

# Monty Python and the Holy Grail

By Monty Python

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Please Read This Bit Before Reading The Screenplay:

This is the official 'Unofficial' Monty Python And The Holy Grail screenplay. This file contains the script as it was on March 20 1974, before filming took place. There are many minor differences from what appears here and what ended up on the screen. This file also contains cut scenes and lines from the film.

I tried to preserve as much of the screenplay as possible but it isn't easy to cross out a section and pencil in new dialogue, in ASCII. Any Scene or dialogue that was crossed out begins with a "|" before it. Anything Penciled in has a "+", I also put cut information before penciled in.

What is interesting about a screenplay is to see what they threw out and what "Catch Phrases" were literally penciled in. The reason I keyed in this file was caused by me downloading current transcript going around internet. It was an amazing job... I wouldn't want to have attempted what he did... But it wasn't in a good script format and I didn't like how direction was written in. Since I HAD the real screenplay I thought... What the hell!

After This I plan to key in "Monty Python's Second Film" it is the 1st draft of the Holy Grail. It is the script that eventually got cannibalized into sketches for the 4th season of Python. It Is sill quite different and well worth a read. Is anybody interested in it?????

Oh yes... I will STRESS this fact once more... THIS IS A SCREENPLAY... So don't yell at me if a line is paraphrased in the film... This is what was written before filming took place and it is still quite accurate.

Enough of this...

-Grue (09-Aug-92)

P.S. TO AHH: DON'T YOU KNOW WHO CONNIE BOOTH OR CAROL CLEVELAND IS?!?!?!AND DON'T YOU KNOW WHAT GRAHAM CHAPMAN SOUNDS LIKE?!?!?! Sorry  
I just had to say that... As the complete and total bastard that I am.

---

MONTY PYTHON  
AND THE HOLY GRAIL

Screenplay by

JOHN CLEESE  
GRAHAM CHAPMAN  
TERRY GILLIAM  
ERIC IDLE  
TERRY JONES  
MICHAEL PALIN

FINAL DRAFT 20.3.74.

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"MONTY PYTHON AND THE HOLY GRAIL" Reel 1 (1A) Page 1  
00.01 is the first action frame  
which is 391.00 before the first  
Clear Cut, which is Scene 4

Sc Spot  
No. Complete DIALOGUE No. Start End Ftge.

---

1 FADE IN:  
Starts  
00.01 TITLES ON BLACK B.G.

PYTHON (MONTY) PICTURES LTD  
in association with  
MICHAEL WHITE  
presents

FADE OUT:  
FADE IN: MUSIC STARTS

MONTY PYTHON  
and  
THE HOLY GRAIL  
then:  
M0nti Pyth0n ik den H0lie Gralen

FADE OUT:  
FADE IN:

Written and preformed by:

GRAHAM CHAPMAN

JOHN CLEESE

ERIC IDLE

TERRY GILLIAM

TERRY JONES

MICHAEL PALIN

then:

R0tern nik Akten Di

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

with

CONNIE BOOTH

CAROL CLEVELAND

NEIL INNES

BEE DUFFELL

JOHN YOUNG

RITA DAVES

then:

Wik

TITLE OUT:

TITLE IN:

Also appearing

AVRIL STEWART

SALLY KINGHORN

then:

Als0 wik

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

Also also appearing

MARK ZYCOON ELSPETH CAMERON

MITSUKE FORSTATER SALLY JOHNSON

SANDY ROSE ROMILLY SQUIE

JONI FLNN ALISON WALKER

LORAIN WARD ANNA LANSKI

SALLY COOMBE VIVIENNE MACDONALD

YVONNE DICK DAPHNE DARLING

FIONA GORDON GLORIA GRAHAM

JUDY LAMS TRACY SNEDDON

SYLVIA TAYLOR JOYCE POLLNER

MARY ALLEN

then:

Als0 als0 wik

TITLE OUT:

TITLE IN:

Camera Operator HOWARD ATHERTON

Camera Focus JOHN WELLARD  
Camera Assistant ROGER PRATT  
Camera Grip RAY HALL  
Chargehand Electrician TERRY HUNT  
Lighting TELEFILM LIGHTING SERVICE LTD  
ANDREW RICHIE AND SON LTD  
TECHNICOLOR

Rosturm Cameraman KENT HOUSTON  
then:

Wi n0t trei a h0liday in Sweden thi yer?

TITLE OUT:

TITLE IN:

Sound Recordist GARTH MARSHALL  
Sound Mixer HUGH STRAIN  
Boom Swinger GODFREY KIRBY  
Sound Maintenance PHILIP CHUBB  
Sound Assistant ROBERT DOYLE  
Dubbing Editor JOHN FOSTER  
Assistant Editors JOHN MISTER, NICK GASTER,  
ALEXANDER CAMPBELL ASKEW,  
BRIAN PEACHEY, DANIELLE KOCHAVI  
Sound Effects IAN CRAFFORD

then:

See the l0veli lakes

TITLE OUT:

TITLE IN:

Continuity PENNY EYLES  
Accountant BRIAN BROCKWELL  
Production Secretary CHRISTINE WATT  
Property Buyer BRIAN WINTERBORN  
Property Master TOM RAEBURN  
Property Men ROY CANNON, CHARLIE TORBETT,  
MIKE KENNEDY  
Catering RON HELLARD LTD  
Vehicles BUDGET RENT-A-CAR

then:

The W0nderful teleph0ne system

TITLE OUT:

TITLE IN:

Assistant Art Director PHILIP COWLAM  
Construction Manager BILL HARMAN  
Carpenters NOBBY CLARK, BOB DEVINE  
Painter GRAHAM BULLOCK  
Stagehand JIM N. SAVERY  
Rigger ED SULLIVAN

then:

And mani interesting furry animals

TITLE IN:

TITLE OUT:

With special extra thanks to

Charlie Knode, Brian McNully, John Gledhill, Peter Thompson, Sue Cable, Valerie Charlton, Drew Mara, Sue Smith, Charlie Coulter, Iain Monaghan, Steve Bennell, Bernard Belenger, Alpini McAlpine, Hugh Boyle, Dave Taylor, Garry Cooper, Peter Saunders, Less Sheppard, Vaughn Millard, Mamish MacInnes, Terry Mosaic, Bawn O'Beirne Ranelagh.

Made entirely on location in Scotland at Doune Castle, Castle Stalker, Killin, Glen Coe, Arnhall Castle, Braklim falls, Sherroffmiur.

By Python (Monty) Pictures Ltd., 20, Fitzroy Square, London W1 England.

And completed at Twickenham Film Studios, England.

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then:

The producers would like to thank the Forestry Commission Doune Admissions Ltd, Keir and Cawdor Estates, Stirling University, and the people of Doune for their help in the making of this film.

The Characters and incidents portrayed and the names used are fictitious and any similarity to the names, characters, or history of any person is entirely accidental and unintentional.

Signed RICHARD M. NIXON

Including the majestic m00se

TITLE IN:

TITLE OUT:

Songs

NEIL INNIS

Additional music

DEWOLFE

then:

A M00se once bit my sister ...

TITLE IN:

TITLE OUT:

Costume Designer

HAZEL PETHING

then:

No realli! She was Karving her initials on the m00se with the sharpened end of an interspace t00thbrush given by Svenge - her brother-in-law - an Oslo dentist and star of many Norwegian m0vies: "The H0t Hands of an Oslo Dentist", "Fillings of Passion", "The Huge M0lars of Horst Nordfink".

TITLE OUT:

TITLE IN:

We apologize for the fault in the subtitles. Those responsible have been sacked.

then:

Mynd you, m00se bites Kan be pretty nasti ...

TITLE OUT:

TITLE IN:

We apologize again for the fault in the subtitles. Those responsible for sacking the people who have just been sacked have been sacked.

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

Production Manager JULLIAN DOYLE

Assistant Director GERRY HARRISON

Special Effects JOHN HORTON

Choreography

Fight Director &

Period Consultant JOHN WALKER

Make-up Artists PEARL RASHBASS, PAM LUKE

Photography JULLIAN DOYLE

Animation Assistance LUCINDA COWELL, KATE HEPBURN

M00se Trained by TUTTE HERMSGERVORDENBR0TB0RDA

DISSOLVE TO:

Lighting Cameraman TERRY BEDFORD

Special M00se Effects OLAF PROT

M00se Costumes SIGGI CHURCHILL

DISSOLVE TO:

Designer ROY SMITH

M00se Choreographed by HORST PROT III

Miss Taylor's M00ses by HENGST DOUGLAS-HOME

M00se trained to mix

concrete and sign com-

plicated insurance

forms by JURGEN WIGG

DISSOLVE TO:

Editor JOHN HACKNEY

M00ses' noses wiped by BJORN IRKESTORM-SLATER WALKER

Large m00se on the left  
half side of the screen  
in the third scene from  
the end, given a thorough  
grounding in Latin,  
French and "O" Level  
Geography by BO BENN

Suggestive poses for the  
M00se suggested by VIC ROTTER

Antler-care by LIV THATCHER

TITLE OUT:

TITLE IN:

The directors of the firm hired to  
continue the credits after the other  
people had been sacked, with it to  
be known that they have just been  
sacked.

The credits have been completed  
in an entirely different style at  
great expense and at the last  
minute.

FADE OUT:

TITLE ON YELLOW B.G

Executive Producer

JOHN GOLDSTONE & "RALPH" The Wonder Llama

TITLE OUT:

TITLE IN:

Producer

MARK FORSTARTER

Assisted by

EARL J. LLAMA

MIKE Q. LLAMA III

SY LLAMA

MERLE Z. LLAMA IX

TITLE OUT:

TITLE IN:

Directed by

40 SPECIALLY TRAINED

ECUADORAN MOUNTAIN LLAMAS



6 VENEZUELAN RED LLAMAS  
142 MEXICAN WHOOPING LLAMAS  
14 NORTH CHILEAN GUANACOS  
(CLOSELY RELATED TO THE LLAMA)  
REG LLAMA OF BRIXTON  
76000 BATTERY LLAMAS  
FROM "LLAMA-FRESH" FARMS LTD. NEAR PARAGUAY  
and  
TERRY GILLIAM AND TERRY JONES  
FADE OUT:

