

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

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

(MUSIC) Here are you  
Here are you,  
Here are you Sir Lancelot....

*Father rushes in.*

FATHER: Stop that! Who are you?

2-8-22

PRINCE: I'm your son.

FATHER: Not *you*.

LANCELOT: I'm Sir Lancelot from Camelot sir.

PRINCE: He's come to rescue me father.

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

HERBERT: Aren't they?

LANCELOT: 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?

LANCELOT: 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.

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

FATHER: I can understand that.

PRINCE: (*Half out of the window*) Hurry brave Sir Lancelot.

FATHER: You killed the Bride's father.

LANCELOT: Oh no. Oh dear. I didn't really mean to...

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

LANCELOT: Gosh, is he all right?

FATHER: You kicked the Bride in the chest!

LANCELOT: Oh well now she was asking for it sir. Wearing white and crying.

FATHER: This is going to cost me a fortune.

PRINCE: I am ready Sir Lancelot. I am ready...

2-8-23

*The Father nonchalantly slices the rope. The Prince disappears.  
There is a pause then a thump from below. Lancelot follows Father down stairs.*

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

LANCELOT: I say sir. Was that entirely necessary? I do believe you just killed that poor little fellow.

FATHER: 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.

*Herbert is carried in, in the arms of Concorde.*

HERBERT: I'm not quite dead.

FATHER: Herbert.

HERBERT: I'm feeling much better.

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

HERBERT: No, I was saved at the last minute.

FATHER: How?!

HERBERT: Well, I'll tell you...

*Music cue. The two Guards pick up their halberds and stand for a song.*

FATHER: Not like that! Not like that!

HERBERT: I'm going to tell! I'm going to tell! I'm going to tell!

GUARDS: He's going to tell! He's going to tell! He's going to tell!

FATHER: No, stop it! Right I'll make you stop it.

*Father grabs a halberd from one of the Guards (who exit) and menaces his son.  
Lancelot interposes himself between the irate Father and the terrified Prince Herbert.*

2-8-24

LANCELOT: 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!

FATHER: *(beat)* Oh my god! You're gay.

