

SWORD OF AVALON - SCRIPT EXCERPT
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INT. BRITISH HOSPITAL LOBBY

A few WOULD-BE PATIENTS with only minor injuries sit in the waiting room next to the front desk.

NURSE 1, a chunky middle-aged English lass, and MARGO, an attractive angular redhead, gossip by the front counter.

NURSE 1

Dr. Ambrosius is orbiting the moon again, if you catch my meaning.

MARGO

I wish his hand would stop orbiting my arse, if you know what *I* mean. I think he can tell the color of my knickers by touch alone.

ENTRANCE DOOR

A commotion by the entrance interrupts them as a man bursts into the lobby, supporting an injured woman who staggers in with him.

The man, WALT NOBLE, seems to be hiding somewhere in his mid-30's, stands out from the locals due to his easily recognizable MID-WESTERN AMERICAN ACCENT.

The injured woman, VIVIEN, stands out from the locals not so much from the beauty of her nightfall dark hair and blue cloak, covering a shimmering white samite dress, but from the fact that she is DRAGGING A SWORD in one hand.

WALT

A little help here.

The nurses give Vivien a quick once over.

MARGO

Head trauma.

NURSE 1

She's conscious, is she? Alert?

MARGO

I trust she's not been whacked or stabbed with that...?

WALT

No, she hit her head. Well, actually, I hit her head and now she seems delusional and I -

MARGO

Relax, sir. No one is dying quite yet. She's taken a nasty crack, but if you just take a seat over there, a doctor will attend her when her turn is called.

WALT

Can't one of you look at her?

NURSE 1

We'd be doctors then, wouldn't we? Now please take a seat; there are other people waiting before you.

INT. WAITING AREA

Walt reluctantly walks Vivien over to a waiting area.

The other patients, upon catching sight of *Excalibur* still clamped in her hand, move to the opposite side of the room. Vivien slides into a chair, weak but still alert.

VIVIEN

You're making too much of a simple bump on the head. As in times of old, I offer you *Excalibur* in exchange for a small request.

WALT

I don't want your sword. You just... be OK until the doctor comes.

VIVIEN

Perhaps you don't realize the honor I grant you.

WALT

OK, I feel bad enough, alright?

VIVIEN

I slept for hundreds of years until I could discover someone worthy of *Excalibur*. You will be my champion!

Walt pops back out of his seat.

WALT
 (to nurses)
 We really need to see the doctor!

The Nurses are slightly vexed by Walt's impatience.

MARGO
 Sir, we said you would be seen in
 your turn.

WALT
 But you don't understand. She's
 getting mythological on me! Hey.
 Excuse me. Doctor!

Walt grabs the arm of DR. AMBROSIUS (50's), an oblivious
 staff physician with thinning grey hair and a neat, closely-
 trimmed beard.

DR. AMBROSIUS
 What's all this brouhaha?

NURSE 1
 Dr. Ambrosius, this fellow refuses
 to wait his turn.

WALT
 I hit someone with a boat and she's
 hurt, and I need someone to look at
 her because she's -

DR. AMBROSIUS
 Why on Earth would you hit her with
 a boat?

WALT
 I didn't do it on purpose!

Ambrosius's concentration evaporates, and he absently picks
 at his teeth. Walt waves a hand to recapture his attention.

WALT (CONT'D)
 Hello? Can you check her out? I
 think she's got a bad concussion.

DR. AMBROSIUS
 Do you now? Well, hurrah and good
 day for your expert opinion.
 I don't know why the hospital
 bothers hiring a staff when the
 average laymen off the street are
 such founts of medical knowledge.
 My feet hurt;
 (MORE)

DR. AMBROSIUS (CONT'D)
perhaps you'll diagnose "hoof and
mouth disease" so I can take the
rest of the afternoon off. No? Then
I rather think I'll do the
doctoring today.

INT. EXAMINING ROOM

Nurse 1 walks them into an exam room; entering behind
Ambrosius, Vivien now holds the sword with conviction.

AMBROSIUS
(to Walt)
Interesting way to meet a young
lady - introducing your boat to her
skull. Here I've been wasting my
time with flowers and chocolates.

WALT
I said I was sorry.

DR. AMBROSIUS
(re: *Excalibur*)
Egad! What is she doing with that?
Can we do away with the man-sized
steak knife please?

VIVIEN
I will give it only to Walter.

DR. AMBROSIUS
(to Walt)
That you?

WALT
I didn't tell her my name.

AMBROSIUS
Take the damned thing, would you,
so I can look at her.

Walt reaches a hand for the sword while looking around the
room for a place to stash it.

