

THE CROWNS OF CAMELOT

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TEASER

MONTAGE

- A parchment map of five English kingdoms: Orkney, Cameliard, Listenoise, CORNWALL, and, at the center, CAMELOT.

MORGANA (V.O.)

Eighteen years ago, King Uther the Uniter, conqueror of the five kingdoms of Camelot, died. And ever since, the realm has been burning.

The map bursts into flames.

- The winged gleeful PUCK (35) dances through a medieval village. VILLAGERS scream and flee as he tosses a litany of rakes, shovels, and knives into a massive LOOT PILE.

MORGANA (V.O.)

Fae raid villages with impunity, taking whatever shiny object catches their eye.

By a wood HUT, Puck spies TOM (6), a boy with a shiny iron KNIGHT TOY. He rips the toy away. Tom cries out. Puck conjures a FIREBALL in his palm and throws it at Tom.

An OLDER BOY (18) heroically shoves Tom out of the way. His hands GLOW ORANGE. The fireball blasts the Older Boy back into the hut. His hands graze the walls.

The wooden hut lights ABLAZE. Puck LAUGHS.

- Some well-dressed NOBLES (40s) ride a carriage down a dusty road. Fearsome BANDITS jump onto the road and surround them.

A bandit holds a banner with a BROKEN CROWN emblem as thunderous FOOTSTEPS shake the carriage.

MORGANA (V.O.)

The so-called Uncrowned King and his bandits haunt the roads.

The nobles cower as a twelve-foot GIANT'S SHADOW covers them.

- A simple but majestic sword, CALIBURN, sticks out of the top of a huge, RUNE-covered, stone in a city square.

Inscribed in the stone is: "THE ONE WHO IS WORTHY SHALL CLAIM THE SWORD AND THE CROWN".

MORGANA (V.O.)
 Uther left no known heir. But by
 his decree, his throne shall pass
 to the one who pulls the enchanted
 sword Caliburn from its stone.

Several armored knights HEAVE at Caliburn. It doesn't budge.

MORGANA (V.O.)
 Many have tried.

END MONTAGE

INT. CORNWALL CASTLE - ASSEMBLY HALL - DAY

Sunbeams stream in through high cathedral windows, gleaming
 off the shining armor of a legion of resplendent KNIGHTS.

They stand before a raised dais, the bulky, dark-skinned SIR
 PALAMEDES (40) and the square-jawed SIR LEON (55) flanking a
 huge portrait of the noble couple GORLOIS & IGRAINE.

A woman in a flowing purple dress strides between Palamedes
 and Leon, drawing a RUNE-ENGRAVED SWORD from a scabbard.

MORGANA (O.S.)
 The people cry out for aid! The
 crowns of Camelot need a leader!

The woman steps to the edge of the dais and thrusts her sword
 into the air. The sunlight shines off her like an angel, her
 ebony hair tied back in a ponytail by a VIOLET FLOWER.

This is MORGANA (21), Lady of Cornwall.

MORGANA (CONT'D)
 I, Morgana of Cornwall, daughter of
 Gorlois and Igraine, will pull
 Caliburn from the stone and unite
 the five kingdoms once again!

She waits for applause. None comes. A KNIGHT coughs.

KNIGHT
 My lady... you're a *lady*.

Morgana's face falters. Leon glares at the knights.

Palamedes STAMPS his foot. The knights uncertainly CHEER.

SOME KNIGHTS	OTHER KNIGHTS
Long live the king--queen?	Love live the queen--king?

The knights look at each other, confused. A few raise hands, nonverbally discuss, and nod. They turn back to their lady.

ALL KNIGHTS
Long live Morgana!

PALAMEDES
Ugh. Enough of that, you ninnies!
We set out within the hour!

Palamedes ushers the knights away.

Morgana clenches her fists. Leon puts a hand on her shoulder.

LEON
They'll come around. They just see
you as--.

MORGANA
They see me as a woman. Not a king.

She looks up at the portrait of her imperious parents. She gingerly fingers the flower in her hair, the same one decorating Igraine's painted locks.

LEON
They'd be proud of what you're
trying to do, my lady.

She pulls a letter from her pocket, stamped with an orange DRAGON HEAD wax insignia. She smiles, happy and genuine.

MORGANA
I don't save the kingdom, who will?

EXT. FAIRY FOREST - DAY

The same DRAGON HEAD insignia is engraved in the iron knight toy. Puck sits in a thick verdant forest atop a huge LOOT PILE and plays with the stolen toy.

The thick leaves RUSTLE above. Puck grins. He shoots a fireball into the canopy.

The Older Boy SHOUTS and plummets from the canopy. He GROANS and pales at a smirking Puck. Smoking, he nervously chuckles.

OLDER BOY
Hehehe... hello. I'm Arthur.

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

EXT. FAIRY FOREST - DAY

A FALCON with SILVER WINGS perches on a branch. It glares down at Arthur, who scrambles back from Puck.

Arthur's fingers DIG into the DIRT, gathering some up.

ARTHUR

Now, I know what you're thinking...

Puck stands up and looms over him, a fireball in his palm.

PUCK

Mortal man, come to *trespass*.
Didn't I already burn you to *ash*?

ARTHUR

Okay, I know what you're thinking
except for the rhyming.

Puck winds up to throw the fireball. Arthur chucks his clump of dirt at it, preemptively exploding it into a SMOKESCREEN.

Puck COUGHS in the dirt-filled smog. Arthur dives in and rips away the toy knight.

Puck unfurls his wings and FLAPS. A GUST blows away the smoke and throws Arthur into the junk pile.

Arthur's hands GLOW ORANGE. One flails all over the loot pile

PUCK

Come, come, mortal. Come and *play*.

Arthur's hands dim. He grabs a STEEL sickle from the pile and slashes at Puck.

The sickle harmlessly passes through him. Puck CACKLES.

PUCK (CONT'D)

Save iron, no metal unenchanted can
harm a *fae--oompf!*

Arthur slugs him across the jaw with the iron toy knight. He bolts out of the clearing.

Puck gasps in pain on the ground, rubbing his bruised jaw. His wings pull him a foot off the ground. He snarls after Arthur as wind gathers around him. A SIZZLE fills the air.

The sizzle grows louder. Puck turns to see his pile of shiny junk melting into slag.

Puck SHRIEKS. He flies over to it, desperately cooling the metal with rushing wind.

PUCK (CONT'D)
The tribute! The *tribute!*
Without it, my life the king shall
refute!

Puck throws his head to the sky and SCREAMS. Silver Wing chirps, almost chuckling at the fae, and flies off.

EXT. FAIRY FOREST OUTSKIRTS - SUNSET

Arthur dashes out of the thick trees, panting hard. He glances back and SIGHS in relief when he sees no followers.

He looks down at his open hand, an ORANGE GLOW fading from his palm.

He looks over at his other hand that holds the knight toy, the glow also fading from there. The toy is half-melted.

Arthur GROANS.

ARTHUR
Great. Just great.

He stomps off.

EXT. SAUVAGE - NIGHT

Arthur strides into the medieval village from the montage. Villagers GLARE at Arthur as he passes.

EXT. SAUVAGE - TOM'S HUT - NIGHT

A crew of villagers work to repair a half-burnt down hut. They SCOWL at Arthur, who ducks in shame as he approaches.

Arthur knocks on the door. It opens to reveal a soot-covered Tom. His face lights up when he sees Arthur.

TOM
Arthur! Where've you been?

Arthur smiles. He offers the half-melted toy.

ARTHUR

Went to a lot of trouble making
this for you. Couldn't leave it to
the fae. Sorry he got a bit singed--

Tom snatches the toy knight. He beams at it.

TOM

He's got battle scars now!

SOPHIA (O.S.)

Oi! Tom! What did I say about
gettin' yourself clean?!

SOPHIA (25), Tom's mother, comes to the door. She shoos Tom
off. The boy shoots Arthur a bright smile and goes inside.

Arthur smiles after him before gulping at Sophia.

SOPHIA (CONT'D)

Thank you for what you did for him.
But so long as you can't control
those hands of yours, keep them
away from my home.

She shuts the door. Arthur stands there awkwardly. The
villagers helping rebuild the hut appear.

VILLAGER

You heard her. Get! You worthless
magic freak!

The villagers smack Arthur with rakes. Arthur scampers away.

EXT. SAUVAGE - BLACKSMITH FORGE - NIGHT

Arthur walks up to a half-collapsed stocky, stone house,
smoke billowing up from its chimney. An orange DRAGON HEAD
sign hangs from the door.

Arthur's eyes widen at the collapsed section.

ARTHUR

Kay? Kay! Kay--Ow!

A rivet flies into Arthur's forehead. He rubs the hit area.

KAY (O.S.)

You daft feck! Where the bloody
shite have you been?

KAY (25), tall and burly in a blacksmith's smock, stomps out
of the forge and towers over Arthur.

KAY (CONT'D)
Half the house gets blasted by fae
and you're nowhere to be found! I
thought you were fecking dead!

ARTHUR
Uh, one of the fairies took Tom's
toy. I went to, uh... get it back.

Kay grabs Arthur up by his shirt. Arthur flinches back.

KAY
You trespassed in the fairy king's
fecking forest? For a toy?!

ARTHUR
... yes?

