

LANCE

Leave him alone! This poor little chap is your son, sir. All he ever wanted was a little love and affection, but did you ever give it to him? No, no...

(Becoming emotional)

... I'll wager you denied him. You try to kill him, and worse, far worse, you try to marry him off to some girl, some female that he obviously has no feelings for whatsoever. Yes, yes I know a little bit about bullying fathers, you tyrant. Have you no heart? Have you no human tenderness? Can't you see that all he's asking for is a little love and understanding?

(Almost overcome)

Is that too much to ask? Is it? Too Much! To Ask!

DENNIS

Oh, king, eh, very nice. And how'd you get that, eh? By exploiting the workers. By hanging on to outdated imperialist dogma which perpetuates the economic and social differences in our society! If there's ever going to be any progress...

MOTHER

Dennis, there's a lot of good mud over there. Oh how d'you do?

ARTHUR

How do you do, good lady.

MOTHER

How d'you do. I'm Mrs. Galahad, widowed mother of Dennis, married to Nobby the Cretin, dropped dead last Tuesday, which does leave me sadly available.

DENNIS

Listen, strange women lying in ponds distributing swords is no basis for a system of government. Supreme executive power derives from a mandate from the masses, not from some farcical aquatic ceremony.

ARTHUR

Yes.

(DENNIS indicates to his mother that ARTHUR has been drinking.)

She appeared to me out of the bosom of the water...Her arm clad in the purest shimmering samite, holding aloft Excalibur signifying by Divine Providence that I, Arthur, was to carry Excalibur.

(ARTHUR draws his sword. It shines mystically.)

PATSY

Excalibur!

CHORUS (OFFSTAGE)

EXCALIBUR!

AH - AH!

(DENNIS and his MOTHER look around to see who sang.)

ARTHUR

That is why I am your King.

ARTHUR

Knights, tonight is the night when all my knights.....unite. Tonight we shine a bright light on to a mystery of history: to wit - why are we called the Middle Ages when nothing comes after us? Someday, history will speak of a legendary king and his knights of courage and daring.

KNIGHTS

ALL FOR ONE

BEDEVERE

The wooden rabbit, Sire! It's the very latest in modern technology.

(The KNIGHTS are very impressed)

Well, the beauty of it is its simplicity. We just leave it here and walk away.

LADY OF THE LAKE

But you're not alone Arthur. Haven't you noticed? I've been with you all the time. Who gave you the sword? Who made you King? Who welcomed you to Camelot? Who helped you off on your quest?

(ARTHUR realizing it was she.)

Sure, I've been offstage for far too long, but I am here to help you and I always have been.

NI KNIGHT

Hm. That is a good shrubbery. I like the cat smell particularly. But there is one small problem.

ARTHUR

And what is that?

NI KNIGHT

We are now... no longer The Knights Who Say Ni.

OTHERS

Ni!

NI KNIGHT

Shh shh. We are now The Knights Who Say Ecky-ecky-ecky-ecky-f'tang-f'tang- boing-boing-olé biscuit barrel... (etc. ad lib) Therefore, we must give you a new test.

ARTHUR

What is this test, O Knights of Ecky ecky...O Artists formerly known as The Knights Who Say Ni?

NI KNIGHT

The new test is you must put on a Broadway musical.

ROBIN

Oh, yes!

TAUNTER

You don't frighten us, English pig-dogs! Go and boil your bottoms, sons of a silly person. I blow my nose at you, so-called Arthur-king, you and all your silly English knnnniggets.

ARTHUR

Now look here my good man!

TAUNTER

I don't want to talk to you no more you empty-headed, animal-food-trough wipers!... I fart in your general direction! Your mother was a hamster and your father smelt of elderberries! Now go away or I shall taunt you a second time.

TIM

Quite! Below me... lies the cave of Caerbannog, wherein carved upon the very living rock, there be a clue which shall lead ye directly to your goal.

ARTHUR

Super. So straight on...

TIM

But think well before you step into this cave, for the entrance way is guarded by a beast so foul, so cruel, no man yet has fought this evil beast and lived. So be you warned brave knights, for death awaits you all with nasty great big pointy teeth!

