



**SIR BEDEVERE AUDITION
PACKET**

KING ARTHUR'S SONG

ARTHUR: ...Hello?
ROBIN: Hello?! Who goes there?

March, in 4

1 **ARTHUR:** 2 3 3 4

I am Ar - thur King of the Bri - tons Lord and Ru - ler of

Picc. (8va), Cl. Vln, K2:Stgs. Vln, K2:Stgs. Hn. S.D. (sim)

Brass, S.D. STACC. STRINGS (8vb) S.D. PLAY K2:Piatti mf +Tbn. VCL & BSN. +Bs.(8vb) Timp.

5 6 7

all Of Eng - land, and Scot - land And

Tpts. Picc.(8va), Cl.(8vb) Tpt.1 w/Hn. +K2:Hp. Tbn.

Rall.

ROBIN:"And I'm the Emperor of Norway. Bigger off.

PATSY:

8 e - ven ti - ny lit - tle bits of Gaul He is

Picc.(8va), Cl.(8vb)

+Tpt.2 w/Tbn.

+K2:Hp.

+Drs.(roll)

A tempo

10 Ar - thur King of the Bri - tons And we are out see - king men Ve - ry

Hn.

K2:Piatti

+Cl, Tbn.

Picc.(8va), Cl.(8vb)

ARTHUR:

Rall.

14 strong men And ve - ry a - ble To sit a - round our ve - ry ve - ry round ta - ble

Picc.(8va), Cl.(8vb)

+K2:Piatti

Tbn.

+Tpt.2 w/Tbn.

LEGATO STRINGS (8vb)

+Timp. Drs.(button)

I'M ALL ALONE

ARTHUR: So let me get this straight. I'm a King,
without a single knight to command.
I'm absolutely alone.

Andante, Rubato

ARTHUR:

3

1 2 3 4

Vln, K3:
Stgs. *pp*

I'm all a - lone All by my - self There is

Vln. *p*
K2

Solo *mp espr.*

PIANO

+K2: Stgs.
Drs. tacet +K3

5 6 7

no one here be - side me I'm all a - lone Quite all a -

8 9 10

lone No one to com - fort me or guide me Why is there

11 **ARTHUR:** **Steadier tempo**

no one here with me On the long and win - ding road? To lift my hea - vy

+K3:Stgs.
+Cl.
+K2:Oboe
Vln.

15 **Rit.** **A tempo** **Rit.** **A tempo**

load If there were some-one here with me How hap-py I would be But I'm a-

Vln,
K3
Cl.
Solo
+K3

19 **Poco Rubato** **A tempo**

lone So all a - lone Just by my-self I'm all al - one I'm all a

K2:Oboe,
Hn, Tbn.
Bs.
Bs.(sim)

23

PATSY (sung):

24

25

26

He's all a-lone

Ex-cept for me

He can-not face it!

ARTHUR:

lone

All by my - self

I can - not face

to - mor - row I'm all a-

K2: Oboe

mp

Hn.

Cl.(sim.)

27

PATSY (sung):

28

29

30

Though I am here.

So ve-ry near

You know it

ARTHUR:

lone

So all a - lone

No one to share my sor - row.

Hn.

V.S.

MOTHER: How d'you do. I'm Mrs. Galahad, widowed mother of

I-5-14

Dennis, married to Nobby the Cretin, dropped dead last Tuesday, which does leave me sadly available.

ARTHUR: I am Arthur, King of the Britons.

MOTHER: King of the who?

ARTHUR: The Britons.

MOTHER: Who are the Britons?

ARTHUR: Well, we all are. We are all Britons and I am your king.

MOTHER: I didn't know we had a king. I thought we were an autonomous collective.

DENNIS: You're fooling yourself. We're living in a dictatorship. A self-perpetuating autocracy in which the working classes....

MOTHER: Oh there you go, bringing class into it again.

DENNIS: That's what it's all about. If only people would...

ARTHUR: Please, please good people. I am in haste. Who is your lord?

