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Justin and the Knights of Valour

By Manuel Sicilia

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Welcome to the kingdom of Gabilonia,
once home of the bravest knights of all.

But, not anymore.

Ever since the knights were forced to leave the kingdom
and justice officers took their place,
we get a new law every day.

Article one. It is forbidden
to SHOUT in the streets.

- This bread is hard as a rock.

- "Hard as a rock."

- Are you saying this is yesterday's bread?

- "Yesterday's bread."

Yeah, rock hard, like your head.

Uh... "Like your 'ead."

Keep walking. Keep walking.

This is gonna cost you. Horseshoes are worn...

Illegal front lights.

- But officer...

- License and registration!

Identity papers and permits please.

For you and the horse.

But officer...

- Everything's just crazy.

- But I don't even know what

a "vacication" book is.

Sorry miss, we're going to have to impound the cat.

- No!

- This bread is rubbish.

Mr. Nicasio, may I?

Sparkles!

Hey, little girl, did they read you your rights?

But I don't even know what my rights is.

Quick, before he comes back.

This is where I live with my father.

Who happens to be the most important
lawyer in the kingdom.

I have a big exam to get into Law School soon
and I really should be studying, but... in truth...

"...in truth, it wasn't the first time he faced a dragon,"
but this time it was different. This was Gdraf,
the three headed dragon.

If any of the Knights of Valour
had a chance against it, it was.

"Sir Roland."

My grandfather!

Justin!

Your breakfast is getting cold.

Rise and shine. It's a truly splendid day.

Yes...

father.

Allow me master.

This came for you. They were enthusiastic to have you.

- But I thought there was an entry exam.

- Not for my son.

Law school will be the best years of your life

Treasure them...

- Hallowed halls where all great lawyers are born.

- Father, what if...

The long nights, studying under the stars...

- And soon your diploma will hang next to mine.

- Father...

What if... what if I didn't actually start this year?

Why not?

Because I... Because I don't want to be a lawyer.

- Hm?

- Yet.

Of course you do.

It's just it doesn't feel like the right fit for me.

- So what do you want to be?

- I've been thinking... Well...

- I want to be a knight.

- Sit down, please.

Knights are outlawed. You would be breaking the law.

And I would not let my son do that.

- Maybe the law is wrong.

- What?

Now listen, knights no long exist,

because we don't need them.

You will be twice the hero

when you learn the letter of the law.

Rather than the inarticulate ravings of the sword.

- Grandfather saved the kingdom.

- Justin, do not bring my father into this.

And he saved you. Sir Roland was...

Silence! Don't mention your grandfather again,

You understand?

But if being a knight was good enough for your father...

Enough!

You're going to Law School. And that's final.

- Justin, honey. What's wrong?

- I'm doomed.

Your father again.

You hungry?

FOR THE BRAVEST GRANDPA IN THE WHOLE WORLD

- Yes, I miss him too.

- I wish I'd known him better.

- No, thanks.

- I know, you'll make a terrible lawyer.

You're honest and not a very good liar.

And those wigs'll look awful on you.

I can't go. But I'll really hurt dad if I don't.

What should I do?

Follow me.

You've seen it a thousand times.

And you always look at it with the same foolish face.

- Hey.

- But now...

I want you to look at it carefully.

- Ever noticed something's missing?

- No.

- What am I looking for?

- Inspiration.

- You picked the wrong day for that.

- Oh, come on!

- Look harder.

- I can't see it.

Poppycock, of course you can.

There should be a sword.

Why have I never seen that before?

You were a child you dreamed it was there.

But now you're becoming a man.

Am I? Father still treats me like a child.

I know what I want. But I don't want to hurt him.

One day, when Reginald was little,

he said to your grandad:

"Dad, when I grow up I am going to be one of those men,"

"who makes laws. Because the world is

too complicated without laws."

And your grandad said: "Then son,

you will be whatever you want to be."

And he hugged him.

I remember the king's words
the day your grandad was knighted:
"Carry this sword with strength,"
"and prepare your heart for goodness."
"Never use it to do harm in anger."
"but always to defend the good and the just."

Thanks.

So, if you want to be a knight, you will need a quest.
Find grandfather's sword and bring it home.

Well done!

You must take this to the Tower of Wisdom.
Tell them who you are and give this key to them.

- They will train you to be a knight.

- But, where is the tower?

That's your first challenge.

But you'd better hurry, Justin.

The Kingdom grows weaker by the day.

Soon those who were banished will return.

And there is no one to stop them.

Home at last!

Heraclio, you're out of practice.

My respects, my queen.

I always served you faithfully and never failed you,
until you failed us. With just two signatures, you
and that lawyer put an end to our days of glory.

That was all it took.

And now after living in exile and alone.

I have to join forces with the
same vermin I once swore to fight.

Why didn't you listen?

Now I have no choice but to speak with the sword.

Now you both have to die.

Really, Sir 'H'...

We're going to get terribly healthy living here.

Well, it has character.

But as they say:

Oh, and jewellery too. Nice crown.

- What are you wearing?

- Oh, you noticed.

