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# King Arthur and the Knights of the Round Table

By Scotty Mullen

In medieval England, the kingdom  
of Camelot was under attack.  
I, King Arthur, and the remaining  
Knights of the round table  
were driven deep below Camelot where  
the final battle against the evil sorceress,  
Morgana, would decide  
the future of mankind.  
Destroy them!  
Stop them!  
Morgana!  
Merlin, end this!  
Down on your knees.  
I said, get on your knees!  
Harmony.  
Unity.  
Freedom.  
The Kingdom of Camelot  
had all of this  
until the bowels of hell  
vomited up two beings  
who defy law and logic.  
Mordred.  
Your soulless heart  
is nothing more  
than a foul regurgitation  
of your mother's sick  
incestuous obsession of me.  
You burned down our monasteries  
and convents hoping that  
we would worship you  
as a god instead.  
How mistaken you are.  
And Morgana le Fay, whose mad  
attempt to make my wife  
infertile only resulted in  
cursing the entire world.  
Because of you, every woman  
and animal is now barren.  
The Earth itself refused  
to grow and feed us.  
You want me to reverse  
the spell?  
Make me Camelot's true monarch.

No more spells!  
The only way of expelling your  
black magic is by stripping the  
world of the source that cursed  
it to begin with.  
You plan to kill me with  
my own sword?  
Excalibur is mine.  
The Excalibur is a part of me  
more than my own blood,  
I was cradled in the gold  
it's made with.  
And I have far more control of  
the gemstone than you think.  
For I am the real  
Lady of the Lake.  
What you created shall  
destroy you.  
Kill me, and I'll come back  
as a demon and possess you.  
Send me to Hell and I'll  
copulate with Satan himself.  
I grant you immunity from age  
and sickness.  
Death is too merciful.  
Emit the sword.  
Mother!  
What have you done to her?  
The same thing  
I've done to myself.  
Now all the world's magic  
is contained in Excalibur.  
Arthur, I plead with you,  
send them to hell.  
And what becomes of the sword?  
Magic is like matter.  
They are all the same thing.  
They come in many forms, but we just have  
to keep them away from the human beings.  
Get on the throne.  
Arthur! Punish me,  
but spare our son.  
I said get on the throne!  
Please. Arthur.

-Please!  
-Get on the throne now!  
You want Camelot?  
It's yours.  
Forever!  
Is this how we're going to  
spend immortality?  
Hurtling endlessly  
into oblivion?  
It may take years.  
Centuries even.  
But I will reclaim the power  
that was taken from me.  
And boil the veins  
of Arthur's bloodline.  
I swear it!  
Okay, I give up.  
You know, if you kill me,  
you have to cook dinner for  
yourself tonight.  
Tomm yam goong?  
How about  
steak and potatoes?  
Okay. I love local food.  
Such chivalry.  
King Arthur would be proud.  
Or is it King Richard?  
You've been talking to my  
cousin, haven't you?  
Are we going to move  
into a castle?  
Stop teasing me.  
Isn't that what tomorrow  
is all about?  
A chance for the descendants of  
the Knights of the Round Table  
to meet up and fight?  
Look, if Gunner wants to believe  
our family used to run around  
wearing suits of armor,  
slaying dragons, that's fine.  
But not me.  
Which one are you related to?  
Like I follow that

genealogy crap.  
Come on. Just tell me.  
I don't know. Sir Kay.  
Or Sir Galahad.  
Or Sir Motorboat.  
Your shoulder again?  
Always there to remind me  
why I didn't make the NFL draft.  
Are you going to be okay for the  
tournament tomorrow?  
Yeah. I'll compete in a  
wheelchair if I have to.  
I came all the way out here on my leave  
specifically for the tournament.  
I've got to show the family  
I'm still number one.  
You know, it's not that serious.  
Besides, I don't want you to be  
too sore to climb Bell Mountain.  
Look, I'll go see Elaine in the  
morning. She'll set it right.  
Is she really related to Merlin?  
I am going to kill Gunner for filling  
your head with all these stories.  
What? He says it's true. And that Elaine  
hides out in Bangkok to stay anonymous.  
All I know is she makes more  
money massaging millionaires  
than I make busting my ass  
for the Marines.  
You know, I kind of like the idea of  
you being a Knight in shining armor.  
Although the whole "damsel in  
distress" is not my thing.  
It's okay.  
I got enough distress  
for both of us.  
Here?  
The doors are locked.  
We're alone.  
And, it's kind of  
a dojo tradition.  
You hate traditions.  
Yeah but...

