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A Knight's Tale

By Brian Helgeland

In medieval times a sport arose. |Embraced by noble and peasant fans alike though only noble knights could |complete. The sport was jousting. For one of these knights, an |over-the-hill former champion, it was the end. But for his peasant squire |William, it was merely the beginning. Should we help him?

He's due in the lists in two minutes. |Two minutes or forfeit. Lend us those.

Right. Left.

- Dead. | - Eh?

Three scores to none after two lances.

As long as Sir Ector doesn't |fall off his horse, we've won. He's dead.

His spirit is gone |but his stench remains.

- Does that answer your question? | - No, no, no.

No, he sleeps. Rouse him.

I haven't eaten in three days!

None of us have!

- Let's fetch a priest. | - No, he's not dead!

Come on!

You manky git!

Roland.

Squire, Sir Ector must report |at once or forfeit the match. He's on his way.

I haven't eaten in three days!

Three days! What did you eat, mate?!

If you wasn't dead, I would kill you!

I'll ride in his place.

Strip his armor. |I'm riding in his place.

Wat, stop kicking him! |I'm riding in his place. Help me.

What's your name, William?

It's not Sir William.

It's not Count or Duke or King William.

I know that.

You must be of noble birth to compete.

A detail. The landscape is food. |Do you want to eat or not?

If the nobles find out, |there'll be the devil to pay.

Then pray that they don't.

"A Knight's Tale" |adventure-medieval, USA, 2001

Visor.

Come on, we're late.

The score stands at three lances |to none in favor of Sir Ector.

Lord Philip of Aragon.

Stand ye ready?

Sir Ector. Stand ye ready?

Ready?

I tilted against Sir Ector many times.

In practice as his target.|You never struck him.

- Badger me not with details.|- The landscape. Stay on the horse.

He needs 3 points.|He has to knock you off the horse.

I know how to score, Roland.

I've waited my whole life|for this moment.

For Sir Ector to shite himself|to death?

Get it in the cradle. In the cradle.

Get it in the cradle!

William, are you alive?

- We won! We won!|- Can you hear me?

Get off me! William, can you hear me?

We won!

He's breathing. He's breathing!

Sir Ector.

Sir Ector. Remove your helmet.

My lord, the final blow of the lance|has bent it onto my head.

He says the final blow of the--

I present your champion, my lord.

Twenty.

No, 1 0.

- Fifteen.|- Done.

Very good. Cheers.

Fifteen silver florins.|He didn't want that.

That's five for William.

Five for Wat. Five for Roland,|who's going home to England.

Straight to the pub for me.|Eel pie, brie tart...

...tansy cakes with peppermint cream.

We could do this.

We've done it, boy.|That's silver in your hand.

No, I mean, we can do this.|We can be champions.

Give us your coins.

Give me your coins.

Now, that's one for you.

And one...for you.

Which leaves 1 3.

That's 1 3 for training|and outfitting.

The tournament in Rouen is in a month.

We could split a bigger prize.

In one month we'd be on our way|to glory and riches.

Or lying in a ditch with Sir Ector.|William, I just want to go home.

Tansy cakes. Dilled veal balls.|I'll take my five now.

Oh, wait up.

You're going the wrong way!
You can't even joust.
Most of it is the guts to take a blow.|Guts I have.
And technique?|I have a month to learn that.
- In the practice ring.|- You're not of noble birth.
So, we lie.
How did the nobles become noble|in the first place?
They took it at the tip of a sword.|I'll do it with a lance.
- A blunted lance.|- No matter, Wat.
A man can change his stars. I won't|spend the rest of my life as nothing.
That is nothing. And that's|where glory will take us.
We're peasants. Glory and riches|are beyond our grasp.
But a full stomach?|That dream can come true.
If you can take your coins,|go eat cake in England.
But if you can't, you come with me.
See how hungry I am?!
- Do you?!|- Damn your stomach, Wat!
Roland, please.
With 1 3 silver pieces,|three men can change their stars.
God love you, William.
I know, I know. No one else will.
Unlucky.
- I think he's getting worse.|- He is getting worse.
Switch.
Switch.
You see how dangerous it is?
Faster! Faster!|All right, use those legs!
Come on, Roland. Faster! Faster!
You missed it.
You've done it dozens of times.
Well, I guess that means|we should do it again.
Come on.
Come on, ponies.
Fong him.
Faster. Balance.
No, slower. Keep it steady.
I got it! Look, I got it!
Any minute now.
- Yes, better.|- Nice.
- It's my turn to ride.|- No.
We haven't reached the marker.|And you shouldn't.
How would it look if my squire rode|while I walked?
I don't give a witch's teat!|It's my turn! It's my turn!
Maybe nobody should ride.|The horse is not what he used to be.

