

KING ARTHUR AND THE KNIGHTS OF THE SQUARE TABLE.

OR, FAVORITE TALES OF CAMP CAMP-A-LOT

BY PETER GOULD

ACT THE FIRST

SCENE 1: We see the outside of a camp rec hall structure. A big old fashioned front porch. A screen door and windows with promised volume, lighted in 50's upcountry style, inside. In front of the porch, there is a SACRED CAMPFIRE CIRCLE. With a big stone nearby, with a sword embedded in the stone. There is a flagpole up left, right in front of the porch, with the camp flag and the US flag on it. The entrance sign for the camp is DownStage Right. When the lights come up, everyone is inside the rec hall, and we hear lots of campers singing the camp song. We see shadows of campers and counselor/song leader(s) on the closed shades of the big porch windows.

CAMP SONG (to the tune of "Camelot")--

The law was made so many years ago here:
 July and August cannot be too hot.
 And only very special people come here
 To Camp A Lot.
 No parents are allowed to come and visit
 There's no internet, no cell phones, no TV
(loudly interrupting) BUT WE CAN STAY UP ALL NIGHT LONG AND PARTY!
 At Camp-A-Lot,
 At Camp-A-Lot
 Here at Camp-A-Lot!

The kids come thundering out of the rec hall and to the porch and steps. the counselor gets down to the bottom of the step.

*HEAD COUNSELOR: All right, campfire roll call!
 He/She sounds off all the names. They are answered. It is clear that one of the girls is not there! A search party goes off to find them-- Maybe only one searcher, like the Activities Director. Meanwhile all get ready for the campfire and story circle! Set up sound system and speakers, for music: Then, all sit down expectantly at campfire. There is a chair that NO ONE sits in. Ever!*

THE STORY OF THE SWORD IN THE STONE

HEAD COUNSELOR: Now, Campers, Let us listen!

ALL: Listen! Listen!

HEAD COUNSELOR: To the Story of the Sword in the Stone!

ALL: YAYYYY!

HEAD COUNSELOR: In ancient times, Britain was a wild and restless place.

Hit the music!! Wild Music, and Wild Dancing!

HEAD COUNSELOR: After many years of turmoil, Uther the Great, the strongest warrior in all of Britain, defeated all the barbarians and drove them from the land.

UTHER PENDRAGON: Sit! Sit!

Uther is left standing at the end of the dance. All else are wiped out from the dance.

FIRST KNIGHT: Yay! Hail to King Uther! *(makes the sign that goes with the word "king") (and, every time, in this story, that the word "king" is spoken, the sign is made.*

Until Morgana--later-- demands that we stop making it.)

SECOND KNIGHT: King Arthur? *(sign)*

FIRST KNIGHT: No, King Uther! OO-ther!

SECOND KNIGHT: OOOO-ther! 'Tis an ugly name, that!

ALL: Aye! Aye! Ugly name! Call him something else!

FIRST KNIGHT: Call him Pendragon!

ALL: Yay! Pendragon! *(pause)* what?

FIRST KNIGHT: Pendragon. That means dragon's head!

ALL: Hail to King Uther Pendragon! *(They make him look dragonlike, with a huge bright orange head piece. Uther struts around like a big clumsy dragon.)*

UTHER PENDRAGON: Thank you! Thank you! This is HUGE! HUGE! I want to be King of all the people! I alone can be YOUR VOICE!

HEAD COUNSELOR: But, Uther Pendragon was not happy.

UTHER PENDRAGON: Yes, I am! I'm King!

HEAD COUNSELOR: No, you're not!

UTHER PENDRAGON: I'm not King? You just said--

HEAD COUNSELOR: No, you're not happy!

UTHER PENDRAGON: I'm not?

HEAD COUNSELOR: No.

UTHER PENDRAGON: Why not?

HEAD COUNSELOR: You're in love.

UTHER PENDRAGON: Oh. Oh. OH. OHHH!

HEAD COUNSELOR: Yeah. With the beautiful--

FIRST KNIGHT: With the WISE! Why is it always "beautiful?"

HEAD COUNSELOR: Fine. With the beautiful, and wise, Lady Igraine. Whose husband you just killed in battle!

UTHER PENDRAGON: Oh. Sorry. Igraine. I mean--

IGRAINE: That's okay. *(she walks to the wing.)*

HEAD COUNSELOR: Silence! You are not sorry.

UTHER PENDRAGON: I'm not? But I just--

HEAD COUNSELOR: In fact, you go right to the most powerful magician in all England, to get his help in winning the hand of the young widowed queen in marriage--

UTHER PENDRAGON: Right. *(Hesitates. Head Counselor motivates him.)* Oh. Merlin! Oh, Merlin!

Merlin enters in a cloud of fog and flame and disco ball and magical mystical music.

UTHER PENDRAGON: Merlin, I'm here to--

MERLIN: I know. I know. I know everything. You don't have to tell someone who knows everything, anything. I will help you, Oh Pendragon, to win the widow's hand, but only if you promise to give me your first-born son, once you and the lady are married--

UTHER PENDRAGON: Oh, sure. Anything. Um---*(To the Person On Book)* Line?!

PERSON ON BOOK: Whatever!

UTHER PENDRAGON: Whatever.

(OUR premise here is that UTHUR PENDRAGON is not the sharpest knife in the drawer. And, he almost sits down in the special chair.)

MERLIN: Okay, Uther Pendragon, here is what you have to do.

UTHER PENDRAGON: What do I have to do?

MERLIN: That's what I'm telling you.

UTHER PENDRAGON. Well, go ahead. Do it.

MERLIN: Do what?

UTHER PENDRAGON: Tell me what I have to do.

MERLIN: I'm telling you!

UTHER PENDRAGON. Fine. I'm listening.

MERLIN: You have to marry the Queen, because you're going to be the father of King Arthur!

UTHER PENDRAGON: King Arthur! Who's he?

MERLIN: He's not anybody yet. He's going to be the King. He hasn't been born yet. That's where you come in.

(ALL laugh)

UTHER PENDRAGON: Well, if Arthur hasn't been born yet, why are we talking about him?

MERLIN: Because he's going to be the King of Camelot, and of the Knights of the Round Table!

UTHER PENDRAGON: But what about me? I thought I was gonna do that.

MERLIN: No! You're going to be his father.

UTHER PENDRAGON: I'm going to be his father.

MERLIN: Right.

UTHER PENDRAGON: Oh.

MERLIN: You understand?

