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Sword Of The Valiant: The Legend Of Sir Gawain And The Green Knight

By Stephen Weeks

Hey, Gawain, the king's armor.
That's the last
that I shall ever make.
The last that
he shall ever wear.

Squires.

The more sumptuous the feast,
the more it turns my stomach.
Take it away. Take it all away!
Away!

Each yuletide, we celebrate
the thickening of our bellies...
and the softening
of our muscles.

Has your valor fled entirely
in these times of peace?

Is this the court
whose knights...

were feared
throughout Christendom?

I'm bored.

Bored with you all!

No!

We'll have no feasting yet.
We've drowned our knighthood
in too much wine.

Not one drop more!

Not a morsel of bread,
until even one of you...
proves that he's worthy
of his spurs.

What's that?

What great feats have we
to mark this year?

What tales of valor,
what deeds of arms...

enhance this crown
that sits upon my head?

The old year
limps to its grave, ashamed.

I shall have some proof
tonight...

that knightliness still lives
within these walls!

Strange indeed.
A feast without food,
and a court without a king.
Strangers are welcome
in this place...
but they must leave
their insolence at the door.
And their horses.
I come in peace, great king.
All I seek is good sport.
By the look of you,
you haven't come here...
to bob for apples. No.
My wager is
you play a deadly game.
Ah, the king is wise.
The game I bring is more
in keeping with the season.
The year is old...
and death smiles out
from behind this merry time.
Our knights do lack for sport.
What is the game?
My axe.
Feel it.
Go on, feel it.
Sharp, isn't it?
As sharp as your appetite, sir?
The east wind is not its equal.
Heavy.
Is it as heavy
as your conscience, sir?
Certainly truer
than the ladies of this court.
Sirs,
I offer you my only weapon.
Unarmed, I shall stand here
before you all, my neck bare.
My challenge is simple.
Let any man among you
worthy of the deed...
take up my axe and hack the head
from off my shoulders.
Fear not, brave knights.

I shall not move, nor flinch...
nor seek to defend myself
in any way.
I am ready for the blow.
But...
one blow, and no more.
And I have but one demand.
Afterwards,
if the power is left to me...
I have the right to return
the blow in like manner.
If the power be left to him?
Oh, come.
The sport is simple.
A cut for a cut...
and yours to be the first.
Who's going to deal me my blow?
Who's the jolly gambler
to play my game?
Who shall lay his pride...
his prowess...
his courage...
on the line of my neck?
Come, great knights!
Champion your king!
Come on, gentlemen, I'm waiting.
My neck grows cold.
I can remember a time...
when I would have had
a hundred knights...
begging the honor
to be my champion.
Have we slipped so far?
Well, so be it.
If death is your resolve
with this mad jest...
then, by heaven,
you shall have it.
The king himself
shall do the deed.
And may God have mercy
on your soul when it is done.
My liege!
Gawain!

My liege, give me the axe.
Let the cut be mine.
Silence! Peace.
I will have silence.
I see my earlier words
now sadly proved.
A humble squire
has set the seal on your shame.
Let him be squire no longer...
but my only true knight.
He is called Gawain, sire.
Arise a knight, Sir Gawain.
Now the challenge is accepted.
Strike well, Gawain,
you have but one blow.
Make it pay.
Your own neck would feel
the weight of any second.
The king speaks true.
Sir knight...
it may be too late,
once I've dealt my blow...
for you to tell us
your name and your home.
Such bold words.
You know of me
all you have need to know.
Lay on.
Let the game begin.
Body.
Come to me, my body.
These young eyes have seen
nothing of the world yet.
Shall I snuff out their light?
Shall these young lips grow cold
before they have tasted life...
or touched a woman's cheek?
No, Gawain.
You shall not die yet
to defend their lack of courage.
I came to challenge a man,
not a beardless boy.
I give you a year's grace
to grow your beard.

