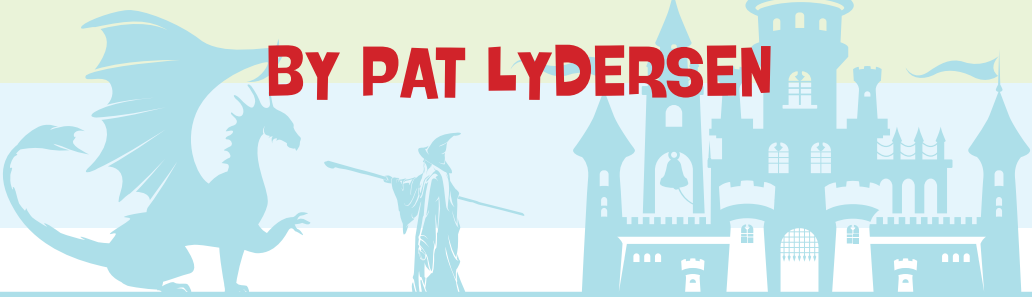




THE KNIGHTS OF THE RAD TABLE



BY PAT LYDERSEN



Pioneer
DRAMA SERVICE

THE KNIGHTS OF THE RAD TABLE



By Pat Lydersen

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THE KNIGHTS OF THE RAD TABLE

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CAST OF CHARACTERS

		# of lines
Main Characters:		
GWEN	a typical teenage girl	89
ARTIE	a skateboarder	75
MERLIN	a rather bumbling wizard	77
MORGAN LA FEY	a witch, the villain of the play	36
LANCELOT	a knight of the Rad Table	59
GAWAIN	another	33
GARETH	another	32
TRISTAN	another	20
BEDIVERE	another	22
KAY	another	22
Characters which can be doubled or played by extras:		
COWBOYS		n/a
INDIANS		n/a
CAVEMEN (3)		n/a
KNIGHTS (3)		30
PAGES (3)		8
LADIES-IN-WAITING (2)	Morgan La Fey's	18
MESSENGER		5
TOWN CRIER		15
TOWNSPEOPLE		n/a
SIR LAMORACK		3
ORTH		4
SIR PETTIPOT		1
DAMSELS (4)		10
HORSA		3
DWARF		5
DRAGON		10
BLACK KNIGHT		13

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LOATHLY LADIES (2).....one ugly; one beautiful 14

TROLLS (2) 3

SKELETONS (3).....3

GHOSTS 3

The six Knights of the Rad Table can also play some of the characters which appear in the early scenes. Consult PRODUCTION NOTES for more suggestions on flexible casting, doubling, etc.

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THE KNIGHTS OF THE RAD TABLE

Scene One

SETTING: A park bench CENTER STAGE and one tree STAGE RIGHT.

AT RISE: LIGHTS UP. GWEN ENTERS carrying a book about King Arthur and the Knights of the Round Table. She sits on the bench and begins to read aloud very dramatically.

GWEN: "And Merlin lay down under the Hawthorne tree with his head in the Lady's lap; and she let down her straight dark hair so that it hung like a curtain about them both…" Oh, how romantic! I could just die! *(ARTIE, a skateboarder, skates ON and passes by, wearing an eye-catching hat.)*

ARTIE: Hey, babe! *(He does a trick to impress her and then skates OFF.)*

GWEN: *(Showing her disdain for him with a withering look.)* How juvenile! *(Getting back to the book.)* "…and the Lady of the Lake made a singing magic and listening to it… it was to Merlin as though he heard the humming of wild honey bees among the heather of the hills of his boyhood…" *(ARTIE skates IN again, waving at GWEN. She ignores him.)* "…and he sank into a deep sleep that was deeper and quieter than any sleep known to mortal man." *(She sighs.)*

ARTIE: *(Skates in again and circles around GWEN.)* Hey, like ya wanna go get some nachos? I got some money.

GWEN: *(Losing her temper.)* Would you just get out of here and leave me alone?!

ARTIE: What's the matter? Am I disturbing your studying?

GWEN: I am not studying! I am reading!

ARTIE: *(Grabbing her book.)* "King Arthur and the Knights of the Round Table." Wow. That sounds like a real cliff-hanger.