Kay grinds his teeth and in Arthur's face. He sets him down
and marches back to the house.

KAY
A toy! A little shite's toy!

Arthur scowls and follows after him.

Silver Wing lands on the Dragon Head sign.

INT. BLACKSMITH FORGE - CONTINUOUS

Kay and Arthur enter a cramped smithy lit by a burning forge
and a few candles. Anvils are shoved to one side to leave the
floor open. Hammers and pages of RUNES hang on the wall.

ARTHUR
Don't call Tom that! He's the only
person here that doesn't hate me.

KAY
I don't hate you.

ARTHUR
Half the time.

KAY
I'm your brother. I'm allowed to
hate you half the time.

Arthur stares mournfully at his hands.

ARTHUR
As long as I have these, everyone
here will have their eyes on me.

KAY
Not this again.

ARTHUR
If I was a blacksmith in Cornwall--

KAY
No.

ARTHUR
Or an armorer in Cornwall--

KAY
No.

ARTHUR
Or--

Kay whirls on Arthur.

KAY
People are shite all over, Arthur!
Cornwall's nobles have their own
smiths, shite they may be compared
to me.

ARTHUR
Compared to us.

KAY
Compared to *me*. You only delivered
your lady's fancy sword. Don't fool
yourself into thinking she'd
welcome you as her armorer.

Arthur's winces back, his head low.

ARTHUR
I just... I wanna feel like I'm
worth something.

Kay flinches, a guilty look on his face.

KAY
Get the blankets. Our room's bloody
rubble so we're sleeping in here.

Arthur shuffles off to get blankets. Kay surveys the room.

Kay spots Silver Wing on the sign. The bird's eyes meet his.
They recognize each other and Kay pales with terror.

ARTHUR (O.S.)
 Alright, it looks like only the
 scratchy one and the scratchier one
 survived the attack...

Arthur returns with two scratchy, home-spun blankets.

ARTHUR (CONT'D)
 I'm guessing as older brother
 you're claiming the scratchy one.

Kay gulps at Silver Wing and turns to Arthur.

KAY
 Nah, I'll take the scratchier.

ARTHUR
 Huh?

Kay claps him on the shoulder and takes a blanket.

Arthur stands stunned for a second before smiling and heading
 to the floor. Kay glances back at the sign.

Silver Wing is gone.

Kay sighs in relief. He joins Arthur in spreading blankets on
 the floor. He pulls LETTERS from his pocket.

KAY
 Oh, I managed to salvage these from
 the room.

Arthur spots the letters and snatches them. His eyes light up
 at the PURPLE FLOWER wax insignia.

KAY (CONT'D)
 I know it's not all she's sent you
 since the delivery, but frankly I'd
 be happy that any of them survived--

Arthur engulfs him in a tight, grateful hug.

ARTHUR
 Thank you, brother.

Kay blushes out of Arthur's sight. He coughs and gently
 removes himself from his brother's embrace.

KAY
 Right, well, we need sleep so
 put'em away for the night, will ya?

He puts out the forge and begins putting out the candles.

KAY (CONT'D)
 (muttering to himself)
 Don't know why you're so enamored
 with'em. Dull talk of ruling and
 noble nonsense, it's like you want
 to be her lackey or something.

Arthur lovingly grins down at the purple flower insignia on
 the letters as the lights go out.

EXT. ROADS - DAY

The purple flower binds Morgana's hair as her ponytail
 jostles behind her back.

Morgana, Palamedes, and Leon lead a dozen armored knights in
 riding down the dusty dirt road at breakneck speed.

PALAMEDES
 My lady, perhaps we should slow our
 pace for a bit? The horses can only
 take so much.

Morgana frowns, but raises an open hand. Spying the signal,
 the knights slow to a more even trot.

LEON
 We'll be passing the village of
 Sauvage soon, my lady. Do you wish
 to visit your... friend?

Morgana blushes. Her brow furrows. She frowns and shakes her
 head.

MORGANA
 We need to get to Camelot as fast
 as possible. Every minute Caliburn
 remains in the stone is a minute I
 can do nothing for our country.

LEON
 My lady, Camelot can wait an hour.

PALAMEDES
 Not to mention you spy many things
 going at a tortoise's pace that
 you'd miss at a hare's.

Palamedes points to several yards off the side of the road.
 The NOBLES from the montage roll in the tall grass, gagged
 and tied up in their underclothes.

EXT. ROADS - LATER

The nobles' ropes and gags fall to their feet. The nobles bow to Morgana and her knights, who surround them on foot.

FEMALE NOBLE

Thank you, my lady, thank you!

MORGANA

It's alright, you're safe now. What happened to you?

MALE NOBLE

Bandits! BANDITS!!!

Morgana, Leon, and Palamedes blink at the shivering man. They look to the female noble for explanation.

FEMALE NOBLE

The Uncrowned.

Morgana pales. The knights all grab for their swords.

MORGANA

This close to Camelot?

FEMALE NOBLE

That's correct, my lady. Their king himself led the attack.

MALE NOBLE

A giant! A giant BANDIT!!!

The female noble gently pets the shivering male.

MORGANA

We shall gladly escort you to Camelot. However strong the Uncrowned have become, Merlin's walls will ensure your safety.

FEMALE NOBLE

Thank you, my lady. God bless you.

The knights lead her and the male noble to the horses.

Morgana mounts her horse. Leon and Palamedes come up to her.

LEON

We won't be able to resume our previous pace with them along.

MORGANA

Then we won't. If these are to be my people, they take precedent.

She trots away. Leon and Palamedes share proud smiles.

EXT. SAUVAGE - DAY

GWYDDAWG (22), a skinny man with patchwork hair, stands atop a small pile of wood at the village center. He waves an UNCROWNED broken crown flag. A rapt crowd surrounds him.

GWYDDAWG

We are under siege! By MAGIC! Magic burns our homes! The Fae raid our towns! And what do the nobles do? They have Merlin hide them behind Camelot's walls, while we rot--

The crowd ROARS in agreement. A villager taps Gwyddawg on the shoulder. The villager points beneath him.

GWYDDAWG (CONT'D)

Ah. Sorry.

He steps off his wood pile. The villager carries some of it off. The crowd CLAPS in approval of Gwyddawg's generosity.

Gwyddawg steps back and shoots a slimy smile to his audience.

GWYDDAWG (CONT'D)

Where was I? Oh, right. The Crowns of Camelot have abandoned us! Where are the knights in shining armor to protect us? Nowhere! So we must protect ourselves from magic, Fae, and the nobility! Rise up to fight for a leader you can believe in! The Uncrowned King--Ah!

Silver Wing flies in and claws at the Gwyddawg's face.

Sophia places wood from the pile over an open area of her broken house. Kay positions a nail and starts hammering.

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

Aaaahhh! Bird! Bird! Its claws are sharp! Like magic and oppression!

Sophia worriedly peeks over at the blacksmith's forge.

Arthur and Tom's silhouettes are visible against the blazing forge fire within.

SOPHIA

You kept... *him* inside?

Kay hammers in more nails. He worriedly glances at the surrounding working villagers. The WIND picks up.

KAY

Better than riskin' him out here.
Don't worry. He can handle a forge.

He swings his hammer at another nail, but the wind throws it off and it SMASHES into the driftwood.

Kay whips his head upward at the rising wind.

INT. BLACKSMITH FORGE - DAY

A lump of glowing hot metal slips from Arthur's tongs. It falls into the forge's fire.

ARTHUR

Shit.

Tom leans in next to him.

TOM

Aren't you fireproof? Why are you using tongs?

ARTHUR

Kay taught me how to forge with tongs, just like dad taught him. I don't need... *magic* to be just as good.

Arthur tries and repeatedly fails to pick up the molten metal. Tom rolls his eyes and walks towards the other wall.

TOM

You say magic like it's a bad thing.

ARTHUR

So do the others. I've nearly burnt down the village how many times?

TOM

The village gets burnt down every time a fae wants more tribute.

Arthur chuckles and reaches into the fire to grab the molten metal. Tom spots the pages of runes on the wall.

TOM (CONT'D)
What's that?

ARTHUR
Runes. They're magic letters or something. Put them on a sword in the right order, you make a word.

TOM
An enchantment!

ARTHUR
Exactly. You can channel magic through the sword to do... whatever the word says in magic language.

Arthur picks up the molten metal and grins.

Tom runs over and excitedly jumps on Arthur's shoulder. Arthur drops the metal again and pouts.

TOM
Can you make me one?

ARTHUR
An enchanted sword? Ha! Not exactly easy to make a blade that can hold up with magic running through it. Kay's the only one I've ever heard of doing it and he worked on nothing else for a month.

TOM
A month?!

ARTHUR
It was worth it. We got a year's pay when I delivered it.

TOM
What? Who the bloody hell's got that much money?

Arthur blushes red. He looks away with a nervous smile.

BOOM!

EXT. ROADS - SAME TIME

Morgana and her entourage whip to the side.

Beyond the forest flanking the road, a fiery EXPLOSION rises into the sky.

Morgana's eyes widen in concern before she steels her face.

EXT. SAUVAGE - SAME TIME

Arthur and Tom rush out of the forge to the sounds of SCREAMING villagers. Their eyes widen in horror.

