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# George and the Dragon

By Tom Reeve

As the elders explain it,  
every story begins and ends  
at the crossing of two paths.  
So, for some, this story begins  
on the shores of France.  
Two men, once enemies,  
whose paths first crossed  
in battle,  
now face different roads  
in their journey as friends.  
Tarik,  
things won't be the same  
without you.  
What will I do with myself  
when you're not praying  
five times a day?  
Do exactly the same thing  
you would do when I was praying.  
-No, that's impossible.  
-Why?  
Because I was stealing  
your food.  
Come with me to England.  
Come with me to Spain.  
We'll find El Cabillo together.  
-We'll continue our adventures.  
-I can't.  
Right now what I seek are two head  
of cattle and an acre of farmland.  
Always the hopeless romantic.  
I hate it when you do that.  
Others say it began the same day  
with the escape of Father Bernard.  
I was going to tie  
your feet together,  
but I want to see you kick.  
A shepherd on the run  
from his flock.  
But most say it began  
right here in England  
with the disappearance of Princess  
Lunna on the eve of her wedding.  
Would you look at this?  
I'm busy.

Come here, you really need  
to see this.  
Maybe the old rope trick.  
The old rope trick.  
Praise God, my son.  
You saved my...  
You're a Moor.  
Yes, I am.  
So Tarik headed off to Spain  
in search of adventure and the  
legendary mercenary, El Cabillo,  
whilst George  
rowed home to England.  
The word of God warms the soul  
but good wine warms the belly.  
-No.  
-I have to ask you...  
How did a Christian knight  
befriend a Muslim Moor?  
Well, it's quite simple, really.  
He tried to cut my head off.  
I was in Jerusalem,  
in the ruins  
of a small building.  
There were two Arab men.  
One was dead,  
the other was mortally wounded.  
I was kneeling over the man  
when Tarik came into the building.  
And why didn't he kill you?  
Well, because he realised  
I wasn't trying to kill the man.  
I was giving him water  
to ease his suffering.  
The man was Tarik's own brother.  
So what are your plans now?  
Hopefully find a quiet place  
to settle down.  
Perhaps find a wife.  
But first I have family to visit.  
Here in the forest, men search  
for the missing princess.  
None more so than  
Lord de Gurney.

For he had much to lose.  
The king had given him  
the princess's hand,  
and once wed, he would have  
the power and riches he coveted.  
Even without the princess's love,  
he'd marry her and rule the kingdom.  
But no one thought "dragon."  
They had long since  
become legend.  
But looking back,  
this story really began when George  
returned to the village of Loar  
and our paths crossed  
for the first time.  
Are you lost, sir?  
And where's your horse?  
No, I'm not lost  
and I have no horse.  
I'm here to find Sir Robert.  
He'd be old now.  
He's still here,  
and he's still old.  
I'm Wryn.  
I'm George.  
Very pleased to meet you,  
Wryn.  
Sir Robert?  
-I'll take you to him.  
-Thank you, kind sir.  
You be careful  
with that lance, boy.  
Hello?  
Is anybody home?  
My eyes may be weak,  
but even after 15 years  
I know the voice of my own son.  
Come here, my boy!  
Father.  
I never gave up hope.  
I knew you'd come back.  
You know, so often  
I dreamt I was there,  
fighting alongside of you.

Sir Robert?  
May we come in?  
Yes, yes, come in.  
My son, the hero!  
Prepare a feast.  
Shall we cook  
him first or heat him  
on the hoof?  
I don't know, Bulchar.  
He looks a little tough.  
Might need a little tenderising.  
So, you're the famous El CabiIIo.  
You know, I was hoping  
you could teach me something.  
If you're looking for a teacher,  
then you've made a very poor choice.  
I only have four lessons, and sadly  
my students always seem to fail.  
Get this man a weapon.  
This better be worth my while.  
Lesson number one:  
always expect the unexpected.  
And I thought this  
was going to be easy.  
Oh, it's gonna be easy aII right.  
Lesson number two:  
never take your eyes off  
your opponent.

**Lesson three:**

never underestimate  
your opponent.  
Well, Moor?  
That's the best you got?  
Our lesson's almost over.  
My eyes!  
Lesson number four:  
always cheat.  
Best stick with your bow, son.  
Is it true the Muslims eat the heart  
and liver of the knights they kiII?  
No, they only eat the heart.  
The liver they feed to the horses.  
Give them no mind, Wryn.

