

**MERLIN:** Oh, I don't know any more. I stopped counting when I reached two hundred and seventy something.

**PHYLLIS GLASS:** **(To the audience)** you know he's so old that every time he orders a three-minute egg, they ask for the money up front. **(To Merlin)** And here's me thinking you didn't look a day over seventy.

**MERLIN:** I get that a lot these days. A pint of cider, please Mrs Glass. I put it down to my night time tippie. Oh, and my bedtime routine.

**PHYLLIS GLASS:** Oh, what bed time routine is that then? Maybe I could try it.

**MERLIN:** It's quite simple. I just squeeze the juice from ten slugs and mix it with the sweat of a horse and the blood of a lizard. Then gargle it for ten minutes before swallowing.

**PHYLLIS GLASS:** Yuck! Maybe I'll just stick with my face cream **(modelling herself)** it's obviously working.

**Enter SIR TIFIED and SIR VIVE stage left**

**SIR TIFIED:** **(Clucks like a chicken then whistles un-melodically)** OK Mrs Glass put Merlin's pint on my tab.

**MERLIN:** Why thank you young... **(Forgot his name)** young... urn.

**SIR TIFIED:** **(Clucks like a chicken then whistles un-melodically)** how could you forget me? I'm Sir Tified.

**MERLIN:** Yes, you are. Urn, thank you, young man.

MERLIN takes his cider and sits at the collapsing table carefully, so it doesn't collapse yet

**PHYLLIS GLASS:** What'll it be boys the usual couple of ciders, then staggering about falling over and cleaning my floor with your faces?

**SIR VIVE:** Yes, please Mrs Glass and two of your finest scones please.

**SIR TIFIED:** **(Frantically clucks like a chicken then whistle un-melodically)** No you don't want one of those. **(Cups his hand to his mouth realising he said that out loud so he then stage-whispers)** They are as hard as stone.

**PHYLLIS GLASS:** **(Annoyed)** and why wouldn't he want one of my world-famous scones then?

**SIR TIFIED:** Oh, urn, **(Clucks like a chicken then whistles un-melodically)** urn, **(Panics realising she heard him)** Um... **(Clucks like a chicken then whistles un-melodically, then looks around trying to think of an excuse)** because we've got tea waiting for us back at the castle.

SIR TIFIED breathes a big sigh of relief

**PHYLLIS GLASS:** I do hope you weren't making fun of my cooking again chicken little.

**SIR TIFIED:** **(Clucks like a chicken then whistles un-melodically)** oh no I wasn't, honest.

**SIR VIVE:** But I do want one of her scones.

**SIR TIFIED:** **(Clucks like a chicken then whistles un-melodically)** you do?

**PHYLLIS GLASS:** You do? **(Calls out to Merlin)** Ere whizzy I think Sir Vive here is coming down with something. **(Feeling his forehead for a temperature)** He may not make it through the night.

**SIR VIVE:** I'll be fine, I'll survive. I'm Sir Vive. How much are your scones Mrs Glass?

**PHYLLIS GLASS:** Two Cameloons each.

**SIR VIVE:** Cheap at twice the price. Yes, I'll have just one of your excellent scones then please Mrs Glass if Sir Tified doesn't want one.

**SIR TIFIED:** No thank you! **(Clucks like a chicken then whistles un-melodically then feels SIR VIVE'S forehead for a temperature)** Are you sure you are feeling OK?

**SIR VIVE:** **(With a knowing smile)** Yes fine thank you.

**PHYLLIS GLASS** walks stage right and yells as loud as she can off stage

**PHYLLIS GLASS:** Arthur. Bring me a scone, and don't touch the fresh ones, bring one of the old looking ones on the table. **(Walks back to the bar and smiles at SIR VIVE)**

**PHYLLIS GLASS:** **(Says calmly)** do you want some jam and fresh cream with your scone my little dumpling?

No thanks Mrs Glass, I'll have it to go.

**SIR VIVE:**

**PHYLLIS GLASS:** **(Goes back to stage right and yells again)** No jam or cream it's for a real man this time, he got all his own teeth this one. **(She goes back to the bar and smiles at SIR VIVE)** He won't be long my little dumpling. **(Flirting)** Can I interest you in something else?

**SIR VIVE:** No Thanks Mrs Glass.

**SIR VIVE** takes his ale and sits carefully with **MERLIN**. Leaving a puzzled **SIR TIFIED** at the bar

**MERLIN:** Doorstop?

**SIR VIVE:** Yes doorstep. They want four Cameloons **in** the market. One of her scones will out-last any wooden stump from the market. **(Stage whispering)** I hear the scones are so hard because she uses the smoke alarm as a food timer.

**MERLIN:** That still doesn't explain the weight of them. I was in her kitchen chatting one night and she tried to get me to take out the rubbish. Can you believe the cheek of it?

**SIR VIVE:** What did you tell her?

**MERLIN:** I said you cooked it, you serve it.

**Enter ARTHUR stage right, struggling with the weight of the small scone and places it carefully on the bar. PHYLLIS GLASS picks up the heavy scone one handed, takes the arm of ARTHUR and leads him to MERLIN and SIR VIVE**

**SIR VIVE:** **(Stage whispers)** Shh, the dragons back.

**PHYLLIS GLASS:** There you go my little dumpling one scone.

**She smacks it down on the table and it collapses as both SIR VIVE and MERLIN grab their drinks at the same time in anticipation**

**SIR VIVE:** Thank you Mrs Glass.

**PHYLLIS GLASS:** Whizzy Have you met my boy Arthur?

**MERLIN:** No, I have not Mrs Glass. **(Holds out a hand)** Hello I'm Merlin the court wizard.

**ARTHUR:** Oh, I know who you are sir. You are a legend in these parts. Very pleased to meet you sir.

**They shake hands and MERLIN goes into a trance like state whilst keeping hold of ARTHUR'S hand**

**ARTHUR**

Are you OK sir? Mr Merlin. **(Shakes MERLIN'S still outstretched hand again)**

**MERLIN:** **(Waking from his trance)** so sorry about that. I've just had a fright.

**PHYLLIS GLASS:** **(Wafting her hands)** I wondered why you were stood like that.

**MERLIN:** No that's not what I meant. I've just had a vision.

**PHYLLIS GLASS:** Just the one? Most people in here usually get double vision.

