

THE LIBRARIANS

"Pilot, Pt.1: The Crown of King Arthur"
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1.0
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ACT ONE

FADE IN:

EXT. WAREHOUSES - PARIS

CHYRON: "PARIS"

ESTABLISH the INDUSTRIAL AREA. It's the Paris tourists don't see: warehouses and slum buildings jammed against ancient architecture and winding alleys.

A HEAVYSET THUG emerges from one of the Warehouses. He looks around. No one. Satisfied, he steps back inside.

ZOOM BACK from his door to find a FULL SQUAD of anti-terrorist soldiers hidden behind the burned out trucks.

One Soldier runs to the join another SQUAD hidden behind the building. She pulls off her helmet: meet British Counter-terrorism COLONEL EVE BAIRD. Baird (no one calls her "Eve", not even her mother) spends two hours at the gun range every weekend, speaks five languages. No one's seen her smile. Ever.

BAIRD

(into mic)

This is team leader, we have confirmation on a weapon of mass destruction inside the building.

SLAM TO:

INT. WAREHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

A dozen armed men keep watch. Two of them, ADEL and SAMI, work on a BLACK METAL CYLINDER with timers, etc. set inside a small DUFFEL.

BAIRD (V.O.)

We do not know whether it's biologic, chemical, or nuclear. Priority one is retrieval of that package. Do not damage it, or ...

BACK TO:

EXT. WAREHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

BAIRD

(into mic)

... or we may all die. But I will be very angry first, and you do not want that.

A SOLDIER next to her snorts. She glances at him. He gulps.

SOLDIER

No ma'am, your anger is ... umm.

Glaring, she lowers her helmet, charges forward.

BAIRD

I'm on Alpha. On my mark, Beta team
breach in three, two, one -

INT. WAREHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

One ONE SIDE of the warehouse FLASHBANGS go off. The terrorists whirl, begin FIRING as Beta team charges in and returns fire.

This allows Baird and Alpha to breach the other side, catching the terrorists in the crossfire. Utter chaos breaks out. Terrorists firing semi-autos. Soldiers ducking, returning fire, yelling "TANGO DOWN" as terrorists fall.

ON BAIRD as she and the Soldier from earlier advance. A TERRORIST steps out with a handgun pointed at the Soldier. In one smooth move she pulls the Soldier back and speed-draws her side-arm. The terrorist fires, splintering her helmet -- she fires, dropping him.

Baird pulls off the ruined helmet. Spots a group including Adel and Sami, carrying the DUFFEL, bolt out of the warehouse.

BAIRD

Package in motion! PACKAGE IS IN
MOTION!

She gives chase with soldiers.

EXT. PARIS SIDE STREETS - MOMENTS LATER

Baird's squad spots the scrum of terrorists as they dash from the Warehouse into the winding streets.

BAIRD

Two to the left. Two right!

The soldiers split off. Alone, she rounds a corner and sees Adel and Sami heading for an old CHURCH.

INT. CHURCH - MOMENTS LATER

Baird bursts through a side door. The church is ancient, claustrophobic even under vaulted ceilings. The two terrorists are halfway through the pews. Baird charges in with her MP5 up.

BAIRD

Freeze! *Arretez, arretez! Lâchez vos armes!*

Adel and Sami drop the Duffel. Their AK's are slung on their backs, too awkward to fast draw. Baird backs them away from the bag. Their hands shift -- they so want to throw down.

BAIRD (CONT'D)

Just slide the weapon to the ground!

ADEL

We surrender, lower your gun please --

BAIRD

Slide your weapon to the ground!

The Duffel BEEPS. Whatever's in there lets out a high-pitched BEEP every ten seconds. Adel and Sami exchange looks. Before Baird can ask --

KNOCK. KNOCK. KNOCK.

All three look around. Now where is that coming from?

KNOCK. KNOCK. It's traveling under the floor of the church.

FLYNN (O.S.)

No, that's not it. Where's the thirteenth skull? It's always the thirteenth skull.

Baird, Adel and Sami look around, confused. Then a HAMMERING sound from near the altar, a GRINDING as a TRAPDOOR opens in the floor of the Church. A hand holding a dessicated SKULL pops out like a periscope.

FLYNN (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Hello? Ah-hah.

And up pops FLYNN CARSEN. Even beyond his spelunking dirt, Flynn's not the same. He's scruffier, his moods wilder.

Flynn takes in the Mexican stand-off and waves cheerfully. He pulls himself from the trapdoor, crosses to the ALTAR.

FLYNN (CONT'D)

Don't mind me, you're obviously busy. I'm just here for the Opal of Samarra.

Flynn pries the top off the altar, revealing a steampunk DOOR surrounded by STONE KEYS of NUMBERS AND LETTERS. He talks absently as he fiddles with levers and keys.

FLYNN (CONT'D)

Locked in a safe. Which makes sense as it is dangerous and valuable.

SAMI

Dangerous?

FLYNN

And valuable, it summons demons but doesn't control them, but that's demonologists for you. Careless and homicidal. Another common pair.

BAIRD

Pair of --

FLYNN

Adjectives, travel in pairs, dangerous and valuable, sweet and spicy, careless and homicidal.

BAIRD

Whoever you are, stop touching --

A sudden chunk of GEARS from the ALTAR. Everyone stumbles as the church SHIFTS, dust falls from ancient timbers.

FLYNN

Security system. I think I have about three minutes to disarm this safe, or the church collapses on top of us.

(another RUMBLE)

Which seems unnecessarily dramatic.

BAIRD

Make it stop!

Flynn doesn't look up from his work.

FLYNN

I would, but this a very complex alphanumeric code based on Latin Bible verses and it would be a lot easier to concentrate if somebody turned off that beeping nuclear bomb!

Baird looks into the Duffel. A TIMER is running on the side of the black cylinder.

Everything happens at once. Adel and Sami swing their rifles up. Baird grabs the Duffel and sprints, running along the TOP of the pews, firing blind as they open up on her. Everyone hits the ground, moving from cover to cover.

Over by Flynn, BULLETS tear up the wall and altar. Too distracted to notice, he reaches into the cabinet nearby and pulls out an INCENSE SMOKER and some BAPTISMAL OIL.

Baird and Flynn keep a running argument over the gunfight.

BAIRD
How do I defuse this thing?

FLYNN
Of course, Stations of the Cross!

BAIRD
For the bomb?

FLYNN
No the deathtrap. The nuclear bomb's much easier. Black cylinder or round like a soccer ball?

Sami creeps toward Flynn, Adel rushes Baird. Baird drags the bomb behind a pillar, shooting and yelling as she runs.

BAIRD
Black cylinder!

FLYNN
Pop open the side casing, see that blue wire?

BAIRD
Yes!

She pulls the blue wire.

FLYNN
Don't touch that blue wire.

BAIRD
Start with "don't"!! START WITH "DON'T"!

She's moving again, trading fire with Adel. Flynn waves the INCENSE BURNER, creating a thick FOG of smoke around him. ON SAMI as he hesitates, trying to see what Flynn's up to.

FLYNN
Of course, Luke, so there are eight stations of the Cross --

BAIRD
Fourteen!

Baird moves toward Flynn, trading fire with Adel.

FLYNN

No, only eight in the Bible.

(off trigger keys)

John, fourth Gospel, condemned to execution, Book 19 Verse 16, then carrying the Cross, the Latin numerals four one nine one six one seven -

Flynn punches some keys. A PISTON rises from the altar, an ancient LOCK releasing within.

FLYNN (CONT'D)

Hey, we're 33% less likely to die!

Baird sees Sami rushing toward Flynn.

BAIRD

On your right!

Without looking, Flynn SPILLS the baptismal oil all over the slick wooden floor. Sami charges through the thick smoke, coughing -- and slips in the oil. His head hits the floor like a sack of hammers. Out cold.

Baird slides in beside Flynn as he continues to type.

FLYNN

Simon and the women of Jerusalem, which Gospel is that --

BAIRD

That's Luke, the Gospel of Luke.

FLYNN

Right. Three two three two six --

(as he types)

Silver cube, pull it out, that's the primary detonator.

Adel fires at them. Baird fires back, pulls out the silver cube. Another one of the ALTAR PISTONS rises, but CRACKS appear in the floor.

BAIRD

Still beeping.

FLYNN

Bah, the church will collapse before the bomb goes off. Final disarm is two two five six six.

BAIRD

That you or me?

FLYNN
 Improbably, both of us.

Flynn and Baird speak aloud as they type at the same time.

FLYNN / BAIRD
 Two two five six SIX.

A STONE GRINDING ECHO and a long BEEP ... the final PISTON rises, and the bomb goes dark. Then Adel swings around the end of the altar, AK-47 up.

FLYNN
 Three-one.

BAIRD
 Three-one?

FLYNN
 Thirty rounds in an AK-47 magazine,
 one in the chamber. He fired thirty-
 one shots, I never heard him reload.

Adel pulls the trigger. CLICK. Baird hammers him with a right cross. Then, as Baird stands over the fallen terrorist, a HISS escapes from the altar. To her amazement a JEWEL rises, supported by black, writhing SMOKE. The smoke forms small DEMONIC FIGURES snapping and screaming.

As if this were the sort of thing that happens every day, Flynn takes the Jewel and tucks it in his carry-all. Blows the demon-smoke out like a birthday candle.

BAIRD
 What was ... How did you do ... how
 did you know all that?

