

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.

Well, it doesn't
from the Court

Lancelot

ster that Arthur

Listen, in order
to beat its wing

y, a swallow needs
?

Please!

Am I right?

I'm not interes

(LANCE appears at the opposite window)

LANCE

It could be carried by an African swallow!

ROBIN

Oh, yeah, an African swallow, maybe, but not a European swallow. That's my point.

LANCE

Oh, yeah, I agree with that... Beautiful bird, the African swallow. Lovely plumage.

ROBIN

The plumage don't enter into it. And besides, African swallows are non-migratory.

LANCE

Oh, yeah...

ROBIN

So they couldn't bring a coconut back anyway...

ARTHUR

Will you ask your master if he wants to join my court at Camelot?

LANCE

Wait a minute, supposing two swallows carried it together?

ROBIN

No, they'd have to have it on a line.

LANCE

Well, simple! They'd just use a strand of creeper!

ROBIN

What, held under the dorsal guiding feathers?

(ARTHUR, despairing of any further sensible conversation, gallops off left with PATSY.)

LANCE

Well, why not? Hey! Who was that then?

ROBIN

That's a king.

LANCE

How can you tell?

ROBIN

He hasn't got shit all over him.

Lancelot.

SCENE SIX

[Yet Another Part of the Expensive Forest]

(LANCE rides in with his page CONCORDE. He is a very flashy rider.)

LANCE

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 back.)

Message for you, sir.

(LANCE pulls the message from the arrow and reads)

LANCE

"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?

LANCE

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.

LANCE

Exactly. Well done, Concorde! You shall not have died in vain!

CONCORDE

I'm not quite dead, sir.

LANCE

Oh, I see.

CONCORDE

Actually, I think I'm all right to come with you...

LANCE

No, no, no sweet Concorde! Deeds like this must be accomplished...

CONCORDE

Single handedly?

LANCE

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?

LANCE

Rescue. Thank you. Farewell, Concorde!

(LANCE rides off heroically. CONCORDE rises painfully and exits banging his coconuts.)

CONCORDE

Ow! Ow! Ow!

Lancelot.

LANCE

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?

LANCE

Well... I got a note.

HERBERT

You've come to rescue me?

#22D HERE ARE YOU

LANCE

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

HERBERT

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

(Sings)

HERE ARE YOU
HERE ARE YOU,
HERE ARE YOU, SIR LANCELOT..

(FATHER rushes in)

FATHER

Stop that! Who are you?

PRINCE

I'm your son.

FATHER

Not you.

LANCE

I'm Sir Lancelot from Camelot, sir.

PRINCE

He's come to rescue me, father.

LANCE

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

HERBERT

Aren't they?

LANCE

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?

LANCE

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.

LANCE

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

FATHER

I can understand that.

HERBERT

(Half out of the window)

Hurry, brave Sir Lancelot.

FATHER

You killed the bride's father.

LANCE

Oh, no. Oh, dear. I didn't really mean to...

FATHER

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

Gosh, is he all right? **LANCE**

You kicked the bride in the chest! **FATHER**

Oh, well, now she was asking for it, sir. Wearing white and crying. **LANCE**

This is going to cost me a fortune. **FATHER**

I am ready, Sir Lancelot. I am ready... **HERBERT**

(FATHER nonchalantly slices the rope. HERBERT disappears. There is a pause then a thump from below. LANCE follows FATHER downstairs.)

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

I say, sir. Was that entirely necessary? I do believe you just killed that poor little fellow. **LANCE**

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. **FATHER**

(HERBERT is carried in, in the arms of CONCORDE.)

I'm not quite dead. **HERBERT**

Herbert. **FATHER**

I'm feeling much better. **HERBERT**

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

LANCE

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!

[Bea

My god! You're

Lancelot

LANCELOT,
REALLY, Y
MOVE ASID
FOR UNDEF
THERE IS

*(COMING FROM THE OTHER SIDE OF THE SCENE)
sworn... al he is
wearing a silver codpiece underneath.
The MEN enter in "Carnival in Rio" costumes
shaking maracas. A very gay rumba numba
begins.)*

MEN

HIS..NAME... IS LANCELOT!
AND IN TIGHT PANTS A LOT
HE LIKES TO DANCE A LOT
YOU KNOW YOU DO

LANCE

(Spoken in rhythm)
I DO?

MEN

SO JUST SAY, "THANKS, A LOT!"