Ironclad

By Erick Kastel
England, in the year 1215, had been under the reign of King John for 16 years. The most villainous of England's monarchs, John was renowned for losing wars with France, levying punitive taxes, and sleeping with the wives of barons. The barons finally rebelled against their king, and became locked in a bloody civil war lasting for over three years and decimating both armies. In time, the Knights Templar were drawn into this conflict. With the help of these highly trained warrior monks, King John and his royal army were eventually defeated. It was agreed that John could remain on the throne, on one condition... that he would sign a document upholding the rights and privileges of all free men, but ultimately limiting the power of the monarchy. Make it count. The Magna Carta was sealed at Runnymede on the 15th of June in the year of our Lord 1215. It will be remembered throughout history. What is not remembered is what King John did next. Sire? Sire? It's time. Hyah! Hyah! Hyah! Hyah! England welcomes you.
Does the Pope hold his word?
Oh, how have faith,
Captain Tiberius.
His Eminence
is waiting to hear you hold to yours.
The Church will stay out of your lands,
you have his word.
We'll get your country back.
What say you?
Abbot Marcus.
We seek shelter from the storm.
Open the gates!
Come and help.
What business do you have here?
Our business is with God at Canterbury.
We need only shelter.
Shelter you shall have. Food also.
You treat the Lord's servants well.
You wear the mark of the Templars,
yet you carry no swords.
These men have no more need to fight.
Templars masking their faith
and travelling without swords.
How noble!
As God is our witness, Baron,
these men have nothing to hide.
Abbot, save your benedictions.
The Templars fought against the King.
Now you sleep in a king's castle.
These men have plenty to hide.
You there. What say you?
They say nothing.
They hold vows of silence.
Templars without tongues.
Very well.
Just be gone by the morning.
Back inside!
Marshal.
When I accept guardianship over men
who take the vows of silence,
I'm also informed of what led them to me
in the first place.
I know the Templars
placed a heavy burden on you.
I know you're deeply scarred.
The cross on your tunic
is a symbol
of your faith in God's will.
It should not be full of the torment
it now bears upon your soul.
When we arrive at Canterbury,
I'm requesting your leave from
the Order of the Knights Templar.
Garrison men!
King John!
Men, to the gates!
It's the King!
Open the gates for the King!
Psst!
Marshal, did you see royal colours?
Is that your hand, Darnay?
Forced, Your Highness.
The barons threatened my life,
forcing me to sign it and betray you.
I know the feeling.
Hang him!
This insanity must cease.
Open the door.
His quarrel is not with us.
If you three stand before the King,
there will be nothing but death.
What good fortune, Darnay.
It seems you will have your last rites.
My Lord, Templars.
He's travelling en route
to Canterbury with Templars.
To what do I owe the pleasure
of the Church visiting my castle?
We were in the storm, sire.
Baron Darnay granted us your hospitality.
- We?
- My fellow priests.
Ah, yes, I heard.
Templars.
Sire, we entered your castle
as unarmed men. We seek no fight.
Are you aware, Abbot,
that your kind stood at Runnymede
and forced my signature, 
and now you sleep under my roof? 
Your Highness, 
we travel to Canterbury 
with simple articles of faith. 
I ask your mercy that we may pass. 
And I will grant you the same mercy 
that the Church and the barons 
of this country bestowed unto me. 
"Do unto others", 
isn't that right, Abbot? 
Tiberius! 
Don't let him go! 
Ride! 
There is worth... 
..in every death. 
And I will see it now in yours. 
- You saw the King? 
- Yes. And he saw me. 
Mm. 
I didn't imagine that even he 
was capable of such cruelty. 