I wish I'd been there with you.  
What's that?  
It is a curious thing,  
isn't it?  
It was given to me  
by a Muslim friend.  
-A Muslim friend? Surely you jest.  
-No, actually, father.  
It looks like  
the devil's pitchfork itself.  
Then that's what I shall call it.  
A pitch.  
Where will adventure  
take you next, my son?  
Well, father...  
I want to settle down.  
Settle down? Bah!  
You've got two perfectly good legs,  
my blood running through your veins.  
The blood of conquest.  
Oh, father.  
I was thinking of finding some land,  
perhaps north of the Grampians.  
You're still  
a hopeless romantic.  
You'd be wiser to go east.  
Fewer brigands.  
And no dragons.  
Are you still telling tall stories  
of dragons, father?  
Not tall stories.  
Facts. Dragons.  
The most fearsome creatures  
who ever walked this earth.  
-And there's still one out there...  
-Ah, yes,  
yes, the lance.  
The other end of it still stuck  
fast inside of her, yes?  
Aye, and one day  
lad, you'll bring that half  
back to me.  
I think you may finally be ready  
for this gift.

Something I've been  
saving for you.  
A dragon horn.  
Made from a claw from its foot.  
Makes a sound  
only a dragon can hear.  
And you saw this dragon, Sir Robert?  
With your own two eyes?  
With my own two legs,  
to be more precise.  
Whatever you say, father.  
I appreciate this gift.  
But my days of conquest are over.  
To England!  
Gently, gently. All right,  
put it down, there we go.  
Now, when you arrive in Crail,  
find King Edgaar. He's a good man.  
Edgaar will recognize that dragon  
horn I gave you and know I sent you.  
Will he have some land?  
If that's what you seek.  
But I know what lies inside you.  
Here. Farewell, mother.  
George.  
Goodbye, father.  
Fare ye well. All of you.  
Come.  
If anyone here were half the man I  
am, we might still have a princess.  
Okay, come on everyone.  
There's another way round  
we can go.  
Come on.  
See what you think  
about that then.  
Nothing like a drop of ale to wash  
the dust from your throat.  
You're right there, sire.  
I'll tell you something too,  
that is  
the finest ale  
this side of the Grampians.  
-Thank you.

-Where might I find King Edgaar?

The king?

Well, now normally he'd be...

he'd be right over there  
enjoying a drink.

The king?

Here?

Oh, yes, yes, yes.

When I say my ale is fit  
for a king, I mean it.

I was told he may have  
some land he could sell.

I'm afraid you've had a long journey  
and it may have been wasted.

You see, the thing is,  
three days ago

the king got word  
that his daughter had disappeared.

Not been out of the house since.

I doubt he will be  
till she's found.

It's a bad business.

Very bad business.

Then I have some time to kill.

Anyone wanting to buy land round  
here must have a fair  
few coins in his purse.

Not as many as you think,  
friend.

My friends here would all like  
another tankard of ale.

Let's just check  
those coins again,  
see if we can't...

I don't think  
you want any trouble.

I wouldn't mind some.

Be careful what  
you wish for, Arrd.

Lord de Gurney.

I suggest you remember  
your place.

Batley, my lord.

He put me up to it.



It was all his big idea.  
Go on, get out of here.  
Lord de Gurney.  
George of Loack.  
I can arrange a meeting  
with the king if you like.  
-You can?  
-After you.  
Thank you, my lord.  
What news, Lord de Gurney?  
None yet, sire.  
But my men and I  
will continue to search.  
Was there no sign of her at all?  
No, sire.  
But I am convinced  
it was the Picts.  
Picts?  
Those savages.  
They could do anything to her,  
anything at all.  
Mark my words, sire.  
I will get her back unharmed.  
She is your daughter,  
but she's also my betrothed.  
Then I will join you.  
For Princess Lunna  
I'd follow the devil himself.  
Sire,  
I fear it might be  
a little too dangerous for such a...  
Any man who joins in the search  
for my daughter has my blessing.  
Perhaps,  
my liege, I may be  
of some assistance.  
My lord, may I introduce...  
Lord, if I may be so bold...  
This is my introduction.  
The dragon horn!  
How did you come by this?  
Is Sir Robert dead?  
No, my good lord.  
He is old but well.

