

**MERLIN:** Gather round knights of Camelot. I wanted you all to be the first to try and pull the sword from the scone.

**SIR GLANCE A LOT:** Are you sure that's a scone Merlin? It looks more like a big heavy rock.

**MERLIN:** Oh, it's tougher than rock Sir Knight. It's one of Mrs Glass' scones.

**SIR GLANCE A LOT:** I hear Mrs Glass was a great donut baker in her early days but got bored of the whole, thing.

**MERLIN:** Yes, that's right. But she wasn't a great baker. A great baker will rise to the occasion it's the yeast they can do.

**SIR PRISE:** **(Wearing a fake moustache and beard to hide the fact she is a woman)** I hear her wedding cakes weren't much better either. I hear they were always sad cakes and always ended up in tiers.

- MERLIN:** Well, in baking you do only get out what you, pudding.
- SIR VIVE:** Well you do need to concentrate as a chef. It's all mind over batter.
- SIR TIFIED:** What I want to know is...
- They all close in to hear what he must say**
- SIR TIFIED:** **(Clucks like a chicken then whistles un-melodically)** ...how come the castle chickens always know how big my egg cup is?
- Everyone stands back and looks at SIR TIFIED expressionless**
- MERLIN:** OK. Now who is feeling strong?
- SIR PRISE:** Can I try it first? You know ladies first. Eh I mean **(Lowering the tone of her voice)** ladies would be first but as there aren't any here, I'll try first.
- SIR PRISE tries but cannot shift the sword**
- SIR GLANCE A LOT:** Move aside lady. Eh I mean ladies' man.
- SIR PRISE glares at SIR GLANCE A LOT**
- SIR GLANCE A LOT:** Move aside I'll show you how it is done. **(Stands holding the sword and braces himself ready to pull)** Behold the new king of Camelot. **(He pulls with all his might to no avail)** Behold the new king.
- Pulls at the sword again this time hurts his back and is comforted by SIR PRISE. Next to try is SIR VIVE**
- SIR VIVE:** Sorry Merlin I can't shift it either.
- MERLIN:** Never mind good effort. What about you Sir Tified. Will you have a go?
- SIR TIFIED:** **(Clucks like a chicken then whistles un-melodically)** I'll take a bite at it. **(Rubbing his hands)**
- SIR TIFIED puts his arms behind his back and tries to bite it to every ones' dismay**
- SIR TIFIED:** **(Clucks like a chicken then whistles un-melodically)** that is one tough pineapple pappy. Wrap it up I'll take it home.
- MERLIN is totally flabbergasted, and his mouth is open wide in disbelief. SIR VIVE takes SIR TIFIED around his shoulder and leads him off.**

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**SIR VIVE:** Come on Sir Tified let's get you back to the doctor. I think you need another one of his remedies.

**They exit stage left**

**MERLIN:** Is there no one who can pull the sword?

**The voice of ARTHUR can be heard off stage**

**ARTHUR :( O.S.)** Oh, mother it's going to blow.

**Enter ARTHUR and PHYLLIS GLASS stage right backing onto the set. The sound of steam and pressure building can be heard increasing in volume**

**PHYLLIS GLASS:** What are we going to do?

**ARTHUR:** We still need to release the pressure.

**PHYLLIS GLASS:** But we tried every knife in my kitchen. The scone is just, too hard.

**ARTHUR:** Think then mother before it's too late.

**PHYLLIS GLASS:** **(Pointing to the sword in the scone)** Quick son use that grubby sword Again.

**ARTHUR quickly removes the sword from the scone to the amazement of MERLIN and the remaining knights, and rushes off stage right closely followed by PHYLLIS GLASS**

**MERLIN:** Well knock me down with a feather. The boy pulled the sword from the scone.

**SIR PRISE:** But that means he is to be the new king.

**SIR GLANCE A LOT:(Feeling cheated and hurt)** But I wanted to be king. Me. Not some little whipper snapper from the village.

**MERLIN:** In deed the king should be of noble birth. This is a puzzle to puzzle over.

**Enter PHYLLIS GLASS with the sword. Everyone looks at her in amazement**

**PHYLLIS GLASS:** Oh, thanks for the loan whizzy. **(Pushes the sword back into the scone)** All's well again now. Panic over. I am making scones again. There has been a murderer caught in the next town and they are going to stone him in the morning. For some reason a stoning always makes everyone hungry and I get rushed off my poor little feet baking scones from morning to night. **(Notices them staring at her)** What's the matter with you lot? Has my slip come down again? **(Turning in circles trying to look behind her)** Oh no

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don't tell me that my youthful complexion has returned to haunt me again. Oh, I don't think I could handle all those men fighting over me again. I've had kings and princes and just about every sort of man chasing me. No more please not at my age.

**MERLIN:** Kings you say? Mrs Glass I think we need to talk.

**PHYLLIS GLASS:** Well, I have got to get back to my pub whizzy, I have left ARTHUR in charge, so why not pop in for cider later and we can talk then.

**MERLIN:** I'll walk back with you; we can talk on the way.

**PHYLLIS GLASS:** Come on then whizzy escort me behind the bushes. **(Holding her arm out for Merlin to take it)**

**They exit leaving the two knights by the sword in the scone**

**SIR PRISE:** 'ere, how come that little boy from the pub was able to pull the sword from the scone when all we strong and manly knights couldn't?

**SIR GLANCE A LOT:** I don't know. It's not fair. Maybe he snuck up on it and surprised it somehow. Hang on I'll give it a go.

**SIR GLANCE A LOT steps back and sneaks up on the sword and tries to pull it in a surprise attack but fails**

**SIR GLANCE A LOT:** Oh, my poor back. That blasted sword is stuck fast.

**SIR PRISE:** Let me have a go.

SIR PRISE takes a few steps back then slowly strolls up to the sword whistling as she goes. She pounces on the sword but cannot pull it from the scone.

**SIR PRISE:** No, I can't pull it either. Maybe this young Arthur really is supposed to be the next king.

**SIR GLANCE A LOT:** But it's not fair. I'm the bravest knight. I should be the next king. Me!  
**(Starts to cry)**

**SIR PRISE:** Oh, come on big brave knight. Let's get you back to the doctor for some of his back-rub ointment.

**SIR GLANCE A LOT is being comforted by SIR PRISE as they exit**

**BLACKOUT**