Fine. Fine.
Morning.
Hoy, sir.
What are you doing?
Uh...trudging.
You know, trudging? To trudge?
To trudge the slow, weary...
...depressing, yet determined walk|of a man who had nothing left...
...except the impulse to simply|soldier on.
Were you robbed?
Interesting question. Yes.
And at the same time,|a huge, resounding, "No."
It's more a sort of involuntary|vow of poverty, really.
But on the brighter side,|trudging does represent pride.
Pride, resolve and faith|in the good Lord Almighty.
Please, Christ, rescue me|from my tribu-...
...-lations.
Who are you?
Lilium inter spinas.
The lily among the thorns.
Geoffrey Chaucer's the name.|Writing's the game.
Chaucer?
Geoffrey Chaucer, the writer?
- A what?|- "A what?" A writer.
I write with ink and parchment.|For a penny, I'll scribble anything.
Summonses, decrees, edicts,|warrants, patents of nobility.
I've been known to jot down|a poem, if the muse descends.
You probably read my book,|The Book of the Duchess.
Well, it was allegorical.
We won't hold it against you.|Each man decides that for himself.
Did you say patents of nobility?
That's right. I did.
And you gentlemen are?
I am Sir Ulrich von Lichtenstein|from Gelderland.
These are my faithful squires,|Delves of Dodgington...
I'm Richard the Lionheart.|A pleasure.
No, I'm Charlemagne!|John the Baptist!
All right!
Hold your tongue, sir, or lose it.
Now you see that, I do believe...
...Sir Ulrich.
Thank you...
...Geoff.
Have you any more to say, Master Nude,|or may we be on our way?

- Off to the tournament?|- This is the road to Rouen.
That remains to be seen.|They're limiting the field at Rouen.
Noble birth must be established|for four generations on either side.
Patents of nobility must be provided.
Listen, clothe me...
...shoe me, for God's sake, feed me|and you'll have your patents.
No.
- Patents of nobility.|- We need him. We need him.
- Let me handle it.|- Be nice.
Nice, nice, nice.
All right.
Betray us and I will fong you|until your insides are out...
...your outsides are in and your|entrails are your extrails.
Pain.
Lots of pain.
I present Sir Ulrich, whose mother's|father was Shilhard von Rechberg...
...son of the Duke Guelph of Saxony,|son of Ghibellines, son of Wendish.
- Wendish inherited the fief--|- That'll do, herald.
Six generations is more than enough.|Show me the patents.
Indicate in which events|shall your Lord Ulrich compete.
He'll first meet Roger Lord Mortimer.
Thank you very much.
I can't believe it.|You did it, Chaucer.
I thank you. I didn't think|we had a chance.
My pleasure, William.
If you don't mind, I'll stick around.
Be my herald, you'll|get part of the winnings.
Done. Now if you don't mind,|I have to see a man about a dog.
Walking out from Cheapside
My fortunes for to seek
I passed along the River Thames
Its waters did they reek
'Twas there I met a pretty lass
She said her name was Nell
Bell or hell rhymes with Nell.
Would you speak to me?
Ah, to speak.
Sir, my sex are marked|by their silence.
I would hear you speak|if it cost me my ears.
That is well, for I do not|want silence in my life.
Tell me your name.
- Would you care if I were ugly?|- Yes!
I mean, no. I mean--
You desecrate the house of God!

Tell me your name.
And what would you do|with my name, Sir Hunter?
Call me a fox, for|that is all I am to you.
Then a fox you shall be until|I find your name, my foxy lady.
He's a handsome hunter.|I give him that.
Does this not shock you, ladies?
Certainly, my lord.
I only laugh just|to keep from weeping.
Beauty is such a curse.
Pray your years come swiftly.
Pray your beauty fades|so you may better serve God.
Oh, I do, my lord. I pray for it all|the time.
Why, God, did you curse me|with this face?
God's will has a purpose,|but we may not know it.
Well, that is lovely.
Sir Ulrich von Lichtenstein...
...defeats Roger Lord Mortimer|one lance to none.
Easy. They'll think I|never broke a lance before.
- But you haven't!|- Ulrich's broken thousands of lances.
Come on. You're due|in the sword ring.
My armor's loose.
Shite. I can't block an overhead.
We can't fix it now.|We're overdue in the sword ring.
It was a mistake to do two events.|I'm too hurried.
- I'll withdraw from the sword.|- Sword's what you're best at.
But the prizes and prestige|are bigger in the joust.
Ulrich von Lichtenstein?|I am Simon the Summoner.
I'm overdue at the sword ring.
I must detain you|on behalf of your herald.
You were never robbed.
I have a gambling problem.
I can't help myself.
And these people will...
...literally take the clothes|off your back.
What are we supposed to do?
He assured us that you,|his liege, would pay us.
And who are you?
Peter, a humble pardoner...
...and purveyor of religious relics.
How much does he owe?
Ten gold florins.
You manky git!
- Pain! Pain! Take the pain!|- Get him off me!
Wat, let him go!

