

SCRIPT TITLE

Written by

Name of First Writer

Based on, If Any

Address
Phone Number

AVERY and ROWAN try to take it all in. The camera moves around catching the treasure that fill the room. The Hamper of Gwyddno Garanhir, The Cauldron of Dyrnwch the Giant, The Whetstone of Tudwal Tudglyd, The Mantle of Arthur, The Stone and Ring of Eluned the Fortunate. The camera stops. Avery and ROWAN back to back, each looking at something.

They turn to each other, then see what the other is seeing. The camera zooms out to reveal The Ark of the Covenant and the Holy Grail.

AVERY
Is that?

ROWAN
The Ark of the Covenant. (beat) Is that?

AVERY
The Holy Grail.

AVERY (CONT'D) ROWAN
Pretty sure. Pretty sure.

They smile at each other for quoting Indiana Jones.

ROWAN
Is this a joke?

GAVIN
No. It's very real. As is this.

GAVIN opens a locked cupboard and reveals an ancient stone engraved cross. It's jagged. Parts missing.

GAVIN lays it down gently as Avery and ROWAN slowly approach.

AVERY
Oh my god. Arthur's burial cross.

GAVIN
Spot on. But that's not what I wanted to show you. Look.

GAVIN points at the text, etched in Latin.

ROWAN
"Here lies buried Queen Gwenhwyfar..., Arthur, in the Avalonian isle". It's broken.

GAVIN
It is. Turn it over.

ROWAN does, gently. He holds his breath.

ROWAN
Avery.

AVERY goes to him.

ROWAN
"The table round she..." The rest
is gone.

AVERY
Like...the round table?

AVERY takes out her phone and snaps a few pictures quickly.

GAVIN
My family has been protecting this
since it was unearthed by my 18th
great grandfather. Henry de Sully.
We don't know why. Just that if
someone finds there way here
looking for her, to show them.

BAM. Someone is kicking the stone walls above.

AVERY
Who knows this is here.

GAVIN
No one.

AVERY stares at her phone.

AVERY
They have my computer.

ROWAN
I'll buy you another computer.

AVERY
No.

She holds up her phone.

AVERY
Location.

She takes out her phone and turns off location. She looks at GAVIN.

AVERY
Is there another way out?

GAVIN points to a small spiral staircase.

GAVIN
There. It goes to the street. Go.
Take the cross with you. I'll
distract them. (beat) There's more
to the story...

A LOUD BANG, as the secret door begins to give way.

GAVIN
Go.

ROWAN and AVERY take off. GAVIN heads into the storage room.
We see GAVIN take a breath, and open the secret door.

INT. GLASTONBURY ABBEY - PRESENT - STAIRCASE

AVERY and ROWAN walk carefully and quietly up the stairs.
They hear:

GAVIN (V.O.)
How may I help you gentlemen. I do
apologize, this space it off
limits.

Then a gunshot and the door slams closed. AVERY and ROWAN
look back in fear that GAVIN is lost.

ROWAN
We have to keep going.

AVERY nods and they continue. She opens the door to the
street and they step out into the bustling street.

FADE TO:

INT. GWENHWYFAR'S CASTLE - TWILIGHT - 485 AD

A hand outside a window, GWENHWYFAR, feels the rain on her
skin. She is seated in an walkway surrounding a courtyard.

LANCELOT (V.O.)
M'lady.

GWENHWYFAR turns to see LANCELOT standing a few feet away.

GWENHWYFAR
Lancelot. Please. Come.

He walks to her. He cannot meet her eyes.

GWENHWYFAR (CONT'D)
Did they arrive safely?

LANCELOT
Aye, m'lady. All of them.

GWENHWYFAR takes a large breath.

GWENHWYFAR
Good. That eases my heart. (beat)
And have you found Cerdic?

LANCELOT
Not yet. But..

GWENHWYFAR
I know he didn't do this. They
didn't do this. Arthur's dividing
Briton, not unifying it with these
lies. And the people believe him.

LANCELOT
Yes.

A weighted beat. She looks at him.

GWENHWYFAR
Somethings wrong. More than this?

LANCELOT
No. Not wrong, m'lady. Just not as
I hoped.

GWENHWYFAR gets up and meets his gaze.

GWENHWYFAR
And what was your hope?

They stare at each other. LANCELOT'S hand brushes a strand of hair from her face and tucks it behind her ear.

LANCELOT
I dare not say, for it is trivial
in such times. For fear...I might
lose myself.

They lock eyes and begin to slowly move into one another until their lips meet, softly at first, and then with the passion that has been brewing between them since their meeting.

LANCELOT breaks away and holds her from him, for fear that he will lose both himself and control.

LANCELOT (CONT'D)
Forgive me.

LANCELOT hurries away. She watches him go, disappointed. She turns back to the rain. She hears footsteps. A smile crosses her face in anticipation. She turns.

ARTHUR is standing in the doorway, flanked by GAWAIN and BORS. He has seen this exchange.

ARTHUR
Gwenhwyfar.

GWENHWYFAR
Arthur.

He crosses to her and kneels in front of her.

ARTHUR
When I first heard of your beauty,
I thought the bards lied. No woman
could burn so brightly. And yet,
here you are.

He stands, his voice almost tender, soft)

ARTHUR (CONT'D)
I know your heart does not beat for
me.

GWENHWYFAR looks in the direction of LANCELOT'S retreat, and see's him in the distance, watching her. ARTHUR sees her gaze, sees LANCELOT, then turns back to her and continues.

ARTHUR (CONT'D)
But, Gwenhwyfar, hearts can be
persuaded. Just as kingdoms can be
won.

He pauses, letting his words carry weight.

ARTHUR (CONT'D)
Britain is broken, bleeding from a
thousand wounds we did not create.
(beat) But with you beside me,
together we could heal it. You have
done so much. I can help you do so
much more. You can see how they
want me to lead. How strong Briton
would be with me as its King.

ARTHUR touches her hand. LANCELOT flinches.

ARTHUR (CONT'D)
Be my queen. Let me worship the
fire I see in you.

She looks to LANCELOT. ARTHUR'S gaze follows. Her choice, unmistakable. LANCELOT bows his head to her.

GWENHWYFAR
You mistake ambition for destiny.
I am not yours to win, Arthur. Nor
are my people or this land. My fire
is not yours to claim. I will never
be your queen.

ARTHUR prickles, adoration turning to obsession, then into something darker.

ARTHUR

You *need* me. You are loosing their
confidence. They no longer believe
a *woman* can lead this land.