[SFX: Clap of thunder]

(BROTHER MAYNARD dumbly skips back and forth. ARTHUR raises his eyes and points to the Bible.)

MAYNARD

"And the Lord spake, saying, 'First shalt thou take out the Holy Pin. Then, shalt thou count to three, no more, no less. Three shall be the number thou shalt count, and the number of the counting shalt be three. Four shalt thou not count, nor neither count thou two, excepting that thou then proceed to three. Five is right out. Once the number three, being the third number, be reached, then lobbest thou the Holy Hand Grenade of Antioch towards thy foe, who being naughty in my sight, shall snuff it.'" Amen.

HISTORIAN

Director's Note: The HISTORIAN should not rush and must have excellent diction, clearly emphasizing the "g" in "plague" along with the word, "England." In lieu of projections, an easel and illustration board could be used.

England 932 A.D. A Kingdom divided. To the West, the Anglo-Saxons; to the East, the French. Above, nothing but Celts and some people from Scotland. In Gwynned, Powys, and Dyfed - Plague. In the kingdoms of Wessex, Sussex, and Essex and Kent - Plague. In Mercia and the two Anglias - Plague: with a 50% chance of pestilence and famine coming out of the Northeast at twelve miles per hour. Legend tells of an extraordinary leader who arose from the chaos to unite a troubled kingdom..

(A Terry Gilliam-like cartoon picture of KING ARTHUR projected or revealed)

FATHER

Stop that! You're not going to do a song while I'm here. In twenty minutes you're getting married to a girl whose father owns the biggest tracts of open land in Britain.

SCENE FOUR

[Plague Village]

(A cart filled with dead bodies pushed by a MAN in rags enters upstage right. ROBIN, THE DEAD COLLECTOR, enters banging a triangle.)

#4A MONK'S CHANT #2

MONKS

(OFFSTAGE VOICES, COULD BE RECORDED)
SACROSANCTUS DOMINE

ROBIN

(live)
Bring out your Dead!

MONKS

PECAVI IGNOVIUNT

ROBIN

Bring out your dead!

MONKS

IUESUS CHRISTUS DOMINE

ROBIN

Bring out your dead!

MONKS

PAX VOBISCUM VENERUNT

(LANCE enters dragging a small bubo-covered MAN, apparently dead, by his feet.)

LANCE

Here's one.

ROBIN

Nine pence.

MAN

I'm not dead!

ROBIN

What?

LANCE
Nothing. Here's your nine pence.

MAN
I'm not dead!

ROBIN
Here, he says he's not dead!

LANCE
Yes, he is.

MAN
I'm not!

ROBIN
He isn't.

LANCE
Well, he will be soon, he's very ill.

MAN
I'm getting better!

LANCE
No, you're not; you'll be stone dead in a moment.

ROBIN
I can't take him like that. It's against regulations.

MAN
I don't want to go on the cart!

LANCE
Oh, don't be such a baby.

ROBIN
I can't take him...

MAN
I feel fine!

LANCE
Well, do us a favor...

ROBIN
I can't.

Well, can you hang around a couple of minutes? He won't be long.

LANCE

Oh, alright. Kevin.

ROBIN

Thanks, mate.

LANCE

(The CARTER picks up the MAN and carries him towards the cart.)

But make it quick. I got to get to Camelot by six.

ROBIN

You're going to Camelot?

LANCE

Yes.

ROBIN

What, you got a gig?

LANCE

No, I'm going to enlist.

ROBIN

What, as a Knight?

LANCE

Maybe.

ROBIN

Well I'll come with you.

LANCE

I'm not dead yet.

MAN

Shut up. I fancy some of that fighting.

LANCE

Oh, there's fighting is there?

ROBIN

Quite, a lot of fighting, mate. That's what the job's all about.

LANCE

ROBIN
Oh, I see. It's not just dressing up. And dancing.

LANCE
No, no. It's mostly fighting.

ROBIN
Oh. Oh, good.

LANCE
Although some of the Scottish regiments might have a bit of dressing up and dancing.

MAN
I'd like to dance.

LANCE
Look, you're not fooling anyone you know.

