

SIDES LORD BART
MONTY

SCENE 11C

#13c - The Last One You'd Expect (Part 4)

(A Weight-Lifting Hall, London, outfitted with free weights, barbells, and various exercise and body building contraptions. MAJOR LORD BARTHOLOMEW D'YSQUITH [40's], a ridiculously muscle-bound health nut, works out next to MONTY. His routine is, at times, unintentionally comical. MUSIC continues.)

START
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MAJOR LORD BARTHOLOMEW

The problem with this country, Mr. Goodbody, is that everybody is weak! Have you studied eugenics, my friend? We must find a way to prevent the unfit from multiplying themselves. If we fail, I'm afraid the Empire is likely to slip through England's grasp.

MONTY

Unthinkable, Major D'Ysquith.

MAJOR LORD BARTHOLOMEW

I spent the weekend at Highhurst with my cousin, the Earl - do you know him?

MONTY

I know *of* him, of course.

MAJOR LORD BARTHOLOMEW

The gluttony! The endless, extravagant meals!

MONTY

I'm afraid my constitution would not tolerate such indulgence. I was raised a strict vegetarian.

MAJOR LORD BARTHOLOMEW

Why, I myself sit on the Council of the London Vegetarian Society!

MONTY

I had no idea.

MAJOR LORD BARTHOLOMEW

What luck, our meeting like this. Have you tried yogurt culture? Delicious. And a natural laxative, don't you know. In fact, I myself had a yogurt enema just the other day. Why not skip the middle-man, eh, what? Right! Now I am going to lift my own weight. One hundred and seventy pounds.

MONTY

Do you think it wise, Major?

MAJOR LORD BARTHOLOMEW

Of course not! Flank me, will you?

(MONTY turns to the AUDIENCE as if to suggest this is an opportunity too good to pass up.)

MONTY

Of course.

MAJOR LORD BARTHOLOMEW

If I cry out before the count often, and I may, you will not help me. Understood?

MONTY

Quite.

(MAJOR LORD BARTHOLOMEW, lying on a bench, begins to lift a heavy barbell above his head.)

MAJOR LORD BARTHOLOMEW

Isandlwana!

MONTY

(Counting:)

One...

(MAJOR LORD BARTHOLOMEW'S effort is strenuous and noisy.)

MAJOR LORD BARTHOLOMEW

Tweebosch!

MONTY

Two...

(MAJOR LORD BARTHOLOMEW has already begun to show signs of exhaustion, but HE keeps lifting.)

MAJOR LORD BARTHOLOMEW

Watusi!

MONTY

Three...

MAJOR LORD BARTHOLOMEW

Mr. Goodbody... !

MONTY

Do call me Phineas. Four...

MAJOR LORD BARTHOLOMEW

It's getting... rather... heavy... !

(MAJOR LORD BARTHOLOMEW can barely lift the barbell. It looks like it could fall on him at any moment.)

MONTY

Beg your pardon... ? Heavier, did you say?

(MONTY adds more weight on either side. MAJOR LORD BARTHOLOMEW can barely hold on.)

MAJOR LORD BARTHOLOMEW

No more... !

MONTY

More? Well, all right, Major, if you say so...

(MONTY adds even more weight. With his eyes, MAJOR LORD BARTHOLOMEW begs to be relieved. HE can lift no higher, but it would be suicide to let go.)

MAJOR LORD BARTHOLOMEW

(All but inaudible:)

Help... ! Mummy... !

(MAJOR LORD BARTHOLOMEW can't get any more words out. HE frantically kicks his feet. MONTY looks at the AUDIENCE for a moment. MAJOR LORD BARTHOLOMEW finally gives out and the barbell falls and crushes his neck. HE is quite tragically decapitated. We can see only his two skinny legs dangling, still jerking.)

End

SCENE 11D

(We now find PHOEBE D'YSQUITH, in her Boudoir, still in deep mourning. Her MAID enters. MUSIC continues.)

#13d - The Last One You'd Expect (Part 5)

PHOEBE'S MAID

Miss D'Ysquith... ? Pardon me. Mr. Navarro is here to see you.

PHOEBE

(Singing:)

LOOK AT ME,
SO COMPLETELY IN DISARRAY,
BARELY ABLE TO FACE THE DAY.
SHALL I SAY I'M INDISPOSED?

(Spoken:)

Show him into the drawing room, Mary.

(As the MAID exits, PHOEBE views herself in the mirror.)