OF THE SWORD THAT'S STICKING OUT OF HER CHEST --

ARTHUR (CONT'D)

...I... will... not... FAIL!

He's bleeding all over Excalibur, but he PUSHES FORWARD,
DRIVING THE IMPALED MORGAN BACKWARDS --

MORGAN LeFAY

DON'T!

Arthur STABS EXCALIBUR DIRECTLY INTO THE POWER CORE OF THE
SATELLITE, pinning the screaming Morgan into the mouth of
chaos unleashed.

And all Hell breaks loose.

THE POWER CORE ERUPTS IN A GEYSER OF MYSTICAL FORCE,
EXCALIBUR AND THE BLOOD OF A KING MIXING WITH THE HELLISH

MAGIC OF MORGAN AND THE POWER OF THE GRAIL TO CREATE AN
EXPLOSION OF ENERGY THE LIKES WE HAVE NEVER SEEN BEFORE!

CLOSE ON ARTHUR

And for a moment he's back in Camelot kissing Guinevere by a
stream and then he's a boy admiring his mentor, Merlin the
Mystic and then he's Tom Prentice again as he uses his pen-
knife to peel an orange, then teaches his class on Medieval
literature, then breaks up a fight between his students...

ARTHUR

Some things are worth fighting over.

He smiles.

And then --

Everything goes WHITE...

EXT. SPACE

The WEATHER SATELLITE SPLINTERS from within, until it finally
RUPTURES INTO A THOUSAND PIECES, a tremendous EXPLOSION rocking
the galaxy to its core...

AMIDST THE DEBRIS

are PIECES of Morgan's DRAGON BODY...

And something else.

Excalibur --

-- soaring through space like a silver comet, then PLUNGING DEEP
into a passing chunk of shattered DEBRIS...

The Sword once again in the Stone.

SMASH-CUT TO:

EXT. THE PENTAGON - IN THE JUMPSHIP - NIGHT

Lance THROWS OPEN THE HATCHWAY, THE GOLDEN RAIN POURING INTO THE
JUMPSHIP. He cradles Gwen in his arms, rain pouring down over
the two of them, water washing over her lifeless cheeks...

Guinevere slowly, hesitantly OPENS HER EYES...

Stares up at Lancelot and her fellow Knights --

GUINEVERE

Lance...

Lancelot breaks, kissing Gwen as hard as he can.

When the kiss ends, however, Gwen's face grows troubled and she looks over at Merlin --

The Old Mage avoids her eyes.

GUINEVERE (CONT'D)
He's gone, isn't he?

All eyes suddenly turn to Merlin --

Merlin smiles, ancient, wise, bittersweet.

MERLIN
The King is dead. Long live the King

SLOW DISSOLVE TO:

THE PEOPLE OF THE EARTH

Every race, every Religion, every Culture, all emerging from UNDERGROUND, into the sunlight of a World reclaimed...

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. WASHINGTON - DAY

The President being congratulated by his advisors, smiling for the Holo-Cams, taking as much credit as possible for this miraculous turn of events...

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. TOKYO - DAY

As Galahad has a tearful REUNION with his WIFE and DAUGHTER -- the Knight of the Round Table, Genetic Scientist, Husband and Father leaning down and giving his little girl one of Merlin's TALISMANS as a keepsake...

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. MOSCOW - DAY

As Tristan oversees MEN and WOMEN in the CLEAN-UP of RUSSIA...

TRISTAN

wipes sweat from her brow, suddenly SEES SOMEONE in the crowd: A WOMAN -- who looks an awful lot like the vision of ISOLDE that Morgan LeFay used to tempt Tristan with. The Woman catches Tristan's eye over the throng of people.

Tristan smiles back. Shy. Curious.
Maybe there is something to this "reincarnation" thing...

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. ARLINGTON NATIONAL CEMETERY - NIGHT

A trio of figures stand together before the TOMB OF THE UNKNOWNNS. An ETERNAL FLAME burns brightly at the foot of the tomb, illuminating a SINGLE RED ROSE and a banner bearing the inscription: "LONG LIVE THE KING".