What would you do to him|if I was to refuse?
We, on behalf of the Lord God...
...will take it from his flesh|so that he may understand...
...that gambling is a sin.
Oh, come on.
Please, Will.
Please, will you help me,|Sir Ulrich?
I promise you won't regret it.
I don't have the money.
Release him...
...and give him back his clothes.
And you'll get it.
Done.
You lied.
Yes, I lied. I'm a writer.|I give the truth scope!
Behold my Lord|Ulrich von Lichtenstein, son of--
- Too late. He's been announced.|- Fine.
Ten blows by sword.|Sir Ulrich to receive first.
Strike!
Strike!
Stop letting him hit you!
Shut up! Shut up!
Two strikes for Sir Walter Loring!
Sir Ulrich to strike!
- Now it's your turn!|- Come on!
Strike!
I taught him that!|That's me!
Sir Ulrich prevails,|five strikes to two!
Yes!
Behold my Lord Ulrich!|The rock! The hard place!
Blown far from his homeland|in search of glory and honor!
We walk in the garden|of his turbulence!
Yeah!
- You're champion.|- Of the sword.
Isn't that why we're here? Come on.
Do you want to touch him?|Do you want to touch him?
We should've saved our money|for the blacksmith.
I can't pay you now...
- ...but I promise I will, just as--|- No! Money.
- Excuse me.|- Cash first, not promises.
Go on.
Excuse me, sir.
You might try the farris.
A woman?

Beggars cannot be choosers, my lord.

Thank you.

- I can't joust with broken armor.|- That's your problem, not mine.

Just as well. They told me|I was daft to even ask.

- Who?|- The other armorers.

Did they say I couldn't do it|because I'm a woman?

They said you're good|with horseshoes, not armor.

No one mentioned you being a woman.

Cat's meat! Hot wine!

Cat's meat! Hot wine!

Lady, I will win|this tournament for you.

Nay! I will win for you.

May I present Count Adhemar...

...winner of the joust in France|and champion at Saint-Emilion.

All forgotten when standing before the|most beautiful woman in Christendom.

Do you only pretend to fight, Count|Adhemar, or wage real war as well?

I am leader of the free companies.|My army is in southern France.

Geoff, 'tis my lady.

- William, you aim too high.|- I don't know any other way to aim.

- Concentrate.|- What should I say to her?

What do you think of the joust?

It's very abrupt.

And I don't understand the rules.

Then I shall educate you.

A match is three lances.

One point is given for breaking|a lance between the waist and neck.

Two points for breaking on the helmet.|It's difficult.

The helmet sweeps back.|Most blows glance off.

Three points for bearing a rider|to the ground.

Also, if you bear a rider|to the ground, you win his horse.

Do men die in the joust?

Lance points are tipped|with coronals, which blunts them.

Of course, accidents happen.

I myself, Jocelyn,|have never been unhorsed.

Nor have I.

Your name, lady.

I still need to hear it.

Sir Hunter, you persist.

Perhaps angels have no names.|Only beautiful faces.

And you are?

I am, um....

Have you forgotten?

Or your name is Sir "Um."

Ulrich von Lichtenstein|from Gelderland.

I'd forget as well. What a mouthful.
- Your armor, sir.|- What about it?
How stylish of you to wear an antique. |You'll start a new fashion if you win.
My grandfather will be able |to wear his in public again.
And a shield. How quaint.
Some of these poor country knights, |little better than peasants.
- -the second son...
...of Sir Wallace Percival, |third Earl of Warwick.
My lords, my ladies...
...it is with honor |I introduce my liege...
...Sir Thomas Colville.
You're good.
You're very good.
My lords...
...my ladies...
...and everybody else here |not sitting on a cushion...
...today...
...you find yourselves equals.
For you are all equally blessed.
For I have the pride...
...the privilege, nay, the pleasure...
...of introducing to you |a knight sired by knights.
A knight who can trace |his lineage back...
...beyond Charlemagne.
I first met him...
...atop a mountain near Jerusalem...
...praying to God...
...asking his forgiveness |for the Saracen blood...
...spilt by his sword.
Next, he amazed me |still further in Italy...
...when he saved a fatherless |beauty...
...from the would-be ravishings |of her dreadful uncle.
In Greece...
...he spent a year in silence...
...just to better understand |the sound...
...of a whisper.
So without further gilding the lily |and with no more ado...
...I give to you |the Seeker of Serenity...
...Protector of Italian Virginity...
...the Enforcer of our Lord God, |the one, the only...
...Sir Ulrich von Lichtenstein!
Thank you! Thank you! |I'll be here all week.
That was different.

