

**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...!