Abbot Marcus was the finest of men. 
Tell me, why did he request 
that you leave the Order? 
- Your Grace, I did not wish to be dismissed. 
- But that's not what I asked. 
You were in the Holy Lands? 
Hm. Some men have returned 
from defending our faith 
only to find themselves questioning it. 
Now you must ask yourself, 
Thomas... 
what is in your heart? 
Rebellion or revenge. 
I suppose it makes no difference 
as the King has the devil in his. 
I don't care if he's talking 
to the Pope! I have to see him now! 
And as we speak of the devil... 
My Lord Archbishop. 
They told me about Darnay. 
We took John at his word... 
and now he raises a bitch's army
with God's teeth.
I'll bow to no king with piss for blood!
Baron William de Albany,
Brother Thomas Marshal.
Brother Thomas comes directly from Darnay Castle.
You must forgive our Baron,
his tongue is not always so profane.
Now, you should know
that Rome sides with the King.
And the Pope would bless
what the King did to Abbot Marcus?
More or less.
I am to be excommunicated
for writing Magna Carta.
- How long have we got?
- God knows.
Your Grace, this...
..king...must be stopped.
I cannot, in all honesty,
ask you to fight, Thomas,
but if you choose to take up
your sword, you have my blessing.
It's a good omen.
God is with us.
Prince Louis has an army
may be persuaded to join us.
Asking the French for help...
that's cursing the blind for the wicked.
If John takes the Dover Road to London
he has to cross the Medway here
at Rochester.
I'll seize Rochester Castle.
Delay them. That'll give you time
to negotiate with the French.
We have no force to fight the King.
I have a few men I can count on.
Absolutely not. Suicide is a sin
in the eyes of the Church, Baron.
Your Grace,
I'm afraid I only see one thing.
From Rochester, the King
is able to dispatch his troops and supplies
all over the country.
It is his keystone.
Without it we will not stop him.
All my sins to this.
May God protect what we are about to do.
Guy!
Squire!
I want you to ride back.
No. I know how to fight.
You see how he talks to me?
Have you ever killed a man, Squire?
Eh?
- Then you will learn, it is not a noble thing.
- Not even when it's for freedom?
Not even when it is for God.
Hah!
Look at you!
Any one of you throws
a turd or a bean, I'll get you!
And you know I will! Yargh!
- Where's the butchers?
- Over there.
I'll remember your faces!
Sheep shears!
They're sharp! Sharp sheep shears!
- I'm looking for Daniel Marks.
- Wait here.
Marks!
Whatever it is or how much...
- just get me out of here, Baron.
- Done. Where's de Lacy?
- He went back to Poitou.
- Becket?
You don't want him.
Templars.
They've come back.
Here. You may need protection.
Get up.
I said, get up!
You sack of shit!
Billy.
What told me I'd see you?
What's with the altar boy?
Billy all tied up with God again?
- This is not our man.
- Hoy!
I'm his man,
don't you worry about that.
If he pays me enough,
I'll split the gut of any man alive.
Ain't that right, Billy boy?
- Who's with you?
- Gil Becket. Daniel Marks.
The last time we were all together
must have been Dieppe.
The days
when the King was still good to us.
He's taken all the castles
along the coast.
If he takes Rochester,
he'll control southern England.
If the whispers I've heard are true,
he's too strong now.
He's got an army of Danish mercenaries.
Wait for him in London.
Do you think I want this?
I'm not a soldier, not any more.
I'm a fat wool merchant with
a hen-pecking wife and three daughters.
But, unfortunately,
he won't let it be.
I'm sorry, Baron. Not this one.
I learnt about the Crusades.
Is it true what the Templar swords say?
"Blessed and omnipotent
is the warrior of Christ"?
Yeah, water. Water.
- Hey!
- Agh!
What do you think he's worth?
- Are you sorry for what you've done?
- Bollocks.
- Release him.
- Amen!
Papa!
Get inside. Now!
- Joseph.
- Baron.
- Daniel.
Becket.