I could  
get used to this one.  
What the?  
Look.  
Should we make a wish?  
I mean, It's probably  
just space junk.  
Okay.  
-That one right there.  
-Okay.  
I wish...  
I guess that wish  
wasn't meant to be.  
Well, we'll just have to  
make another wish.  
I can think of one.  
What's that?  
It's my wish.  
Penn.  
Are you asking me  
what I think you're asking me?  
Well, unless you say no.  
Then I got to think  
of another question.  
Yes.  
Yes. Yes.  
God, Penn.  
The scan has  
confirmed no one is aware.  
The meteor shower cloaked our  
descent for the perfect diversion.  
Although our landing was  
imperfect.  
We can't risk being seen  
until I have my powers back.  
Where are their  
defenses?  
It's a wonder that an advanced species  
hasn't enslaved this planet yet.  
Because the magic is  
still here.  
Merlin could only hide it,  
not destroy it.  
The Excalibur

is nearby.  
Shielding this pathetic world from  
the sorcery that is rightfully mine.  
I will get it back...  
and make this world pay  
for what Arthur did to us.  
Perhaps we should  
think about our attire.  
They will suffice.  
Excuse me,  
that's a lovely outfit.  
A touch of the old.  
Let's go.  
Maybe I should just get surgery.  
Surgery is just a  
temporary solution.  
What I offer is much  
more permanent.  
Good. 'Cause I can't fly to Bangkok  
every week like your rich clients can.  
Don't worry.  
I never charge family.  
We're second cousins who haven't  
seen each other in five years.  
I mean, that hardly  
counts as family.  
Well, I'm an only child,  
so I'll take what I can get.  
Then you should join us!  
It's really just an excuse to reunite  
the black sheep of the family and  
catch up with some old friends.  
I can't.  
We're booked solid with a football team,  
soccer team... whatever you all call it.  
And you're still tense.  
What's bothering you?  
I was supposed to find out about a  
promotion before I came out here.  
But so far, nothing.  
Looks like I'll always  
be a grunt.  
Maybe you need a change.  
To what?

Sword fighter for hire?  
Bro. Really?  
What are you doing here?  
You missed breakfast. Everybody was there.  
I did the scene from Lionheart.  
And I'm telling you,  
I was pretty spot on.  
-How did you find me?  
-Jenna told me.  
And again, who is this "Sir Motorboat"  
you're talking about? Really?  
I don't have time for this.  
Nice to see you guys.  
Catch up tonight?  
I got swords!  
-I'll try! I'll try.  
-I got these swords.  
-So I expect for you to be there.  
-Look, I'll try.  
It's been way too long.  
-Well, I'm going to take you up on it.  
-All right.  
So, I can't even  
slide you a tip?  
No. Just pay me by making the family  
proud and by moving to Bangkok, yeah?  
-All right. Deal.  
-All right. See you.  
We've got a busy day  
ahead of us. Don't overdo it.  
I'm fine.  
-I can call in a replacement.  
-I told you I'm fine.  
Elaine, the  
soccer team is here.  
We can rest before  
we go inside.  
No. The Excalibur  
is inside.  
Once I have it back,  
I'll never know pain again.  
Can I help you?  
What is it that you help  
people with here?



Sports therapy. Massages.  
A house of whores.  
It's not as bad as I thought.  
Why would a sword be in here?  
A sword?  
Yes. A very large sword.  
We have nothing like that here.  
Yes, you do.  
And how could you be so  
sure of that?  
Call it a mother's instinct.  
Umm. Helen, see to our guests.  
I'll be back.  
Is this structure  
apt for our use?  
Minimal exits. Solid build.  
Population of 8.  
All fit and healthy.  
Suitable specimens  
for implantation?  
I think so.  
Especially this one.  
Come on, Tasha!  
You guys know, there's no  
losers in this dojo.  
But we have to have a winner.  
So she is... Tasha Baron,  
of the house Tristan.  
Make some noise.  
I was undefeated before  
our match.  
I won't tell if you won't.  
And I mean it, don't tell.  
If my probation officer finds out I was  
handling a weapon, he'll freak out.  
It was hard enough to get  
permission to leave the country.  
Okay?  
Did Elaine teach you  
these moves?  
-She's weird.  
-You think everyone is weird.  
You're my kind of weird.  
Just ignore him.

