

Oh, king, eh, ver
exploiting the wo
dogma which perpe
our society! If t

*Dennis Galahad's
Mother.*

eh? By
imperialist
differences in
gress...

MOTHER

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?

Well, I'll tell you
I saw a lady in

forth from Camelot

Dead?

No. Not dead.
lake.

he lives in the

What, underwater?

ARTHUR

Yes.

*(DENNIS indicates to his mother that ARTHUR
has been drinking.)*

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.

*(ARTHUR draws his sword. It shines
mystically.)*

PATSY

Excalibur!

CHORUS (OFFSTAGE)

EXCALIBUR!
AH - AH!

*(DENNIS and his MOTHER look around to see
who sang.)*

ARTHUR

That is why I am your King.

DENNIS

Listen, strange women lying in ponds distributing swords is no
basis for a system of government. Supreme executive power
derives from a mandate from the masses, not from some farcical
aquatic ceremony.