

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.

#19A THE BLACK KNIGHT

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. ARTHUR 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.

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 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)

Ha! You missed me!

(Both his legs flop on the stage)

ARTHUR

Come on, Patsy!

BLACK KNIGHT

All right, we'll call it a tie.

(Alt: All right, we'll call it a draw)

(ARTHUR rides off, leaving the legless, armless BLACK KNIGHT pinioned to the castle.)