



**SIR LANCELOT AUDITION
PACKET**

LANCE: Oh, don't be such a baby.

ROBIN: I can't take him...

MAN: I feel fine! I-4-9

LANCE: Well, do us a favor...

ROBIN: I can't.

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

ROBIN: Oh, Alright. Kevin.

LANCE: Thanks, mate.

The Carter picks up the sick man and carries him towards the cart.

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

LANCE: You're going to Camelot?

ROBIN: Yes.

LANCE: What, you got a gig?

ROBIN: No, I'm going to enlist.

LANCE: What, as a Knight?

ROBIN: Maybe.

LANCE: Well I'll come with you.

MAN: I'm not dead yet.

LANCE: Shut up. I fancy some of that fighting.

ROBIN: Oh there's fighting is there?

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

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.

I-4-10

Song: *He Is Not Dead Yet*

MAN: I feel happy. I feel happy.

To illustrate how happy he is he begins to dance and sing frenetically.

MAN:
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

The man dances frenetically to show them he is healthy until Lance whacks him smartly on the head with a shovel from the cart. The sick man drops like a stone.

Beat.

BODIES:
Well, *now* he's dead
You whacked him on the head
Sure now he's dead
It makes me just see red
You are such a brute

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 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!

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?

LANCELOT: Well yes, but I hadn't realized...

HERBERT: I knew someone would come. I knew that somewhere out there...there must be...

(MUSIC) Here are you
Here are you,
Here are you Sir Lancelot....

Father rushes in.

FATHER: Stop that! Who are you?

2-8-22

PRINCE: I'm your son.

FATHER: Not *you*.

LANCELOT: I'm Sir Lancelot from Camelot sir.

PRINCE: He's come to rescue me father.

LANCELOT: Well, let's not jump to conclusions.... Say, these are nice curtains.

HERBERT: Aren't they?

LANCELOT: They're wonderful! Wherever did you find them?

HERBERT: Well, there's a little chap with a stock of adorable fabrics...

FATHER: Excuse me! Did you kill those guards?

LANCELOT: Yes.. I'm very sorry. But I can explain everything...

HERBERT: Don't be afraid of *him* Sir Lancelot. I've got a rope here all ready.

He throws a rope made of knotted sheets, tied to the castle rampart, out of the window.

FATHER: You killed eight wedding guests.

LANCELOT: Er well the thing is ...I thought your son...was a lady.

FATHER: I can understand that.

PRINCE: (*Half out of the window*) Hurry brave Sir Lancelot.

FATHER: You killed the Bride's father.

LANCELOT: Oh no. Oh dear. I didn't really mean to...

FATHER: Didn't mean to? You put your sword through his head.

LANCELOT: Gosh, is he all right?

FATHER: You kicked the Bride in the chest!

LANCELOT: Oh well now she was asking for it sir. Wearing white and crying.

FATHER: This is going to cost me a fortune.

PRINCE: I am ready Sir Lancelot. I am ready...

2-8-23

*The Father nonchalantly slices the rope. The Prince disappears.
There is a pause then a thump from below. Lancelot follows Father down stairs.*

FATHER: Would you like to come and have a drink?

LANCELOT: I say sir. Was that entirely necessary? I do believe you just killed that poor little fellow.

FATHER: Oh, let's not bicker and argue about who killed who. After all I am a recently bereaved father, who has just lost his son, my boy Herbert who has just fallen to his death.

Herbert is carried in, in the arms of Concorde.

HERBERT: I'm not quite dead.

FATHER: Herbert.

HERBERT: I'm feeling much better.

FATHER: You fell from the Tall Tower, you creep!

HERBERT: No, I was saved at the last minute.

FATHER: How?!

HERBERT: Well, I'll tell you...

Music cue. The two Guards pick up their halberds and stand for a song.

FATHER: Not like that! Not like that!

HERBERT: I'm going to tell! I'm going to tell! I'm going to tell!

GUARDS: He's going to tell! He's going to tell! He's going to tell!

FATHER: No, stop it! Right I'll make you stop it.

*Father grabs a halberd from one of the Guards (who exit) and menaces his son.
Lancelot interposes himself between the irate Father and the terrified Prince Herbert.*

2-8-24

LANCELOT: 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 bastard. 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!

FATHER: *(beat)* Oh my god! You're gay.