It's time we celebrated|our differences.
Just maybe not in public.
Yes, I'm well aware|a good fonging is on the way.
Oh, yeah. Oh, yeah.
I got their attention.|You win their hearts.
Very good.
- Was she watching? Geoff.|- What?
- Did she see me?|- Yes, she did.
- Did she see me take the hit?|- Yes.
- Was she concerned?|- Her eyes welled up. Just awful.
Colville has perfect technique.|I've never seen him before.
Nor I.
But this Lichtenstein.
His technique, rudimentary.|Style, nonexistent.
Still, he's fearless.
Fearless? How so?
The slit in the visor is narrow,|but splinters can penetrate it.
Most knights raise their chins|at the last instant.
You lose sight of your opponent, but|protect your eyes. Ulrich doesn't.
He keeps his eye on the target.
A true hunter.
Sir Ulrich...
...I'm through.
But I've never not finished before.
I wish to keep my honor intact.
A draw. And Colville is hurt.
Colville withdraws. Ulrich advances.
Why didn't Ulrich finish him?
He shows mercy.
Then he shows his weakness.|That's all mercy is.
For the love of victory, William,|go to sleep.
I can't.
Love has given me wings,|so I must fly.
I can't explain it.
- She makes me feel like a poet.|- You may feel like a poet...
...but you sound like an idiot.
- You don't even know her name.|- Her name?
Her name is Aphrodite.
Calypso. Venus. Take your pick.
Women weaken the heart.
Without your heart, you cannot win.
- But her eyes--|- Concentrate.
Tansy cakes!
Count Adhemar sends word.

He said he will win|this tournament for you.
He's won many. He wins them|for himself and his own honor.
It's nothing to say|he wins them for me.
He wishes to speak to you again.
Not to hear a word I say.
Adhemar wants his women silent.
Would you have Sir Ulrich|win the tournament for you?
No.
And he is the only knight|who has not promised to do so.
Sir Ulrich von Lichtenstein.
I would have him win my heart.
Adhemar! Adhemar! Adhemar!
Oh, lovely.
I don't think I've ever seen|Count Adhemar lose.
No, but defeat him|and you'll see it firsthand.
My liege.
Sir Ulrich.
Christiana.
- My lady bids you wear this token.|- Of course.
She also said to tell you, her name...
...is Jocelyn.
- Au revoir.|- Au revoir.
Oh, Jocelyn.
Concentrate.
I can't breathe.
No style whatsoever.
But neither has an anvil.
- He hits like a hammer. Amazing.|- But not perfect. He aims high.
Roll your shoulder back,|his blow may go right.
But if he strikes to my left,|I'll be obliterated.
I didn't say it wasn't a gamble.
Ulrich! Ulrich! Ulrich! Ulrich!
William?
William, here.
Come here.
Someday I'll be a knight.
A thatcher's son? A knight?
You might as well try|to change the stars.
Can it be done, Father?
- Can a man change the stars?|- Yes, William.
If he believes enough,|a man can do anything.
Come here.
Gain more bearing, Ulrich.
See me again when you're worthy.

I'll fong you in the arse!
Well done, my lord! Well done.
- You bastard!|- Go and see to Ulrich.
Go see to Ulrich.
Well done, my lord.
A noble victory.
My lady, I believe this is yours.
For long spear on foot...
...Pandolfo Malatesta.
For sword on foot,|Ulrich von Lichtenstein.
Finally, for the mounted joust|and tournament champion...
...Adhemar, Count of Anjou.
Adhemar! Adhemar! Adhemar!
I present to you your champions.
Next time, you will look up|at me from the flat of your back.
Please. You have been weighed,|you have been measured...
Keep winning the sword.
- I won't compete in it.|- It's your best.
No. It's tournament champion|or nothing at all.
Ten florins. That should do.
Sixes and sevens tonight, Chaucer.|Do you feel lucky?
- Have you enough clothes?|- Be gone. I'm done with you.
Except to exact my revenge.
What on earth could you|possibly do to us?
I will eviscerate you in fiction.
Every last pimple,|every last character flaw.
I was naked for a day.|You will be naked for eternity.
I have a feeling we shall meet again.
Here, farris, take what we owe you.
The armor you wear, it wasn't|made for you, was it?
So?
I could make armor you wouldn't|even know you wore it.
What's the cost?
Just take me as far as Paris.
We travel alone.|Take your gold and go.
- Get what you can. Let's pack.|- Why are we leaving so soon?
The next tournament is in a week.|We can walk now and save the horse.
You must go to the banquet.|You'll dance and make an appearance.
Let Adhemar laugh at me again?|No!
- Yes!|- No!
My lady would know the color|of your lord's tunic tonight.
- His tunic?|- Yes, so she can dress to match him.
We regret to inform your lady|he won't be attending--
- Herald, do not give my answers!|- Yes, my lord.

Squire, answer her.
What color is my tunic tonight?
Green.
Trimmed in a kind of...
...pale green...
...with...
...uh, wooden toggles.
I will tell my lady.
- This is a disaster!|- No, it'll tunic up quite nicely.
That's not a disaster, Roland.
I don't know how to dance.
And one and two and three and four.
Your hand should be light,|like a birdie on a branch.
And one, two and three and four.
And Wat doesn't lead,|he follows like a girl.
And one and two and...
...twirly, twirly, twirly.
And one and two, and you're|still getting it wrong.
And one and two|and three and four.
You can hit me all day|because you punch like a what?
A girl.
- Enough!|- Get back! Wat, quiet!
- He starts it.|- You know he's touchy!
Oh, and you can do better?
- Of course.|- Then show us.
No.
If I'm making all this effort,|you'd best ask her nicely.
I'm sorry, Kate.
I was wondering if you'd care|to show us how to dance.
- Please.|- Please.
And one and two, three and four.
Five, six, seven, change partners.
And one, two, three, four...
...five, six, seven.
Polonaise. And one....
Are you wearing your hair like that?
Is there another way?
Sir Ulrich, you look fantastic.
Jocelyn, you look....
Uh, you...
...remind me of the Bible.
When God stopped the sun to give|Joshua time to defeat the Amorites.
I don't understand.
If I could ask God one thing...