And prays for your good health  
and long life.  
Come here.  
Come, come closer.  
Those eyes,  
I'd know those eyes anywhere.  
-You must be...  
-Yes, I'm son of Sir Robert.  
Well, nothing could  
delight me more than to know  
that the son of my old  
comrade in arms  
is joining the search.  
There is a reward, you know.  
Money's no object.  
No, my lord.  
I seek only one thing.  
Just a small parcel of land.  
Enough for a cottage, a garden,  
two heads of cattle...  
Your modesty touches me.  
-Do you think it's too late?  
-Sire, I'm sure she's fine.  
I'll wager there isn't a Pict  
within a day's ride of her.  
It must be the horses.  
So we took the better half of a day  
to get around a tree,  
did we? I swear if I had a coin  
for every time you were late,  
I could pave this country in gold.  
I'm sorry, sir. It took a longer  
than we thought. There was a big...  
We have no time for chit-chat.  
We have to make camp  
by daybreak.  
Let's see what England  
has to offer us.  
Let's go!  
Would you care for  
some liquorice?  
Thank you.  
It must be an acquired taste.  
And has the Princess Lunna

acquired the taste?  
I do believe she has.  
Then you are destined  
to be together.  
Is there a princess  
in your life?  
No, all women I've come across  
are more trouble than they're worth.  
Then you most certainly  
have not met my Lunna.  
She is as gentle  
and agreeable as a lamb.  
I shall look forward  
to making her acquaintance.  
Dismount.  
I have scoured these woods for  
tracks, and I have found none.  
So, the Picts have wings?  
No, they have boats.  
They came from the water  
while the princess was in the lake.  
And they will never suspect  
we have them too.  
-We do?  
-I see nothing but trees.  
And from trees come boats.  
All right, you men.  
Dismount.  
Fell the timber here.  
You men rearward, take your horses  
and drag the poles to the lake.  
And you, get me another  
roll of liquorice.  
-Care for another, George?  
-No, keep it for yourself,  
my lord.  
Stand aside.  
Yes, my lord.  
Shall we?  
Garth,  
appears we may have  
some company.  
Flanks!  
George.

Thank you.  
Garth, axe.  
You know,  
this is getting us nowhere.  
-Having fun?  
-Yeah, can I borrow this?  
Catch.  
Thanks.  
Elm's gone looking for trouble.  
Can you look after these  
on your own?  
-I don't need you, just your axe.  
-Axe and you shall receive.  
No, come back!  
My sword!  
You all right, Elm?  
I surely had them  
on the run, I did.  
Nearly got yourself killed is more  
like it. Lucky I saw you leave.  
Not that lucky, I'm afraid.  
All right, go up there.  
Go on.  
Go on, get out of here!  
Whoever you are,  
we consider you a friend.  
Please show yourself.  
I know this young archer.  
Wryn!  
If you don't show yourself,  
I'll slice up your liver  
and have it for dinner.  
You wouldn't really eat my liver,  
would you?  
I've half a mind to do exactly that.  
Now come down here.  
Now, what are you doing here?  
Well, you looked like  
you could use some help.  
We were in a bit of a bind.  
-I'm Wryn, from Loar.  
-Elmendorf of Crail.  
Good to meet you,  
young Wryn.

I've heard of Loar,  
and I've never been there, but...  
Do you mind?  
-We have to take him back to Loar.  
-No! You can't take me back.  
You need me.  
I saved your life.  
The boy does have a point.  
Have you both taken leave  
of your senses?  
This journey's far too dangerous  
to be undertaken by a child.  
We can take him as far as  
the Abbey of Sainte Germaine.  
Near Torgyle.  
Well...  
You leave us little choice now.  
Wonderful. Now let's  
get back to the camp  
and we'll retrieve the cart  
and Princess Lunna's things  
and then I won't have to ride  
that infernal horse any longer.  
Yeah, yeah, all right, all right.  
Please, please,  
I swear, I swear, I swear!  
-Your eyes tell me you're lying.  
-Well, my mouth's tell the truth.  
-Honestly, we've got nothing.  
-Go on.  
What? No, no, please.  
Don't hang me upside down!  
I get nose bleeds!  
I can smell a lie  
I like horses smell water.  
-Do it.  
-No, no, look, look.  
Even the king's daughter's  
disappeared.  
She was the only, the only  
valuable thing we had, really.  
Wait.  
-A princess?  
-Yeah.

