

BEDIVERE

Written by

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FADE IN:

EXT. BATTLEFIELD - CAMLANN - EVENING

The sky is overcast, thunder rumbling in the distance. The ground is muddy, littered with bodies and the remnants of a fierce battle. The clash of swords and cries of warriors fill the air.

CLOSE-UP: BLOOD-SOAKED MUD AS A BOOT SLAMS INTO THE GROUND, SPLATTERING.

CAMERA TRACKS along with SIR BEDIVERE as he strides through the chaos, every step purposeful and intense.

SFX: The muffled sound of battle, the dull thud of swords, grunts, and screams.

BEDIVERE'S POV: The world is a blur of motion and noise, but his focus is sharp, zeroed in on KING ARTHUR (50s, regal yet battle-worn) who is engaged in a brutal duel with MORDRED (40s, fierce and determined).

QUICK CUTS: Bedivere dispatches two enemies with brutal efficiency - close-quarters combat, raw and unflinching. Each strike is deliberate, showcasing his experience and ruthlessness.

CUT TO:

EXT. BATTLEFIELD CENTER - EVENING

SLOW MOTION: Arthur delivers a mortal blow to Mordred, but not before Mordred drives his sword deep into Arthur's side. Both men collapse.

CLOSE-UP: Arthur's face twisted in pain, eyes searching the battlefield.

SIR BEDIVERE (V.O.)
Camelot falls... and with it, our
hope.

CUT TO:

EXT. BATTLEFIELD EDGE - EVENING

Bedivere fights his way towards Arthur, cutting down anyone in his path. His breath is heavy, his expression grim.

SIR BEDIVERE (V.O.)
(haunted)
I failed to protect him. All I have
left... is his final wish.

HANDHELD CAMERA FOLLOWS BEDIVERE AS HE MOVES THROUGH THE
BATTLEFIELD, THE CAMERA JOSTLING WITH THE MOVEMENT, CREATING
AN IMMERSIVE, CHAOTIC FEEL.

CUT TO:

EXT. BATTLEFIELD CENTER - EVENING

Bedivere reaches Arthur, who lies bleeding and barely
conscious. He kneels beside his king.

KING ARTHUR
(weakly)
Bedivere... you must return
Excalibur... to the Lake.

Arthur grips Bedivere's hand, his eyes pleading.

KING ARTHUR (CONT'D) (CONT'D)
(Eyes wide)
Swear it.

CLOSE-UP: EXCALIBUR, ITS BLADE GLINTING WITH AN OTHERWORLDLY
LIGHT, SPLATTERED WITH BLOOD.

SIR BEDIVERE
(on the verge of tears)
I swear it, my king.

Arthur nods, a faint smile crossing his lips. His head slips
back and he breathes his last breath, succumbing to his
wounds.

(Bedivere closes his
eyes)

WIDE SHOT: BEDIVERE STANDS, CLUTCHING EXCALIBUR. AROUND HIM,
THE FIGHTING SUBSIDES AS NEWS OF ARTHUR'S DEATH SPREADS. THE
BATTLEFIELD GOES EERILY SILENT.

SIR BEDIVERE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
The sword... must return to its
rightful place.

CUT TO:

EXT. FOREST - DUSK

Bedivere strides through a dense forest, his face set with grim determination. The atmosphere is tense and quiet, the only sounds are his footsteps and the rustling of leaves.

MATCH CUT TO:

INT. CAMELOT - GREAT HALL - DAY (PAST)

Bedivere, younger and full of hope, walks down the aisle of the Great Hall towards the throne where KING ARTHUR (younger, full of vitality) stands, holding Excalibur. The hall is adorned with banners and filled with knights and nobles.

KING ARTHUR (V.O.)
Camelot is more than a kingdom.
It's a beacon of hope... a dream we
must protect.

CUT TO:

EXT. FOREST - DUSK (PRESENT)

Bedivere steps over a fallen log, his breath visible in the cold air.

FLASHBACK TO:

INT. CAMELOT - GREAT HALL - DAY (PAST)

Bedivere kneels before Arthur. Arthur taps him on the shoulders with Excalibur, knighting him.