...it would be to stop the moon.
Stop the moon and make this night...
...and your beauty...
...last forever.
What dance will you have? A coranto?
Or a basse dance?
Sir Ulrich.
Why don't you show us a dance|of your country?
Show us a dance of Gelderland.
Yes. Gelderland.
Well, it's a lot like the farandole...
...but with some differences.
Well, you bow.
And...
...and....
Places. Places.
What?
- I don't know. Too small, too light.| - He'll be crushed. Killed.
No. I found a new way to heat steel.|It's thinner, smaller...
...but just as strong.
What are these?
The marks of my trade should|another knight admire the armor.
Twist and bend. Feel the movement.
- But eventually I will be struck.| - And then death.
Do you at least have the courage|to test it?
You okay?
I didn't feel a thing.
- Who's that knight?| - Piers Courtenay.
He's raised taxes on his land 3 times|this year to pay for tournament.
His people starve while|he sits at banquet.
It's probably true.
Ulrich! Ulrich! Ulrich! Ulrich!
Ulrich von Lichtenstein.
The Count Adhemar...
...son of Philippe de Vitry...
...son of Gilles...
...master of the free companies...
...defender of his enormous manhood...
...a shining example of chivalry...
...and champagne.
Nice work!
Bravo!
Watch every move Adhemar makes.|We'll find a weakness.
Well, Colville looks fit.

- -my liege...
...the second son of|Sir Wallace Percival.
It is my deepest honor--
My deepest honor to present to you....
It's Edward, my lord.|They're sure of it.
- -the illustrious Sir Thomas Colville!
Adhemar withdrew.
To withdraw like that means one thing.
Royalty.
I'll see what I can find out.
Prepare to drop the flag.
No, no. Not yet. Wait, listen.
Musicians, announce.
- I must speak with my lord.|- Then go.
See if you can beat the Second Coming.
Wait! Wait!
Colville is Edward, the Black|Prince, future king of England.
He's in disguise like me|so he can compete.
He's never met an enemy without|victory or town he couldn't defeat.
We're English! We know who he is!
- You must withdraw. Tell them, Geoff.|- Absolutely!
The lance.
Give me the lance.
Lance!
Oh, my giddy aunt.
The match is a draw.
You mad? You endanger|a royal family member.
He endangers himself.
Well fought, Sir Ulrich, as in Rouen.
You also, Prince Edward.
You knew me?
And still you rode?
- It's not in me to withdraw.|- No. Nor me.
Though it happens.
Yes, it does.
- Good luck to you.|- You also.
The winner of the mounted joust and|tournament champion...
...Ulrich von Lichtenstein.
- Melt it, sell it, do whatever you do.|- Yes, Your Majesty.
You're champion!
I'm not champion until|I defeat Adhemar. He withdrew.
Sir Ulrich.
- Tell me what you'll wear tonight.|- Nothing.
We'll cause a sensation,|for I'll dress to match.

Don't you get tired|of putting on clothes?
She's talking about taking them off.
A flower is only as good|as its petals, no?
A flower is good for nothing.
Really?
You can't eat a flower.|It doesn't keep you warm.
And a rose never knocked|a man off a horse either, did it?
You're just a silly girl, aren't you?
Better a silly girl with a flower than|a silly boy with a horse and stick.
Goodbye.
It's called a lance.
Hello.
- I have word.|- What?
Adhemar was called back|to the free companies.
First Jocelyn and now Adhemar.
Well done.
Yeah, well done.
The tournament results, my lord.
Ulrich.
Ulrich.
Ulrich.
- Geoff.|- William.
I need to write a letter.
"Dear Jocelyn." No.|"My dearest Jocelyn."
Better.
"I miss you."
Was that wrong?
Well, it's up to you, really.|It's your funeral, I mean, letter.
- Say something about her breasts.|- You miss them.
Her breasts?
Yes, you could, but I would tend|to look above her breasts.
I miss her throat?
Still higher. Towards the heavens.
The moon. Her breasts|weren't that impressive.
The moon? The moon.
"It is strange to think...
...I have not seen you in a month.
I have seen the new moon, but not you.
I have seen sunsets and sunrises, but|nothing of your beautiful face."
That's very good.
I knew this girl once who....
She broke my heart.|I said the pieces--
"The pieces of my broken heart can|pass through the eye of a needle. "
He writes as though I had died.

