

The Sword in the Stone

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PELLIN: The King poppin' his clogs and all that. And in bed to boot. Lying down on the job so to speak.....

KNIGHT1: [*aside*] Just ignore him. He's completely off his trolley.

PELLIN: And to make matters worse, dying without sorting out who's going to be the next King. Well ! It's just not on, is it ? ... Mmmm! Well, I suppose it must've slipped his mind, what with all the excitement about this Tournament and such like.

KNIGHT2: Here now! This Tournament does sound a bit of all right.

KNIGHT1: Yeh, let's sign up, right away.

KNIGHT2: Good idea. What about you Pellinore ?

PELLIN: Me? Oh, I should think so.... Probably Later... Mmm! Anyway, for now, I must dash. I'm off to tell my good friend, Sir Ector. He's bound to want to come to this Tournament, thingy, what! And it's just the place to bring young Kay, for a taste of real jousting, eh! Ha! Ha! And if I go right away, there may be the chance of a spot of lunch, what ! Golly good show, eh! Tally ho!

[*PELLINORE exits galloping on a pretend horse.*]

KNIGHT2: If you ask me he's a breast-plate short of a suit of Armour. [*laughs*]

KNIGHT1: Or a couple of knights short of a tournament. [*laughs*]

KNIGHT3: No, no! A couple of sandwiches short of a free lunch. [*laughs*]

KNIGHT1&2:[*The two knights look at each other*] No!

[*MINSTRAL & KNIGHT3 Exit*]

KNIGHT1: Here, tell you what though, I'm going to give that sword a try.

KNIGHT2: What ? [*laughs*] You ! King of England, don't make me laugh. [*laughs uproariously*]

KNIGHT1: Alright then, you have a go !

KNIGHT2: I don't mind if I do !

[*He goes to the stone & tries to pull the Sword out but can't, no matter how hard he pulls.*]

KNIGHT1: Here! Let a real man, give it a go ! [*Pushes KNIGHT2 out of the way and tries to pull the Sword out, but can't. Then they both try together but still can't.*] Well, I didn't want to be the King, anyway.

KNIGHT2: Yeh! Nor me.

[*KNIGHT1 & KNIGHT2 remove stone and exit*]

SCENE 2 A ROAD in the Forest Sauvage.

[*Scene change to forest. ARCHIMEDES a talking owl sits on a wall. MERLIN enters, he is the epitome of all Wizards. He has a long blue gown decorated with mystic symbols and on his head he has a slightly floppy pointed hat of the same colour. He has a long white beard; so long, that it gets in the way of doing simple tasks like fastening up trunks etc. He is in fact carrying a large trunk, in which his beard has been accidentally caught. Although he is as old as time, he is a child at heart; full of childish enthusiasm and playfulness; endlessly fascinated and curious about the world and the objects in it; he has a tendency to get engrossed in his passions and carried away with enthusiasm.*]

ARCHI: At last!

MERLIN: Ah! Archimedes, so glad you could make it. [*looking around*] Yes. Yes. This is definitely the place. [*He sets the trunk down, and finds that his beard is trapped*] Oh, dash, blast and fiddle-faddle.

[*MERLIN starts to open the trunk, but because his beard is trapped, it takes time and much cursing under his breath, before he is free.*]

ARCHI: [*clears his throat*] So! Why are we here ?

MERLIN: What ? Confound it !

ARCHI: Why are we here ?

MERLIN: Ah! At last. [*Having got his beard out. He sits down on the trunk. He looks left and right.*] Now...What was it you were saying Archimedes ?

ARCHI: I was just wondering why we had to get up at the crack of dawn. Pack everything we possess into that trunk. And lug it halfway across England to this God-forsaken place....

MERLIN: Tut! Tut! Language Archimedes! You may be a wise old bird, but there is absolutely no reason to swear.

ARCHI: Humph! Old am I ? Well, you should take a look in a mirror, if you want to see an old bird.

MERLIN: You know, perfectly well, that Wizard's don't have reflections, Archimedes. We're just like those.. em... whatjamacallit's... Bird thingy's ... change into men... you know... bite people's necks....

ARCHI: Vampires, you mean ?

MERLIN: Yes, yes! Quite! Besides, I didn't notice you doing any of the lugging, as you put it, and what's more the exercise is just what you need. You're getting fat and lazy.

ARCHI: Humph! [*under his breath*] Listen to who's talking. This is the first exercise you've had in fifty years.

MERLIN: Me! I'll have you know I'm as fit as a flea.