Flynn grins.

FLYNN
 I'm the Librarian.

Baird's SOLDIERS finally arrive. She waves to them, turns back to Flynn ... and he's gone.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. NEW YORK STREET - THE NEXT DAY

CHYRON "NEW YORK CITY - THE NEXT DAY"

PROFESSOR JONAS SHEIR rushes through the crowded streets. He's an action-hero Professor, wiry and handsome. But now he's running scared, carrying THICK FILES stuffed with papers.

CHAOTIC FAST CUTS show his paranoia. He looks back --

-- to spot an older man in the crowd, GALEAS, sleek and professional in a finely tailored suit. European money, could've played Bond in his younger days. He never makes eye contact but smiles when Sheir's gaze falls on him. As if he knows.

The Professor dials his cell, glances again. Galeas is gone.

SHEIR

(into phone)

Hello, I must speak to Flynn Carsen.
I must speak to the Librarian.

INT. METROPOLITAN LIBRARY - CHARLENE'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

CHARLENE is on the phone, distracted by other business.

CHARLENE

Mr. Carsen is on his way back from Minneapolis from a library sciences seminar, but we have many other fine librarians --

SHEIR

Flynn Carsen was not in Minneapolis, he was in Paris recovering the Opal of Samarra.

Charlene reacts.

SHEIR (CONT'D)

And he's not a Librarian, he's the Librarian. Now let me me talk to him!

EXT. METROPOLITAN LIBRARY STEPS - CONTINUOUS

Sheir climbs the stairs, pushing through the crowd.

SHEIR

Never mind, I'm here! Tell me where --

Suddenly Galeas appears, nose to nose. He STABS the Professor just below our line of sight. The Professor chokes, a bit of blood coming from his mouth.

SHEIR (CONT'D)

The Crown. I've found the Crown ...

Galeas gently takes the cell from him. The Professor collapses, his FILE falling to the ground.

As SPECTATORS just begin to notice the fallen man, Galeas scoops up the file. He misses just one PAGE of the file, which blows away ...

EXT. NEW YORK CITY STREET - BELOW THE STEPS - CONTINUOUS

The page BLOWS across the sidewalk just below the steps. A well-travelled BOOT steps on it.

We're BEHIND Flynn, in his rough traveling clothes. He kneels and picks up the page. Then a shot of JUST HIS EYES. Brilliant, even a bit mad.

ON THE PAGE is a PRINT of a 1100's PAINTING of KNIGHTS FIGHTING BARBARIANS. One of the knights holds a CROWN.

Now 3/4 BEHIND Flynn. He looks up, spots the dead man on the stairs. Police run toward the scene.

As the officers WIPE across the Librarian, he's gone.

CUT TO:

EXT. LONDON APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

ESTABLISHING the nightlife of London. Couples walk past converted brownstones. Friends call out, already drunk.

ON BAIRD as she walks the street in simple travel clothes, bag over her shoulder. She's arguing on a cell phone.

BAIRD

(into phone)

No, sir, no I do not need a leave of absence. I wasn't exposed to radiation.

(beat)

There's nothing in my report -- him? He was there, and I'm not saying he was a Librarian, he claimed -- a month on leave?! What am I --

(slapped down)

Yes sir. Thank you. Sir.

She hangs up, pushes through the carefree crowd. Just a GLIMPSE at the happiness, a look she's not even aware of.

INT. BAIRD'S APARTMENT - MOMENTS LATER

Baird enters her apartment, flips on the lights. "Stark" oversells the place. Studio apartment, no art, books of military history on the shelves. Furniture's all identical, grey, obviously bought at the same time. QUICK CUTS of --

-- her emptying her bag. Everything's immediately hung in the closet full of other dark, workmanlike clothing.

-- Baird goes to water a SMALL PLANT, still in its green temporary pot. It's dead.

She brings the plant to the garbage bin, opens the bin to reveal it's FULL OF IDENTICAL SMALL DEAD POTTED PLANTS.

-- Baird opens the fridge. Empty but for a bottle of water. Opens the freezer. Empty. Closes the freezer. Opens the fridge, as if there might be a magic trick. Opens the bottle of water, sniffs it. Winces. How does that go bad?

INT. BAIRD'S APARTMENT - LATER

Pan across some CANDLES, oh that's nice, getting a little relaxed atmosphere together ...

... and never mind, there's her GLOCK 21 on the coffee table, and she's banging out PUSH-UPS on the floor next to it.

A single WHITE ENVELOPE slides under her front door. Still in the push-up, she raises an eyebrow. Suddenly she's moving, gun in hand, crossing unhurried and precise to the door.

She opens it. No one. Frowns, closes the door.

Baird opens the envelope. The paper within is also BLANK. Both sides are blank.

Suddenly a GOLDEN LIGHT coalesces, inscribing handwriting on the paper: "COLONEL EVE BAIRD, YOU HAVE BEEN SELECTED TO INTERVIEW FOR A PRESTIGIOUS POSITION --"

Baird drops the paper to the floor. What the hell? She kneels, watches the rest of the words fill in: "-- AT THE METROPOLITAN PUBLIC LIBRARY."

BAIRD

Library?
(realizing)
Librarian.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. METROPOLITAN LIBRARY - STEPS - ONE DAY LATER - DAY

Baird considers the front of the Metropolitan Public Library cautiously. She enters.

INT. METROPOLITAN LIBRARY - CHARLENE'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Baird finds CHARLENE'S OFFICE. Charlene looks up grumpily, rifles through her purse for money.

CHARLENE

Oh for -- Flynn knows he shouldn't be ordering delivery, this organization is on a tight budget.

(MORE)

CHARLENE (CONT'D)

But no, I'm the only one who cares
about the budget.

Baird presents the white envelope.

BAIRD

I'm Colonel Eve Baird, and I received --

Charlene's jaw drops. She examines Baird like a prize horse.

CHARLENE

You got the white envelope! I'm
Charlene, what are you? Police,
spy, soldier?

BAIRD

Last one please stop touching me.

CHARLENE

I bet you're his new Guardian! He'll
make a fuss, he hasn't had a Guardian
in years, but even he can't argue
with a white envelope.

(glee)

I have so many forms for you to fill
out!

Charlene fills out a clipboard as she leads Baird to the
BOOKCASE.

BAIRD

What's a Guardian?

Charlene pulls back the BOOK in the BOOKCASE revealing the
ELEVATOR to the Library within. She leads Baird inside.

CHARLENE

"What's a Guardian?" Adorable.

INT. LIBRARY ELEVATOR - CONTINUOUS

Baird reacts as the Elevator LURCHES downward.

BAIRD

Very ... fast elevator

CHARLENE

Name, "Eve Baird" got that,
Nationality "British" Married "No"
of course, why is that even on there --

Baird's not paying attention. The buttons show four floors.
She looks up to the floor indicator. **B1, B2, B3, B4**, then
jumping **B10 B19 B24 B48 ...**

BAIRD
We're going down. Very far down.

CHARLENE
Oh, those. That's more of a metaphor
than actual floor numbers.

Judson is suddenly BEHIND them.

JUDSON
Almost a meta-floor.

He does his little laugh, frowns as Baird jumps back.

BAIRD
What the hell?!

JUDSON
Sounded funnier in my head I guess.

BAIRD
Where did you come from?! You were,
I was ... I want some answers NOW.
Why are we leaving the Library?!

JUDSON
The Library -- no, no, that's just
the entrance. The real Library is
down here, where we keep all the
artifacts and magic too dangerous to
be left out in the world.

BAIRD
There's no such thing as ...

DING. The doors open. They all turn. Baird's eyes go wide.

INT. THE LIBRARY - LARGE ITEM PROMENADE - CONTINUOUS

They walk onto the long walkways through the high-ceiling
vault. The Ark, the Nautilus, everything from THE JUDAS
CHALICE is on display. It's awe-inspiring.

BAIRD
... as ... as magic.

JUDSON
The Library is an ancient organization
dedicated to preserving knowledge,
defending the weak, and ensuring
magic never falls into the wrong
hands.

Baird spins, soaking it in. She's a hard-ass, but even she's
stunned. The music swells, the "awe" moment.

BAIRD
Magic's real? This is real?

CHARLENE
And you got a white envelope, an invitation to the Library, which means we need your expertise.

BAIRD
But I don't know anything about artifacts or magic.

CHARLENE
Artifacts and magic, pfff, no, you're here for the Librarian.

BAIRD
I met someone who said he was a Librarian.

JUDSON
Yes, him. Flynn Carsen. He is the Librarian.
(beat)
But I'm afraid he's broken.

They pull her deeper into the Library.

FADE OUT:

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

INT. FLYNN'S WORKSPACE - "THE CARD CATALOG" - CONTINUOUS

The multi-level, cluttered area filled with maps and books. There's a large CARD CATALOGUE in the corner. By the card catalogue is a DRY ERASE BOARD covered with details of SHEIR'S DEATH. Judson, Charlene and Baird walk into the space.

JUDSON

Through the centuries, there's always --

Flynn, SWORD in hand, FLIES backwards and SLIDES across one of the tables, scattering books. He neatly rolls up into guard position as EXCALIBUR swoops down to FENCE him.

FLYNN

Really, 'Cal, a Desvio technique against the Molinello Defense?! You're getting sloppy!

BAIRD

-- the Librarian.

Flynn and Excalibur REACT. Excalibur crosses to menace Baird.