-A ransom?

-Yeah, a great big ransom.

Apparently a knight's gone to look for her, but would you believe it, he didn't want the reward.

All he wanted was, what was it...

Yeah, a little parcel of land, two head of cattle.

I mean, come on. What a fool, eh?

You'd take the money,

wouldn't you? Yeah?

Let's find the princess.

-String him up.

-What?

No, that's not fair!

No, I'm getting a nose bleed.

I knew I would.

I told 'em, I told 'em.

George!

Those Picts

weren't so tough after all.

I'm sure they didn't fare any better against Lord de Gurney, either.

What is that?

How old is it?

Ten days.

No, maybe a fortnight.

-Anything wrong?

-No, no.

Just thinking we need to move on.

We'll stop here.

Well, the sky is clearing.

Be able to see the stars soon.

My father once said

if I was worthy enough

they'd name one of those after me.

What's that? Over there.

That's a fire.

I think we should break camp.

Wryn, what are you doing?

Stay here.

Stay here.

Useless.

Try that again and there's another

one where that came from.  
Get away from that thing.  
No, you get away!  
Princess Lunna!  
Princess Lunna, thank God  
you're safe. You've no idea...  
Princess Lunna?  
This is the little lamb  
we've come to find?  
Elm.  
I knew you'd come.  
Subdue this fool.  
What fool's that?  
This one.  
Holding the sword which is  
obviously too large for him.  
No, Princess, you don't understand.  
Your father sent this fool.  
Excuse me?  
This gentleman,  
Sir George, to find you.  
Well, very well, but no one  
is going to harm this egg.  
What kind of egg is that?  
It's a dragon's egg.  
-And its name is Smite.  
-May I touch it?  
Wryn, you stay put.  
I'm getting you out of here and then  
I'm gonna destroy that thing.  
You're not getting me anywhere.  
I was doing perfectly well  
until you showed up.  
Really? Because you look  
very cold  
and extremely hungry to me.  
I've got something for you.  
Wryn, come and help me.  
Don't speak to me.  
I wasn't planning on it.  
If you came to kill a dragon,  
you came to the wrong place.  
I came to find you.  
Where there's a baby

there is a mother.  
Adelaide died.  
Adelaide?  
That's what I called her.  
She had a terrible wound.  
Two days ago she just crawled off  
into the lake and didn't come back.  
Smite may be the last dragon  
God ever creates,  
and I intend to protect him.  
So you are hungry.  
Perhaps.  
I might just have  
something for you.  
I'd eat anything.  
-It's liquorice, Garth told me...  
-Garth?  
He doesn't know me at all. That's  
the worst substance I've ever eaten.  
Very well put.  
Lunna, I brought some  
of your things from the campsite.  
And I've brought you  
a special piece of venison.  
Elm, you always  
were so thoughtful.  
Wryn, thank you.  
Yes, I'll take the first watch.  
-You scared me.  
-Sorry.  
It's gonna be  
a long day tomorrow.  
Better get some rest.  
Elm.  
You know we can't let it live,  
don't you?  
-I don't suppose we could...  
-No.  
No.  
I'll do the dirty work.  
Tell me, Wryn.  
Do you hope one day to be a hired  
killer like Sir George here?  
I'd like to be a knight,



if that's what you're asking.

-Why?

-Sounds like fun.

There's nothing fun  
about killing, Wryn.

It's very dirty,  
deeply unpleasant  
and not something I'd recommend  
to anyone at all.

What about you, George?

Aren't you still  
in the business of killing?  
I'd hardly call it a business.

My father must be  
paying you a fortune.

If you call an acre of land and two  
head of cattle a fortune, then...

yes.

How curious. A knight  
who doesn't seek fame,  
a mercenary  
who doesn't seek fortune.

-Why did you follow this path?

-I had no choice.

My path was set down for me  
before I was born.

And you don't have a choice now?

No, I have a duty.

A duty of honour, to honour  
my father, to honour my oath.

Perhaps that doesn't make much sense  
to a spoilt little princess.

Most of us can't be quite as  
frivolous as we might like.

But I suppose  
that too, for a girl like you,  
is rather difficult  
to understand.

Then I don't suppose  
you understand me at all.