-----  
"Monty Python and the Holy Grail"  
~~~~~

# 1 EXTERIOR - CASTLE WALLS - DAY

Mist. Several seconds of it swirling about. silence possibly, atmospheric music. SUPERIMPOSE "England AD 787". after a few more seconds we hear hoofbeats in the distance. They come slowly closer. Then out of the mist comes KING ARTHUR followed by a SERVANT who is banging two half coconuts together. ARTHUR raises his hand.

ARTHUR  
Whoa there!

SERVANT makes noises of horses halting, with a flourish. ARTHUR peers through the mist. CUT TO shot from over his shoulder: castle (e.g. Bodium) rising out of the mist. On the castle battlements a SOLDIER is dimly seen. He peers down.

SOLDIER  
Halt! Who goes there?

ARTHUR  
It is I, Arthur, son of Uther Pendragon, from the castle of Camelot. King of all Britons, defeater of the Saxons, sovereign of all England!

Pause.

SOLDIER  
Get away!

ARTHUR  
I am... And this my trusty servant, Patsy. We have ridden the

length and breadth of the land in search of knights who will join our court at Camelot.. I must speak with your lord and master.

SOLDIER

What? Ridden on a horse?

ARTHUR

Yes!

SOLDIER

You're using coconuts!

ARTHUR

...What?

SOLDIER

You've got two empty halves of coconuts and you're banging them together.

ARTHUR (Scomfully)

So? We have ridden since the snows of winter covered this land, through the kingdom of Mercea.

SOLDIER

Where did you get the coconuts?

ARTHUR

Through ... We found them.

SOLDIER

Found them? In Mercea. The coconut's tropical!

ARTHUR

What do you mean?

SOLDIER

Well, this is a temperate zone.

ARTHUR

The swallow may fly south with the sun, or the house martin or the plover seek warmer hot lands in winter, yet these are not strangers to our land.

SOLDIER

Are you suggesting coconuts migrate?

ARTHUR

Not at all. They could be carried.

SOLDIER

What? A swallow carrying a coconut?

| ARTHUR

| Why not?

|

| SOLDIER

| I'll tell you why not ... because a swallow is about eight inches long and  
| weighs five ounces, and you'd be lucky to find a coconut under a pound.

|

ARTHUR

It could grip it by the husk ...

SOLDIER

It's not a question of where he grips it, It's a simple matter  
of weight - ratios ... A five-ounce bird could not hold a a one pound  
coconut.

ARTHUR

Well, it doesn't matter. Go and tell your master that Arthur  
from the Court of Camelot is here.

A Slight pause. Swirling mist. Silence.

SOLDIER

Look! To maintain Velocity, a swallow needs to beat its wings  
four hundred and ninety three times every second. right?

ARTHUR

(irritated)

Please!

SOLDIER

Am I right?

ARTHUR

I'm not interested.

SECOND SOLDIER

(who has loomed up on the battlements)

It could be carried by an African swallow!

FIRST SOLDIER

Oh yes! An African swallow maybe ... but not a European swallow. that's my point.

SECOND SOLDIER

Oh yes, I agree there ...

ARTHUR

(losing patience)

Will you ask your master if he wants to join the Knights of Camelot?!

FIRST SOLDIER

But then of course African swallows are non-migratory.

SECOND SOLDIER

Oh yes.

ARTHUR

raises his eyes heavenwards and nods to PATSY. They turn and go off into the mist.

FIRST SOLDIER

So they wouldn't be able to bring a coconut back anyway.

SECOND SOLDIER

Wait a minute! Suppose two swallows carried it together?

FIRST SOLDIER

No, they'd have to have it on a line.

Stillness. Silence again.

## 2 ANIMATION/LIVE ACTION SEQUENCE - DEATH AND DEVASTATION

CUT TO Terry Gilliam's sequence of Brueghel prints. Sounds of strange medieval music. Discordant and sparse. Wailings and groanings. The last picture mixes through into live action. BIG CLOSE UP of contorted face upside down. A leg falls across it. Creaking noise. The bodies lurch away from CAMERA to reveal they are amongst a huge pile of bodies on a swaying cart that is lumbering away from CAMERA. It is pulled by a couple of ragged, dirty emaciated WRETCHES. Behind the cart walks another MAN who looks slightly more prosperous, but only on the scale of complete and utter impoverishment. He wears a black hood and looks sinister.

CART DRIVER

Bring out your dead!

We follow the cart through a wretched, impoverished plague-ridden village. A few starved mongrels run about in the mud scavenging. In the open doorway of one house perhaps we get a glimpse of a pair of legs dangling from the ceiling. In another doorway an OLD WOMAN is beating a cat against a wall rather like one does with a mat. The cart passes round a dead donkey or cow in the mud. And a MAN tied to a cart is being hammered to death by four NUNS with huge mallets.

CART DRIVER

Bring out your dead!

There are legs stick out of windows and doors. Two MEN are fighting in the mud - covered from head to foot in it. Another MAN is on his hands and knees shoveling mud into his mouth. We just catch sight of a MAN falling into a well.

CART DRIVER

Bring out your dead!

LARGE MAN

Here's one!

CART DRIVER

Ninepence.

BODY

I'm not dead!

CART DRIVER

What?

LARGE MAN

Nothing... There's your ninepence.

BODY

I'm not dead!

CART DRIVER

'Ere. He says he's not dead.

LARGE MAN

Yes he is.

BODY

I'm not!

CART DRIVER

He isn't.

LARGE MAN

He will be soon. He's very ill.

BODY

I'm getting better!

LARGE MAN

You're not. You'll be stone dead in a few minutes.

CART DRIVER

I can't take him like this. It's against regulations.

BODY

I don't want to go on the cart.

LARGE MAN

Don't be such a baby.

CART DRIVER

I can't take him.

BODY

I feel fine.

LARGE MAN

Do me a favor.

CART DRIVER

I can't.

LARGE MAN

Well, can you hang around a couple of minutes. He won't be long.

CART DRIVER

I promised I'd be at the Robinson's. They've lost nine today.

LARGE MAN

When's your next round?

CART DRIVER

Thursday.

BODY

I think I'll go for a walk.

LARGE MAN

You're not fooling anyone you know.

(to CART DRIVER)

Isn't there anything you could do?

BODY

(singing unrecognizably)

I feel happy... I feel happy.

The CART DRIVER looks at the LARGE MAN for a moment. Then they both do a quick furtive look up and down the street. The CART DRIVER very swiftly brings up a club and hits the OLD MAN. (Out of shot but the singing stops after a loud bonk noise.)

LARGE MAN

(handing over the money at last)

Thanks very much.

CART DRIVER

That's all right. See you on Thursday.

They turn ... Suddenly all the village fall to their knees, touching forelocks etc. ARTHUR and PATSY ride into SHOT, slightly nose to the air, they ride through without acknowledging anybody. After they pass, the LARGE MAN turns to the CART DRIVER.

LARGE MAN

Who's that then?

CART DRIVER

(Grudgingly)

I dunno, Must be a king.

LARGE MAN

Why?

CART DRIVER

He hasn't got shit all over him.

3 EXTERIOR - DAY

ARTHUR and PATSY riding. They stop and look. We see a castle in the distance, and before it a PEASANT is working away on his knees trying to dig up the earth with his bare hands and a twig. ARTHUR and PATSY ride up, and stop before the PEASANT

ARTHUR  
Old woman!

DENNIS  
Man!

ARTHUR  
Man. I'm sorry. Old man, What knight lives in that castle over there?

DENNIS  
I'm thirty-seven.

ARTHUR  
What?

DENNIS:  
I'm thirty-seven ... I'm not old.

ARTHUR:  
Well - I can't just say: "Hey, Man!"

DENNIS  
Well you could say: "Dennis"

ARTHUR  
I didn't know you were called Dennis.

DENNIS  
You didn't bother to find out, did you?

ARTHUR  
I've said I'm sorry about the old woman, but from the behind you looked ...

DENNIS  
What I object to is that you automatically treat me like an inferior ...

ARTHUR  
Well ... I AM king.

DENNIS  
Oh, very nice. King, eh! I expect you've got a palace and fine



clothes and courtiers and plenty of food. And how d'you get that? By exploiting the workers! By hanging on to outdated imperialist dogma which perpetuates the social and economic differences in our society! If there's EVER going to be any progress ...

An OLD WOMAN appears.

OLD WOMAN

Dennis! There's some lovely filth down here ... Oh! how d'you do?

ARTHUR

How d'you do, good lady ... I am Arthur, King of the Britons  
... can you tell me who lives in that castle?

OLD WOMAN

King of the WHO?

ARTHUR

The Britons.

OLD WOMAN

Who are the Britons?

ARTHUR

All of us are ... we are all Britons.

DENNIS winks at the OLD WOMAN.

... and I am your king ....

OLD WOMAN

Ooooh! I didn't know we had a king. I thought we were an autonomous collective ...

DENNIS

You're fooling yourself. We're living in a dictatorship, A self-perpetuating autocracy in which the working classes ...

OLD WOMAN

There you are, bringing class into it again ...

DENNIS

That's what it's all about ... If only -

ARTHUR

Please, please good people. I am in haste. What knight lives in that castle?

OLD WOMAN

No one live there.

ARTHUR

Well, who is your lord?

OLD WOMAN

We don't have a lord.

ARTHUR

What?

DENNIS

I told you, We're an anarcho-syndicalist commune, we take it in turns to act as a sort of executive officer for the week.

ARTHUR

Yes.

DENNIS

... But all the decisions of that officer ...

ARTHUR

Yes, I see.

DENNIS

... must be approved at a bi-weekly meeting by a simple majority in the case of purely internal affairs.

ARTHUR

Be quiet!

DENNIS

... but a two-thirds majority ...

ARTHUR

Be quiet! I order you to shut up.

OLD WOMAN

Order, eh -- who does he think he is?

ARTHUR

I am your king!

OLD WOMAN

Well, I didn't vote for you.

ARTHUR

You don't vote for kings.

OLD WOMAN

Well, how did you become king, then?

ARTHUR

The Lady of the Lake, her arm clad in the purest shimmering samite, held Excalibur aloft from the bosom of the water to signify by Divine Providence ... that I, Arthur, was to carry Excalibur ... That is why I am your king!

|

| OLD WOMAN

| Is Frank in? He'd be able to deal with this one.

|

DENNIS

Look, strange women lying on their backs in ponds handing out swords ... that's no basis for a system of government. Supreme executive power derives from a mandate from the masses, not from some farcical aquatic ceremony.

ARTHUR

Be quiet!

DENNIS

You can't expect to wield supreme executive power just 'cause some watery tart threw a sword at you!

ARTHUR

Shut up!

DENNIS

I mean, if I went around saying I was an Emperor because some moistened bint had lobbed a scimitar at me, people would put me away!

ARTHUR

(Grabbing him by the collar)

Shut up, will you. Shut up!

DENNIS

Ah! NOW ... we see the violence inherent in the system.

ARTHUR

Shut up!

PEOPLE (i.e. other PEASANTS) are appearing and watching.

DENNIS (calling)

Come and see the violence inherent in the system. Help, help, I'm being repressed!

ARTHUR

(aware that people are now coming out and watching)

Bloody peasant!

(pushes DENNIS over into mud and prepares to ride off)

DENNIS

Oh, Did you hear that! What a give-away.

ARTHUR

Come on, patsy.

They ride off.

DENNIS

(in the background as we PULL OUT)

did you see him repressing me, then? That's what I've been on about ...

4 EXTERIOR - FOREST - DAY

MIX THROUGH to ARTHUR and PATSY riding through the forest. They pass rune stones. We TRACK with them. CLOSE-UPS of their faces as they ride. MIX to another TRACKING SHOT of them riding through the forest. They come to a clearing and stop, looking ahead intently. Their eyes light up.

Sound FX of fight.

CUT TO their eyeline. A clearing on the other side of which is a rough wooden foot-bridge across a stream. At the start of the bridge a tremendous fight is going on. A huge BLACK KNIGHT in black armor, his face totally masked in a visor, is fighting a slightly smaller KNIGHT in green armor. (Perhaps the GREEN KNIGHT's armor is identical to the BLACK KNIGHT's save for the color.)

CUT BACK TO ARTHUR and PATSY. They watch, growing more impressed as they watch the fight.

CUT BACK TO the fight. The GREEN KNIGHT lunges at the BLACK KNIGHT,

who avoids the blow with a skillful side-step and parry, knocking the sword out of the GREEN KNIGHT's hand.

CUT BACK TO ARTHUR and PATSY even more impressed.

CUT BACK TO the fight. The GREEN KNIGHT has drawn out a particularly nasty mace or spiked ball and chain, much longer than the BLACK KNIGHT's sword.

ARTHUR narrows his eyes, wondering whether the BLACK KNIGHT will survive.

CUT BACK to the fight. The GREEN KNIGHT swings at the BLACK KNIGHT, who ducks under the first swing, leaps over the second and starts to close on the GREEN KNIGHT.

CUT BACK TO ARTHUR and PATSY watching like a tennis match. Sound FX of the fight reaching a climax. Four almighty clangs. Then Silence.

CUT BACK to see the GREEN KNIGHT stretched out. The BLACK KNIGHT sheathes his sword.

ARTHUR looks at PATSY. Nods and they move forward.

CUT BACK TO the BLACK KNIGHT picking up the GREEN KNIGHT above his head and hurling him into the river. ARTHUR and PATSY approach him.

ARTHUR

You fight with the strength of many men, Sir knight.

| BLACK KNIGHT

| Who dares to challenge the Black Knight?

|

| ARTHUR

| I do not challenge you.

The BLACK KNIGHT stares impassively and says nothing.

ARTHUR

I am Arthur, King of the Britons.

Hint of a pause as he waits for a reaction which doesn't come. ARTHUR is only slightly thrown.

... I seek the bravest and the finest knights in all the world to join me in my court at Camelot ...

The BLACK KNIGHT remains silent

ARTHUR

You have proved yourself worthy. ... Will you join me?

Silence.

| ARTHUR

| A man of your strength and skill would be the chief of all my knights ...

|

| BLACK KNIGHT

| Never.

|

ARTHUR

You make me sad. But so be it. Come Patsy.

As he moves, the BLACK KNIGHT bars the way.

BLACK KNIGHT

None shall pass.

ARTHUR

What?

BLACK KNIGHT

None shall pass.

ARTHUR

I have no quarrel with you, brave Sir knight, but I must cross this bridge.

BLACK KNIGHT

Then you shall die.

ARTHUR

I command you, as King of the Britons to stand aside.

BLACK KNIGHT

I move for no man.

ARTHUR

So be it!

ARTHUR draws his sword and approaches the BLACK KNIGHT. A furious fight now starts lasting about fifteen seconds at which point ARTHUR delivers a mighty blow which completely severs the BLACK KNIGHT's left arm at the shoulder. ARTHUR steps back triumphantly.

ARTHUR

Now stand aside worthy adversary.

BLACK KNIGHT

(Glancing at his shoulder)

'Tis but a scratch.

ARTHUR

A scratch? Your arm's off.

BLACK KNIGHT

No, it isn't.

ARTHUR

(Pointing to the arm on ground)

Well, what's that then?

BLACK KNIGHT

I've had worse.

ARTHUR

You're a liar.

BLACK KNIGHT

Come on you pansy!

Another ten seconds furious fighting till ARTHUR chops the BLACK KNIGHT's other arm off, also at the shoulder. The arm plus sword, lies on the ground.

ARTHUR

Victory is mine.

(sinking to his knees)

I thank thee O Lord that in thy ...

BLACK KNIGHT

Come on then.

ARTHUR

What?

He kicks ARTHUR hard on the side of the helmet. ARTHUR gets up still holding his sword. The BLACK KNIGHT comes after him kicking.

ARTHUR

You are indeed brave Sir knight, but the fight is mine.

BLACK KNIGHT

Had enough?

ARTHUR

You stupid bastard. You haven't got any arms left.

BLACK KNIGHT

Course I have.

ARTHUR

Look!

BLACK KNIGHT

What! Just a flesh wound.

(kicks ARTHUR)

ARTHUR

Stop that.

BLACK KNIGHT

(kicking him)

Had enough ... ?

ARTHUR

I'll have your leg.

He is kicked.

Right!

The BLACK KNIGHT kicks him again and ARTHUR chops his leg off. The BLACK KNIGHT keeps his balance with difficulty.

BLACK KNIGHT

I'll do you for that.

ARTHUR

You'll what ... ?

BLACK KNIGHT

Come Here.

ARTHUR

What are you going to do. bleed on me?



BLACK KNIGHT

I'm invincible!

ARTHUR

You're a loony.

BLACK KNIGHT

The Black Knight always triumphs. Have at you!

ARTHUR takes his last leg off. The BLACK KNIGHT's body lands upright.

BLACK KNIGHT

All right, we'll call it a draw.

ARTHUR

Come, Patsy.

ARTHUR and PATSY start to cross the bridge.

BLACK KNIGHT

Running away eh? You yellow bastard, Come back here and take what's coming to you. I'll bite your legs off!

5 EXTERIOR - DAY

A village. Sound of chanting of Latin canon, punctuated by short, sharp cracks. It comes nearer. We see it is a line of MONKS ala SEVENTH SEAL flagellation scene, chanting and banging themselves on the foreheads with wooden boards. They pass a group of villagers who are dragging a beautiful YOUNG WOMAN dressed as a witch through the streets. They drag her to a strange house/ruin standing on a hill outside the village. A strange-looking knight stands outside, SIR BEDEVERE.

FIRST VILLAGER

We have found a witch. May we burn her?

ALL

A Witch! Burn her!

BEDEVERE

How do you know she is a witch?

ALL

She looks like one. Yes, she does.

BEDEVERE

Bring her forward.

They bring her forward - a beautiful YOUNG GIRL (MISS ISLINGTON)  
dressed up as a witch.

WITCH

I am not a witch. I am not a witch.

BEDEVERE

But you are dressed as one.

WITCH

They dressed me up like this.

ALL

We didn't, we didn't!

WITCH

This is not my nose, It is a false one.

BEDEVERE takes her nose off.

BEDEVERE

Well?

FIRST VILLAGER

... Well, we did do the nose.

BEDEVERE

The nose?

FIRST VILLAGER

And the hat. But she is a witch.

ALL

A witch, a witch, burn her!

BEDEVERE

Did you dress her up like this?

FIRST VILLAGER

... Um ... Yes ... no ... a bit ... yes... she has got a wart.

BEDEVERE

Why do you think she is a witch?

SECOND VILLAGER

She turned me into a newt.

BEDEVERE

A newt?

SECOND VILLAGER

(After looking at himself for some time)

I got better.

ALL

Burn her anyway.

BEDEVERE

Quiet! Quiet! There are ways of telling whether she is a witch.

ARTHUR and PATSY ride up at this point and watch what follows with interest

ALL

There are? Tell up. What are they, wise Sir Bedevere?

BEDEVERE

Tell me ... what do you do with witches?

ALL

Burn them.

