

# ***ONCE UPON CAMELOT***

*By Craig Sodaro*

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**1993 FIRST PLACE WINNER**  
*Columbia Entertainment Company's*  
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### **THE STORY**

All the luck in Camelot has been bad lately, and the Brotherhood of Peasants, Serfs and City Scum expect King Arthur to do something about it or else! Merlin has become a fly, and Morgan Le Fey and her minions waste no time in turning Arthur's three most loyal knights into a frog, a rock, and a grasshopper. It takes Threadbare, a lowly weaver, to turn the tables on Morgan in this hilarious romp through a Camelot that never was.

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**CAST**

*(approx. 14 m, 14 w, 2 flexible)*

LUCKLESS.....The troubadour.  
ARTHUR.....King of Camelot.  
GUINEVERE.....Queen of Camelot.  
BELINDA.....A servant.  
SIR CUSS.....Loyal knight of the Round Table.  
SIR LOIN.....Another.  
SIR TIN.....Another.  
LADY TILLY.....Lady of the court.  
LADY LILLY.....Another.  
LADY WILLY.....Another (with a sense of humor).  
JEEPERS.....The jester.  
NIPP.....Representative of the peasants.  
TUCK.....Another.  
MORGAN LE FEY.....Arthur's evil half-sister.  
THREADBARE.....The weaver who saves the day.  
FIONA.....A servant.  
MERLIN.....Beleaguered magician.  
WELLMA.....Witch in the well.  
LADY GRAVEL....."Lady" behind a rock.  
TREE ONE.....A talking tree.  
TREE TWO.....Another.  
OLD HAG.....Lives in the forest.  
DORA.....The delivery person.  
GUARD ONE.....Comes under Morgan's powers.  
GUARD TWO.....Another.  
GRETA.....A gargoyle.  
LOCK (ROGER).....Citizen turned into a rock!  
STOCK (MOLLY).....Another.  
BARREL (AUNT ROSA).....Another.  
GIGANTISAURUS.....Dragon who guards Gossamer Glen.

## **SYNOPSIS OF SCENES**

### **ACT I**

Sc 1: Camelot's throne room.

Sc 2: The Forbidden Forest.

Sc 3: The throne room.

### **ACT II**

Sc 1: The Forbidden Forest.

Sc 2: Deeper in the forest, following day.

Sc 3: The throne room.

## **SOUND EFFECTS**

Fly buzzing (not necessary, but nice), thunder, crash, animal "tittering," tinkling (wind chime works well), drum beating.

## **LIGHTING EFFECTS**

Flashing lights, as indicated.

**ACT I**  
**Scene 1**

*(AT RISE: LUCKLESS steps before the curtain.)*

LUCKLESS: Fair ladies and good knights,  
I'm afraid I must confess  
'Tis my duty to relate a tale  
Though I have been dubbed Luckless.  
You see, I have a penchant  
For mixing up the plot  
For sometimes switching names  
And being confused a lot.  
But I've been told tonight  
That mercy will be mine  
If I can relate this tale  
Without forgetting a line.  
So perhaps you'd lend a hand  
And help me along the way...  
If YOU remember what's said  
Then tell me what to say.  
And now you understand  
My fate hangs in the balance  
I'll spin my tale of treachery  
With all my special talents.  
Now, if it pleases you  
Back into time we'll dive  
To Camelot in the western hills  
When Arthur was alive.

*(The CURTAIN opens to reveal the throne room of Camelot where a banner hangs over two royal chairs. Seated on the thrones are a despondent ARTHUR and even more despondent GUINEVERE. )*

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LUCKLESS: *(Cont.)* No joy, you say? Where is it?  
What could have gone awry?  
Why do Arthur and Guinevere  
Look as though they'll cry?

*(BELINDA races in SL carrying a tray with a bottle on top.  
LUCKLESS exits SR quietly.)*

BELINDA: 'Ere you go, your majesty. Some nice Bipto  
Pesmal will make your royal tummy feel jolly once again!

GUINEVERE: *(Picking up bottle.)* This pink goo will make  
me feel better?

ARTHUR: Might as well try it, Winny. Nothing else seems  
to work!

GUINEVERE: I know. Did you ever think when we started  
this kingdom we'd end up like this?

BELINDA: Oh, go on, your highnesses! Camelot's still a  
whole lot better than most of the kingdoms around. I  
mean, we got the finest flowers bloomin' in the realm, the  
best bagels shillings can buy, and the strongest, bravest  
knights under the sun!

*(SIRS CUSS, LOIN, and TIN enter SR, bedraggled. LADIES  
TILLY, LILLY, and WILLY also follow.)*

SIR CUSS: Sir Cuss reporting from the east.

LADY TILLY: Oh, my brave knight!

SIR LOIN: Sir Loin reporting from the south.

LADY LILLY: Praise be, you've returned!

SIR TIN: Sir Tin reporting from the north.

LADY WILLY: Shucks, I knew you couldn't stay away from  
me!

ARTHUR: And what news have you brought, brave knights  
of the Round Table?

SIR CUSS: Your highness, as far as the eye can see in the  
east the people are revolting.

GUINEVERE: That's an awful thing to say, Sir Cuss. I've  
always thought Easterners are charming!

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SIR CUSS: Beg pardon, your majesty, but I mean they're picking up their axes, pitchforks, even their children and they're marching to Camelot!

ARTHUR: Not encouraging news at all! What have you learned in the south, Sir Loin?

SIR LOIN: Oh, my liege...the Southerners are calling for you to resign or face grave consequences.

ARTHUR: Grave consequences? How serious are they?

SIR LOIN: About six feet deep, your highness!

GUINEVERE: Ungrateful peasants!

ARTHUR: Perhaps in the north things are different. I've always been most popular in the north.

SIR TIN: And I have your popularity chart right here, your majesty. This shows you the last five years and how your popularity has fared. *(HE unrolls chart which shows the popularity line rising.)*

ARTHUR: There, you see! I knew there was still someplace in the kingdom where I'm appreciated.

SIR TIN: Oooooops! It's upside down. *(HE turns scroll over so the popularity line plunges.)*

ARTHUR: Bit of a plunge, isn't it? Anything I can do to win their favor once again?

SIR TIN: I heard a couple of suggestions, your majesty. *(HE whispers in ARTHUR'S ear. The KING becomes more furious.)*

ARTHUR: I should WHAT? I wouldn't DARE! Oh, dear...now THAT would hurt!

SIR CUSS: Your majesty, we three knights of the Round Table have a suggestion.

GUINEVERE: Then by all means, speak!

SIR LOIN: You've hired Merlin as court magician...

SIR TIN: Doesn't exactly seem like he's earning his keep!

ARTHUR: *(Nervously, covering.)* Poor Merlin. He's been a bit under the weather lately.

GUINEVERE: I don't see why we can't advertise for a new magician, Arthur! I mean...after all, Merlin's over eight hundred years old. It's time he retired.

ARTHUR: Nonsense! Merlin's been my friend through thick and thin!

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