-We can't push the cart up the hill?

-No, it's far too steep.

Then you must promise me  
to be very careful.

I promise.  
Should we clear a path in there?  
Oh, no.  
Not now.  
I hope nothing happens to it.  
I've never seen a real dragon.  
Oh, no, he wouldn't dare!  
As the daughter of the king,  
for the last  
time I order you  
not to harm this egg!  
That's twice!  
I cannot believe  
you've done that again!  
Enough is enough.  
One day you'll  
thank me for this.  
One day I'll hang you for this!  
I'm not leaving without Smite!  
The riders are coming!  
I'm not leaving without him!  
Hang it all!  
All right.  
All right.  
But if that thing slows us down,  
I swear to you you'll be  
the only woman in England wearing  
dragon skin shoes, understood?  
Yeah.  
Why me?  
Elm?  
Thank the lord.  
George?  
No.  
George!  
Watch out for the tree!  
My dear...  
My darling, are you all right?  
I think I'm fine, thank you.  
My little sweetheart.  
Damn, you brought the egg  
right to the cart.  
Well, thank you, Elm.  
It would be nice

if someone else noticed.  
All right, we've got to get  
Smite into the cart.  
The cart happens to be  
full of your...  
your dresses.  
Now it'll fit.  
Suppose we'd better get the egg.  
Let's go.  
Go on, go on.  
Wryn, have you ever seen  
one of these?  
It's better than  
a bucket of water.  
Torgyle's about  
a day's ride from here.  
They'll run us down  
long before then.  
Thanks to that, we're going  
slower than a snail's pace.  
Maybe we should head  
towards the mountains.  
Pack it in, Wryn.  
No, we have to stay near the lake  
in case it hatches.  
And that might be soon.  
Smells like a princess.  
An interesting relic.  
Could be worth something.  
I'll tell you when I've sold it.  
We go north.  
Mountain path.  
Lake path.  
Which way?  
We need to buy some time.  
We can't tell which way they went.  
Should we split up?  
We have to.  
Take four men and...  
Wait.  
There.  
Very clumsy.  
They make this too easy.  
It's that sound again.

He's not gonna stay in there  
much longer, you know.  
And this blanket  
isn't big enough.  
Your Highness, I don't suppose  
we could use your...  
No, I don't suppose we could.  
What is this?  
They took the lake road!  
Come on!  
I still can't believe  
you're actually here.  
What's this?  
Have you kidnapped the king?  
Shh, cousin, calm down.  
Concentrate.  
Say ''rabbits and radishes.''  
Rabbits and radishes?  
Hey, it works.  
She's all right, let her go.  
I was trying to say  
that you're smothering me.  
I'm sorry, Sister,  
I couldn't risk you being heard.  
What is that?  
Dear cousin,  
we have a small problem.  
It's a big problem.  
-It's a small dragon.  
-That's about to hatch.  
It's a dragon's egg?  
Sister Angela.  
Was it you causing  
all this commotion?  
And who may I ask,  
are your visitors?  
Mother Margaret, this is my beloved  
cousin, the Princess Lunna.  
-And this...  
-Oh my good Lord!  
What in heaven's name is that?  
It's a dragon's egg,  
Mother Superior.  
How is that possible?

I thought they'd been extinct  
for hundreds of years.  
It may be the last of its kind and I  
feel compelled to take it to safety  
where it can be  
no harm to anyone.  
And where may that be?  
I understand her point, Mother.  
But I fear there is  
no such place.  
It is my belief that this egg  
should be destroyed.  
I'm afraid I agree with you, sir.  
Sister Angela,  
your friends  
are very welcome here,  
but that creature, whatever it is,  
most certainly is not.  
See that it is despatched  
as soon as possible.  
Please, Mother Margaret,  
please don't.  
It is for the best.  
Only God knows what havoc  
it will cause when it hatches.  
Now, sir.  
Actually,  
I am of a different opinion.  
I don't believe my eyes!  
You know each other?  
We did some boating together  
at one time.  
So, there are your friends?  
Mother Margaret and I  
met many, many, many years ago.  
One 'many' would have been  
quite sufficient.  
And so, this is your path  
to peace and tranquility?  
I got a little sidetracked.  
It would have been a good deal less  
dangerous if I'd gone with Tarik.  
Mother Margaret?  
Something is not evil just because