KING ARTHUR
Rise, Sir Bedivere, Knight of the
Round Table.

CUT TO:

EXT. FOREST - DUSK (PRESENT)

Bedivere climbs over a rocky hill, the physical effort mirroring the solemnity of his earlier steps in Camelot.

FLASHBACK TO:

INT. CAMELOT - GREAT HALL - DAY (PAST)

Bedivere rises, a proud and determined look on his face. Arthur smiles warmly, placing a hand on his shoulder.

KING ARTHUR
Your loyalty and bravery will be a
light for others to follow.

CUT TO:

EXT. FOREST - DUSK (PRESENT)

Bedivere stumbles slightly, catching himself. He pauses, his face reflecting a mix of determination and sorrow.

SIR BEDIVERE (V.O.)
For Arthur... for Camelot...

CUT TO:

EXT. BATTLEFIELD - NIGHT (PAST)

Bedivere kneels beside Arthur's lifeless body, holding Excalibur tightly. The grief and determination in his eyes are palpable.

SIR BEDIVERE (V.O.)
I will not fail you, my king.

CUT TO:

EXT. FOREST - NIGHT (PRESENT)

Bedivere continues his journey, disappearing into the darkness.

FADE OUT.

TITLE CARD:

"BEDIVERE"

FADE IN:

EXT. MOUNTAIN PASS - DAY

Bedivere traverses a rugged mountain pass, the journey ahead fraught with danger.

CUT TO BLACK.

EXT. MOUNTAIN LAKE - DAY

The mountain lake reflects the overcast sky, surrounded by bleak, grey rocks from the old slate mine. SIR BEDIVERE sits by the shore, cleaning his camping equipment after a meager meal.

His armor is set aside, revealing scars and weathered skin, a testament to years of battle. Next to his armor lies Excalibur in its scabbard, untouched.

SFX: THE GENTLE LAPPING OF WATER AGAINST THE SHORE, THE RUSTLING OF WIND THROUGH THE BARREN LANDSCAPE.

SIR BEDIVERE pulls on a linen shirt and gazes into the distance, lost in thought, a flicker of sorrow in his eyes.

SIR BEDIVERE (V.O.)
(to himself)
How many more will come seeking
this cursed blade?

SUDDEN SHADOWS FALL UPON BEDIVERE, CASTING A PALL OVER THE SERENE SOLITUDE.

SIR BEDIVERE looks up sharply to see SOLDIERS, their armor adorned with faded sigils of Camelot, emerging from the rocky terrain surrounding the lake.

SOLDIER #1
(with authority)
Sir Bedivere.
(beat)
We are under orders to reclaim
Excalibur.

SIR BEDIVERE
(stands slowly, assessing
the situation)

SOLDIER #2
(aggressive, yet nervous)
We will take it by force if
necessary.

SIR BEDIVERE
(sighs, resigned)
So be it.

CLOSE-UP: BEDIVERE'S HAND GRIPS THE HILT OF HIS EATING KNIFE, HIS KNUCKLES WHITENING WITH DETERMINATION.

Soldiers Draw their swords in anticipation of a fight

INTENSE MUSIC BEGINS TO BUILD AS TENSION MOUNTS.

CUT TO:

INT. BATTLEGROUND - DAY

SIR BEDIVERE STANDS DEFIANTLY AGAINST SIX SOLDIERS, THEIR SWORDS DRAWN AND READY. THE AIR CRACKLES WITH ANTICIPATION.

SOLDIER #1
(leader, sneers)
You're past your prime, Bedivere.
Surrender the sword.

SIR BEDIVERE
(undaunted)
Come and take it.

HAND-TO-HAND COMBAT erupts in a flurry of strikes and blocks. SIR BEDIVERE moves with calculated precision, using his experience to exploit weaknesses in his opponents' defense.

QUICK CUTS: BEDIVERE DISARMS ONE SOLDIER WITH A SWIFT KICK, SPINS TO DEFLECT ANOTHER'S BLOW, AND COUNTERS WITH A DEVASTATING PUNCH.

