

SCENE 11C**#13C "THE LAST ONE YOU'D EXPECT" (PART IV – UNDERSCORE)**

(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.)

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 couldn't 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? 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! Now 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 of ten, 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

Oh, Mr. Goodbody...!

MONTY

Do call me Phineas. Four...

MAJOR LORD BARTHOLOMEW

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