we don't understand it.  
Besides, the princess has a unique  
understanding of creation.  
I, for one,  
am going to listen to her.  
-But Father Bernard...  
-And as someone else who has  
a big heart I think you should  
listen to her as well.  
Very well.  
On your own head be it.  
But no one else,  
except for those of us here,  
can know about it.  
And it must be hidden in the stables  
till morning  
and it must be gone by then.  
It will be, I promise.  
Forgive me, Mother.  
That's quite all right, child.  
Restraint is a virtue  
only thrust upon the elderly.  
May God be with you.  
Wryn.  
Sir.  
Your poor tunic, it's ruined.  
I'll see if we can find something  
more appropriate for you inside.  
-A handsome escort, isn't he?  
-I don't know what you mean.  
What?  
The tie of my dress.  
Would you just...?  
Yes, of course.  
Just, tuck it in here.  
Princess Lunna.  
-They told me you'd arrived safely.  
-My lord.  
My Lord de Gurney.  
It's good to see you again.  
-George.  
-Where did your adventures take you?  
Most likely on the same roads  
you've travelled.

Although I see  
you caught the prize.  
It's really not important  
who found her.  
Just that she's safe. Now we can  
take her back to her father.  
Aren't you forgetting something,  
George?  
Forgetting what?  
Our little secret.  
Oh, no.  
No, it's really not  
what you think.  
Could you excuse us  
while we have a word?  
Do not let me interfere.  
Thank you. A word.  
-I'm not leaving without the egg.  
-What?  
You'd think they were a married  
couple the way they're carrying on.  
Lunna?  
Lunna!  
I am so relieved that you've  
returned to me safe and sound.  
Are you relieved  
that I'm safe?  
Or are you relieved we can finally  
move forward with your plans?  
-That you're safe, of course.  
-Of course.  
Why?  
Don't you even wonder  
what happened to me?  
I had a lot of time to think  
while I was away and I've decided  
I will not marry you.  
You can't be serious.  
Your father  
-promised me your hand.  
-I don't love you.  
I never did.  
Lunna,  
this is not only about love.

This is about the solvency  
of our kingdom.  
When I marry,  
it will be about love.  
This is about him, isn't it?  
I made my decision  
long before I met George.  
You just weren't listening.  
Elm...  
When will they be wed?  
Lunna and Garth?  
Soon, very soon.  
George, there's something  
you must know.  
Since the Crusades  
our kingdom has suffered  
a great deal.  
King Edgaar felt the need  
for a strong successor.  
Someone who may not be  
as benevolent as he, but...  
one who can unify our people.  
Garth is that man.  
And the king's  
daughter agreed to marry him  
because unlike what you thought,  
she's not selfish and spoiled.  
And preserving this egg,  
well it's the first thing  
she's ever done  
that she wasn't told to do.  
It is about time.  
Sorry, sir.  
There has been a development  
that I had not counted on.  
So we must expedite my plan.  
The troops are camped about  
a half a day's ride from here.  
What can I do?  
I need you to get the troops  
to Dunmeade by mid-morning.  
I will meet you there  
with the priest.  
And when he's performed the ceremony



we can move on the old king.  
Now I have some work to do here,  
so you will bring the men.  
And D'Arcy.  
Do not be late.  
Yes, sir.  
Utter a word  
and it will be your last.  
Put these on.  
Mo...  
What in heaven?  
-Come on!  
-It's Lord de Gurney!  
He's taken Princess Lunna  
and Father Bernard!  
I think they were tied.  
Where?  
To the horse!  
No, where did he take them?  
The road to Dunmeade.  
-Wryn, get the horse.  
-I'll get the cart.  
No, I'm not taking it.  
It'll slow us down.  
I'm the servant of the princess.  
I vowed to protect her.  
All right, all right,  
all right.  
You protect the egg,  
I'll rescue the princess.  
Come on, come on!  
Go on, now, go, go, go on!  
You'd better try  
and secure it!  
-It won't sit still.  
-Well, do something.  
I did it.  
Elm!  
We'll take him with us.  
No!  
No!  
Let me go!  
This is not what I had in mind  
for our wedding.

But since you would not cooperate,  
this is where it's going to be.

Now move.

Come on, come on. Go!

You see, that's not consent.

I won't do it.

Oh, really?

Kill me if you want.