CHARLENE

Excalibur, no! She's here to help!

Excalibur retreats to Flynn. Flynn stalks forward.

FLYNN

You. What are you doing here?
(to Judson)
What is she doing here?

Baird produces the white envelope. Flynn's stunned into silence. He snatches it, studies it as if checking a forgery.

CHARLENE

I'll go finish your paperwork, let you two get to know each other.

Charlene exits. As she does, Excalibur floats back to Baird. Baird reaches out to touch it, but Flynn, still examining the envelope, SMACKS her hand away.

FLYNN

Don't. Wounds caused by Excalibur don't heal. Magic.
(to Excalibur)
'Cal, go on patrol, I'll meet you.

Excalibur executes a "salute", zips off. Flynn still won't look up from obsessively studying the invitation.

BAIRD

Excalibur. You call Excalibur "Cal".

FLYNN

We're friends. Best friends.

BAIRD

You're mad.

FLYNN

Maybe. I didn't used to be, but now I can't say for sure.

(to Judson)

What is this?

BAIRD

Someone from the Library invited me here. Had to be one of you.

FLYNN

No. Not someone from the Library. The Library invited you.

He and Judson make eye contact as he hands back the envelope.

FLYNN (CONT'D)

It's a mistake, she's not a Librarian, she's a soldier. Don't need a soldier, don't need any help.

Flynn stalks back off to the murder board.

FLYNN (CONT'D)

Been doing this ten years, I know what I need.

JUDSON

(to Baird)

Ten years is almost the record. Most Librarians are dead by now.

FLYNN

Ten years ago I got a magic envelope, just like the one you received.

FLASH TO:

INT. FLYNN'S OLD APARTMENT - FLASHBACK - (NEW FOOTAGE)

Flynn sits on the floor, books FALL around him. He picks up an ENVELOPE. Opens it, and GOLDEN WORDS appear ...

BACK TO:

INT. FLYNN'S WORKSPACE - "THE CARD CATALOG" - RESUME SCENE

JUDSON

But alone for the last five. The job's too stressful for just one person to bear the burden. That's why every other Librarian had a Guardian --

Flynn claps Judson's shoulders, grins. He's manic.

FLYNN

I'm not alone! I have you. The ever-steady, ever constant Judson.

JUDSON

I won't be around forever, Flynn.

FLYNN

Of course you will.
(whispered, to Baird)
He's two thousand years old.

He crosses back to the board. Ignores them.

JUDSON

Maybe she's here to help you with your murder. You don't seem to be solving it.

Judson nods, encouraging her to move forward. Baird crosses next to Flynn. He glances at her, annoyed.

BAIRD

I started in the police, before I went into the Army. Victim?

Flynn stares ahead. Not answering.

BAIRD (CONT'D)

That's fine, I can read, they do teach soldiers to read. "Professor Jonas Sheir." Professor of Archeology, five PhD's, five's showing off a bit, eh? Place of death?

FLYNN

(reluctant)
Died on the stairs outside, on his phone, insisting he had to meet me. Apparently had something he wanted to show me, but that art print's all I recovered from his files.

BAIRD
I don't know that painting.

FLYNN
Neither do I, which is vexing. Oh,
I like that, haven't used that word,
in a while. Vex. Vexing.

BAIRD
... He came here to show you
something. Here. To your secret
Library.

FLYNN
The Library is very old and in certain
circles, archeologists, occultists,
there are rumors about its existence.
I suppose Professor Sheir would've
heard them, but to deduce the
Library's real, never mind here --
smart man.

BAIRD
Don't suppose you dropped one of
your little glowing envelopes by
mistake?

FLYNN
(pause)
Not dropped. Sent. He was smart.
Smart enough to be sent an envelope.

Flynn suddenly bolts from the room. Baird moves to follow.

JUDSON
I think you'll make a fine Guardian.

BAIRD
He doesn't seem to want one of those.

Baird runs after Flynn. Judson smiles sadly. He checks an
ANTIQUÉ POCKET WATCH. Something in the dials does not make
him happy ...

INT. METROPOLITAN LIBRARY - CHARLENE'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Baird arrives as Flynn's tossing books off Charlene's shelves.
Charlene's livid.

FLYNN
How could you not know? How could
Judson not know?!

CHARLENE

We track thousands of possible Librarians, we only assemble the full list when there's a vacancy. Vacancies only occur on the death of the current Librarian and you're not dead. Yet.

BAIRD

Last vacancy was ten years ago, you got an envelope --

FLYNN

A lot of people got envelopes. Only one Librarian's chosen, but a lot of smart people show up.

He SLAMS open a LEDGER. Runs his finger down it.

FLYNN (CONT'D)

Professor Jonas Sheir. He was here, he signed in the day I became the Librarian.

FLASH TO:

INT. METROPOLITAN LIBRARY - HALLWAY - TEN YEARS AGO

Flynn passing the crowd in the hallway for his first meeting. (NOTE: THIS IS NEW FOOTAGE). As he nods to people in the line we SPOT Professor Sheir in the crowd, signing the ledger.

BACK TO

INT. METROPOLITAN LIBRARY - CHARLENE'S OFFICE - RESUME SCENE

FLYNN

The day I became Librarian instead of him. What's the "C" next to his name?

CHARLENE

"Candidate". In case of your death, he's on the list of top Candidates to replace you.

(off Flynn)

Nothing personal.

FLYNN

(reading)

Dr. Abraham Thomas, physicist, has an "C" next to his name --

Baird's already got data up on her phone.

BAIRD
Dr. Abraham Thomas died in a car
accident last week.

CHARLENE
Far Shariad, "C", Tehran University --

Baird comes around, searching names as she reads ahead.

BAIRD
Plane crash. Professor Megan Mostow,
"C" died in an elevator accident,
these two "C"'s died of unknown
causes.

FLYNN
Everyone who could replace me is
dead. Someone's killing the
Librarians.

BAIRD
These three "Candidates" don't pop
death notices.

CHARLENE
They didn't sign in. These three
never came for the interview.

BAIRD
So they dropped to the bottom of the
kill list. They could still be alive.

FLYNN
First Candidate's contact address is
here in New York.

Flynn's got the names in his notebook, he's already moving.

BAIRD
Where are you going?

FLYNN
To save the last of the Librarians!
Nice meeting you!

BAIRD
"Nice meeting" -- Who do you think --
(to Charlene)
Who does he think he is?

Baird races out after him.

EXT. NEW YORK HOSPITAL - LATER THAT DAY

ESTABLISHING the busy metropolitan hospital.

INT. NEW YORK HOSPITAL - INTAKE AREA - DAY

A COFFEE SHOP's to the side. The young woman COFFEE SERVER, is sweetly serving hot chocolate to a crying little boy.

BEHIND HER Flynn and Baird enter, Flynn checking his small notebook. They cross to the NURSE behind the desk.

FLYNN

Really, really work better alone.

BAIRD

Why did every Librarian before you have a partner? Seems like a sound operational structure.

FLYNN

Tried it, didn't work.

BAIRD

What happened?

He turns on her, hard. Spits it out.

FLYNN

They left or died. Dead or gone, dead or gone. Sometimes both.

(glib again)

Now how do I find Cassandra Kapoor?

Before they can proceed, an AMBULANCE CREW bursts in with an UNCONSCIOUS YOUNG WOMAN. A DOCTOR shines LIGHT in her eyes, the NURSES check her out.

PARAMEDIC #1

Female, early-twenties, collapsed at school, high fever, BP 140 over 90, pulse 100 temp 102.5. Sudden fever, sore joints, nausea and vomiting --

DOCTOR

Sensitivity to light, stiff neck ... meningitis. Push wide spectrum antibiotics, do a lumbar tap and --

COFFEE SERVER

Pardon me. It's not --

DOCTOR

-- consider cortisone --

As they try to roll the gurney away, the Coffee Server sticks her foot out, locking a wheel. Everyone suddenly goes quiet.

COFFEE SERVER

It's not meningitis, it's psittacosis.
The symptoms of psittacosis and
meaingococcus are similar, including
the sensitivity to light, but you're
ignoring the other factors. The
other factors.

That little repetition was odd. Like she was swallowing it.

COFFEE SERVER (CONT'D)

That necklace has parrot feathers
she picked up off the ground --

DOCTOR

She could've bought that. Move.

COFFEE SERVER

It's homemade, the feathers are fading --

At that we drop into her GIFT.

The room is SHIMMERING and all around her images, facts,
equations scrawl into midair, multicolored, some strobing.
It's a total sensory overload. As she speaks, the relvant,
focused information grows BRIGHTER and LARGER and zips to
directly in front of her.

COFFEE SERVER (CONT'D)

-- commercial feathers are preserved,
preserved against sunlight and
ultraviolet light, ultraviolet, 400
nanometers --

The Coffee Server's clenching her fist so hard her nails are
cutting her palm.

FLYNN

No, she's right, 914 species of bird
native to North America, none of
them match that plumage color. That's
an African parrot feather.

Bair checks the PHOTOS on the Patient's phone. Finds one of
her AT THE ZOO.

BAIRD

Dated ten days ago.

NURSE

(pause)

You heard the Doctor. Psitticosis,
Parrot Fever. Let's go!

The medical team moves off. The Coffee Server stumbles into
her COFFEE SHOP, Flynn and Baird behind her.

