

# Act One

*A mighty Portcullis occupies the stage which may be used for projections.*

*The Proscenium has two medieval towers either side with an arched doorway and a practical window above.*

## **The Overture**

### **Scene One: The Mighty Portcullis**

*A very sober looking bow-tied Historian with horn rimmed glasses enters Stage Right.*

*A map of England appears on the Portcullis with skulls in various places, like a Medieval weather map. If projection is used this may be animated.*

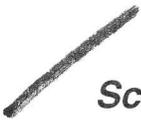
HISTORIAN: England 932 A.D. A Kingdom divided. To the West the Anglo-Saxons, to the East the French. Above nothing but Celts and some people from Scotland. In Gwynned, Powys, and Dyfed – Plague. In the kingdoms of Wessex, Sussex, and Essex – Plague. In Mercia and the two Anglias – Plague: with a 50% chance of famine coming out of the Northeast in the late afternoon. Legend tells of an extraordinary leader, who arose from the chaos, to unite a troubled kingdom....

*A Terry Gilliam-like cartoon picture of King Arthur projected or revealed.*

....A man with a vision who gathered Knights together in a Holy Quest.

This man was Arthur, King of the Britons. For this was England!

*The Portcullis flies away to reveal...*



## **Scene Seven: King Arthur and His Knights**

*The Portcullis descends as Arthur and Patsy stage right enter followed one by one by the Knights.*

*The Historian appears at the downstage right proscenium window.*

HISTORIAN:           And so, King Arthur gathered more Knights together, bringing from all the corners of the Kingdom the strongest and bravest in the land to sit at the Round Table. The strangely flatulent Sir Bedevere..

*Bedevere enters flapping his tabard, as if he has just farted*

                          the dashing handsome Sir Galahad...

*Sir Galahad shakes his blonde mane preciously*

                          the homicidally brave Sir Lancelot...

*Lancelot comes in and gets a little too close to Galahad, gripping his arm.*

                          Sir Robin the Not-quite-so-brave-as-Sir-Lancelot....

*Sir Robin enters holding a rubber chicken*

                          who slew the vicious chicken of Bristol and who personally wet himself at the Battle of Badon Hill.

                          And the aptly named Sir Not-appearing-in-this-show.

*Sir Not Appearing, a Knight in Spanish armor, enters. They all look at him.*

SIR NOT:            Sorry.

*He exits sheepishly.*

HISTORIAN:        Together they formed a band whose names and deeds were to be retold throughout the Centuries... The Knights of the Round Table!