UTHER PENDRAGON: Yes! *(excited)* And who's gonna be his mother?

MERLIN: The Queen. Queen Igraine.

UTHER PENDRAGON: I knew that. And, where is she?

MERLIN: *(pointing)* She's sleeping.

UTHER runs the other way. Merlin catches him and pushes him toward the wing.

MERLIN: Go! You have to sneak in.

UTHER PENDRAGON: Sneak in? Where?

MERLIN: To Queen Igraine's castle.

UTHER PENDRAGON: But, I'm the King. Do Kings have to sneak?

MERLIN. Yes! Sometimes. Here, put these on. *(gives him very used battle clothes)*

UTHER PENDRAGON: What's this?

MERLIN: Oh, Just some clothes I found on the battlefield.

UTHER PENDRAGON: But, they're all bloody!

MERLIN: Yes. They were the old King's. You slew him.

UTHER PENDRAGON. Who, me?

MERLIN: Yes, you!

UTHER PENDRAGON: But, I didn't know he was the King. And, I said I was sorry.

So—

MERLIN: You wanted to. You're not sorry! He was making war upon you. He was the King, and YOU wanted to be King.

UTHER PENDRAGON: Okay.

MERLIN: Okay. Now, tell me what you have to do.

UTHER PENDRAGON: Got it. I go over, I knock on Igraine's door, and I tell her I'm home, and get her to wash these bloody clothes because King Arthur has been born!

MERLIN: No. You sneak in, and ...

UTHER PENDRAGON: Right. I put them on, and I sneak into the room and I holler, wake up, everyone! I am the King now, and nobody leaves till we find out whose clothes these are!

MERLIN: No, YOU. PUT on these clothes.

UTHER PENDRAGON: Got it. I put on these bloody clothes—

MERLIN: Yes!

UTHER PENDRAGON: I put on these bloody clothes??!!

MERLIN: Yes!

(King starts to put on clothes. They are very big and messy, ripped and stained with blood and dirt.)

UTHER PENDRAGON: —Okey doke, I put them on, and I sneak in and wake the Queen up, and she tells me where I can find some clean Royal Clothes, and her valet dresses me, and we go together to King Arthur's coronation!

MERLIN: No. King Arthur hasn't been born yet. That's your job.

UTHER PENDRAGON. Oh.

MERLIN: You understand?

UTHER PENDRAGON. Yes. *(beat)* My job is to go stand outside the Queen's door in this bloody uniform and keep watch so no one enters while King Arthur is being born!

MERLIN: No!

UTHER PENDRAGON: I stand the watch outside the Queen's door, and when she wakes up, I tell her to bow down because I am the New King!

MERLIN (*always patient*): No. You sneak in, in these clothes.

UTHER PENDRAGON: Right. I sneak in, and I wake up the Queen, and it's dark in there, and she thinks I'm her husband, because I'm wearing these bloody battle clothes—

MERLIN: (*relieved, because U.P. seems to get it*)—and you speak in a low voice—

UTHER PENDRAGON: (*in a deep, strange, loud voice*): I speak in a low voice—

MERLIN: And—

UTHER PENDRAGON: And, I understand.

MERLIN: Good. (*waits for U.P. to get going*)

UTHER PENDRAGON does not move. (They both wait.)

UTHER PENDRAGON: I'll wait for you here.

MERLIN: What?

UTHER PENDRAGON: Go in. I'll stand guard. Tell me when King Arthur is born!

(Salutes and makes the "I've got my eyes on you" sign to the audience. Merlin pushes Uther Pendragon toward his destiny.)

MERLIN (*to audience*): I, Merlin, wisest of all wizards, deepest of all Druids, foresee great evil descending upon the King. I, alone, can protect the young heir to the throne of England in the dangerous times ahead.

We see Igraine and Pendragon enter from the wing, slow dance to beautiful music. They hold their swaddled newborn. Merlin approaches to take the boy away. Igraine is ready, composed, and willing, although it hurts her deep inside.

UTHER PENDRAGON: But my son was just born! How did you find out so quickly?

We all look up and see a great dragon formed by the stars.

MERLIN: You see by this sign, that it is not I who calls for your son, but Destiny.

ALL: DESTINY!

MERLIN: I take him away for his own good, to raise him in secret! To protect him.

UTHER PENDRAGON: Good idea!

MERLIN: For the King is about to die!

UTHER PENDRAGON (*Surprised. To the Person on Book*): Um, Line?

PERSON ON BOOK: Nooooooooooooo!

UTHER PENDRAGON: Nooooooooooooooooo! (*dies*)

IGRAINE: Oh, dear.

HEAD COUNSELOR: Britain was once again plunged into darkness. The struggle for leadership tore Britain to pieces. Barbarians swept in once again and order gave way to chaos. *Wilder Music, and Wilder Dancing!*

HEAD COUNSELOR: And, this chaos went on and on and on.

ALL: Yes!! (*dance, dance, dance!*)

HEAD COUNSELOR: For sixteen years!

ALL: Noooooo! (*exhausted*) Help!!!!

MERLIN: (*entering and stopping the music*): At last, it is time for the darkness to end! Time for the sun (get it? the son!) to return to Britain. We have raised King Arthur, for so he is named, far out in the country, distant from all danger, till the day we can bring him forth and prove to the world that he is the true and rightful high king of Britain.

INSERT "TWO SISTERS FROM NEW YORK" DIALOGUE HERE!

CAMP SONG (*to the tune of "Camelot"*)--

TWO SINGERS: Beside our campfire you will find a boulder

And a magic sword that no one can pull out!

(*several, loudly interrupting*) IT'S **THE** MOST PATRIARCHAL STORY TOLD HERE

At Camp A Lot!

At Camp A Lot!

Though centuries of men have come and tried to,

No warrior can pull the Great Sword out!

Till Arthur comes along and he can do it!

At Camp A Lot!

At Camp A Lot!

Enter King Arthur.

ALL: Ooooooo! It's King Arthur!

KING ARTHUR: Yes. It's true. It's me. (*That didn't sound right. To the Person on Book*)
Line?!

PERSON ON BOOK: 'Tis I.

KING ARTHUR: 'Tis I!

ALL: Prove it! Prove he is King!

They bring in the Sword in the Stone.

COUNSELOR-IN-TRAINING (*reads*): WHOSO PULLETH OUT THITH THWORD...
Ahem! WHOTHO PULLETH OUT THITH, Ahem!! (*with sibilance!*) WHOSO PULLS
THIS SWORD FROM THIS STONE IS RIGHTWISE KING BORN OF ENGLAND.

ALL pretend to pull. Actually, they pretend to pretend to pull.

Because, in fact, some of the girls have been pulling out the sword and flailing it around when the boys are not looking. So, it is definitely pull-out-able.

KING ARTHUR: And now, it is my turn.

Magic music plays. Light effect. He tries a few times. He pretends to bulk up and gather all his ancestral strength. At last, he pulls the sword out. He can barely lift it.

Meantime the missing girl, Morgana, who has been sulking, stands up and takes stage:

MORGANA: You know what I'm tired of?

ALL: Tired of?

MORGANA: Actually, not tired. You know what I'm angry about?

ALL: What are you angry about?

MORGANA: I'm about to tell ya--I mean, we're here at this camp, right?

ALL: Right

MORGANA: And it's all about these GUYS, this King Arthur, (*the sign is made and she hollers to ALL:*) Stop that; we're not doing that any more! This King (*watches to make sure no one does the move*) and all his little knights sitting around this great BIG TABLE, and then riding around and making war and killing people and putting on big displays of COMPULSIVE MASCULINITY, and chasing after women and then running around on ridiculous quests like slaying DRAGONS, for God's sake, and searching for, like, the HOLY GRAIL, and then nothing is safe and no one is ever safe so when a male baby, a prince, is born they send him off to be raised somewhere else in some secret castle, so, like, the mother can't even be close with her own kid, and, and, and, all the women ever do is provide, you know, SERVICES, to the men, and cook and make the beds and wait on the tables and keep refilling the flagons of mead, and and, they FAINT, and they cry, and they have MOOD SWINGS, and if they so much as try to show any power at all, all the guys holler A WITCH, A WITCH, EEK! watch out, she'll put a spell on you—

ALL THE GIRLS (*in chorus*) I put a spell on you, because you're mine!

BOYS try to hide! (The girls do a quick rendition of a couple of lines of Bette Midler-style Hocus Pocus-style "I Put a Spell on You!" song)

MORGANA: But really, if you want to know the truth, the reason KING ARTHUR got to be KING is cause some woman BEGOT him, and another woman nursed him, and, and other women bathed him and dressed him and fed him and raised him and taught him, and another woman really did use her magical powers and she like rose up out of the MISTY LAKE--ooo, ooo, ooo, ooo, and gave him a sword that made him powerful, but the thing that made him INVINCIBLE--

ALL: ---What does that mean?---

MORGANA: ---Can't be beaten! Leads a charmed life!---was not the sword, it was the SHEATH!

ALL: The sheath?

MORGANA: Yes! The thing you PUT your sword in! Get it?

ALL: Oh!

MORGANA: Oh.

ALL: Oh!

MORGANA: Uh-huh!

ALL: Uh-huh.

MORGANA: Yeah. So. This old guy, whatever his name was, starts this camp, right? CAMP CAMP-A-LOT! With an ad in the Sunday Papers, like, send your kid to King Arthur's Camp! Whoa! And we all get T-shirts, and we have to plan like our whole summers around it, because it's never on the same date every year, like, you know July 4th, or Christmas; it's like a lunar calendar cause we're all supposed to be Druids here, ooo, ooo, but, really, it's mostly girls who come, and we're like USED TO the lunar calendar—

ALL: We are?

MORGANA: Yes, we are!

ALL: Oh.

MORGANA: Uh-huh.

MOST OF ALL: Uh-huh.

BOY CAMPER: What is she talking about?

GIRLS: Shhhhhhh!

MORGANA: —And what I'm tired of, angry about, is all we ever get is stories about BIG STRONG WISE MEN and WEAK, CRAZY WOMEN, or women who talk in little tiny voices, and if I hear another ANCIENT TALE about a HERO on his ridiculous quest or some man BORN TO BE KING pulling his magical masculine sword out of some place it got stuck in, I--- *(sits down. All silent for a beat.)*

COUNSELOR-IN-TRAINING: *(imitating Loraine in "Back to the Future One:")* Well, Morgana, that was very interesting.

MORGANA: Thank you.

COUNSELOR-IN-TRAINING : So, we get it. Do we get it?

ALL: Yes!

COUNSELOR-IN-TRAINING: So does anyone know any stories about, what?

MORGANA: The Women Around the Round Table!

CAMPER: OOOO, tell us about the Lady of the Lake!

COUNSELOR: Okay! All right! The Lady of the Lake!

THE STORY OF THE LADY OF THE LAKE!

MORGANA: *(takes in a breath as if she is about to tell, but is hesitant about how to proceed, when two other girls leap up to tell the tale!)*

STORY TELLER ONE: Now listen to the story of King Arthur *(a small cheer)* and The Lady of the Lake *(big cheer!big whoooooop!)!!* So...

TELLER TWO: So! King Arthur was not satisfied with his first sword!

TELLER ONE: The sword he had pulled from the stone?

TELLER TWO: It didn't do that well in battle—

TELLER ONE: It didn't?

KING ARTHUR: It didn't?

TELLER TWO: No! It didn't. And it didn't come with a special sheath to put it away in.

TELLER ONE: Right!

TELLER TWO: Right!

TELLER ONE: So, his Mother, Queen Igraine—

TELLER TWO: The Beautiful!

TELLER ONE: And, the Wise, told him about another sword he could have, a magical sword, way beyond the mists—if he promised to be always wise and just!

IGRAINE: Arthur, my son, there is another sword waiting for you, a magical sword, way beyond the mists, if you promise to be always wise and just.

KING ARTHUR: I know, I just heard that person say that. I promise. Always wise and just. Whatever.

IGRAINE: The magical sword is waiting for you in the Lake of the Fortunate Isle, beyond the Mists of Avalon.

KING ARTHUR: Oh, I read that book. I loved it.

IGRAINE: Your sister, Morgana, will take you there. She grew up there. She made the ruby-covered sheath that the magical sword belongs to!

MORGANA: Come on Arthur, let's GO!! (*grabs his sword and sticks it back in the stone. she even pulls it out & puts it back a couple times just to impress him.*)

KING ARTHUR: Is that cause you're you my sister?

MORGANA: Giddyap!

TELLER ONE: So Arthur and Morgana rode off (*clip clop*) outside the castle wall, over the moat, through the valley, across the mountains, beyond the Great Plain, to the edge of the Mists of Avalon.

ALL make chanting, humming, myterious misty music. Each place described above is a spot in the yard, on the porch, down the steps, by the campfire, and right to the front edge of the audience.