VIVIEN
No! I will only grant you the
sword if you swear to retain it.

WALT
We've been over this already.

VIVIEN
Then it stays in my hand.

Surprisingly, Ambrosius shrugs and begins an examination.

DR. AMBROSIUS
 Fine, hold the bloody thing; no point waiting an hour for security to arrive. Do try and not skewer me during the proceedings, would you? Let's start with the standard inquiries. Name?

VIVIEN
 I am Vivien.

DR. AMBROSIUS
 "Vi-vyen." There's a pleasant roll to the tongue. And your surname?

VIVIEN
 My what?

DR. AMBROSIUS
 Your last name. Your family name.

VIVIEN
 I am of the Nimue, as was my mother. My father was Dionas, a nobleman.

DR. AMBROSIUS
 Royalty. I might have known. All the rage in the tabloids. Now I'll be swarmed by papparazzi demanding nude photos. And of me, no doubt.

He spares only a cursory glance to her head wound, then goes about a somewhat instrument-free, hands-on inspection as if on auto-pilot.

DR. AMBROSIUS (CONT'D)
 No plastic enhancements, Missy? No lifts, tucks, suction, deposits?

He studies the base of her chin, the round of her elbow, the curve of her clavicle.

DR. AMBROSIUS (CONT'D)
 You appear to have all original equipment. Good, good. Occupation?

VIVIEN
 I am the Lady of the Lake.

Walt GROANS and Vivien shoots him an annoyed glance.

DR. AMBROSIUS
A lake lady, eh? In the Parks
Department?

WALT
No. No, she means THE Lady of the
Lake, the one who gave King Arthur
the sword. That sword.

Ambrosius nods absently, scratching his beard and drifting
off into thought. He studies the contour of her knee, flexes
her ankle, then finally removes her peasant shoes and begins
running his thumb over the balls of her feet.

WALT (CONT'D)
I, uh, hit her in the *head*.

Suddenly aware that Vivien and Walt and the two nurses are
all staring at him, Ambrosius jolts back to reality.

DR. AMBROSIUS
Yes. Well, she's screwed up all
right. One pork pie short of a
picnic basket. Your knock to her
brain pan would seem to have jarred
something loose.

The nurses roll their eyes.

DR. AMBROSIUS (CONT'D)
Oh, a quick pull or two of needle
and thread ought to keep anything
from spilling out, but we might
want to keep an eye on her for a
day or so. Is there a next of kin?

WALT
I don't know. She didn't have ID.

VIVIEN
My last relative was my husband
Pelleas, but... no, he's been dead
for over fourteen hundred years.

DR. AMBROSIUS
Not much good to us then, is he?

VIVIEN
I have no wish to stay here. I
want to go with Walter.

WALT
Oh. Hey. I don't live here. I live
in the U.S.

AMBROSIUS

Do leave us a business card in case there's an official inquiry.

WALT

I didn't bring one on vacation.

AMBROSIUS

The Lord smiles on the fortunate. You may have one of mine.

Ambrosius fishes a mutilated card out of a top pocket.

AMBROSIUS (CONT'D)

Take it, don't dawdle. You learn in Emergency Medicine to move with expeditious speed. Keep it in case you have an emergency.

Walt shrugs, reluctantly stuffing it in his shirt pocket.

VIVIEN

Before you go, at least accept this ring. As a gift from me.

In her free hand she suddenly holds a beautiful man's golden ring, ornately engraved with special runes.

WALT

I hit you with a boat. I can't take a present from you.

VIVIEN

Please. It is my wish. To repay your kindness in bringing me here.

WALT

I can't, really.

Agitated, Vivien lurches forward.

VIVIEN

You must take the ring! You have no idea how important -

DR. AMBROSIUS

Oh, take the bloody ring.

WALT

But...

AMBROSIUS & VIVIEN

Take the ring!

WALT
Alright, alright!

Walt slides the ring onto his finger, and the fit is perfect.
Vivien immediately quiets, smiling angelically.

VIVIEN
Thank you, Walter. You may go now.

DR. AMBROSIUS
I'd say you are summarily
dismissed, boy. Meantime, I'll have
a nurse - where did those nurses
go, you can't count on anyone in
this slaughterhouse. I'll have
Nurse Margo arrange a room for the
lady. Margo!

Margo clears her throat to indicate she's still there.

MARGO
I'll take that sword.

AMBROSIUS
Don't start her up again, Margo.
Leave it be. Just try not to prick
yourself with it.

Margo frowns, but pulls back from the sword.

MARGO
Yes, don't want another prick in
this room, do we?

CUT TO: