



**SIR GALAHAD AUDITION PACKET**



9

sen-ti-men-tal song That casts a ma-gic spell They all will hum a-long We'll

K2: Oboe, Vln, K3: Stgs.

+Tri. Hn.

+Gtr. arp's F

w/K2: Stgs - pads

C/E A/C# Dm FMaj7 C

12

o-ver-act like hell Oh this is the song that goes like

13 14

Bb Bb/D F Dm Gm7 C7

w/K2

15 **BOTH:** 16

this. Yes it is! Yes Yes!

+Bs. Cl. +Tbn.

+Toms fill, Cym. roll +Bass

17 **DENNIS:** 18 19

Now we can go straight In to the mid-dle eight A bridge that is too

Flute, Vln, K2, K3: Stgs +8vb  
Tpt, Hn. *mp*  
+Drums: time  
*f* w/Gtr. strum's +Tamb. on '4'  
+Tbn.  
F/A Gm7 C7sus C7  
w/K3, Bs. Cl. o's

20 **LADY:** 21 22 **BOTH:**

far for me. I'll sing it in your face While we both embrace And

F F/A Bb A A7/C#

23 24

then we change the ke - y!

+Tpt 2  
Dm w/Tbn. G7 (Tamb. out) C *f* C# D +Toms fill, Cym. roll D7

25 **DENNIS:** 26 **LADY:** 27

Fl, K2, Vln. Now we're in to E That's aw-fully high for me But e-very-one can see We

(Tpts. out)

w/Drums: time *mf*

G w/K3 *mf* D/F# Em GMaj7/D

+Tamb. ♩'s

28 **BOTH:** 29 30

should have stayed in D For this is our song that goes like

C Bm Am G Em Am7

31 32 **DENNIS:**

this I'm

Hn, Tpts. *f*

*f* Dsus C/D D +Toms fill, Cym. roll

w/Tbn.

33

LADY: 34 DENNIS: 35 LADY:

feel-ing ve-ry proud You're sing-ing far too loud That's the way that this song goes You're

Hn, Tpt 2 *mf* Horn

w/Drums: time

G *mf* w/K3 D/F# B7/D# Em GMaj7/D

36 37 BOTH: 38

stand-ing on my toes Sing - ing our song that goes like

C Bm Am G Em Am7

39 40 LADY:

this \_\_\_\_\_ I

Vln, K2 *mp* *sub. f* 6 6

Hn, Tpts. *sub. f*

*mp* C/D D/E *sub. f* E (Tamb. out) Tom fill

41

DENNIS: 42

LADY: 43

can't believe there's more It's far too long I'm sure That's the trouble with this song It goes

K2, Vln 8va (Flt out)

+Mark Tree gliss *mp*

Horn solo *mp*

+Bs. Cl.

*mf* w/Gtr. arp's

E/G#

F#m

F#m/E

Drs: Cym. on '1' (K3, Bs. Cl. out)

44

BOTH: 45

46

on and on and on For this is the song that is too

D

Bs Cl,  
Toms,  
K3, Bs.

Drs. lite time

47

LADY:

long.

Picc, K2, K3, Vln. 8va

We'll be

Brass,  
Timp,  
Snare

Gtr.

*mp*

Esus  
+Bs Cl, K2: Tbn.

E

F

sub. *ff*  
F#sus  
w/Timp.

F# Tom fill

49

**DENNIS:** 50 **LADY:**

sing-ing this till dawn You'll wish that you weren't born Let's

**WOMEN:**

Ah! Ah!

(3 8ves)

*f* *mf-f*

w/Drums: time

w/Gtr. strum's *f* B

(Timp. out)

+Tri. roll

F#/A#

+Tbn. ♩'s, w/Bs Cl, K2: Tbn. ○'s

51

**LADY:** **BOTH:** 52

stop this damn re - frain Be - fore we go in - sane The

Ah!

(Tpt 1 out)

+Tri.