Twelve sweet, short months
of life to do with as you will.
But when the seasons
have come full circle...
we shall meet again, and
you shall pay your debt to me.
Is there no hope for me
beyond this?
Must I spend the year
awaiting death at your hand?
Only fools and priests
do squander life...
with thoughts of death.
So you would hope to cheat
your fate, Gawain, hmm?
Well, every man hopes that.
Especially the young.
I'll give you a riddle.
Mark it well, for if
by the time we meet again...
you have fully understood
every line...
your life
will be restored to you.
It has, uh, four lines.
Mark them all well.
Where life is emptiness,
gladness.
Where life is darkness, fire.
Where life is golden, sorrow.
Where life is lost, wisdom.
But how do I know
where to find you?
Never fear, Sir Gawain.
If you do not find me,
I will most assuredly find you.
Sir Gawain. My helmet.
You have restored honor
to this court.
May others take heart
from your example.
And may my own armor...
and the Lord,
protect you on your quest.

Let the feast begin!
I don't think I'm hungry.
Take your last look, Humphrey.
Now, there's just one thing
they forgot to tell me...
in my swift initiation
into knighthood.
Oh, yes?
How the hell do I relieve
myself in this tin suit?
What no lost knight
should be without.
Oh, you don't know
how happy I am to see that.
Anyway, which way do we go?
West.
Due west.
Why due west?
'Cause that's the way
the wind's blowing.
What difference does that make?
Absolutely none at all.
I'm starving.
What food have we got?
None.
Noble knights
are supposed to hunt for it.
Or requisition it.
Catch it or steal it.
Now, that's what
I call chivalry.
Look.
Let's do the noble thing.
Quick, raise your bow, Humphrey.
But you can't kill a unicorn!
Then, what are we doing?
It's magical.
L-it's a sign of good luck.
Precisely. Good luck that
we've found something to eat.
But it tastes like horse meat.
No, magical, you said.
That means it'll taste good.
Come on.

Damn.

It wants to make us
earn our supper.

Let's just keep it in sight.

I can see why they use hounds.

There's my beauty.

Now it's ours.

What the...

Well...

that tasted really... magical.

Steady, boy.

Where did that come from, hmm?

I didn't see that before.

- Is anybody there?

- Have a look inside.

I could do with a rest.

Empty.

I could do with

some food and some wine.

And then I could do with some...

Speak no more, Humphrey.

Look.

Happy to serve my squire.

Happy to be your butler, sire.

Uhh. This table

is getting the better of me.

Well, it's not getting

the better of me.

You know, this place has

some very costly furnishings.

- I mean who do...

- True.

They are costly.

Please, gentlemen,

continue your splendid feast.

Whatever I have is yours.

Just so long as

you both can pay.

Nothing in life is free,

young man.

For such a feast, a purse

of money is fair recompense...

for what you want

just when you want it.

Beware.

She is the devil's decoy.

Am I not... fair?

What you'll have is my dagger
if this is a trap.

A noble knight indeed,
who would steal his supper.

- Hmm?

- Requisition.

Isn't this knight a riddle?

And so sure of himself.

One would think
he knew all the answers.

I'm on a quest
to solve a riddle.

The first line of which is...

"Where life is gladness,
emptiness"?

You know it? Tell me, please.

Why are you in such a hurry?

The riddle is easy.

Remain with me now,
and we'll solve it in a night.

Where will I tell Humphrey
to meet me in the morning?

On the way to Lyonesse.

Lyonesse?

How do I find that?

You will ride through
the forest and beyond...

to the shore of the sea.

Then you will come upon
the Chapel of a Hundred Steps.

A lot of animals
seem to have died here.

At the foot of the steps...

you will find chained
to an old post a great trumpet.

And what do I do then?

You must blow upon it.

- And after that?

- You'll see.

Try again.

Quiet, isn't it?