COFFEE SERVER
Ultraviolet radiation, radiation --

INT. COFFEE SHOP - CONTINUOUS

The COFFEE SERVER slides down into a sitting position, eyes closed. Flynn kneels by her. Her Gift is still going strong, she's bombarded by images, numbers, notes ...

COFFEE SERVER
Antimatter is negatively charged matter, Paul Dirac predicted mathematically the existence of positrons with a mass of $9.1 \cdot 10^{-31}$ kilograms protons have a mass of $1.67262178 \cdot 10^{-27}$ kilograms, neutrons --

FLYNN
Cassandra Kapoor?

Cassandra slows. Opens her eyes. Her Gift clears.

CASSANDRA
Sorry. It'll stop in a second. Oh, I smell peanuts this time, not bad.

Flynn squints, computing.

FLYNN
Auditory and sensory hallucination slinked to memory retrieval. You're a synesthete.

CASSANDRA
Wow, yes. Hi.

FLYNN
(to Baird)
She has photographic memory like mine, but her brain is cross-wired. All five senses are linked to her memory.

CASSANDRA
Numbers are colors, science is musical notes, when I do math I smell things, mostly breakfast.

BAIRD
I was going to be cross with you for assuming I don't know what a synesthete is, but I don't know actually know what a synesthete is.

FLYNN

You're in danger. You need to come with us.

CASSANDRA

Are you the police?

FLYNN

No, I'm the Librarian. Get your coat.

Cassandra, still wobbly, crosses to get her coat.

FLYNN

(off notebook)

Two left, but on opposite sides of the world.

BAIRD

If somebody's hunting these people, you're risking their lives by not accepting my help. You cannot do this alone.

He considers Baird. He's not happy about this, but ... he grudgingly rips off one of the pages, hands it to her.

FLYNN

If I can't get rid of you, I might as well make use of you. We'll each take one. Be ready for anything.

BAIRD

Define anything.

FLYNN

Possibly ninjas.

And he's gone. She checks her notes.

BAIRD

Ninjas. In ... Oklahoma.

EXT. MUSEUM - MOSCOW - ESTABLISHING - DAY

CHYRON: "MOSCOW"

Crisp blue skies over heavy buildings built by Czars and staffed by ex-Communists. Tourists enter and exit.

INT. MUSEUM - GALLERY ONE - MOSCOW

Tourists "ooh" over Crown Jewels under the watchful eye of Russian museum Guards.

EZEKIEL JONES (30's, quirky tech nomad) examines a GLASS CASE under which sits a JEWELLED STATUE. Ezekiel takes snapshots with his SMARTPHONE -- and subtly flips to a new set of icons on his phone. "WIFI CAMERAS" comes up, as does "VOICE ACTIVATION".

EZEKIEL
(whispered)
Wi-fi network access.

INT. SECURITY ROOM - MUSEUM - CONTINUOUS

Bored Guards don't notice one of their computer screens tracking icons opening, files being highlighter.

INT. MUSEUM - GALLERY ONE - MOSCOW

ON THE PHONE video files come up, slide into a photo editing software. Ezekiel picks endpoints, drops the clip into a buffer. Chooses "PLAY ON LOOP" then "SEND".

INT. SECURITY ROOM - MUSEUM - CONTINUOUS

The VIDEO FEED flickers as Ezekiel's room begins to LOOP.

INT. MUSEUM - GALLERY ONE - CONTINUOUS

Ezekiel checks the patrolling Guards. He snaps some photos, muttering to the phone with a frozen smile.

EZEKIEL
Access Alarms. Trigger Zone 3.

ALARMS sound in the distance. GUARDS run past the gallery room entrance.

EZEKIEL (CONT'D)
Trigger Zone 5.

More alarms. The Guards and patrons run from this room. The other Guards run in the opposite direction. Chaos.

Ezekiel, now alone, pulls off his belt. He wraps it around the case where the glass meets the wood. He takes out a PEN. Where he touches the pen to the belt, SPARKS fly and the glass MELTS.

He's too intent to see a GUARD sneaking up behind him. But instead of accosting the thief, the Guard DROPS a BLADE from his sleeve. He's about to gut Ezekiel --

-- and Flynn COLD-COCKS him. Ezekiel turns, sees the Guard.

EZEKIEL (CONT'D)
Why does that Guard have a dagger?

FLYNN

He's not a Guard. He's here to kill you, if you're Ezekiel Jones.

Ezekiel turns back to work.

EZEKIEL

I'm assuming you're not here to kill me. So if you watch my back for fifteen more seconds, I'll give you ten percent of the take.

(beat)

Wait, don't I know you?

FLYNN

(realizing)

Cairo?

EZEKIEL

Yes! You were that crazy professor who wanted the Gold Scarab at the Cairo Museum!

FLYNN

Librarian, not professor. Flynn Carsen.

EZEKIEL

Hah, I stole that scarab right out of the main display.

FLYNN

I know, I was the one who had to destroy the vengeful mummy. This will go horribly wrong, by the way.

EZEKIEL

Oh, are these jewels cursed too? Booga-booga.

FLYNN

You looped the video.

EZEKIEL

Good, you're smart enough to be my sidekick. I'll call you "Kid Crime", you can wear a cape and green shorts.

FLYNN

Burning through the glass to avoid the motion detectors. Clever.

(beat)

Burning through the glass, in a room with infrared detectors.

A new ALARM sounds. As Guards approach:

EZEKIEL
My escape route's cut off.

FLYNN
Mine's not.

INT. TUNNELS - MOMENTS LATER

Flynn and Ezekiel drop into TUNNELS. Above them Guards SHOUT.

FLYNN
Royal Families do love their tunnels.

EZEKIEL
What do you want?

FLYNN
Come to New York, I'll tell you about
the people trying to kill you.

Ezekiel sets off down the tunnel. Flynn follows.

FLYNN (CONT'D)
"Kid Crime". Not your sidekick.
You're my sidekick.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. SHITKICKER BAR - OKLAHOMA - NIGHT

ESTABLISHING the muscle cars and pickup trucks in the parking lot, the big FRONT WINDOW filled with neon beer signs.

INT. BAR - OKLAHOMA - NIGHT

The bar is loud with laughter, country music and ass-slapping. CURTIS STONE, late-30's, drinks with his buddies. He's a working man just off his shift, handsome in a rough way. His buddies AMOS and BRAD take turns losing to him at pool.

AMOS
You on the pipeline Saturday?

STONE
Yep, double shift, but Sunday after
church we'll go to Zeke's junkyard
find ourselves a '68 gearbox. Tellin'
ya, he's got one ...

They (ands everybody in the bar) stare as a stunning woman, LAMIA, walks in. Tall, exotic ethnic mix, athletic. She's wearing a top revealing at least one tattooed arm, a LONG LEATHER COAT slung over the other arm.

STONE (CONT'D)

Dammmmn.

AMOS

Weren't you just talkin' about church?

STONE

Church shuts down if there's no sin to forgive. I'm just keeping the Reverend in business.

BRAD

Unh-huh. You watch this, Curtis Stone. You watch the master.

Brad crosses to the bar. Stone and Amos chuckle, Stone sinking another ball.

AMOS

How's your daddy?

STONE

Too sick to work, too stubborn to die.

For the first time he misses a shot. Amos is too giddy at his opportunity to notice the quick look that darted across Stone's face. Stone buries it as Brad returns.

STONE (CONT'D)

So when's the date? Who's best man, me or Amos?

BRAD

I think she's kinda crazy.

STONE

'Cause she won't leave with you? Half our damn high school must've been insane then.

BRAD

I mean, she won't even let you buy her a drink unless you can explain that weird tattoo.

The guys nod, chatter about "crazy tourist girls". But Stone throws Lamia a speculative look as he drains his beer.

INT. BAR - AT THE BAR - MINUTES LATER - BAR

Stone sits next to Lamia. He smiles, she smiles back.

STONE

How about we get to know each other?

LAMIA

I have very high standards.

STONE

Well, hell, I'm so picky I won't even talk to myself. Nice tattoo.

LAMIA

Tell me what it means, and I'll let you buy me that drink.

STONE

(squinting)

That looks like some kinda foreign words there, I-talian or something.

She turns away, bored. Stone continues, his voice dropped low. He doesn't want anybody else hearing:

STONE (CONT'D)

(reading)

*Sanguine hebetantur aestu solvuntur,
et ubique Sola innocentia faciet --*
"The blood-dimmed tide is loosed,
and everywhere the ceremony of
innocence is drowned." That's Yeats,
the Second Coming, his poem about
the Apocalypse.

Her eyes light up. His finger traces the SERPENT tattoo.

STONE (CONT'D)

This is Quetzocoatl, Toltec
interpretation from the 12th Century --
that's their God of the Apocalypse,
and this snake biting its own tail,
most guys would think that's
Ouroborous, the Greek snake of
infinity --

LAMIA

But you're not most guys.

STONE

-- but yours is 10th century Norse
Jormungard, the Midgard Serpent who
represents, again, the apocalypse.

(grins)

What kinda girl walks around with
the end of the world on her arm?

LAMIA

My name is "Lamia."

(beat)

And you must be Curtis Stone.

Stone reacts she KICKS him away, reaches under her long coat for her KATANA. Stone's struggling to his feet as she gets the blade half-cleared -- and STOPS as a HAND snags Lamia's wrist. She turns to find Baird standing beside her.

BAIRD

Sorry. No.