-Excuse me for a second.

-Penn.

Gunner?

-What's up, buddy? How are you?

-Nice guest list.

-Yeah, kinda was cordial and invited everybody, man.

-How could you do this to me?

-I didn't think he was actually going to show up.

-I specifically told you...

Pendragon.

Hello, Lucas.

Congratulations on your  
engagement.

Yeah. Jenna called me  
last night.

I called because I had  
50 missed calls  
from you since you  
landed in Bangkok.

Can you just respect that  
I'm with... It's okay.

I understand.

I'm really happy for you.

Especially when I heard about  
the bad news.

Bad news?

What? They didn't tell you?

I didn't get promoted  
to Captain, did I?

I tried to put in a good  
word for you.

So, who do I report to?

You're looking at him.

New orders kick in next week  
when we report back to duty.

You got a problem?

Hey! Hey fellas. Guys.

Calm down. If you want to talk  
about this outside, you can.

-But remember, you're in the dojo.

-Why should we move?

I'm ready to fight.

Well, at least use the sparring  
swords. 'Cause I don't need this

-place to be a blood bath, all right?

-Let's do it.

Let's make some noise guys.

Let's make some noise for them.

Hey. We know there's

no losers in here!

But we need to have a winner.

So with that, your winner,

ladies and gentlemen.

From the House of Lancelot,

Lucas Evergreen.

Good spar.

You're an admirable opponent,

Pendragon.

I hope you make her

happy some day.

She was pretty pissed off

when we broke up in college.

Is there like a comic

convention in town?

-Hello?

-Disable communications.

Hello?!

Who are you?

I am Morgana le Fay.

Instigator of the

Green Army.

Ruler of the Fortunate Isle.

I am the Ultimate

Sorceress of Camelot.

And someone here

is in possession

of my private property.

It's here, I know it.

Give me the ball.

You don't have

to kill her.

No. But I want to.

Follow her.

And don't come back without

the Excalibur.

Yes, Mummy.

As you guys all know,

these blades date back to the

original founding fathers  
of the Knights  
of the Round Table.

After battle,  
they would recite the  
Oath of Chivalry.

Let's pay respect  
to them.

Raise our swords and  
do the same.

"I will develop my life  
for the greater good."

I will place character above  
riches and concern for others  
-above personal wealth."

-Yeah, right.

Penn, recite the oath, man.

Come on. Or else.

Or what?

I don't believe in the oath.

There's no chivalry here.

Elaine!

My God.

-What's wrong?

-The back of her head.

-Find my sister. Get an ambulance, guys.

-She's bleeding!

-Find Krista.

-Who?

Elaine!

Give her the Holy Grail.

Only the cup  
can unsheathe the sword.

Elaine!

But where is the sword?

She didn't have it.

But I felt the presence of  
the Excalibur here.

Instead she gave them a cup.

The Grail.

I send you to fetch my magic and  
you return with such aggravation.

Why would she risk her  
life for a mere cup?

Well, she was running  
away from you.  
She could have sought shelter.  
Well, if you were so sure they were  
the descendants of the Knights,  
then why did you not stay  
and kill them yourself?  
Were you scared?  
You rely far too much  
on technology.  
Let me show you how to put this  
knowledge to real use.  
Give me one of those things.  
Which one?  
One that we don't mind spoiling  
if this formula doesn't work.  
It was supposed to be a reunion.  
Now it's a goddamn funeral.  
Hey, brother.  
-Are the police gone yet?  
-Yeah.  
I think we should get out  
of here too.  
I thought they will never  
stop asking questions.  
I'm pretty sure they're  
not done with us yet.  
Do they know how she died?  
They said it was some  
kind of bullet.  
They why didn't we  
hear a gun shot?  
Or see anyone behind her?  
The police said... what they  
said didn't make any sense.  
Come on, Pendragon.  
Speak up.  
They said something entered her skull from behind  
and blew her brain out from the inside out.  
Only the cup can  
unsheathe the sword.  
One edge brings salvation,  
and the other  
eternal damnation.