Too quiet.
Who calls the guardian
of Lyonesse?
He doesn't seem very friendly.
I'm Sir Gawain!
I seek to enter Lyonesse!
No man may enter Lyonesse,
nor go back...
once he has sounded
the great trumpet.
What do you expect me to do?
Swim?
Be killed by the guardian of
Lyonesse, like all the others.
Come on.
Sir, if you have quarrel
with me, then we fight fairly.
Sir, are you running,
or do we fight?
Ah... we fight.
Gawain...
the king's armor...
you know it's only ceremonial.
He hadn't fought in years.
It's not heavy plate.
You mean
like the black knight's?
But you'll be
lighter on your feet.
Great, if he asked me to dance.
Your challenge is accepted!
- I'll get your horse.
- There's no time, Humphrey!
I'll stand and fight.
Gawain! Gawain!
Humphrey, my mace and chain.
- Mount up, quickly!
- No time.
Whoa.
Humphrey! Humphrey!
Help!
My hand's stuck!
Help me!
Humphrey!

Humphrey, get me the lance!
Here!
Now it's his turn.
Get my sword.
Here, after him!
Sir knight, let it not be said
I have not been chivalrous.
Daggers!
Now that's just dirty.
Wait!
- Is he dead?
- I think so.
You won't like this, sir knight.
But do it, and be swift.
I'm dying.
Take me back, will you?
To Lyonesse?
To Lyonesse.
Humphrey?
Humphrey!
Humphrey!
Humphrey!
Humphrey, where are you?
Good people of Lyonesse,
your guardian is dying.
And in my last act
as your defender...
I bring you my murderer.
Kill him!
No!
Take this ring, quickly,
the stone inside your hand.
So long as you hide the stone,
it will hide you.
Come on, take the ring,
quickly!
Thank you.
Follow me.
Come.
Here. Sit down here.
Just uncover the stone.
I've always known
that one day you would come.
I've always known that...

once within these walls...
you would be in sore peril
of your life...
and I must use my ring
to save you.
And then?
Gawain...
don't you know what land
this is you've entered?
Lyonesse.
The lost land of Lyonesse.
No kingdom of your world,
for Lyonesse is lost...
Lost in the wilderness
of past dreams...
and ages yet to come.
This isn't such a bad place
to be lost.
You're tired, and you must rest.
No. Just a moment.
Was that a dream?
No.
Linet?
Linet, where are you?
A fool? You dare call
your mistress a fool?
But the entry to Lyonesse
must not be left undefended.
I meant only that
we must find a new guardian.
My lord was the greatest
and bravest warrior...
that ever lived,
and now he's dead.
There is no man his equal.
There's got to be one.
Your husband
was a mighty champion.
But surely the one
who overthrew him...
was, and is, even mightier.
I will not listen to you!
Your words are treason.
Please hear me out. I beg you.

We must seek out this knight
who slew your husband.
The kingdom
must have a guardian.
I'm beginning to understand now.
Yes, I see it clearly now.
That's why the knight
has not been found.
You're hiding him, aren't you?
- Admit it!
- No!
Oh, you do not understand.
I will have this pretty
head of yours for this!
I am the knight you seek!
For her sake,
I submit myself to your mercy.
Withdraw!
All is well here.
I fought your lord fairly.
I only wanted to enter Lyonesse.
I believe you mean what you say.
He is indeed
a noble youth, huh?
Yes. I think he is.
Yes. Hmm?
Powerful shoulders.
A bit long in the flank, but
well put together for all that.
There is good breeding here.
I wonder
if his teeth are sound.
Spirited, too.
I like a touch of fire
in a man, or beast.
Forgive me child,
I misjudged your purpose.
I understand now that you
sheltered this valiant knight...
for the highest of motives...
the welfare
of our land of Lyonesse.
Yes, of course.
Who better to be

the new guardian of the kingdom?
After all, he has already
proved himself in battle.
And by the look of him, I can
see him bring the same fire...
to the guardian's other duties.
I will call a meeting
of the royal council tonight...
and then summon my bishops...
as soon as my lord is buried.
My lady...
forgive me for having
broken into your mourning...
with my plans for Gawain.
Mourning? Why should I mourn?
My husband was a terrible man.
From our wedding night...
he turned
to a most cruel tyrant.
And the drinking!
And the wenching!
Oh! If only you could know
how much I suffered...
all these years.
But now
everything will be different.
There will be a new champion
to protect the kingdom...
and be my husband.
Sweet mother of God.
What have I done?
I just wanted you
to stay in Lyonesse.
But all I've done is harm.
For now you must go.
You don't want to come with me?
I do, but as I knew
I must save you...
so I know now
I must lose you again.
Not even the magic in my ring
can alter this.
Listen to me, Linet.
We have love,

and that's stronger than magic.