Baird HEADBUTTS Lamia. Lamia staggers back, her sword skittering across the floor as Baird crosses to Stone's side. He's already up in a bar-fighting stance.

STONE

What the hell's going on?

BAIRD

She's going to kill you.

Baird draws her Glock. But FROM OFF a small BOLO lashes out and SNAGS Baird's gun, snatching it away.

BANG WIDE to reveal several of the BAR PATRONS closing in, fists up and exotic KNIVES in their hands. People are now officially freaking out, the bar panicking.

STONE

And who the hell are they?

BAIRD

Ninjas, possibly.

STONE

In Oklahoma?

BAIRD

That's what I said.

Lamia charges Baird. Baird doges the sword, grabs TWO BOTTLES from the speed rack. Stick fighting against the sword, CLANGING like GLASS BELLS.

The Assassins lunge at Stone. He ducks, grabs a BAR STOOL, clobbers one, spins, traps another's hands, rolls onto the pool table. He FIRES two cue balls at two Assassins, dropping them. He switches to a pool cue, batting his opponents away.

Baird and Stone are backed up against the front window.

BAIRD (CONT'D)

Not bad for an amateur.

STONE

Sweetheart, nothing amateur about my barfightin'.

Lamia and the Assassins advance.

STONE (CONT'D)

But I do know the value of a tactical
retreat.

EXT. BAR - CONTINUOUS

Three, two, one -- Baird and Stone CRASH through the front window, roll, and are up and running before the last of the glass hits the ground.

They run to Stone's classic MUSCLE CAR, dive in. Stone peels out as Lamia leaps nimbly out the bar window. As the car fishtails across the lot, Baird looks in the rearview mirror. Lamia throws her a kiss. This isn't over.

INT. CAR - CONTINUOUS

Stone drives. Baird calls up a FILE on her phone.

STONE

Mind explaining what that was about,
Hermione Granger?

BAIRD

You were targeted because of your
expertise.

STONE

Expertise? You think somebody's
killin' oil rig workers with ninjas,
y'all have got --

BAIRD

(reading)

Curtis Stone, I.Q. 190, accepted to
both Cambridge and the Sorbonne for
an arts degree ... and turned them
down. But for the last twenty years
under a pseudonym you've been secretly
writing literature on European and
Native American art history. All
while working for an oil company
located five miles from the town
where you grew up. Y'all.

Stone just stares out the window.

BAIRD (CONT'D)

Can this car get us to New York City?

FADE OUT:

ACT THREE**FADE IN:****EXT. METROPOLITAN LIBRARY - THE NEXT DAY**

ESTABLISHING the Library once again, but this time we PRELAP:

EZEKIEL (PRELAP)

I don't get why I'm stuck here --

INT. METROPOLITAN LIBRARY - CHARLENE'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Stone, Ezekiel and Cassandra all wait in Charlene's office.

EZEKIEL

-- with a cowboy and a coffee girl?

STONE

You might want to apologize to the little lady.

CASSANDRA

"Little lady" is not actually an improvement over "coffee girl."

Flynn and Baird cross through. Without a word, Flynn OPENS the BOOKCASE. The Candidates REACT as he steps through.

BAIRD

We'll explain on the way down.

INT. THE LIBRARY - LARGE ITEM PROMENADE - MINUTES LATER

WIDE on the most spectacular view of the LARGE ITEMS GALLERY we can muster. The whole, sprawling, insane maze. FIND the group as Flynn stalks in front of them.

EZEKIEL

Hoooollllyyyy ...

STONE

Magic's real.

FLYNN

Yes.

STONE

Ark of the Covenant, Holy Grail.

FLYNN

Yes and yes.

CASSANDRA

Bigfoot and Dracula.

FLYNN
Yes and no. Yes, Bigfoot.

EZEKIEL
So vampires aren't real.

FLYNN
Vampires are real, but Dracula's not. Anymore. Because I killed him. Is this not helping?
(to Baird)
I don't feel like this is helping.

INT. FLYNN'S WORKSPACE - CONTINUOUS

As they enter Excalibur arrives to check them out. The Candidates REACT.

BAIRD
Don't worry, it's just Excalibur.

FLYNN
"Just Excalibur." You're getting very comfortable.

Flynn sorts through papers, the impatient professor who loathes having students in his office.

STONE
If magic's real, why don't we see it all the time?

Flynn, sighs -- really, do I have time for this? -- takes a GLOBE from his desk. He spins it, Harlem-Globetrotter style, then TOSSES it into the air. It EXPANDS into a see-through GLOBE OF THE WORLD, crisscrossed by a NETWORK OF LINES.

FLYNN
The world was once covered with magic. It travelled through this network of power called ley lines, geo-magnetic lines of force focused by rare minerals in the earth. Over the centuries magic was drained off to make powerful artifacts --

As he talks, the power network throws off SPARKS, each spark leading to a holographic image of an ITEM OF POWER. The SPHINX, the ARK OF THE COVENANT, the HOLY GRAIL, STONEHENGE, EXCALIBUR. As it does, the glowing network FADES.

Excalibur zips up a bit, pokes at its hologram.

FLYNN (CONT'D)
 (to Excalibur)
 Yeah, that's you, buddy.
 (back to the group)
 -- and faded as cities and technology
 were built over the ley lines.

BLACK STAINS appear on the GLOBE, greaking the circuits,
 even more of the POWER FADES, until it's just isolated SPOTS.

FLYNN (CONT'D)
 Not much magic left. My job is to
 make sure what remains doesn't fall
 into the wrong hands.

The hologram collapses and the Globe lands in Flynn's hand.

BAIRD
 Ten years ago, you all received an
 envelope inviting you to apply for a
 position here, in this secret Library.
 But you never came.

CASSANDRA
 Ten years ago? I was in the hospital --

FLYNN
 -- because of your tumor.

Pause. Everyone looks from Cassandra to Flynn.

CASSANDRA
 How'd you know?

FLYNN
 Synesthetes never have all five senses
 involved. You're experiencing full
 on hallucinations, almost seizures,
 indicating a frontal lobe anomaly,
 Oligodendroglioma. How big is it?

Cassandra taps her right temple.

CASSANDRA
 About the size of a grape. Which I
 really wish they hadn't told me,
 because I used to like grapes.

EZEKIEL
 Damn, are you ...

CASSANDRA
 Not yet. Someday, and a lot sooner
 than I'd like, but not yet.
 (MORE)

CASSANDRA (CONT'D)

(beat)

But I lived long enough to learn magic is real. And that's pretty cool.

She grins at Flynn. There's a connection there, but he shuts it down, blows through it. He's not ready.

FLYNN

Stone, why didn't you come?

STONE

Already had a job. Family business.

EZEKIEL

I just threw mine out.

(off them)

It was obviously a mistake. I steal stuff, been stealing stuff since I was a kid. I'm not going to get invited to work at a Library.

Ezekiel crosses to a FULL LENGTH MIRROR.

EZEKIEL (CONT'D)

Hell, I still think this could be a con. Yeah. Magic's real.

(to mirror)

"Mirror mirror on the wall, who's the fairest of them all?"

Judson STEPS THROUGH the mirror.

JUDSON

I always rather liked Angie Dickinson.

Ezekiel takes Cassandra's bag, hyperventilates into it.

FLYNN

Stone -- the cowboy one -- said the woman who tried to kill him had a snake tattoo.

JUDSON

The Serpent Brotherhood.

(to the others)

An ancient cult that wants to bring magic back to the entire world. One of our oldest enemies.

STONE

So these Serpent Brotherhood ninjas are the fellas want us dead.

FLYNN

Ninjas? No, the Brotherhood uses Assassins. Who said ninjas? In Oklahoma? That would be ridiculous.

Baird side-eyes him, plows on.

BAIRD

But why now? What did Professor Sheir find that pushed the Serpent Brotherhood to kill him, then murder their way down the list?

Stone's staring at the murder board.

STONE

Got something to do with this painting, "The Crown of King Arthur"?

A SMASH startles them. Judson's grabbed the table for support. Concerned, Flynn crosses to him.

FLYNN

Judson? Judson, what's wrong?

JUDSON

The Crown of King Arthur. Crafted by Merlin to give Arthur control over the magic he needed to build Camelot. An incredibly powerful artifact. Lost for centuries.

BAIRD

If the Serpent Brotherhood wants to bring back magic, they'd need that Crown.

(beat)

I can't believe I just said that with a straight face.

CASSANDRA

Why is bringing magic back bad?

(off them)

What part of "magic is cool" are we unclear on?

FLYNN

The part where nations at war drown each other with tidal waves of blood, or rain diseased frogs from the sky, or use mind control slugs or flying serpents. Magic, properly used, can be good. But a world of wild magic? Suffering and chaos.

Flynn's shrugging into his jacket, pulling on his bag. Leaving the rest of them behind, obviously.

FLYNN (CONT'D)

If the Serpent Brotherhood wants that Crown I need to get to it first. The painting's a clue, I'll start there.

STONE

This painting's called "The Crown of King Arthur." Very minor piece, unknown artist, I don't even remember what museum --

EZEKIEL

Munich Museum of History and Art. I cased it for a heist last month, memorized the inventory.

CASSANDRA

There's a flight to Munich --
 (thinking)
 -- three flights to Munich out of JFK at 6:00, 7:15 and 10:45.

BAIRD

... Oh my God, there's four of you.