Then, as Arthur and Morgana stand still there, we see the lighting special effect, the disco ball, the aurora borealis, and we hear---Enya! Or something similar. Music to Peer Through the Mists By... FOR EXAMPLE:

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=iMyo8I8AKmY&index=5&list=RD8DDHulO485k>

KING ARTHUR (*to the audience*): Is that the Fortunate Isle? Has anyone here seen a Lady? The Lady of the Lake? I believe she hath a thword--Has a Sword!--for me.

MORGANA, ALL, AND AUDIENCE: Shhhhhhh. (*The Lady of the Lake Appears. She bears a sword! In her silky satiny white glove, dripping with pond scum. She shimmers in the lighting effect. Her voice crosses up over the fading music and dominates it—*)

LAKE LADY: Ahhhhh, Ahhhhhh, Ahhhhh, Ahhhhhh---

LAKE LADY (*to the Person On Book*): Line?

PERSON ON BOOK: Ahhhhhh, Ahhhhhh.

LAKE LADY: Ah. Ahah. Ahhhhhhh, Ahhhhhhh—

KING ARTHUR: Dear Lady—

LAKE LADY: Silence, Mortal!

ALL: Arthur, Shhhhhhh!

KING ARTHUR: Fine. Okay.

LAKE LADY wears a microphone. Her voice is reverbed through external speakers.

Around her voice we also hear watery sounds, splashing and gurgling...

LAKE LADY: Arthur, King of all Britain, the Merlin has given you a sword, but your own sister, Morgana, Fata Morgana, Morgaine La Fey, and I, the Lady of the Lake, give you now this better one. It will make you victorious in battle!

ALL, AND AUDIENCE: (*as Arthur reaches for the sword*) Ahhhhhhhh, Ahhhhhhh—

LAKE LADY: WAIT!!

ARTHUR waits, suspended—

ALL, AND AUDIENCE: Ahhhhhh, Ahhhhhhh—

LAKE LADY: Take also the Sheath! A sword must have a sheath! Carry the Scabbard Always! Honor it! When you carry the sheath, you will never bleed to Death, Only to Life!

ALL, AND AUDIENCE: Only to Life! Only to Life!

LAKE LADY: This sword is mine! It is on loan to you, only. The scabbard is Morgana's. It is a loan as well. And, if you will give me a gift when I ask it of you, you shall have them both.

KING ARTHUR: Okay. What gift will you want from me?

LAKE LADY: I will tell you later!

ALL, AND AUDIENCE: Later! Later!

KING ARTHUR: Fine. Whatever. Whenever! (*reaches for the sword & sheathe*)

LAKE LADY: Farewell, Arthur. I will ask for my gift when I see my time!

Arthur bows and takes Excalibur and Excalibur's sheath. He belts them upon his body.

The lighting effect and the Enya music swell and the Lady departs. Perhaps the canoe

that has been leaning against the Camp A Lot porch is only a two-dimensional cutout rendition of an old Old Town or Rushton canoe. The Lady gets "into" the canoe amidships and two campers paddle her off to SL or SR wing. Arthur watches. Then, as he and Morgana return, to the campfire place, the three campers return, too.

TELLER ONE: Now King Arthur knew that he would never be defeated in battle.

TELLER TWO: And, if he ever was wounded, he would never bleed to death.

MORGANA: Yeah, as long as he has the scabbard!

TWO TELLERS: Right.

MORGANA: I mean, I could take it away from him any time.

KING ARTHUR: But I'm the King!

ALL: Arthur!!

MORGANA: I mean, it's my scabbard. I made it. I sewed all the rubies into it. I gave it to him, but not for keeps—

KING ARTHUR: Not for keeps?

MORGANA: No. *(she gestures that she has her eyes on him, always.)* Do good, or it goes right back to the lake.

KING ARTHUR: Fine, whatever.

TELLER TWO: And that is how, with the help of his sister, Morgaine Le Fay, and the Lady of the Lake—

ALL AND AUDIENCE: Ahhhhhh, Ahhhhhh—

TELLER ONE: She of the Fortunate Isle in the Magic Mists of Avalon—

ALL, AND AUDIENCE: Ahhhhhh, Ahhhhhh—

TELLER TWO: —That is how Arthur, SON of Queen Igraine who lives, and Uther Pendragon, *(Uther stands up and prances for a split-second)* who died! *(U.P. dies again)* ...received the sword Excalibur.

MORGANA: —and the ruby jeweled scabbard that would protect him from all harm!

COUNSELOR IN TRAINING: And Arthur needed that protection, because, soon enough, invaders came from the North and the East, threatening the kingdom of Camelot. *(people start to mill about and threaten!)* And Merlin, greatest of all magicians, could not help Arthur when the King needed him most. Because Merlin fell hopelessly in love with the Lady of the Lake. She favored him, for she did want to learn some of his magic. But

soon, he would not let her alone, and she used that magic to seal him up in a crystal cage!
 So, when great wars and much fighting were upon the land, Merlin was no help at all!
(Trumpets, drums, and then the wild chaotic music of war take over--in the midst of the dancing, while the music continues, Counselors hand out sticks, the campfire flame swells, Cookie hands out marshmallows, and soon every is roasting and eating marshmallows and pretend sword fighting with marshmallow sticks and garbage can lids, and whatever. With Merlin in his special light shut up in his crystal cage, and with the audience hungering for equivalent sweets, and Merlin banging on the invisible walls, we declare INTERMISSION!)

KING ARTHUR AND THE KNIGHTS OF THE SQUARE TABLE.

ACT THE SECOND

As the Second Act begins, we see the campers sprawled and resting in the middle of the night. Licking marshmallows lips. The fire is down. They are playing with firesticks. The Counselors drowse in a pack on the steps, and Cookie is playing a guitar with ukulele accompaniment.

Only the Counselors Sing:

SONG: (To the tune of "Camelot")

Camp A Lot

Camp A Lot

I know it's just a summer job

At Camp A Lot

Camp A Lot

but it's more than just a job.

you get to work with all these awesome children

and pretend you live a thousand years ago.

and speaking just for me

I would rather be

Nowhere else than here at Camp A Lot!

THE STORY OF SIR GAWAINE AND THE GREEN KNIGHT!

HEAD COUNSELOR: Hey does anyone know the story of Sir GAWAINE and the Green Knight?

NEW CAMPER/TELLER ONE: Ooooh! Ooooo! I know it!

HEAD COUNSELOR: You do?