I don't fear death.

Dearly beloved,

we are gathered here today...

Come on, come on!

Do you, Garth de Gurney...

I do.

-Do you, Princess...?

-She does.

I swear you'll regret this.

I don't love you.

I don't even like you.

I agreed to our engagement

only to serve my father.

And a proud father he will be.

He'll go to the grave knowing

his kingdom is in good hands.

Come on!

Once we are wed,

I will be king

and you will be my queen.

Well, George, just in time.

-We need a witness.

-I'll witness your certain death

unless you unhand her.

I'll not only unhand her.

I'll unarm her,

unleg her,

and possibly behead her,

unless you put down that sword.

Now, let's continue, priest.

I've had enough of these

rude interruptions.

-Elm...

-Riders, the riders!

-What?

-The riders aren't far behind me!

So, Captain D'Arcy's  
arrived on time.  
These aren't your men.  
They've been chasing us for days.  
Who?  
It's a bunch of very ugly-looking  
mercenaries. They take no prisoners.  
No.  
What kind of a fool  
do you take me for?  
You think I'm stupid enough to  
believe a group of mercenaries  
is converging outside?  
Why not? There's an egg  
the size of a cow at your feet.  
Think about it.  
When have your men  
ever been on time?  
They'll kill us all.  
All right.  
Come on, then.  
I speak for the one  
who makes God tremble.  
Surrender the girl and live.  
Refuse,  
and die. Start with the boy.  
That is hardly a threat.  
Who cares if one more  
peasant boy dies?  
Princess,  
up on the wall.  
Father, you go with her.  
So you're the great  
El Cabillo, huh?  
The terroriser  
of sheep and chickens?  
Wryn, go.  
What are you doing in this  
dreadful place? Are you crazy?  
Risking your life  
for that skinny girl?  
She's got no meat on her bones.  
What did I tell you about that?  
Back up.

No, Elm!  
He's a friend.  
And you thought  
you'd never see me again.  
You're El Cabillo?  
-I became El Cabillo.  
-How?  
Come on, I'll show you.  
Fight me.  
It's a curious arrangement.  
Whoever beats El Cabillo  
becomes the next El Cabillo.  
-Oh, so you killed him?  
-Oh, come on.  
Do you remember  
lesson  
-number five?  
-Number five!  
He got that far, did he?  
This is a friend of yours?  
The best. Tarik,  
this is Elmendorf.  
And Wryn.  
Oh, and this is  
the Princess Luna of Craii.  
Princess...  
Wait a minute.  
And I am Lord de Gurney.  
My lord.  
Of all people,  
you showing up here.  
I don't know why,  
when I heard of a knight  
who went to save a princess  
for an acre of land and two cows,

**I thought:**

fooI enough to do that?''  
I could only think  
of one person.  
Please, let us dispense  
of the family reunion.  
If those men out there are yours,  
why are they still battle ready?

I have the situation  
under control.  
Under control.  
There's nothing here  
worth dying for.  
We will turn to the south.  
I think there is.  
You defy me?  
The men are ready  
for a new leader.  
Under control?  
You call that under control?  
Now we'll see  
what we're made of.  
Let's get on with it.  
Come here!  
Nice horsey.  
No, Wryn, stay here!  
-Father?  
-He's alive!  
Father!  
This isn't blood,  
this is burgundy!  
But there is a big,  
big hole here.  
Come on.  
Quick!  
Close the door!  
What in the name of AlIah...?  
It's an egg.  
A very special egg.  
It's under our protection.  
Arrows!  
Come on, come on!  
Elmendorf!  
There, that should hold them.  
Be careful.  
Already has its teeth.  
You see?  
What did I tell you, eh?  
Maybe it's allergic to you.  
-May I?  
-Gently. Don't go near its mouth.  
Smite!

Soldiers! Get them!  
Smite!  
Wryn, blow the horn!  
We make a good team,  
you and I.  
We did.  
We can again.  
Rule with me, George.  
I'd rather eat liquorice,  
thank you.  
Then so be it.  
Not so fast.  
Try again.  
It's working.  
Smite!  
George!  
The trouble with you, Princess,  
is you always need rescuing.  
Hold that.  
If you need any more help,  
just ask.  
I'm so sorry.  
Sorry, sir!  
Who are you with?  
No, who are you with?  
Wrong answer!  
Could you please hold my sword?  
Thank you.  
I'm an innkeeper. I'll give you  
free ale for a year!  
Fresh pies every Friday!  
You are a very good team,  
aren't you?  
Sister!  
He's not, he's not going down.  
Oh, no!  
Oh my God, Elm!  
It wasn't meant  
to turn out like this.  
Very tired.  
But knowing there's someone  
to watch over you  
makes this a little easier.  
Wryn.

