

THE MAGNIFICENT SEVEN KNIGHTS OF CAMELOT
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SAMPLE SCENE

Arthur is looking for new knights to join his Round Table. The Evil(ish) Lord Moldiwart attempts to become a knight so he can gain access to the castle and free his wife Lady Morgana from the cells.

Host enters and hands Arthur a clipboard and then leaves.

ARTHUR Arrh, thank you. (*looking at clipboard*) Okay. We have quite a few entrants for the tournament today. Excellent. We should be able to find one or two diamonds in this rough lot. Let's see.

LANCELOT Anybody we know?

ARTHUR Yes actually, the court jester wants to enter.

LANCELOT Really?

ARTHUR If he wins he says that he wants to be known as Comedy Knight.

LANCELOT He thinks he's funny.

ARTHUR The next two are brothers and insist on wearing flared trousers, wide collars and platform shoes.

LANCELOT And the punchline is ...

ARTHUR They go by the name Boogie Knights.

LANCELOT Hardly worth waiting for was it.

ARTHUR Oh ... this one looks more promising. He is a doctor. A surgeon, no less.

LANCELOT Always useful on the battlefield Sire.

ARTHUR He specializes in only performing surgery on people called Michael. He goes by the name ... Open Mike Knight. I think we can cross him off too.

LANCELOT I don't think people are taking this seriously My Lord. Anybody else?

ARTHUR Just one. Wartymold. Wartymold? That name sounds familiar.

Lord Moldiwart enters, dressed a little bit like a peasant but still Evil looking.

MOLDIWART Greetings Your highness. I am Wartymold and I wish to join your Round Table.

LANCLEOT Have we met before?

MOLDIWART I just have one of those faces. What do I have to do to become a trusted knight so I can gain access to the castle dungeons?

ARTHUR Sorry? What?

LANCELOT Why would you want to go to the castle dungeons?

MOLDIWART Oh, no reason. I just like dungeons. I have a special interest in them. I did my third year dissertation on them at university.

ARTHUR Oh really? Which university?

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MOLDIWART *(evil lighting)* The Infamous University of Evil Torture ... *(normal lighting)* I mean Oxford.

ARTHUR I see, well first you have to show your skill with a blade and attempt to beat one of my finest knights. Where is Sir Bedivere? He was supposed to be manning the sword fighting tent.

LANCELOT He called in sick Sire.

ARTHUR Sick?

LANCELOT Well, actually what he said was "Errrrr, I don't think I'll be in work ... urrrggghh ... today ... I urrrggghh, arrrrh have an upset HUUUUHHHH ... get out of my way urrrggghh ... I need to use the toilet ... huuuhhhhhh ...oh too lateI don't feel well. I want my mommy."

ARTHUR Doesn't sound good. What about Percival?

LANCELOT Sick.

ARTHUR Sir Triston?

LANCELOT Sick.

ARTHUR Sir Baudwin?

LANCELOT Sick.

ARTHUR Sir Galahad?

LANCELOT Holiday.

ARTHUR Sir Garath?

LANCELOT Sick.

ARTHUR How come everyone is sick? If I didn't know better I would say that Morgana was behind this.

MOLDIWART I wouldn't put it past her.

LANCELOT What do you know of Lady Morgana?

MOLDIWART Nothing. Absolutely nothing. Just what I read in the daily scrolls.

LANCELOT You can read? That's a start I suppose. *(to Arthur)* I don't trust him.

ARTHUR He will have to prove himself with a sword if he is to be a knight of Camelot.
Black Knight enters, stumbles over his feet. He has a false arm to be cut off in upcoming fight scene.

BLACK I will test his skill Sire. It would be an honor to serve you in this time of need.

ARTHUR Thank you, Black Knight, for that is what I shall call you.

LANCELOT Very imaginative sire.

MOLDIWART Him? I have to fight him? Couldn't I be tested on someone a little less ... brutal looking?

BLACK Silence, and prepare to defend thyself.

MOLDIWART Touchy isn't he? I am ready, but first good knight, may I see your sword?

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LANCELOT His sword? Why?

MOLDIWART I wish to examine the weapon which may be the ruin of me.

ARTHUR Fair enough, Black Knight, show him your sword.

Black Knight passes Moldiwart his sword. Moldiwart turns his back to them all and strokes the sword.

MOLDIWART ***(Evil lighting)*** Oh powers of evil, black of heart, Make this weapon fall apart.

LANCELOT ***(lighting returns to normal)*** What are you doing there?

MOLDIWART Nothing. ***(hands sword back to Black Knight)*** It is a fine sword. I am ready when you are.

BLACK Defend thyself.

Moldiwart and Black Knight cross swords but Black Knight's sword falls apart immediately. .

MOLDIWART Take that.

Moldiwart swings his sword at Black Knight and his false arm falls off.

MOLDIWART ***(self congratulating)*** Yes, I've still got it.

BLACK That's never happened before. I'm sorry Sire.

ARTHUR It's okay brave Knight. It's just one of those things. Don't worry about it.

BLACK I don't know what happened.

ARTHUR You're just tired. You can try again later.

BLACK I can still beat him.

LANCELOT He's chopped your arm off.

BLACK It's only a flesh wound.

ARTHUR Go and see the nurse.

Black Knight picks up his arm and exits the stage.

LANCELOT ***(to Moldiwart)*** What did you do to his sword?