You...are a filthy whore, Becket.
So was she.

We'll never hold that castle
with this lot.

They may not be worthy of that cross
you wear, but they'll hold the castle.
Not for England...
not for God...
but for me.

Winter's soon,
so if I'm not back by first snowfall,
take your sister to your aunt,
give her this. Hm?

Work hard.
Be polite.

And what's written here is true?
From my ears to this paper, Sire.

Tiberius, six of your fastest scouts
to Rochester.

Instruct them to hold the castle.

- Kill anyone they find there.
- Hyah!

Money.

And you know these men?
So what does that make you?

Worthless.

There it is.

Looks small from here.

That...small castle...

controls all the land

as far as you can see.

Be patient, Squire.

As long as there's women.

- What say you?
- I bring business from Archbishop Langton.

Isabel!

We have company.

I have told you before,

I will not tolerate drinking.

You won't tolerate anything.

My Lord. We have men at the gate.

I tolerate the politics
of the King, Isabel.
Our marriage
was arranged for land and wealth.
It would be well
if you were to remember that.
And he owns us, body and soul.
Open the gates! Let 'em in!
You arrive unexpected,
Baron de Albany.
What matter
does His Grace send this late?
That we claim this castle
in the name of the rebellion.
If your visit is to claim
my castle, Baron...
you're too late.
Unusual saddles.
- Danish.
- What was that?
They're Danish.
They arrived last night.
The King's scouts.
His army is less than a day away.
Oaks, get the guard here quickly.
That one was at Darnay Castle
two days ago.
Aargh!
Argh!
No. No, no!
Marshal, down!
Yargh!
Baron.
Stand down! Stand down!
Listen to me.
By the archbishop, we claim this castle
in the name of the rebellion.
The rebellion's over.
The King surrendered to the great charter.
Magna Carta.
This one sealed by the King's own hand.
And now...
he's executing everybody who supported it.
But does the Pope know that the Archbishop
is claiming royal castles, against the King?
I watched as three
of my brothers were killed
by the soft hand of a king that is
murdering his way across the country.
And he does so
with the Pope's blessing.
The French army make sail any day now.
Giving us...a new king.
A true king.
Seal the gates.
Lock all the doors! Move!
And, Oaks, no one else comes in.
Very well.
Well, Marshal...
you got us our castle.
- What is your strength, Captain?
- Eleven men-at-arms.
- We have less than 20 men?
- And these walls.
- They've never been breached.
- Does the keep have a portcullis?
- It does.
- Good.
- Once it's down, no one gets in.
- Water. Where is the supply?
From the Well. Draws straight from the river.
No one here gets thirsty.
- it's good, it's not sick or brackish?
- Water's good, sir.
Guy, with me.
These walls are designed
to be defended by one man per station.
Outcome is perfect.
Any approach can be seen for miles.
Now, let's see the gatehouse.
You, day or night, stay alert.
Now open it up.
What's the problem?
There's no moat.
That'll do.
Now, when they come...
...hit them hard.
Hit the post.
I said, hit the post. Hard.
They'll come? The French.
We waited for the French at Damascus.
They didn't come then.
Even to a Frenchman I think
Rochester is nearer than Damascus.
Hit it.
You better hit it harder than that, boy.
Or you'll be dead
before they get here.
They hate women.
Just to look at one's a sin.
Some people say they worship the devil.
Celibates with stone hearts.
Then I have a stone heart, too, Maddy.
I didn't mean it like that.
A Templar offers his Chastity to God,
but a wife...
she suffers hers by her husband.
My husband's appetites don't include me.
Thank the Lord Mary herself.
Now, I am...
"curious, Albany.
Why is it that you and your friends
are so struck with this rebellion?
- Mm.
- Cos we are for the people.
I see your esquire is well-trained
in the art of naivety.
- Go on.
- Call me naive if you will, sir,
but the people deserve more than
a king that treats them like animals.
Ah, bold words for a Squire.
Have you read Magna Carta?
- I...
- Ah, I see. You can't read Latin.
It's a pity, arguing from ignorance.
Argumentum ad ignorantiam,
ab uno disce omnes.
That's Roman, innit?
From one person, learn all people.
Excuse my wife's bold tongue.
Becket,