All houses are blanketed in rampant flames. The wood pile Gwyddawg stood upon is on fire as he races around with his butt fully ablaze, his face covered in bird scratches.

GWYDDAWG

Magic! Magic has come for us--*ah!*

A fireball EXPLODES at his feet, sending him flying.

Arthur and Tom sift through the mob of fleeing villagers.

They spot Kay and Sophia trapped under the collapsed wood of the house they were working on.

	ARTHUR		TOM
Kay!		Mom!	

They run for their loved ones, only to be stopped in their tracks by blustering winds.

PUCK (O.S.)

Mortal *man!* Whatever is your *plan?!!*

Arthur looks up in terror.

Puck hovers up in the sky, his wings stirring up a hurricane. He glares down at Arthur, his bruised jaw prominent.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

EXT. SAUVAGE - DAY

Arthur tries to run at Puck. Puck FLAPS his wings.

A tunnel of wind SMACKS into Arthur. He flies back into the blacksmith shop, crashing into the sign over the entrance.

TOM

Arthur!

PUCK

Arthur? Arthur, so brightly *shone*.

Kay stretches to reach his hammer in the grass from where he's trapped under collapsed wood.

His fingers brush the handle.

PUCK (CONT'D)

At least they'll know what to put on the *tombstone*.

KAY

Quit rhyming, you fae feck!

Kay grabs his hammer and CHUCKS it straight at Puck.

Without turning around, Puck raises his hand. A sphere of wind materializes around the hammer, stopping it mid-flight.

Puck smirks down at Kay. Tom runs over to Kay and Sophia and struggles in vain to push the wreckage off them.

PUCK

My, what a fond pageant to see.

He spins the hammer with wind until it blurs. He aims at Kay.

PUCK (CONT'D)

Lord, what fools these mortals *be*.

ARTHUR

Stop!

Arthur staggers out of the forge, his hands behind his back. Puck gloatingly smirks towards him.

PUCK

Mortal man, come to *plead*.
For them, you're willing to *bleed*?

ARTHUR

I mean, it's not my first choice.

Arthur limps at Puck. Behind his back, he holds molten iron.

ARTHUR (CONT'D)

But really? All this because I took
a toy from you? A toy you took from
a kid? You'll kill me for that?

PUCK

You melted my *tribute*!
Did you think I wouldn't notice
that *attribute*?!

ARTHUR

I mean, *I* didn't. But if you need
new metal, have some iron!

Arthur chucks the molten iron at Puck. Puck nonchalantly
flicks the spinning hammer around and deflects the metal.

PUCK

Your words made to *entice*.
But you can't fool me *twice*.

Arthur SQUEAKS. Puck hurls the spinning hammer down at him.

Silver Wing flies into the hammer's path and SWATS the tool
away, a METALLIC CLANG emanating from its wings.

Arthur and Puck both stare in stupefied confusion.

ARTHUR

How... how does that work?

Puck SNARLS. He conjures a salvo of fireballs and shoots them
at Silver Wing. The bird dodges them and flies off.

EXT. SAUVAGE - VILLAGE OUTSKIRTS - SAME TIME

Horse hooves hammer over the ground as Silver Wing soars
above them. They charge towards where the bird has just left.

EXT. SAUVAGE - SAME TIME

Puck descends closer to Arthur.

PUCK

That you do not burn makes me
seethe, boy.
But I wonder: do you *breathe*?

Puck's wings pause, then start to beat in the opposite direction they were previously moving.

Air flows out of Arthur's mouth and nose, manifesting into a visible wind. He **CHOKES**, his eyes bulging and bloodshot.

KAY

Arthur!

Kay turns to Tom, who struggles to lift the wood off him.

KAY (CONT'D)

Get this shite off me, Tom! Now!

TOM

I'm trying! I'm trying!

A pair of mounted horses thunder into the village.

Arthur falls to his knees.

A sword is drawn from its scabbard. Its runes **GLOW** purple.

Arthur clutches at his throat. A ball of swirling air encases his head, the wind billowing away back towards Puck.

SWISH!

The sword covered in purple runes **SLICES** through the air ball, the wind sucked up into the blade.

Arthur sinks to the ground and **GASPS**, taking in as much air as possible. He looks up and his eyes fill with wonder.

Morgana stands before him on horseback, her ponytail whipping through the wind like a goddess, her sword ready and aloft.

Arthur gapes at her in awe.

Palamedes rides to Kay's group. He dismounts and gently pulls Tom aside. He **LIFTS** the wreckage off Kay and Sophia.

Morgana glares up at Puck. She points her sword up at him.

MORGANA

Fae! I am Lady Morgana of Cornwall,
daughter of Gorlois and Igraine.
You trespass upon the sovereign
land of Camelot. Surrender now or
face the consequences!

Puck cocks a confused eyebrow at her.

Kay quizzically looks at her, then glances at Palamedes, who helps Sophia up.

KAY
'The consequences'?

PALAMEDES
She means death.

KAY
I know she means death!

Puck conjures three fireballs and chucks them at Morgana.

Morgana SWEEPS her sword through the fireballs. The blaze is sucked up into the blade's glowing purple runes.

Puck blinks in shock.

MORGANA
My sword, Caledfwich, was made to fight your kind, fae. Whatever you conjure with magic, I can absorb it. And return it with *interest*...

The blade's runes glow bright. Wind and fire form a compressed cyclone around it.

Puck pales.

Morgana smirks.

MORGANA (CONT'D)
... to put you to *rest*.

Wind and fire ERUPT from the sword in a thunderous explosion.

The reverberating shockwave blasts Arthur back to the forge.

Puck, his face full of fright, tries to flee but takes a glancing blow from Morgana's attack. Said glancing blow ROCKETS him over the horizon, screaming all the way.

Kay, Tom, and Sophia gape at Morgana in shock.

KAY
What the bloody--

TOM
Incredible!

Tom makes to race over, but his mother snags him. She turns to Palamedes. She looks unsure at his dark skin.

SOPHIA

Thank you for saving us...

PALAMEDES

Sir Palamedes. I am Lady Morgana's
Master-at-Arms.

SOPHIA

A knight!

Sophia bows down on her knees, dragging her awestruck son
with her.

SOPHIA (CONT'D)

My deepest apologies, sir. We've
just never seen a knight... like
you... Before.

PALAMEDES

(sarcastic)

I'm sure you've seen many knights
out here.

Sophia flinches at the rebuttal.

Villagers trickle back to the area. Palamedes stares at
Morgana as she dismounts and walks to Arthur by the forge.

EXT. SAUVAGE - BLACKSMITH FORGE - DAY

Arthur GROANS as he lies flat on his back. A hand reaches
down to him, his eyes flittering up to its source.

Morgana grins, the most beautiful thing Arthur's ever seen.

MORGANA

Need a hand?

Arthur scrambles to his knees and manically genuflects.

ARTHUR

My lady! It's an honor to be in
your wonderous-- magnificent
presence again, truly a boon--

MORGANA

Arthur. Up. Hug.

Arthur raises his head. Morgana smirks.

Arthur smiles and takes Morgana's arm. She helps him up and
the two embrace, both of them clutching tight.

ARTHUR

Really though, you are an exquisite sight. If you hadn't shown up--

RUMBLE! The blacksmith forge completely collapses. Morgana and Arthur's eyes widen, though Arthur faces away.

ARTHUR (CONT'D)

How bad is it?

KAY (O.S.)

My house!

Arthur and Morgana wince.

EXT. SAUVAGE - SUNSET

The fires have mostly been put out. The villagers, including the now-scarred Gwyddawg, glare at the rubble of the forge.

Tom begins to run for the forge, but his mother holds him back. She looks fearfully at the growing mob.

EXT. SAUVAGE - BLACKSMITH FORGE - SUNSET

Arthur, Morgana, and Palamedes stand around the rubble of the forge. Kay removes the dragon head sign from the wreckage and tosses it atop a meager pile of salvaged tools and items.

Kay plops down and groans. Morgana approaches him and bows.

MORGANA

Master Kay, I am deeply sorry. Had I tamed Caledfwich's recoil, then--

KAY

We'd still have a house? Suppose it's ironic. My finest sword destroying the forge that made it.

ARTHUR

Kay! You can't talk like that to Lady Morgana!

PALAMEDES

We can stay. Help you rebuild.

MORGANA

Stay?

(off Palamedes's glare)

Yes! It is our duty to assist you in your hour of need--

KAY

Thanks for the platitude, m'lady.

(More genuine)

And thank you for pulling my brother's ass out of the fire. But whatever important trip you're on, I'm guessing it ain't to here.

Morgana flinches back, ashamed. Arthur frowns. Kay stands up.

KAY (CONT'D)

We're used to fae attacks around these parts. We can rebuild on our own. Whole town helps out.

GWYDDAWG (O.S.)

Not this time, Kay.

Arthur, Morgana, Kay, and Palamedes turn to see Gwyddawg standing before them, a mob of villagers at his back.

KAY

The feck do you mean by that? Whole town chips in to fix burned houses. That's the way it was this morning.

Gwyddawg points at Arthur.

GWYDDAWG

That was before he brought a fae down on our heads!

The crowd SNARLS and JEERS. Arthur shrinks back from them. Morgana looks at him with sympathy and care.