-I've heard that poem before.  
-That's exactly what Elaine said to me when she came in here.  
At least the first  
half of it, anyway.  
It comes from a poem, actually  
a group of short stories.  
About how Morgana, she's going to get her  
revenge on the Knights of the Round Table.  
Some stories say that she  
gets it by way of fire.  
Others through a duel.  
But why would Elaine recite a  
poem to us right before she died?  
She's delirious.  
Gunner, why did she give  
me the cup?  
Is this more of that Merlin nonsense  
she was always bragging about?  
Man, I don't know why she gave  
you the cup,  
but I know there's a lot to  
Elaine that she didn't tell us.  
Like what?  
Like that Merlin stuff  
you're talking about.  
Come on.  
Yeah.  
You really expect us to  
believe that?  
I don't expect for you to believe  
it, but I know Elaine believed it.  
I mean, if the legends  
are true about this,  
which, I know they are,  
the Holy Grail has healing  
powers of, like, the Messiah.  
-I mean, feeling it right now...  
-What does it feel like?  
It tickles.  
Here. You guys want to  
check it out?  
Let me see this.  
Or you.  
It does have a strange

vibration to it.  
They say if you hold on to  
that thing long enough  
your hands can actually  
obtain the powers  
to heal the sick.  
It's awesome.  
Couldn't this grail be just a  
conduct of positive thinking?  
Who cares? What about  
that sister  
that Elaine said to give the grail to.  
Was it... Krista?  
Wait. Elaine told me she  
was an only child.  
I would need to check my genealogy  
books on that one, buddy.  
Just check online.  
I don't trust the  
Internet. If it's not on ink and  
hard paper, I don't think it's  
historical facts.  
I don't know what this thing's made out  
of, but for some reason it feels good.  
Right? Let me  
get it back.  
Let me get it back, bro.  
I want to take it back  
to my place.  
Find out what those markings  
are all about.  
Should we have a professional  
look at that?  
Man, I have my master's  
in Medieval Archeology.  
I think I'm more than qualified  
to check this thing out.  
To be what, the Wizard of Oz?  
This thing shouldn't even be in  
public, guys.  
How did Elaine get that?  
I don't know, but whoever  
she got it from,  
I think they want it back.

Hey! What are you doing?

Shh. Shh.

Shh.

I'm not gonna hurt you.

I'm just going to

disintegrate your soul.

Stand.

Turn around.

Let me mark him.

If you must.

Now you know who you belong to.

Now, go get that grail

and find out if she did indeed give

it to a bastard seed of Arthur's.

Don't touch this one.

I like her.

Go.

Whether the grail

is magical or not,

someone believes in its powers.

Enough to kill for?

Possibly.

Someone who believes in this fantasy

mumbo-jumbo as much as you?

Penn, this isn't fantasy.

This is real.

Nah, what's real is...

Elaine's dead.

And I blame you.

Hey. Come on. It's not

Gunner's fault, man.

Look. If Gunner hadn't been filling her

head with all this ridiculous Knights

of the Round Table nonsense, maybe Elaine

would have had her head grounded in reality.

Not some dangerous delusion.

-Man, having pride in our past isn't a crime.

-Just drop it, Gunner.

I'm not gonna drop it, man.

Elaine was related to the

wizard Merlin and I have King Arthur's

blood running through my veins.

No, you don't!

You just got the same



blood as me.  
A simple grunt who can't  
even make Captain.  
I went along with this silly charade so  
your little feelings wouldn't get hurt.  
We knew this made you happy.  
-And Elaine paid the price.  
-Hey, calm down, man.  
Maybe your bad temper  
is the reason  
-you didn't get promoted to Captain.  
-Nah. I'm done.  
Forget this.  
I'm going back.  
I'm getting my bag  
and I'm getting on a plane.  
It's over.  
Come on, Jenna.  
Come on, Penn, man. We got to  
talk about this some more.  
You can't leave Thailand  
like this, bro. Come on.  
He's tripping out.  
He's got some temper issues.  
Hey.  
Hey!  
Who the hell are you?  
I'm looking for a  
particular sword.  
Perhaps you can help me.  
What the hell are you  
doing here?  
Don't send me back empty  
handed.  
I want to spare  
you from her wrath.  
Dude, get the hell off me.  
You recently touched the cup.  
Who is this  
colorful character?  
Aren't you clownish.  
This is amazing.  
Who did she give the cup to?  
He must be sweating his balls off