GWEN: Give me my book!

ARTIE: Hey, I remember hearing about these dudes. They went around in heavy metal rescuing all these babes in distress.

GWEN: *(Trying to contain her anger.)* My book, please.

ARTIE: Those heavy metal guys always get all the babes.

GWEN: *(Grabbing her book.)* They were not "heavy metal guys," and they did not rescue any "babes!"

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ARTIE: No? Gee, then they were dumber than they look.

GWEN: *(Angrily.)* Look who's talking about dumb! You ride around on a stupid little board with your pants falling down and a ridiculous looking beanie on your head!

ARTIE: *(Acting deeply hurt.)* Please! You can insult me all you want. You can knock me down and step on my face. But never, never insult my hat. *(He hugs his hat to him.)*

GWEN: You are so absurd!

ARTIE: Thank you. I accept your apology. *(GWEN groans in disgust and sits down to begin reading again. ARTIE sits down next to her and watches her. After a moment she looks up at him.)*

GWEN: What do you think you're doing?

ARTIE: I'm sitting.

GWEN: You're sitting.

ARTIE: *(Looking at his rear end on the bench.)* Yup, I'm sitting. *(GWEN groans at this, turns away from him and tries to continue reading. ARTIE just keeps sitting and staring at her. Finally she loses her temper.)*

GWEN: Would you stop that?!

ARTIE: Stop what? I'm still just sitting.

GWEN: *(Angrily.)* Well then, stop sitting! Or better yet, go sit somewhere else. I want to be left alone to read my book!

ARTIE: What's so great about that book? I mean, it's not like a movie with really cool special effects or anything. It hardly even has any pictures.

GWEN: Special effects! Pictures! You are so lame! This book just happens to be about the most glorious time in the history of mankind!

ARTIE: No kidding?

GWEN: Yes, no kidding! It's about a time when knights lived by a code of honor and chivalry; certainly something you wouldn't know anything about. It was a time when they rode out on quests to discover good and to banish evil from this world. The Knights of King Arthur's Round Table risked life and limb day in and day out to slay dragons and rescue fair maidens. *(Muses.)* Gadzooks, I wish I lived back then!

ARTIE: Get real, Gwen. You'd hate anywhere that didn't have a shopping mall.

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GWEN: *(Ignoring him.)* It was a time of magic and mystery. Merlin, the greatest wizard of all, lived then. He would stand loyally by King Arthur's side to advise him and to help him establish the beautiful, wonderful, and magical kingdom of Camelot!

ARTIE: Merlin was a wizard, huh? Cool. I didn't know knight guys had wizards hanging around.

GWEN: *(Looking back at ARTIE.)* Of course you didn't know! You didn't know because all you ever read are Spiderman comic books!

ARTIE: Wolverine. I read Wolverine too.

GWEN: *(Going back into her reverie.)* And someday Merlin is going to come back. He never dies. He was only put to sleep by a magical spell. It says so right here in this book. Merlin's love, the Lady of the Lake, cast her spell over him beneath a Hawthorne tree, and she had the roots of the tree twine over and around him so he could sleep undiscovered and unharmed until his time came to wake again. "Bide there until your waking time," she said. To this day he sleeps beneath that tree… a tree just like that one right there… until one day, when the world needs him, he will return to bring us back the magic of King Arthur and his loyal Knights of the Round Table.

ARTIE: *(Looking at the tree.)* Wow! Do you mean this wizard dude Merlin could be sleeping under this very tree?

GWEN: *(Shaken back into reality.)* Of course not, stupid! I just said it was a tree like that one. Do you think Merlin would be sleeping under a tree in Encinitas *(Or insert your home town name.)* with a 7-11 across the street and a Taco Bell on the corner!

ARTIE: I don't know. Sounds kind of convenient to me. He could run over for a Slurpee and a taco between naps.