Yes, madame. He dies as well.
She used to cook for the Duke of York.
I miss her like the sun|misses the flower.
"I miss you like the sun|misses the flower.
Like the sun misses the flower|in the depths of winter.
Instead of beauty to direct|its light to...
...the heart hardens like the frozen|world your absence has sent me to."
"I next compete in Paris.
I'll find it empty and cold|if you're not there."
I like it.
And now, to finish it.
With "hope."
Love should end with hope.
My husband, God rest him...
...said something I'll never forget.
"Hope guides me. It--"
"It gets me through the day and|especially the night.
The hope that after you|leave my sight...
...it will not be the last time|I look upon you."

Finish it with:

"With all the love|that I possess...William."
You mean "Ulrich."
"With all the love I possess...
...I remain yours...
...the knight of your heart."
My master hoped you might have|something to send him in return.
Cock-a-doodle once! I shall not deny|him. Twice! I shall not. Thrice!
I deny him.
Thrice he denied him!
No Adhemar.
No Adhemar.
Wat.
Tell me, did you see her?|Did she read the letter?
Yes, and yes.
And?
She's coming to Paris!
Did she give you anything for me in|return? A letter? A token?
Did she give me a token? She did.
Uh, I mean, um....
Well, what is it? Give it to me.
Yes!
Hell, yes!
She-- Because she's--|That means she-- Yeah!

Cinquante.

That's a nice round number.

Excuse-moi.

They wager that a Frenchman, not|Sir Ulrich, will win the tournament.

But the amount is 50 florins.

- That's all we got.|- If we had 60, it would be that.

Ulrich against every Frenchman here?

He's won four tournaments in a row.|And Adhemar isn't here.

I check shields too.|John Beaumont's here.

Count Theobald, Philip of Burgundy--|all French champions.

Englishmen will not win...

...this French tournament.

English legs are unsteady|on French soil.

Shut your mouth, all right?!

Come on, Roland. It's a good bet.|Win and I can buy my own tavern.

- I could write full-time.|- A forge for me.

And because French wine|is too much for English bellies.

All I want is to go home, and I've|enough for that trip a hundred times.

And most importantly, because|the pope himself is French!

The pope may be French,|but Jesus is English. You're on.

He won't lose with the princess|watching him.

He's blond! He's pissed!

He'll see you in the lists!|Lichtenstein! Lichtenstein!

He's blond! He's tan!|He comes from Gelderland!

He comes from Gelderland!

Gelderland!

- You think he will come?|- As sure as the sun will rise.

You favor cathedrals.

I come for confession.

And the glass.

A riot of color in a dreary,|gray world.

Don't you think?

It's beautiful.

I feel the same about|the letter you sent.

Speak to me.

Speak those words.

I will win this tournament for you.

Excuse me?

I'll win this tournament in your name.|I'll defeat each knight for you.

Your beauty will be reflected in the|power of my arm and my horse's flanks.

Wow.

Really?

Really? Its flanks?

I wish to hear poetry, Ulrich.

Well, I'm not ready.
I am. Why must everything for|a woman be run on a man's schedule?
Well, a man's day is fuller, and...
...he has more demands on his time.
- Is that so?|- Yes.
Maybe.
No?
I demand poetry...
...and when I want it.|And I want it now.
Your breasts...
...they're below your throat....
Jocelyn, how may I prove|my love to you? How?
- Do you ask in earnest?|- Yes.
If you would prove your love...
- ...do your worst.|- My worst?
What do you mean?
Instead of winning to honor me|with your high reputation...
...act against your character|and do badly.
- Do badly?|- Lose.
Losing proves that I'm a loser.
Wrong. Losing is a much keener|test of your love.
Losing would contradict|your self-love.
It would show obedience|to your lover and not yourself!
- Really?|- Woman, shh!
Do not "shh" me and spare him!|Now be gone! Go!
What is your answer?
I will not lose.
Then you do not love me.
The Protector of Italian Virginity...
...the Lance that thrilled France...
...the Harasser of Paraser!
He gave them hell at La Rochelle!
The Enforcer of our Lord God!
The one, the only...
...Sir Ulrich...
...von Lichtenstein!
God, I'm good!
His horse's flanks.
Maybe where he comes from,|it means love.
- Losing.|- I don't understand.
He loves me.
Are you blind?
- Did you see the flag?|- I saw it, okay?
I know.

You're dropping behind|for a more dramatic victory.
Look, Jocelyn told me to lose|to prove my love.
- I'd rather you were blind.|- Don't be foolish, Will.
- Each woman wants proof, that's all.|- Proof of what?
Her legs weren't uncrossed|for nothing.
- I haven't uncrossed her legs.|- Then why are we doing this?!
Because!
Because...
...I love her.
- I'm going to lose everything!|- That's why it's called gambling.
Pain! Here's your pain!
It's very romantic, though.
Are you a woman or a blacksmith?
Sometimes I'm both.
Ooh, that chafes!
Put him down.
No knight has distanced himself|with victories.
If you win your remaining matches|and your opponents take key losses...
...you could make the semis,|or the finals.
- At least the armor's proven itself.|- And your love?
Have you proven that?
Wat, you remember church as a boy.|The fear, the passion.
That's what she makes me feel.
And for that, I say my rosary|to Jocelyn and no one else.
William, that's blasphemous.
Then may I burn in hell.
Withdraw.
Lose that way.|Take no more punishment.
Oh, Roland.
My lady sends this message.|If you love her--
I know, I know. I must lose.|Isn't she watching?
She says if you love her,|you won't lose again.
She says if you love her,|you will win this tournament.
There she is, the embodiment of love.|Your Venus.
And how I hate her.
- I don't understand women.|- Nor do I, but they understand us.
Maybe not you.
Yes!
Women, eh?
Forty-eight...
...forty-nine...
...and fifty.
Thank you, gentlemen.|A pleasure doing business with you.
Look us up if you're in London,|the world championships, maybe.