CAMPER: Wait: is this another Guy Story?

TELLER ONE: Shhhhhh. One day King Arthur was far far away, hunting with his men when, a deer stepped into view--

One of the campers takes the deer head down from the wall and puts it on. They prance around with it on. A party of hunters, and Arthur, come into the clearing. Hunting and tiptoe-ing most melodramatically. The hunters have many weapons!

KING ARTHUR: Hold still, I'll stalk this deer myself.

The attendants depart reluctantly. But they hover near, with many weapons ready--

TELLER ONE: Holding his bow in one hand and his arrows over his shoulder, King Arthur crept upon the deer until,

KING ARTHUR: Shhhhhhh! You'll scare the deer.

TELLER ONE (*whispering*) Till, deep into the forest, he slew the deer with one shot. (*elaborate deer death dance*) As the animal fell, a tall figure stepped from the shadows.

THE GREEN KNIGHT: Ha! How fortunate for me that we meet this way, Arthur, with your arrow released from your hand! King Arthur, for many a year, you have done me wrong. Now, you have killed my dearest deer! Now, it is time to make quick work of you.

KING ARTHUR: Wait! Stop! To slay me here, armed as you are and I with no weapon ready would bring you no honor. No knights will sit at your side, and shame will follow you evermore. It'll be good night, Green Knight; you are a bad knight!

THE GREEN KNIGHT: Really?

KING ARTHUR: Really. And, what is more, I will grant you anything – name it – land or gold or cattle or mead, if you spare my life.

THE GREEN KNIGHT: Ha! There is no land or gold or cattle or mead that I desire. All that I need, I have right here. Still, I will spare you this time.

KING ARTHUR: Whew! Thank you!

THE GREEN KNIGHT: BUT—

KING ARTHUR: But what?

THE GREEN KNIGHT: But I will get what I seek in an honorable way. I'll give you a chance to solve a riddle. One year and a day from now, you must appear before me, right here in the woods as you are, without friends and without weapons. If at that time you are unable to solve this riddle, no man will object that I will take your life. Correct?

(All the knights nearby, who are actually listening, agree...)

THE GREEN KNIGHT: Ha! So, if you answer the riddle correctly, there will be no battle. You must swear on your honor that you will return in one year and a day, as I have said.

KING ARTHUR: I agree.

ALL: Swear on your sword! *(in voice like Hamlet's ghost)* Swear!

KING ARTHUR: I swear upon my sword. And on the scabbard, too. What is the riddle?

THE GREEN KNIGHT: Ha! Here it is! You must tell me: what is it that women desire most, above all else.

KING ARTHUR: I assure you, as I am the true king, that I will come again in one year and a day and bring you the answer that you seek. hmmm. "What women desire most..."

(All the knights eavesdropping start puzzling this riddle out...hmmmmmm.)

ALL, AND AUDIENCE: Hmmmmmm.

THE GREEN KNIGHT: Ha! We'll see you here in a year and a day!

TELLER ONE: And so the Green Knight left.

KING ARTHUR: Wait! Tell me one thing more!

THE GREEN KNIGHT: Ha! What would that be?

KING ARTHUR: Why do you keep saying "HA!?"

THE GREEN KNIGHT: HA! *(exits)* *(We hear him repeat "ha!" as he departs)*

TELLER ONE: The king blew his bugle *(blows)* and his hunting companions returned. They found him with the slain deer at his feet.

(the knights begin to drag the deer away.)

FIRST KNIGHT: Good shot, my King. That's one big deer.

(Arthur is silent as they carry the deer away. They realize the King is not himself.)

SIR GAWAINE: My dear uncle, Sire, King, Arthur, what is the matter?

KING ARTHUR: *(with a big sigh)*: Oh Nothing.

SIR GAWAINE: Nothing?

KING ARTHUR: Well, something.

SIR GAWAINE: And the thing is —

ARTHUR: Oh, Gawaine. We hunt here in the forest of the Green Knight. I have killed his dearest deer. And he has great power. He has demanded of me to answer a riddle after one year and a day. And if I do not give the right answer, he promised to KILL me!

SIR GAWAINE: Can he do that?

ARTHUR: Well, he promised. And we knights never break a promise.

SIR GAWAINE: Hmmmm.

ARTHUR. Yes. Hmmmm.

ALL, AND AUDIENCE: hmmmmmm.

SIR GAWAINE: So, what is the riddle, Sire?

KING ARTHUR, KNIGHTS, ALL, AND AUDIENCE: What is it that women desire most, above all else?!

SIR GAWAINE: That is indeed a riddle, Sir, but be of good cheer. I will travel with you. Together we will ride to the highlands and the lowlands, to the high peaks and the deep valleys, to the west country and the White Cliffs of the Eastern Shore. Wherever we go, we will ask every man and woman for the correct answer until we find it.

TELLER ONE: And so the king and his nephew Sir GAWAINE rode away. *(clip, clop)* Everywhere, they inquired what it is that women desire above all else. All the people who answered were certain that their answer was correct, yet each answer was different. Some said:

CAMPER ONE: Women loved to be well adorned;

TELLER ONE: Others said:

CAMPER TWO: Women don't want to be scorned.

TELLER ONE:Some said:

CAMPER THREE: A woman wants a husband who is handsome and strong!

TELLER ONE: Others said:

CAMPER FOUR: They want a man who will not prove them wrong.

TELLER ONE: Some said:

CAMPER FIVE: They want a man who won't stray from their bed!

TELLER ONE: Others said:

CAMPER SIX: They want a man with ideas in his head!

TELLER ONE: Some said:

CAMPER SEVEN: Women just want a little romance!

TELLER ONE: Others said:

CAMPER EIGHT: Women want to dance, dance, dance!

TELLER ONE: And so King Arthur and Sir Gawaine collected many an answer, yet none that seemed right. Soon only a few days remained before the King must meet his fate. Then, on a Saturday—

HAGGISH WOMAN: (*in a sour voice*): It was Wednesday! And, let someone else tell this story!

CAMPER/TELLER: Fine!

NEW STORY TELLER: King Arthur met a lady. Though she was covered with gold and many a precious stone, she was as ugly a creature as ever a man did see. Her clothes were foul. Her face was red, her nose was runny, her mouth was too wide, her teeth yellow and hanging, her eyes bleary, her hair messy, she dragged her feet, and she was shaped like a barrel.

HAGGISH WOMAN: Good speed, King Arthur.

KING ARTHUR: And, to you, good woman—

NEW TELLER: For the King treated all women with respect!

