

Spamalot - Audition Text Samples

King Arthur (M)

Knights, tonight is the night when all my knights.....unite.
Tonight we shine a bright light on to a mystery of history: to
wit – why are we called the Middle Ages when nothing comes after
us? Someday, history will speak of a legendary king and his
knights of courage and daring.

Together, we will bring chivalry to a rude and churlish time.
But first, I thought, "Let's go to Camelot!"

And remember, gentlemen. What happens in Camelot, *stays* in
Camelot!

Patsy (+ Galahad)

ARTHUR - Arise, Sir Galahad!

GALAHAD - Oh, thank you, King Arthur. I feel ever so much better now.

PATSY - 'Ere, Dennis, what has she done to your voice?

GALAHAD - I'm talking properly now, because I am a Knight.

PATSY - You're an idiot!

GALAHAD - Yes, but now I'm Sir Idiot.

King Arthur + Robin + Lance

(ARTHUR reins in the "horse" and surveys the castle. A GUARD appears through a window of the castle wall.)

ROBIN

Hello?! Who goes there?

#3 KING ARTHUR'S SONG

ARTHUR

I AM ARTHUR KING OF THE BRITONS
LORD AND RULER OF ALL
OF ENGLAND, AND SCOTLAND
AND EVEN TINY LITTLE BITS OF GAUL

ROBIN

And I'm the Emperor of Norway. Bugger off.

PATSY

HE IS ARTHUR KING OF THE BRITONS
AND WE ARE OUT SEEKING MEN
VERY STRONG MEN
AND VERY ABLE

ARTHUR

TO SIT AROUND OUR VERY, VERY ROUND TABLE

ROBIN

What is it you want?

ARTHUR

I am looking for men.

ROBIN

I had a feeling.

ARTHUR

We have ridden the length and breadth of the land in search of knights to join me in my court at Camelot. I must speak with your lord and master.

ROBIN

What, ridden on a horse?

ARTHUR

Yes!

ROBIN

You're using coconuts!

ARTHUR

What?

ROBIN

You've got two empty halves of coconut and you're banging them together.

ARTHUR

So? We have ridden since the snows of winter covered this land, through the kingdom of Mercia, through...

ROBIN

Where'd you get the coconut?

ARTHUR

We found them.

ROBIN

Found them? In *Mercia*? The coconut's tropical!

ARTHUR

What do you mean?

ROBIN

Well, this is a temperate zone.

ARTHUR

The swallow may fly south with the sun or the house martin, or the plover may seek warmer climates in winter; yet these are not strangers to our land.

ROBIN

Are you suggesting coconuts *migrate*?

ARTHUR

Not at all. They could be carried.

ROBIN

What? A swallow carrying a coconut?

ARTHUR

It could grip it by the husk!

ROBIN

It's not a question of where he grips it! It's a simple question of weight ratios! A five ounce bird could not carry a one pound coconut.

ARTHUR

Well, it doesn't matter. Will you tell your master that Arthur from the Court of Camelot is here?

ROBIN

Listen, in order to maintain air-speed velocity, a swallow needs to beat its wings 43 times every second, right?

ARTHUR

Please!

ROBIN

Am I right?

ARTHUR

I'm not interested!

(LANCE appears at the opposite window)

LANCE

It could be carried by an African swallow!

ROBIN

Oh, yeah, an African swallow, maybe, but not a European swallow. That's my point.

LANCE

Oh, yeah, I agree with that.. Beautiful bird, the African swallow. Lovely plumage.

ROBIN

The plumage don't enter into it. And besides, African swallows are non-migratory.

LANCE

Oh, yeah...

ROBIN

So they couldn't bring a coconut back anyway...

ARTHUR

Will you ask your master if he wants to join my court at Camelot?

LANCE

Wait a minute, supposing two swallows carried it together?

ROBIN

No, they'd have to have it on a line.

LANCE

Well, simple! They'd just use a strand of creeper!

ROBIN

What, held under the dorsal guiding feathers?

(ARTHUR, despairing of any further sensible conversation, gallops off left with PATSY.)

LANCE

Well, why not? Hey! Who was that then?

ROBIN

That's a king.

LANCE

How can you tell?

ROBIN

He hasn't got shit all over him.

Sir Robin (M)

ARTHUR - God be praised! We have a Quest.

BEDEVERE - To find the Grail.

ROBIN - The Quail!

ARTHUR - No, the Grail. The vessel used at The Last Supper.

ROBIN - They had a boat at the Last Supper? Was it a sort of Dinner Cruise?

ARTHUR - The Grail is a Cup.

ROBIN - God the Almighty and All Knowing has misplaced a cup?

ARTHUR - Apparently.

ROBIN - Doesn't sound very plausible. If God is all-knowing He must know where it is.