GWEN: Get real! Now leave me alone. I'm going somewhere else to finish my book in peace and quiet! *(She EXITS.)*

ARTIE: *(Watches GWEN leave, then inspects the tree more carefully. Calling softly.)* Wake up! Rise and shine! *(Pause.)* Time to start wizarding! *(Shaking the tree.)* Merlin! *(Looking under the tree.)* Merlin? *(When ARTIE gets no answer, he shrugs and goes over and sits on his skateboard, where he takes out big wad of gum and starts chewing. After a few moments, there is a rustling under the tree. The ground begins to move, and a man with a long beard and dressed in a flowing robe emerges from under it, unnoticed by ARTIE.)*

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MERLIN: *(Stretching and yawning.)* Oooh. I must say that was a good sleep. I feel quite refreshed. A bit parched, however. I wonder if there might be a bubbling brook and or a swift little stream roundabout from which I could quench my thirst. *(He looks around and sees ARTIE, who is still busily chewing his gum.)* Ah, there's a likely fellow. I shall inquire if he knows a place from which I might quaff. *(He goes up to ARTIE and taps him on the shoulder.)* Excuse me, young squire…

ARTIE: *(Not looking up.)* Sorry. My name's Artie, not Squire… *(As he turns to see MERLIN, he stops in mid-sentence.)* Hey, man, you forgot to get dressed this morning!

MERLIN: I beg your pardon?

ARTIE: I mean, like, you're still in your bathrobe, dude!

MERLIN: Bathrobe? *(Looking at his robe.)* Oh, dear, I was afraid I might not be dressed appropriately for the times. Well, no matter. "Clothes do not a man make." Or was it "Clothes make a man"? Hmmm. There's quite a difference in meaning there. I'll have to look that one up. Until then young man, let us proceed as if all is as it should be. What do you say?

ARTIE: Fine by me. I'm not the one in the bathrobe.

MERLIN: Excellent! Now permit me to introduce myself. I am called Merlin.

ARTIE: Merlin? Now where did I hear that name before? Merlin! Whoa! No way! Merlin! You woke up after all! Hey, are ya gonna start doing your wizard stuff now?

MERLIN: My wizard stuff? Oh, yes, as a matter of fact I will do a bit of that shortly, but… ah… first things first. Do you, young sir, by any chance know of a place from which I might quaff?

ARTIE: Quaff? Whatta ya mean, quaff?

MERLIN: Quaff… you know… quaff. Quaff means to… *(He starts moving his hand to his mouth about to mime drinking when ARTIE jumps to conclusions.)*

ARTIE: You mean hurl? You're gonna hurl! Totally gross! Like don't do it here! Go behind a tree or something!

MERLIN: No, no! I think you misunderstand me. I am merely asking if you know of a place I may partake of some liquid refreshment. I am quite thirsty, you see, after so many years.

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ARTIE: Thirsty? Why didn't you say so? Sure. There's a 7-11 across the street. Better yet, Merl, *(He takes a paper cup from his pocket.)* I have my cup from Taco Bell. I'll run and get you a free refill! *(He skates OFF.)*

MERLIN: Free refill? That must be a new drink. I wonder what it shall taste like. Well, no matter, as long as it's wet. He's quite a nice young man. His trousers look like they are about to fall down, though. Now, let's see, I better check the time. *(He takes out an hourglass.)* Hmmm… 12 past 1 *(He shakes the hourglass and looks again.)* 19… 94… 1994! *(Or insert current year.)* Zounds! And double zounds! I've overslept by one hundred years! I should have gone back ages ago! It was that extra spell Lady Nemue cast. I told her that the singing magic combined with the larkspur would be more than sufficient. But would she listen? No! She had to add that garlic powder. Not only did it make me sneeze for the first four hundred years of my nap, but it gave me bad breath and now it's made me a century late! I better get my wand and my spellbook and my potions and get started immediately! *(MERLIN runs back to the tree, and extracts a wand, a large book and variety of vials and bottles from under the ground. Loaded down with his things.)* Now, let's see. Where can I do this? *(Looks around and goes to bench.)* Ah, just the place. *(GWEN RE-ENTERS, engrossed in her book as she strolls ON near bench.)* Excuse me, young lady. Would you mind holding a few of these things for a minute?

GWEN: *(Looking up in surprise.)* What?

MERLIN: *(He hands her his stuff and then goes back for two more vials.)* Here. Just hold these while I find the correct potions.

GWEN: What are you doing??