Only love can bend fate.

And I love you.

And I love you.

I've always loved you.

I think they want us to stay!

Let's go.

- Hold the man!

- Quick! Over this way!

- There he is.

- Go.

Go on.

Quickly!

This way!

Keep back!

- Linet!

- Grab her! Come on!

- No!

- No!

Help!

Help!

I'll be with you!

Let go! No! Let go!

Quick!

In there.

Good-bye.

Stay there!

Break it down!

- Come on!

- Come on! Break in!

They...

They shall not leave

the kingdom alive!

Hey!

There is the tower.

I'm sure they won't find us.

Follow me.

- They're over there!

- Another one?

Gawain, help!

- Where are you taking me?

- To your execution.

Father! Father, help me!

- Please.

- Take her away!
Linet! Linet, where are you?
There he is!
Wait for it!
- Gawain!
- Linet!
Let's go!
- Join your friends!
- Whoa!
Follow them!
There they are!
Quick, after them!
Here we go again.
We haven't lost them.
There's no escape.
It's a dead end.
My love, take the ring!
Good-bye, Gawain. Good-bye.
Linet?
Linet!
Morgan! Stop your meddling!
Meddling?
I was only having a little fun.
You know Gawain and Linet
weren't to meet yet.
Give him back.
You're spoiling my game.
And if I give him back...
what will you give me
in return?
You have interfered
with my game...
with your black deeds
and trickery...
and now you dare
to bargain with me?
No one bargains
with the Green Knight! No one!
Hmm. Quite impressive.
But stay with me tonight...
and show me some better tricks.
- Please?
- Well, we'll see.
Linet! Linet!

Now, where is
the brave young knight...
who so readily accepted
my challenge?
What?
The year half over, and
still no answers to my riddle.
- It's impossible!
- Of course it is.
The more you cheat,
the harder it becomes.
Cheat? What do you mean?
You're not playing my game,
Gawain.
You have a ring,
and it does not belong to you.
But Linet gave it to me!
You shall not have it!
"Where life is gladness...
emptiness"!
Hey, stop!
Wait!
You won't get much out of them,
young man.
They've taken a vow of silence.
I do most of the talking
for them...
as we wander around the land.
But where are we?
Is this near Lyonesse?
Lyonesse?
My dear friend, nowhere
is near this forsaken place.
Then she is gone...
and I'm lost.
It was gladness. Now emptiness.
You speak in riddles.
I'm trying to solve one.
Come, tell me about it,
I beg you.
These brothers
are boring company.
Day after day, not so much
as a belch or a fart.

I'll catch them up.
Good friar,
you seem a wise fellow.
What do you know of riddles?
Ha! Wise?
Don't let these robes fool you.
I've been everything
from a hopeless juggler...
to a rather accomplished
pick-pocket.
But now I am too fat
to run fast enough.
Ha! And who would think
under my habit...
I have that very fine ring
you had in your pocket.
You what?
Ah, it's in the blood.
I can't stop myself.
You see these?
I relieved a certain Baron
Fortinbras of their weight.
Nice, aren't they?
But really, riddles, I can't do.
I can't even do hopscotch right.
But I didn't say
I couldn't help you.
A few miles back...
we passed the track
leading to the Rock of Wisdom.
Tell the sage there your riddle.
- Thank you, friar.
- You'll need this.
In exchange for these.
- What do you want?
- I've come to see the sage.
I'm afraid the sage is busy.
Maybe another day.
Oh, really?
All right, all right.
Maybe he's not that busy.
Come on.
What are you doing here?
Are you the sage?