FLYNN

There's one of me. I'm the Librarian. They're specialists.
 (off Stone)
 He's only history and art --
 (off Cassandra)
 She's only sciences and maths --
 (off Ezekiel)
 -- and he, I don't even know why he's here. We don't need a thief. No, they're staying here. Tucked away, nice and safe. I work alone.

JUDSON

This is an ancient secret Library, not a motel. I don't want them touching the artifacts. Take them with you.

FLYNN

No.

Flynn and Judson stare down for a second.

BAIRD

You know what? I got an envelope.
The Library invited me to this party,
and I'm taking them Munich. Maybe
we'll see you there.

(close, to Flynn)

Do try to keep up.

Baird leads them out, excited. Flynn turns back to Judson.

FLYNN

Hey, you're okay, right? Because,
I've gotten pretty used to you. The
enigmatic clues, the little white
lies, sending me on suicide missions
without telling me ...

JUDSON

It is a very good relationship. For
me, anyway.

Flynn swallows a smile. Tries to speak, but eventually just
pats Judson on the shoulder and exits.

Judson's Pocket Watch DINGS. He checks it, nods. Then he
pulls from one of the book piles an ANCIENT TOME. When he
opens it, the language is unreadable -- until he passes his
hand over it and it TURNS to ENGLISH.

The chapter heading reads: "THE CROWN OF KING ARTHUR -- and
the PROPHECY OF THE LIBRARIAN."

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. MUNICH - ESTABLISHING - DAYS LATER

CHYRON: "MUNICH"

ESTABLISHING the 16th century aspects of the city, the castles
and walls and Old World Vibe of the place.

INT. MUNICH MUSEUM - STAIRCASE - DAY

Centuries old, open spaces and winding staircases. Flynn
and the others fast-walk along an upper walkway of the museum,
looking down on the main floor.

EZEKIEL

Why are we looking for an old painting
of a British King in a German Museum?

STONE

Arthurian legends started in Wales
but written in France. The Carolingian
Empire covered France and Germany so --

(MORE)

STONE (CONT'D)

(beat)

-- I remember some professor guy
sayin' on the radio this one time.

EZEKIEL

You are one weird cowboy.

They arrive at the painting. With the painting now full size, they can make out the details. BARBARIANS fight more formally attired KNIGHTS, one Knight holding the Crown aloft.

FLYNN

Hello. What can you tell us?

Baird glimpses over the balcony. Double-takes. LAMIA and four of her ASSASSINS in plainclothes enter the museum.

ON LAMIA

LAMIA

Split up. Find the painting.

BACK TO

BAIRD

Flynn. Flynn.

Flynn's studying the painting. Baird silently sets off.

CASSANDRA

"Crown of King Arthur", artist unknown, painted 1146 installed as one of the original works in this museum in 1546.

FLYNN

Look at the swords of the knights.
Roman short swords.

STONE

Arthur has the equipment of a Roman Legionnaire. If the painter had firsthand knowledge of the Crown, this confirms the Roman hypothesis. Arthur wasn't Celtic, but Roman.

Stone's too excited to cover.

EZEKIEL

Very. Weird. Cowboy.

FLYNN

Theory is, when the Roman Empire
fell, some Romans Legions stationed
in Britain stayed and tried to
preserve what they'd built.

STONE

Camelot as a city, armored warriors,
it all fits. Arthur was Roman.
Only one problem.
(beat)
The painting's fake.

INT. MUSEUM CORRIDOR - ELEVATOR - CONTINUOUS

Two Assassins enter an ELEVATOR. Baird's inside, reading a
MUSEUM PAMPHLET. As the door CLOSES we see her CRUSH the
throat of one man and KICK OUT the knee of the other.

INT. MUNICH MUSEUM - STAIRCASE - CONTINUOUS

STONE

That blue's made from a dye called
carmine, discovered in the 1500's.
Painting can't be as early as 1100's.

EZEKIEL

Also odd, it can't be moved. This
frame's anchored into the beam.
You'd have to demolish this wall to
move it.

CASSANDRA

One zero one one zero one zero --

She points to MARKS in the frame.

CASSANDRA (CONT'D)

That frame you can't move, it's got
a binary code engraved into it.

The Candidates ARGUE over who's discovery is more important.

FLYNN

Oh. Oh no. Baird, they're your --
(beat)
Where did she go?

INT. MUSEUM - CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

Lamia and two Assassins split up. As soon as Lamia is gone,
Baird comes around the corner. The Assassins and Baird lock
eyes. She heads for an EXIT and they pursue, walking fast
so they don't spook anyone else.

INT. MUNICH MUSEUM STAIRCASE - CONTINUOUS

The Candidates are still arguing. Flynn rubs his forehead.

FLYNN

Enough. It's like listening to the inside of my own head, but louder.

(to Stone)

We have a fake painting. Why is it fake? Because it's meant as a message, not art. A message about the Crown.

(to Ezekiel)

It's in a frame that can't be moved. That means the frame's location in the museum is important.

(to Cassandra)

And that frame has as code in it

CASSANDRA

A coordinate code, leading you to ... somewhere. But it requires a key. A reference point.

FLYNN

A fixed point in space.

(she nods)

Like a painting that can't be moved.

Beat.

CASSANDRA

The entire Museum's the key. The dimensions, the floors and rooms of the museum relative to this painting are the key to the code.

EZEKIEL

Leading where?

FLYNN

Let's find out.

INT. MUSEUM - CENTRAL AREA

WIDE to show as Flynn leads the Candidates in one direction, on the floor just below them Baird leads the Assassins in another, crossing directly beneath.

EXT. MUSEUM - ROOF

Flynn and the Candidates burst onto the roof. He points to a METAL SUNDIAL set on one edge of the roof.

FLYNN

There.

INT. MUNICH MUSEUM - STAIRCASE

Lamia finds the painting. She turns to talk to her Assassins -- wait, where are they?

EXT. MUSEUM - BACK AREA

Baird exits, right into some scaffolding with pulleys and wooden loads. The Assassins are hot on her heels. Dodging, she grabs a ROPE, tangles them up. One arm, then two. She hops lightly across a pallet, grabs a rope and pulls.

Baird -- holding the rope -- and the tangled Assassins RISE as a load of cement descends. The Assassins are left dangling. Baird steps lightly onto --

EXT. MUSEUM - ROOF

-- directly next to Flynn and the others at the sundial. He reads an INSCRIPTION around the edge.

FLYNN

Latin. "Crown of the Celts lies
Seventy Leagues to the Great Woods."
Then there are some coordinates ...
(points)
The Black Forest. The Crown of King
Arthur is real, and it's buried in
the Black Forest.

He spots Baird.

FLYNN (CONT'D)

Where have you been? Very exciting
stuff is happening!

He runs off again, Candidates in tow. Baird sighs. As she crosses, one of the Assassins pulls himself onto the ledge of the roof. Without looking she PUNCHES him back off.

FADE OUT:

ACT FOUR

EXT. BLACK FOREST - LATER THAT DAY

A RENTED TRUCK stops on an isolated mountain trail in the forest. Flynn, Baird and the Candidates pile out, exhausted.

FLYNN

We should be within a hundred yards.
Stay in the truck.

BAIRD

Spread out and search.

CASSANDRA

Snack break! And hydrate.

Cassandra offers lunch from an adorable backpack.

CASSANDRA (CONT'D)

I've got sandwiches, cucumbers,
crackers, delicious prosciutto ...

STONE

People are trying to kill us and you
packed a picnic.

EZEKIEL

C'mon cowboy, have a little fun.
You're on an adventure.

STONE

Yep. This adventure of driving around
on bad roads in crappy truck sure
beats my day job of driving around
on bad roads in a crappy truck.

A LOW-FLYING HELICOPTER roars overhead.

FLYNN

The Serpent Brotherhood.

BAIRD

They have a helicopter. Why don't
we have a helicopter?

FLYNN

Because we have a Charlene, and she
approved the budget for one truck.
(setting off)
We still have the advantage. Any
clues to the Crown's location will
be down here on ground level.

BAIRD

They have a helicopter and are trained killers. You and I have very different definitions of "advantage".

EXT. BLACK FOREST - HELICOPTER

ESTABLISHING the chopper flying over the woods.

INT. HELICOPTER - CONTINUOUS

Lamia scans the woods below. Her cell rings.

LAMIA

Sir?

INTERCUT AS NECESSARY WITH

EXT. LONDON - CONTINUOUS

Outside a London bank GALEAS, walks to a waiting car.

GALEAS

Lamia, centuries of planning depend on you outrunning one half-mad Librarian, his part-time bodyguard, and their amateur sidekicks. You can understand my frustration.

LAMIA

We had some ... issues at the museum.

GALEAS

Get the Crown. Kill whom you must. But understand, without the Crown it will take us a hundred years to remake the world. With the Crown, we can do it in a single night.

EXT. BLACK FOREST - HILLTOP - MINUTES LATER

Flynn and Baird are still searching. He clears his throat.

FLYNN

Good job, by the way. The Museum.

BAIRD

You think about it, we have the same job. Running around the world, finding dangerous objects ...

FLYNN

Yes, important work which is why I need to stay focused.

BAIRD

I get that. The whole time I'm home,
I'm just thinking about the next
job.

FLYNN

Exactly. Don't need friends or family
cluttering up my life and I'm just
sitting there, can't wait --

BAIRD

-- can't wait to get back out there.
Yes. I get so sick of my ... family
and friends.