here in Bangkok. Look at you.  
This is not how I wanted  
to introduce myself.  
I didn't come here for a quell.  
But even my patience has limits.  
Narcotics.  
Guys, he's doing narcotics.  
This guy's a clown.  
Look at him. Jesus.  
You're not related.  
But what's growing  
inside of you...  
Whoa.  
Time for you to leave.  
So she gave you the cup.  
You have my father's same  
impulsive spite.  
As do I.  
You don't know me.  
Just give me the grail  
and I'll be gone.  
Not gonna happen.  
There's no need for  
vehement actions.  
Especially when...  
Forgive me for my arrogance...  
I clearly have the  
advantage on you.  
Did you kill Elaine?  
Maybe.  
Sorry, Mr. Fancy Pants, you're  
going to have to leave my dojo.  
-You can either leave the  
easy way... Or the hard way?  
Look,  
he brought a friend.  
-You look some sort of Russian or something.  
-Jesus!  
It's a wrap guys!  
Gunner!  
-Lucas!  
-Penn!  
Help me hold him down!  
Get that damn glove off!

I must say I'm impressed, but your  
melee skills could use some work.  
-I would be happy to oblige.  
-Jenna, call the cops.  
Is everyone okay?  
Is that thing even human?  
Yes. With enhancements.  
The antibodies in the blood are replaced  
with the cyber-serum to increase strength.  
Efficient, but awfully messy  
when it comes out.  
Wait. Freak show,  
who are you?  
I am Mordred.  
Son of Morgana.  
Morgana. Not another word  
until the cops get here.  
Gunner, how does it work in  
Bangkok? Is it still 9-1-1?  
Calling for help is a  
waste of time,  
which frankly you don't have.  
Right now mother sent one slayer. But  
what happens when she sends ten,  
20, or even a hundred?  
Please. This can be avoided.  
-Lucas, give me something to gag this guy with.  
-Wait. Wait. Wait.  
Say that again.  
Your mother? Morgana?  
-She's here?  
-Right now she's weak,  
but soon she will be healed and then even  
I can't temper her actions towards you.  
I came back to this planet for  
redemption. But her? Revenge.  
Gunner, Jenna asked you a question.  
How do we call the cops?  
We're not calling  
the cops.  
Why not? And give me  
back my phone.  
We're bringing this  
guy and the grail to my place

so we can figure out what the heck is going on here.

Are you crazy?

For it's worth,

that was my mother,

but I don't suppose that makes much difference now.

-We can't trust him.

-Don't you guys understand?

What he's saying is true.

This guy's mother, Morgana, has come back to kill the Knights of the Round Table's kin.

-Bro. That's us.

-You call them stories. I call that my life.

-Gunner, you act like you know this guy.

-I do know this guy!

So, who is he?

Give or take a couple centuries?

He's our uncle.

Shh.

It's okay.

I'm not going to hurt you.

You're so very beautiful.

Beauty can be a distraction.

Or a weapon.

I should know.

I've used my beauty

to use up warriors.

Armies.

Kings.

Please, enter.

Yes?

Ma'am, are you the owner of this establishment?

Is there a problem?

We received reports of some disturbances coming from inside this building.

Disturbances?

We'd like to come inside and take a look around, ask some questions, if that's all right.

Please. Feel free to explore.

What's back there?

Excellent.

I needed some more muscle.

Nice house.  
Thanks, freak show.  
Have a seat over here.  
Guys, this is stupid.  
We need to call the cops.  
I don't like bullies. I'd rather take my  
chances with our friend, the Goblin King.  
I can't believe I'm saying  
this, but I agree with Lucas.  
We are getting in way  
too deep here.  
I think everything this guy  
is saying is the truth.  
And I have every reason to believe  
that this guy's a lying sack of crap.  
Penn, I know you're the guy  
that has all the solutions,  
but this is a problem that I can  
actually help us solve.  
If you'll just give me a chance.  
Give me a minute.  
One hour. That's it.  
Then we call the cops.  
One hour. Jenna,  
let's get on this.  
Your arrogance and doubt are no  
match for my mother.  
Let me help while there's  
still time.  
Not a chance.  
Then you're already dead.  
Don't say I didn't warn you.  
Say another word and I'm going  
to break your jaw.  
Lucas, watch this guy.  
Hey Penn, you're not my boss.  
What?  
You got a problem?  
Christ! I'll watch him.  
Come on, man.  
Is that supposed to  
intimidate me?  
I know I have seen the markings  
on this grail before.