One of my own creations. D'you like it?

Being a soldier doesn't mean you can't
have good taste, POWER and style.

We need an army.

OK. Don't make yourself comfortable, Sota.
You and your half-wit brothers have a busy night tonight.
Tonight?
What you think of this?
Is it grown up enough for my coming of age party?
Yes! You look like a princess.
Nah! My dress has to be perfect.
People are coming from all over the kingdom.
Sebastian, please find something really stunning.
Lara, do you remember how,
even in kindergarten, I wanted to be a knight?
Uh, that is so last decade.
Well, yes, call me old fashioned.
But now I actually have a chance
of making that dream come true.
So, don't tell anyone, but
I won't be able to come to school with you.
Are you crazy? That's terrible!
I know, dearest. It's hard for me too.
In fact, there is a possibility I might never return.
- You're not serious!
- Yes, I am.
I could end my days in a stinky
dungeon or burnt by a dragon.
Now, that's so... hot!
Yes, at least 2,000 degrees... They say.
Danger will be my constant companion.
- That, and my devotion to you.
- What is this?
Of course!
A knight always carries a token of his lady's love.
A sock? Well...
I'll always keep it with me.
And one day I'll give it back to you.
Is that fool still here? Ah, sorry, dearest.
Now I need to try on my intimate things.
- Underwear.
- Oh, oh, sorry!
I shall return from my quest when you come of age.
And as a knight, that's my promise.
What just happened there, Sebastian?
I believe Master Justin has just left
with one of miss Lara's socks.
That's nice.

Uhm dear, this life is going to be the death of me.
Yoohoo!
Come on you idiot!
Nice catch.
Control your pet. We're on a mission
not a dog show.
Drop it, Skipper. Drop it, Skipper.
Good horsey!
Yoohoo!
Calculating the vector squared
by the wind speed... You, Champ.
Fifteen degrees south by southwest. - Huh?
I mean that way!
Here's the plan.
When we free the first group, Champ will bring them up.
Copas, you and me...
- You got to stay off the fizzy stuff, Copas.
- It was him!
Oh yes, we are 'The Four Fantastiques'.
Okay, action!
Now, you pinhead!
- No, no, no!
- Yes, yes, yes!
Perfect timing. I'll toast to that.
Come on Skipper!
I am looking for men. Real Men.
To join a cause.
In exchange for getting out of
here and a mountain of gold.
Lead them out.
Okay, a few thoughts...
Some curtains with vertical stripes,
will make the corridor look higher.
And maybe some flowers.
Nothing like flowers to brighten up a jail.
- Wouldn't you say?
- Intruders!
Get on back.
See you later!
Guess, I'm getting older
every single day.
Got a weight upon my shoulder
forcing me to stay.
But, I keep my eyes wide open

so I never miss a thing.

I can't find
a reason why
we can't be
something beautiful.

We can be heroes
we can be anything.

We can be heroes
give us the song to sing.

We can be heroes
just let it happen

Rise and shine.

The old "Broken Eagle". Home of legend,
adventure and... great snacks!

Welcome to the "Broken Eagle Inn"
where legendary journeys begin.

- Can I take your order?

- What happened to this place?

It was like this when I arrived, okay?

Do you know what you want or not?

This was a mythical place. Heroes met here
when they set out on their adventures.

They still do. Just look at the menu.

The deep fried pig trotters burger is an adventure.

And with the cod liver kebab
you're definitely risking your life.

- My name is Justin.

- Justin. A noble, but rather lame name.

Yeah. I was hoping that I might find a wizard.

- You want fries with that?

- Hey, where's my dragon burger?

Wrapped around your face if you
don't stop shouting right now!

We love our customers. Oh oh! Here comes trouble.

- Talia!

- Meet our bouncers.

Service, wench!

Can't you see I'm busy here with a real customer?

You were hired to protect the bar, not to drink.

And who are you to say what we can or cannot do?

The only one around here with a brain.

- Unhand her.

- Did I hear something?

No one treats a lady that way in my presence.

Okay...

Why don't you pick on somebody your own size?

Oh.

You? OK, now I'm ready.

Oh, that's gonna help.

Hey, handsome.

Hello!

Don't try this at home.

Okay, okay!

No, no, no, no, no...

Igor, Slamski. What is going on here?

- Well, boss we...

- Sorry, boss.

The boys were playing darts

to see who gets to clean out the pig sty.

And you know what? They ended up in a draw.

Ooh, last thing I expected from you two! Initiative,
and cost reductive and cost effective.

It's not easy to work here. Thank you.

No, thank you. The name is Talia.

Next time buy your armour in the adult section.

Hey, this is pretty.

It's nothing - See here?

- That's the crest of Sir Roland.

- Please, just give it to me.

It looks like the real thing.

See that laurel? Its leaves flow left.

- On all the merchandising it flows right.

- Wow!

- You want to look after that.

- Not many people know that.

Sir Roland killed 16 dragons. A world record.

Some say 15, but they are not counting Balthazar and...

But I say, one less dragon is one less dragon.

That's exactly what I say.