That sentence somehow turned into something else, right in
the middle. Flynn and Baird share an awkward, honest look.

BAIRD (CONT'D)

For what it's worth, you're nowhere
near as annoying as I thought you
were in Paris.

FLYNN

I think you're -- henge.

Flynn suddenly runs past her.

BAIRD

I'm "henge". Sweet.

EXT. BLACK FOREST - HENGE - CONTINUOUS

The others fall in as Flynn paces around a set up UPRIGHT
STONES like a ruined Stonehenge, but smaller, man-sized.

FLYNN

Henge. Unheard of in this area.
(pacing)
A second clue to the Crown's burial
place.

The HELICOPTER ZOOMS overhead, coming in for a landing.
Baird's already moving.

BAIRD

You solve this, I'll go stall them.
(over him)
I'm your Guardian. For now.

FLYNN

You're not my Guardian. But take
Ezekiel.

Baird grabs Ezekiel by the jacket-front, drags him with her.

EZEKIEL

What, because I'm expendable?!

FLYNN

For ancient astronomical puzzles, I need a scientist and a historian.

BAIRD

And you're a little expendable.

EXT. BLACK FOREST - DOWNHILL - CONTINUOUS

Baird and Ezekiel rush from cover to cover.

BAIRD

They'll be spread out in pairs so we can pick them off one team at a time.

EZEKIEL

I've sneaked past police in twenty countries, I know what I'm doing.

BAIRD

I know, I've read your FBI file.

EZEKIEL

Well, criminals tend to get those.

BAIRD

No. Your other one.

Ezekiel freezes. Baird cocks that eyebrow and continues down the hill. Ezekiel swears quietly and follows her.

EXT. BLACK FOREST - THE HENGE - CONTINUOUS

Flynn, Cassandra and Stone circle the Henge, reading.

STONE

Astrological symbology in Latin.
"When the sun passes through upon the fourth day after solstice ..."

FLYNN

Like Stonehenge, the sun only comes through certain openings on certain hours of certain days.

(realizing)

You can only read it on one day a year, and that's not today.

CASSANDRA

We could recreate the sun's path.

FLYNN

Over several days months apart,
triangulating each position. I can
do the math but it'll take a while.

Cassandra's in the center of the henge. We SPIN around her.

CASSANDRA

It won't take me a while. Where are
are we?

STONE

The Black Forest.

FLYNN

No, she means 48.3 degree North,
8.15 degrees East. At Solstice, the
height is 52.5 degrees --

Cassandra' Gift KICKS IN. Shimmering planets, arcs and angles
flood her vision.

CASSANDRA

The sun's on the ecliptic 23.5 degrees
off the celestial equator, equator,
equator Solstice degrees add latitude
then subtract one degree a day --

FLYNN

(concerned)

Cassandra.

CASSANDRA

Find it, 48.5 degrees over that rock,
how high's the rock?

STONE

About six foot.

CASSANDRA

Two meters, Cosine 48.5 times ...
its shadow ends there.

Stone crosses to the spot. Flynn reads another rock.

FLYNN

"Beneath Venus at Harvest moon."

CASSANDRA

Venus's progression across the sky
at this latitude is on a fifteen
degree arc.

FLYNN

This part of the world, Harvest was
a late October festival.

CASSANDRA

October stars stars the Orionid meteor
shower from Halley's comet --

Cassandra's Gift builds. The images come faster, spinning
with us, too much, too many images.

FLYNN

Cassandra.

CASSANDRA

Can't stop, Venus is over that rock
in late October, line up.

Flynn and Stone triangulate to a third rock, both run to it.

STONE

"But two months march past the rise
of Spring as the rise of Kings".

CASSANDRA

Vernal equinox, sun crosses the the
equator, ninety degree minus latitude
plus sixty degrees, rising rising --

Flynn races to the last rock. Sights past a notch.

FLYNN

Got it.

Cassandra collapses in Stone's arms, eyes shut. Flynn steps
forward ... but hesitates. Sees something there, in the two
of them.

CASSANDRA

Rising into aphelion, farthest from
the sun, during summer, that's funny --

STONE

What's going on --

CASSANDRA

Summer smells, oranges, ugh nothing
but oranges all the numbers are smells --

STONE

Right, you're a synasthete. Look,
there's a trick. Your sensation --

CASSANDRA

Oranges.

STONE

-- needs context, one place where
you remember smelling oranges. Strong
memory, stronger than the smell.

CASSANDRA

(concentrating)

Breakfast. Breakfast, I'm twelve.

STONE

Good. Good girl. Lock in on that.

Cassandra's spinning down. Flynn backs away, not wanting
to interrupt, just ... the connection got to him. Stone
looks to him. Flynn nods for him to continue, and sets off.

CASSANDRA

Dad's doing the bills, I balance the
checkbook in my head. He's so proud.
They're so proud.

(eyes open)

I'm -- how did you do that?

STONE

Boccioni, Italian artist in the 1800's
was a synesthete. He mentioned that
trick in his memoirs.

He pulls her up. She wipes tears from her eyes.

CASSANDRA

I think that was the last time they
were proud of me.

STONE

Parents ain't ever easy, Cassie.

FLYNN (O.S.)

Got it!

EXT. BLACK FOREST THE VAULT

Stone and Cassandra arrive as Flynn cleans dirt off a MOUND,
where a SIMPLE IRON DOOR is set into the rock. Stone tugs
it. It's sealed shut.

STONE

Old iron. I could cut through it
with a welding torch. Don't suppose
we packed one.

FLYNN

Actually, Cassandra did.

He grabs her backpack.

FLYNN (CONT'D)

In the truck, there's an oxygen tank
in the first aid kit.

Stone runs off.

EXT. BLACK FOREST - CLEARING - CONTINUOUS

Baird and Ezekiel find the helicopter guarded by one Assassin.

BAIRD

They've already moved off. We need
to draw them back here.

(beat)

Can you hotwire a helicopter, thief?

Ezekiel just grins.

EXT. BLACK FOREST - HELICOPTER - MOMENTS LATER

Baird PLOWS into the Assassin. Ezekiel rushes the chopper,
pries open a side panel with a found CROWBAR.

EXT. BLACK FOREST - APPROACH TO VAULT - CONTINUOUS

Lamia leads four Assassins. She hears a CAR DOOR slam.

LAMIA

Up there, I think I heard --

Then the sound of a HELICOPTER engine roars to life. As
one, they run back to the chopper.

EXT. BLACK FOREST - VAULT - CONTINUOUS

Stone tosses Flynn a small breather OXYGEN TANK. Flynn pulls
off the attached mask as Cassandra hollows out the CUCUMBER.

STONE

Pure oxygen'll just burn off.

FLYNN

You need a high energy medium to
sustain the flame, to create the
thermic lance. Most use metal, like
magnesium, but high protein meat ...

He hands Stone the ad-hoc cutting torch. Stone LIGHTS the
torch. It burns INSANELY hot.

FLYNN (CONT'D)

Bacon's better, but prosciutto is
rich enough. I'll be back.

Flynn runs off.

CASSANDRA

He made a cutting torch out of a picnic lunch.

Stone begins to CUT the iron seal with the torch.

STONE

This is exactly like my day job.

EXT. BLACK FOREST - CLEARING - MOMENTS LATER

One Assassin drops as Baird KICKS another. In the BG we see Ezekiel DODGING two of the men. Lamia crosses, exchanges blows with Baird. It's brutal, close up. They separate.

LAMIA

You should come work for us.

BAIRD

I like the Librarian. He's weird, but he's interesting.

Lamia's SWORD is suddenly in her hand.

LAMIA

I'll tell him that when I kill him.

Lamia slashes, Baird dodges. They're both fast, but Lamia's sword tags Baird. As she goes down, Lamia's sword sweeps in --

CLANG. Flynn's blocking it with the crowbar.

FLYNN

Trade you.

Baird rolls away, launches into an Assassin holding Ezekiel. Flynn and Baird exchange blows, sword on crowbar.

LAMIA

You brought a crowbar to a sword fight.

FLYNN

I had a very good teacher. I'll make do.

ON BAIRD as she finds Ezekiel. He begins to run away.

EZEKIEL

We do not want to be here!

The helicopter suddenly gives off a WHINE. Lamia's distracted.

FLYNN
 Gas tank three meters high,
 overheating coil in the tail rotor
 conversion assembly, blast will be --

Flynn DUCKS as the helicopter EXPLODES.

EXT. BLACK FOREST - VAULT - MOMENTS LATER

Flynn catches up with Baird and Ezekiel.

EZEKIEL
 Helicopters are incredibly dangerous
 things. They're like halfway to
 blowing up just sitting there.

They arrive as Stone kills the thermic lance, pries open the
 small VAULT DOOR. Flynn reaches inside and pulls out an
 ancient, jeweled CIRCLET. The crown of a Celtic King.

FLYNN
 Congratulations. We've done what no
 Librarian has accomplished in the
 last thousand years. We found the
 Crown of King Arthur.

A moment of awe. Then KNIVES thud into the trees.

FLYNN (CONT'D)
 And this is the part where we run.

EXT. BLACK FOREST - HILLTOP - MOMENTS LATER

Flynn and the others pile back into the truck.

CASSANDRA
 There seems to be quite a lot of
 running!

FLYNN
 You get used to it!

Flynn jams the truck into gear. Lamia and the Assassins
 burst from the trees, but the truck is already hurtling down
 the mountain path and disappearing into the Bavarian fog.

