

BEDEVERE/MOTHER SIDES

II-42

(ARTHUR throws the Holy Hand Grenade at the mound.

SIDE #1

Explosion, and the grass mound falls forward revealing rock with the carved letters A101. [See Appendix for alternatives.]

A sooty puppet operator stands revealed, holding a hand puppet rabbit blackened by soot. He points off stage right.

ARTHUR'S knights turn and stare where he is pointing and he quickly scampers off)

Start

BEDEVERE
Behold, Sire, the clue. Aioi!

ARTHUR
Aioi? That's a bit cryptic isn't it?

BEDEVERE
Pehaps it's Hebrew – ay- oy!

LANCELOT
Oh! Maybe it's aioli?

ARTHUR
What's that?

LANCELOT
Aioli is a delicious garlic mayonnaise, Sire.

BEDEVERE
Maybe he was passing out aiiiiooooiii...

ARTHUR
Well, he'd hardly bother to carve that in the rock.

GALAHAD
Could it be an eye for an eye?

ARTHUR
Oh, that's good.

BEDEVERE
Sire, I wonder if it could be a number.

ARTHUR
Well, it could be, but how would that help?

BEDEVERE
Well, we need to find something numbered A101.

End

SIDE #2

MOTHER

Start

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?

End

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

Arthur: Bari's: Tenors: Basses: Lancelot, Bedevere
Galahad, Robin: Knights:

17 18 *Start*

Hup Hup Hup Hup Hup We're

19 20 21

Knights of the Round Ta-ble We dance when e'er we're a-ble We do rou-tines and cho-rus scenes with

22 23 24 ->26

foot work im-pec-ca-ble We dine well here in Cam-e-lot we eat ham and jam and spam a lot—

Knights:

26 27 28 29

Spam spam spam spam spam spam spam spam We're

30 31 32

Knights of the Round Ta-ble our shows are for - mi - da-ble But

mf

33 34 35

ma-ny times, we're gi-ven rhymes that are quite un-sing-a-ble We're o-pera mad in Cam-e-lot We sing

(b)

>53

36 37 38

from the di-a-phragm a lot

f

Stop