MOTHER: We don't have a lord.

DENNIS: We're an anarcho-syndicalist commune. We take it in turns to act as a sort of an executive officer for the week....

ARTHUR: Yes.

DENNIS: ...but each decision of that officer has to be ratified at a special biweekly meeting....

ARTHUR: Yes, I see.

DENNIS: ...by a simple majority in the case of purely internal affairs...

ARTHUR: Be quiet!

DENNIS: ...but by a two-thirds majority in the case of more...

ARTHUR: Be quiet! I order you to be quiet!

I-5-15

MOTHER: Oh! Order, eh? Who does he think he is?

ARTHUR: I am your king!

MOTHER: Well, I didn't vote for you.

ARTHUR: You don't vote for kings.

MOTHER: Well, how did you become king then?

ARTHUR: Well I'll tell you. One day, as I was riding forth from Camelot I saw a lady in the lake!

DENNIS: Dead?

ARTHUR: No. Not dead. She was...the Lady of the Lake! She lives in the lake.

DENNIS: What, underwater?

ARTHUR: Yes.

Dennis indicates to his mother that Arthur has been drinking.

ARTHUR: 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.

He draws his sword. It shines mystically. Music plays.

PATSY: Excalibur!

CHORUS (*Offstage*): Excalibur! Ah – Ah!

ARTHUR

What do we do, Bedevere?

BEDEVERE

Well, I believe it's time for Plan B, Sire. My secret weapon.

ARTHUR

If you do not cease to taunt us, we shall be forced to bring out our secret weapon.

TAUNTER

Oh, no. Oh, gee We are so scared. Oh, hey, did I mention before to you... Thhppt.
(The TAUNTER runs his head across, up and down the battlements before disappearing)

ARTHUR

Right that's it. They have a nasty shock coming to them. Bedevere. What the hell is that?

(BEDEVERE pulls a large wooden rabbit in from Stage Right)

BEDEVERE

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

(The KNIGHTS are very impressed)

ROBIN

Wow.

#14B The Rabbit

ARTHUR

How does it work?

BEDEVERE

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

(The ENGLISH withdraw.

The French heads appear one by one horizontally in the gateway.

The last head slides underneath the others. They contemplate the Rabbit)

TAUNTER

Qu'est ce-que c'est?

FRENCHIE

What?

TAUNTER

What is thees?

Scene Six: Yet Another Part of the Expensive Forest

Lancelot rides in upstage right with his page Concorde. He is a very flashy rider.

LANCELOT: Here we go Concorde. And side saddle. Well Done. And backwards, lovely. And Big Jump, very Big Jump. And steady, and over we go. Well taken Concorde.

CONCORDE: Thank you sir.

Concorde gets an arrow in the chest which knocks him flat backwards on his pack.

CONCORDE: Message for you, sir.

Lancelot pulls the message from the arrow and reads.

LANCELOT: “To whoever finds this note, I have been imprisoned by my father, who wishes me to marry against my will. Please, please, please come and rescue me. I am in the tall tower of Swamp Castle.” At last! A erm...?

CONCORDE: Cry of distress sir?

LANCELOT: A cry of distress! This could be the sign that leads us to the er small shining drinking object...erm..

CONCORDE: The Holy Grail sir.

LANCELOT: Exactly. Well done Concorde! You shall not have died in vain!

CONCORDE: I’m not quite dead, sir.

LANCELOT: Oh, I see.

CONCORDE: Actually, I think I’m all right to come with you....

LANCELOT: No, no, no sweet Concorde! Deeds like this must be accomplished....

CONCORDE: Single handedly?

LANCELOT: Yes I knew that one. Single handedly. So, stay here, take your lunch,
and I shall return as soon as I have accomplished a heroic and
daring...thing where you free someone from jeopardy...

CONCORDE Rescue?

LANCELOT Rescue. Thank you. Farewell Concorde!

Lancelot rides off heroically

Concorde rises painfully and exits banging his coconuts.

CONCORDE: Ow! Ow! Ow!