Well, I've been called worse.
I'm trying to solve a riddle.
Riddles?
All I ever hear is riddles.
I know all about your riddle,
Sir Gawain.
All about it.
I can't be expected
to keep my eye on everybody.
Pass me the bottle
of hedgehog's spit, would you?
I'm not a nursemaid, you know.
The green one.
That's it.
- This is a terrible setback.
- I don't understand.
You're not playing the game.
The Green Knight's game.
You know about
the Green Knight?
Hmm. Of course I do.
What do you know of Linet?
All I know about Linet...
is you're supposed to leave
Lyonesse with her.
I tried.
The castle just sort of left me.
Hmm.
Where did you get that ring?
Linet gave it to me.
You realize what you've done,
Gawain?
You're free.
You're out of the game.
This is most irregular.
- Get me back.
- Back?
Get me back to Linet.
You realize if I get you back...
if you return the ring...
you must play the game.
You must stick to the rules.
Otherwise I can't help you.
I'm lost without her.

So be it.
Gawain...
are you prepared
for all the journey entails?
Yes, I am.
Remember the game.
Remember the game.
Remember the game.
Remember the game.
Gawain...
hunting shadows of the night?
Back to Lyonesse you go, Gawain.
Back to Lyonesse we go, Gawain.
My lady.
Linet?
Linet?
Linet!
I'm cold.
I'll get some wood.
I'll make you a fire.
- Humphrey!
- Gawain!
Where have you been?
What happened to you?
I tried to follow you.
You just seemed to disappear!
A maiden.
I'll have her.
But don't taint the goods,
Oswald.
She should be worth a pretty...
a very pretty ransom.
Help!
And next,
you'll be telling me...
she's been waiting for just you
all these ages.
I'll tell you, she is
the most beautiful creature.
Hey!
Don't be a fool!
There's at least ten of them,
probably more nearby.
Whoa.

Whoa, boy. Whoa.
Charming place.
- What do you think?
- Now, how do we get in there?
We'll walk in.
Are those knaves
the best you could find?
They were the only ones
fit enough, my lord!
Then they'll have to do.
Stand proud!
For today
you have joined the army...
of his most exalted highness
the Baron Fortinbras!
We'll rescue Linet and get paid.
Hope she can swim.
Quiet, you!
Or I'll silence you forever!
She's mine.
I claim her by right.
By right of being
the baron's son?
No. By conqueror's right.
I took her.
There's nothing more
need be said.
Do not forget that it is I...
your father's seneschal,
who is in charge...
of all things here
while he is away.
She's not for you,
nor for any man's touching...
until his return,
and when he does return...
it may well be
that he has his own ideas...
of what becomes of the maiden.
Tell me now...
are you bold enough
to cross your father?
So now... will you help me?
I'll help you, sir. Count on me.

Yes, I'll help.
Me, I will.
That's the way
I like to see you, lads!
Working!
Move it along like that.
Come across! Cut across!
Go on, show him, lad!
- Put your back into it!
- Gawain.
Come on, get in there!
Don't run away from it!
You...
you, with the fancy boots!
Don't you know how to use
a sword better than that?
No. Show me.
You see...
a sword...
is three feet
of tempered steel...
with death dancing
along every inch...
and hanging like a dark star...
on the very point.
You don't wield it
like a broomstick...
but so!
I was wrong.
You don't need any help from me.
I'll kill you.
I'll kill you!
Gawain!
Gawain, no! Don't!
Don't.
Gawain.
We'll see
what kind of man you are.
Take him to the dungeons.
Another one for Oswald?
Oh. This one's special.
He gets
the personal attention, eh?
Does your mother know

you do this for a living?
You won't be laughing soon.
Comfortable?
We're going to have...
a little fun.
Just... just like before.
Only this time,
I'm going to win.
And you... what's left of you...
will crawl slowly away.
You can scream if you want to...
and we have plenty of time.
And the rack is amply
long enough, even for you.
I think...
Baron Fortinbras...
he's come back.
He's already in the war room.
He sends me to find you.
So we must postpone
our little game.
Don't touch him
until I get back.
I don't want to miss anything!
No, no.
Give him a rest.
He mustn't be tired
for our next session.
Ahem. Don't waste
your strength, my son.
Save it for killing the devils.
My wandering friar.
My young friend
troubled with riddles.
Sir Gawain at your service.
Vosper.
A sadder, sorrier Vosper
than the one you met last.
Oh, I don't know.
I really didn't like
your friends much last time.
And what are you doing here?
Baron Fortinbras didn't take
kindly to finding his gems gone.