G#m G#m/F# E



53

**Rall.**

54

song al - ways ends like

**WOMEN:**  
ends like

Hn, Tbn. +Tpt 2

*ff* D#m G#m C#m7 F#sus F#

ens. +Timp. to end

(Tbn. out)

55

56

57

this! this

*sfz* Brass *ff* *sfz* *sffz*

E B D# F#7sus C# B

*sfz* *sffz*

Segue

## Scene Five: Mud Village

(ARTHUR rides in with PATSY.

DENNIS GALAHAD ENTERS behind a small traveling mound of mud. He has a trowel and is mining for mud)

ARTHUR  
Over! Old woman!

DENNIS  
Man!

ARTHUR  
Man, sorry. What knight lives in that castle over there?

DENNIS  
I'm twenty seven.

ARTHUR  
What?

DENNIS  
I'm not old!

ARTHUR  
Well, I can't just call you 'Man'.

DENNIS  
Well, you could say 'Dennis'.

ARTHUR  
Well, I didn't know you were called 'Dennis.'

DENNIS  
Well, you didn't bother to find out, did you?

ARTHUR  
Look I did say I was sorry about the 'old woman' thing, but really from behind you do look like...

DENNIS  
What I object to is that you automatically treat me like an inferior!

ARTHUR  
Well, I *am* king...

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.

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!

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.

### **#6 The Lady Of The Lake**

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.

MORE

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

ARTHUR (CONT'D)

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.

Music plays)

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.*

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

It's not just an ordinary sword. How many swords have their own names?

DENNIS

You can't expect to wield supreme executive power just because some watery tart threw a sword at you!

ARTHUR

Be quiet!

DENNIS

If I went around saying I was an emperor just because some moistened bint had lobbed a scimitar at me they'd put me away!

ARTHUR

Do you think I could make that up?

DENNIS

Soggy old blondes with their backsides in ponds can't replace the electorate.

ARTHUR

Very well, since you don't believe me, if I prove to you that the Lady of the Lake exists, will you join my army and enlist as a knight?

DENNIS

Oh sure, if she exists, I'll join any bloody army. And for the Tooth Fairy, I'll join the Navy ...

ARTHUR

Very well. Watch this.

**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.

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.*

*He 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.

2-4-8

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 bastard, you've got no arms left.

BLACK KNIGHT: Yes I have.

ARTHUR: Look!

BLACK KNIGHT: It's just a flesh wound. You yellow bastard! I'll bite your legs off!

You chickenshit 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 stage left 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.*

BLACK KNIGHT: Ha! You missed me!

*Both his legs flop on the stage.*

ARTHUR: Come on Patsy!



Scene Eight: Prince Herbert's Chamber in Swamp Castle.

(The Prince's Chamber is on the bridge above the Gateway, with a large window with rather gay curtains.

A very pasty-faced PRINCE HERBERT, holding a bow from whence he has just fired the arrow into CONCORDE, sings earnestly)

**#22 Where Are You?**

HERBERT

WHERE ARE YOU?  
 WHERE ARE YOU?  
 WHERE ARE YOU, MY HEART'S DESIRE?  
 MY HEART IS TRUE  
 BUT WHERE ARE YOU?  
 ONLY YOU CAN QUENCH THE FIRE  
 WHERE ARE YOU?  
 WHERE ARE YOU?

(FATHER ENTERS through the Gateway in haste and stops the orchestra playing)

FATHER

Stop that! Stop all that singing.  
 (Mounts the stairs at high speed)  
 Listen, lad, one day all this will be yours!

HERBERT

What, the curtains?

FATHER

No, not the curtains! All that you can see! Stretched out over the hills and valleys of this land!  
 This will be your kingdom!

HERBERT

But, Mother...

FATHER

Father.

**#22A Where Are You? #2**

HERBERT

Father, I don't want any of that. I'd rather...

FATHER

Rather what?!

HERBERT

I'd rather... just.....sing!  
 (Sings:)  
 WHERE ARE YOU?  
 WHERE ARE YOU...

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.

HERBERT

But I don't want land.

FATHER

Listen, Alice...

HERBERT

Herbert.

FATHER

Herbert. We live in a bloody swamp. We need land.