GALAHAD - It does seem very careless. There must be other cups he could use.

ROBIN - Couldn't we just buy him another one?

ARTHUR - Look, it's not just about a missing mug. It's a metaphor. We must all look for the Grail within us.

ROBIN - Somebody's swallowed it?

ARTHUR - Nobody has swallowed it. It's a symbol.

Sir Lancelot d/b/a Lance (M) and Concorde (M / F)

LANCE - Here we go, Concorde. And side saddle. Well done. And backwards, lovely. And big jump, very big jump. And steady, and over we go. Well taken, Concorde.

CONCORDE - Thank you, sir.

(CONCORD gets an arrow in the chest which knocks him flat backwards on his back.)

Message for you, sir.

(LANCE pulls the message from the arrow and reads)

LANCE - "To whoever finds this note, I have been imprisoned by my father, who wishes me to marry against my will. Please, please, please come and rescue me. I am in the tall tower of Swamp Castle." At last! A...erm...?

CONCORDE - Cry of distress, sir?

LANCE- A cry of distress! This could be the sign that leads us to the... er... small shining drinking object... erm...

CONCORDE - The Holy Grail, sir.

LANCE - Exactly. Well done, Concorde! You shall not have died in vain!

CONCORDE - I'm not quite dead, sir.

LANCE - Oh, I see.

CONCORDE - Actually, I think I'm all right to come with you...

LANCE - No, no, no sweet Concorde! Deeds like this must be accomplished...

CONCORDE - Single handedly?

LANCE - Yes I knew that one. Single handedly. So, stay here, take your lunch, and I shall return as soon as I have accomplished a heroic and daring... thing where you free someone from jeopardy...

CONCORDE - Rescue.

LANCE - Thank you. Farewell, Concorde!

Sir Galahad (M) / Dennis Galahad's Mother (M)

- DENNIS - What I object to is that you automatically treat me like an inferior!
- ARTHUR - Well, I am king...
- DENNIS - Oh, king, eh, very nice. And how'd you get that, eh? By exploiting the workers. By hanging on to outdated imperialist dogma which perpetuates the economic and social differences in our society! If there's ever going to be any progress...
- MOTHER- Dennis, there's a lot of good mud over there. Oh how d'you do?
- ARTHUR - How do you do, good lady.
- MOTHER - How d'you do. I'm Mrs. Galahad, widowed mother of Dennis, married to Nobby the Cretin, dropped dead last Tuesday, which does leave me sadly available.
- ARTHUR - I am Arthur, King of the Britons.
- MOTHER - King of the who?
- ARTHUR- The Britons.
- MOTHER - Who are the Britons?
- ARTHUR - Well, we all are. We are all Britons and I am your king.
- MOTHER- I didn't know we had a king. I thought we were an autonomous collective.
- DENNIS - You're fooling yourself. We're living in a dictatorship. A self-perpetuating autocracy in which the working classes....
- MOTHER- Oh, there you go, bringing class into it again.
- DENNIS - That's what it's all about! If only people would...
- ARTHUR- Please, please good people. I am in haste. Who is your lord?
- MOTHER - We don't have a lord.
- DENNIS - We're an anarcho-syndicalist commune.

Sir Bedevere (M)

ARTHUR - What do we do, Bedevere?

BEDEVERE - Well, I believe it's time for Plan B, Sire. My secret weapon.

ARTHUR - Bedevere. What the heck is that ?

BEDEVERE - The wooden rabbit, Sire! It's the very latest in modern technology.

ARTHUR - How does it work?

BEDEVERE - Well, the beauty of it is its simplicity. We just leave it here and walk away.

ARTHUR - Brilliant plan, Bedevere. They fell for it completely. What happens now?

BEDEVERE - Well, we wait until nightfall and then we all leap out of the rabbit.

ARTHUR - What?

BEDEVERE - We all leap out... of the ...oh, dear... I forgot a bit. Supposing we were to build a large wooden badger...?

ARTHUR - Shut up.

The Lady of the Lake (F)

ARTHUR - So now what ?

LADY - Well, you have to finish the show. It is a musical, so you have to find the Grail and end with a wedding.

ARTHUR - Well, who could I possibly marry?

LADY - Well, it would have to be someone who loved you and cared for you enough to give you a sword, to make you King, to welcome you to Camelot, to help you off on your quest...

ARTHUR - You?

LADY - Oh, that's an idea.

ARTHUR - But I thought you were a fairy.

LADY - Arthur, I'm as human as you are.

ARTHUR - And you would consent to be my bride?

LADY - Are you asking?

ARTHUR - Are you saying yes?

LADY - Oh, Arthur !