KING ARTHUR: And now if you'll excuse me, Good Woman, I'll ride on; I don't have a moment to lose!

HAGGISH WOMAN: Speak with me, Sire; go not! Oh, don't you be leaving me. For your life is in my hand! (*She clasps him and will not let him go. He tries to pull his sword Excalibur, but he cannot! It is stuck fast in its sheath!*)

ALL, AND AUDIENCE: Oooooooooo!

KING ARTHUR: What do you mean, Lady? What would you have with me?

HAGGISH WOMAN: Of all the answers you have been told, none of them will help you. Only I know the correct answer. Grant me but one wish, Sir King, and I shall tell it to you, or else you will lose your head.

KING ARTHUR: What is it that you seek? I mean, if it's anything I can arrange, I shall grant it.

HAGGISH WOMAN: You must grant me a certain knight to wed.

KING ARTHUR: Fine. Whatever. Which knight?

HAGGISH WOMAN: His name is Sir GAWAINE.

KING ARTHUR: Nooooooooo!

HAGGISH WOMAN: Yes, that's it. Either I marry the Knight Sir Gawaine, or you must lose your head.

KING ARTHUR: *(to the audience)* Alas! Woe is me, that I should cause Gawaine, my own nephew, to take this hag for a bride! *(then to the woman)*, I don't think so.

NEW TELLER: The King, you see, looked only on the most superficial surface of things.

KING ARTHUR: Oh, come on, what would YOU do? *(pause)*. Well, okay. We must part, lady. You'll get your wish. But do tell me, before I go, what is your name?

HAGGISH WOMAN: Sir King, I am the Lady Ragnell. *(She bows to him most deep and disgusting.)* Good-bye, Sire!

KING ARTHUR *(to audience)*: What am I going to do? *(He hears the sound of horse's hoofs coming down the hill into the clearing. It is Sir GAWAINE!)*

SIR GAWAINE: My liege!

KING ARTHUR: My nephew!

SIR GAWAINE: My lord!

KING ARTHUR: My good knight!

NEW TELLER: The King told Sir Gawaine what had just happened—

(We see Arthur and Gawaine in deep mimed, gestured, gibberished, whispered discussion, increasingly animated.)

SIR GAWAINE: Is that all? All I have to do is marry her, and she'll give you the answer to the riddle, and so the Green Knight won't chop your head off with a dull axe, so he'll have to whack you again and again, till your head comes off, and rip your royal flesh and make your blood flow from here to Camelot, Uncle, and your headless bleeding corpse

won't dance around and haunt the forests of South West England for the next thousand years, with vultures and buzzards shrieking over it, and jackals gnawing your bones, and we won't be plunged into the chaos of war and famine and horror that only a strong King could stop, but you won't be able to stop it, because you'll be the dead King, the putrefying corpse of a king, and all I have to do to prevent that —

KING ARTHUR: Stop, stop!

SIR GAWAINE stops.

KING ARTHUR: You haven't seen her!

SIR GAWAINE: Where is she? I don't need to see her. For your sake, Sire, I will marry her, or else I would not be your friend. And your nephew. For you are my king and my liege. To save your life, my lord, I will do whatever I can or I would be false and a great coward and not worthy to sit with the Knights of the Round Table. Right?

ALL: Right! That's right!

SIR GAWAINE: So, bring me to her!

HAGGISH WOMAN: *(entering quickly from the wing)*: Hello, my husband!

SIR GAWAINE: Um, heh heh, hello! Pleased to meet you. *(He extends his hand awkwardly.)* Madam, Sweet, sweet madam, *(on his knee)* will you marry me?

ALL, AND AUDIENCE: Awwwwwwww!

HAGGISH WOMAN: I will, my own darling. My Ga-waine!

KING ARTHUR: Wait! Wait! Okay. Great. Fine. Now, quickly my lady, what about the riddle?

HAGGISH WOMAN: What riddle?

KING ARTHUR: The riddle of the Green Knight!

HAGGISH WOMAN: Of course, of course. Now thou shalt know what women desire above all else. *(to the audience)*: And you shall, too; all of you! Some men say we women desire to be beautiful, or that we desire attentions from many men, or that we desire to be well wed. None of these men knows the truth. The truth is—*(she waits)*

GAWAINE: What? What?

HAGGISH WOMAN: What we women desire above all else—*(she hesitates)*

KING ARTHUR: Tell us!

SIR GAWAINE: Tell us!

HAGGISH WOMAN: What we women desire above all else— (*she coughs*)

ALL, AUDIENCE: Tell us!!

HAGGISH WOMAN: (*looking around, and waiting for it*) What we desire, is to have sovereignty, to rule our lives as we see fit, to not be beholden to another. A woman wants her right to choose! Go forth, Sir King, to the forest of the Green Knight, and tell him that, for now thy life is assured. And, my husband, come with me to prepare our wedding day!

NEW TELLER: The king rode as fast as he could to where he had met the Green Knight.

KING ARTHUR: I'm doing that.

NEWTELLER: Right.

The GREEN KNIGHT enters.

GREEN KNIGHT: Ha! The great King has come to have his head struck off!

KING ARTHUR: Wait! Stay thy hand! I have the answer to the riddle.

GREEN KNIGHT: Oho. And, do you know what women really want?

KING ARTHUR: I do. I do!

GREEN KNIGHT: Let's hear it then!

KING ARTHUR: Women want to be well adorned.

GREEN KNIGHT: No! Bend over!

KING ARTHUR: Wait, um, Women don't want to be scorned.

GREEN KNIGHT: No! Kindly remove that scarf!

KING ARTHUR: Um, A woman wants a husband who is handsome and strong!

GREEN KNIGHT: You're wasting my time!

KING ARTHUR: Wait, um, she wants a man who'll never prove her wrong.

GREEN KNIGHT: Put your neck on that stump, then—

KING ARTHUR: She wants a man who won't stray from her bed!

GREEN KNIGHT (*to the nearest campers*): Would you hold him down, please?

CAMPER SIX: She wants a man with ideas in his head!

GREEN KNIGHT: Oh, does she then. Well, here's the idea in MY head—

KING ARTHUR: Women just want a little romance!

GREEN KNIGHT: Well, you can do that, after we're finished here—

KING ARTHUR: Women want to dance, dance, dance!

THE GREEN KNIGHT: Ha! Nay, nay, all wrong, incorrect, no; you are as good as a dead man. Therefore, King, prepare to bleed.