BEDEVERE

And what do you burn, apart from witches?

FOURTH VILLAGER

... Wood?

BEDEVERE

So why do witches burn?

SECOND VILLAGER

(pianissimo)

... Because they're made of wood...?

BEDEVERE

Good.

PEASANTS stir uneasily then come round to this conclusion.

ALL

I see. Yes, of course.

BEDEVERE

So how can we tell if she is made of wood?

FIRST VILLAGER

Make a bridge out of her.

BEDEVERE

Ah ... but can you not also make bridges out of stone?

ALL

Ah. Yes, of course ... um ... err ...

BEDEVERE

Does wood sink in water?

ALL

No, no, It floats. Throw her in the pond Tie weights on her. To the pond.

BEDEVERE

Wait. Wait ... tell me, what also floats on water?

ALL

Bread? No, no, no. Apples .... gravy ... very small rocks ...

ARTHUR

A duck.

They all turn and look at ARTHUR. BEDEVERE looks up very impressed.

BEDEVERE

Exactly. So... logically ...

FIRST VILLAGER

(beginning to pick up the thread)

If she ... weighs the same as a duck ... she's made of wood.

BEDEVERE

And therefore?

ALL

A witch! ... A duck! A duck! Fetch a duck.

## FOURTH VILLAGER

Here is a duck, Sir Bedevere.

## BEDEVERE

We shall use my largest scales.

He leads them a few yards to a very strange contraption indeed, made of wood and rope and leather. They put the GIRL in one pan and the duck in another. Each pan is supported by a wooden stave. BEDEVERE checks each pan then ... ARTHUR looks on with interest.

## BEDEVERE

Remove the supports.

Two PEASANTS knock them away with sledge hammers. The GIRL and the duck swing slightly but balance perfectly.

## ALL

A witch! A witch!

## WITCH

It's a fair cop.

## All

Burn her! Burn her! Let's make her into a ladder.

The VILLAGERS drag the girl away, leaving ARTHUR and BEDEVERE regarding each other admiringly.

## BEDEVERE

Who are you who are so wise in the ways of science?

## ARTHUR

I am Arthur, King of the Britons.

## BEDEVERE

My liege ... forgive me ...

ARTHUR looks at PATSY with obvious satisfaction.

## ARTHUR

Good Sir knight, will you come with me to Camelot, and join our number at the Round Table?

## BEDEVERE

My liege, I am honored.

ARTHUR steps forward, drawing his sword, with a slight hint of difficulty

ARTHUR

What is your name?

BEDEVERE

Bedevere, my Liege.

ARTHUR

Then I dub you ... Sir Bedevere ... Knight of the Round Table!

| 6 VARIOUS MONTAGE - ANIMATION

| VOICE OVER

| And so King Arthur gathered his knights together ... bringing from all the  
| corners of the kingdom the strongest and bravest in the land ... To sit at  
| The Round Table ...

| Under this voice over we have a montage of shots of ARTHUR recruiting his  
| Knights:

| 1. ARTHUR, PATSY, BEDEVERE and PAGE riding through hillside.

| MIX TO:

| 2. A castle. LONG SHOT of SIR GAWAIN standing outside and ARTHUR's group  
| approaching and shaking hands perhaps.

| 3. MIX TO the group now plus SIR GAWAIN and PAGE (who is weighted down by an  
| enormous quantity of luggage) riding down by a stream and approaching SIR  
| HECTOR. ARTHUR dubs him.

| 4. MIX TO the group (now plus HECTOR and PAGE) approaching some group of  
| buildings or whatever. In the distance SIR ROBIN is being taught the lute by  
| one of his MUSICIANS. ARTHUR calls and SIR ROBIN immediately reacts and  
| hands the lute to his MUSICIAN and comes to join ARTHUR & CO.

| 5. MIX TO SIR GALAHAD surrounded by chickens. He is wearing a carpenters  
| apron over his immaculate armor and is finishing off a hen-house. We see the  
| group approach and he throws off the apron and puts down the hen-house and  
| goes to join them.

| 6. MIX TO the group riding along again.

| 7. MIX TO SIR LAUNCELOT handing a BABY to his WIFE (who has several other  
| CHILDREN hanging about) and he strides off to join ARTHUR, leaving his

| castle, WIFE and CHILDREN. The castle (Eilean Donan) has washing hanging  
| outside it. A real family castle. There are at least six kids.

|  
| 8. MIX TO the complete group, i.e. ARTHUR and PATSY, BEDEVERE and PAGE,  
| GAWAIN and PAGE, HECTOR and PAGE, GALAHAD and PAGE, SIR ROBIN and  
| six MUSICIANS, LAUNCELOT and PAGE.

+

+6 CLOSE-UP of a book on which is written:

+

+ THE BOOK OF THE FILM

+

+ VOICE OVER

+ The wise Sir Bedevere was the first to join King Arthur's knights ...

+ but other illustrious names were soon to follow ...

+

+ Hand turns page.

+

+ VOICE OVER

+ Sir Launcelot the Brave ...

+

+ Hand turns page.

+

+ VOICE OVER

+ Sir Galahad the Pure ...

+

+ Hand turns page.

+

+ VOICE OVER

+ And Sir Robin-the-not-quite-so-pure-as-Sir-Launcelot ...

+

+ Hand turns page.

+

+ VOICE OVER

+ ... Who had nearly fought the Dragon of Agnor ...

+

+ Hand turns page.

+

+ VOICE OVER

+ ... Who had nearly stood up to the vicious Chicken of Bristol ...

+

+ Hand turns Page.

+

+ VOICE OVER

+ ... and who had personally wet himself at the Battle of Badon Hill ... and

+ the aptly named ...

+

+ Hand turns page.  
+ VOICE OVER  
+ Sir Not-appearing-in-this-film.  
+  
+ Hand turns page.  
+  
+ VOICE OVER  
+ Together they formed band whose names and deeds were to be retold throughout  
+ the centuries... The Knights of the Round Table ...  
+  
+ A gorilla's hand snatches away the hand.  
+  
+ Music swells and fades and we MIX THROUGH TO:

## 7 EXTERIOR - SUNSET

Fairly close HEAD-ON SHOT of the KNIGHTS riding along. BEDEVERE and ARTHUR at the front of the group deep in conversation.

BEDEVERE

And that, my lord, is how we know the Earth to be banana-shaped.

ARTHUR

This new learning amazes me, Sir Bedevere. Explain again how sheep's bladders may be employed to prevent earthquakes.

BEDEVERE

OF course, my Liege ...

LAUNCELOT

(he points)

Look, my liege!

They all stop and look.

ARTHUR

(with thankful reverence)

Camelot!

CUT TO shot of amazing castle in the distance. Illuminated in the rays of the setting sun.

Music.

CUT BACK TO ARTHUR and the group. They are all staring with fascination.



GALAHAD

Camelot ...

LAUNCELOT

Camelot ...

GAWAIN

(at the back, to PAGE)

It's only a model.

ARTHUR

(turning sharply)

Sh!

(to the rest)

Knights! I bid you welcome to your new home! Let us ride ... to Camelot.

8 INTERIOR - NIGHT

CUT TO interior of medieval hall. A large group of armored KNIGHTS are engaged in a well choreographed song-and-dance routine of the very up-beat 'If they could see me now' type of fast bouncy number. The poorer verses are made clearer by CUTTING to a group of knights actually engaged in the described task while the line itself is sung. They sing:

KNIGHTS

We're knights of the round table

We dance whene'er we're able

We do routines and chorus scenes

With footwork impeccable.

We dine well here in Camelot

We eat ham and jam and spam a lot.

We're knights of the Round Table

Our shows are formidable

But many times

We're given rhymes

That are quite unsingable

We're opera mad in Camelot

We sing from the diaphragm a lot.

Booming basses. A routine where two XYLOPHONISTS play parts of KNIGHTS' armor producing a pleasing effect.

In war we're tough and able.

Quite indefatigable

Between our quests  
We sequin vests  
And impersonate Clark Gable  
It's a busy life in Camelot.

SINGLE MAN  
I have to push the pram a lot.

CUT BACK TO ARTHUR and BEDEVERE and COMPANY as we had left them.

ARTHUR  
No, on second thought, let's not go to Camelot.

KNIGHTS  
Right!

ARTHUR  
It is a silly place.

They set off again almost immediately they are suffused in ethereal radiance and strange heavenly choir music. The PAGES, horselike, take fright for a moment, they whinny and rattle their coconuts. ARTHUR and the KNIGHTS fall on their knees. A holy voice booms out.

GOD  
Arthur! Arthur ... King of the Britons ...

They all prostrate themselves even further

Oh, don't grovel ... do get up! If there's one thing I can't stand,  
it's people groveling!!

ARTHUR and COMPANY rise.

ARTHUR  
Sorry ...

GOD  
And don't apologize. Every time I try to talk to someone it's  
sorry this and forgive me that and I'm not worthy and ... What are you  
doing now?

ARTHUR  
I'm averting my eyes, Lord.

GOD

Well, don't.  
| I really don't know where all this got started.  
It's like those miserable psalms. they're so depressing. Now knock it off.

ARTHUR  
Yes, Lord.

GOD  
Right. Arthur, King of the Britons, you're Knights of the Round  
Table shall have a task to make them an example in these dark times  
...

ARTHUR  
Good idea, O Lord!

GOD  
Course it's a good idea.

Suddenly another light glows beside GOD or possibly within the light  
which is GOD a shape slowly starts to form.

Behold ... Arthur ... this is the Holy Grail ...  
| the Sacred Cup from which Christ drank at the Last Supper ...

The form in the bright light is just discernible as an iridescent  
chalice ... the KNIGHTS gasp.

Look well, Arthur ... for it is your sacred task to seek this Grail.

It begins to fade. Music crescendo as both lights fade.

That is your purpose Arthur ... the Quest for the Holy Grail ...

It is gone. All the KNIGHTS are left gasping in awe and  
wonderment. They all turn and look at ARTHUR.

LAUNCELOT  
A Blessing. A blessing from the lord.

| BEDEVERE  
| Praise be to God!  
|  
| An awed pause, then ARTHUR rallies them.

| ARTHUR  
| We have a task, we must waste no time! To Camelot!

|  
+ GALAHAD  
+ God be praised!

Stirring music crescendo. They ride off.

CUT TO TITLES SEQUENCE Animation: "The Quest For The Holy Grail" After titles CUT TO:

9 EXTERIOR - CASTLE - DAY

MIX THROUGH one or two shots of them on their way again, until they approach a terrific castle (a little one would do too). They advance quite close to the castle and draw themselves into a line. At a signal from ARTHUR the two PAGES step forward and give a brief fanfare.

A MAN appears on the battlements. ARTHUR addresses him.

ARTHUR  
Hello.

MAN  
'Allo. Whoo is eet?

ARTHUR  
I am King Arthur and these are the Knights of the Round Table. Whose castle is this?

MAN  
This is the castle of my master, Guy de Loimbard.

ARTHUR  
Please go and tell your master that we have been charged by God with a sacred quest, and if he will give us food and shelter for this night he can join us in our quest for the Holy Grail.

MAN  
Well, I'll ask him, but I don't think he'll be very keen. He's already got one, you see?

ARTHUR  
What?

GALAHAD  
He says they've already got one!

They are stunned.

ARTHUR

Are you sure he's got one?

MAN

Oh yes. It's very nice

+

+ CUT TO BATTLEMENTS. THE TAUNTER (MAN) turns to some others.

+

+ MAN

+ I told him we already got one.

+

+ They all giggle.

+

ARTHUR

Well ... can we come up and have a look?

MAN

Of course not! You are English pigs.

ARTHUR

Well, what are you then?

MAN

I'm French. Why do think I have this outrageous accent, you silly king.

GALAHAD

What are you doing in England?

MAN

Mind your own business.

ARTHUR

If you will not show us the Grail we shall storm your castle.

Murmurs of assent.

MAN

You don't frighten us, English pig-dog! Go and boil your bottoms, son of a silly person. I blow my nose on you, so-called Arthur-king, you and your silly English K...kaniggets.

He puts hands to his ears and blows a raspberry.

GALAHAD

What a strange person.

ARTHUR

Now look here, my good man!

MAN

I don't want to talk to you, no more, you empty-headed animal, food trough wiper. I fart in your general direction. Your mother was a hamster and your father smelt of elderberries.

GALAHAD

Is there someone else up there we could talk to?

MAN

No. Now go away or I shall taunt you a second time.

ARTHUR

Now this is your last chance. I've been more than reasonab...

+

+ MAN

+ Fetchez la vache!

+

+ GUARD

+ Quoi?

+

+ MAN

+ Fetchez la vache!

+

CUT BACK TO battlements. A cow is led out of a stall.

CUT BACK TO ARTHUR.

ARTHUR

Now that is my final offer. If you are not prepared to agree to my demands I shall be forced to take ... Oh Christ!

A cow comes flying over the battlements, lowing aggressively. The cow lands on GALAHAD'S PAGE, squashing him completely.

|

| ROBIN

| What a cruel thing to do.

|

| BEDEVERE

| (Choking back tears)

| It hadn't even been milked.

|

ARTHUR

Right! Knights! Forward!

ARTHUR leads a charge toward the castle. Various shots of them battling on, despite being hit by a variety of farm animals.

ARTHUR

(as the MAN next to him is squashed by a sheep)

Knights! Run away!

Midst echoing shouts of "run away" the KNIGHTS retreat to cover with the odd cow or goose hitting them still. The KNIGHTS crouch down under cover.

LAUNCELOT

The sods! I'll tear them apart.

ARTHUR

(restraining LAUNCELOT from going out and having a go)

No!

BEDEVERE

I have a plan sir.

CUT BACK TO battlements of castle. FRENCH SENTRIES suspiciously peering towards the English lines. Wind whistles.

Shot of the empty scrubland or undergrowth or woodland around the castle. Emptiness. Wind. More shots of the FRENCH SENTRIES peering into the dusk.

| As night falls. MIX THROUGH TO night On the battlements a brazier burns or  
| torches on the wall as the SENTRIES peer into the dark. Shots of the  
| woodland with fires burning where the English lines are.

During all this the sounds of extensive carpentry have possibly been heard, followed by silence, followed by renewed outbursts or activity.

CLOSE-UP FRENCH looking very nervous. Dawn breaking. Shot of woodland. Nothing. Wind. Dawn still breaking. Shots of the FRENCH. They suddenly hear something. A faintly detectable squeaking which is getting louder.

CUT TO WIDE SHOT of castle and woodland. Squeaking getting

louder. Shot of the FRENCH TAUNTER pointing. WIDE SHOT again. The squeaking gets louder an enormous twenty-foot-high wooden rabbit is wheeled out of the undergrowth into the open space in front of the castle. The ENGLISH scuttle back into the undergrowth. The rabbit has a large red bow tied round it and a rather crudely written label, which reads "Pour votres amis Francais". The CHIEF TAUNTER looks at it, narrowing his eyes. Then he turns and leaves battlements.

CUT TO ARTHUR and COMPANY watching from the bushes. The main gate of the castle opens a little and the CHIEF TAUNTER's head sticks out, then another Froggie head, then another. They mutter to each other in French, look rather pleased, then rush out and start to pull the giant rabbit in.

CUT BACK TO ARTHUR and COMPANY behind some bushes watching.

ARTHUR

Now what happens?

BEDEVERE

Well now, Launcelot, Galahad, and I wait until nightfall and then leap out of the rabbit and take the French by surprise, not only by surprise but totally unarmed!

ARTHUR

Who ... Who breaks out?

BEDEVERE

Er ... We ... Launcelot, Galahad, and I ... Er ... leap out of the rabbit and ...

LAUNCELOT covers his eyes.

BEDEVERE

Look, if we were to build a large wooden badger...

ARTHUR cuffs him. ARTHUR looks at the battlements. There is a loud twang. Look of horror. The rabbit comes sailing over the battlements.

ARTHUR

Run away!

More shouts.

Run away!



| SIR GAWAIN  
| (to his PAGE as they run away)  
| It's only a model.  
|  
| ARTHUR  
| Sh!

They continue to retreat. The rabbit lands on GAWAIN'S PAGE (who is already weighed down by enormous quantity of luggage).

#### 10 EXTERIOR - CASTLE WALLS - DAY

CUT TO a MAN in modern dress standing outside a castle. He speaks straight to CAMERA in a documentary kind of way.

SUPERIMPOSE CAPTION: A Very Famous Historian.

#### HISTORIAN'S SPEECH

Defeat at the castle seems to have utterly disheartened King Arthur ... The ferocity of the French taunting took him completely by surprise and Arthur became convinced that a new strategy was required if the quest for the Holy Grail were to be brought to a successful conclusion. Arthur, having consulted his closest knights, decided that they should separate, and search for the Grail individually. Now, this is what they did. No sooner...

A KNIGHT rides into shot and hacks him to the ground. He rides off.

We stay for a moment on the glade. A MIDDLE-AGED LADY in a C. & A. twin-set emerges from the trees and looks in horror at the body of her HUSBAND.

MRS HISTORIAN  
FRANK!

CUT TO animated frame, with the words "The Tale of Sir Robin" on it. Pleasant pastoral music. MIX THROUGH TO:  
+ VOICE: "The Tale Of Sir Robin"

#### 11 EXTERIOR - GLADE - DAY

A KNIGHT is trotting along through a wooden sun-dappled glade, followed by his trusty PAGE banging the usual half coconuts. As we see them approach we hear the beautiful lilting sound of medieval music, and see that the KNIGHT is followed by a small retinue of MUSICIANS in thirteenth-century courtly costume, one sings, and plays the

tambourine, one bangs at a tabor (A small drum O.E.D.) and one plays the pipes.

The KNIGHT looks very proud and firm as we hear the first part of the song, but the combination of the lyrics and the large signs they pass, start to have their effect ...

SONG:

Bravely bold Sir Robin, rode forth from Camelot,  
He was not afraid to die, Oh Brave Sir Robin,  
He was not at all afraid to be killed in nasty ways  
Brave, brave, brave, brave Sir Robin.

He was not in the least bit scared to be mashed into a pulp  
Or to have his eyes gouged out and his elbows broken;  
To have his kneecaps split and his body burned away  
And his limbs all hacked and mangled, brave Sir Robin.

His head smashed in, and his heart cut out,  
And his liver removed, and his bowels unplugged,  
And his nostrils raped, and his bottom burned off,  
And his penis split ... and his ...

ROBIN

Er, That's ... That's enough music for a while, lads.  
It Looks as though like there's dirty work afoot.

SINGERS

Brave, Sir Rob ...

ROBIN

Shut up.

They have ridden past the following signs, all in triplicate:-