I'm gonna need you on the far wall.
Guy can't defend it on his own.
Do it yourself.
What?
You want a drink? A woman?
Don't you sniff your nose at me.
I've been places. I've seen what
your holy brothers have done.
Your pious bile makes me sick.
Becket. I want you outside.
I'll watch your boy's back,
but who's watching mine?
To the battlements!
- To the battlements!
- Right away!
- Take your positions, men!
- Get those men up here, quickly!
Mercel, they're here!
Let's see what rats
have taken up in my home.
Move it!
Come on!
Albany, a word. You cannot engage the King
without considering terms.
He wants our heads on spikes.
Where are the terms in that?
There are some in here
who didn't pick this fight.
Ask yourself who you're for, Cornhill.
The King or the country?
Because we both can't be wrong.
They're here.
Albany!
Albany!
How did he know?
What can we do for you, John?
Baron William de Albany.
The Pope has ordered me
to reclaim my country.
Now, surely you don't bar your door
against a king, and the Church?
Does he know you sealed a charter...
giving the people of England freedom,
and that now you go back on your word?
England is mine, Albany.
God's will bestowed it unto me,  
the Pope blesses it to me,  
and this castle belongs to me!  
You're no more a king...  
than the boil on my arse!  
Huh.  
What a tedious little man.  
Get the swords now. Come on!  
Move yourselves!  
Stay by your posts.  
Remember,  
they have to climb over these walls.  
And we do not.  
So you stand firm!  
Have you ever fought so many with so few?  
Uh-huh.  
Don't you forget, you hold the wall, huh?  
Now, go to your post.  
North and south advance!  
Get ready, archers!  
Loose!  
Take cover!  
And again! Take cover!  
Get down!  
Ha-ha!  
Come on, lads, come on!  
Take your positions! Look lively!  
Take cover, lads! Take cover!  
Argh!  
Again!  
Argh!  
Albany!  
Archers! They're coming!  
Make a stand! Ready?  
Load arrows!  
Loose!  
- Oil! Bring up that oil!  
- Ready!  
Loose!  
Oil! Watch your back!  
Take cover!  
Becket!  
Come on. This way.  
- What do we do?
- Pray God is with them.
Becket!
Ha, ha-ha-ha-ha!
Guy!
Show that to your mother!
Now, get up!
I said get up!
Now, you hit him. Hard!
Behind you! Clear!
Take cover!
Aargh!
They're running!
They're retreating!
They've had enough, Baron.
Bastards! Go on, run!
Come on, you foreign whores!
You fought bravely.
You did not see everything.
There's no finding peace
after knowing this.
Faith, Guy.
Only the weak believe
that what they do in battle...
is who they are as men.
Put him with the others.
Pack 'em over there.
Over there, that's it.
Baron Albany...
in less than a day...
you have stripped away everything
I gave the people in this castle.
- Get off my back.
- You were hellbent on this fight!
You made us all hostages
to your cause, not the rebellion's.
And this was not just another castle!
This was my home!
Now clear your mess up.
Shut the door.
Still now.
Wait. Here.
- This man is bleeding.
- On the table.
No. Wait.
This will stop the flow.
I'm gonna pull this hard.
The bone's not broken, but...
Go on, do it, do it.
Keep it clean, and watch him close.
Templar.
- Your neck.
- No.
Sit.
Please.
If the bleeding doesn't stop,
shall I fasten a belt around your neck?
My maid tells me you cannot look at women.
What is your name?
Am I to assume your silence means
you cannot talk to women either?
My name is Thomas Marshal.
There it is.
And were many sacred vows
broken by that revelation?
It's not like the others.
The river naturally defends.
Walls built...
so a few can stop many.
Don't insult me, Captain.
I know the qualities of a Norman keep.
What I am having trouble with...
is how a thousand men could have failed
so miserably against twenty.
Those men fight hard. For what?
A small rock in a field?
We go around.
My great, great grandfather
built that rock
when he conquered this country.
Strategically, it fortifies London
and controls all of southern England.
Why in God's name do you think they
chose to hole up there in the first place?
What will please
your people more, Captain?
That your men died in a great battle,
or that your reward for helping me
is the Church leaving your lands alone?
For that is what
the Pope promised he would do.
Now, however small it may seem...
