

Camelot Club

---

A ten-minute play

by members of the Greensboro Dramatists Playground

Contact:

Paul Baerman

2103 Fountain Ridge Rd.

Chapel Hill, NC 27517

919 489-5995

[pwbaerman@gmail.com](mailto:pwbaerman@gmail.com)

CAST OF CHARACTERS

MORGAN LE FAY, a middle-aged woman

GUINEVERE, a young woman

LANCELOT, a professional tennis player

ARTHUR, recently a ball-boy, now the club's tennis pro.

SETTINGS

The clubhouse of Camelot Club, afternoon.

Same, one day later.

Same, two days later.

PRODUCTION NOTES

The new millennium in an old country club whose decor says old money. Upstage left are two chairs suggesting thrones, one larger or more elaborate than the other. Downstage center is an armchair. Arthur should be played by a person of color, unless the other characters are persons of color in which case Arthur should be Caucasian.

#### ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

The authors would like to thank the Greensboro Dramatists Playground, where this script was initially developed, for its support and encouragement, with special thanks to Stephen Hyers.

SCENE: THE LOBBY OF CAMELOT CLUB, AFTERNOON

*The elegantly dressed MORGAN is leaning on the larger of the "throne" chairs, busily typing on her PDA. She has the air of a gossip columnist, gleeful and malicious.*

MORGAN

Dear followers: New tennis pro. Club Camelot may never be the same.

GUINEVERE wanders in from stage left, looking around and up in wonder. LANCELOT enters with his duffel bag from behind the thrones, purposeful yet unfamiliar with his surroundings. He pauses to look around and Guinevere backs into him.

GUINEVERE

Excuse me! I'm so clumsy.

LANCELOT

So sorry! Not at all.

LANCELOT

My fault entirely. Can you direct me to the tennis facilities?

GUINEVERE

I'm new here myself, but I think it's down that way. Wait! You're Lancelot. I recognize you from the newspapers.

LANCELOT

Yes, ma'am.

GUINEVERE

(pumping his hand vigorously)

I'm Guinevere--Gwen. We just moved here from down South, and this is my first time. I'm a huge fan--that was terrible about your accident, are you--?

LANCELOT

Yes, I'm better and feeling really fit. In fact, that's why I'm here. I want to play this guy everybody's talking about, this--

GUINEVERE  
Arthur!

LANCELOT  
Arthur!

GUINEVERE  
Isn't it amazing? "Ball Boy Beats Tennis Pro, Gets His Job."  
He's supposed to be fantastic, and he never had a lesson in  
his life. A real natural.

LANCELOT  
Yeah, I've seen the press releases and frankly I'm a little  
skeptical. But I just want to be wherever the best tennis is  
being played. I have a match with Arthur set up for tomorrow.  
We'll see how much of a natural he is. So you're new here  
too, eh?

GUINEVERE  
Yes, I want to learn to swing. Do you--do you teach?

Lancelot looks around, embarrassed.  
ARTHUR, sporting long hair and a  
tattoo, enters from stage left.  
That's him! That's Arthur! Yoo-hoo!

Attracted by the fracas, Morgan  
interrupts her emailing to  
eavesdrop.  
I've heard so much about you! My name is Guinevere, but you  
can call me Gwen, everybody does.

LANCELOT  
How do you do? Lancelot-- Lance. I think you've been  
expecting me. Looking forward--

ARTHUR  
Looking forward to learning everything I can from you.

GUINEVERE  
They say you play the whole game inside your head.

ARTHUR  
(laughs)  
I learned tennis by doing tai chi.

LANCELOT  
Never took a lesson?

GUINEVERE

Your story is such an inspiration. And I hear you're the new tennis pro?

ARTHUR

So they tell me. I gather I'm even entitled to a seat on the board. It's all so sudden.

Morgan rises quickly.

GUINEVERE

Oh, my daddy's on the board! I'm sure he'd love to meet you.

Morgan enters the circle; the other fall back.

MORGAN

Do you know who I am?

Beat.

Morgan LeFay.

Beat.

My family founded this club five generations ago.

LANCELOT

(bows head slightly)

Lancelot, at your service.

GUINEVERE

Guinevere, glad to meetcha.

MORGAN

And you must be the ball-boy.

ARTHUR

The tennis pro.

MORGAN

(gesturing to Lancelot)

So you are here to play *him*?

(to Arthur)

It would be a pity to have to change the bylaws just so you can play.

ARTHUR

Bylaws?

MORGAN

The hair.

(to Lancelot)

A word with you.

They move downstage as Arthur and  
Guinevere flirt.

I hear you need a sponsor.

LANCELOT

Yes, ma'am, I'm ready to return to the professional circuit,  
and--

MORGAN

My husband is very highly placed within Lehman Brothers.  
Defeat ball-boy, and we'll talk.

LANCELOT

I'll do my best.

END SCENE.

SCENE: THE SAME, ONE DAY LATER.

Arthur and Guinevere sit on their  
throne, billing and cooing. Arthur  
receives a message on his PDA.

ARTHUR

(typing)

Saturday.

GUINEVERE

What's that?

ARTHUR

Oh, nothing. Old friend coming into town Saturday.

GUINEVERE

Can I meet him?



ARTHUR

Ah, let me get back to you.