So, you on some kind of quest?

I seek the Tower of Wisdom to become a knight.

And return the sword of Roland to its rightful home.

You're serious, aren't you?

That's why I came here looking for a wizard.

The closest thing we have to offer is...

Tada! Melquiades!

OK. What have I got to lose?

Oy! Bring me another beer. And this

time with a bit of froth on the top. Alright?

Yes... boss.

Hello?

Hello, stranger. May the power
of the dark light be with you.

- My name is Justin.

- Silence. Don't say a thing.

My third eye can see inside you.

Your name is...

- Justin.

- Yes, that's what I just said.

- And you are Melquiades?

- No, my name is Karolius.

Herald of the dark light.

Just a moment. I'm receiving something strong.

It's...

- No, it's you.

- That could be a sock I...

No. Your aura. It's powerful.

Yes, I'm looking for a place. The Tower of Wisdom.

I know all the magical places,

all the magical creatures in the kingdom.

Except that one, never heard of the place.

But I know, who will know...

- Melquiades.

- Melquiades? But...

Just pronounce my name and I am here.

One moment, I have to take this.

Ah, OK. Alright. Bye bye. Bye bye.

Alright! Bye bye! Karolius said.

You have to find the Tower of Wisdom

and this information is here, somewhere.

But the creatures of the bright light

in the 5th sphere show me how to

transmit that information to you through the silver cord.

- What cord?

- This one.

Through this ectoplasm-razma-dazma cord,

I'll pass my knowledge on to you.

- Do you know any other wizards?

- Yes, Karolius, but,

oh no, as a wizard, no. Sorry dear, no.

Oy, is that beer coming or what?

Here, boss. With extra froth.

Oh yeah!

If you prefer the classics, I can draw a map for you.

Brilliant.

Just follow that line. The wiggly one, right there.

Good thing you came to me and not Karolius.

He's talentless, dear, talentless.

Hey I heard that. Say that again, and I'll...

What? You what, you quack?

You wanna step outside and say that again?

I'll say it as many times you need.

- Quack, quack, quack, quack!

- Outside! Now!

So, crackpot or wizard?

Probably both. Literally.

Hey, this is better than nothing.

You're funny. Good luck, hero's apprentice.

- You have to come back and tell me how it went.

- Count on it.

By your command, Your Highness.

Lily, my dear, it's been ages. - My Queen.

These walls have witnessed better times.

I remember when we celebrated

the triumphs of our heroes here.

I heard rumours a band of villains

are planning something.

Yes. Before they only stole gold.

But now they breaking men out of prison...

We hear they've assembled an army.

Without knights, we are defenseless, Lily. I...

I fear I've made a big mistake.

Wow, just look at that! Who are you?

I have never seen such beauty

and masculinity in one man before.

But... wait!

There! And that's it.

Oh, Angel.

Did it hurt when you fell from heaven?

- Works every time.

- I'm concerned to hear from Reginald.

That young Justin is missing. - He's not lost.

But thank you.

I'll always care about you and your family.

Roland holds a special place in my heart.

Oh, I do so miss those times.

And your people do too. They are unhappy.
They long for their heroes.
And to celebrate their triumphs.
Back to a time when the best kegs of beer
were opened in their honour
and ladies pined for their love.
No woman I know could resist falling
for a man in shining armour.
Beers? Ladies?
Oh boy! With that body and this face,
we're going to go far.
Crackpot or wizard?
Maybe a wizard.
And now what?
Hey!
Hey! Hey!
Alright!
Hold your horses, laddie.
- Are you lost?
- No... no, sir.
- I'm here to receive training.
- In what, bell ringing?
- No, I want to become a knight.
- Hm, how nice.
I know, er, and I have this.
Er... somewhere...
Here!
- Hm, so you're Sir Roland's son.
- I'm his grandson.
Come along, young man. Get into the boat.
- So, how long've you been the ferryman?
- Do I look like a ferryman?
- He's so young and rather scrawny.
- Braulio, calm down.
You see? Told you.
My name is Braulio. And you are here because...
- Because I want to be trained.
- Thank Goodness.
After so many years without candidates,
we were on the verge, of leaving th...
Don't bore the boy with our affairs
Braulio. That's enough!
- And this is the great Sir Blucher.
- The Sir Blucher?

- Ah, I'm honoured.
- Do you really know me lad?
- Or are you just being diplomatic?
- No!

No, I've read all about you.

You're all over my copy of
"Tales of The Knights of Valour".

- But ahm...
- Spit it out, young man.

Well, but... but... You're shorter in real life.
Honesty, huh? You're off to a good start, laddie.

Let me show you what Braulio is up to.

Here we have a game going on with brothers
from another order in the Far East.

Don't touch, lad. - Ah, there she is.

Four generations have played this single game
for every 450 years.

They've spent months coming up with this move.

What a ridiculous move!

They don't have a chance. 392.1

00:

Oh, they... they... k-k-killed my dragon! 393.100:31:09,300

00:

Justin, pull the bell and get Legantir up here.

Sure.

Oh, no!

Braulio!

