

FUBSY: *(name of area)*

MERLIN: That's a nice place. I hear you don't have a village idiot there you take it in turns! And this table here?

FUBSY: They're from *(name of area)*

MERLIN: Oh, highly educated from there. And all employable. *(to audience)* Does anyone need a speed bump? Never mind where you're from, you're going to enjoy yourselves here tonight.

Fubsy rejoins him on stage.

Hey, Fubsy, you really can do magic. How did you know about all those people?

FUBSY: I asked them.

MERLIN: And they told you where they were from?

FUBSY: No, they told me where to go!

MERLIN: Back to the plot. I suppose you're all wondering what we're doing here? Well, I can't tell you not yet. It's a secret. Even Fubsy doesn't know and she's been to every rehearsal.

FUBSY: Merlin, somebody's coming.

Enter a depressed and dejected Arthur suffering visibly from love sickness.

MERLIN: Would you look at the state of that! It makes the economy look healthy.

ARTHUR: *(heart rending sigh)* It's only me.

MERLIN: Arthur, my boy, whatever is the matter?

ARTHUR: *(sigh)* Tis no use, Merlin, I cannot go on.

FUBSY: What's stopping you?

ARTHUR: Guinevere. My only love.

Romantic music starts up.

Everytime I hear her name, I hear music. Listen.

MERLIN: So does everybody else.

Music stops

You're not still mooning over

Looks at piano and whispers aside to audience

Guinevere?

Romantic music played softly

Damn! He heard.

ARTHUR: She is the woman of my dreams, the heart of my universe, the essence of my existence my love.

Music stops. Another heart rending sigh in unison from Arthur and Fubsy, who is wallowing in this romantic slush.

Help me, Merlin. I have tried everything to make her notice me but nothing seems to work.

FUBSY: Aaaaah! Can't you give him a magic potion or something, Merlin?

MERLIN: I've already given him one. It was so strong it couldn't fail. What happened?

ARTHUR: I did everything like you told me, Merlin. I crept into her kitchen early one morning and prepared her breakfast.

FUBSY: How romantic!

ARTHUR: And, just like you said, I sprinkled a few drops onto it

FUBSY: And what happened?

ARTHUR: I must have put too much on the sausages shot straight off the plate and have been chasing the cat around ever since!

MERLIN: Then what about the magic Rose? Surely that worked?

ARTHUR: Oh, yes, it worked all right. But I dropped it and guess who picked it up?

FUBSY: Oh no

MERLIN: Not

ARTHUR: *(nods)* Gertrude the Gherkin! And she's been chasing me for days.

MERLIN: That's not so good

ARTHUR: It gets worse. Gertrude dropped the rose and Lancelot picked it up. He gave it to Guinevere who keeps it now beside the bed, pressed between the pages of her diary.

Merlin and Fubsy look straight out at audience.

MERLIN/FUBSY: Wow!

FUBSY: Is this good soapy material or what!

MERLIN: Are you saying that Gertrude the Gherkin believes that she's in love with you. Lancelot thinks he's in love with Gertrude and you-know-who thinks she loves Lancelot?

Arthur nods sadly.

And all from one little sniff? Now that's what I call Flower Power!

ARTHUR: But what am I going to do? Gertrude the Gherkin's been on my tail for days and my own true love

MERLIN: (*looks at Arthur then at pianist*) Don't say it!

ARTHUR: Lancelot has captured the heart of my own true love.

FUBSY: Oh, you mean, Guinevere!

Romantic music begins.

MERLIN: Fubsy! You had to say it, didn't you? You know what happens every time he hears that name.

He waits till music stops.

Thank you. Now, we're going to have to put things right. We can't have the cast running around like love-sick puppies, you know. This isn't (*The Bold and the Beautiful*).

ARTHUR: So, what am I going to do?

MERLIN: Do? You got yourself into this mess, you can get yourself out of it.

FUBSY: Aren't you going to help him?

MERLIN: No, I'm too busy working on my new insect repellent.

He takes container out of sack.

See!

He puts it under Arthur's nose.

ARTHUR: Pooh! It stinks. What's it called?

FUBSY: Old Spice!

MERLIN: Old Spice! Perfect! This repellent will keep anything away.

Voice of Gertrude offstage.

GERTRUDE: Oh, Arthur! Arthur! Wherefore art thou?

ARTHUR: *(panic stricken)* It's her! it's Gertrude!

You've got to help me, Merlin!

Gertrude enters and Arthur takes off into the audience. Gertrude sees him.

GERTRUDE: There you are! I see you! Do you want to play Catch and Kissy? Coming ready or not!

Playfully she takes off after him into audience.

ARTHUR: No! No! Merlin, help me!

Merlin watches, grinning as Gertrude pursues Arthur.

FUBSY: Help him, Merlin.

MERLIN: Why? I'm enjoying it!

ARTHUR: Use some magic! I'll do anything!

MERLIN: Oh, very well. *(points)* Go that way and take the back way out.

ARTHUR: Is that it?

MERLIN: It'll work.

ARTHUR: No, it won't, she'll follow me.

MERLIN: No, she won't. You'll see a room marked "Gentlemen" but ignore that and go straight in.

ARTHUR: Thank you, Merlin. I owe you.

MERLIN: And I'll remember.

Gertrude returns to stage puffing and panting.