Historian (M / F)

England 932 A.D. A Kingdom divided. To the West, the Anglo-Saxons; to the East, the French. Above, nothing but Celts and some people from Scotland. In Gwynned, Powys, and Dyfed –Plague. In the kingdoms of Wessex, Sussex, and Essex and Kent – Plague. In Mercia and the two Anglias – Plague: with a 50% chance of pestilence and famine coming out of the Northeast at twelve miles per hour. Legend tells of an extraordinary leader who arose from the chaos to unite a troubled kingdom ...A man with a vision who gathered Knights together in a Holy Quest. This man was Arthur, King of the Britons. For this, was, England!

Not Dead Fred (M)

I'm not dead!

I'm getting better!

I don't want to go on the cart !

I feel fine !

I feel happy!

The Voice of God (M)

Arthur! Arthur, King of the Britons! Oh, don't grovel! If there's one thing I cannot stand, it's people groveling. And don't apologize. Every time I try to talk to someone it's, 'sorry this,' and, 'forgive me that,' and, 'I'm not worthy'. What are you doing messing around in Camelot!?

Right! Arthur, King of the Britons, your Knights have a task to make them an example in these dark times. Behold! Arthur, this is the Holy Grail. Look well. For that is your purpose, Arthur, the Quest for the Holy Grail.

Prince Herbert (M) + Prince Herbert's Father (M)

FATHER - Stop that! Stop all that singing ! Listen, lad, one day all this will be yours!

HERBERT - What, the curtains?

FATHER - No, not the curtains! All that you can see! Stretched out over the hills and valleys of this land! This will be your kingdom!

HERBERT - But, Mother...

FATHER - Father.

HERBERT - Father, I don't want any of that. I'd rather...

FATHER - Rather what?!

HERBERT - I'd rather... just.....sing!

FATHER - Stop that! You're not going to do a song while I'm here. In twenty minutes you're getting married to a girl whose father owns the biggest tracts of open land in Britain.

HERBERT - But I don't want land.

FATHER - Listen, Alice...

HERBERT - Herbert.

FATHER - Herbert. We live in a bloody swamp. We need land.

HERBERT - But I don't like her.

FATHER - Don't like her?! What's wrong with her? She's beautiful, she's rich, she's got huge... tracts of land.

HERBERT - I know, but I want the person I marry to have... a certain... special... something...

FATHER - Cut that out! Look, you're marrying Princess Lucky, so you'd better get used to the idea. Guards!

The French Taunter (M / F) + French Guards (2 : M / F)

ARTHUR - Are you sure he's got one ?

TAUNTER - Oh yes - it's very nice.

(aside - to FRENCH GUARDS)

Hey ! I told him we already got one !

(the FRENCH GUARDS titter in mirth)

FRENCH GUARDS - Tee hee !

ARTHUR - Well, can we come in and have a look?

TAUNTER - Of course not! You are English bed-wetting types!

ARTHUR - Well, what are you then?

TAUNTER - I'm French! Why do you think I have this outrageous accent, you silly king?

ARTHUR - If you will not show us the Grail, we shall take this castle by force!

TAUNTER - You don't frighten us, English pig-dogs! Go and boil your bottoms, sons of a silly person. I blow my nose at you, so-called Arthur-king, you and all your silly English knnnniggets.

ARTHUR - Now look here my good man!

TAUNTER - I don't want to talk to you no more you empty-headed, animal-food-trough wipers!... I fart in your general direction! Your mother was a hamster and your father smelt of elderberries! Now go away or I shall taunt you a second time.

Robin's Minstrel (M / F)

BRAVELY BOLD SIR ROBIN, RODE FORTH FROM CAMELOT
HE WAS NOT AFRAID TO DIE, O BRAVE SIR ROBIN
HE WAS NOT AT ALL AFRAID TO BE KILLED IN NASTY WAYS
BRAVE, BRAVE, BRAVE, BRAVE SIR ROBIN!

HE WAS NOT IN THE LEAST BIT SCARED
TO BE MASHED INTO A PULP,
OR TO HAVE HIS EYES GOUGED OUT, AND HIS ELBOWS BROKEN
TO HAVE HIS KNEECAPS SPLIT, AND HIS BODY BURNED AWAY,
AND HIS LIMBS ALL HACKED AND MANGLED, BRAVE SIR ROBIN!

HIS HEAD SMASHED IN AND HIS HEART CUT OUT,
AND HIS LIVER REMOVED AND HIS BOWELS UNPLUGGED,
AND HIS NOSTRILS CUT AND HIS BOTTOM BURNED OFF,
AND HIS FINGERS SPLIT AND HIS...

The Knight of Ni (M / F) + The Knights of Ni (3 - 4 : M / F)

ARTHUR - Who are you ?

NI KNIGHT - We are the Knights Who Say... Ni!

ARTHUR - No! Not the Knights Who Say Ni!

NI KNIGHT - The same! We are the keepers of the sacred words: Ni, Peng, and Ni-wom!