GWYDDAWG (CONT'D)

We've tolerated those damned hands' magic for you and your father's memory. But this is the last straw.

KAY

He fought back! Isn't that what you're always on about, you fecker?

PALAMEDES

From the sounds of it, the fae would come here regardless of him--

GWYDDAWG

Quiet! This isn't your land, Moor, so shut your mouth--

SHRIIIKK!!! Morgana draws Caledfwich from its scabbard. Gwyddawg and the mob instantly go quiet.

Morgana steps forward and glares at Gwyddawg. She holds Caledfwich at her side, unthreatening. But the violet glow of the sword's runes intimidate the villagers by existing.

MORGANA

Do not insult my Master-At-Arms.

Gwyddawg sneers at her.

GWYDDAWG

Would you prefer I insult you, *m'lady*? Or would you prefer us to fawn over you for coming to our rescue *this* time? Expect us to forget all the times we begged you nobles for help against the fae and *no one came!?*

MORGANA

I am the Lady of Cornwall. This village is not in my kingdom. I am not responsible for it. Yet.

Gwyddawg's face twists in confusion.

Morgana turns to the crowd, her airs that of a great orator.

MORGANA (CONT'D)

I was close enough to come to your aid because I am in the midst of a journey, a great trial of destiny.

Arthur perks up from his shrunken state to look on Morgana.

Morgana raises Caledfwich to display it to the villagers.

MORGANA (CONT'D)

There is not a blacksmith in three kingdoms but your Master Kay with the skill to forge so fine a blade. But the realm holds one more.

Kay and the entire mob GASPS. They all know she speaks of Caliburn and they look on Morgana in shock.

Arthur looks at her like he's seen the face of God.

GWYDDAWG

(sexist)

You seek the crown? You?!

Morgana silences him with a glare.

MORGANA

I. Call me avaricious to desire two enchanted swords, but when I claim Caliburn, I will claim Camelot. And I shall ensure the other four kingdoms are as safe as my home. No fae or Uncrowned will ever be allowed to harm *my* citizens!

Gwyddawg pales at the mention of his movement. Kay smirks.

KAY

Hear that, Gwyddawg? The Uncrowned's days are numbered.

Gwyddawg turns and books it away. The villagers watch him go, their rabble rouser cowed.

Morgana pouts, disappointed.

MORGANA

Where's he going? I still had half a speech left.

The mob innocently WHISTLES.

Morgana shrugs. She sheathes Caledfwich and turns around...

... only to find Arthur kneeling before her.

MORGANA (CONT'D)

Uh, Arthur? What are you doing?

ARTHUR

Lady Morgana, may I have the honor of accompanying you to the capital to witness your ascension?

The mob's eyes widen. Palamedes cocks an eyebrow.

Kay is pale with fear. He steps forward but Silver Wing lands in front of him. He backs off at the falcon's glare.

Morgana blinks in surprise. Then, she flashes a bright smile.

EXT. FAIRY FOREST - NIGHT

Puck, heavily burnt with half his wings singed off, kneels before a black pool in a dark, jagged glade. His half-melted tribute pile sits on the water's bank.

The black water washes out from the pool, spreading under and around the tribute pile. The pile of melted metal sinks beneath the water, deeper than the shallow pool could be.

The pile consumed, the black water BUBBLES.

PUCK

That... that is all, my *lord*.
The entirety of my *hoard*--

The water bubbles harder. STEAM rises from the pool. Puck presses his head to the ground, shivering with fear.

PUCK (CONT'D)

I had *more*!
But the humans took my *hoard*!
The girl with the enchanted *sword*,
boy whose hands melted the *ore*!
Please! My *lord*!

The water's bubbling speeds up... then ceases.

Puck looks up with hope. He leans over the pool.

A BLACK GAUNTLET erupts up from the water and grabs Puck by the throat. The fairy GASPS, only for the armored hand to RIP him down into the depths.

For a long moment, the pool is silent. Then, it bubbles again and a humanoid figure rises from the depths.

Dark water rushes down black steel pauldrons. Broad metal boots step out of the pool.

A rune-inscribed LONGSWORD the same shade as the night sky is sheathed in an ornate scabbard at the hip.

THE BLACK KNIGHT (20) stands in all-covering obsidian plate armor, only darkness peering out from its helm's eye holes.

PUCK (V.O.)

The girl with the enchanted
sword... the boy whose hands melted
the *ore*!

With precise, mechanical efficiency, The Black Knight marches out of the dark glade... and onto the hunt.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

EXT. SAUVAGE - BLACKSMITH FORGE - DAY

Arthur throws a pack over his shoulder. He takes a final look at the ruins of the forge. He breathes deep and presses on.

EXT. SAUVAGE - DAY

Arthur comes to a field on the village outskirts. He grins as Morgana and Palamedes mount their stallions. The horses and their armor gleam in the sunlight.

Kay tightens everything from the rubble pile onto a quivering mule with flies buzzing around its head. He attaches the final piece, the dragon head sign. The mule collapses.

KAY

Oi! You don't get a break before we even start out, ya lazy beast!

Arthur groans, used to this. He approaches his brother.

ARTHUR

You know, I'm the one the town hates, right? They'll probably help you rebuild once I'm gone.

KAY

Camelot's a viper's nest of nobles. I'd rather be there to keep you from getting yourself killed.

ARTHUR

Thank you so much for your lack of faith in me.

KAY

I've gained it from experience.

Morgana and Palamedes trot over to the brothers. Morgana gazes at the mule with concern. Kay notices and scowls.

KAY (CONT'D)

Oi, m'lady, shouldn't you have brought a larger escort for such an important journey?

MORGANA

We encountered victims of the Uncrowned.

(MORE)

MORGANA (CONT'D)

I did not wish to drag them into more danger, so I had my seneschal Sir Leon escort them on.

KAY

Seneschal? You must have great faith in your steward.

MORGANA

He has served my house since my father's time, but I am enough to defend myself.

(glancing at the mule)

Admittedly, if I had retained some of the escort, the burden would not be so great upon your steed. Perhaps, you two should lighten his load by riding with us.

PALAMEDES

My mount can carry both, my lady--

MORGANA

Nonsense. We will share the burden. You can take Master Kay and Arthur shall ride with me.

KAY

Now hold on--

ARTHUR

A fantastic plan, m'lady!

Kay and Palamedes frown, but Morgana grins. Arthur rushes to her horse.

TOM (O.S.)

Wait!

The party turns to see Tom and Sophia approaching. Tom runs up to Arthur.

Sophia approaches Kay.

KAY

You let him come to see him off?

SOPHIA

I'm not fond of Arthur, but I'm no friend to a mob. You should know, Gwyddawg left during the night.

Kay frowns.

KAY
Where to?

SOPHIA
No one knows.

Kay looks worriedly at Arthur, who kneels to Tom.

Tom hands Arthur his half-melted knight toy.

ARTHUR
I can't take this.

TOM
Please? It'll be like a piece of me
is with you, helping you.
(grins up at Morgana)
You're gonna need the help. You
can't screw up with a lady around.

Arthur flinches, but hides it with a smile. He takes the toy.

ARTHUR
He's sure to keep me safe.

Tom smiles. Morgana spots the dragon head emblem on the toy.

She offers Arthur a hand up, but he ignores it to try to mount her horse on his own.

MORGANA
That toy? Your handiwork?

Arthur shamefully tucks the melted figure away. He grabs the reins of the horse to help pull himself up.

ARTHUR
Uh, yeah. It got a bit... you know--

SNAP! Arthur's hand glows and the part of the reins he's touching is melted through. Morgana snatches the now-separated reins.

Arthur removes his other palm from the horse's armor, a palmprint seared into the metal. Arthur winces.

ARTHUR (CONT'D)
... that. It got a bit *that*.

Morgana chuckles. She ties a knot with the reins to use them.

MORGANA
Don't be so hard on yourself.

She nods at Sauvage, the villagers just rising.

MORGANA (CONT'D)

Their fear does not make your power
a sin.

Arthur blushes. Morgana blinks, surprised but pleased to see him flustered. She turns ahead and cracks the reins.

Their horse sets off across the field. Palamedes's horse, with him and Kay on it, rides after them, leading the baggage-laden mule by a rope. Tom and Sophia wave goodbye.

Silver Wing flies overhead, following the horses.

EXT. COUNTRYSIDE - DAY

TRAVEL MONTAGE

- Morgana and Arthur gallop through a flower field, the other mounts further back. Kay glares at the pair, nervously rubbing a hammer over his lap.

A swarm of colorful BUTTERFLIES erupts up from the flowers. Morgana holds out a hand and lets one land on her finger.

She looks back at Arthur, who recoils from the butterflies in fear. She gently holds out the one on her finger to him.

Arthur slowly unfurls, admiring the insect. He reaches out his hand. The butterfly flutters over to his finger...

SIZZLE! The butterfly soars off, smoke curling from its legs.

The swarms flies off. Arthur pulls his hands, their glow fading, back into him. Morgana looks at him with sympathy.

Kay swats at a passing butterfly with a hammer. Palamedes cocks an eyebrow at him.

- The horses and mule approach a raging river. The water comes up to the top of the horses' legs, but to the snout of the baggage-laden mule.

Kay, dismounted, attempts to drag the mule into the river. It heaves the other way and tosses him into the riverbank.