I don't remember where but I know that I've seen them.  
Jenna, have you found anything yet?  
You know, if you had a computer this would be a lot easier.  
There's only so much I can do with a phone.  
I don't do the Internet.  
As you guys know, I live a real-deal authentic medieval lifestyle.  
Nice. So you want me to go take a dump outside, in a hole?  
Yes. Go take a dump in a hole outside.  
Or use the toilet down the hall.  
Yeah. Make yourself useful, go see if it works.  
You know what Penn, maybe I will.  
And don't hurry back.  
Guys. Guys. Wait. Wait.  
I think I found them.  
Yep. Okay. Look.  
Krista...  
and Faye.  
Which is Elaine's middle name.  
Elaine Faye Ambrose.  
So, Jenna, you found Elaine's sister?  
I'm working on it.  
I'm working on it.  
My careless son has been taken hostage.  
I need you, my army of the night, to go and retrieve him.  
Go.  
The harp and this...  
That means victory,  
and the dragon,  
that means dragon.  
Go ahead.  
Give it a try if you want.  
Don't talk.

-You have his eyes, by the way.  
-Shut up!  
Whose eyes?  
Tristan de Lyones,  
the Knight you're related to.  
What was he like?  
He never spoke to me.  
The others wouldn't  
speak to me.  
My mother was a deterrent.  
So they didn't like you because  
of your mother?  
Something like that.  
Let's just say  
I wasn't best behaved.  
How did you know that I'm  
related to Sir Tristan?  
-The glove told me.  
-The glove told you.  
Yes. The glove.  
It won't hurt you.  
It might actually help you.  
This glove.  
What is it?  
It has many uses.  
A combination of different  
technologies from two other worlds.  
Are you an alien?  
No. I'm human.  
At least I think I am.  
It's been so many years, I don't  
know what I am anymore.  
I know what you are.  
You're a foul soul.  
And you clearly deserve to die.  
That's what your father  
said about you.  
How do you know that?  
The glove.  
When I touched you, it fed me  
all kinds of information.  
I probably know things you  
barely remember.  
The life I've lived,

and what's going on in my head  
is none of your business.  
For what is worth,  
you're much more interesting  
than the others.  
They're so easily  
satisfied with life,  
but you,  
you want to explore it.  
Will you get out of my head?  
I didn't mean to offend you.  
So if I put this on  
and touch you...  
You will find out everything you  
want to know about me.  
Please. I can't use  
it on myself.  
Besides, it's only fair. That would  
put things right between us.  
This will never be right  
between us.  
You're a criminal  
and a murderer.  
As are you, my dear.  
It was self-defense.  
I know. The glove told me.  
And it's okay that you're not  
sorry about your father's death.  
I wouldn't be either.  
Why should I trust you?  
Because you're not supposed to.  
That's right.  
What the hell was that?  
That was data running right up  
to your brain,  
letting you learn things  
immediately.  
Everything's so clear.  
Quick.  
Put it on and touch me.  
Are you going to hurt me?  
I promise I won't.  
I have never been able  
to use that glove on myself.



Please. Touch me and tell me  
who it tells you I am.  
What is it? What did you see?  
You've lived a terrible life.  
You're so...  
You're so very empty.  
Did I have a soul?  
What?  
Do you think I have a soul?  
Or even had one to begin with?  
I am so scared that when I die,  
if ever I get that pleasure,  
that there will be nothing of me.  
This existence is all there is.  
I am so tired of being alone,  
and my entire life being  
about my mother!  
I'm so sorry. I should never  
have asked you to do that.  
All this technology you've  
gathered.  
The knowledge.  
Why did you use it to do  
such terrible things?  
Because I never had  
another option.  
Until now.  
Well, unless it's  
some sort of anagram,  
that's what it means.  
"Beware the false victory, for  
it unlocks the dragon within."  
What the hell does that mean?  
We're going to fight a dragon?  
Okay. Grails with special healing powers.  
I can kinda buy into.  
But flying magical  
flame-breathing dragons, dude?  
Maybe this girl Krista that we're  
looking for can make sense of it.  
Guys. Dr. Krista Ambrose,  
resident Galactic Astronomer at the National  
Astronomical Institute of Thailand.  
The observatory tower is located

at the top of Golden Mountain.