And... God help me...
he remembered
a certain large friar...
whose presence
was not coincidental.
Now they have me here. They
have not yet found the stones.
They shall be my reward
when I get out.
Get out?
- I hope you paid for those.
- Dearly, my son.
What's the plan?
Brigades, advance!
Guards, move up to the attack!
Masterly, masterly!
Simply masterly!
Infantry up there!
Infantry up there!
Father...
Cannon fire decimating
some of the cavalry.
Father...
Advance, advance!
Not now, I'm playing!
Advance!
And finally, finally...
I take the castle!
But, oh...
oh, what appalling losses.
Particularly amongst our allies.
Father, I want... I wanted to...
Not... not now, my son.
I'm hungry!
Just don't tell me
you had the key all along.
Shh. Let's go quietly, my son.
And the churl
had the impudence...
to tell me that his arms
are pledged to Bertilak!
Heh. So...
I cut off his arms...
and I sent them to Bertilak.

- Father...

- Not now, Oswald.

You're spoiling my story.

My lord...

Sir Bertilak and his retinue
have entered for parleys!

They're already
within the gates!

Bid him enter.

Rats seem to like Fortinbras.

You jump down first, my son.

Then I'll show you a way out
of this accursed place.

Come on,

the sand'll break your fall.

Quick, hide!

Nah, nothing. Only the rats.

Quick.

It seems a shame to deprive
them of such a feast as you.
That's kind of you, my friend.

Come on, this way.

Ah, Sir Bertilak!

We are indeed honored
by such a polished presence.

I didn't come here
to dally with you!

This ceaseless raiding into
my western provinces must stop.

From this day forward,
my people must live in peace!

Your territory?

- The lands are mine!

- Then it is war.

Done.

Sir Bertilak...

perhaps there is another way
to settle our differences.

Wars, after all, are such
a clumsy way to settle anything.

And so costly.

The last time I escaped
from here, my son...

I was

a slightly slimmer friar.
And lighter.
Sergeant!
Yeah? What do you want?
Here, sergeant,
we were wondering...
is that your boy out there
working with the horses?
Get the sword.
- Gawain, are you all right?
- A bit taller.
Have you got everything?
The boat? The crossbow?
Yes. We'll requisition it.
There's a crossbow.
- Hold onto the rope.
- God's help, my son.
In exchange for
this desolate wasteland...
we can offer a prize
worth a dozen provinces.
It is a maiden...
so fair, she would set
even the silvery moon to shame.
Gawain! Hey!
Come on, friar!
Well done, friar!
- God forgive me.
- He will. Come on.
Get up!
Get up!
Here, what's the password?
- Um, well...
- My son...
How's that for a password?
Gawain!
You're drunk.
He's down there.
"Where life is emptiness,
gladness.
"Where life is darkness, fire."
Gawain, you must eat.
Halfway through the riddle
and nothing to live for.

I'm not going on, Humphrey.
Life wouldn't be the same
without Linet.
But, Gawain...
I'm leaving.
Don't try to follow me.
I have to go my own way now.
No, don't.
Let him go.
Soon, my friend, soon.
We, like life and death,
both ride the night.
Like the full moon,
are doomed by morning's light.
If anyone's up there,
let me in!
Please, please let me in!
- I'm coming!
- Let me in, I say!
- Let me in!
- Patience! Patience!
I'm coming! I'm coming!
Is it you who's calling?
Be off with you!
We have no truck with beggars
at this court!
I'm not a beggar. I'm a knight.
I've traveled far, and I demand
to see your lord at once.
You? A knight?
And you demand to see my lord,
is it?
He's not so comical-minded
as me.
He might not see the joke in it.
Well, the joke will be mine...
when I see you whipped
for your insolence.
Oh, very well. Enter.
I'll go and awake my lord.
I hope this place
is more real than Lyonesse.
Open those shutters there.
Forgive me for disturbing you.