I can think of no one  
more worthy  
to take my place  
as guardian of  
the king's household.  
You'll grow into it.  
Adelaide!  
Dragon!  
Dragon!  
-Father!  
-God, my child.  
I'm sorry I've caused you  
so much worry.  
Where's George?  
George?  
Where's George?  
-Something's fallen against it.  
-George!  
The lance!  
It was no fairy tale.  
Rabbits and radishes,  
rabbits and radishes...  
Holy Father,  
forgive me for what  
I am compelled to do.  
I will try to make this  
as painless as possible.  
Please, George, you didn't.  
To George!  
The dragon slayer!  
You saved us all.  
You're truly a saint, George.  
God was on our side today.  
I think Allah doesn't pick sides  
when men are killing each other.  
I believe that you're right,  
Tarik.  
-He was a good man.  
-A very good man.  
But I don't think I'll ever be  
able to take his place.  
It's such a big ring.  
-I'll stay with you until then.  
-You will?

I'll teach you  
everything I know.  
My lance!  
Father.  
-After all these years...  
-Forgive me.  
I'm so sorry I ever doubted you.  
Oh, my boy.  
Only you deserve  
to wear this now.  
Thank you.  
Lunna!  
Take my horse.  
Good luck.  
I think I may need it.  
A perfect fit.  
I can do this.  
Be calm, young knight.  
This is a battle  
George must face alone.  
Garth!  
Come on!  
No, come on!  
Come on!  
Lunna, keep riding!  
Come on!  
There is something you should  
know about me, George.  
I am not a good loser.  
You were right  
to be afraid of me.  
George! George!  
George? George?  
You didn't kill her.  
I can't believe  
you did that for me.  
I did it because of you.  
Your absurd ideas...  
your unique understanding  
of creation  
began to make sense to me.  
No one knows what a hero  
you really are.  
No one can know about this.



If people should find out that  
they're still alive,  
they'll stop at nothing  
to kill them.  
This must be a secret.  
A secret between them...  
and us.  
What are you going to do  
with that?  
No one must ever find this.  
George...  
I heard there was a unicorn  
just near Glastonbury.  
No, no, no.  
No unicorns, no sea monsters  
and certainly no more dragons.  
We could just check it out.  
It's on the way.  
Get your horse.  
I believe I need you  
beside me.  
For sure,  
I believe you never deny thee...  
And it comes to life or death.  
Before I'm breathing  
my last breath,  
I want you to know.  
For me,  
it will always be...  
Action!  
Action!  
Action!  
Action!  
-You're a Moor.  
-Yes, I am. Been one for years.  
You're a Moor.  
And a big one at that.  
-You're a Moor.  
-I am a Moor. My mother was a Moor.  
B camera!  
Three, two, one.  
Action!  
Action!  
The only thing I'll be witnessing

is your certain death if less...  
Keep rolling!  
Okay, can we concentrate now,  
please? Here we go. Still.  
And action!  
The only thing I'll be witnessing  
is your certain death... I'm sorry.  
Thank you.  
Action!  
Your absurd ideas,  
your unique understanding of...  
Sorry.  
What is wrong with you?  
The horse doing a turd.  
It was in my peripheral vision.  
I'm really sorry.  
I could pave this entire  
country with gold.  
I'm sorry, sir, it took  
a little longer than we thought.  
Action!  
Still now, please.  
No one must ever find this.  
Idiot.  
Thank you.  
Have you both lost leave  
of your senses?  
Sorry, can we go...  
What news,  
my Lord de Gurney?  
None yet, your...  
My...  
Sorry.  
...so relieved that you've...  
It's an egg.  
Camera mark. Keep rolling.  
Action.  
I can arrange  
an introduction with...  
Can't I say 'a meeting'?  
I can arrange a meeting...  
or an introduction  
with the king if you like.  
-Lord de Gurney.

-George of...

That's it, I can't take any more off  
than this without help.