KING ARTHUR: Wait, Sir. Hold! I have one answer left.

THE GREEN KNIGHT: Ha! Very well then. Last guess, and then, so help me, your neck will meet my axe!

KING ARTHUR: Now here is the answer—

THE GREEN KNIGHT: Come on, let's have it!

KING ARTHUR: Above all, women desire sovereignty, to rule their lives as they see fit.

THE GREEN KNIGHT: HAAAAA! And who was it that told you this? No doubt it was my sister the Lady Ragnell! She has foiled me. Now I am compelled to release you – so go! GO! Never hunt in my forest again!

KING ARTHUR: Farewell, Green Knight; thank you for keeping your word. (*to the audience*): Now I must speed back to Camelot, to try to prevent this marriage!

(*He rides hard, till he finds Sir GAWAINE and the HAGGISH WOMAN sitting on the front porch of the Castle.*)

SIR GAWAINE: My King, you are alive! And, still with a head on your shoulders! Good news. Now we must proceed with the wedding, My Dear.

KING ARTHUR: You are going ahead with this, my good Gawaine?

SIR GAWAINE: Well, we promised. And we knights never break a promise.

KING ARTHUR: Hmmmmmm.

SIR GAWAINE: Hmmmmmm.

ALL, AND AUDIENCE: Hmmmmmm.

KING ARTHUR: Well. Lady, how about if we wait till tomorrow and have a nice morning wedding?

NEW TELLER: You see, King Arthur thought, if they held the ceremony in the early morning, maybe very few Knights and Ladies of the Round Table would come, and Sir Gawaine would be spared the humiliation.

HAGGISH WOMAN: Nay, Sir King. We must be married openly, with a full wedding feast and plenty of guests in attendance. We have already invited all your knights and ladies, and their valets and grooms and waiting men and waiting women and the whole house staff and the stable folk, too! Haven't we, Darling?

SIR GAWAINE: Oh, yes! The more the merrier.

(All on Stage create a very big wedding, with music, and with two lines of receiving people spilled out and downstage from the Rec Hall stairs, and wedding lighting, and Sir Gawaine and his Haggish Lady promenading down the stairs and through the well-wishers, and to the front of the stage, with music and magical light. But it is plain to see the problem.)

NEW TELLER: All through the wedding feast, the Lady Ragnell carefully watched her groom. Was he disgusted by her? Would he turn his back and ignore her? Strangely, this he did not do. Sir Gawaine was well brought up. He behaved with the best of manners, as if he cherished his bride. Later that night in their wedding chambers...

(We see him down near the campfire, with his back turned to her.)

HAGGISH WOMAN: Sir Gawaine, my friend, my partner, now that we have wed, show me your courtesy with a kiss. If I were fair, you know you would not delay. I pray you do this at my request, with all due speed. *(With that she steps into a magical special light, and is transformed into a person of beauty, character, agency, and individuality!)*

SIR GAWAINE: I will at once, that and more!

NEW TELLER: And, as he turned around he saw before him not the hag he had married, but the fairest creature he ever did see.

SIR GAWAINE: *(to the Teller)*: Shhhhhh. *(to his wife)* Aye! What are you? a witch?!

THE BEAUTIFUL WIFE: No, my dear, there are no witches here. I am your wife, if you will have me.

SIR GAWAINE: Lady, I must be crazy, or, or, or, not in my right mind—

(he pulls her to him, and downstage closer to the audience)

(to the audience): Am I in my right mind? Is this my bride?

ALL, AND AUDIENCE: Yes! *(applause)*

THE BEAUTIFUL WIFE: Gawaine, you have proved yourself honorable. Loyal to your King and to your word with me. You must know, I was only deformed under an enchantment, by my awful, wicked brother The Green Knight. With your honor and respect, you have broken the spell. *(to the audience)*: Almost!

SIR GAWAINE: Wow! Let's run back to the banquet hall. There's yet some people there! I want them to see you thus!

THE BEAUTIFUL WIFE: Wait. My beauty, as you see it now, will not hold all the time. I am still under enchantment. I can only be one way in private, with you, and another way, in public, for all the world to see! You need to choose whether you will have me fair by night and foul by day, or else have me fair by day and foul by night. With the enchantment, it cannot be both. What do you choose?

(she pauses, still, in the magical light, awaiting his decision...)

SIR GAWAINE: *(to the audience)*: The choice is hard. She is so beautiful, with me here at night, and that's wonderful, but to have her fair by night and no more, that would grieve my heart. But, *(turning now back to her)* if you walk by my side, fair and lovely, out and about in the daytime, for all the world to see, and foul with me at night, oh, I don't know! HmMMM.

ALL, AND AUDIENCE: HmMMMM.

SIR GAWAINE: HmMMMM.

ALL, AND AUDIENCE: HmMMMM.

SIR GAWAINE: So, Dear Lady, I must tell you: the choice is in your own hands. You decide! Whatever you choose, as your husband that choice will also be my own.

THE BEAUTIFUL WIFE: Oh thank you! Now, we are truly blessed in our marriage! By your honor and wisdom you have broken the evil enchantment completely! I shall be fair both by day AND by night, and as long as I live I will be fair and bright. *(they embrace)*

NEW TELLER: Sir Gawaine understood what all men must! The only thing that could release her from The Green Knight's evil spell was if a husband agreed, of his own free will, that sovereignty to choose what she wished for herself was hers and hers alone. Sir Gawaine—most understanding of all knights—did just that! He accepted her right to choose, that which every woman wants above all else. And so the Lady Ragnell and Sir Gawaine remained beautiful all day and all night, and the two of them lived—

ALL, AND AUDIENCE: Happily ever after!

Sweet, sweet music plays and the Campers waltz around the campfire.

Cook, Cookie, comes out of the dining hall/rec hall perhaps With a tray of special nighttime cocoa cups---a tray full of holy grails, that is. He leans over the porch rail.)

COOK: So, Campers,

ALL: What?

COOK: Is it bedtime now, or time for another story? You decide.

ALL (*first looking at each other, delighted to have the choice*): Another story!

CAMPER: Oooo, but I want to go to bed!

(Someone gives her a stuffed animal, and she snuggles)

COOK: Okay. HmMMMM. Listen, then, to the story of the Quest for the Holy Grail!

ALL: Yayyy!

MORGANA: Yeah, the silliest quest that ever shattered a Round Table to bits!

COOKIE: Well, that's true, Morgana. But the Round Table was already fractured. It was about to break up anyway!