#5 I AM NOT DEAD YET

MAN
I feel happy. I feel happy.

(To illustrate how happy he is, he sings-)

I AM NOT DEAD YET
I CAN DANCE AND I CAN SING
I AM NOT DEAD YET
I CAN DO THE HIGHLAND FLING
I AM NOT DEAD YET
NO NEED TO GO TO BED
NO NEED TO CALL A DOCTOR
'COS I'M NOT YET DEAD

(The five BODIES on the cart quite suddenly sit up and sing-)

BODIES
HE IS NOT YET DEAD
THAT'S WHAT THE GEEZER SAID
OH HE'S NOT YET DEAD
THAT MAN IS OFF HIS HEAD
HE IS NOT YET DEAD
PUT HIM BACK IN BED
KEEP HIM OFF THE CART BECAUSE
HE'S NOT YET DEAD

SCENE FOUR

[The Black Knight]

(KING ARTHUR rides in with PATSY holding the shrubbery. The BLACK KNIGHT bars his way.)

ARTHUR

Good Sir Knight. I am King Arthur looking for my men. Would you care to join us?

BLACK KNIGHT

None shall pass!

ARTHUR

I see. Well, good Sir Knight I have no quarrel with you, but I must pass this way.

BLACK KNIGHT

Then you shall die.

ARTHUR

I command you as King of the Britons to stand aside!

BLACK KNIGHT

I move for no man.

#19A THE BLACK KNIGHT

ARTHUR

So be it!

(KING ARTHUR draws his sword and after a short battle chops the BLACK KNIGHT's left arm off.)

ARTHUR

Now yield, worthy adversary.

BLACK KNIGHT

'Tis but a scratch.

ARTHUR

A scratch? Your arm's off!

BLACK KNIGHT

No, it isn't.

ARTHUR

Well, what's that then?

BLACK KNIGHT

I've had worse.

ARTHUR

You liar!

BLACK KNIGHT

Come on, you pansy!

(The fight continues. Soon ARTHUR chops the BLACK KNIGHT's right arm off. ARTHUR makes a triumphant gesture and then kneels in prayer.)

ARTHUR

Victory is mine! We thank thee Lord, that in thy mercy —

(The armless BLACK KNIGHT kicks ARTHUR in the buttocks while he is praying.)

BLACK KNIGHT

Come on then.

ARTHUR

What?

BLACK KNIGHT

Have at you!

ARTHUR

You are indeed brave, good Sir Knight, but the fight is mine.

BLACK KNIGHT

Oh, had enough, eh?

ARTHUR

Look, you stupid knight, you've got no arms left.

BLACK KNIGHT

Yes, I have.

ARTHUR

Look!

BLACK KNIGHT

It's just a flesh wound. You yellow coward! I'll bite your legs off! You lily-livered, upper-class twit.

(The BLACK KNIGHT backs up to the comparative darkness of the Gateway, where he hides the lower part of his body behind a trick door while the MONK enters with a large basket distracting the attention of the audience.)

MONK

Alms for the poor! Alms for the poor!

(The MONK picks up an arm and puts it in the basket. PATSY gives him the other arm.)

Arms for the poor! Arms for the poor!

(exits)

BLACK KNIGHT

The Black Knight always triumphs! I'm invincible!

ARTHUR

You're a loony.

(ARTHUR runs a sword through the BLACK KNIGHT's chest pinning him to the castle door.)

BLACK KNIGHT

Chicken-chicken-chicken-chicken.

(ARTHUR swipes at the BLACK KNIGHT's legs)

Ha! You missed me!

(Both his legs flop on the stage)

ARTHUR

Come on, Patsy!

BLACK KNIGHT

All right, we'll call it a tie.

(Alt: All right, we'll call it a draw)

(ARTHUR rides off, leaving the legless,
armless BLACK KNIGHT pinioned to the
castle.)

BLACK KNIGHT (CONT)

(Sings)

ALWAYS LOOK ON THE BRIGHT SIDE OF LIFE...

WHERE ARE YOU?

