

OVER BLACK:

Waves lull.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

The Celts once said that men are  
made by Destiny...

CERRIDWEN (V.O.)

(whisper)

Ciumhnich air na daoine o'n  
d'thainig thu.

FADE UP ON:

EXT. ENGLISH CHANNEL - NIGHT

Mist swirls as a Roman man o' war sluices through the sea.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

By the age of fifty, Julius Caesar  
had conquered all of Gaul and  
established himself as a supreme  
military commander and strategist.

INT. ROMAN SHIP - SAME

A calloused hand scratches furiously on a wax tablet.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

His campaigns had brought scores of  
Gaelic tribes into submission after  
only nine years of war...

The letter is placed reverently on a stack of others, which  
rest on chests and barrels brimming with the spoils of war.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

In the summer of his forty-fifth  
year, Caesar crossed the dark  
waters beyond Gaul, and drove his  
armies onto the soil of Britannia.

EXT. ENGLISH CHANNEL - SAME

The sea-fog parts, revealing the white cliffs of Dover.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

For the Romans, it was as if they  
had discovered the edge of the  
world.  
For the Celts of Lower Britain, it  
marked the end of their world, as  
they knew it. For Artos, it was the

call of destiny.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. CELTIC VILLAGE - SAME

Subtitle appears: "DOVER, ENGLAND. EVE OF BELTANE. 55 B.C."

A protective outer wall forms a tight circle around thatched communal huts. Doused bonfires lay before the central altar.

ARTOS, 12, wide-eyed, wiry, sneaks out of his hut.

EXT. / INT. ARTOS' HUT - SAME

With an indulgent smile, KYNAN, mid-fifties, Chieftain and Artos' father, watches Artos steal across the compound.

EXT. VILLAGE WALL - MOMENTS LATER

Artos slips past the sentry, tucks his necklace pouch under his clothes, and dashes into the eerie summer night.

EXT. BEACH - LATER

Artos wades waist-deep into the waters and prays to the moon. Stillness coats the shore.

The distant, rhythmic plunge of oars... Overtop the sea-fog appear triangular sails... Masts... The slender bodies of cypress longboats.

The ships slice through the water like knives through butter.

Artos scrambles up the beach and sets off at a dead run...

A sandaled foot steps over his footprint.

EXT. WOODS - MOMENTS LATER

Artos tears through the dense forest. Bramble and branches slash at his skin. He trips on a gnarled tree root, tumbling down a steep ravine.

EXT. RAVINE - MOMENTS LATER

Artos slams into a deep gorge. He scrapes his head against a flat rock. Blood trickles from his forehead. He rolls to his back and sees the brilliant full moon before blacking out.

DISSOLVE TO:

A woman steps over him. She is CERRIDWEN--- luminescent, ageless, ethereal--- a Goddess. Behind her the moon looms, pregnant, golden.

CERRIDWEN  
(in Celtic with subtitles)  
Waken, Artos.

The hem of her skirt wisps into smoke. Her short white hair frames her face in tiny ringlets. She kisses his wound, healing it.

CERRIDWEN  
(in Celtic with subtitles)  
Artos. You must wake up. Artos...

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. RAVINE - DAWN

Artos jerks awake. Realization crashes over him. He claws his way up the ravine and runs towards his village.

EXT. PLAINS - MORNING

Smoke billows and curls. Artos looks down at his village.

EXT. VILLAGE - SAME

The protective wall is scorched and dismantled. Fires lick at the communal huts.

Clothing, weapons, and wares litter the ground. Corpses lay burst open like fruit.

Small CHILDREN crawl through the chaos. ROMAN SOLDIERS gather them roughly.

Artos walks numbly past dead DRUIDS, WOMEN and WARRIORS splayed along the altar and ground, twisted in agony.

EXT. HUT - MOMENTS LATER

Against the lintel sits Kynan, clutching his sword, eyes wide. Artos drops to his knees.

Artos speaks in Celtic, with subtitles:

ARTOS  
Men on boats. Here. Have to fight.

Artos paws at Kynan. Kynan's head snaps back, blood spilling from his mouth.