SOLDIER #2
(yells, frustrated)
He's too fast!

SIR BEDIVERE takes advantage of their hesitation, exploiting their fatigue and the terrain to gain the upper hand.

SOLDIER #3
(panting)
Fall back! Regroup!

Bedivere see the soldier fleeing grabs a large rock from the floor before giving chase and launching himself at the soldier taking him down. He repeatedly beats the back of soldier's head until blood showers Bedivere's face.

SIR BEDIVERE STANDS AMIDST THE FALLEN SOLDIERS, HIS BREATH HEAVY BUT HIS RESOLVE UNSHAKEN. HE WIPES BLOOD FROM A CUT ON HIS BROW, EYES STEELY.

SIR BEDIVERE (V.O.)
(to himself)
This journey... it's not just about
Excalibur anymore.

CUT TO:

EXT. MOUNTAIN LAKE - LATER

The silence of the mountain lake returns, broken only by the soft sounds of Bedivere cleaning his wounds. The soldiers' bodies lie motionless nearby, a somber reminder of the path he must walk.

SIR BEDIVERE
(to the wind)
Forgive me, Arthur. I cannot let
them take it.

CUT TO:

EXT. SLATE MINE - NIGHT

Bedivere, now donning his armor once more, disappears into the shadows of the old slate mine, Excalibur gleaming faintly in the moonlight

INT. MALAGANT'S WAR TENT - NIGHT

The tent is dimly lit, filled with maps and battle plans scattered across a large wooden table. CAPTAIN MALAGANT (40s, imposing and ruthless) stands over the table, strategising with his lieutenants. The air is thick with tension.

MALAGANT
(grimly)
Camelot's forces are broken, but
they are not yet defeated. We must
strike before they regroup.

LIEUTENANT #1
What of their remaining knights,
Captain?

MALAGANT
(coldly)
They will be hunted down and
crushed.

LIEUTENANT #2
Camelot itself still stands. Its
walls are strong, and the people
loyal. A direct assault would be
costly.

MALAGANT

We cannot afford a protracted siege. It would give their knights time to recover and rally support.

LIEUTENANT #3

Then we should consider subterfuge. Cut off their supplies, poison their wells. Break their spirit from within.

MALAGANT

(nods thoughtfully)

Indeed. But we must act quickly and decisively. Every moment we delay, Arthur's loyalists grow stronger.

LIEUTENANT #1

(suggesting)

We could deploy scouts to find weaknesses in their defenses. Identify key targets within the city to sabotage.

MALAGANT

(approving)

Yes, and ensure our spies within Camelot increase their efforts. We need eyes and ears in every corner.

LIEUTENANT #2

But what of Excalibur? Without it, their morale is already shattered.

MALAGANT

True, but we must ensure they never see it again. Its return could reignite their hope and turn the tide against us.

LIEUTENANT #3

If we can claim Excalibur for ourselves, it would demoralize their forces even further. Make them see it as a symbol of their final defeat.

MALAGANT

(smiling darkly)

A powerful weapon in our hands, indeed. The legend of Excalibur wielded by our cause would be a blow from which they could never recover.

At that moment, MESSENGER (20s, breathless) rushes into the tent, soaked from the rain.

MESSENGER
Captain, urgent news. Sir Bedivere
has fled the battlefield... and he
has Excalibur.

MALAGANT
(snaps)
Excalibur? Where is he heading?

MESSENGER
He was last seen at the abandoned
mine.

Malagant slams his fist on the table, causing the maps to rustle.

MALAGANT
We cannot let him succeed.
Excalibur in the wrong hands would
reignite the hope of Camelot. We
must intercept him.

LIEUTENANT #2
Shall we dispatch our fastest
riders?

MALAGANT
(steely-eyed)
Yes, and increase patrols.

As the lieutenants prepare to carry out his orders, a second MESSENGER (30s, tense) enters the tent, his face pale.

SECOND MESSENGER
Captain, another urgent message. A
soldier from Camelot's army
requests an audience.

MALAGANT
(irritated)
A soldier? What could they possibly
want?

