

MERLIN DIARY

ACT I

The scene is laid in King Oughter's Knight Club. On the rear wall is a large parchment sign bearing the name of the club with illuminated letters. In center back is a dias upon which is a table for two covered with a red checked tablecloth. In the front left is a large round table set with soup plates and coffee cups. There is also a dinner bell on the table. About the table are four benches. Bright colored tapestries adorn the wall. When the curtain rises King Oughter and Queen Grinydean are discovered sitting on the dias at the small table. King Oughter is slumped in his chair with one foot up and reading the Camelot Observer. Queen Grinydean is embroidering tapestry. Both are wearing appropriate crowns.

King Oughter: (throws the paper down and sings) Tune: Soloman Levi:

The times are medi-evil and we're in a sorry state
When editorial comment says that Knight Clubs do not rate!

The Camelot Observer even dares to drop a hint
That some imply romance may dye since Thursday's out of print

Oh, oh, oh, oh, oh, oh, etc.
(Rises from the table, steps from the dias and paces the floor).

Repeats: The times are medi-evil, etc.

Queen Grinydean: Just keep calm, King Oughter, your knights are still hot numbers, and may win fame and fortune any day now.

King O.: Well, anyway, I'm getting hungry, and I wish the boys would hurry. (He sits again at the table reading the Observer).

(Enter Dancealot dressed in evening clothes, but wearing knightly helmet and carrying shield and spear. With him are Sir Twistum and Sir Perceverin' dressed in full knightly costumes. They wave to King Oughter and Queen Grinydean and March to the front of the stage. They sing: Tune: Here Comes three Dukes a-roving):
Here come three Knights a-roving, a-roving, a-roving,
Here come three Knights a-roving, a-roving,
With their Knightly chivalry.

Dancealot:
I am famed Sir Dancealot, Sir Dancealot, Sir Dancealot,
I am famed Sir Dancealot, with his Knightly chivalry.

Twistum:
I am called Sir Twistum bold,

PLAY

(In Three Acts)

Produced by the Medi-Evil Opera Company of Salem College
And Salem Academy

Dramatis Facultae

King Oughter	
Queen Grinydean	
Sir Dance-a-lot	}
Sir Twistum	
Sir Perciverin'	
Sir Kayper	
Lilymayd of Astolat	}
Maid Marian	
Lady of Shalott	
Two Pages	
Gadabout, Knight of King Oughter's Court	
Lynette, Leader of the Chorus Girls	
Nine Chorus Girls, Enough said!	
A-quinas	}
B-quinas	
Three Little Monks	
Merlin, Magician — Yes, and correspondent!	
Scribe — A-Line-A-Day!	
Queen Morgan le Fay, Queen of the Evil Forces	
The Six Deadly Sins *	
The Lesser Evils	
Messenger	
The Black Knight	
Castor	}
Pollux	
Vivien, the Sorceress	
Marco Polo, disguised as Friar	
Herald	
A Palmer	

* The Seventh absent but unexcused!

Any resemblance to persons medi-evil or modern is purely intentional.

Sir Twistum bold, Sir Twistum bold
I am called Sir Twistum bold, with my Knightly chivalry.
Perceverin':
And I'm Sir Perceverin', -everin', -everin'.
And I'm Sir Perceverin' with my Knightly chivalry.
King O.: Hello, boys! Soups on, and I'm starved. We won't wait for the others.
Queen G.: Where have you been, Sir Dancealot?
Sir Twistum: Oh, he's just been Scouting around!

Dancealot: Sorry to be late but I've just learned a new step. (He tries to persuade Grinydean to dance, but she looks at Oughter and refuses. He does a step or two of a dance and then the three Knights put down their shields and spears and sit at the Round Table).
(Enter Sir Kayper carrying an immense dish of meat, and pointing his toes in the air as he takes each step. He is wearing an apron over his knightly garb).

Kayper: (Sings to tune: "When I was a Lad, I served a turn"):
When I was a lad I served as Squire
To the Knights and the King until I rose higher
Now I see that the viands do not fall
And polish up the pewter for the good brown ale,
I polish up the pewter, but I'm not so hot it's true
When it comes to joining Knightly jousts or deeds of daring do.

(He places the meat on the Round Table and does a caper as he repeats):

I polish up the pewter, but I'm not so hot it's true
When it comes to joining knightly jousts or deeds of daring do.

(He sits at the table with the other three Knights).

Sir Dancealot: Let us drink to King O. and his noble Queen (he makes a sweeping bow toward Queen G.)

Queen G. to King O.: It's Sanka and won't disturb your knight's rest.

Knights: (stand with raised coffee cups and sing): Tune: Drink, Drink, from The Student Prince:

Drink! Drink! Drink to King Oughter and drink to the Knights of his table so round,

"Drink, Drink," from The Stud-lady whose equal can never be found.

(The Knights sit down and begin to eat. There is a wailing. In comes Lilymayd in an evening dress, in her right hand a lily and in her left a letter from the Cuts Committee.)

All: Why, it's Lilymayd of Astolat!

Sir Kayper: In distress as usual.

Lilymayd sings: (To "Elmer's Tune"):

I don't want knowledge at college, just frolic and friends
I'm all forsaken, they've taken my cuts and week-ends.
I went to Claude's place, such disgrace. Who will make amends
For my tragic doom?

Dancealot: Would ye noble Lord, but bid me rise from this bench that I without discourtesy may leave the table and not displease my leige lady, I would come to the aid of the fair damsel yonder.

King O.: Sure, I'd like to do it myself, (Queen G. frowns, extends a restraining hand), but I suppose it wouldn't do.

Sir Dancealot (kneels before Lilymayd: I shall seek out your cuts and week-ends and restore them to you again.

Lilymayd sings:
If you're not kidding, I'm willing, come give me your hand (he rises)

The cuts committee lacks pity, but you understand —
Lets dance the Samba, I am a partner that's grand
T'will lighten the gloom.

(They dance the Samba together. At the end of the dance they move to one corner and talk).

Enter Maid Marian, weeping,
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