Okay. Sweet.

-How far is that?

-Five miles. Who's driving?

I told you my mother  
would find us.

Lucas!

I'm in the attic!

-Tasha!

-We're here!

Forget the lights.

Let's just go.

All right. Get behind me.

-What's going on?

-We don't know yet.

I do, and you need my help.

Lucas!

-Where are you at?

-Up here!

Guys, we need to  
get out of here.

Lucas! Watch out!

I got him!

Jenna!

Penn!

Don't let them take me!

Let me be on your side!

Let's get out of here.

Let's go!

-Watch out, Penn!

-Penn!

Hang in there!

Who are you?

Krista?

I've had a hell of a time  
finding all of you.

How did you even know we  
were here in the first place?

Or who we even are?

Let's figure it out

later. Let's save him first.

-Do you still have the grail?

-Yeah, I got it.

-I need water.

-I'll fetch some.  
Hang in there, man.  
-Here you go.  
-You're going to be fine.  
Hang in there, buddy.  
You've fought hard. But I need you to fight  
just a little bit more for me, okay?  
This is going to taste a little odd.  
But just swallow. Trust me.  
That's it.  
Keep drinking.  
We got to get him  
to a hospital!  
So Morgana can attack  
you there next?  
Next time, I don't think I'll  
have enough ammunition.  
How did you find us?  
I went to the police station  
to identify my sister's body.  
And they told me her  
cousins already had.  
I went to Gunner's dojo court  
to go find all of you.  
And that's when I found one of  
these dead guys instead.  
You're Elaine's sister?  
Faye's parents adopted me  
when my father died.  
They entrusted us  
with the grail.  
I wanted to heal the sick with the grail,  
and my sister wanted to make money with it.  
Why did she never tell  
me about you?  
We stopped speaking  
after she stole the grail.  
But I do still respect her.  
Here. Drink more.  
Why do you respect her?  
Well, by accident or on purpose,  
my sister did good  
by her promise,  
that she promised my family she would

keep the sword Excalibur safe.  
The sword?  
She didn't give me a sword.  
Yes. She did.  
Then where is it?  
You're holding it.  
Come on. It's not safe here,  
guys. We have to move.  
-Where we going?  
-My place.  
Or as my great grandfather  
use to call it, New Camelot.  
Easy, buddy.  
-How are you feeling?  
-I'm feeling better.  
It's time for the sorceress  
to become the soldier.  
Okay, Krista.  
Now we're talking.  
Damn.  
You got enough here  
to start a war.  
I just pray it's enough.  
We attack Morgana tonight.  
If you think my mother is going  
to wait for us to come to her,  
you are sorely mistaken.  
Tasha, load up  
on weapons.  
You keep an eye on Mordred.  
The rest of you come with me.  
Let me help.  
You can be lookout.  
I'm going to trust you.  
For now.  
Cut him loose.  
To keep the magic of Excalibur  
hidden from the world,  
Merlin melted the sword down into a grail  
and passed it down through our family.  
This also changed  
the magic inside it.  
What the sword previously  
destroyed, the grail now heals.

"The cup shall  
unsheathe the sword."  
Tonight we return Excalibur  
to its original form.  
The grail, please.  
Hey!  
My sister died delivering the grail  
to the true heir of King Arthur.  
So which one of you is it?  
Can't there be more than one?  
Only one of you has  
a stronger link.  
Then it's me.  
I have the stronger link  
to Camelot.  
Besides, I've devoted  
my whole life to this.  
Gunner's right.  
He deserves it.  
This isn't about a reward.  
The elements which  
make up Excalibur  
will only respond to  
the genetics of the true heir.  
The power is literally in the  
bloodline of King Arthur.  
Then it's gotta be Gunner.  
Besides, I'm supposed to be from  
the House of Kay, not King Arthur.  
-Right, Gunner?  
-Exactly.  
Then let us begin.  
Reach your hand in. Just as  
King Arthur did originally.  
That is, if you're  
the true heir.  
It's not worth it!  
You'll burn down to the bone.  
I got this. I got it.  
-Get it out, quickly! You're  
gonna burn your arm off!  
-I feel something.  
-You'll kill yourself.  
Get him to the water!