SECOND MESSENGER
He claims to have vital
information, sir.

Malagant considers this, then nods.

MALAGANT
Bring him in.

The messenger exits and moments later, SIR AGRAVAINE enters, his expression a mix of determination and unease. His armour is dented and worn from battle.

CLOSE-UP: AGRAVAINE'S EYES GLINT WITH AMBITION AS HE STEPS CLOSER TO THE TABLE, READY TO REVEAL HIS PLAN.

CUT TO.

INT. MERLIN'S CAVE - NIGHT

A DIM LIGHT FLICKERS OFF THE ANCIENT STONE WALLS. THE AIR IS THICK WITH THE SCENT OF HERBS AND THE FAINT HUM OF MYSTICAL ENERGY.

Bedivere walks the damp corridor from the mouth of the cave toward the orange glow of torchlight at the back of the cave. As he gets closer he can hear the deep resonant voice of Merlin as he chants in a musical cadence. Merlin turns aware of his presence. BEDIVERE stands before MERLIN (70s, enigmatic and wise), who emerges from the shadows, his presence commanding.

MERLIN

(softly)

Bedivere, loyal knight of Arthur.
The burden you bear is heavy, but
the path you must tread is clear.

SIR BEDIVERE

(resolute)

Merlin, I need to know where to
take Excalibur. The Lady of the
Lake—where can I find her?

Merlin moves to a stone altar, his hands gliding over it as he speaks.

MERLIN

(cryptic)

The lake lies beyond the mists of
doubt, where the past and future
converge. To find it, one must see
with more than just human eyes.

SIR BEDIVERE

Speak plainly Merlin.

Merlin retrieves an ancient scroll, unrolling it to reveal a GLOWING MAP. The map pulses with an ethereal light, its lines shifting and changing.

MERLIN

This map will guide you. But heed this: it is enchanted. Only a heart true to its purpose can decipher its paths.

Bedivere takes the map, studying it intently.

SIR BEDIVERE

(earnest)

Why did Arthur fall?

Merlin's eyes grow distant, his voice taking on a rhythmic, almost chant-like quality.

MERLIN

Let me tell you a tale. In a kingdom not unlike this, there was a great lion who ruled with strength and honor. His roar struck fear into the hearts of his enemies, and his subjects, humble mice, sought refuge under his protection.

Bedivere listens, puzzled but intrigued.

MERLIN (CONT'D)

(continues)

But the lion had a flaw—pride. He believed his kingdom was invincible, his rule unquestionable. Among his subjects was a serpent, cunning and deceitful, who coveted the lion's throne.

FLASHBACK TO:

INT. CAMELOT - GREAT HALL - DAY (PAST)

KING ARTHUR addresses his court, including MORDRED and AGRAVAINE. Mordred subtly manipulates the courtiers, his eyes cold and calculating.

MERLIN (V.O.)

The serpent whispered lies into the ears of the lion's subjects, sowing seeds of doubt and ambition. The lion, blinded by pride, did not see the shadows creeping in.

FLASHBACK ENDS.

INT. MERLIN'S CAVE - NIGHT (PRESENT)

Merlin continues, his gaze fixed on Bedivere.

MERLIN

The kingdom fell, not by external forces, but by betrayal from within. The lion's pride became his downfall, and the serpent, cloaked in the skin of a friend, struck when the lion was most vulnerable.

Bedivere's expression hardens as he realizes the deeper meaning of the parable.

SIR BEDIVERE

Arthur... he trusted too much. And we all paid the price.

Merlin nods solemnly, a hint of sorrow in his eyes.

MERLIN

(softly)

Learn from his folly, Bedivere. Let not pride cloud your judgment. The path to the lake is treacherous, and you will be tested. But remember, it is the heart that guides true.

SIR BEDIVERE

(nods)

I understand.

Merlin steps back into the shadows, his form blending with the darkness.

MERLIN

(voice echoing)

The fate of Camelot now rests in your hands.

CLOSE-UP: Bedivere, resolute, clutches the glowing map and turns towards the cave's entrance.