Morgana looks at it, ponderous. She looks at Arthur's hands and smirks. He blinks at her, confused.

- Morgana and Arthur's horse moves side-by-side with the mule.

Arthur leans over and places his glowing hands between the oncoming current and the mule's head. The oncoming water EVAPORATES when it touches his skin. The mule's head is dry.

Morgana looks on proudly. Arthur gazes at his hands, amazed that his magic is helping for once.

Kay drips riverbank mud as Palamedes's horse trots behind.

END MONTAGE

EXT. FOREST - SUNSET

A man with an Uncrowned banner watches Morgana's group enter a thick forest.

EXT. FOREST - CAMP - NIGHT

The four and their mounts settle down to make camp. Morgana sets some firewood in a pit. Arthur raises a flint, but Morgana holds out a hand to make him pause. He sets down the flint and moves beside her. He touches the firewood.

His hand glows. The firewood sizzles and lights ABLAZE.

Arthur beams as it and Morgana's face are bathed in light.

Kay flicks mud from his hair. He frowns at Arthur and Morgana. He stands up.

KAY

I'm gonna take a leak.

He stomps off into the dark woods. Palamedes glances at the orange dragon head sign on the mule.

MORGANA

Sir Palamedes, go with him please.

Palamedes stares suspiciously at her and Arthur, but nods.

PALAMEDES

Yes, my lady. Best not to be alone in Uncrowned Country.

He heads after Kay. Morgana smiles at a giddy Arthur's back.

EXT. FOREST - NIGHT

Kay furiously smacks at a thick tree trunk with his hammer. Palamedes comes up behind him.

PALAMEDES

Your reservations about their bond
are more... emphatic than mine.

Kay SMASHES his hammer into the tree. He pants hard, but keeps facing away from Palamedes.

KAY

My brother is a naïve git. He
thinks he's in some fairy tale,
where the magical lady whisks him
off his feet. I'm not so stupid.
Even if the lady does like him,
nobles don't marry peasants.

PALAMEDES

As a foreigner who fought his way
to knighthood, I advise you not to
be so certain the world is bereft
of happiness. Besides, are the sons
of Sir Ector truly peasants?

Kay pales. He whirls around to face Palamedes.

PALAMEDES (CONT'D)

His sigil. The orange dragon head.
You were a babe the last I saw it.

KAY

You were there? When he left Uther?

PALAMEDES

Lord Gorlois's entire retinue was.
He and Sir Leon knew your father
well. I only knew him as... kind.

Kay's face softens. His gaze drifts towards the distant light of the campfire.

KAY

He was like Arthur that way--

SNAP! A twig breaks underfoot in the dark. Palamedes draws his sword. Kay pulls his hammer out of the tree.

The two stand back-to-back. They gaze out at the forest. Several shadows shaped like men move in the dark.

A shadow in front, the height of the trees, RUSHES in.

EXT. FOREST - CAMP - NIGHT

Arthur lights the last of the firewood ablaze with a giggle.

MORGANA

You're in a better mood.

ARTHUR

First time my magic's ever felt...
helpful. Back home, all it did was
flare up and make people hate me.

He turns to Morgana.

ARTHUR (CONT'D)

When I'm with you... it's like I'm
worth something.

MORGANA

You *are* worth something.

Her hands reach up to brush the purple flower tying her hair.

MORGANA (CONT'D)

Never let anyone tell you that
you're not.

Arthur notices her change in tone. He sits down next to her.

ARTHUR

You've worn that flower every time
I've seen you. Is it special?

MORGANA

A symbol of my family. Of all the
great kings and lords to rule
before me. No other ladies though.

ARTHUR

So you'll be the first.

MORGANA

I will. But no one will be happy
about it. How your village made you
feel about your power? That's how
everyone has ever made me feel.

ARTHUR

Why?

MORGANA

It is 'impossible' for a woman to
rule well. Not even my knights
believe in me.

Morgana stares into the fire. The flames flicker in her eyes.

MORGANA (CONT'D)
That's fine. I don't need their
belief. *I* believe in me.

ARTHUR
Caliburn?

MORGANA
(effortlessly confident)
According to them, I need to do the
impossible. So I will. *I can*. I
know what I am.

Morgana turns to Arthur. She looks guiltily at his hands.

MORGANA (CONT'D)
I'm sorry I haven't been able to
help you find out what you are.

ARTHUR
Don't worry about it. I read your
letters. If what I am isn't in your
archives, then, nothing to be done.

MORGANA
Maybe. But Merlin is known to keep
the most expansive archives in the
kingdoms. In Camelot, there might--

THUD! CLANG! CRASH! Sounds of battle echo in from the forest
where Kay and Palamedes went. Morgana and Arthur leap up.

Morgana draws Caledfwich and pushes Arthur behind her.

From the trees, four armed UNCROWNED BANDITS surround the
camp. At their head is Gwyddawg with an Uncrowned banner.

MORGANA (CONT'D)
He's a member of the Uncrowned? Why
didn't you mention that?

Arthur winces. Morgana raises her sword at Gwyddawg.

MORGANA (CONT'D)
You here to listen to the rest of
my speech?

Gwyddawg LAUGHS.

GWYNDAWG
No, m'lady. Surrender.

MORGANA

There's only five of you.

GWYNDAWG

Ha! None of us are fae, m'lady.
There's no magic for your sword.

MORGANA

I repeat. There's *only* five of you.

She drops into a ready stance. Arthur reaches into the fire and brandishes a blazing log. The Uncrowned step back.

Gwyddawg keeps smiling.

THUD! THUD! Morgana and Arthur are shaken by... footsteps?

GALEHAUT (O.S.)

Actually, there's six of us.

A ten-foot tall shadow closes in from the dark forest. As it nears the campfire, the light begins to reveal its true form.

He's bulky, rough muscle contained by well-worn, patchwork armor. A tree trunk-sized sword is strapped to his back. Each of his palms clutches a groggy captive: Kay and Palamedes.

Arthur takes a step back. Morgana gulps, but holds her ground. Her hands shake around Caledfwich's hilt.

MORGANA

Oh, a 'giant' bandit.

The ten-foot giant, GALEHAUT (27), emerges into the camp. Gwyddawg's smirk couldn't spread wider.

GWYDDAWG

Lady Morgana. Freak. I introduce:
Galehaut, The Uncrowned King.

Galehaut sets Kay on the ground and reaches forward...

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

EXT. FOREST - CAMP - NIGHT

Galehaut reaches out... and lightly flicks Gwyddawg's head.

GWYDDAWG

Ow!

GALEHAUT

'The Uncrowned King'? Really?

GWYDDAWG

It's what everyone's calling you!

GALEHAUT

I don't care what they call me. I care what you call me. You're making me sound pretentious.

(to Morgana and Arthur)

I'm not pretentious.

ARTHUR

No, no, we believe you.

MORGANA

Unhand my Master-At-Arms, bandit! I know not by what foul trickery you defeated him--

GALEHAUT

(matter-of-fact)

I snuck up on him in the dark and hit him really hard. Tends to work.

Morgana sputters. She tightens her grip on her sword.

MORGANA

Regardless, release him now or suffer the consequences!

Galehaut leans towards Gwyddawg.

GALEHAUT

By 'the consequences', she does mean death, righ--

MORGANA

Yes, I mean death!

GALEHAUT

Then why not just say that?
 (to Gwyddawg)
 See, this is why I don't want to be
 pretentious. You need to be clear.

MORGANA

Enough! Release your captives. Now!

Galehaut's calm gaze doesn't waver before Morgana's furious eyes. He turns to Arthur.

GALEHAUT

Arthur, right? Come take your
 brother.

GWYDDAWG

Boss!

Galehaut holds up a palm to silence his protest.

Arthur glances at Morgana. She nods at him, her sword ready.

Arthur's face steels. He dashes forward and drags a groggy Kay back towards the campfire.

GALEHAUT

You two can leave. We have no
 quarrel with common men.

KAY

Says... you... fecker.

Arthur and Morgana look from the battered Kay to Galehaut, who sheepishly shrugs. Morgana glares.

MORGANA

Again, release my Master-At-Arms or
 face the consequen-- or die.

Gwyddawg and the Uncrowned bandits raise their weapons.

Galehaut draws his enormous sword, the clean hunk of steel glimmering in the firelight.

GALEHAUT

Surrender yourself, and he may go
 with the brothers.

PALAMEDES

My lady... no...

Galehaut SQUEEZES Palamedes. The knight gasps. Morgana's breath hitches.

GALEHAUT

You will not be hurt. But if you choose to fight, I will fight to win. Too much depends on me not to.

MORGANA

Depends on you? You're bandits.

GWYDDAWG

We are revolutionaries! The people's will to be free--

GALEHAUT

No, she's right. We're bandits.

Gwyddawg glares up at Galehaut. Galehaut shrugs.

GALEHAUT (CONT'D)

What? We do a lot of banditry.

MORGANA

And yet you claim at nobility?

GALEHAUT

We are no knights. Just people, trying to do some good. But when knights do not fight for the innocent, someone must try to defend them. From Fae. From nobles. From magic. By any means necessary.

MORGANA

And my capture will force the other high lords to take you seriously?

Galehaut nods. He raises Palamedes.

GALEHAUT

Your answer?