- What's happening to him?
- Get Legantir.
- What's wrong with him?
- He's having one of his fits. Hurry!

What's all the noise about? Braulio?

That was magic.

Come on lad, it's better we go. Let him recover in peace.

Yes.

I'm older than you I'm smaller than you.

Stop dreaming, Justin. Attack!

Ladsen!

Oh-oh! That's a beauty.

This abbey has too many leaks. And me too many aches.

Come on. Surprise me.

If you're not sure of a move. Don't do it.

Don't give your opponent an opportunity.
- Do you want to rest?
- "Do you want to rest?"
That's no fighting talk! Feint!
Diagonal attack. Do it!
The old contraptions take a while to get started,
but we still work.
Fewer moves, but more precise.
Don't forget to protect the crown jewels.
Aye, laddie. The suit doesn't make the man.
The man makes the suit.
Now you lost dear lad.
That doesn't mean to say you have to like it. Now...
go take a bath. You stink like a troll.
I got up a thousand times last night.
Well, that's what comes with old age.
No, I was worried.
I don't know if we should do this. He's too young.
It's dangerous.
He has his grandfather's heart, I can tell ye.
That's what I'm afraid of.
Forgive us, my lord, I got held up in town.
And I took advantage of the visit
to see the latest fashions
and to hear the latest gossip too.
Allow me to present
your army!
Is this the best you could do?
Hey!
You are scum!
Scum. Because that is what this foolish system
of foolish laws has made you.
But I say you are more than that.
Together we can show them how weak they are.
That their pathetic laws are nothing against our swords.
We can make them beg for their lives.
If you fight by my side,
I promise, those miserable people,
who unfairly keep you behind bars, will pay for it.
Join me, and I will train you into a fighting machine.
Stick with me and you will each
have a place in the new kingdom.
And wealth beyond your wildest dream.
- I want more men.

- More men?

What? We don't have any more gold.

Well, then we'll have to get more.

Hey, angel, did it hurt when you fell out of heaven?

What?

It's nothing, ah. I'd like to talk to the boss.

Me too. He owes me two weeks' pay.

Miss, do you need me to defend you?

Are you in some kind of trouble?

Nothing that I can't deal with myself, Sir Glance-a-lot.

Oh, and don't forget to come to our costume night.

There are some big prizes.

- I want your best room.

- Oh, yes. The Royal Suite,
for the gentleman. - The best. - Your name?

Hey, I'm working here.

A damsel is in distress.

Stop this injustice.

This damsel in distress is now safe.

Let go of me. Touch me one more time,
and we'll see who's in distress. And thank you.

- Those napkins could have killed me.

- Paper cuts can be very painful.

- Who do you think you are?

- Who am I?

Villagers, peasants,
people in general and hot damsels...
gather around. Over here. Yea.

I am... Sir Clorex.

Defender of... errr...

Widows, yeah, orphans...

and beautiful damsels, such as this one.

And I have chosen to honour
this village with my presence,
ensuring that life here goes on peacefully,
under the protection of my powerful arm.

- Check it out.

- Finally, a knight!

I am proud to walk in this beautiful land,
that is now much more so,
thanks to my gracious silhouette,
and distinguished profile.
I shall use my skills and my noble soul,
to defend what is right and fair. Thank you.

Alright, take it easy. He'll be here all week.

Three cheers for myself. Hip, hip... Hooray!

Hip, hip... Hooray! Hip, hip... Hooray!

Braulio! You have to be more careful.

- Get out of here.

- It wasn't...

Go!

Hey, Mel. Closing time.

I wonder how Justin's doing. I hope he's Ok.

He's going.

How do you know? Did you connect with him telepathically?

No, he's fine, because you're still thinking about him. Now tell.

Real cute, Mel But he's not my type.

- She likes him.

- Well...

For once we agree on something.

I've heard that tune before.

My parents sang it to me when I couldn't sleep.

I suppose their parents sang it to them.

- Where is your mother now?

- She died when I was little.

Oh, I'm am sorry to hear that.

So you and your father must be very close.

I'm... I'm, sorry about what happened to Braulio today.

Don't apologize, just learn from it.

What exactly is wrong with him?

One of his experiments didn't turn out as he expected.

And his brain hasn't worked properly ever since.

All I do know is that there's two sides to every coin.

Do you think I can do this?

In all honesty, I can't answer that.

But you are right to have doubts.

If you didn't, I'd be worried.

Up until now I've only dreamed of being a knight

I don't know if I'm brave enough.

To go against you father's wishes

means that you have to believe in yourself.

That alone marks you out as a brave... man.

- You were going to say "boy."

- Yes.

- Yes, I was.

- I'm glad you didn't.

What next?

[A star is a strong defense]

Follow me lad. We've many things to do today.

I want you to visit a very special place.

You're going to see something that very few have seen.

Come on.

Welcome to the Hall of Heroes.

The Knights of Valour - Indeed.

Each unique and one of a kind.

- Each the essence of altruism and courage.

- This is incredible.

Sir Grower, Sir Aglif,

Sir Gladolvin.

And this one?