Don't look too sad.|Here, have a drink on me.
He's quick, he's funny and|makes lots of money, Lichtenstein!
Guinevere comes to Lancelot.
Bed him well, my lady.
Bed him well.
We missed you at banquet.
"We"?
I.
Jocelyn.
Your prize.
My prize.
I am not worthy of a prize.
Then who is?
My maid tells me that|sometimes your varlets...
...call you William.
Is this so, Sir Ulrich?
Yes.
It is so.
Your name makes no matter to me.
Just so I can call you my own.
But Jocelyn, I am your own.
Damn, girl.
You need a surgeon.
He's been. He says I will live,|though it doesn't feel that way.
Oh, William. This pain is my doing.
Yes, it is.
Although...
...my father...
...taught me to take the bad...
...with the good.
This good you speak of.
It will be my doing as well.
How long since any of you have been|back? I've only been gone 6 months.
Two years for me.
Three years.
Five. Five long years.
William?
Twelve.
Twelve years.
He's to be an apprentice?
How long for?
Seven years.
Sir Ector?
I'm the thatcher. I spoke to you|outside London Stadium.

Oh, yes. I remember.
Is this the boy?
Step forward, son. Let me look at you.
Careful with that, Roland!
Are you afraid of me, boy?
Have you got most of your teeth?
Show me your arm. Is it strong?
Well, he's a half-starved little|scarecrow.
But he has spirit.
I can show you a great wide world|full of adventure...
...and marvels you|do not yet dream of.
Can you pack my horse and lead it?
Well, come on.|Say goodbye to your father.
He's a real knight, William.|Watch and learn all you can.
It's all I can do for you, son.
Now go change your stars|and live a better life than I have.
Roland, show the boy his duties.
- Father? I'm afraid.|- Of what?
I won't know the way home.
Don't be foolish, William.|You just follow your feet.
London.
Give us a shout out, London!
Ulrich! Ulrich! Ulrich! Ulrich!
- Adhemar's here. He's entered.|- Must have grown bored with war.
No, the Black Prince commanded it.|He had to disband his army.
They were reveling,|pillaging town after town.
Robbing, murdering,|ransacking churches.
Committing the oldest sins|in the newest ways.
At last we will face each other again,|Sir Ulrich.
And at the World Championship.
And as I promised you before...
...you will look up at me|from the flat of your back.
Let the past die.
You've done well in my absence,|on the field and off, I'm told.
Winning trophies, horses, women.
You put them in that order?
Generally, with a few exceptions.
Beautiful, isn't she?
A real thoroughbred trophy,|don't you think?
- You speak of her like a target.|- Isn't she?
No.
She is the arrow.
I've begun negotiations|with her father.
I'm to make her my bride.

She'll be saddled...
...and placed on my mantle.
Target or arrow, it doesn't matter.
I will have her.
Ulrich! Ulrich! Ulrich!
But on a horse? With a lance?
That man is unbeatable.
Hello there.
- You're Sir Ulrich von Lichtenstein.|- Yes.
You're my favorite knight. |When we joust, I always say I'm you.
What are you doing in Cheapside? |There's no parade today.
Can you keep a secret?
I was born in Cheapside, |just around the corner there.
I only live just there.
How old are you?
- Nine and one half. |- Nine and one half.
I wonder if you remember a man, |though he may have died long ago.
He was as tall as a knight. |His name was John Thatcher.
- Of course I remember him. |- You do?
Yes. He lives there still.
Sometimes we see him sitting |at the window, but no one knows why.
What do you mean?
He's blind, sir.
Is someone there?
If you're here for the net, |I'm not done yet. Come tomorrow.
Who are you?
A knight.
My name...is Ulrich.
Ulrich? I hear that name |being chanted from the stadium.
What business have you here?
I have word, Master Thatcher.
Word of your son.
Of my William? Well, come in, sir.
What word? Does he live?
Aye. He lives.
He is very well.
He wanted you to know...
...that he changed his stars |after all.
And has he followed his feet?
Has he found his way home at last?
Yes.
Father.
Oh, William. Oh, my boy.
I should like to meet this Wat. |And Roland too.