...with that rock,
the rest of this country follows.
Now you see what he means to do.
I say this to each of you.
There's a night out there...
deep enough for a man to slip away,
if he should wish.
And I would understand.
I think you upset him.
What about you, Marks?
I took this for you at Angoulme.
I walked into this outside Toulouse.
Both times we saw it through.
What do you think I'm doing here?
I don't take a man's money and run.
Mr Phipps, are you and your
garrison men still for the fight?
All six of us. Good and ready, sir.
Ah!
I saw you with the Templar.
I think he has a mind for you.
His mind possesses nothing
I care to think about.
There is something not normal with him.
It's his manner.
He looks but won't talk.
Then he talks
and nothing he says settles with me.
Don't tell me that was his way before he
became a Templar. I wouldn't believe it.
- My Lady.
- What?
That's a great deal of thinking...
for someone
you don't want to think about.
Hm.
They're building something.
What do you think it is?
Your royal engineer, Sire.
- Will it work?
- There's no moat, er... So, er...
There's no moat and no excuses. Finish it.
Tell him to construct a...
I am sorry for what I said to you.
I was wrong.
What happens next...to us?
- All of us?
- They will attack again.
And we will hold again.
The French...
...made sail
with an army to stand by us.
You really believe they will come?
Hm.
Thou shall not lie, Thomas.
Certainly not for the French.
Definitely not to me.
It isn't worth it.
Does that break Templar laws?
Mm.
Some would say yes.
Put the sword down.
If they do come,
I will need to know how to use this.
- Is this how you hold it?
- If you want your opponent to win.
I fight...
...so you don't have to.
Siege tower.
Making quick work of it.
Damn it.
Baron, I have an idea.
What happens if this doesn't work?
- Don't ask.
- What could be worse than this?
Squire, would you ever kill a woman?
- Never.
- Not even if it meant saving her life?
That's it, heave it down.
Holy Saint Joseph! Look who it is.
His Majesty is ready, my Lord.
- Prince Louis holds in France.
- They haven't sailed yet?
- He's buying time to negotiate terms.
- Negotiate terms!
The King enslaves this country,  
the Pope defends him  
and calls the Magna Carta heresy,  
and France uses this tyranny  
for a better deal?  
- Are there any men willing to fight?  
- A few.  
Many thought the rebellion was over  
because John signed the Magna Carta.  
In some ways,  
it was the smartest thing he did.  
Well, all that is done.  
Let Rome pronounce  
whatever holy dictum it pleases.  
They won't tell me  
that God is their possession.  
I leave for France at once.  
You gather what men you can.  
And prepare London for war.  
And Rochester?  
- Baron Albany?  
- Pray God is with them.  
Take cover!  
Excellent. Excellent.  
Go on. Faster!  
Lock it!  
- Lock!  
- And fire!  
They have built an engine?  
Yargh!  
Take cover!  
All of you, outside.  
Wulfstan, you've broken through!  
Now, come on! Give them hellfire!  
Heave!  
Heave!  
Aargh!  
Lock it!  
Fire pot, Guy!  
You heathen dogs!  
Bring it a bit forward!  
Light it!  
Light it!  
Loose!
Yeah!
Goddamn devils!
Murdering goddamn whores!
Yes! They burn!
Do not record that!
Bitches!
This bastard king, Wulfstan.
Aye.
After that,
the king did not come again.
But the rains did.
And the days grew short
as autumn turned to winter.
They were too cold to fight,
and too hungry.
The castle stores were empty...
and they had taken to eating the horses.
Save for one.
Marshal's.
But a Templar
is forbidden to eat his horse.
Their Order dictates
that it must die in battle.
So 13 hungry souls
and one horse would remain.
Still they waited.
And so too did the King.
They could smell his food,
hear his army's song.
For attrition is one man's ally
and another man's curse.
So they became cursed men.
And as weeks turned to months,
their minds took
to places they should not...
where a man sees only doubt
and has no worth at all.
On my wedding day
I knew my marriage would have no love.
Yet still I took my vows to God.
I honoured and obeyed
my commitments daily.
You think we are not the same, Thomas,
but you're wrong.
- I'm starving!
- What do you want me to do?
Someone's gotta do something!