Someone who no longer deserves to be here.

- Sir Heraclio.

- Your grandfather's murderer.

The reason my father despises knights.

Things are never that simple.

No one's ever told me what really happened.

That's why you're here.

Follow me.

There he is, the last of us. My best friend.

Sir Roland, your grandfather.

The greatest knight, the Kingdom has ever known.

Now, do you have that key your granny gave you?

- The key, laddie!

- Oh... Um... Yes.

Where is the sword? What does this mean?

It means that your quest is just beginning.

- You know where it is, don't you?

- Of course I do.

Let me tell you a tale. The true tale
of your grandfather and his sword.

When we the defended the walls of Rhull,
our King died.

And the Queen was left alone, heartbroken
and too troubled to govern.

Your father decided that
rather than follow Sir Roland's steps.

He wanted to be a lawyer.

And the Queen relied on him to help her rule the kingdom.

But every change brings more change.

Oaths and deeds invaded every part of our lives.

The Queen believed this would bring an end

to the kind of fighting that had killed her King.
So, ignoring her heart she signed that fateful decree
and outlawed knights.
All of them obeyed, save one.
Sir Heraclio accused the queen, of being weak,
and the lawyers, of usurping her power.
He lunged toward the Queen and Reginald.
And that is how two knights,
who had once been comrades in arms
fought to the death.
Sir Roland disarmed Heraclio.
He had the opportunity to kill him. But he hesitated.
And so Sir Roland's sword was stained with his own blood.
The most noble hero, that this land had ever known,
paid the highest price
to save his son and his Kingdom.
And the rest is History.
So, Heraclio has the sword. Then I'll find him.
Easy, laddie. First you have to be prepared.
He's a great fighter. And you're a scrawny little runt.
He'll chew you up and he'll spit you out.
- And?..
- I like you spirit. Come on!
We got work to do.
Good!
Sire, I've got a plan to get more gold.
Lord Brazenhead, is the richest man in the land.
He's throwing a party for his daughter, Miss Lara.
No expense spared. All the town
cryers are shouting about it.
- Loads of money, in a single job.
- It's a piece of cake.
And besides, I'll get to meet her.
She's divine. Some people just are born stylish.
You!
- Me?
- Come here!
Let me demonstrate. When I say thrust,
I don't mean point or reach.
I mean THRUST!
Now, let's try again.
And you, do whatever you
need to do, to initiate the plan.
I have to admit, Justin is

doing better than I thought he would.
He has a good teacher.
Get off, your stupid bird.
It's weird. The next move isn't due for another 3 weeks.
Oh dear me, our brothers in the north have seen Heraclio.
We thought this might happen but not so soon.
Clever. The loyal knights are gone
and the kingdom is undefended.
- Who's going to stop him?
- I will go. And stop him.
- Blucher, you're too old.
- Balderdash! I can do it.
And the boy could help me. He's ready.
He's not ready. It's too soon.
Heraclio will eat him for breakfast and you know it.
Remember Roland?
So, what do we do? Go out and look for knights?
Of course not. It's too late.
Let's try. See if he's ready.
We'll do it. But listen, if he fails, he'll return home.
I will not put his life in danger.
Justin, now we'll see how much you've learned.
For this test we chose a classic, a dragon.
In the absence of magical creatures,
meet Gustav!
You must hit weakest part with your lance.
I'm so scared!
You will be.
Banzai!
Prepare to be barbecued!
Not that!
No, no, no!

Yes! 629.100:

He has to go. He has to go.
I'll kill-ya! I'll kill-ya!
Braulio, your vow of patience.
I told you, I'm gonna kill him!
Justin?
- Justin.
- Oh!
He's not breathing.
Where is it?
Thank goodness.

This was a mistake.

One needs many important qualities to be a knight.

And I'm sorry, but you just don't have them.

Your destiny isn't here.

Return to your father. The line of Roland ends here.

Do you want to say anything?

Wait!

I believe you've a strong heart.

And that can get you into deep trouble, lad.

- You're going to need this.

- No, I can't.

- It's yours.

- No arguments.

- I didn't come here to eat pie.

- It's rhubarb. It used to be your favourite.

- Why didn't you stop him?

- Why didn't we stop you,

when you started making rules for everything.

Rules that makes people unhappy.

Those rules make all of us equal.

And help us to live with each other.

Those rules say what is just!

Sometimes justice and the law are not the same thing.

Maybe your son understands, something you don't.

He's just a child playing children's games.

I will not allow my son to be

a sad imitation of those pathetic knights.

Don't you ever talk like that again.

Your father was one of them.

He would be ashamed to know how pig-headed

and narrow minded his son has become.

Talk with your son. No, better yet, listen to your son.

- How? He is not here.

- If you knew your son,

you would know that there is something

he wouldn't miss for the world.

Lara's party.

No, we didn't fill that form A38, whatever that is.

If you want to, you can wait for the owner.

But let me do my job.

Of course, I'll wait.

I already told you...

- Justin!

- Sorry, didn't mean to startle you.

- So, are you a knight now?

- I failed. Flunked.

- They're fools.

