

A KING IS FOUND!

A fun new short play based on an old legend, by Tintagel Castle staff

What is this all about?

Inspired by Tintagel Castle's Arthurian connections, English Heritage staff have written 'A King is Found', a short light-hearted play based around the classic King Arthur legend of the sword and the stone. If you are looking for something different to do as a family this summer, why not join in the fun? We would love for you to bring along your copy of the script and perform your own version in the Castle grounds. Dressing up is optional!



Props:

You will need a wooden sword. Or a long stick. Or a biro. Or a twig, or something.

Cast:

Merlin, a wizard

Hector, a knight

Kay, Hector's son, also a knight

Guinevere, a beautiful queen

Arthur, Kay's page and brother (or so he thinks)

If there are not enough of you, you can just take more than one part each. And there's no reason why male parts can't be played by females, or the other way around. You can figure something out. Course you can!

Place the **SWORD** on the ground in Tintagel.
Or the **STICK**. Or **SOMETHING**.
MERLIN stands close by.



MERLIN: Roll up! Roll up for a chance of winning the big prize!

Enter **HECTOR**, **KAY** and **GUINEVERE**. **HECTOR** and **KAY** have West Country accents. **GUINEVERE** talks like a babe.

HECTOR: This way, Kay. I wish that brother o' yours would hurry himself.

MERLIN: Roll up! Roll up!

HECTOR: What's this then? Who might you be?

MERLIN: I am Merlin, wizard, late of the court of the mighty King Uther Pendragon. And this is my challenge.

HECTOR: Your challenge Merlin? What might your challenge be?

MERLIN (in rhyme):

Here's a bright enchanted sword,

Deep in the heart of a stone it's bored.

Whosoever can shift the thing,

He shall henceforth be the king.

KAY: Oh, I've heard of this, it be on the Knightly News! But I thought the prize was the Duchy of Cornwall and a week for two in the Maldives?

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MERLIN: It was - but this is a rollover week.

KAY: Oh, faather, can I have a go?

HECTOR: Well, can he?

MERLIN: Whosoever is noble-born may try his hand.

GUINEVERE: Hey. You say whoever lifts that thing will be king?

MERLIN: Quite so.

GUINEVERE: Suppose a woman succeeds?

MERLIN: I'm afraid women aren't allowed to enter. Terms and conditions apply, you know.

GUINEVERE: But I am noble-born.

MERLIN: Young lady, this is the fourteenth century. Or maybe the ninth? But anyway...

KAY: Sorry, Gwin. Right, then, here I go.

KAY steps forward, struggles, and fails to remove the SWORD.

KAY: Bother! I can't do it!

HECTOR: This be man's work, young Kay. Stand aside, and let an old 'un like me have a go.

HECTOR similarly tries and fails.

HECTOR: Blaaast it all to kingdom come! The thing be charmed. Or the stone be. What sort of stone is it, anyway?

MERLIN: It's an ancient and wondrous stone. It's called the Rolling Stone. And that's why...

HECTOR: Why what?

MERLIN: You can't get no satisfaction!

Enter **ARTHUR**. For some reason he talks 'OK-yah' posh, like Hugh Grant.

HECTOR: Ah, Arthur, there you are. Now then, me boys, this be a great day for our fam'ly.

KAY: Aye, that it be, faaather.

HECTOR: For today's the day o' the great tourney.

ARTHUR: I'm sorry Hector, the great what?

KAY: The great tourney, Arthur. We be jousting. To see who be the greatest knight of 'em all.

ARTHUR: Oh. Right, yah. Can anyone have a go?

HECTOR: Only knights, young Arthur. And you, me lad, are just a page. An' not that bright, either. In fact, you be just a blank page. Har har!

GUINEVERE: I think he's rather attractive, actually. Hey honey, pleased to meet you.

KAY: Oh, damn, blaaast and bother!

HECTOR: What the matter, Kay?

KAY: Oh, faaather, I just remembered. I been and gone and left my sword be'ind.

HECTOR: Oh, Kay!

KAY: No, faaather, it's not OK. How can I take part in the great tourney now? How can I prove I be a man, and a worthy knight?

HECTOR: Don't worry, Kay. Young Arthur here will fetch it for you, won't you Arthur?

ARTHUR: You know what, Kay, it's like – gosh - I'm your brother and everything. Of course I will.

KAY: Will you? Will you really? Oh, thanks, Arthur.

HECTOR: Come on, then, Kay, we'd best be off. We'll see you there, Arthur. Be as quick as you can, now, mind.

ARTHUR: Oh yah, absolutely. See you.

Exit **HECTOR** and **KAY**.

ARTHUR: You know, it's like, miles back to camp from here. This is a real drag. (Sees the SWORD.) I say. Look. There's a sword over there, and everything.

ARTHUR crosses over to **MERLIN**, and easily removes the SWORD.

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ARTHUR: Well, that's saved a lot of bother.

GUINEVERE: Hey ba-by!

ARTHUR: What?

MERLIN: Do you know what you've just done?

ARTHUR: No. What? Gosh, look, I'm not in trouble or something, am I?

Re-enter **HECTOR** and **KAY**.

HECTOR: Right, Kay. That's our queue tickets sorted. I be nummer forty-free. (Sees **ARTHUR**.) Arthur, ent you left yet?

ARTHUR: Oh, look, father, there was like, no need, yah? I found a sword right here.

KAY: Arthur! Where did you get that sword?

ARTHUR: From over there in that stone.

HECTOR and **KAY** fall to their knees.

HECTOR and **KAY:** Your majesty!

ARTHUR: I say, look, stand up would you? What on earth do you mean? Kay, please. Father. I mean, I'm like your son and everything.

HECTOR: Nay, nay, my lord Arthur, it is not so; I was never yer father nor of yer blood, but I doth believe you are of a higher blood than I were.

ARTHUR (after a pause): Umm, run that past me again would you?

HECTOR: I said... I was never yer father nor of yer blood, but I doth believe you are of a higher blood than I were.

ARTHUR: I'm sorry? I still don't get you.

HECTOR: I'm not your dad. You're posher than us. In fact, you're the king!

ARTHUR: Gosh, like, really?

MERLIN: Yes really Arthur, really.

HECTOR and **KAY** get to their feet.

GUINEVERE: (She slinks up to **ARTHUR**.) Hi, I don't think we've been formally introduced. Well, hello there, Mr King!

ARTHUR: Er, yah. Like, hello.

GUINEVERE: Hey, you guys, why don't you go and do that tourney thing? I'm going to be kind of busy.

KAY: That be a shame. I quite fancied 'er, myself.

MERLIN steps forward.

MERLIN (in rhyme):

The scene is played, the day is done,

A king is found, the prize is won,

*A search begins, 'til he has found,
Companions for his Table Round.*

ARTHUR (in rhyme as well):

*Roses are red, violets are blue,
I am royal, and Gwin is too!*

MERLIN: Please, your majesty - don't ruin the moment.

ARTHUR: Oh, gosh. Like, sorry and everything.

EVERYONE: (Puts their hands on the sword and raises it in the air) To the King!

EVERYONE takes a bow to the applause.

THE END



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