Listen to me.
Damn your Templar vows!
It was my vows
that made me what I am.
It was my Order that brought me here.
And by God's good grace,
it will be the Templars
that save your life.
Where are you going?
Why are you leaving?
Why would he leave?
My Lady, you were with him last.
Did he say why he left?
You go to your chamber.
Now.
No.
I'll kiss the Bishop's arse
if he comes back.
You're gonna have to kiss a king's arse,
Becket, cos they're coming back again.
- it's Thomas!
- Open the gates!
Becket, get him!
Get him, Becket!
Come oh! Quickly! Help him!
Get the sacks. The sacks!
- Come on!
- Hurry!
- Run!
- Close the portcullis!
What was you thinking, Templar?
He's stolen the king's food.
I've never seen such a thing!
You are relieved of your command, Captain.
Get back in your rowboat and go home.
- I'm not leaving without my men!
- Oh yes, you are!
And I will tell you why.
The Pope has had a change of heart.
What do you say?
I say that when your pathetic little army
arrives back at your houses,
you will find your lands Christianised.
Your sons enslaved to the Church
and your wives serving new husbands.
You did not speak to the Pope
of my lands?
Why in God's name
would I do that?
Take this castle, Tiberius!
And if you do not, you will be sailing
home to quite a different world.
Well, Marshal, you sure know
how to pick a bit of shank.
Better than
three months of horse meat.
I'll stick with the pig.
Then what?
I'll eat you.
Oh!
Hey! Hey! Hey!
So, Squire...
you can read words?
And write them too?
What's your full name?
Jedediah Coteral.
Jedediah Coteral.
Jedediah Coteral.
Yeah.
I've never seen it written before. Huh.
Hm.
It's too quiet.
Check the far wall.
To the battlements! Attack!
Cover the west wing.
West wing! Come on!
- Watch out!
- To the right!
Help me!
The gates! The gates!
Where's Marshal?
Fight, Guy! Fight!
Baron!
Aargh!
Baron!
Don't move. Be still.
- Hold the keep.
- You can't die.
You can't die. Stay alive!
You hear me?
Hold the keep! Go! Go!
Yaargh!
Phipps!
- Come here!
- Hold the gates!
I've got it. I've got it.
Come on, to the gates!
Hold!
All in! All in!
Stand fast!
Shield wall!
Shields. Shields up!
Up!
Brace yourselves.
Ready! Ready!
- Isabel!
- Get inside!
Now!
- We have to get to the Baron!
- To the keep!
- We can't leave him!
- He's gone, all right?
Hold the steps! Hold the steps!
Come on!
Marshal!
Pull him down!
Marshal!
Come on!
Get it off! Get it off!
Get back, behind the portcullis!
Come on!
They have prisoners.
Boy!
Good afternoon, Baron.
Did you find my castle to your liking?
It's the people's castle now.
You said he was gone.
Those two.
Cut off their hands and feet.
- No.
- No!
No!
No!
Now, Baron,
I want my keep back.
- At my command!
- No!
- They'll never surrender.
- Really?
Do it!
Do something!
We hold the keep.
My arse, your stinking castle!
Aaargh!
Aargh!
God damn you, you murdering whore!
Isn't that the king I am?
You betray all that's meant to be king.
You betray God!
I betray God?! 
My crown was passed to me by my brother,
and my father before him.
I was born to be a king!
It is my birthright!
Given to me by God!
You cry for the common man
and in the same breath
you curse the crown that protects him!
You dare to question my reign...
and the lineage of Kings
who have reigned before me?! 
The great amaranthine royalty
of Aquitaine...
..who forged this land
from barbarian hordes
and made it noble and pure!
Who gave it order, meaning,
and even faith...
to thousands of years of loyal subjects!
And it is all now questioned by you!
And we are forced
to sign your precious Magna Carta,
forced by you, a wool merchant!
I am the blood!
I am God's right hand!
And you will never
dictate to me how I am to be a king!
Now, Baron.
Which hand did you touch me with?
Hold his hand down.
Hold his right hand down!
This is not something you should see.
Aargh!
Tell your rebels to open the gate, Albany!
No surrender!
- No surrender!
- Put his other hand up! Do it!
Do it!
Aargh!
We hold, Baron!
We hold!
Put his feet up. Put his feet up!
Cornhill!
You will yield to your king!
Or, as God hears me,
your head is on a spike!
Now, that monster that they've made,
strap his carcass to it.
Strap him to it!
Heave!
There's no one coming, is there?
My scouts report
the French have left Calais.