- Well, at least I tried.

Yes, and I admire that you did.

- Service, over here!

- Hey, listen up!

- Our distinguished guest is thirsty.

- Yes, I'm coming.

- Good grief!

- Who's he?

If you ask him, he's every girl's
knight in shining armour.

If you ask me, he's a fraud.

Clo... rex. The mark of Clorex.

A knight who asks for money
to sign his name is a false knight.

Another beer, waitress. Do you want
me to write you a pretty ditty?

No, but I've got one for you.

You think you're quite witty And ever so pretty.

But you drive me berserk, Cause you're such a j...

Apologize to Sir Clorex Immediately.

Kneel and beg for forgiveness.

Hey, leave her alone.

Nah, don't worry, my boys will take care of him.

- Okay.

- Nice to see you again.

I've got this. Amazing what a little practice can do.

No, we've got this.

- Thanks for the stick.

- That's not a stick.

This is a stick.

Yoo-hoo! You want me to supersize that for you?

Okay, supersize it is.

Oh, dear!

You'rrrrrrrrrrrrre...

Fired?... No, I quit.

- Good night.

- Good night.

- Ready.

- Wow! That looks better.

Great, I can't pay the rent, but at least I look better.

- How come you fight so well?

- I have older brothers.

Sounds like a lovely family.

- Hey, you need a sidekick?

- I'm not a knight, remember?

Listen, if Sir Flippin' the Chicken-hearted
in there, can pretend to be a knight,

- Don't even try.

- You can't give up.

- Did you see us back there?

- I've let everyone down.

- Even Lara.

- Who's Lara?

The lady I wanted to dedicate my deeds to.

I promised I would go back to her

coming of age party. And give her back her sock.

- Her... sock?

- Why a sock?

It's a long story. - Strange boy.

I wanted to come back a knight,

and I'm coming back a loser.

You have to go. But not by yourself.

With a wizard and a girl like me

on your arm you'll get your princess.

Ladies and gentlemen, Master Justin and...

- Talia.

- And...

Melquiades, Supreme Sorcerer and

Master of the Magic Arts.

- Ladies and...

- Wait, wait. And Corolios..

- Herald of the Dark Light.

- I don't remember this in my contract.

- You said that she was rich but...

- I think her family invented money.

- There!

- I told you he'd be here.

Ladies and gentlemen...

Lady Lara Brazenhead and her partner the brave...

the incomparable...

the celebrated...

the really awesome... - Yeah!

And the modest...

Sir Clorex!

Good boy, good boy, well done.

- How could she?
- They make a perfect couple.
Hi, hi! I know, I know.
- Hi, Lara...
- Lara, darling.
You're here? How lovely to see you.
So, you and the waitress huh?
She looks better without the hat.
May I?
Angel!
- You look beautiful.
- I know.
Long time no see. Who's your date?
- Her name's Talia.
- She suits you.
And her outfit is perfect for every occasion.
- You look good, though.
- I've been working out.
- What did she say?
- She says you're quirky.
Sorry. D'you think she's jealous yet?
- Oh, yeah.
- Sorry again.
And to my next trick I need a volunteer,
To send him into another dimension.
Hey, hey, hey. Wait, wait. Wait.
For your pleasure, coming to us directly from performing
in the court of Franz The Fickle. Oww!
I present to you the Sota Brothers.
What the hell?
Power and Style. Yes!
Ugh! Clowns. I hate clowns.
If you need me, I'll be at the dessert table.
I need something strong.
Tonight is going to be a night of spectacle,
of excitement and...
audience participation. I'm looking for some help.
A willing victim, if you like.
The amazing Miss Lara.
What? She's not going anywhere.
Oh! And you are?
The one who will defend his lady to the death.
- Oh, how noble!
- Come on, Justin, it's just a game.

Do you like my ring?

Welcome to the circus. Chocolate. Straight.

- Let me go, you brute!

- Let her down!

- Get away from my son.

- Dad! No, dad, they'll kill you.

- Release my son.

- Boys, do as the lawyer says.

Ah, what perfect skin!

If daddy wants his pretty little daughter
to grace a beauty salon again.

The ransom is 10,000 gold coins. He has 48 hours.

- Finally! Sir Clorex!

- Sir Clorex? A Knight?

My hero! Oh, my knight in shining armour.

You said there weren't any knights in the kingdom.

- Let's go.

- No, we need the girl for the plan.

He may be a knight but he is facing three brave soldiers
who are undaunted by him. - Mom!

Oh! This is so unprofessional.

And don't come back!

Or you'll taste the sharp edge of my sword.

My sword, I mean.

Hey! Come here! Imbeciles!

- Justin.

- Sorry Justin, let me help you.

- Dad, I'm all right.

- So, this is Sir Justin.

Yes, I would be safe with you.

I think daddy was right, Justin,

You should go to Law School.

But not with me.

The monks were right.

Please, Dad. Just take me home.

Did you see them run?

Just seeing you, made them run away.

I know. I have that effect on people.

I I've never felt so...

so... insulted in my life.

- Insulted?