MOLDIWART Me? Nothing. I am merely a poor sheep farmer looking to better himself in the court of the great King Arthur.

ARTHUR It matters not. You won the contest. Lancelot, prepare the next challenge. The Joust.

MOLDIWART Is that the thing with big sticks on horses? If so can I give it a miss? It looks dangerous.

LANCELOT Scared, are we?

MOLDIWART Of being impaled thought the chest by a ten foot sharpened oak tree? Yes.

ARTHUR Where is your horse Wartymold?

MOLDIWART Who? Oh Wartymold, that's me isn't it. Yes, my horse? Unfortunately, I left it back at my fortress ... errr ... house.

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LANCELOT What sort of Knight comes to a tournament without his horse?

MOLDIWART A crazy, crazy knight?

ARTHUR Never mind. We'll skip that one. Last test. A few simple questions. Where are they?

Game show Host enters carrying some question cards.

HOST Allow me Sire.

ARTHUR Go ahead.

LANCELOT Oh dear.

Game Show music

HOST Congratulations. You have made it through to the final round. You are just three questions away from becoming a trusted knight of Camelot. Firstly, can you tell us a bit about yourself?

MOLDIWART Well, I am 47, errr, 29 years old, a nonsmoker and hobbies include stamp collecting, flower arranging and helping in my local charity shop.

HOST Fine. Question one. You are walking through the forest and come across a damsel in distress. What do you do?

MOLDIWART That's easy. I rescue her. ***(to audience)***. I read the Knights handbook on the way over here.

HOST Very good. Question two. You are riding through a village at 5 miles an hour. An opposing knight comes in the opposite direction at 10 miles an hour brandishing his sword. What is the minimal amount of protective clothing you should wear to avoid being killed?

MOLDIWART Oooh, tricky. I'd cast a magic spell and turn him into toad. Toads have only small hands, so he would not be able to grip his sword, thus eliminating the need for any protective clothing at all.
I could then safely continue on my way to save the aforementioned damsel in distress.

HOST ***(to Arthur)*** Adjudictaor?

ARTHUR Interesting answer. That would require a certain amount of magical ability, but it is not unheard of

HOST Okay, we'll accept that answer. Final question. Can you name three Codes of Chivalry?

MOLDIWART Tough one ... ***(reads off the palm of his hands)*** To protect the weak and defenseless, to always speak the truth and there's that one about obeying and fighting for the honor of your lord ... or something, it's a bit smudged.

HOST That is correct. You could have also had 'never turn you back on a foe', 'always guard the honor of fellow knights' and 'never mow the lawn after 9pm at night'. Well done. Didn't he do well. I'll see you same time next week. Over to you M'lord.

Game Show Host exits.

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ARTHUR You are nearly done. Just one more task to complete and you will be a knight.

MOLDIWART Excellent, then I can rescue Morgana.

LANCELOT Sorry, what?

MOLDIWART I said 'Excellent, and then I can buy an iguana.' What do I have to do?

ARTHUR To prove you are worthy of being a Knight of Camelot you must go on a quest.

MOLDIWART A quest?

LANCELOT A perilous, dangerous quest!

ARTHUR You must visit Old Man Corbyn, the wise old crazy warlock of the forest and hear his sacred words.

MOLDIWART Sounds easy enough. When do I leave?

ARTHUR Do not be too eager to venture forth. The path is dangerous one. The trail is plagued with darkness and has hazards no mortal man can be prepared for. Also, two of my finest Knights Sir Brastius and Sir Lionel will be forever on your trail, following your every step. When you least expect it they will strike out and demand your head.

LANCELOT Errrm, sire.... *(whispers something to Arthur)*

ARTHUR Sir Brastius and Sir Lionel have called in sick as well? What is going on? Oh very well, we'll skip that one as well. Get on your knees Wartymold.

LANCELOT *(alarmed)* Your highness?!

ARTHUR We need to re-build our forces. He's the best one yet.
Moldiwart gets down on one knee in front of Arthur.

ARTHUR You have proven yourself worthy to fight by my side. ***(places the sword on Moldiwarts shoulder)*** Arise Sir Wartymold of where are you from?

MOLDIWART Droitwich ***(or local town)*** originally.

ARTHUR Then arise sir Wartymold of Droitwich. Trusted Knight of Camelot.
Moldiwart gets up.

ARTHUR Tea and biscuits are available in the main foyer. Sir George of Asda will contact you shortly to measure you for a suit of armor. Welcome to Camelot and we hope you enjoy the fight.

MOLDIWART That was easy.
Lancelot and Arthur go back to reading the clipboard.

MOLDIWART ***(evil lighting)*** I look forward to releasing my wife Morgana from your dungeons, destroying you and your kingdom, laying the disembodied heads of all your knights on the ground and rejoice as evil is once again released into the world

ARTHUR ***(Normal lighting returns.)*** Sorry, what was that?

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MOLDIWART Nothing. So which way to the Dungeons?

ARTHUR Through the foyer, past the gift shop, down the stairs, past the toilets and through the old wooden magically protected doors. If you reach the kitchens you have gone too far.

MOLDIWART Thank you, Sire. I bid you farewell.

Moldiwart exits.

LANCELOT I have a bad feeling My Lord. There is something about him I don't trust.

ARTHUR It'll be fine. He seems like a nice chap.

End Of Scene