```

+-----+
| CAMELOT 43 CERTAIN DEATH I |
| CAMELOT 43 CERTAIN DEATH I |
| CAMELOT 43 CERTAIN DEATH I |
+-----+
+-----+
| BEWARE GO BACK DEAD PEOPLE ONLY |
| BEWARE GO BACK DEAD PEOPLE ONLY |
| BEWARE GO BACK DEAD PEOPLE ONLY |
+-----+

```

## 12 EXTERIOR - GLADE - DAY

They now pass three KNIGHTS impaled to a tree. With their feet off the ground, with one lance through the lot of them, they are skewered up like a barbecue.

Then they pass three KNIGHTS sitting on the ground with one enormous axe through their skulls. They look timorous.

| Then a huge tree is absolutely packed with MAIDENS tied to it. They all look  
| fed up. SIR ROBIN calls out cheerfully as he passes.

| ROBIN

| Morning.

| ONE LADY

| Bye.

SIR ROBIN rides on a little way with the music building up enormous and terrifying tension, until suddenly there standing before him is an enormous THREE-HEADED KNIGHT.

THREE HEADS

Halt! Who art thou?

SINGERS

He is brave Sir Robin, brave Sir Robin, who ...

ROBIN

(to SINGERS)

Shut up. Oh, nobody really. just passing through.

THREE HEADS

What do you want?

SINGERS

To fight and ...

ROBIN

Shut up. Nothing really. just to pass through, good Sir knight.

THREE HEADS

I'm afraid not.

| This is my bit of the forest. Find your own bit.

ROBIN

I am a Knight of King Arthur's Round Table.

| I seek the Holy Grail - Stand aside and let me pass.

THREE HEADS

You are a Knight of the Round Table?

ROBIN

I am.

>From now on the THREE HEADS speak individually.

SECOND HEAD

Shit.

FIRST HEAD

In that case I shall have to kill you.

SECOND HEAD

Shall I?

THIRD HEAD

Oh, I don't think so.

SECOND HEAD

I'm not sure.

MIDDLE HEAD

(to FIRST)

What do I think?

LEFT HEAD

I think kill him.

|

| SECOND HEAD

| I'm still not sure.

|

| THIRD HEAD

| All right. How many of me think I should kill him?

|

| FIRST HEAD

| I do.

|

| THIRD HEAD

| One.

|  
| SECOND HEAD  
| That's not a quorum.  
|  
| FIRST HEAD  
| It is if I'm the Chairman.  
|  
| THIRD HEAD  
| Oo, it's not.  
|  
| SECOND HEAD  
| I'm the Chairman this week.  
|  
| FIRST HEAD  
| You're not.  
|  
| SECOND HEAD  
| Look, it'll make it much simpler if I vote with me.  
|  
| THIRD HEAD  
| To kill him.  
|  
| SECOND HEAD  
| Yeah.  
|  
| THIRD HEAD  
| (tuts)  
| Oh, damn.  
|  
| FIRST HEAD  
| (to SIR ROBIN)  
| Knight, I have decided to kill you.  
|  
| THIRD HEAD  
| With one absenting.  
|  
| FIRST HEAD  
| Knight, I have decided to kill you with one absenting.  
|  
| THIRD HEAD  
| (to SIR ROBIN)  
| Sorry about this but I have to be fair.  
|  
| ROBIN  
| Oh, that's all right. So you are going to kill me with your big axe.  
|

| FIRST HEAD

| Er no, with my sword.

| SECOND HEAD

| Dagger.

| THIRD HEAD

| Mace is quicker.

| FIRST HEAD

| No, no, the sword, it's easier.

| THIRD HEAD

| He said axe.

| ROBIN

| Look, hurry up six eyes, or I shall cut your head off.

| THIRD HEAD

| (to SIR ROBIN, referring to FIRST HEAD)

| For God's sake, CUT that one off, and do us all a favor.

| FIRST HEAD

| What do you mean?

| THIRD HEAD

| Yapping on all the time.

| SECOND HEAD

| You're lucky, you're not next to him.

| THIRD HEAD

| What do you mean?

| SECOND HEAD

| You snore.

| THIRD HEAD

| Oo, lies. Anyway, you've got bad breath.

| SECOND HEAD

| (aspirating heavily)

| I haven't.

| Both THIRD and FIRST HEADS turn away slightly, making faces.

| SECOND HEAD

| It's not my fault. It's what you both eat.

| FIRST HEAD

| Look, stop this bitching. We've got a knight to kill.

| SECOND HEAD

| He's buggered off.

| THIRD HEAD

| So he has. He's scampered.

| FIRST HEAD

| That's all your fault.

| THIRD HEAD

| No, it's not.

| FIRST HEAD

| (swipes at himself)

| Take that.

| SECOND HEAD

| Ow.

| FIRST HEAD

| I'm sorry.

| THIRD HEAD

| 'Ere, stop it. I'll teach you.

| The BODY starts laying into itself with sword and mace, while the HEADS  
| argue and shout with pain. We PAN gently across to the MAIDENS on their  
| tree. They are still very fed up.

| MAIDEN

| I suppose we're lucky he's only got three heads.

| LOVELY

| Chance would be a fine thing.

+

+ THIRD HEAD

+ Oh! let's be nice to him.

+

+ FIRST HEAD

+ Oh shut up.

+  
+ ROBIN  
+ Perhaps I could ...  
+  
+ FIRST HEAD  
+ Oh! quick! get the sword out I want to cut his head off.  
+  
+ THIRD HEAD  
+ Oh, cut your own head off.  
+  
+ SECOND HEAD  
+ Yes - do us all a favor.  
+  
+ FIRST HEAD  
+ What?  
+  
+ THIRD HEAD  
+ Yapping on all the time.  
+  
+ SECOND HEAD  
+ You're lucky, you're not next to him.  
+  
+ THIRD HEAD  
+ What do you mean?  
+  
+ SECOND HEAD  
+ You snore.  
+  
+ THIRD HEAD  
+ Ooh, lies! anyway you've got bad breath.  
+  
+ SECOND HEAD  
+ Well only because you don't brush my teeth ...  
+  
+ THIRD HEAD  
+ Oh! stop bickering and let's go and have tea and biscuits.  
+  
+ FIRST HEAD  
+ All right! All right! We'll kill him first and then have tea and biscuits.  
+  
+ SECOND HEAD  
+ Yes.  
+  
+ THIRD HEAD  
+ Oh! not biscuits ...  
+



+ FIRST HEAD  
+ All right! All right! not biscuits - but lets kill him anyway ...  
+  
+ WIDE-SHOT THE 3-HEADED KNIGHT is alone.  
+  
+ SECOND HEAD  
+ He's bugged off!  
+  
+ THIRD HEAD  
+ So he has! He's scampered.

### 13 EXTERIOR - GLADE - DAY

Quick sequence of SIR ROBIN. The music is jolly and bright, as if triumphant. ROBIN is not at all happy with the lyrics.

#### SINGERS

Brave Sir Robin ran away.

#### ROBIN

I didn't.

#### SINGERS

Bravely ran away, away.

#### ROBIN

No, no, no.

#### SINGERS

When danger reared its ugly head,  
He bravely turned his tail and fled  
Yes, Brave Sir Robin turned about  
And gallantly he chickened out  
Bravely taking to his feet  
He beat a very brave retreat  
Bravest of the brave Sir Robin  
Petrified of being dead  
Soiled his pants then brave Sir Robin  
Turned away and fled.

They disappear into distance.

ANIMATION: "The Tale Of Sir Galahad"

### 14 EXTERIOR - STORM - FOREST - DUSK

As the storm rages we pick up GALAHAD forcing his way through brambles and over slippery rocks. Progress is hard. He pauses and at this moment we hear the howling of wolves. GALAHAD turns, then hurries onward even more urgently. Another louder, closer howl is heard and GALAHAD stumbles and falls heavily. Though obviously injured he bravely struggles forward a little and regains his feet reacting with pain. More louder closer howling. He grips his sword valiantly and as he glances around a flash of lightning reveals the silhouette of a huge terrifying castle, perhaps looking rather derelict. He makes up his mind in an instant and stumbles manfully toward it. More louder howling. He reaches the forbidding and enormous doors of the castle and beats on the doors with the handle of his sword, looking over his shoulder the while. Pause. He beats again, shouting:

GALAHAD

Open. Open the doors. In the name of King Arthur. Open the doors.

| I am Sir Galahad, a knight of the Round Table.

|

| Some suitable noises are heard inside.

|

| I am on a quest for the Holy Grail. I seek shelter.

Some rattling chainy noises come from inside with huge bolts being drawn. The wolves' howling is very close. As the door creaks open GALAHAD steps quickly inside. 15 INTERIOR - CASTLE - NIGHT

>From inside we see GALAHAD enter, wiping the rain from his eyes, and turn as the door crashes behind him. GALAHAD turns to the door reacting to the fact he is trapped.

ZOOT (OUT OF VISION)

Hello!

GALAHAD turns back. We see from his POV the lovely ZOOT standing by him smiling enchantingly and a number of equally delectable GIRLIES draped around in the seductively poulticed room. They look at him smilingly and wave.

GIRLIES

Hello!

ZOOT

Welcome, gentle Sir knight, welcome to the Castle Anthrax.

GALAHAD

The Castle Anthrax?

ZOOT Yes. It's not a very good name, is it? But we are nice and we shall attend to your every ... every need!

GALAHAD

Er ...

+ You are the keepers of the Holy Grail?

ZOOT

The what? But you are tired and you must rest awhile. Midget! Crapper!

MIDGET AND CRAPPER

Yes, O Zoot?

ZOOT

Prepare a bed for our guest.

MIDGET AND CRAPPER

(groveling with delight)

Oh thank you, Zoot, thank you, thank you.

ZOOT

Away varletesses!

(to GALAHAD)

The beds here are warm and soft and very, very big.

GALAHAD

Well, look er, I ...

ZOOT

What is your name, handsome knight?

GALAHAD

Er ... Sir Galahad... the Chaste.

ZOOT

Mine is Zoot. Just Zoot

(she is very close to him for a moment)

But come.

She turns away and leads him towards a door leading to a corner leading to the bedchamber

GALAHAD

Well Look, I'm afraid I really ought to be ...

ZOOT

Sir Galahad!!

There is a gasp from the other GIRLS

ZOOT

You would not be so ungallant as to refuse our hospitality.

GALAHAD looks at the other GIRLS. They are clearly on the verge of being offended.

GALAHAD

Well ...

ZOOT

(she moves off and GALAHAD unwillingly follows) I'm afraid our life must seem very dull and quiet compared to yours. We are but eightscore young blondes, all between sixteen and nineteen-and-a-half, cut off in this castle, with no one to protect us. Oooh. It is a lonely life ... bathing ... dressing ... undressing ... making exciting underwear....

They reach the end of the corridor and enter the bedchamber.

ZOOT turns

ZOOT

We are just not used to handsome knights ...

(she notices him limping)

But you are wounded!

GALAHAD

No, It's nothing!

ZOOT

You must see the doctors immediately.

(she claps again)

You must lie down.

She almost forces him to lie on the bed as PIGLET and WINSTON enter the room. They are equally beautiful and dressed exotically. They approach GALAHAD.

PIGLET

Well, what seems to be the trouble?

GALAHAD

They're doctors?

ZOOT

They have a basic medical training, yes. Now you must try to rest. Dr. Winston! Dr. Piglet! Practice your art!!

WINSTON

Try to relax.

GALAHAD

No look, really, this isn't nescess ...

PIGLET

We must examine you.

GALAHAD

There's nothing wrong with ... that.

PIGLET

(slightly irritated)

Please ... we are doctors.

ZOOT reappears. GALAHAD tries for one brief moment to relax. Then there is a sharp boing from the lower part of his armor. WINSTON glances quickly in the appropriate direction as GALAHAD sits up and starts getting off the bed and collecting his armor, saying:

GALAHAD

No, no, this cannot be. I am sworn to chastity!

PIGLET

Back to your bed! At once!

GALAHAD

I'm sorry, I must go.

GALAHAD hurries to the door and pushes through it. As he leaves the room we CUT TO the reverse to show that he is now in a room full of bathing and romping GIRLIES, all innocent, wide-eyed and beautiful. They smile enchantingly at him as he tries to keep walking without being diverted by the lovely sights assaulting his eyeballs. He nods to them stiffly once or twice and then his eye catches a particularly stunning YOUNG LADY. He visibly gulps with repressed emotion and cannot resist saying:

|

| GALAHAD

| Good evening ... Ah, Zoot! Er ...

| DINGO

| No, I am Zoot's identical twin sister, Dingo.

| GALAHAD

| Oh. Well, I'm sorry, but I must leave immediately.

| DINGO

| (very dramatically)

| No! Oh, no! Bad ... bad Zoot.

| GALAHAD

| Er, why?

| DINGO

| She has been lying again ... she told us you had promised to stay for ever!

| GALAHAD

| Oh!

+

+ GALAHAD

+ Oh ... will you excuse me?

+

+ DINGO

+ Where are you going?

+

+ GALAHAD

+ I have seen the Grail! I have seen it - here in this castle!

+

+ DINGO

+ No! Oh, no! Bad ... bad Zoot!

+

+ GALAHAD

+ What is it?

+

+ DINGO

+ Bad, wicked, naughty Zoot! She has been setting fire to our beacon, which -

+ I have just remembered - is grail-shaped ... It is not the first time we've

+ had this problem.

+

+ GALAHAD

+ It's not the real Grail?

+

+

DINGO

Wicked wicked Zoot ... she is a bad person and she must pay the penalty. And here in Castle Anthrax, we have but one punishment ... you must tie her down on a bed ... and spank her. Come!

GIRLS

A spanking! A spanking!

DINGO

You must spank her well and after you have spanked her you may deal with her as you like and then ... spank me.

AMAZING

And spank me!

STUNNER

And me.

LOVELY