- Ten thousand coins?

My father would have paid much more.

- You know my family invented...

- Money, yes, so you keep saying.

My father could have paid a hundred thousand.

Maybe more. Maybe a million.

A million? A what? Un, dos, tres, quatro, cinco...

- Five zeroes?

- Actually six... darling.

Are you okay?

- This is new.

- Oh, yes, new. I am kidnapping you.

- No!

- No, I'm just kidding.

- Oh, I like this. Don't stop.

- No, I'm not.

Noble steed, take us far away from here.

Not that way!

Not that way!

Sinners never sleep. Wake up, please, with me

I don't want to be alone Take my heart as yours

The hands are pulling me down No sound, I'm drowned

Be, got to be myself, I got to be

Got to be myself, no one else.

Got to be, got to be myself For a while

Calm down. We'll find the girl.

How? Your haven't even started searching yet.

First, the missing person report must be filed.

- She'll be dead by then.

- Somebody go get Sir Clorex.

He'll do something.

- Justin?

- Better close the window.

Justin, I looked for you at the party but...

Where are you going?

Where I should have gone in the first place, Law School.

Just in case you haven't heard,

Lady Lara Moneybags has been kidnapped after all.

- You made an oath to her, Justin.

- My son is going to Law School.

- The justice officers will take care of that.

- Yeah. I can see that.

- I can't allow it.

- Dad, somebody has to save her.

- It's too dangerous.

- I have to do this.

- Son...

- Please, don't try to stop me.
I won't.
I'll be careful. And I'll be back.
After the party, those three must have come back for her.
I see the girl. In a... dark tower!
But, there is something more. I see a dark army.
The apocalypse is upon us!
- You have such little faith.
- I believe you, my friend.
Come on. Lead the way.
Me?
- Oh, great! Now we're lost.
- Are you blaming me for being lost?
Well, who else can I blame?
You're the one who got us lost.
Why didn't you ask somebody?
Who is there to ask in this godforsaken place?
- A rock, you fool?
- How much further now?
Just... he-he... jus-just let me try.
After exiting the tunnel, turn right.
Now, turn right.
- Now, turn right.
- Mel, Mel...
Mel, stop!
Recalculating route.
- You're sure we're not lost?
- Ah, I see two waterfalls.
Let me use my power.
- Between the two, I see a dark tower.
- What?
So, this is working for you, is it?
Why would he drag her up here?
I don't know. I just see what I see with my third eye.
You can't see anything with that eye. It's painted on.
There!
Yeah!
You have reached your destination.
Come on.
- Melquiades...
- Stop, don't step on my map. Be careful.
This is Reticulum.
- No, beware, this is Ganymede.
- I'm sorry.

- Oh. No.

- Oh, this is a mere stone.

If it gets dark and we're not back,
you must warn them at the village.

No-no-no-no. I have a better idea.

I shall summon the winged fire beast.

The creature of flames which waits
in the bowels of the earth for my call.

Now I feel much better. But just in case...

- If something happens, warn the village.

- Okay. Telepathically or in person?

- So cool!

- Would you stop doing that?

Sorry!

Nyah, Nyah Nyah!...

Party pooper.

Impossible to work with these... these people.

Useless, foolishness!

That's what happens when you send three charlatans,
to do the work of... real soldiers.

If you hadn't appeared with that girl,
the whole plan would've been ruined.

Tomorrow finally my army will march
triumphantly into the throne room.

Who are they? What are they talking about?

Sir, when daddy pays up...

For a knight, you think too much about riches.

Ah, but of course! You must be one of those noblemen
who give away their booty to the needy.

That's it! There is this school
for little orphans, and...

and they can't eat.

Their little hands tremble so much that they can't
hold on to the food and... breaks your heart!

Now I remember.

Didn't we meet at the Battle of... Burntwood?

Oh, yea, yea! Of course. Now I remember.

- Hello, little ones.

- Uh, Justin...

Your lordship certainly lopped off
a few heads a day, heh?

What... swordsmanship!

Kill him.

Do you want an autograph or something?

Release the lady!

- You?

- You?

Hm?

I knew it!

Hey, you, henchmen, get them. And make it quick!

- I surrender.

- Stop! I have a sword.

And it is very sharp.

Coward!

Power and... You, half-wits, strike the pose.

Power and Style! Power and Style! Go on, lads.

The circus again. - Let's go for them.

Come on Skip!

Darling, a little more style in your poses, please.

You are a girl, after all.

Stylish hat.

You! Stop dreaming, you dunderhead!

Attack him!

- Yes.

- No.

- They will appear from the North.

- They will appear from the South.

- From the North.

- South.

Just a second.

I'm going to break it.

Don't pull my head... hair.

You shouldn't let him treat you that way!

Attack him!

Go on, idiot!

Sir, would you be so kind as to
lend me your weapon for a moment?

- Please.

- P-p-please?

Sorry, pony.

Where are the brake on this thing?

Thank you, kind sir.

You are welcome.

Little brat!

Good sword play, girl. But
you should watch your rear guard.

- Dunderhead, you.

- My thanks again.

