

MOTHER: How d'you do. I'm Mrs. Galahad, widowed mother of

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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!

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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.

MOTHER: Well, how did you become king then?

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.

Dennis indicates to his mother that Arthur has been drinking.

ARTHUR: 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.

He draws his sword. It shines mystically. Music plays.

PATSY: Excalibur!

CHORUS (*Offstage*): Excalibur! Ah – Ah!