FADE OUT:

ACT FIVE

FADE IN:

INT. THE LIBRARY - CROWN DISPLAY - NIGHT

The team watches proudly as Flynn places the Crown onto a display. Judson and Charlene stand off to one side.

CHARLENE

Not bad for your first --

FLYNN

Only.

CHARLENE

-- time out.

EZEKIEL

What did Flynn do on his first time?

FLYNN

I recovered the Spear of Destiny and stopped extra-dimensional pyramid energy from destroying the world.

CASSANDRA

(beat)

It is a very nice crown.

EZEKIEL

Now you're just patronizing me.

Stone peers at the Crown.

STONE

There's an inscription on the inside.
Latin but a mix of High Gaelic ...

JUDSON

A Prophecy.

(they turn)

I'm sure it's a Prophecy regarding
the Crown's final fate.

FLYNN

My Latin/Gaelic hybrid's a bit rusty -

STONE

I've got it.

Stone scribbles it into a notebook he pulls right out of Flynn's vest. Baird interrupts Flynn's objection.

BAIRD

Part of being a leader is letting them run a bit.

FLYNN

Leader? I'm not -- I can't -- Let's go figure out how to send all of you home.

Flynn leads them out. Judson and Charlene gaze at the Crown.

CHARLENE

I think Colonel Baird's sticking around. Although if she thinks she's getting the same benefits package she did in the Army --

JUDSON

Charlene, you should go home early tonight.

(over her)

I want you to go home early tonight. I want you to take time off. I don't think I let you know how much I appreciate you. All the work you've done, the help you've been with Flynn. So please, take the night off.

Charlene's touched, but doesn't quite know how to handle it.

CHARLENE

Thank you, Judson.

JUDSON

No, thank you, Charlene. For everything.

She leaves, Alone, Judson stares at the Crown. Sighs. Checks his Pocket Watch one last time.

INT. FLYNN'S WORKSPACE - MOMENTS LATER

The group is gathered around the central area. Stone's scrawling a mix of Latin and Gaelic on Flynn's whiteboard.

BAIRD

So what next?

FLYNN

You're looking at me? I don't know what I'm doing next, never mind you people.

(to Stone)

They're transposing consonants, that's "sepulcher" there.

STONE

You folks are a riot and all, but I gotta head back to my job.

EZEKIEL

You're job? Digging. Actually digging holes.

STONE

(to Flynn)

After you got this job, I bet there were plenty of times you wanted to quit. Maybe for family. Maybe for a woman.

FLYNN

It was difficult to find somebody who could understand this life.

A quick glimpse between Flynn and Baird. They look away. Stone returns to the translation.

STONE

But you had a responsibility. That's what I got, responsibilities.

EZEKIEL

And a man has to have dreams. "but a man's reach should exceed his grasp, Or what's a heaven for?" That's why I reach for the impossible.

BAIRD

You mean other people's stuff.

EZEKIEL

Hey, it's great you love digging holes. I have one talent in this whole world, that's stealing. I'm not proud it's the only thing I'm good at, but I'm damn proud I'm good at it. I'm great at it.

Flynn reads Stone's translation.

FLYNN

(reading)

"When the Crown finds its final resting place in the sepulcher of Learning ..."

STONE

The Library, here?

FLYNN

I think so. "... Knowledge will fall" no, that's not right, what will fall?

STONE

(muttered)

Bearer, bringer, carrier ...

CASSANDRA

Flynn, how did you become the Librarian?

FLYNN

The previous Librarian died.

CASSANDRA

So if we're the last Candidates, does one of us become Librarian if you die?

They all stop, lost in the moment. POP TO EACH as they all consider that possibility.

BAIRD

If it's Ezekiel, I'm going to shoot him and hope someone better pops up.

A BUZZ sounds. Flynn crosses to the LARGE MIRROR.

FLYNN

Perimeter alarm.

(examining mirror)

I know we installed some security after the last break-in.

Flynn touches a point on the mirror and a SECURITY CAMERA VIEW of Charlene's office shimmers into view. LAMIA and her ASSASSINS, in street clothes, enter Charlene's office.

INTERCUT AS NECESSARY WITH

INT. METROPOLITAN LIBRARY - CHARLENE'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

LAMIA

Secure the exits, and kill the woman who guards the door.

ASSASSIN

There's no one here, Lamia.

LAMIA

Odd, she's always ...

(then)

With me.

They approach the Bookshelf.

INT. FLYNN'S WORK AREA - CONTINUOUS

BAIRD
How long will it take to get past
the Bookcase?

FLYNN
They can't. It's not just a secret
door, it's an actual magical portal.
They can't open it unless --

INT. METROPOLITAN LIBRARY - CHARLENE'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Lamia grins as she pulls the Book, and the entrance OPENS.

INT. FLYNN'S WORK AREA - CONTINUOUS

FLYNN
-- unless somebody disables the
security from in here!

They watch as Lamia leads the killers into the Library proper.
Flynn's already moving.

FLYNN (CONT'D)
The Crown.
(to Baird)
Split up, find Judson. I'll get the
Crown.

BAIRD
I'm with you.

FLYNN
No, save Judson! I've got my own
backup.

He WHISTLES. Excalibur SNAPS into Flynn's hand.

BAIRD
Can't argue with that. Let's go.

INT. LIBRARY - STACKS - MOMENTS LATER

Stone searches among HIGH STACKS of books.

STONE
Mr. Judson! Hello!

He rounds a corner to find Ezekiel.

STONE (CONT'D)
You following me?

EZEKIEL

This place isn't exactly well-mapped,
and I heard your voice --

Suddenly Stone SLAMS into Ezekiel, pinning him to the stacks.

EZEKIEL (CONT'D)

HEY!

STONE

How'd they disable the Library's
security?

(no answer)

We got one person good at openin'
locks, and like you say, you're damn
good at it. How'd Lamia get in here?

EZEKIEL

I'm a thief not a traitor! It's
probably you! You carry a grudge
because you didn't get this job, got
stuck in your dead-end --

Stone suddenly lets him go.

STONE

Carrying, carrier ... of knowledge.
(then)

We have to find Flynn. Now.

Stone sets off running, Ezekiel trailing.

INT. LIBRARY - CROWN DISPLAY - MOMENTS LATER

Flynn arrives, skids to a halt. The Crown is already gone.
Before he can react, Lamia steps into view holding Cassandra's
arm behind her back, her sword out.

CASSANDRA

Mr. Carsen.

FLYNN

Cassandra, it's going to be okay.

Flynn drops into a ready stance with Excalibur. It SINGS a
high tone, a BLUE GLOW radiating along the blade. Lamia
tightens her grip on her own sword, grins ...

INT. LIBRARY - STACKS

Stone and Ezekiel hurtle through the stacks.

STONE

The Prophecy.

(MORE)

STONE (CONT'D)

"When the Crown is in the place of knowledge - this Library - the bearer of knowledge shall fall."

EZEKIEL

English, please.

STONE

When the Crown is in the Library, the Librarian, Flynn, will die.

They round the next corner ... and find themselves face to face with five ASSASSINS.

INT. LIBRARY - CROWN DISPLAY

FLYNN

Lamia. She's no threat, she's not a Librarian. Let her go, I'll let you walk out of here with the Crown

LAMIA

A tempting offer. But one that has already been made, and accepted.

Cassandra reveals her hand. She's holding the Crown.

CASSANDRA

I'm so sorry, Mr. Carsen. They promised they can cure me. That only magic can cure me.

Cassandra hands Lamia the crown. Lamia dons it. There's a FLASH of light, her eyes GLOW for a second, then it's gone.

FLYNN

They're the Serpent Brotherhood, Cassandra. Serpents lie.

Flynn LUNGES with Excalibur. He and Lamia exchange blows, blazingly fast.

Two ASSASSINS rush in to flank him, but Flynn expertly parries from either side, punching one away and kicking the other clean into the display. He then parries Lamia again without missing a beat.

LAMIA

I was hoping for the rematch.

FLYNN

I brought a sword this time.

LAMIA

Merlin forged this Crown so Arthur
could control his weapons of power.
And the greatest of his weapons?

Flynn swings again, but Lamia steps back and rises a hand.
To Flynn's shock, Excalibur freezes in mid-air.

LAMIA (CONT'D)

The magic sword Excalibur.

She gestures. Excalibur SNAPS from Flynn's grasp. It pivots
and points at Flynn.

FLYNN

'Cal, no.
(firm)
Excalibur, come here.

Flynn reaches out. To Lamia's shock, Excalibur pivots, handle
drifting toward Flynn. She reaches out, a battle of wills,
Excalibur CRACKLING with energy between them.

LAMIA

You're powerful. More powerful than
they've told you.
(beat)
But not that powerful.

With a flick of the wrist she SPINS Excalibur around, with a
PUSH she sends the sword rocketing forward. It STABS Flynn
deeply in the side, then SNAPS back to Lamia's hands.

Flynn collapses. Cassandra starts forward but Lamia pulls
her away. She nods to the Assassins rising to their feet.

LAMIA (CONT'D)

(off Excalibur)
Tell Galeas we have the Key. We
shall open the Lock, and magic shall
return. But first, kill him.

She disappears into the stacks. Flynn tries to rise but
he's bleeding too badly. He rolls onto his back, staring
upward as the two Assassins raise their swords.

They step forward to strike ...

FADE OUT:

END OF PART ONE