I am Gawain,
a knight of a noble court.
I have journeyed far
and seek shelter.
Fellow knight,
you shall have what you seek...
nor shall you need leave here...
until you are made
fully well again.
Am I dreaming?
Or is it really you, Linet?
We are awake,
and yet we dream on.
You, I thought were lost.
And I, you.
Sir Bertilak found me
when I was in peril of my life.
Through the fire,
he came to save me.
There had been so much horror.
And Oswald...
Sir Bertilak
bought me out of my captivity.
So I was his, as his horse
or his sword might be.
But he set me free...
and told me I may stay or go,
as my heart bade me.
I chose to stay.
Like a sister
might love a brother...
I came to love him, too.
It is nothing.
Get well. Think only of that.
This makes good seeing.
Linet must have
tended you well...
for life is already
coming back into you.
My borrowed year is ended.
Tomorrow, I ride out
to meet the Green Knight.
But I'd hate to lose my head
in this beautiful castle.

- Gawain, don't.
- I have to face it.
I've only solved
two lines of the riddle.
Two?
Look about you.
Isn't this all golden?
"Where life is golden, sorrow."
And this is the sorrow.
Take this sash,
and no evil will befall you.
A remarkable man.
- You know where I ride.
- We knew the day.
We have a score to settle.
Who is this knight?
What quarrel have I with him?
He is my champion!
He fights for me!
Well, gentle friends,
one last good fight.
Caspar...
shoot him in the back.
Wrong back, Caspar.
Attack!
Forward into battle!
Into the fray!
Come on, lads!
Oswald will be mine!
Humphrey, behind you!
At last!
Gawain!
Gawain! Gawain!
Gawain! Look out, Gawain!
- To the death, Oswald.
- One more for the dung heap.
Caspar! Shoot him!
Bowman, stop.
Leave the wretch
to his miserable end.
It may be his last fight...
but at least
let him fight it fairly.
That's that score settled.

Take me away.
Now there's just our score
to settle, Gawain.
We have an appointment
at the Green Chapel...
before the sun goes down.
Unless, of course,
you've answered my riddle.
I have found emptiness
and fire and sorrow...
but I have not found,
"Where life is lost, wisdom."
There is no wisdom
in the killing...
I have done this day.
Then you must pay your debt.
God be with you, my son.
When my time comes, I'm afraid
I won't be asking you...
to join me
in the place I'm going.
When we set out on this quest,
we were as children.
All that seems a lifetime away.
Now I know
that you are a true knight.
Farewell, dear friend.
I salute you, Sir Gawain.
- And I.
- And I, my friend.
Come with me.
Welcome to my dwelling.
How time flies.
Twelve sweet, short months,
and life is done.
Never fear, Gawain.
Clean and swift will be my blow.
Kneel.
Make yourself ready
for your cut.
What? You who think yourself
afraid of no man...
do you now flinch away
from the axe?

Well, I didn't flinch away when
you let fly with your blow...
but held as still as the grave.
- Yet, you tremble.
- Just get it over.
I was a fool
to ever play your game.
But as I played it,
let's bring it to an end.
Strike and be done.
Ha! You've had your cut.
- The game is over.
- What?
You tell me
when my game is over?
I make the rules, boy!
I make the rules!
Stop.
S-stay your sword.
The full circle of the year
has turned.
Just as every green shoot
of spring returns...
at last to the earth
from which it woke to life...
so return I...
Now live on, Sir Gawain...
live on.
"Where life is lost... wisdom."
I, too, lived a borrowed year.
It began with your act of valor
before the Green Knight...
and now it is at an end.
You were right, Gawain.
Love can bend fate.
Not only love, but courage too.
Lyonesse...
where no traveler
had ever passed before...
I must return.
The moment is here now...
as I knew it would be
when we first met.
I will not leave you.

You must, Sir Gawain.
Touch my cheek,
but do not be afraid.