MERLIN: Now where did I put that potion? *(He keeps rummaging through his stuff picking up one thing then another.)* Hmmm. *(Reading a label.)* "To live forever take three drop with water." That's not it. *(He tosses it aside and starts looking through his other bottles.)* No, that's for taking off warts. *(He throws that away.)* That's a love potion… that's a healing potion… that's my favorite chocolate syrup! *(He slugs it down and then tosses that bottle away too.)* Where did I put that bottle?!

GWEN: *(Still laden with his things and losing her patience.)* Hey, just what is going on here?! *(ARTIE skates back IN.)*

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ARTIE: Here's your drink, Merl!

GWEN: Merl?!

MERLIN: Ah, thank you. Uh, Artie, was it? I must say, I need this more than ever now. I'm quite done in.

GWEN: Just a minute…

MERLIN: *(Drinking.)* Hmmm. Tangy, sweet, bubbly, not unlike the sparkling water in my Crystal Cave.

ARTIE: Funny you should say that. It's Crystal Pepsi.

MERLIN: You don't say! I wonder if…

GWEN: *(Dropping all MERLIN'S things and yelling.)* Would someone please tell me what is going on here?!

ARTIE: Gwen! Come over here and meet Merlin.

GWEN: Merlin? Right! Nice try, Artie.

ARTIE: Really. It's Merlin. He just woke up from under that tree over there.

MERLIN: Yes, I had quite a nice sleep.

GWEN: Let me get this straight… you are Merlin?

MERLIN: Yes, I dare say you may have heard of me. I was quite famous back in the days of… oh, my goodness, I must get back there post haste!

ARTIE: Back where, Merl? Ya just got here.

MERLIN: Back to Camelot. My mission was to sleep for fifteen hundred years, although I must admit I overdid that a bit, and bring back a loyal knight from the future to help save the kingdom. My word, Artie, why don't you come with me?!

GWEN: *(Laughing.)* Him?! A loyal knight?! You've got to be kidding!

ARTIE: What's so funny? I'm as loyal as the next guy. *(GWEN laughs even harder.)* I am! Remember when Carlos got busted for toilet-papering Mrs. Miller's house? I stuck by him. At least until Mr. Miller showed up.

GWEN: Yeah, and then you ran like a scared little rabbit!

ARTIE: I did not!

MERLIN: Come, come. We don't have any time to waste bickering! We've got to get back before it's too late. I've found the "Back in Time" potion. Now I just have to find my spellbook. *(GWEN holds up his book.)* Oh, thank you. And my magic wand. Where is my wand?! *(GWEN takes it out of his pocket and gives it to him.)* Ah, there it is! Now Artie, you just sit down there, and I'll sit next to you.

ARTIE: Right! I'm good at just sitting.

GWEN: Tell me about it.

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MERLIN: Now I will drink from the potion. *(He drinks from the bottle.)* And you will drink from the potion. *(He gives it to ARTIE, who makes a face after drinking it.)* I will read the magic spell:
"Rishi, ishi, mishi, mot
Send us back to Camelot."
And I will wave my magic wand like this *(He waves it.)* and away we will go! *(Nothing happens.)*

ARTIE: Hey, Merl… Merl, I think we're still here.

MERLIN: I can't think what could have gone wrong. Let me just look·up the directions in my spellbook.

GWEN: If you were really the great Merlin, you wouldn't have to look up directions in any old spell book.

MERLIN: *(Insulted.)* I happen to have been asleep for fifteen hundred years, madam. I am a little rusty, that's all. Ah, here it is. Hmmm. Have some more potion, Artie.

ARTIE: Do I have to? That stuffs vile.

GWEN: *(Sitting down.)* I'll take it this time. *(She grabs the bottle and drinks.)*

ARTIE: Hey, give me that! *(He drinks.)*

MERLIN: You know you are destined to go with us now, young lady. There is no turning back.

GWEN: So, I doubt we're going anywhere anyway. Just read your little spell and let's go.

MERLIN: Very well. *(Clearing his throat.)* "Rishi, mishi, ishi, mot." That's where I went wrong. I said "ishi" before "mishi" last time. "Send us back to Camelot!" *(He waves his magic wand.)* And away! *(The three sway back and forth. LIGHTS BLINK ON AND OFF and a SIREN SOUNDS. EXTRAS ENTER as COWBOYS and INDIANS. Suddenly, our threesome find themselves in the middle of a battle!)*

GWEN: What's going on?!