And me.

DINGO

Yes, yes, you must give us all a good spanking!

GIRLS

A spanking. A spanking. There is going to be a spanking tonight.

DINGO

And after the spanking ... the oral sex.

GALAHAD

Oh, dear! Well, I...

GIRLS

The oral sex ... The oral sex.

GALAHAD

Well, I suppose I could stay a BIT longer.

At this moment there is a commotion behind and SIR LAUNCELOT and CONCORD, possibly plus GAWAIN, burst into the bathing area with swords drawn and form themselves round SIR GALAHAD threatening the GIRLS.

LAUNCELOT

Sir Galahad!

GALAHAD

Oh ... hello ...

LAUNCELOT

Quick!

GALAHAD

Why?

LAUNCELOT

You are in great peril.

DINGO

No he isn't

LAUNCELOT

Silence! Foul temptress!

GALAHAD

Well, she's got a point.

LAUNCELOT

We'll cover your escape!

GALAHAD

Look - I'm fine!

GIRLS

Sir Galahad!

He threatens DINGO.

GALAHAD

No. Look, I can tackle this lot single-handed!

GIRLS

Yes, yes, let him Tackle us single-handed!

LAUNCELOT

Come Sir Galahad, quickly!

GALAHAD

No, really, I can cope. I can handle this lot easily!

DINGO



Yes, let him handle us easily.

LAUNCELOT

No sir. Quick!

He starts pulling GALAHAD away.

GALAHAD

No, please. Please! I can defeat them! There's only a hundred.

GIRLS

He will beat us easily. We haven't a chance.

DINGO

Oh shit!

By now LAUNCELOT and CONCORDE have hustled GALAHAD out of the bathing area and are running through the outside door.

LAUNCELOT

We were in the nick of time. You were in great peril.

GALAHAD

(dragging his feet somewhat)

I don't think I was.

LAUNCELOT

You were, Sir Galahad, You were in terrible peril.

GALAHAD

Look, let me go back in there and face the peril?

LAUNCELOT

It's too perilous.

They are right outside the castle by now.

GALAHAD

Look, it's my duty as a knight to try and sample as much peril as I can.

LAUNCELOT

No, no, we must find the Grail.

The thunderstorm is over. A bunch (sic) of PAGES are tethered to a tree with more MEN waiting. Their tethers are untied and the PAGES start banging away with their coconuts. GALAHAD is swept along with

them as they ride off.

GALAHAD

Oh, let me go and have a bit of peril?

LAUNCELOT

No. It's unhealthy.

GALAHAD

... I Bet you're gay.

LAUNCELOT

No, I'm not.

GAWAIN or CONCORDE gives a knowing glance at LAUNCELOT. VOICE comes in as they ride off.

VOICE OVER

Sir Launcelot had saved Galahad from almost certain temptation but they were still lost, far from the goal of their search for the Holy Grail. Only Bedevere and King Arthur himself, riding day and night, had made any progress.

16 ANIMATION/LIVE ACTION

ARTHUR and BEDEVERE in the depths of a dark forest with an old blind SOOTHSAYER. He lies in a broken down old woodsman's hut.

ARTHUR

And this "Enchanter" of whom you speak, he has seen the grail?

The SOOTHSAYER laughs forbiddingly, adding to the general spookiness of this encounter.

ARTHUR

Where does he live?

(he stares into the blind eyes of the OLD MAN)

Old man ... where does he live ...

SOOTHSAYER

He knows of a cave ... a cave which no man has entered.

ARTHUR

And ... the Grail ... The Grail is there?

The BLIND MAN laughs again to himself.

SOOTHSAYER

There is much danger ... for beyond the cave lies the Gorge  
of Eternal Peril which no man has ever crossed.

ARTHUR

But the Grail ... where is the Grail!?

SOOTHSAYER

Seek you the Bridge of Death ...

ARTHUR

The Bridge of Death? ... which leads to the Grail?

The OLD MAN laughs sinisterly and mockingly. They look down and he is gone. They stand up. Suddenly behind them is a noise. They turn sharply in the door of the little hut is a cat. It miaows and is gone. They slowly back out of the hut. As they touch the doorposts they just flake away into dust. The whole hut is rotten. It collapses

Spooky music. They are thoroughly shaken, and they begin to hear noises of people moving in the forest around them. They start to back cautiously away from the hut, suddenly there is heavy footfall behind them. They turn in fear and:

Sudden CUT TO BIG CLOSE-UP of a frightening black-browed evil face.

TALL KNIGHT OF NI

Ni!

ARTHUR and BEDEVERE recoil in abject fear. PATSY rears up with coconuts.

ARTHUR

(to PATSY)

Easy ... boy, easy ...

ARTHUR peers into the darkness.

Who are you?

SIX VOICES FROM DARKNESS

NI! ... Peng! ... Neeee ... Wom!

An extraordinary TALL KNIGHT in all black (possibly John with Mike on his shoulders) walks out from the dark trees. He is extremely fierce

and gruesome countenance. He walks towards KING ARTHUR and PATSY, who are wazzing like mad. (Salopian slang, meaning very scared. almost to the point of wetting oneself, e.g. before an important football match or prior to a postering. Salopian slang meaning a beating by the school praeposters. Sorry about the Salopian slant to this stage direction - Ed.)

ARTHUR

(wazzed stiff)

Who are you?

TALL KNIGHT

We are the Knights Who Say "Ni"!

BEDEVERE

No! Not the Knights Who Say "Ni"!

TALL KNIGHT

The same!

ARTHUR

Who are they?

TALL KNIGHT

We are the keepers of the sacred words. NI ... Peng ... and Nee  
... Wom!

BEDEVERE

Those who hear them seldom live to tell the tale.

TALL KNIGHT

The Knights Who Say "Ni"! demand a sacrifice.

ARTHUR

(to the TALL KNIGHT)

Knights Who Say "Ni" ... we are but simple travelers. We seek the Enchanter who lives beyond this wood and who ...

TALL KNIGHT

NI!

ARTHUR

(recoiling)

Oh!

TALL KNIGHT

NI! NI!

ARTHUR

(he cowers in fear)

Oh!

TALL KNIGHT

We shall say Ni! again to you if you do not appease us.

ARTHUR

All right! What do you want?

TALL KNIGHT

We want ... a shrubbery!

ARTHUR

A what?

TALL KNIGHT

Ni! Ni! Ni ... Peng ... Nee ... Wum!

The PAGES rear and snort and rattle their coconuts.

ARTHUR

All right! All right! ... No more, please. We will find you a shrubbery ...

TALL KNIGHT

You must return here with a shrubbery or else ... you shall not pass through this wood alive!

ARTHUR

Thanks you, Knights Who Say Ni! You are fair and just. We will return with a shrubbery.

TALL KNIGHT

One that looks nice.

ARTHUR

Of course.

TALL KNIGHT

And not too expensive.

ARTHUR

Yes ...

TALL KNIGHT

Now - go!

ARTHUR and BEDEVERE turn and ride off.

OTHER KNIGHTS

Ni! Ni!

Shouts of "Ni" and "Peng" ring behind them.

17 EXTERIOR - DAY

CUT BACK TO the HISTORIAN lying in the glade. His WIFE, who has been kneeling beside him, rises as two POLICE PATROLMEN enter the glade. They bend over her HUSBAND. One takes out a notebook.

CUT TO and animated title - "The Tale of Sir Launcelot"

18 INTERIOR - PRINCE'S ROOM IN CASTLE - DAY

A young, quite embarrassingly unattractive PRINCE is gazing out of a castle window. His FATHER stands beside him. He is also looking out. The PRINCE wears a long white undershirt (like a night shirt).

FATHER

One day, lad, all this will be yours ...

PRINCE

What - the curtains?

FATHER

No! Not the curtains, lad ... All that ...

(indicates the vista from the window)

all that you can see, stretched out over the hills and

valleys ... as far as the eye can see and beyond ...

that'll be your kingdom, lad.

PRINCE

But, Mother ...

FATHER

Father, lad.

PRINCE

But, Father, I don't really want any of that.

FATHER

Listen, lad, I built this kingdom up from nothing. All I had when I started was swamp ... other kings said I was daft to build a castle on a swamp, but I built it all the same ... just to show 'em. It sank into the swamp. So I built a another one ... that sank into the swamp. I built another one ... That fell over and THEN sank into the swamp .... So I built another ... and that stayed up. ... And that's what your gonna get, lad: the most powerful kingdom in this island.

PRINCE

But I don't want any of that, I'd rather ...

FATHER

Rather what?

PRINCE

I'd rather ... just ... sing ...

MUSIC INTRO

FATHER

You're not going to do a song while I'm here!

Music stops.

Listen, lad, in twenty minutes you're going to be married to a girl whose father owns the biggest tracts of open land in Britain.

PRINCE

I don't want land.

FATHER

Listen, Alice ...

PRINCE

Herbert.

FATHER

Herbert ... We built this castle on a bloody swamp, we need all the land we can get.

PRINCE

But I don't like her.

FATHER

Don't like her? What's wrong with her? She's beautiful ... she's rich ... she's got huge tracts of land ...

PRINCE

I know ... but ... I want the girl that I marry to have ... a certain ... special ... something ...

MUSIC INTO FOR song.

FATHER

Cut that out!

Music cuts off abruptly.

You're marrying Princess Lucky, so you'd better get used to the idea! Guards!

TWO GUARDS enter and stand to attention on either side of the door  
One of them has hiccoughs and does so throughout.

FATHER

Make sure the Prince doesn't leave this room until I come and get him.

FIRST GUARD

Not ... to leave the room ... even if you come and get him.

FATHER

No. Until I come and get him.

SECOND GUARD

Hic.

FIRST GUARD

Until you come and get him, we're not to enter the room.

FATHER

No ... You stay in the room and make sure he doesn't leave.

FIRST GUARD

... and you'll come and get him.

SECOND GUARD

Hic.

FATHER

That's Right.

FIRST GUARD

We don't need to do anything, apart from just stop him entering the room.



FATHER

Leaving the room.

FIRST GUARD

Leaving the room ... yes.

FATHER

Got it?

SECOND GUARD

Hic.

FATHER makes to leave.

FIRST GUARD

Er ... if ... we ... er ...

FATHER

Yes?

FIRST GUARD

If we ... er ...

(trying to remember what he was going to say)

FATHER

Look, it's simple. Just stay here and make sure he doesn't leave the room.

SECOND GUARD

Hic.

FATHER

Right?

FIRST GUARD

Oh, I remember ... can he ... er ... can he leave the room with us?

FATHER

(carefully)

No .... keep him in here ... and make sure he doesn't ...

FIRST GUARD

Oh, yes! we'll keep him in here, obviously. But if he had to leave and we were with him.

FATHER

No ... just keep him in here.

FIRST GUARD

Until you, or anyone else ...

FATHER

No, not anyone else - just me.

FIRST GUARD

Just you ...

SECOND GUARD

Hic.

FIRST GUARD

Get back.

FATHER

Right.

FIRST GUARD

Okay. Fine. We'll remain here until you get back.

FATHER

And make sure he doesn't leave.

FIRST GUARD

What?

FATHER

Make sure he doesn't leave.

FIRST GUARD

The Prince ... ?

FATHER

Yes ... make sure ...

FIRST GUARD

Oh yes, of course! I thought you meant him!

(he points to the other GUARD and laughs to himself)

You know it seemed a bit daft me havin' to guard him when he's a guard ...

FATHER

Is that clear?

SECOND GUARD

Hic.

FIRST GUARD

Oh, yes. That's quite clear. No problems.

FATHER pulls open the door and makes to leave the room. The GUARDS follow.

FATHER

(to the GUARDS)

Where are you going?

FIRST GUARD

We're coming with you.

FATHER

No, I want you to stay here and make sure he doesn't leave the room until I get back.

FIRST GUARD

Oh, I see, Right.

They take up positions on either side of the door.

PRINCE

But, Father.

FATHER

Shut your noise, you, and get that suit on!

He points to a wedding suit on a table or chair. FATHER throws one last look at the BOY and turns, goes out and slams the door.

The PRINCE slumps onto window seat, looking forlornly out of the window. MUSIC INTRO to song ...

The door flies open, the music cuts off and FATHER pokes his head in.

FATHER

And no singing!

SECOND GUARD

Hic.

FATHER

(as he goes out.)

Go and have a drink of water.

FATHER slams the door again. The GUARDS take up their positions. The SON gazes out of the window again ... sighs ... thinks ... a thought strikes him ... he gets up, crosses to his desk and scribbles a quick note and impales it on an arrow ... takes a bow down from the wall ... and fires the arrow out of the window.

He looks wetly defiant at the GUARDS, who smile pleasantly.

15 EXTERIOR - A FOREST - DAY

CUT TO the middle of the forest. SIR LAUNCELOT is riding along with a trusty servant, CONCORDE.

LAUNCELOT

And ... o v e r ... we go!

He strides over a big tree trunk ... his "horse" does run and jump ...

LAUNCELOT

(enthusiastically)

Well taken, Concorde!

CONCORDE

Thank you, sir, most kind ...

LAUNCELOT

And another!

CONCORDE misses a beat.

Steady! Good ... and the last one ...