Morgana grits her teeth, her eyes on the rune-covered blade of her shining sword. Her gaze shifts up to Palamedes, groggy and bruised, and her resolve flickers.

Arthur spots her wavering face. He glances at his burning log and the melted knight toy in his pocket. He looks worriedly at the still weak Kay and the outnumbering bandits.

Morgana's gaze shifts back to her sword. Her knuckles tighten around its hilt. She raises the blade.

ARTHUR (O.S.)

You don't want to take her hostage.

Morgana blinks in surprise. Arthur steps forward.

GWYDDAWG

This doesn't concern you, freak--

GALEHAUT

Why don't we want to take her
hostage, Arthur?

ARTHUR

You want to help the people?

He gestures to Morgana.

ARTHUR (CONT'D)

So does she. Hell, ask Gwyddawg.
She came to save our village even
though it wasn't hers to protect.

Galehaut glances at Gwyddawg, who cringes.

GWYDDAWG

That's... technically true.

KAY

It's exactly true.

ARTHUR

And she wants to bring that kind of
protection to all of Camelot. She
rides to claim Caliburn!

The bandits' eyes whip to Morgana. Even Galehaut steps back.

GALEHAUT

Seriously, Gwyd, how much did you
leave out?

ARTHUR

You want to protect the people by
any means necessary, even if that
means war, right? Well, if she
takes the throne, that won't be
necessary. Let her go, and you win.

GALEHAUT

If she takes the throne. Only the
one who is worthy can. You sure
that's her?

Arthur nods, confident for the first time ever.

ARTHUR

Three years ago, my brother was
hired to forge an enchanted sword.

EXT. ROADS - DAY (FLASHBACK)

Arthur, riding the mule, trots down the road. In a sturdy brown scabbard, CALEDFWICH is strapped to his back.

ARTHUR (V.O.)

He worked himself to sickness
making it, so I delivered it alone.
But on the way to Cornwall...

BANDITS leap out from the sides of the road.

Arthur draws Caledfwich, ready to fight.

EXT. ROADS - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

Arthur, sans sword and mule, lies bloody, beaten, and unconscious on the side of the road. Rain pours on him.

HOOVES thunder as knights arrive.

INT. CORNWALL CASTLE - HALLS - DAY (FLASHBACK)

A nervous and still bruised Arthur follows an intimidating Palamedes through the imposing castle halls.

ARTHUR (V.O.)

I'd lost the delivery. And
everything I'd heard about nobles
said that I'd be killed for that.

Palamedes opens a door and ushers Arthur inside.

INT. CORNWALL CASTLE - ASSEMBLY HALL - CONTINUOUS (FLASHBACK)

The injured Arthur trips to his knees. An imperious Morgana sits on a throne atop her dais, Sir Leon to her side.

Morgana's face lights up with concern at Arthur's bruises. She rises.

Arthur looks down in shame. Morgana touches his shoulder and helps him stand up.

Arthur blinks in shock at her kindness.

EXT. FOREST - CAMP - NIGHT

Arthur looks to Morgana, adoration on his face.

ARTHUR

But Lady Morgana apologized. She told me the safety of her lands was her responsibility. She paid me and said that she'd handle the danger.

Gwyddawg SNORTS. He strides up to Arthur, his sword raised.

GWYDDAWG

You have a crush. We have a cause to believe in, worth dying for.

Arthur GLARES, Gwyddawg's sword right in front of his face.

He steps forward into Gwyddawg's sword. The blade CUTS a BLOODY MARK under his eye. Gwyddawg hops back in surprise.

Morgana and Galehaut gape. Arthur looks up at the giant.

ARTHUR

If she is not worthy, then no one in the kingdoms is.

Galehaut considers Arthur's stare. He sheathes his sword.

GWYDDAWG

Gal? What are you doing?

Galehaut sets Palamedes down on the ground. He turns his back to Morgana and Arthur and walks back towards the forest.

GALEHAUT

You have a chance, Lady Morgana. Don't waste it. Banditry is such unpleasant business.

Galehaut stalks off into the darkness of the forest. The Uncrowned bandits glance confusedly at Gwyddawg.

Gwyddawg SNARLS at Arthur and Morgana. He scampers after Galehaut, the other bandits following him.

Arthur's body trembles. Morgana rushes over to Palamedes.

THUD! Arthur collapses, his body shivering on the ground.

ARTHUR

Oh my god, that was terrifying. He was ten feet tall. Ten feet!

KAY

Ten feet's short for a giant.

Arthur GROANS, still processing. Morgana smiles at him.

EXT. FOREST - NIGHT

Galehaut, Gwyddawg, and their bandits enter a small clearing. The carriage and horses of the nobles Morgana rescued are at the far end.

GWYDDAWG

We're not going to get another chance like this! We need to take her now! Why aren't we?

GALEHAUT

We don't get many recruits from Cornwall, do we?

GWYDDAWG

Well... no.

GALEHAUT

Lady Morgana has given them little reason to flock to us. If there's a chance that peace'll spread, we see if the sword comes out of the rock.

Gwyddawg frowns. He clenches his fist, near tears.

GWYDDAWG

When we met, you smashed the knights that burned my home, looking a crown short of a king.

GALEHAUT

You looked like shit.

GWYDDAWG

Gal... please.

Galehaut sighs. He looks at Gwyd seriously, *compassionately*.

GWYDDAWG (CONT'D)

You saved me that day. Not just literally, but... you let me believe in a world without them.

Galehaut nervously pets the horses.

GALEHAUT

I... I will, Gwyd. I'll bring peace to the people. But if I can do that without hurting people, I will.

Gwyddawg frowns, unsatisfied.

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

Now, I'm gonna get these cuties to the hideout. You've got this area until I get back.

Galehaut walks away with the carriage and horses. Gwyddawg turns and glares back towards Arthur's group.

EXT. OUTSKIRTS OF CAMELOT - DAY

Morgana and Arthur's horse trots up a steep hill. Palamedes and Kay dither behind on their horse, the mule trailing.

KAY

Ugh. Palamedes, there any taverns in Camelot? Being held hostage...

PALAMEDES

... Makes one crave a stout?

He and Kay smile. Arthur glances back at them.

ARTHUR

Are they really alright?

MORGANA

They say they are.

She bites her lip.

MORGANA (CONT'D)

You said a lot last night.

ARTHUR

Yeah, I was trying to think of something that would keep the Uncrowned King from squashing us.

MORGANA

It was a good story. Though you missed the most important part.

Arthur raises an eyebrow, confused.

MORGANA (CONT'D)

The part where the blacksmith chose to stay and help track down the missing sword. Not for revenge, but simply to ensure that he had done the task he'd been paid for. His integrity was... immaculate.

She smiles at Arthur. He blushes. Sunlight hits their faces.

MORGANA (CONT'D)

The lengthy correspondence after was less crucial to the narrative. But next? Welcome... to Camelot!

Their horse reaches the top of the hill. Arthur GAPES in awe.

The grandest city the Middle Ages ever saw stands on a crystal blue river. A towering stone WALL surrounds the medieval metropolis, giant glowing RUNES inscribed in the rock. A resplendent castle sits in the city center.

Arthur and Morgana ride on. Silver Wing flies for the castle.

INT. CAMELOT CASTLE - MAGE'S TOWER - DAY

Silver Wing flies through a window into a small study.

The walls are splayed with arcane diagrams, dusty maps with lakes marked, and rune drawings. At the center of the room is an oaken desk and throne-like chair.

Silver Wing lands on the desk by an empty CHESSBOARD and a pair of ragged, torn-up FAIRY WINGS. A torn bit of the wing lies in a mortar, half-ground into GOLDEN DUST.

A red-robed MAN (80), shrouded in shadows, sits at the desk.

MAN

Well met, Silver Wing.

Silver Wing CHIRPS at the robed man. The man GRINS.

He places a black PAWN piece on the chessboard.

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

EXT. CAMELOT - WALLS - DAY

Morgana, Arthur, Palamedes, and Kay guide their mounts towards the city gates in a dusty road of peasants and carts.

Arthur looks up at the city walls. The giant runes in the stone PULSE with blue light every few seconds.

ARTHUR

Never seen runes like that before.

MORGANA

The work of Merlin. It's said not even a dragon can break through.

LEON (O.S.)

My lady!

The group reaches the gates. Sir Leon walks up to them as ARMORED GUARDS check over the peasants in front of them.

MORGANA

Well met, Sir Leon! I trust your charges made it back safely?

LEON

As safely as you've no doubt kept your new one. Good to see you again, Arthur.

He holds out his hand to Arthur. Arthur takes it and shakes.

ARTHUR

And you, sir.

LEON

(to Palamedes)

How much trouble was it to keep these two from riding off a cliff staring into each others' eyes?

Morgana scowls. Arthur blushes. Palamedes smirks.

PALAMEDES

Not as much as you'd think.

KAY

Can we please get movin' already!

EXT. CAMELOT - COURTYARD - DAY

A bustling circular courtyard cleaner and prettier than Sauvage could ever be. Shops, smiths, and well-kept inns border the cobblestone yard selling their assorted wares. At the far-end is a barred gate to the castle.

In the center of the circle, CALIBURN shines in its stone.

Arthur and Kay lead their mule behind Morgana, Leon, and Palamedes, who lead their horses.