They'll be at our back within days.
Do you know that when I was a child,
I once secretly ate every urn
of my father's beloved honey peaches.
And the next day...
he brought before me a servant girl
that he had accused of the crime.
And he placed her hand on the table,
and he drew his knife...
..and he delivered the punishment.
And that night,
unable to contain my shame,
I confessed to him that it was I,
his son,
who had committed the crime.
Do you know what his response was?
He said, "I know.
"I know.
"And that is why I only cut off her finger.
"You see, John,
any action against the throne
"must be punished ruthlessly.
"For that is the only way
to maintain the absolute power...
"..of a king."
When they come,
you must demand to see the King.
I want nothing from him.
Not even mercy.
I broke my vow, Isabel.
I have betrayed God's trust.
What we did was a sin.
Stop hiding...
behind vows and commandments.
The vows speak of loyalty
and abstinence and murder, but...
why never love, Thomas?
The vows of the Order...
..protect my soul from the blood
I've spilt in God's name.
It was the Church
that made you do those things.
It was the Templars that gave you a sword
and the name of God to wield it.
It was the Templars that made you kill.
Who were you before them?
What was so bad about that man then
that makes you resist your desires now?
Thomas...
I am not a sin.
Sire? Sire?
Your engineer, sire.
The mine is ready.
Will it work?
- it's right under the keep's foundations.
- Ah.
Then take note.
To my justiciar, send to me 40 pigs.
The least good for eating.
Deliver that at once.
Come on! Hurry up! Move it!
That's it.
- Where you going?
- I'm going to plead for terms.
No!
What else is there to do?
We hold.
We hold for What? The French?
They're not coming.
- I'll ask for terms.
- No!
We swore an oath. An oath!
To Albany. To England.
Your oath is worthless.
Magna Carta is worthless.
The Church has annulled it.
Whatever happens here is meaningless.
No. No. Wait!
- That's enough, Squire.
- Becket?
Your boy here
tried to take the old man's head off.
Becket, leave him be.
Now, Guy...get away from him.
- Now.
- Or what?
You'll kill me?
- Guy...
- Shut up!
Baron de Albany
gave his life for his beliefs.
What have you given for yours?
Coward.
There's no salvation to this end.
Our souls...
are damned.
You are not a coward.
- What are you doing?
- I'm writing my name.
How do you do that?
Master Guy taught me.
Well, that's you all done then.
What makes a man like you so angry?
I've been angry so long...
I don't even remember.
It's kept you
alive though, I suppose.
I don't think
it's gonna get us through this one.
- What do you think they're doing?
- Pigs. For a sapper's fire.
- Sappers?
- They're digging a mine underneath us.
Pig's fat, it burns,
with the heat of a crucible.
Make Way!
Go on! Go!
Whoa!
Whoa there!
Whoa!
Bring them in.
We've got a bigger problem.
Hah! Get in there!
Go on!
Coteral.
It's hot.
- So what are we gonna do now?
- Templar.
We get to the other side of the keep.
Guy, take the women to the chapel, huh?
Go!
Hurry, Isabel.
Get down! Get down!
- I think he's gone.
- I'm not making that mistake again.
Come on.
OK.
One, two.
Oh, Maddy. She was beside me.
Becket. Becket.
Ha!
I'll hold them Off.
How much did they pay
to get you out those stocks?
- Five shillings.
- That is cheaper than a whore.
Come on, you filthy whores!
If they get through us,
you kill the women.
- No.
- Say it.
- I can't.
- Say it!
I'll kill the women.
Come on, you whore! Yaargh!
Aargh!
Aargh!
Forgive me.
Thomas. Thomas!
Thomas!
Save her.
No one touch him!
How's your faith now, Templar?
Why don't you come a little closer...
...and I'll show you.
Yaaaargh!
You fought bravely.
Is killing a noble thing?
But a life fought for others
is a life worth living.
That is a noble thing.
A French prince
now holds the English crown.
Not an easy decision to make.
Nor was this one.
The Order's over for you, Thomas.
You've earned your freedom
as much as any man.
Your Grace.
Come on.
We held.
Within a year,
the rebellion was won.
While fleeing for his life,
King John died of dysentery.
What was left of his treasure
was never recovered.
In time, the great keep of Rochester
was rebuilt.
It stands to this day.
So too does the noble dream that was...
Magna Carta.