Guinevere moves away. Morgan enters stage left, drawing Lancelot by the arm.

LANCELOT

I'm so sorry, Miss LeFay. The kid was better than I thought.

MORGAN

That was...humiliating. But I have faith in you. What you need is an immediate rematch.

LANCELOT

Can you make that happen?

MORGAN

Let me work my magic.

LANCELOT

Thank you very much, ma'am, I won't let you down. If you ever need a favor--

MORGAN

I will.

Arthur, annoyed at Guinevere's cold shoulder, jumps up on seeing Lancelot.

ARTHUR

Great match, dude! Well played!

LANCELOT

Yeah.

ARTHUR

(looking at Morgan)

Hey, I'm having a ballboy party. Come on let me tell you about it.

Arthur draws him aside. Morgan sits in the king's throne.

MORGAN

I detest tattoos, don't you? Listen, there are a few things you need to know about men. First, don't cross your legs like that. Second, always keep an air of mystery.

GUINEVERE

Air of mystery!

MORGAN

You don't have to tell them everything. And third, find something they like to do and good at it.

GUINEVERE

Something they like--like tennis?

MORGAN

Tennis could be one thing.

GUINEVERE

My swing is so bad, it really needs work. I was okay in high school, but never of *that* caliber. Guess you could say I'm *ex-*caliber.

MORGAN

I have an idea. What if I arranged for you to take lessons from...Lancelot?

GUINEVERE

Lancelot! Oh, that would be just--

MORGAN

Go get ready at once. You can have your first lesson today.

Guinevere rises.

MORGAN (CONT'D)

No need to tell Arthur. Air of mystery. Let him be surprised. One more thing. I've been following you.

GUINEVERE

Following me?

MORGAN

(brandishing her PDA)

Would you like to be one of *my* followers?

GUINEVERE

Oh! Of course!

She comes close and copies Morgan's  
address into her PDA.

MORGAN

Run along now.

Guinevere exits left.

MORGAN (CONT'D)

Lancelot! Come here, I want you.

Lancelot takes the seat vacated by  
Guinevere.

MORGAN (CONT'D)

We need to talk about...swinging.

Lancelot recoils.

MORGAN (CONT'D)

Guinevere needs help with her swing.

LANCELOT

(relieved)

For you I could make that happen.

MORGAN

You may go.

Lancelot prepares to exit left,  
where he runs into Arthur as he  
enters.

MORGAN (CONT'D)

(tweeting)

Dear followers: call the club to demand a rematch.

ARTHUR

Lance, let's go get some ink. I have just the man for you.

LANCELOT

Oh, I can't right now, Arthur, I have a gig.

ARTHUR  
(disappointed)

A gig?

LANCELOT

Later?

ARTHUR

Sure, okay.

Morgan rises to intercept Arthur as Lancelot fetches Guinevere. He begins working with her on her swing as she laughs happily.

MORGAN

One thing, boy. You're not the only one with friends on the board.

ARTHUR

Lady, you're on my court now.

Arthur notices the tennis lesson. He returns to his throne and pulls out his PDA as Morgan goes to her chair and pulls out her PDA.

MORGAN

(gleefully)

Dear followers: all is not well in Camelot.

ARTHUR

(dejected)

Dear followers: all is not well in Camelot.

END SCENE.

SCENE: THE SAME, TWO DAYS LATER.

Morgan is sitting in the throne typing on her PDA.

MORGAN

Dear followers: Success! Lancelot won the rematch and Arthur will soon be out of a job.

Guinevere enters running, throwing herself at Morgan's knees.

GUINEVERE

Thank you so much for setting up my lesson with Lancelot. It really helped! Arthur is going to be so pleased.

MORGAN

That's fine, dear.

Lancelot enters running, throwing himself at Guinevere's knees.

LANCELOT

(to Guinevere)

I don't know how to thank you.

MORGAN

Oh, it was nothing.

All begin to speak at once.

GUINEVERE

You're very welcome, I'm so happy for you.

MORGAN

What?

LANCELOT

I leave right away. I'm off to train for Wimbledon. Arthur gets to stay.

GUINEVERE

Isn't it exciting?

MORGAN

See here. What is this?

LANCELOT (CONT'D)

(forcefully, calling for silence)

Miss LeFay!

The women stop talking. Arthur enters from the opposite side of the stage, sees Lancelot at Guinevere's feet, holding her hands.

LANCELOT (CONT'D)

Guinevere's father is my sponsor for the tour! I'm in!

GUINEVERE  
You deserve it.

MORGAN  
I was going to sponsor him.  
You can't do this.

ARTHUR  
What is this? First you take my job and now my girl?

Lancelot and Guinevere jump up and  
embrace him.

GUINEVERE & LANCELOT  
No no, it's fine! We never-- I always-- Lance is going on  
tour. He doesn't want the job. It's all you, it's all about  
you, etc.

MORGAN  
Enough!

GUINEVERE  
(to Arthur)  
You are the true king of Camelot.

LANCELOT  
All hail the king!

GUINEVERE  
All hail!

Arthur and Guinevere ensconce  
themselves on the throne as Morgan  
steps aside and downstage.

MORGAN  
(on PDA)  
Dear followers: OMG.

FADE TO BLACK.