



**KING ARTHUR 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

+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.

**Song:                                   *King Arthur's Song***

ARTHUR:               I am Arthur King of the Britons  
                          Lord and Ruler of all  
                          Of England, and Scotland  
                          And even tiny little bits of Gaul

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

PATSY:                He is Arthur King of the Britons  
                          And we are out seeking men  
                          Very strong men  
                          And very able

ARTHUR:               To sit at our very, very, very round table

ROBIN:                What is it you want?

ARTHUR:               I am looking for men.

ROBIN:                I had a feeling.

ARTHUR:               We have ridden the length and breadth of the land in search of knights  
                          to join me in my court at Camelot. I must speak with your lord and  
                          master.

ROBIN:                What, ridden on a horse?

ARTHUR:               Yes!

ROBIN:                You're using coconuts!

ARTHUR:               What?

ROBIN:                You've got two empty halves of coconut and you're banging them  
                          together.

ARTHUR:               So? We have ridden since the snows of winter covered this land,  
                          through the kingdom of Mercia, through...

ROBIN:                Where'd you get the coconut?

ARTHUR: We found them.

ROBIN: Found them? In *Mercia*? The coconut's tropical!

I-3-6

ARTHUR: What do you mean?

ROBIN: Well, this is a temperate zone.

ARTHUR: The swallow may fly south with the sun or the house martin or the plover may seek warmer climes in winter yet these are not strangers to our land.

ROBIN: Are you suggesting coconuts *migrate*?

ARTHUR: Not at all, they could be carried.

ROBIN: What? A swallow carrying a coconut?

ARTHUR: It could grip it by the husk!

ROBIN: It's not a question of where he grips it! It's a simple question of weight ratios! A five ounce bird could not carry a one pound coconut.

ARTHUR: Well, it doesn't matter. Will you tell your master that Arthur from the Court of Camelot is here?

ROBIN: Listen, in order to maintain air-speed velocity, a swallow needs to beat its wings 43 times every second, right?

ARTHUR: Please!

ROBIN: Am I right?

ARTHUR: I'm not interested!

*Lance appears at the opposite Proscenium window Stage Left.*

LANCE: It could be carried by an African swallow!



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!

**Scene Eleven: The French Castle**

*King Arthur and his knights arrive at the foot of the castle, and dismount.*

ARTHUR: Halt! Hello! Hello!

*The Taunter, a silly mustachioed Frenchman, appears in the battlements of the castle.*

TAUNTER: 'Allo! Who is it?

ARTHUR: It is King Arthur, and these are my Knights of the Round Table. Whose castle is this?

TAUNTER: This is the castle of my master, Guy de Loimbard! The French bastard.

ARTHUR: Go and tell your master that we have been charged by God with a sacred quest. If he will give us food and shelter for the night he may join us on our quest for the Holy Grail.

TAUNTER: Well, I'll ask him, but I don't think he'll be very keen. He's already got one, you see?

ARTHUR: What?

GALAHAD: He says they've already got one!

ARTHUR: Are you sure he's got one?

TAUNTER: Oh, yes, it's very nice. *(aside)* Hey! I told him we already got one!

*The French Guards titter in mirth. We see only their helmets nodding in glee.*

GUARDS: Tee hee.

ARTHUR: Well, can we come in and have a look?

TAUNTER: Of course not! You are English bed-wetting types!

ARTHUR: Well, what are you then?

TAUNTER: I'm French! Why do you think I have this outrageous accent, you silly king?

ARTHUR: If you will not show us the Grail, we shall take this castle by force!

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.

GALAHAD: Is there someone else we could talk to?

TAUNTER: Hey no chance, son of a window-dresser! I wave my private parts at your aunties you tiny-brained wipers of other people's bottoms!

ARTHUR: I command you, in the name of the Knights of Camelot, to open the doors of this sacred castle, to which God himself has guided us!

TAUNTER: Well, I burst my pimples at you and call your door-opening request a silly thing you cheesy lot of second-hand electric donkey bottom biters. Thppt! *(Blows a raspberry)*

FRENCHIES: Thppt.

*The hands of the French knights make very rude gestures between the battlements.*

ROBIN: They're using rude gestures sir.

**Scene Two: A very expensive Forest**

*King Arthur rides in with Patsy*

ARTHUR: This is a total bloody disaster! All my Knights have fled  
and we're lost in a dark and extremely expensive forest.

*\$ signs (or local currency) appear projected in the trees.*

*FX Ch-ching. (Cash register.)*

PATSY: Well, it could be worse.

ARTHUR: How could it *possibly* be worse?

VOICE: Ni!

ARTHUR: Oh no.

VOICE: Ni!

VOICES: Ni Peng! Ni Wong! Ni.

*The Knights of Ni wear furry cloaks and distinctive helmets with huge antlers.*

*They are played by the Girl Dancers.*

*The Principal Knight of Ni stands on stilts, hidden by his long robe. He carries a staff with an owl's head to support himself.*

ARTHUR: Who are you?

NI KNIGHT: We are the Knights Who Say... Ni!

ARTHUR: No! Not the Knights Who Say Ni!

NI KNIGHT: The same! We are the keepers of the sacred words: Ni Peng, and Ni-  
wom!

VOICE: Ni-wom!

ARTHUR: Those who hear these words seldom live to tell the tale!

PATSY: Oh great.

NI KNIGHT: The Knights Who Say Ni demand a sacrifice!

ARTHUR: Oh Knights of Ni, we are but simple travelers lost in these woods.

2-2-3

NI KNIGHT: Ni! Ni! Ni! Ni!

ARTHUR: Oh, ow!

NI KNIGHT: We shall say 'ni' again to you if you do not appease us.

ARTHUR: Well, what is it that you want?

NI KNIGHT: We want... a shrubbery!

NI KNIGHTS: A shrubbery! A shrubbery!

ARTHUR: Where the hell are we going to find a shrubbery?

NI KNIGHT: If you do not find us a shrubbery, you must cut  
down the mightiest tree in the forest with...a herring.

*The Knight produces a large herring from his costume.*

NI KNIGHTS: A Herring! Herring! Herring!

*Pasty and Arthur exchange glances.*

ARTHUR: All right. We'll find you a shrubbery.

NI KNIGHT: Good, You must return here with a lovely shrubbery or else you will  
never pass through this wood alive!

*The Knights all exit.*

ARTHUR: Where are we going to find a shrubbery?

PATSY: Well maybe we can build one? Out of cats.

ARTHUR: Don't be ridiculous. Where are we going to find cats? This is  
a total disaster. You think it would be easy: one, round up a  
bunch of knights, two, seek and find the Holy Grail, and  
five...

**Scene Nine: A Bridge Too Far**

*Arthur and Patsy descend the stairs.*

ARTHUR: Now how many Jews have we got so far?

PATSY: None sir.

ARTHUR: It's hopeless. This is so depressing. I don't know a single Jewish person. And how are we going to put on a Broadway show? Broadway's a thousand years in the future in a country that hasn't yet been discovered. So let me get this straight. I'm a King, without a single knight to command. There's nobody. I'm absolutely alone.