ARTIE: Whoa! It's Last of the Mohicans! Watch out! *(He pulls GWEN down just before an arrow goes by.)*

MERLIN: I can't understand it. We didn't go back far enough in time. Let me look at this potion again.

ARTIE: *(Laying on top of GWEN, who is struggling.)* Better look fast. I'm really not in the mood to be scalped today.

GWEN: Would you get off me?!

MERLIN: *(Reading label on bottle.)* Expiration date: 1789. That's it! The potion's too old. It's gotten weak. We need to drink an extra dose.

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Here! Quick! *(He gives the bottle to ARTIE, who drinks and then gives it to GWEN. After GWEN drinks, MERLIN finishes it off.)* Hold on! Here we go!!!! *(LIGHTS and SIRENS again. The COWBOYS and IND/ANS spin OFF only to be replaced by three very mean-looking CAVEMEN. Not seeing the CAVEMEN, who are slowly closing in on them.)* Goodness, that was quite an adventure.

ARTIE: *(Watching the CAVEMEN approach threateningly.)* Like, you know, Merl, I don't think the adventure's done yet.

GWEN: G-g-gad-gadzooks!!

MERLIN: *(Finally seeing the CAVEMEN.)* Oh, dear, I goofed again, didn't I? Give me my spellbook. I can't imagine what went wrong this time. *(Leafing through the book.)* Hmmm.

GWEN: *(As the CAVEMEN inspect her hair.)* Get… me… out… of… here!

MERLIN: *(Giggling.)* Look at this spell, Artie. It's for turning princesses into polliwogs. I haven't used that in years. Why, I remember…

ARTIE: *(Looking nervously at the CAVEMEN.)* I think, Merl dude, it might be a good idea to cut the reminiscing and find the spell to get us out of here.

MERLIN: What? Oh, yes, of course. Very good. Will do, Artie. Will do. Now let me see…

GWEN: What am I doing here? Why didn't I just go to the mall today like I usually do?

MERLIN: *(Reading.)* "Rishi, mishi, ishi, mot. Send us back to Kamelot." That's it! Kamelot, spelled with a K. Who would have thought?! There are two Kamelots, Artie. One spelled with a K, and one with a C! *(Laughing.)* How amusing!

GWEN: *(Grabbing MERLIN by his robe angrily.)* This is not amusing! I have three cavemen about to pull me off by my hair. Get us out of here!

ARTIE: Geez, Gwen, don't get so bent out of shape.

MERLIN: No, no. She's right. I have been a bit remiss with these travel arrangements. If I could just find Camelot with a C.

GWEN: Hurry!

MERLIN: Oh, here it is! Get ready! "Rashi, mashi, dashi, dot! Send us back to Camelot!" *(Waves his hands.)* And away we go! *(More LIGHTS and SIRENS. The CAVEMEN spin OFF to be replaced by two KNIGHTS on horseback.)* There, that's better.

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KNIGHT #1: *(To the other KNIGHT.)* In the name of my Liege, Lord Vortigern of the narrow eyes and thin red beard, remove yourself from my path.

KNIGHT #2: Never! I guard this path for my lord, Thistledown of Thurstonton. None shall thith pass path by… I mean this pass path by… I mean thith…

KNIGHT #1: Oh, never mind! I get your gist. Prepare you for battle! I shall knock you off your fine horse!

KNIGHT #2: Tho thay you. I shall shatta your lanth!

GWEN: Gadzooks! These knights are about to joust. This is sooo exciting! *(A TRUMPETING SOUND begins the joust. There is a SOUND OF HORSES' HOOVES as the KNIGHTS ride toward each other. They miss each other entirely.)*

KNIGHT #2: Ooops, miththed!

KNIGHT #1: You were lucky that time. This time I shall you unhorse! *(The TRUMPET SOUNDS again and again the SOUND OF HORSES' HOOVES as the KNIGHTS ride toward each other. They miss again.)*

KNIGHT #2: Curthes! Miththed again!

KNIGHT #1: *(Jumping off his horse.)* Cowardly knave! Let us fight on foot if you dare!