You will, Father.
And what of women?|Is there a certain one or many?
There is a certain one.
I should like to meet her too.
This leak won't do, Father.
- Not in a thatcher's chamber.|- It's quite fitting for a blind one.
Well, a thatcher I am.
I'll fix it.
Alive. I thought he was dead,|which is mad...
Alive. I thought he was dead,|which is mad...
...because he was also so strong.|Very strong.
- Geoff.|- Jocelyn.
This day just gets better and better.
Somebody die?
Sir Ulrich von Lichtenstein.
Adhemar...
...followed you last night.|To Cheapside.
He saw your father.
Will, they asked me for your patents.
They're waiting for you|in the lists to arrest you.
A dozen royal guards.
- They'll put you in the stocks.|- But I face Adhemar in five minutes.
No, you forfeit.|They've already marked it down.
Saddle the horses.|They can arrest your baggage, not you.
Halt.
So, what do you think...
...now that you know what I am?
To know what you are, William,|would take a lifetime.
One I am willing to give.|But now you must run.
Run, and I will run with you.
Jocelyn, I cannot run.
I am a knight, and I will|put myself to the hazard!
In your heart, not on paper.|And paper's what matters to them!
William, I love you.
I love you. You.
- I won't see you led to the stocks.|- But you'll see me run? No!
Damn your pride, William.
It is only you that|will not see you run.
Pride's the one thing they can't take!
But they can take it from you.|They can and they will.
Oh, they will.
But love they cannot take.
And where will we live?
In my hovel?

- With the pigs inside in winter?|- Yes, William, with the pigs.
With the pigs.
The poor can marry for love.
Jocelyn, you speak of what|you do not know!
William, I beg you.
Please.
Run. Do it for love.
Roland, you would see me run?
And you, Geoff?
I wish it too, with all|the pieces of my heart.
Wat? You and I? We aren't runners.
Yes.
William, today we are.
Run, William.
I will not run!
I am a knight.
Well, boys...
...all good things must come to an end.
Let's end them together.
You will remove yourself|from this position of honor.
I am here to compete.
You are here to be arrested.
All right!
He that strives to touch a star...
...oft stumbles...
...at a simple straw.
You have been weighed.
You have been measured.
And you have been found wanting.
It's one loss or another...William.
In what world could you|have ever beaten me?
Leave, Roland.
Let them have me.
God love you, William.
So do I.
Go! Disperse!
Or I will fong you!
...the Virgin Mary are my witnesses,|I will fong you!
I will rip you! Fist! Pain!
I'll stick my fist and break you!|Pain! Lots of pain!
We're in trouble.
Listen to me.
Listen to me!
What a pair we make, huh?

Both trying to hide who we are.
Both unable to do so.
Your men love you.
If I knew nothing else about you,|that would be enough.
But you also tilt|when you should withdraw.
That is knightly too.
Release him.
He may appear to be|of humble origins...
...but my personal historians|have discovered...
...that he descends|from an ancient royal line.
This is my word.
And as such, is beyond contestation.
Now...
...if I may repay the kindness|you once showed me.
Take a knee.
By the power vested in me|by my father, King Edward...
...and by all the witnesses here...
...I dub thee...
...Sir William.
Arise...Sir William.
Can you joust?
There's my tournament to finish.
Now, are you fit to compete,|or shall the forfeit stand?
I'm fit.
At once.
Thank you, my lord.
All hail Prince Edward!
My lords, my ladies...
...and all you other people.
I give you the son of Philippe|de Vitry, son of Gilles....
- Are you sure?|- Yes.
It's nothing but spun sugar|and boot black.
It's a small target...
...but aim for his heart.
- -doer of daring deeds...
...conqueror of countless kingdoms,|Count...
...Adhemar!
Oh, God. I'll get the surgeon.
Roland!
You're the surgeon.
Come on.
Kate, get me back to one.
Otherwise we forfeit.
Dirty son of a bitch!

Kate, I can't breathe.|I can't breathe.
As I said, thatcher.
In what world could you|have ever beaten me?
Such a place does not exist.
She's here.
Change your stars.
Let's dance, you and I.
It's two lances to none.
You must unhorse him or kill him.|It's the only way to win.
- You need more padding.|- No, leave it off.
I can't breathe with it on.
Lance.
I can barely grip it.
Damn.
Lash it to my arm.
Wat...
...lash it to me arm.
Good people!
I missed my introduction!
But please...
...please, I pray you.
Hear it now.
For I would lay rest...
...the grace in my tongue...
...and speak plain.
Days like these...
...are far too rare to cheapen|with heavy-handed words.
And so, I'm afraid,|without any ado whatsoever--
Excuse me, my lord.
Here he is! One of your own!
...and here before you now.
The son of John Thatcher...
...Sir William Thatcher!
That's your name.
Sir William Thatcher.
Your father heard that.
Godspeed, William.
William!
You have been weighed.
You've been measured.
And you absolutely...
...have been found wanting.
Welcome to the new world.
God save you, if it is right|that he should do so.

William!

Yes!

He's won! He's won!

You beat him, Will!

Oh, William.

I'm going to write this story.

About the prince and the knights?

No, all of it. All human activity|lies within the artist's scope.

Maybe not yours.