CAMPER (*the one who played Merlin in Act 1*): Why, Cookie?

COOKIE: The Round Table was like an old gang of friends. Like a big Bro-mance! Like Morgana said, a bunch of guys doing guy things. But, what usually breaks up a bromance?

ALL: HmMMMMMM.

CAMPER (*the one who played The Green Knight*): Love?

COOKIE: Right! And not courtly love!

CAMPER: (*the one who played Lake Lady*): Courtney Love?

COOKIE: NO! Not Courtney Love. Court-Ly Love. But, not Court-ly love. Or chivalry, or proper manners, or poetry. It was LOVE, Big love! Passion! That's what breaks up a BROMANCE!

CAMPERS: Ohhhhh.

COOKIE: Yeah. And like, Love is complicated. It's always complicated.

CAMPER (*the one who played Igraine*). Yeah. I know.

COOKIE: How do you know?

CAMPER/IGRAINE: Well, I mean, that's what I've heard.

COOKIE: It is. And it was really complicated in Camelot. 'Cause Arthur loved Guinevere, I guess. But, Guinevere loved Lancelot--a lot-- 'cause they had been, like, sweethearts when they were really young. And Lancelot loved Guinevere--a lot--, but he also loved Arthur, cause Arthur was his King, and Arthur loved Lancelot, because---it's complicated. (*while Cookie tells this love story, he quickly acts it out with found puppets--rags and pots and ladles and stuff on the porch.*)

INNOCENT CAMPER (GALAHAD LATER): What is he talking about?

CAMPERS: Shhhhhhh.

CAMPER/MERLIN: And Merlin loved the Lake Lady---

COOKIE: Right.

CAMPER/LAKE LADY: But, Lake Lady really didn't love him, she only pretended to---

COOKIE: Right! And then so Guinevere got Lancelot to marry Elaine, who loved him but he didn't love her, but they had a baby...ahhhhhhh!!! So, you have an ancient realm full of death and violence and love triangles and quadrangles, and folks took sides!

Arthur was getting old anyway, and Lancelot was getting old, and Guinevere was getting old, and Merlin got so old that he died.

CAMPER/MERLIN: He died?

COOKIE: Yes.

CAMPER/MERLIN: Nooooooooooooo! *(runs away. he tries to out-run death by exiting SL)(He exits to become one of the Riders.)*

COOKIE: ...and younger knights wanted to take over the throne, 'cause nothing was happening anymore in Camelot. Everyone was bored. *(campers make bored postures)* They'd killed all the dragons in England, and burned all the enemy castles, and rescued all the damsels in distress---

MORGANA: *(LOUD OBJECTING COUGH)* Ahem!!

COOKIE *(not missing a beat)* ...I mean, GUYS in distress, and so all the knights were like bored *(they all look more bored)* and depressed *(they all look depressed)*, and and, suddenly a HIGHER POWER comes along--

CAMPERS: Oooooooooo---Oooooooooo---ooooooooo!

COOKIE: A Higher Power says, Ooooo, there's SO MUCH CONFUSION HERE!

(Campers dance to a minute of Jimi Hendrix, "All Along the Watchtower!"--the part with "all along the watchtower, princess kept the view.." Meanwhile Cookie grabs a broom and paces the porch like a guard on a castle ramparts)

We hear a "Clip-Clop," and two mysterious riders approach. they may approach and approach and approach in the style of the "Monty-Python" rider-approaching joke sequence. Till the campers lose patience, and beckon them to complete their journey!)

RIDER ONE: *(dismounting & setting up magical table): (through a megaphone):* Your attention please! Knights of the Round Table!

RIDER TWO is juggling to get attention.

RIDER ONE: Sit down! Gather round!

CAMPER/HAGGISH WOMAN: We are sitting! We are gathered!

ALL: Huh?

CAMPER/BEAUTIFUL WIFE *(she realizes that she is no longer haggish, and repeats more sweetly:)* We are sitting! We are gathered!

RIDER TWO: Behold, from the distant East! The most sacred relic of all the history of the world! *(partner does drum roll, with the megaphone):* THE HOLY GRAIL!!

(They show the Holy Grail. For a brief tantalizing instant. Then, in a magic trick, The Grail disappears.

RIDER ONE: THE HOLY GRAIL. Now you see it; now you don't! Go and find it! Go find the Holy Grail!

The riders ride off. Big Misdirection. When attention comes back to the campers, Sir Galahad is sitting in the SPECIAL CHAIR. The Seige Perilous!)

They all look back and do a HUGE inbreath!

ALL: Who are you?

SIR GALAHAD: I am Sir Galahad, son of Lancelot and Elaine, Sir Galahad, the best, the purest, the cleanest, the most righteous, the holiest Knight of All--

GINGER: Oh Holy Knight----

COOKIE: That's enough of that...

HEAD COUNSELOR: And, that's enough story time, I think.

ALL: Awwwwwwww!

HEAD COUNSELOR: So, finish up the story, Cookie.

COOKIE: Okay. So!

ALL: So!

COOKIE: Everybody at the whole Round Table, every one who could still walk or ride a horse, went off to FIND the Holy Grail-- *ALL get up and start riding off.*

ALL: (AS THEY RIDE): Find that Grail! Find that Grail!

HEAD COUNSELOR and ACTIVITIES DIRECTOR blow whistles. All freeze!

COOKIE (*while they are frozen*): And, no one, no one, ever found the Holy Grail! Some say that Sir Galahad did find it!

GALAHAD: Yes! I AM the greatest!

COOKIE: But that can't ever be proven, 'cause he disappeared in the instant that he touched it!

GALAHAD: Noooooooo! (*as he vanishes*)

CAMPER/IGRAINE: Oh, dear.

COOKIE: But, that was okay, because, you see, they didn't need to find the Grail.

ALL: We didn't?

COOKIE: No, because, you all ARE THE GRAIL!

ALL: We are?

COOKIE: Yes. (*and, indicating the audience*) And so are YOU! You come here, and you're ready, and we fill you up!

COOKIE picks up guitar, hits the opening chords of "We Are the World;" as audience members pick up and read the words, the Grail pattern is displayed on the outside of their program inserts.

ALL: We are the Grail, we are the children!

We are the ones who tell these tales today,

But let's start living.

There's a choice we're making

When we come to Camp A Lot—

We're here to make a better world,

For you and me!

We are the Grail; we are the children!

We're the cup that can't go dry,

So let's start filling.

There's a choice we're making

When we come to Camp A Lot

We go home and make a better world,

For you and me!