NI KNIGHTS - Ni-wom !!

ARTHUR - Those who hear these words seldom live to tell the tale!

PATSY - Oh, great.

NI KNIGHT - The Knights Who Say Ni demand a sacrifice!

ARTHUR - Oh, Knights of Ni, we are but simple travelers lost in these woods.

NI KNIGHTS - Ni! Ni! Ni! Ni!

ARTHUR - Oh, ow!

NI KNIGHT - We shall say 'ni' again to you if you do not appease us.

ARTHUR - Well, what is it that you want?

NI KNIGHT - We want... a shrubbery!

NI KNIGHTS - A shrubbery ! A shrubbery !

ARTHUR - Where are we going to find a shrubbery?

NI KNIGHT - If you do not find us a shrubbery, you must cut down the mightiest tree in the forest with... a herring !

NI KNIGHTS - A herring ! Herring ! A Herring !

The Black Knight (M)

ARTHUR - Good Sir Knight. I am King Arthur looking for my men. Would you care to join us?

BLACK KNIGHT - None shall pass!

ARTHUR - I see. Well, good Sir Knight I have no quarrel with you, but I must pass this way.

BLACK KNIGHT - Then you shall die.

ARTHUR - I command you as King of the Britons to stand aside!

BLACK KNIGHT - I move for no man.

ARTHUR - So be it!

They fight, the BLACK KNIGHT'S arm is cut off.

ARTHUR - Now yield, worthy adversary.

BLACK KNIGHT - 'Tis but a scratch.

ARTHUR - A scratch? Your arm's off!

BLACK KNIGHT - No, it isn't.

ARTHUR - Well, what's that then?

BLACK KNIGHT - I've had worse.

ARTHUR - You liar!

BLACK KNIGHT - Come on, you pansy!

Guards (2 - M / F)

1 - It's not a question of where he grips it! It's a simple question of weight ratios! A five-ounce bird could not carry a one-pound Coconut. Listen, in order to maintain air-speed velocity, a swallow needs to beat its wings 43 times every second, right?

2 - It could be carried by an African swallow!

1 - Oh, yeah, an African swallow, maybe, but not a European swallow. That's my point.

2 - Oh, yeah, I agree with that... Beautiful bird, the African swallow. Lovely plumage.

FATHER - Make sure the Prince doesn't leave this room until I come and get him.

GUARD#1 - Right! Not... to leave the room... even if you come and get him.

FATHER - No, no. *Until* I come and get him.

GUARD#1 - *Until* you come and get him, we're not to enter the room.

FATHER - No...You stay in the room and make sure he doesn't leave.

GUARD#1 - ...and you'll come and get him.

FATHER - That's right.

GUARD#1 - We don't need to do anything, apart from just stop him entering the room.

FATHER - Leaving the room.

GUARD#1 - Leaving the room...yes.

Tim the Enchanter (M)

Below me... lies the cave of Caerbannog, wherein carved upon the very living rock, there be a clue which shall lead ye directly to your goal.

But think well before you step into this cave, for the entrance way is guarded by a beast so foul, so cruel, no man yet has fought this evil beast and lived. So be you warned brave knights, for death awaits you all with nasty great big pointy teeth!

Wait! Too late! There it is!

Sir Bors (M / F)

ARTHUR - Bors ! Go on, Bors. Chop his head off !

BORS - Right! Silly little bleeder. One rabbit stew coming right up!

(An ARMORED KNIGHT with visor down and sword drawn walks forward to the RABBIT. The rabbit is thrown over the mound. BORS drops his sword and catches it, holding it to his neck--as if it is biting him. He releases his prop head which flies off and fabric blood falls out of his neck. As he drops dead he flings the rabbit back over the mound.)

Aaaugh!

Singing Monks (M / F)

SACROSANCTUS DOMINE (san-crow-sanct-us dom-in-eh)

PECAVI IGNOVIUNT (pay-ka-vee igg-no-vee-unt)

IUESUS CHRISTUS DOMINE (ee-sous crees-tous dom-in-eh)

PAX VOBISCUM VENERUNT (pax vob-ees-coom ven-air-roont)

Brother Maynard (M / F)

"And the Lord spake, saying, 'First shalt thou take out the Holy Pin. Then, shalt thou count to three, no more, no less. Three shall be the number thou shalt count, and the number of the counting shalt be three. Four shalt thou not count, nor neither count thou two, excepting that thou then proceed to three. Five is right out. Once the number three, being the third number, be reached, then lobbest thou the Holy Hand Grenade of Antioch towards thy foe, who being naughty in my sight, shall snuff it.'"

Amen.

Finnish Mayor (M / F)

(sung)

Finland is the country where we dance

Finland is the country where we play

Here in finland boy and girl can find a true romance

In traditional Scandinavian way !