MORGANA

The situation in the countryside is worse than I'd thought. I must speak with Merlin immediately--

POOF! A plume of red smoke poofs up in front of Caliburn. Fireworks fly up from the smog and explode with sparkles.

Arthur and Kay leap back, but the crowd CLAPS and CHEERS.

Palamedes GROANS. Leon pats Arthur's shoulder.

LEON

Don't worry. The wizard just enjoys a flashy entrance.

MERLIN (O.S.)

Vento!

A brisk cyclone pulses out from the red smoke and spreads it out amongst the fireworks' sparks, making it even prettier.

The peasants APPLAUD as MERLIN (80), with a well-carved staff and long, white beard, strides out of the dissipated smoke. He is the same red-robed MAN from the tower.

His mighty gait collapses as he walks to Morgana, hobbling while leaning on his staff with a mischievous smirk.

MERLIN (CONT'D)

Lady Morgana, welcome! Welcome to Camelot!

MORGANA

Master Merlin.

Morgana glances at all the peasants focusing on Merlin.

MORGANA (CONT'D)

I have some matters to discuss in... a less public setting.

MERLIN

Of course, of course! Come, come!
 (looks at Arthur)
 Will your friends be joining us at
 the castle?

Arthur opens his mouth, but Kay shoves a palm over his lips.

KAY

We'll be fine at an inn.

MERLIN

Really? Fair warning, you may find
 things more expensive here in the
 city than where you're from.

KAY

We'll be alright. You fancy lot can
 keep your castle.

Merlin shrugs. He gestures to Caliburn.

MERLIN

If you wish the castle to be yours,
 please, go ahead. Anyone may try.

He grins at Arthur and turns to leave. Arthur cocks an
 eyebrow in confusion, but shares a wave with Morgana. She,
 Leon, and Palamedes follow Merlin to the castle.

KAY

Fecking wizard. What does he know?

ARTHUR

Magic. Wizardry. Runes--

KAY

I know runes too!

ARTHUR

Maybe, but runes like that?

Arthur points at Caliburn. The runes in its stone glisten.

Kay SNORTS and marches up to the stone. He grabs the hilt.

KAY

Please. Enchantments need to be
 maintained over time. Out in the
 open for years, there's no way--

He yanks up on the sword. It doesn't BUDGE.

Arthur smirks at him. The mule BRAYS.

Kay scowls and stomps to the mule. He sifts through his gear.

KAY (CONT'D)
Damn thing just needs to be oiled.

Arthur SNIGGERS.

INT. CAMELOT CASTLE - COUNCIL ROOM - DAY

Merlin hobbles to the head of a long, RECTANGULAR table, past a wall painting of a younger him CALLING DOWN LIGHTNING.

Morgana walks behind him, her wary eyes on a PAINTING on the wall behind the table. It shows her father and others bowing to KING UTHUR.

MERLIN
Your men are all quartered in our guest wing. Rooms for yourself and Sir Palamedes have been prepared.

MORGANA
Is that what you've been doing all this time? Preparing rooms? The people cry out for aid, Merlin--

COUGH! COUGH! Merlin flounders against his staff, horrid coughs ripping from his throat.

Morgana rushes to aid him, but he holds out his hand to stop her. Still coughing, he reaches into his robe and withdraws a vial of GOLDEN DUST.

He drinks the dust. He gasps and sags back into a chair.

MERLIN
Apologies, my lady. A show is good for the people, but I am not young.

MORGANA
There is no sin in that. However, there is in abandoning the countryside to fae and bandits.

MERLIN
My lady, what am I?
(Off Morgana's confusion)
Humor an old man. What am I?

MORGANA
The seneschal of Camelot. The steward of the throne. The greatest wizard of our time!

MERLIN

And none of those are nobility.

He looks forlornly at the painting of Uther behind him.

MERLIN (CONT'D)

King Uther entrusted his kingdom to me, but I have no crown. Outside these walls, individual lords rule.

MORGANA

Again, you are a wizard. Cow them.

MERLIN

Again, I am not young, my lady.
 (gestures to dust vial)
 If I need this after a small show,
 do you really think I can call down
 lightning enough to cow an army?

Morgana frowns. She looks up at the painting of Uther.

Her fingers brush against the violet flower in her hair.

MORGANA

Then they will be cowed by a king.

EXT. CAMELOT - COURTYARD - SUNSET

Storm clouds gather overhead.

BANG! BANG! Arthur barely contains his laughter watching Kay POUND Caliburn's stone with a sledgehammer. It's not working.

KAY

Break! You! Stupid! Rock!!!

A piece of his hammer breaks off and SKIDS over the yard.

Morgana stops the piece with her foot. Merlin, Leon, Palamedes, and her knights enter behind her.

Arthur and Kay pale. Arthur points at Kay. Kay hides his hammer behind his back.

Merlin picks up the chunk of hammer and smirks.

MERLIN

You know, I don't think anyone's ever actually tried that before.

Arthur and Kay back away from Caliburn. Leon and Palamedes assemble Morgana's knights around the stone.

MERLIN (CONT'D)

I don't suppose anyone wants to try
before the lady takes her turn?

He pointedly looks at Arthur. Arthur points at himself to confirm. Merlin nods. Arthur looks at Caliburn and LAUGHS.

ARTHUR

No. I already know I'm not worthy.

Merlin FROWNS. Morgana leaps atop Caliburn's stone.

MORGANA

Knights of Cornwall! People of
Camelot! I am Lady Morgana of
Cornwall, daughter of Gorlois and
Igraine. Today, the crowns of
Camelot will once more have a king!

The nearby PEASANTS of Camelot spare a glance at Morgana.

PEASANT #1

What's this on about?

PEASANT #2

Some noble's making a big show
about tryin' to pull the sword out.

PEASANT #1

Another one?

PEASANT #2

Yeah, but this one's a bird.

PEASANT #1

A bird!?

Morgana's eyebrow violently twitches.

PEASANT #1 (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Wait, you do mean 'bird' as in a
girl and not an actual bird, right?

ARTHUR (O.S.)

Long live the king!

Morgana looks down. Arthur smiles up at her. She grins back.

Morgana's knights look confused. Palamedes GLARES at them.

SOME KNIGHTS

Long live Morgana!

OTHER KNIGHTS

Long live the king!

Morgana breathes deep and grabs hold of Caliburn's hilt.

Her knuckles turns white as she squeezes and PULLS.

The sword does not move.

Morgana's eyes widen. She glances out over the crowd.

The peasants shrug and move on. Her knights yawn, unsurprised. Leon and Palamedes look at her with pity.

Morgana grits her teeth at the dismissal. She pulls on Caliburn even harder, GRUNTING and HOWLING as she tries.

Storm clouds overhead darken the courtyard. Thunder CRACKS as Morgana fruitlessly pulls. The sword does not move.

MERLIN

My lady. Enough.

Morgana stares at him. Tears well in her eyes. Arthur frowns.

MERLIN (CONT'D)

You are not worthy.

Morgana tries to speak, to deny him... but no words come. She looks at her knights. One KNIGHT derisively SNORTS at her.

KNIGHT

Maybe she can try the sledgehammer.

Knights LAUGH. Morgana darts away to the castle.

Palamedes SLUGS the knight that spoke. The knight crumples. The others stop laughing, fearful of Palamedes's glare.

Arthur and Leon mournfully watch Morgana run. Arthur goes after her. Merlin frowns as the blacksmith goes.

INT. CAMELOT CASTLE - GUEST CHAMBER - NIGHT

In a tasteful, but sparse noble's guest room, Morgana cries atop her bed. She clutches her purple flower in her hands.

KNOCK! KNOCK! Morgana sniffles and forces a calm expression over her face. She gets up and opens the door.

It's Arthur. He holds some bread and cheese. He looks sympathetically on Morgana's bloodshot eyes.

INT. CAMELOT CASTLE - GUEST CHAMBER - LATER

Arthur and Morgana sit on the bed eating bread and cheese.

ARTHUR

Forget Caliburn. What does it know?
It's a sword.

MORGANA

An enchanted sword in an enchanted
rock. Enchanted to know who's
worthy to lead. And I'm... not.

ARTHUR

What happened to believing in
yourself?

Morgana sets down her food. She palms her purple flower.

MORGANA

When the Uncrowned King offered to
trade Palamedes for me, I... I
hesitated. My friend, was in danger
and for a moment, I wouldn't have
saved him if I died instead.

She CRUSHES her purple flower and chucks it across the room.

MORGANA (CONT'D)

I'm pathetic.

Arthur blinks in shock, processing. He scowls.

ARTHUR

That's fecking shite. You think
hesitating a bit makes you
unworthy? When you've saved how
many lives? You know what you are.
Never let anyone say otherwise.

Morgana looks up, confused. Arthur looks down, blushing.

MORGANA

Why do you believe in me so much?

ARTHUR

... because you believed in me.

They stare into each others' eyes. Outside, thunder ROARS.

Morgana lunges forward and KISSES him. Arthur kisses back.
The pair tumble down to the bed, grabbing and grasping at
each others' clothes. The sound of thunder rocks the castle.

END OF ACT FIVE

ACT SIX

EXT. CAMELOT - WALLS - NIGHT

Storm clouds THUNDER above. The runes on the walls GLOW blue, blocking rain from entering the city with an energy dome.

