



SIR ROBIN AUDITION PACKET

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!

Scene Four: Plague Village

*A Cart filled with dead bodies pushed by a man in rags enters upstage right.
Robin, the Dead Collector, enters downstage right banging a triangle.*

MONKS: (*Offstage voices, pre 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 Stage Left 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!

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

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?

NI KNIGHT: Shh shh. We are now The Knights Who Say Ecky-ecky-ecky-ecky-
f'tang-f'tang- boing-boing-olé biscuit barrel... (*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.

2-5-11

ROBIN: Oh yes!

NI KNIGHT: But not an Andrew Lloyd Webber.

ALL: Ahhh, No. No.

NI KNIGHT: C'mon lets go book seats on the web.

Exits upstage right

NI KNIGHTS: Ecky, ecky, F'tang, F'tang...

ARTHUR: Have you heard of this Broadway?

ROBIN: Yes Sire and we don't stand a chance.

ARTHUR: Why not?

Robin steps toward the audience

ROBIN: Because Broadway....

Underscore begins

.....is a very special place, filled with very special people; people who
can sing and dance, often at the same time. They are a different people,
a multi-talented people, a people who need people, who are in many
ways the luckiest people in the world. I'm sorry Sire but we don't have
a chance.

YOU WON'T SUCCEED ON BROADWAY

CUE:

ROBIN: Let me put it like this...

ROBIN:

1 2

Picc.

HARPSICHORD (soft quills)

PLAY *f* 7

+Vln.

Tabor Dr.

Bs. w/K2&3

3 Ad lib.

4 5 6

a-ny great ad-ven-ture If you don't want to lose Vic-to-ry de-pends u-pon the peo-ple that you choose So

Vln., K2&3 out
Solo

colla voce

7 8 9 10 11

Lis-ten Ar-thur dar-ling close-ly-to this news We won't suc-ceed on Broad-way If we don't have a-ny Jews You may

Bright 4

12 13 14

have the fi-nest sets Fill the stage with pent-house pets You may have the love-liest cos-tumes and best

Picc.

mf

mf

+K2&3
+Drs., Tabor Dr.

15 16 17

shoes You may dance and you may sing But I'm so - rry Ar - thur King You'll

18 19

hear no cheers just lots and lots of boos Boo! You may have

MINSTRELS: **ROBIN:**

(Minstrels make
animal sounds)

20 21 22 23

butch men by the score Whom the au-di-ence a-dore You may e-ven have some a-ni-mals from zoos Though you've

w/K2&3 cont'd.
+Vln.
+Gtr. rhythm

PIANO

w/Bs., Drs., Tabor Dr. cont'd.

24 25 26 27

Poles and Krauts in-stead You may have un-lea-vened bread But I tell you you are dead If you don't have a-ny Jews Glock. Vln.

K2 w/Vln.

+Brass

TACET

PLAY

sfz

3

28

29

30

31

Fl. They

Cl.

Vln. *f*

Glock.

K2&3 **TACET**

PLAY *sfz*

+Brass

w/Drs.

32

33

34

35

won't care if it's wit-ty Or e-very-thing looks pret-ty They'll sim-ply say it's shit-ty, and re - fuse.

Cl. w/Fl. *8va* w/Fl. *8va* Fl.

Glock out
w/Gtr. cont'd.
w/K2&3, Vln.

mf +Tri. +Tri. +Hn.

w/Bs., Drs. cont'd.

36

37

38

39

No-bo- dy will go sir If it's not ko-sheer, then no show sir E-ven go-yim won't be dim e-nough to choose Put on

Fl. Cl.

w/Tri. 2&4 Tri. out w/Hn.

f

40

41

42

43

shows that make men stare With lots of girls in un-der-wear You may e-ven have the fi-nest of re - views But the

Fl. w/Cl. 8vb

Hn.

+Brass

+Ratchet roll

ARTHUR & PATSY:

44

45

46

au - dien - ces won't care sir As long as you don't dare sir To o - pen up on Broad-way If we

Rds., Brass

w/Hn.

K2 w/Vln.

TACET

+Tri.

+Tri.

w/Bs.

Perc., Drs. out

V.S.

47

48

49

50

51

don't have a-ny Jews

Cl.
w/Vln.

tr (b)

tr (b)

tr (b)

w/Rds., Brass
Gtr. cont'd.

Tpts. w/Hn, Tbn. *δvb*

w/Tamb.
w/K2:Accord., K3

Tamb. shake

PLAY

sfz

f

Cr.

w/Bs., Drs. cont'd.

52

53

54

55

ROBIN:

You may

tr

tr

tr

tr

tr

tr

tr

tr

tr

tr

Brass + *δvb* w/K2
w/K3, Vln.

Tpt.1 w/Brass sim.

Picc., Cl.

w/K2

sfz

56

57

58

have dra-ma-tic light-ing

And lots of hor-rid fight-ing

You may e-ven have some white-men sing the

+Tpts, Tbn.

Picc., Cl.
w/Hn. gliss.

8va

ff

Tamb. out

K3, Vln. out
w/Tpts., Tbn.

mf

+Timp.

K2 out