KNIGHT #2: Of courth I dare! En garde, you fiend! *(They begin to fight with swords and shields.)*

KNIGHT #1: Stop! I like your sword. How a 'bout if I trade you my shield for your sword?

KNIGHT #2: All right. *(They trade and begin to fight again.)* Thtop! How about if I trade you these two shields for your thword?

KNIGHT #1: All right. *(They trade and fight some more.)* Stop! How about if I trade you that sword for, uh, nothing!

KNIGHT #2: *(Looking at the sword and shield.)* All right. *(He gives the other KNIGHT his sword, leaving himself defenseless.)*

GWEN: What are these knights doing? They're like total morons! ·

KNIGHT #1: *(Looking at the other knight and thinking for a moment.)* Aha! *(He smashes the other knight over the head·, knocking him out.)*

GWEN: No! No, no, no! You're supposed to ask him to cry for mercy! You don't just knock him out like that!

KNIGHT #1: Is that right?

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GWEN: Of course. Haven't you ever read about the days of chivalry?

KNIGHT #1: Can't say as I have. I'm supposed to ask him to cry for mercy, you say?

GWEN: Yes!

KNIGHT #1: *(Bending over the unconscious knight.)* I say, old chap. Would you like to cry for mercy?

GWEN: *(Getting very angry.)* It's too late now! You've already knocked him out, you idiot!

KNIGHT #1: Oh, so sorry. *(Calling BACKSTAGE.)* Would someone take care of this knight, please. *(Two PAGES come and drag the unconscious knight OFF.)* Well, must be off. Tallyho! *(He EXITS.)*

ARTIE: Dude, these medieval guys are missing some screws, if you ask me.

MERLIN: That's why I had to wake up and come back. Dear me, I hope I'm not too late. *(ENTER MORGAN LA FEY, two of her L.ADIES-IN-WAITING and KNIGHT #3.)*

KNIGHT #3: Please, my lady. I beg of you, do not act rashly. I shall win the next joust in your honor, I promise!

MORGAN: Foolish knight! Do you think I, Morgan La Fey, give second chances! Tell him, ladies, what happens to those who betray me!

LADY #1: I remember a knight who was heard to say that his lady love was fairer than our dear Morgan La Fey. He woke up the next morning to find his dear lady with warts on her nose, a hump on her back and *(Giggle.)* tears in her eyes!

LADY #2: Then there was the knight who neglected to wear our lady's favor in battle. His sword broke in half. His horse reared up and threw him off and the enemy slew him most fearfully!

KNIGHT #3: *(On bended knee to MORGAN.)* But, my sweet, sweet lady. I am not like those foolhardy men. I honor and revere the great Morgan La Fey. I would…

MORGAN: Silence! You have betrayed me, and now you shall pay!

ARTIE: *(To MERLIN.)* Wow, like who is this Morgan La Fey chic?

MERLIN: She is the daughter of the Duke Gorloise and Lady Igraine, a very noble couple. Unfortunately, this daughter of theirs is a witch with the blood of the Little Magic People coursing through her veins.

ARTIE: Dude, that sounds serious.

GWEN: Of course it's serious, you idiot. She has unbelievable, supernatural powers.

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MERLIN: That's right. She has been a thorn in my side since we first locked spells.

KNIGHT #3: Please, please, my lady…

MORGAN: How shall I punish him, girls? Shall I turn him into a frog?

LADY #1: Oh yes, yes. I like that!

LADY #2: How amusing!

MORGAN: "Bippity boppity bog…"

KNIGHT #3: No, no!

MORGAN: "Turn thyself into a frog!" *(The KNIGHT screams, then squats down and begins to croak like a frog.)*

GWEN: How horrible! Merlin, do something!

ARTIE: Yeah, Merl, the poor guy needs some help.

MERLIN: You're right. It is time to reclaim my place as the greatest wizard of all time! *(He jumps out to MORGAN.)* Morgan La Fey! Unfrog that poor soul!

MORGAN: What?!

LADY #1: It's Merlin!

LADY #2: Merlin!

MORGAN: So it is. Welcome back my old rival. Did you have a nice sleep?

MERLIN: As a matter of fact I did, but that does not concern you. I see you are still at your childish little tricks. Please return that man to his rightful form.