Quick!  
-You're next.  
-This is crazy.  
You have to put your hand  
into the gold.  
Do it!  
She's coming.  
Where?  
I don't see her.  
-There she is!  
-Mother is here.  
I got this.  
Move it back, woman.  
Aren't you the valiant one?  
Don't take another step.  
The handsome ones are always  
the most stupid.  
Hey!  
Mother!  
Would you like the pleasure  
or should I do it?  
Leave her alone!  
I will not let you kill her.  
Are you picking them over me?  
Jenna. Gunner.  
Hold her off!  
Penn, use the sword.  
Only you can stop this.  
Do it now!  
I need to help them!  
Where is my Excalibur?  
-Where is it?  
-Hold on! I'm coming!  
Morgana!  
Jenna.  
Everyone out!  
The prophesy is true.  
Beware of the false victory.  
For it unlocks the  
dragon within.  
She's destroying  
the city.  
Maybe I'm still not sure if I'm a knight.  
But I know I'm a Marine.

Is the sword still inside her?  
Yeah. I think it is.  
The robot is feeding off  
the magic of Excalibur.  
We got to get that sword  
out of her.  
This ought to do it.  
Everyone down.  
Eat this, you big bitch!  
Fire.  
It didn't work.  
No. She's not done yet.  
Calvary's coming.  
I got to get that sword  
out of her.  
How do you  
expect to do that?  
You've got a better chance of climbing Mt.  
Everest than on top of that thing.  
I've climbed Mt. Everest.  
Stay back!  
-Penn!  
-Penn!  
Hurry up, guys!  
Penn!  
Everyone! Help!  
Now, Penn!  
Go for the sword.  
Get it! Get it down!  
Guys.  
Are you okay?  
You saved her.  
Not just her.  
Your son and daughter.  
Twins?  
You got to get him out of here!  
It's too late.  
Leave me here.  
We can melt Excalibur down.  
There's still time.  
It's too late for that.  
-Well, then we can get him  
to a hospital. Today...  
I felt like I was fighting

alongside the original Knights.  
King Arthur would be proud.  
He would be even more  
proud of you.  
Today you proved you  
are his son.  
Whether I have the  
authority or not,  
I, RJ Pendragon,  
descendent of King Arthur,  
affirm that you are noble.  
And have shown feats  
of greatness.  
I dub thee, by the sword  
Excalibur, Sir Mordred.  
Once for honor.  
Twice for duty.  
And thrice for chivalry.  
I'm proud to call you my friend.  
I have lived long enough.  
Stay with us.  
Stay with me.  
It's so hot.  
Can't you feel  
the fire?  
The flames are  
consuming my body.  
Mordred, there's  
no flames.  
I'm going to hell.  
There's no place like that.  
There can't be.  
And if there was,  
God won't send you there.  
You saved us.  
You redeemed yourself tonight.  
Perhaps you're right.  
But not enough for redemption.  
Not enough.  
Be comforted.  
If I'm going to Hell,  
I'm being punished.  
And you know what that means?  
I do have a soul.



After battle,  
it was a tradition of the  
original Knights of the  
Round Table to recite the  
Oath of Chivalry.  
Let us do the same.  
I will develop my life for  
the greater good.  
I will be generous to the poor  
and those who need help.  
I will place character  
above riches,  
and courtesy above  
personal wealth.  
I will defend those that cannot  
defend themselves.  
I will uphold justice by  
being fair to all.  
I will forgive when asked, that  
my own mistakes are forgiven.  
I will be faithful in love  
and loyal in friendship.  
I will live my life  
with courtesy and honor  
from this day forward.  
And any enemy, either of  
this world or another,  
that threatens the sanctity  
of this oath  
will suffer our wrath and  
infinite justice.  
We...  
the Knights of New Camelot.  
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