- Not at all.
- You cretin!
- Hey, handsome.
- What?

Power and...

- Nice profile.
- Talia, are you okay?

Yes.

- Impressive!
- Sir Heraclio.

You don't know me, but I knew you when you were very small, son.

The name is Justin. And I know who you are and what you did.

You're blaming the wrong person for his death.

You and I want the same thing. Fight by my side.

What for? To steal the throne?

Because that's what you plan to do, isn't it?

Fine! If you don't join my army, you will face it.

- I wish you hadn't come.
- What?

No. I mean, I wish you weren't here.

Excuse me?

What I mean is, I don't want anything to happen to you.

- Shall we finish them off?
- Let's finish them off.
- The boy needs us.
- Yes, he does.
- I am one.
- Divide into more.

Creatures of flames, come out of your lair.

Answer my call, and help us all!

We did it!

Yeah!

That doesn't seem like a fair fight.

- Blucher.
- Looks like I'm just in time.

You two know each other?

Justin's a faster learner than you were, Heraclio.

And who exactly is going to stop us? You?

Maybe.

- Gustav!
- Gustav?

Ouch!

It's only a crocodile. Come back.

Alright, old man.

Just you and me, right here, right now.

- Getting old?

- Just cross swords with me

and you'll see.

Your bones never worked because of the humidity.

Even so, I managed well.

The brat escapes.

You got rusty in your beautiful Abbey.

I chose to stay in my kingdom instead of betraying it.

I wanted what was best for us.

You're lies don't work on me. I'll stop you!

It wasn't supposed to end like this.

No!

Finish me off, you madman.

We both know you like to kill knights.

- Blucher.

- It's just a scratch. I'll be fine.

- You finish the job, son.

- But I'm not sure, I...

You can do it.

Are you leaving already? Chicken!

As you wish.

- I always knew you were a freak.

- I don't fight women.

- A fraud.

- I love them.

- A phony.

- I'm just warming up.

So, the knight in shining armour
turned out to be the black knight.

Blucher obviously didn't teach you all his tricks.

Face it, you just don't have what it takes.

That's rich, coming from you.

Don't get comfortable, boy. The throne is mine.

Thanks, that also belongs to me.

Tomorrow this land will have a new king.

Who won't let anything get in his way.

You'll never sit on the throne.

My grandfather stopped you then and I'll stop you now.

Everything that's happened is all your father's fault.

You liar!

- That sword belongs to my family.

- So why don't you come and get it?

Very honourable.

You move well. Just like him.

Don't even think about mentioning his name.

Wait, wait!

I only want the return of the knights.

You and me are alike.

Join my cause. It's an honourable one.

There is no honour in seizing power by force.

- I would rather die.

- So be it.

You had your chance, but now it's over, boy.

Erratic child.

Your father ruined my life, and now I'll ruin his.

By killing you.

How sweet. You clung to your
grandfather's sword until the end.

But now it has to return to me.

And I will use it to kill your father.

- What?

- Never!

Blucher!

Oh no, oh no, no.

- No, please. Don't go.

- I found it.

These plants might help.

It must be put on the wound. Gently.

For this spell to work, I need the hand of a magician.

And the hand of a true knight.

- But, I'm not a knight.

- You are.

Please don't... Please don't die.

Oh no, oh no, no, no, please, don't go.

Too late.

Who was he?

He was my grandfather's...

He was... he was my friend.

- Don't bury me yet, laddie.

- Blucher!

You did it.

I knew you could.

What's taking him so long?

Now I know why.

Justin, you have shown courage,

kindness, and you saved the kingdom.
For this, you will receive the highest honour.
The title of knight.
But in order for it not to be illegal
we have one thing to do first.
The decree that bans knights must be overturned.
For this we need two signatures.
It is time to amend our mistake.
Son, he died in my arms.
What if by signing this law, I lose you too?
Wait!
My queen, I'm deeply grateful.
But I must respectfully decline this honour.
For my father's sake.
No. My son Justin is no longer a child.
If I didn't understand that, I'd really lose him.
Just as it should be.
Justin, do you accept
the heavy burden that knighthood entails,
and swear fidelity to your kingdom?
Carry this sword with strength
and prepare your heart for kindness.
Never use it to do harm or to offend,
but use it to defend what is good and just.
Receive these strikes and not others, in remembrance of
the oath that you have made.
Arise, Sir Justin!
I promised to dedicate my knighthood
to you, and I keep my word.
My triumph is also yours.
No, really, you shouldn't have.
Now, I'm free to my promise.
I don't know why I didn't realized it before.
Maybe you're too perfect as a friend
to think of you in any other way.
But Talia, would you do me the honour...
of letting me accompany you to...
The whole world partied that night,
but Sir Justin, simply dined with his true love.
And of course they were not alone.
We never are.
Because up there, in the stars above, all the heroes,
past, present and future,
look down upon us and smile.

Well, I'm impressed. The boy really did it.
His teachers were pretty good too.
And who knows? Maybe this is just the beginning.
You're right, Legantir, the beginning of a new age.
A new age for new heroes.