Reed 1. Guitar TACET

25 26

Hn. Cl. 2, Tbn. w/K3
Tpts.
w/Vln. Cl. 2
Vln. K2
TACET *mf cresc.*
HARP GLISS (A Major scale) *f* PLAY
Bs. w/K2 w/Timp. roll
Dr. roll
Bs., K2

27 HERBERT: 28 29 30

Where are you? Where are you? Where are you my heart's de - sire? My

K2:Ob.
w/K2,3, Vln. trem.
mp
w/Cl.
Vln., Hn.
HARP *sub. mp*
Tri.
w/Bs.

31 32 33 34

heart is true But where are you On - ly you can quench the fire :Cym. roll

K3, w/Vln. w/Hn.

K2

7 Hn. Tpts.

HARP GLISS
(A Major scale)

w/Tbn.
+Timp. roll

35 36

Where are you? Where are you?

Vln. K3, K2 8vb

Hn. ff

w/Rd., Brass

PIANO f

FATHER: Stop that!

lung roll

WHATEVER HAPPENED TO MY PART?

[LADY nods.]

→ 3 Pop ballad
LADY:

2X

4 5

Wha-te-ver hap-pened to my part? It was ex-citing at the

Solo

PIANO *f*

(K3 TACET)

6 7 9

start Now we're halfway through Act Two And I've had nothing yet to do I've been off

Vln.

10 11 12 13

stage for far too long It's a-ges since I had a song — This is

mp

-K2: Stgs.

+K2: Stgs. o's

14 15 16

one un-hap-py di - va The Pro - du-er's a de-cei - ver There is no-thing I can sing from my

+Drs: lite time
Em⁷
+Gtr. arp's
A⁷ Em⁷ A⁷ Em Em/D
+Bs.

17 18 19 (to 41)

heart Wha - te - ver hap-pened to my part? My

Vln, K2 (+8vb)
Hn.
Bs. Cl.
mf

A/C# A mf C D G Drs: fill w:K2 ink
+Tbn. (Tbn. out)

41 42 43

love life is a mess I've got con-stant P. M. S. My ca - reer is a-bout as hot as

Vln, K2 (+8vb)
mf
+Shaker 8's, Tamb. on '4'
Ipts.
Horn
mp

mf
+Gtr. Drs: Time (X-stick backbeat)
Bs.
Bs. *sim.*
+Tbn.

53 I was a hit now I don't know I'm with a bunch of Bri-tish knights

54

55

Vln, K2 (-8vb)

Hn, Tbn.

+Gtr. arp's

w/Bs. Cl.

56

57

58

Pran-cing round in woo - ly tights! I might as well go to the

(3 8ves)

+Cym. roll

+Alto

Alto, Tpt, Tbn.

Drs: fill

E \flat m7

A \flat 7sus A7

C \flat /D \flat

D \flat C \flat /E \flat D \flat /F

G \flat A \flat /G \flat

Drs, Gtr: time

w/Bs Cl, K2 o's

59

60

61

pub They've been out sear - ching for a shrub Out

D \flat , add 9/F

D \flat /F

F \flat

G \flat /F \flat

C \flat , add 9/E \flat

C \flat /E \flat

62 64

shop-ping for a bush— Well they can kiss my tush It seems to me they've real-ly lost the

(locr+8vb)

Alto, Hn, Tbn. *p*

Gtr. Gtr. *crc.*

p
Eb^bm7 +Tamb.
Drs: time (Rim, Hi-hat) on '4' Eb^bm7 Ab^b7 Ebm

(Bs Cl, K2 out)

65 66 67

plot Wha-te-ver hap-pened to my I'll call my a-gent dam-nit

f

+Gtr. *s* (no Tamb.)

w/Gtr. *f* C₇ D₇ C_b D_b
Drs: time w/tom fills

+K2: Stgs, Tbn.

68 69 70

Wha-te-ver hap-pened to my Not yours not yours But m - y

Rall.

C_b D₇ D_bsus D₇

Timpani

ENDING A

7DA **A tempo** 70B **Rall.** 70C 70D

part!

Gb Drs: w/Cym's

Cb/Gb **ff** Toms fill D₂ G_b

Gtr: Eddie Van Halen

+Timp. Tbn.