Gwyddawg and four Uncrowned glare at the closed city gates.

UNCROWNED #1

What now? Nothing can get in--

GWYDDAWG

We'll find a way! Some... how...

Gwyddawg spots The Black Knight stomping towards the walls.

The glow of the runes on the walls FADE.

The Black Knight draws his SWORD. Its runes glow BLACK.

LIGHTNING crashes down and OBLITERATES the wall in front of The Black Knight.

INT. CAMELOT - COURTYARD INN - NIGHT

The distant CRASH of the wall sounds like just more thunder amidst the bustling warmth of the inn's tavern. Merchants, peasants, and knights sit drinking in the warm bar.

With a tankard, Kay sits at a table with Leon and Palamedes.

KAY

Sorry about your lady, fellas.

LEON

Thank you, Master Kay. But our lady is not so fragile. She'll recover.

Kay shrugs and toasts his tankard. He takes a deep drink.

KAY

Almost worth being smacked by a giant.

LEON

Your father always said that a meal was best after a brush with danger.

Kay cocks an eyebrow at Leon. He glares at Palamedes.

LEON (CONT'D)
 Don't give him that look. The
 sigil's strapped to your mule. I
 wanted to ask how he was after--

KAY
 --he was cast out?

Leon and Palamedes recoil with surprise and shock.

PALAMEDES
 He was honored when he left Uther's
 court. He said he could not
 continue after your mother passed.

KAY
 He refused every forge order from a
 noble on principle. Never a word of
 good about them or the king.

Leon's brow furrows in thought.

LEON
 I am glad he was at least able to
 find love again after your mother--

KAY
 He didn't.

PALAMEDES
 But your brother? Adopted?

KAY
 In a manner of speaking.

Kay drinks. Leon and Palamedes stare at him. Kay SIGHS.

KAY (CONT'D)
 Eighteen years ago, a falcon with
 silver wings brought a basket to
 the forge. In the basket, was a
 letter and a baby. My brother.

LEON
 And the letter? Was there a sigil?

KAY
 No idea. My father was so furious
 after reading it, he cast it into
 the forge and let it burn.

Palamedes glances at Leon. Leon frowns.

LEON

Silver-winged falcons were a favored messenger beast of King Uther. Merlin kept many of them.

Kay sets down his drink. He leans forward, very interested.

KAY

Are you saying that Merlin sent Ar--

SCREAMS sound from outside. Kay marches out of the inn.

KAY (CONT'D)

What the bloody hell?

INT. CAMELOT CASTLE - GUEST CHAMBER - NIGHT

Arthur and Morgana, post-coital, put their clothes back on. Arthur grabs Tom's knight toy from the table and stuffs it back in his robes.

ARTHUR

So... what now?

MORGANA

What do you mean?

ARTHUR

Kay thinks I'm naïve, but I know a noblewoman can't exactly marry a peasant. Politics and all.

Morgana glides over and cups his face.

MORGANA

I... I don't know. I care about you, Arthur, I do. But...
(hears outside SCREAMS)
What's that?

She and Arthur rush over to the room's window.

They see the new huge GAP in the city walls.

MORGANA (CONT'D)

Impossible. Nothing can do that.

More SCREAMS from the courtyard.

ARTHUR

Whatever did, it's in the city.

Morgana marches for the door and grabs her sword.

EXT. CAMELOT - COURTYARD - NIGHT

Several of Morgana's knights charge The Black Knight. The Black Knight cuts them apart with ease.

Leon and Palamedes clash with The Black Knight. Swords CLANG as The Black Knight outduels and pushes them back.

Civilians SCREAM and flee the courtyard. Kay helps funnel them out. Lightning strikes buildings, fire spreading.

Kay spots Gwyddawg and the Uncrowned bandits across the courtyard. They help other civilians escape the flames.

Kay and Gwyddawg share a look, unsure.

PALAMEDES (O.S.)

Ah!

Kay and Gwyddawg whirl towards Palamedes's cry.

Palamedes kneels, bleeding from his shoulder. The Black Knight's sword DRIPS with his blood. Leon trades blows with The Black Knight, but is overwhelmed and knocked down.

The Black Knight raises his sword to kill them both.

CLANG! Morgana intercepts with Caledfwich.

The runes of Morgana's sword glow PURPLE. The Black Knight's runes glow BLACK. They duel, Morgana on the defensive.

Arthur rushes in and drags Leon and Palamedes to safety.

Gwyddawg GLARES at Morgana. Uncrowned #1 approaches him.

UNCROWNED #1

Gwyd?

GWYDDAWG

Sword's still in the rock. Her chance is spent.

Gwyddawg draws a KNIFE. He stomps towards the battle.

UNCROWNED #1

Gwyddawg!

Kay spots Gwyddawg heading for Morgana. Morgana doesn't notice, forced back by The Black Knight.

KAY

Arthur!

Arthur whips his head towards Gwyddawg. He SCOWLS.

Arthur runs up to Gwyddawg and blocks his path.

ARTHUR

Think you can wait to assassinate
her until after she saves us all?!

GWYDDAWG

I'm happy to start with you!

Gwyddawg thrusts his knife. Arthur leaps back. His back is pushed up against Caliburn and its stone.

Arthur gulps. He looks down at his hands.

ARTHUR

Come on, come on.

Arthur's hands glow orange. He grins.

Gwyddawg SLUGS him across the face.

Arthur stumbles back against Caliburn's stone. He numbly reaches for the sword's hilt without looking.

The orange glow of his hands flows into Caliburn. The sword's runes GLOW orange. The sword SHIFTS.

Gwyddawg approaches.

GWYDDAWG

You're in Camelot one day and it's
already burning. You and your magic
bring havoc wherever you go, freak.

He raises his knife.

GWYDDAWG (CONT'D)

No more.

Kay runs towards the fight.

KAY

Arthur!--oof!

The Black Knight smacks Morgana back into Kay. Both Morgana and Kay fall to the ground.

Gwyddawg STABS at Arthur. Arthur deliberately TURNS his body.

PING! Gwyddawg's knife bounces off something metal.

Beneath Arthur's torn shirt, the KNIGHT TOY has a new scar!

Arthur puts his weight on Caliburn, the sword cutting through its rock as he rises.

He claps his free hand on Gwyddawg's face. It GLOWS. Gwyddawg SCREAMS, smoke sizzling from his skin.

Arthur shoves Gwyddawg to the ground. He GLARES down at him.

Gwyddawg, now with a HANDPRINT SCAR, scampers into the city.

Arthur looks over at Morgana and Kay. The Black Knight looms over them. Morgana kneels and raises Caledfwich to block.

The Black Knight swings down with all its strength, its sword's runes glowing BLACK.

Its blade cuts INTO Caledfwich. Morgana's eyes widen.

Arthur flails forward, DRAWING CALIBURN as he does.

ARTHUR
Get away from them!

Caliburn BURSTS INTO FLAMES, the blaze growing bigger and bigger. Arthur gapes at the blade and thrusts it forward.

A PILLAR OF FIRE erupts from Caliburn and SMASHES into The Black Knight. It's blown back through several buildings.

Morgana, Kay, Palamedes, Leon, and the Uncrowned stare at Caliburn. Arthur's gaze whips to the now-empty stone.

EXT. CAMELOT - WALLS - NIGHT

At the end of a trail of black ash and torn-up ground that leads to the new gap in the walls, The Black Knight kneels in a crater. Its sword, held to block Caliburn's attack, SMOKES.

The Black Knight teeters, its armor rising and falling with heavy breath. The exhausted warrior rises.

Silver Wing flutters in front of it. Bird and knight GLARE at each other, a tense confrontation.

After a long moment, The Black Knight turns and walks away.

EXT. CAMELOT - COURTYARD - NIGHT

Arthur gapes at the extinguished Caliburn, horrified. He shrinks back from the growing crowd, *all eyes on him*.

STINGER

INT. CAMELOT CASTLE - MAGE'S TOWER - NIGHT

Silver Wing swoops onto a shelf. Merlin removes the black pawn from the chessboard and replaces it with a BLACK KING.

Merlin grins. He drinks a vial of golden dust and then slams it down on his desk next to three more EMPTY VIALS.

LEON (O.S.)

Lot of fairy dust for a small wind.

Merlin whirls to see Leon at the door. Leon enters.

MERLIN

You're getting old. I already am.

Merlin glances at his staff leaning against the shelf.

LEON

Old does not mean weak. Your walls stood for decades before tonight. Yet, the runes suddenly failed.

MERLIN

The Black Knight is a potent foe.

LEON

Witnesses stated that the wall was destroyed by lightning. The Black Knight can't summon that. But with enough power...

Leon looks to the empty fairy dust vials, then GLARES at Merlin, his meaning clear. Merlin could. Merlin *did*.

Merlin reaches for his staff.

SSSHHHING! Leon's sword is drawn and at Merlin's throat.

Leon presses his blade. Merlin raises his hands in surrender.

SLICE! Silver Wing swoops right in front of Leon. The bird lands on Merlin's desk, its wings METAL and blood-covered.

A bloody line opens across Leon's throat. He falls, DEAD.

Merlin nods at Silver Wing, who cleans blood from its wings.

END OF EPISODE