HERBERT

But I don't like her.

**#22B Where Are You? #3**

FATHER

Don't like her?! What's wrong with her? She's beautiful, she's rich, she's got huge... tracts of land.

HERBERT

I know, but I want the person I marry to have... a certain... special... something...

(Sings:)

AND ANOTHER HUNDRED PEOPLE JUST CONTRACTED THE PLAGUE  
 OR FELL INTO THE SWAMP...  
 WHILE ANOTHER HUNDRED PEOPLE JUST CON...

FATHER

Cut that out! Look, you're marrying Princess Lucky, so you'd better get used to the idea. Guards!

(As FATHER descends the stairs, TWO GUARDS carrying  
 halberds ENTER)

FATHER (CONT'D)

Make sure the Prince doesn't leave this room until I come and get him.

GUARD #1

Right! Not... to leave the room... even if you come and get him.

FATHER

No, no. *Until* I come and get him.

2-8-19

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.

HERBERT: But I don't want land.

FATHER: Listen, Alice...

HERBERT: Herbert.

FATHER: Herbert. We live in a bloody swamp. We need land.

HERBERT: But I don't like her.

FATHER: Don't like her?! What's wrong with her? She's beautiful, she's rich, she's got huge... tracts of land.

HERBERT: I know, but I want the person I marry to have... a certain... special... (*music*)... something...

And another hundred people just contracted the plague  
Or fell into the swamp...

FATHER: Cut that out! Look, you're marrying Princess Lucky, so you'd better get used to the idea. Guards!

*As he descends the stairs two Guards carrying Halberds enter.*

FATHER: Make sure the Prince doesn't leave this room until I come and get him.

GUARD #1: Right! Not... to leave the room... even if you come and get him.

FATHER: No, no. *Until* I come and get him.

GUARD #1: *Until* you come and get him, we're not to enter the room.

FATHER: No... You stay in the room and make sure he doesn't leave.

GUARD #1: ...and you'll come and get him.

FATHER: That's right.

2-8-20

GUARD #1: We don't need to do anything, apart from just stop him entering the room.

FATHER: Leaving the room.

GUARD #1: Leaving the room.... yes.

FATHER: Got it?

GUARD #1: Can he leave the room *with* us?

FATHER: (*Carefully*) No....it's simple... keep him in here.. and make sure....

GUARD #1: Oh, yes! We'll keep him in here, obviously. But if he *had* to leave...and we were with him...

FATHER: No... just keep him in here.

GUARD #1: Until you, or anyone else...

FATHER: No. Not anyone else, just me.

GUARD #1: Just you.

FATHER: Get back.

GUARD #1: Got it. We'll remain here until you get back.

FATHER: And make sure he doesn't leave.

GUARD #1: What?

FATHER: Make sure he doesn't leave.

GUARD #1: The Prince....?

FATHER: Yes, make sure.....

GUARD #1: Oh, yes, of course! I thought you meant *him*...you know, it seemed a bit daft, me having to guard *him* when he's a guard.

FATHER: Is that clear?

GUARD #1: Oh, yes. That's quite clear. No problems.

*Father turn and starts to leave through the Gateway and they follow him.*

2-8-21

FATHER: Where are you going?

GUARD #1: We're coming with you.

FATHER: No, I want you to stay here and make sure he doesn't leave the room until I get back.

GUARD #1: Oh, I see, right.

HERBERT: But, Father!

FATHER: Shut your noise, you! And get that suit on! *[music]* And no singing!

*Father exits. Shouts offstage. Screams. The Guards smile happily. Lancelot rushes in, his sword drawn and bloody.*

GUARD#1: Ah. Now you're not to leave the room until...

*Lancelot stabs him*

GUARD#2: Hic.

*Lancelot stabs him too and races up the stairs to kneel before the Prince.*

LANCELOT: Oh fair one, behold your humble servant Sir Lancelot from the Court of Camelot, I have come to take you....away ...and oh ...I'm terribly sorry..

HERBERT: You got my note?

LANCELOT: Well...I got *a* note.

HERBERT: You've come to rescue me?