CONCORDE does the run-up with the coconuts. He does the break for the leap ... there is a thwack. SIR LAUNCELOT is waiting for the horse to land.

CONCORDE

Message for you, sir.

He falls forward revealing the arrow with the note.

LAUNCELOT

Concorde - speak to me.

He realizes he might be in danger and so starts to crawl off ... when he notices the note. He takes it out and reads it.

LAUNCELOT

(reading) "To whoever finds this note - I have been imprisoned by my father who wishes me to marry against my will. Please please please come and rescue me. I am in the tall tower of Swamp Castle."

SIR LAUNCELOT's eyes light up with holy inspiration.

LAUNCELOT

At last! A call! A cry of distress ...  
(he draws his sword, and turns to CONCORDE)  
Concorde! Brave, Concorde ... you shall not have died in vain!

CONCORDE

I'm not quite dead, sir ...

LAUNCELOT

(a little deflated)  
Oh, well ... er brave Concorde! You shall not have been fatally wounded in vain!

CONCORDE

I think I could pull through, sir.

LAUNCELOT

Good Concorde ... stay here and rest awhile.

He makes to leap off dramatically.

CONCORDE

I think I'll be all right to come with you, sir.

LAUNCELOT

I will send help, brave friend, as soon as I have accomplished this most daring, desperate adventure in this genre.

CONCORDE

Really, I feel fine, sir.

LAUNCELOT

Farewell, Concorde!

CONCORDE

It just seems silly ... me lying here.

SIR LAUNCELOT plunges off into the forest.

## 20 EXTERIOR - CASTLE GATEWAY - DAY

Two hanging banners one each side of the gate with the monogram: "H & L".

TWO SENTRIES with spears ... slightly weddingly ... red ribbons on their right spears. We can hear from inside revelry and celebration music.

We hear LAUNCELOT's footsteps. The TWO SENTRIES are watching him. One of them raises his hand.

|  
| FIRST SENTRY  
| Halt, friend ...  
|

LAUNCELOT leaps into SHOT with a mighty cry and runs the GUARD through and hacks him to the floor. Blood. Swashbuckling music (perhaps). LAUNCELOT races through into the castle screaming.

SECOND SENTRY  
Hey!

He looks down at his mutilated comrade.

## 21 EXTERIOR - DAY

CUT TO inside of the castle grounds or courtyard.

in the sunlight beautifully dressed WEDDING GUESTS are arriving. Converging on a doorway. A country dance in progress.

SIR LAUNCELOT rushes towards them.

CUT TO HAND-HELD CLOSE-UPS as he charges through the crowd, hacking right and left a la Errol Flynn at all who come in his way.

He fights his way through the country dance. Blood. Shrieks. Bemused looks of GUESTS - not horror so much as uncomprehending surprise.

Possibly Errol Flynn music.

One COUNTRY DANCER is left holding just a hand.

Right and left the GUESTS crumple in pools of blood as he fights his way through the door and into the main hall.

## 22 INTERIOR - DAY

CUT TO interior of main hall. Sound of busy preparations. MEN setting up huge hogsheads of wine. MEN putting up last minute flower arrangements. COOKS bearing huge trays of food, pies, suckling pigs, a swan, boar's head, etc.

The BRIDE being dressed by several ATTENDANTS. FATHER ordering SERVANTS around - organizing the STEWARDS etc.

SIR LAUNCELOT bursts through the middle of them, slashing heroically, hacking, wounding and killing. Again fairly CLOSE-UP chaotic SHOTS. We see GUESTS stagger back wounded - a COOK bites the dust, etc.

SIR LAUNCELOT eventually reaches the staircase ... runs up it and into a small door.

## 23 INTERIOR - DAY

CUT TO SIR LAUNCELOT running up spiral staircase. He reaches the door of the PRINCE's room. he flings it open.

FIRST GUARD

Ah! Now ... we're not allowed to ...

SIR LAUNCELOT runs him through, grabs his spear and stabs the other guard who collapses in a heap. Hiccoughs quietly.

SIR LAUNCELOT runs to the window and kneels down in front of the PRINCE, averting his head.

LAUNCELOT

Oh, fair one, behold your humble servant, Sir Launcelot, from the Court of Camelot. I have come to take you ... (he looks up for the first time and his voice trails away) away ... I'm terribly sorry ...

PRINCE

You got my note!

LAUNCELOT

Well ... yes ...

PRINCE

You've come to rescue me?

LAUNCELOT

Well ... yes ... but I hadn't realized ...

PRINCE

(his eyes light up)

I knew that someone would come. I knew ... somewhere out there ... there must be ...

MUSIC INTRO to song.

FATHER

(suddenly looking in the door)

Stop that!

Music cuts out.

FATHER sees SIR LAUNCELOT still kneeling before his son.

FATHER

Who are you?

PRINCE

I'm ... your son ...

FATHER

Not you.

LAUNCELOT

(half standing self-consciously)

I'm ... er ... Sir Launcelot, sir.

PRINCE

He's come to rescue me, father.

LAUNCELOT

(embarrassed)

Well, let's not jump to conclusions ...

FATHER

Did you kill all those guards?

LAUNCELOT



Yes ... I'm very sorry ...

FATHER

They cost fifty pounds each!

LAUNCELOT

Well, I'm really am most awfully sorry but I ... I can explain everything ...

PRINCE

Don't be afraid of him, Sir Launcelot. I've got a rope here all ready ...

He throws a rope out of the window which is tied to a pillar in the room. He looks rather pleased with himself that he has got it all ready.

FATHER

You killed eight wedding guests in all!

LAUNCELOT

Er, Well ... the thing is ... I thought your son was a lady.

FATHER

I can understand that.

PRINCE

(half out of the window)

Hurry, brave Sir Launcelot!

FATHER

(to his SON)

Shut up!

(to LAUNCELOT)

You only killed the bride's father - that's all -

LAUNCELOT

Oh dear, I didn't really mean to...

FATHER

Didn't mean to? You put your sword right through his head!

LAUNCELOT

Gosh - Is he all right?

FATHER

You even kicked the bride in the chest! It's going to cost me a fortune!

LAUNCELOT

I can explain ... I was in the forest ... riding north from Camelot ... when I got this note.

FATHER

Camelot? Are you from Camelot?

The PRINCE's head peeps over the windowsill.

PRINCE

Hurry!

LAUNCELOT

I am, sir. I am a Knight of King Arthur.

FATHER

'Mm ... very nice castle, Camelot ... very good pig country....

LAUNCELOT

Is it?

PRINCE (out of vision)

I am ready, Sir Launcelot.

FATHER

Do you want to come and have a drink?

LAUNCELOT

Oh ... that's awfully nice.

PRINCE (OOV)

(loud and shrill)

I am ready!

As they walk past the rope, the FATHER nonchalantly cuts with his knife. There is no sound except after a pause a slight squeal from very far away as the PRINCE makes contact with the ground.

LAUNCELOT

It's just that when I'm in this genre, I tend to get over-excited and start to leap around and wave my sword about ... and ...

FATHER

Oh, don't worry about that ... Tell me ... doesn't Camelot own that stretch of farmland up by the mountains?

He puts his arm round LAUNCELOT's shoulders as they go through the door.

24 INTERIOR - DAY

CUT TO the great hall. GUESTS wounded and bloody, are tending to the dead and injured, sighs and groans, the PRINCESS in her white wedding dress is holding her chest and coughing blood. People dabbing the stains off her dress.

FATHER and SIR LAUNCELOT start to walk down the grand staircase. Talking to each other.

One of the GUESTS notices and points to SIR LAUNCELOT.

GUEST  
There he is!

As one man all remaining able-bodied MEN look up and make for the staircase, muttering angrily. SIR LAUNCELOT grabs his sword.

FATHER  
Hold it!

But it is too late. SIR LAUNCELOT cannot be stopped. With fearless abandon he throws himself into the CROWD and starts hacking and slashing. He has carved quite a number up before the FATHER can stop him and pulls him back onto the stairs. Renewed groans and cries.

FATHER  
(shouting above noise)  
Hold it! Please!  
LAUNCELOT  
Sorry! Sorry ...  
(with bitter self reproach)  
There you See ... I just got excited again and I got carried away  
... I'm ever so sorry.  
(to the CROWD)  
Sorry.

CROWD kneeling round their wounded again. Moans etc.

GUEST  
He's killed the best man!

SECOND GUEST  
(holding a limp WOMAN)

He's killed my auntie.

FATHER

No, please! This is supposed to be a happy occasion! Let's not bicker and argue about who killed who ... We are here today to witness the union of two young people in the joyful bond of the holy wedlock. Unfortunately, one of them, my son Herbert, has just fallen to his death.

Murmurs from CROWD; the BRIDE smiles with relief, coughs.

But I don't want to think I've not lost a son ... so much as gained a daughter ...

Smattering of applause.

For, since the tragic death of her father ...

SHOUT FROM BACK

He's not quite dead!

FATHER

Since the fatal wounding of her father ...

SHOUT FROM BACK

I think He's getting better!

FATHER nods discreetly to a SOLDIER standing to one side. The SOLDIER slips off. FATHER's eyes watch him move round to where the voice came from.

FATHER

For ... since her own father ... who ... when he seemed about to recover ... suddenly felt the icy ... hand of death upon him.

A scuffle at the back.

SHOUT FROM BACK

Oh, he's died!

FATHER

I want his only daughter, from now onwards, to think of me as her old dad ... in a very real and legally binding sense.

Applause.

And I'm sure sure ... that the merger ... er ... the union between the Princess and the brave but dangerous Sir Launcelot of Camelot ...

LAUNCELOT

What?

Gasp from the CROWD.

CROWD

The dead Prince!

There is CONCORDE holding "THE DEAD PRINCE" in his arms.

CONCORDE

He's not quite dead!

PRINCE

I feel much better.

FATHER

You fell out of the Tall Tower you creep!

PRINCE

I was saved at the last minute.

FATHER

How?

PRINCE

Well ... I'll tell you ...

MUSIC INTRO to song. CONCORDE stands the SON on his feet and adopts cod "and now a number from my friend" pose.

FATHER

Not like that!

But the music doesn't stop and the CROWD starts to sing.

CROWD

He's going to tell.

FATHER

Shut up!

CROWD

He's going to tell ...

FATHER  
(screaming)  
Shut UP!

As the song starts the FATHER tries yelling at them and eventually gives up. SIR LAUNCELOT joins CONCORDE in the CROWD.

|  
| LAUNCELOT  
| We must escape. Quickly before the song.  
|  
| CONCORDE  
| Come with me, sir.  
|  
| LAUNCELOT  
| You're not right for this genre ... I must escape more dramatically.  
|  
+  
+ CONCORDE  
+ Quickly, sir, come this way!  
+  
+ LAUNCELOT  
+ No! It's not right for my idiom. I must escape more ... more ...  
+  
+ CONCORDE  
+ Dramatically, sir?  
+  
+ LAUNCELOT  
+ Dramatically.

+  
CROWD  
He's going to tell  
He's going to tell  
He's going to tell about his great escape.  
Oh he fell a long long way  
But he's here with us today  
What a wonderful ... escape.

CONCORDE goes. SIR LAUNCELOT runs back up the stairs, grabs a rope of the wall and swings out over the heads of the CROWD in a swashbuckling manner towards a large window. He stops just short of the window and is left swing pathetically back and forth.

+  
+ LAUNCELOT

+ Excuse me ... could somebody give me a push ...  
+

## 25 EXTERIOR - A DESERTED VILLAGE - DUSK

Toothless old CRONE by the roadside. ARTHUR and BEDEVERE and two PAGES ride up and draw up alongside the CRONE.

ARTHUR

Is there anywhere where we could buy a shrubbery?

The OLD CRONE crosses herself with a look of stark terror.

CRONE

Who sent you?

ARTHUR

The Knights Who Say Ni!

CRONE

Aaaagh!

(she looks around in rear)

No! We have no shrubberies here.

BEDEVERE

Surely, there must be.

|

| ARTHUR restrains from threatening the LADY.

|

| ARTHUR

| (aside)

| It will be not good to argue. These simple people are terrified of the

| Knights Who Say Ni!

|

| CRONE

| (she cowers)

| Ohhh!

|

| ARTHUR takes BEDEVERE further aside.

|

| ARTHUR

| There is only one way to get the information we want ...

|

| BEDEVERE

| Send her a letter from a long way away?

|

| ARTHUR

| Er, no ... no, we must ...

| BEDEVERE

| Talk to her in funny voices?

| ARTHUR

| (slightly crossly)

| No ...

| BEDEVERE

| How about trying ourselves to a tree?

| ARTHUR

| (grittily)

| No. Our only hope is to make her as afraid of us as she is of the awful

| Knights Who Say Ni!

| BEDEVERE

| (sagely)

| Ah! Hit ourselves with a big rock ...

| He nods knowingly.

| ARTHUR

| (tolerantly but firmly)

| No. Nothing we do to ourselves will frighten her as much as what we can do