MORGAN: I will not. He deserves to be a frog, and a frog he shall be.

MERLIN: You leave me no choice then, Morgan La Fey. I shall cast my own spell to de-frog him!
"Bippity, boppity, ban. Turn thyself back into a man!" *(The frog turns back into a man.)*

KNIGHT #3: Forsooth, I just had the most terrible dream.

ARTIE: Way to go, Merlin!

MORGAN: You always were a busybody, Merlin! *(Gesturing to KNIGHT #3.)* "Bippity, boppity, nag. Turn thyself back into a frog!" *(He turns back into a frog.)*

MERLIN: "Bippity, boppity, ban. Turn thyself into a man!"

KNIGHT #3: Forsooth…

MORGAN: Frog!

KNIGHT #3: Rib-bet…

MERLIN: Man!

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KNIGHT #3: Forsooth…

MORGAN: Frog!

KNIGHT #3: Rib-bet…

MERLIN: Man!

KNIGHT #3: Forsooth…

MORGAN: Man!

KNIGHT #3: For…

MERLIN: Frog!

KNIGHT #3: Rib-bet…

MORGAN: Aha! I got you there, Merlin!

MERLIN: Rats! She always does that to me. *(The poor KNIGHT hops OFF croaking as MORGAN'S LADIES-IN-WAITING cheer.)*

LADY #1: I think we know who is the most powerful wizard now, don't we?

LADY #2: Morgan La Fey wins the day!

MORGAN: Come, girls. Let us leave these pitiful little wretches. It is time for our afternoon libation.

LADY #1: Our libation, yes!

LADY #2: Let us go forth! *(They EXIT.)*

ARTIE: What's a libation?

GWEN: It's a drink, you moron!

ARTIE: Hey, I bet you quaff it!

GWEN: *(Going over to MERLIN.)* How could you have let her beat you like that? You're supposed to be the greatest wizard of all.

MERLIN: *(Flustered.)* Trickery, that's all! She's always using this petty trickery! When it comes to real spells, it will be an entirely different story. Just watch. She shall not flim-flam me again!

MESSENGER: *(ENTERS, riding a horse.)* Hear ye, hear ye! Noble sirs and my lady. I have been riding this fortnight past to carry the word far and wide through the land. *(Aside.)* And zounds, am I getting saddle sores! *(Rubbing his backside.)*

MERLIN: The word, you say? What word, young squire?

MESSENGER: *(To threesome.)* The word which shall help us find a great leader to fling back the Saxon hordes and put a stop to the barbarians' ravishing of our homes and our villages. The word which will restore peace, harmony and goodness to our land. The word which…

End of Script Sample

PRODUCTION NOTES

CAST REQUIREMENTS

THE KNIGHTS OF THE RAD TABLE is an extremely easy play to produce and is ideal for a classroom production. Cast size can vary with doubling of roles from fourteen up to thirty. With the exception of ARTIE and LANCELOT, all the roles could be played by women if necessary, since each knight's costume can hide the wearer's gender.

SETS

The sets for this play should be kept very simple. When it was first produced all that was used was a large tree for MERLIN to sleep behind, a park bench, and six rehearsal blocks (3 large ones and 3 small). The blocks were painted to look like old stone walls, and they served very well as the seats, tables, caves and the barricade, etc. A large cardboard arch carried by two of the skeletons to represent the entrance to the Chapel of Peril was also used.

COSTUMES

Medieval costumes can range from very elaborate to quite simple. Long belted t-shirts with tights and a hood make perfectly presentable knight's costumes, and the women's costumes can be made easily from a simple caftan pattern. Caveman costumes can be made by sewing only one seam and tying a knot, and cowboy costumes are readily found. There are numerous easy dragon patterns, and the skeletons can be black leotards with painted bones. A white sheet, of course, does quite well for a ghost.

PROPS

There are very few props in this play. Most of them can be found or bought for very little expense. Since the nature of the play is comic, the simplest of props will often be the most effective. Pot covers as shields can only add to the humor, as can stick horses for the knights. One of the larger props, the sword in the stone, can be easily done by cutting a slit in one of the rehearsal blocks used for the set and inserting a plastic sword.

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