Lancelot, Guinevere and Merlin silently stare into the flame.

MERLIN

I'll miss him.

Merlin clears his throat, looks into the night sky --

MERLIN (CONT'D)

Oh, well. Time for me to be off...

Lancelot reaches out a hand, touches Merlin's shoulder --

LANCELOT

Wizard.

MERLIN

Knight.

LANCELOT

Stay. Stay and help us create the world he would've wanted.

Merlin just CHUCKLES wryly and starts WALKING OFF, speaking to them as he goes...

MERLIN

I'm tired. And I must rest -- until the Cycle begins anew...

LANCELOT

Aren't you going to vanish into thin air?

Merlin shrugs as he keeps walking away --

MERLIN

I don't always have to make such a dramatic exit.

With that Merlin vanishes -- not into thin air but into the forest of tombs and headstones.

Lancelot turns back to Guinevere... stares into her face... sees the pain etched just beneath the surface... and sees something else as well.

LANCELOT

What is it, Gwen? There's something...
I can tell.

Gwen narrows her eyes at him --

GUINEVERE

You can, can't you.
(a beat)
I'm pregnant.

Lancelot can't help but smile as he reaches out and takes the love of this and every other one of his lives by her hand.

But Gwen keeps staring at the Monument to the Unknowns.

GUINEVERE

The thing of it is, Lance...

LANCELOT

What?

GUINEVERE

(finally turning her
gaze upon him)
...I hope it's his.

Lancelot stares dumbfounded for a moment, the breath frozen in his lungs. Then, the moment passes, he breathes again and the edges of his mouth curl up into a tender, quiet smile.

LANCELOT

As do I, my love. As do I.

Lancelot wraps his arms around Guinevere and holds her -- not too tight, lest he disturb the seed of life now growing in her womb...

As the stars twinkle above we WATCH --

A PINPOINT OF LIGHT

darting across the night sky above Gwen, Lance and the Tomb of the Unknowns...

EXT. OUTER ATMOSPHERE

And now we see that the pinpoint of light is in fact THE SWORD IN THE STONE -- the jagged block of Satellite debris skewered by Excalibur, circling the earth in orbit... then gaining

ALTITUDE... soaring higher and higher until it BREAKS FREE of the confines of our atmosphere and keeps SOARING INTO --

EXT. DEPTHS OF SPACE

-- AND KEEPS SOARING through the UNIVERSE... then one far-flung GALAXY... then one distant SOLAR SYSTEM, with its planets, natural satellites, asteroids, meteors and comets... then plummets down, down, burning through the atmosphere of this new world, heading for...

EXT. ALIEN WORLD

...where it SMASHES into a large ALIEN OCEAN. But though this ocean and the world around it is unfamiliar, the evidence of what has occurred here is all too familiar: oppression, tyranny, "Might" making "Right" -- we see a peaceful DWELLING PLACE recently PILLAGED AND PLUNDERED, turned from a place of vibrant life into a place of death. The ALIEN INHABITANTS -- strange creatures of a species we've never seen before -- lie dead and dying. All but one -- a FEMALE who makes her way to the nearby WATER'S EDGE...

WE HEAR the VOICE OF ARTHUR answering the question posed by his professor when he was Tom Prentice at the start of our story:

ARTHUR/TOM (VO)

The real question is what makes a good leader -- what makes a good "King."
And the answer...?

WAVES lap at the Alien shore. Something GLISTENS in their wake...

The Alien kneels down at the water's edge and admires what has washed up as it catches and reflects the rays of the TRIPLE SUNS in the sky. The Alien -- who is the next Arthur in the next Camelot -- wraps her long, slender digits around the hilt and raises aloft...

EXCALIBUR.

ARTHUR/TOM (VO; CONT'D)

Placing the good of the "kingdom" above the good of ourselves. And in every world the day will come when each one of us must do so. When each of us must become... a once and future King.

FINAL FADE OUT.

THE END