| to her ...

| BEDEVERE

| Ah!

| ARTHUR

| We must threaten to say "Ni"!

| BEDEVERE

| (terror)

| Oh, no.

| They reapproach the OLD CRONE who is cowering more than ever.

| ARTHUR

| Listen, old crone! Unless you tell us where we can buy a shrubbery, my friend and I will ... we will say "Ni!"

CRONE



Do your worst!

| I have herd the Knights say "Ni"! in the night. I have herd the hideous  
| Peng! and they have said "Nee-wum"! to my sister but still I have not  
| revealed ...

ARTHUR

Very well, old crone. Since you will not assist us voluntarily  
... "Ni"!

CRONE

No. Never. No shrubberies.

ARTHUR

Ni!

BEDEVERE

Nu!

ARTHUR

No. Ni! More like this. "Ni"!

BEDEVERE

Ni, ni, ni!

ARTHUR

| It's not working.  
You're not doing it properly. Ni!

BEDEVERE

Ni!

ARTHUR

That's it. Ni! Ni!

A PASSER-BY on a horse is observing them.

ROGER

Are you saying "Ni" to that old woman?

ARTHUR

Erm, yes.

ROGER

Oh, what sad times are these when passing ruffians can say "Ni" at  
will to old ladies. There is a pestilence upon this land! nothing is  
sacred. Even those who arrange and design shrubberies are under

considerable economic stress at this point in time.

ARTHUR

Did you say shrubberies?

ROGER

Yes. Shrubberies are my trade. I am a shrubber. My name is Roger the Shrubber. I arrange, design, and sell shrubberies.

BEDEVERE

(rather aggressively, to ROGER)

Ni!

ARTHUR

No. No. No!

26 EXTERIOR - GLADE - DUSK

CUT TO the glade in the forest again.

ARTHUR

Oh, Knights of Ni, here is your shrubbery. May we go now?

TALL KNIGHT

That is a good shrubbery. I like the laurels particularly - But there is one small problem.

ARTHUR

What is that?

TALL KNIGHT

We are now no longer the Knights Who Say Ni!

ONE KNIGHT

Ni!

OTHERS

Sh!

ONE KNIGHT

(whispers)

Sorry.

TALL KNIGHT

We are now the Knights Who Go Neeew ... wum ... ping!

OTHERS

Ni!

OTHERS

Ni!

ONE KNIGHT

Peng!

OTHERS

Ni!

OTHERS

Sh! Sh!

TALL KNIGHT

Therefore ... we are no longer contractually bound by any agreements previously entered into by the Knights Who Say Ni!

ONE KNIGHT

Ni!

ANOTHER

Peng!

ANOTHER

Sh!

TALL KNIGHT

Shut up!

(to ARTHUR)

Therefore, we must give you a test, a Test to satisfy the Knights who say Neeeeow ... wum ... ping!

OTHERS

(terrific chorus)

Neeeeow ... wum ... ping!

ARTHUR

What is this test, Knights of N...

(can't say it)

... Recently Knights of Ni!

KNIGHT

Ni!

TALL KNIGHT

Firstly. You must get us another shrubbery!

OTHER KNIGHTS

(half seen)

More shrubberies! More shrubberies for the ex-Knights of Ni!

ARTHUR

Not another shrubbery -

TALL KNIGHT

When you have found the shrubbery, place the shrubbery here, beside this shrubbery ... only slightly higher, so you get a two-level effect with a path through the middle.

OTHER KNIGHTS

A path! A little path for the late Knights of Ni!

Chorus of "Ni! Ni!"

TALL KNIGHT

When you have found the shrubbery, then you must cut down the mightiest tree in the forest ... with a herring.

OTHER KNIGHTS

Yes! With a herring! With a herring! Cut down with a herring!

ARTHUR

We shall do no such thing ... let us pass!

TALL KNIGHT

Oh, please!

ARTHUR

Cut down a tree with a herring? It can't be done!

OTHER KNIGHTS

(they all recoil in horror)

Oh!

TALL KNIGHT

Don't say that word.

ARTHUR

What word?

TALL KNIGHT

I cannot tell you. Suffice to say is one of the words the Knights of Ni! cannot hear!

ARTHUR

How can we not say the word, if you don't tell us what it is?

TALL KNIGHT

(cringing in fear)

You said it again!

ARTHUR

What, "is"?

TALL KNIGHT

(dismissively)

No, no ... not "is"!

OTHER KNIGHTS

Not "is"! Not "is"!

Suddenly singing is heard from deep in the forest.

SIR ROBIN'S SINGERS

Bravely good Sir Robin was not at all afraid To have his eyeballs skewered ...

TALL KNIGHT

(irritated)

"Is" is all right ... You wouldn't get far not saying "Is"!

BEDEVERE

My liege, it's Sir Robin!

TALL KNIGHT

(covering his ears)

You've said the word again!

SIR ROBIN and his SINGERS appear in the clearing. The SINGERS are going on cheerfully as usual and ROBIN walks in front of them, continually embarrassed at their presence.

SINGERS

... and his kidneys burnt and his nipples skewered off ...

ROBIN holds his hand up for silence.

ARTHUR

Sir Robin!

He shakes his hand warmly.

ROBIN

My liege! It's good to have found you again ...

TALL KNIGHT

Now he's said the word!

ARTHUR

Where are you going good Sir Robin?

ROBIN'S SINGERS

(starting up again)

He was going home ... he was giving up, He was throwing in the sponge.

ROBIN

(to SINGERS)

Shut up! No ... er ... no ... I ... er ... I ... er ... I certainly wasn't giving up ... I was actually looking for the grail ... er thing ... in this forest.

ARTHUR

No ... it lies beyond this forest.

TALL KNIGHT

Stop saying the word!

OTHER KNIGHTS

Stop saying the word! The word we cannot hear! The word ...

ARTHUR

(losing his patience with the fearful KNIGHTS OF "NI")

Oh, stop it!

Terrific confusion amongst the KNIGHTS OF "NI", they roll on the ground covering their ears. The TALL KNIGHT remains standing trying to control his MEN.

OTHER KNIGHTS

They're all saying the word ...

TALL KNIGHT

Stop saying it. AAAAarghh! ... I've said it ...

## OTHER KNIGHTS

You've said it! Aaaaarghhh! ... We've said it ... We're all saying it.

ARTHUR beckons to BEDEVERE and ROBIN and they pick their way through the helpless KNIGHTS OF "NI" and away into the forest.

## 27 EXTERIOR - HISTORIAN'S GLADE - DAY

We CUT TO an almost subliminal shot of the HISTORIAN'S WIFE being shown into a police car, which then roars off out of the glade

| CUT BACK to the forest. The Knights of "NI" are slowly recovering. they get up.

| TALL KNIGHT

| Well, At least We've got ONE shrubbery.

| OTHER KNIGHTS

| Yes, Yes ... We've Done very Well ... NI!

| TALL KNIGHT

| Ssh! I think somebody's coming. We'll get them to give us another shrubbery.

| OTHER KNIGHTS

| Good Idea. More shrubberies. As many as possible.

| Perhaps we start to TRACK BACK from the scene as they go on talking.

| TALL KNIGHT

| What shall we call ourselves this time?

| KNIGHT

| How about "The knights of Nicky-Nicky"?

## 28 EXTERIOR - DAY

| A Small group of PEASANTS are being shuffled into a group formation, at the apparent direction of someone behind the camera. A Few coughs as they shuffle together. a moment of silence. then they burst into pleasant (mellifluous) song.

| Song: When the trees do blossom full

| and all the hills are green

| Oh! Oh! We sing

| hey! hey! We sing  
| our count....ry Song...

| A hail of arrow hits them and they crumple up. sound of raucous laughter OFF  
| CAMERA.

| CUT TO Reveal a firing squad of ARCHERS kneeling not ten feet away from the  
| group of SINGERS.

| Sitting on the throne on a dais is KING BRIAN THE WILD. He is roaring with,  
| and his court is slightly shabby - bearing all the marks of a faded  
| richness. it is a court without women, and nobody does the washing or shaves  
| very well. Perhaps there is washing however on the line over the castle.  
| KING BRIAN'S ADVISERS stand around him. Everyone bears the signs of past  
| injuries (Except for BRIAN himself) I.E. they have an arm in a sling or head  
| bandaged; all the people at court, except for BRIAN have their left arm  
| missing (possibly the result of some violent edict a few years back)

| KING BRIAN

| HA! HA! HA! HA! HA! HO! HO! HO! HO! HA! HA! HA! HA! Oh! Very good! Next!

| FIRST ADVISER

| (a Little uncomfortably - perhaps his arm is in a sling obviously giving him  
| some pain) There are no more, Sir.

| KING BRIAN

| (grabbing him by the collar)  
| What do you mean you filthy dog!

| FIRST ADVISER

| There are no more close harmony groups in the kingdom, Sir.

| KING BRIAN

| No more close harmony groups!!!

| FIRST ADVISER

| We have scoured the kingdom.

| KING BRIAN

| (lifting him bodily into the air and breaking his arm again slightly)  
| You Miserable worm! you wretch! You Walking son of a dunghill keeper!  
| Guards!

| Two Rather shabby looking GUARDS approach. (as everyone else they also have  
| their left arms missing)



| FIRST ADVISER

| have mercy your MAJESTY!

| KING BRIAN

| GUARDS! Take him away and suspend him by his nostrils from the highest tree  
| in the kingdom!

| The Guards grab him unmercifully and drag him off. he whines piteously.

| 29 EXTERIOR - DAY

| CUT BACK to the glade where the KNIGHTS OF NI! were. A police car roars up.  
| Two PLAINCLOTHES DETECTIVE and a CONSTABLE get out, look around  
| suspiciously, perhaps kneel and examine the ground. one POLICEMAN finds  
| PATSY's shoe and the other finds a strange scientific instrument that was  
| hanging from BEDEVERE.

| They nod grimly to each other. Climb back in the car and drive off.

| 30 EXTERIOR - DAY

| Back in KING BRIAN's Court. the FIRST ADVISER has been dragged off. there  
| are muffled screams coming from the nearby tree. the FIRST ADVISER is being  
| hauled up it on pulleys.

| SECOND ADVISER

| Your Majesty, I can Find you a Lute player, whose music is passing sweet.

| KING BRIAN

| It's not the same, You thick-headed fool!

| (KING BRIAN hits him on the back of the head. he falls.)

| There's no fun in killing soloists!

| SECOND ADVISER

| (picking himself up)

| He may have a friend...

| KING BRIAN

| GUARDS!

| SECOND ADVISER

| Oh Please your majesty! Please!

| KING BRIAN

| Take him away and tie his kidneys to the longest hedge in the kingdom!

| The GUARDS drag the ADVISER roughly away.

| SECOND ADVISER

| No!

| (he is dragged off screaming and protesting)

| KING BRIAN

| (roaring at the rest of the court)

| I will personally disembowel the next little bastard who tells me that there  
| are no more close harmony ...

| At this moment we hear faintly the sound of singing. KING BRIAN stopped to  
| listen. The entire COURT turns thankfully towards the mellifluous sounds.

| We're the knights of the round table  
| our shows are formidable  
| but many times we're given rhymes  
| that are quite unsingable...

| KING BRIAN

| Wait a minute! Five point harmony with a counter-tenor lead!

| Various members of the COURT sigh and breathe more easily.

| CREEP

| Thank goodness.

| KING BRIAN

| Shut up!

| (punches him right on the end of the nose and shouts to the SECOND ADVISER)

| Oy you!

| SECOND ADVISER

| (doubled-up, Surrounded by soldiers busy with his stomach)

| Yes, Your majesty?

| KING BRIAN

| Go and get 'em!

| SECOND ADVISER

| (gratefully)

| Thank you sir!

| (He staggers off with some difficulty)

| GUARD

| 'ere... We'd just started taking his kidneys out.

| CUT TO ARTHUR,BEDEVERE,GALAHAD and LANCELOT. (Garwin,thrstam,  
Hecrot)

| plus all their pages. there are riding along singing cheerily.

| KNIGHTS

| We're baby mad and Camelot

| we nurse and push the pram a lot

| in war we're tough and able

| quite indefatigable

| between our quests we sequin vests

| and dress like Betty gable

| it's a...

| SECOND ADVISER

| HALT!

| SIR GALAHAD

| Who are you who dares to halt the knights of king Arthur's round table in  
mid-verse?

| SECOND ADVISER

| I bring greetings from the court of king Brian.

| SIR LANCELOT

| King Brian the wild?

| SECOND ADVISER

| Some call him that, but he's calmed down allot recently.

| SIR GALAHAD

| Are those YOUR kidneys?

| SECOND ADVISER

| (covering his stomach)

| No no... It's nothing - just a flesh wound.

| (The KNIGHTS look at each other)

| he has herd your beautiful melody; and wishes you to come to his court, that

| he may listen at his ease ooh!

| SIR LANCELOT

| You must be joking!

| (general murmur or agreement from the other KNIGHTS.)

| Go to the court of king Brian the wild and sing close harmony!

| OTHER KNIGHTS

| No fear etc.

| SECOND ADVISER

| (in increasing pain)

| It need not be close harmony oooh agh!

| SIR GALAHAD

| Ah but it would get round to close harmony, wouldn't it?

| SECOND ADVISER

| Not necessarily ... As I say king Brian is much more relaxed than he used to be.

| SIR GALAHAD

| I mean could we just stick to one line of plainsong with a bit of straight choral work?

| SECOND ADVISER

| Well obviously he'd prefer a bit of close harmony arghhh!

| KNIGHTS

| Ah! There you are!

| SIR LAUNCELOT

| We'd end unlike the Shalott Choral Society.

| SECOND ADVISER

| Oh that was an accident - honestly he's so calm now oh!

| ARTHUR

| No we must be on our way.

| They start off.

| SECOND ADVISER

| (by now lying on the ground at his last gasp but still trying to sound threatening) If you don't come and sing for him ... ah ... he'll drive ... oh ... iron spikes through your heads.

| KNIGHTS

| Ah! That sounds more like Brian the wild!

| SECOND ADVISER

| (looking helplessly at his intestines)

| He ... he ... still gets irritable occasionally.

| SIR GALAHAD

| Like with close harmony groups.

| SECOND ADVISER

| Ooh ... Look if you're scared ...

| SIR LANCELOT

| We're not SCARED!

| SECOND ADVISER

| (With his last ounce of strength)

| Very well! King Brian challenges your to sing before him in close harmony!

| ARTHUR

| A challenge?

| The KNIGHTS look at each other rather taken aback but an idealistic glow  
| suffuses KING ARTHUR's eyes as he looks heaven-wards. The other KNIGHTS look  
| at him rather fearfully.

| ARTHUR

| (majestically)

| It is a challenge. We cannot refuse.

| SIR GALAHAD

| King Brian's a fucking loony.

| SECOND ADVISER

| Great!

| (dies)

| SIR GALAHAD

| Are you all right?

| CUT TO KING BRIAN the wild on his dias. he sees the KNIGHTS enter the arena.

| KING BRIAN

| Ah good!

| CUT TO TRUMPETERS who executes a rather bad fanfare full of missed notes.  
| meanwhile various SHOTS of preparation.

| KING BRIAN settling down.

| KNIGHTS being led up to the podium. The last of the previous close harmony  
| group is being loaded onto a cart and pushed away by the cart driver from  
| scene tow (Perhaps we see him being paid off)

| SHOT of KING BRIAN on his podium and the HERALD being untied and having his  
| gag removed.

| SHOT of ARTHUR and KNIGHTS getting into a group on the podium still rather  
| nervous.

| The fanfare comes to an end, and several wrong notes.

| KING BRIAN

| (who can't wait)

| RIGHT! Carry on gentleman.

| HERALD

| KING BRIAN SAYS CARRY ON!

| ARTHUR

| (whispering)

| All right ... two tenor lines - I'll take the base.

| They all nod.

| One... Two... Three...

| Sound of Bows being drawn very near by.

| ARTHUR looks up and frowns.

| CUT to reveal a line of twenty ARCHERS they all have their left leg missing,  
| but they DO have  
| two arms.

| Their arrows are drawn back and point directly at ARTHUR & CO.

| ARTHUR

| Hold it! Err ... King Brian!

| HERALD

| (Louder than ever)

| ARTHUR OF CAMELOT ADDRESSES THEE OH MIGHTY KING BRIAN!

| KING BRIAN

| (truculently)

| What?

| ARTHUR

| What are THEY For?

| (Indicates the archers)

| KING BRIAN

| Them? they're... just to show you where the audience would be.

| ARTHUR

| Well we'd prefer to do it without an audience.

| KING BRIAN

| Oh you've GOT to have an AUDIENCE!

| HERALD

| KING BRIAN THE WISE AND GOOD RULER OF THIS LAND SAYS YOU'VE  
GOT TO

| HAVE AN AUDIENCE!

| ARTHUR

| We'd rather give a private recital.

| HERALD

| THEY SAY THEY'D RATHER GIVE A PRIVATE RECITAL! O WISE GOOD AND  
JUST

| KING BRIAN AND NOT THE LEAST BIT WILD!

| KING BRIAN

| (to himself)

| Turds...

| HE nods to the ARCHERS who turn and hop smartly off in step.

| ONE-LEGGED RSM

| Left ... Left ... Left, left, left, left

| Left ... Left ... Left, left, left, left.

| They hop round behind a long fence and disappear from sight

| (Fence needs to be about 7 or 9 feet high)

| KING BRIAN

| Right! Ready when you are.

| HERALD

| KING BRIAN IS READY!

| ARTHUR

| And ... One ... Two ... Three ... Four ...

| They are just about to sing when the ARCHERS, bows read and arrows points,  
| peep over the top of the fence.

| HOLD IT!

| SIR GAWAIN

| (singing)

| We're

| Quick flash of ARCHERS sensed to fire, one tires to hold his shot back but  
| fails and fires his arrows by accident in the air.

| Quick flash of FIRST ADVISER who is hanging by his nostrils from the  
| highest tree in the kingdom, moaning, getting hit by the arrow.

| KING BRIAN

| What is it now?

| ARTHUR

| We're not entirely happy with the acoustics.

| HERALD

| THEY'RE NOT ENTIRELY HAPPY WITH...

| KING BRIAN

| (impatiently)

| Oh Sod the acoustics! Get on with the singing!

| HERALD

| KING BRIAN SAYS SOD THE ACOUSTICS!

| ARTHUR

| In that case we shall just have to perform elsewhere.  
| (turns to his knights and begins to usher them off)

| HERALD

| THEY SAY IN THAT CASE THEY SHALL HAVE TO PERFORM ELSEWHERE, O  
| RICH,  
| FAMOUS AND EXTREMELY CALM KING!

| KING BRIAN

| (getting very angry and dribbling slightly)

| NO! you've GOT to sing on the target are - er - convert ... er ... thing ...



HERALD  
KING BRIAN HAS STUMBLERD OVER HIS WORDS! WHAT A WONDERFULLY  
HUMAN INCIDENT.

KING BRIAN  
Don't editorialize!

HERALD  
SORRY, KING.

KING BRIAN  
Come on you bastards! Sing close harmony!

KING BRIAN snaps his finders and the ARCHERS rise above the fence without  
any pretense it concealment - fitting arrows into their bows.

HERALD  
KING BRIAN CALLS THEM BASTARDS AND DEMANDS TO HEAD CLOSE  
HARMONY! WHAT WILL HAPPEN NEXT?

KING BRIAN  
I said don't.

HERALD  
Sorry, King.

KING BRIAN  
Right! On the count of three ... one ...

HERALD  
THE KING'S SAID ONE!

KING BRIAN  
Two!

HERALD  
THE KING'S SAID TWO! THEY'VE ONLY GOT ONE LEFT!

We hear the sound of bows being drawn back. Tension mounts. the KNIGHTS  
all look pretty grim. The end is clearly pretty near.

KING BRIAN  
(face in a paroxysm of blood-lust)  
Three!

| HERALD

| THREE!

| Sound in the distance of beautiful close harmony singing

| "Bravely, good sir robin was not at all afraid..."

| CUT TO see SIR ROBIN and his MINSTRELS approaching from round a corner of the castle. SIR ROBIN walks a few feet in from of the them looking rather embarrassed.

| KING BRIAN

| (turning to the sound)

| FANTASTIC!

| CUT BACK TO ROBIN'S MINSTRELS

| "To have his eyeballs skewered and his kidneys ... argh!"

| They are suddenly pin-cushioned with arrows.

| KING BRIAN

| HA! HA! HA! HA! HO! HO! HO! HO! Oh bloody marvelous!

| ROBIN turns and looks at the decimated remains of his MINSTRELS, surprised but relieved.

| ARTHUR

| Sir Robin! this way!

| ARTHUR leads is MEN off the platform and they are joined by their PAGES and make good their escape.

| KING BRIAN

| HA! HA! HA! HA! HA! HA! HO! HO! HO! HO!

| HERALD

| KING BRIAN'S SHOT THE WRONG GROUP!

| KING BRIAN

| Shut up!

| HE swings his sword and slices the HERALD'S head off.

| HERALD'S HEAD

| (as it rolls away)

| PRESS FREEDOM INFRINGED!  
|

## 28 EXTERIOR - BEYOND FOREST - DAY - ANIMATION

Shots of ARTHUR etc. Riding out of the forest. They leave the forest and they meet LAUNCELOT and GALAHAD.

### VOICE OVER

And so Arthur and Bedevere and Sir Robin set out on their search to find the Enchanter of whom the old man had spoken in scene twenty-four. Beyond the forest they met Launcelot and Galahad, and there was much rejoicing.

## 29 EXTERIOR - ANOTHER LANDSCAPE - DAY - ANIMATION

### VOICE OVER

In the frozen land of Nador, they were forced to eat Robin's minstrels ... And there was much rejoicing ... A year passed ...

MONTAGE of shots of the KNIGHTS.

Autumn changed into Winter ... Winter changed into Spring ... Spring changed back into Autumn and Autumn gave Winter and Spring a miss and went straight on into Summer ... Until one day ...

## 30 EXTERIOR - WASTES - DAY

The KNIGHTS are riding along the top of a ridge. The country is wild and inhospitable. Suddenly some of them see fire in the distance and ride towards it. As they approach they see an impressive WIZARD figure striding around conjuring up fire from the ground and causing various bushes and branches to burst into flame.

### ARTHUR

What manner of man are you that can conjure up fire without flint or tinder?

### TIM

I am an enchanter.

ARTHUR looks at BEDEVERE.

### ARTHUR

By what name are you known?

### TIM

There are some who call me Tim?

ARTHUR

Greetings Tim the Enchanter!

TIM

Greetings King Arthur.

ARTHUR

You know my name?

TIM

I do.

(does another fire trick)

You seek the Holy Grail.

ARTHUR

That is our quest. You know much that is hidden O Tim.

TIM

(does another fire trick)

Quite.

Ripple of applause from the KNIGHTS.

ARTHUR

Yes we seek the Holy Grail.

(clears throat very quietly)

Our quest is to find the Holy Grail.

ONE OR TWO KNIGHTS

Yes it is.

ARTHUR

And so we're looking for it.

KNIGHTS

Yes, we are.

BEDEVERE

We have been for some time.

KNIGHTS

Yes.

ROBIN

Months.

ARTHUR

Yes ... and obviously any help we get is ... is very ... helpful.

GALAHAD

Do you know where it ...

TIM does another fire trick.

ALL OTHER KNIGHTS

Ssssh!

ARTHUR

Fine ... well er ... we mustn't take up anymore of your time ... I don't suppose ... sorry to sort of keep on about it ... you haven't by any chance ... aaah ... any idea where one might find ... a ... aaa ...

TIM

What?

ARTHUR

A G...g...g...

TIM

A Grail?

They all jump slightly and look about apprehensively.

ARTHUR

Er ... yes ... I think so.

ALL OTHER KNIGHTS

Yes.

TIM

Yes.

KNIGHTS

Fine.

ROBIN

Splendid!

OTHERS

Yes, marvelous.

TIM looks thoughtful and they all stand around a little. Then TIM produces another fire trick producing several different colors.

ARTHUR

Look, you're a busy man ...

TIM

Yes, I can help you with your guest.

Slight pause.

ALL OTHER KNIGHTS

Thank you. Yes, thank you very much.

TIM

To the north there lies a cave, the cave of Caerbannog, wherein, carved in mystic runes, upon the very living rock, the last words of Olfin Bedwere of Rheged ...

There is a thunderclap and a wind starts. They KNIGHTS get nervous.

TIM

... make plain the last resting place of the most Holy Grail.

ARTHUR

How shall we find this cave, O Tim?

TIM

Follow!

The KNIGHTS register delight and wheel round on themselves.

But follow only if you are men of valor. For the entrance to this cave is guarded by a monster, a creature so foul and cruel that no man yet has fought with it and lived. Bones of full fifty men lie strewn about its lair ... therefore sweet knights if you may doubt your strength or courage come no further, for death awaits you all with nasty pointy teeth.

+

+ ARTHUR

+ What an eccentric performance!

+

## 31 EXTERIOR - DAY

CUT TO impressive rock face with caves in it. The KNIGHTS are 'riding' towards it. A foreboding atmosphere supervenes. TIM gives a signal for quietness. ARTHUR shushes the 'horses'.

ARTHUR  
Shhh!

The PAGES decrease the amount of noise they are making with the coconuts for a few seconds. Then there is a burst of noise from them including whinnying.

BEDEVERE  
(to ARTHUR)  
They're nervous, sire.

ARTHUR  
Then we'd best leave them here and carry on on foot.

TIM takes a strange look at them. They walk on leaving the PAGES behind. After a few more strides TIM halts them with a sign.

TIM  
Behold the Cave of Caerbannog!

CUT TO shot of cave. Bones littered around. The KNIGHTS get the wind up partially. A little dry ice, glowing green can be seen at the entrance. Suddenly we become aware of total silence. Any noises the KNIGHTS make sound very exaggerated. They unsheathe their swords.

ARTHUR  
Keep me covered.

Stir among KNIGHTS.

BEDEVERE  
What with?

ARTHUR  
Just keep me covered.

TIM  
Too late.

ARTHUR

What?

TIM

There he is!

They all turn,, and see a large white RABBIT lollop a few yards out of the cave. Accompanied by terrifying chord and jarring metallic monster noise.

ARTHUR

Where?

TIM

There.

ARTHUR

Behind the rabbit?

TIM

It is the rabbit.

ARTHUR

... You silly sod.

TIM

What?

ARTHUR

You got us all worked up.

BEDEVERE

You cretin!

TIM

That is not an ordinary rabbit ... 'tis the most foul cruel and bad-tempered thing you ever set eyes on.

ROBIN

You tit. I soiled my armor I was so scared!

TIM

That rabbit's got a vicious streak. It's a killer!

GALAHAD

| Oh, fuck off.

+ Get stuffed.



TIM

He'll do you up a treat mate!

GALAHAD

Oh yeah?

ROBIN

| You turd!

+ Mangy scots git!

TIM

Look. I'm warning you.

ROBIN

What's he do? Nibble your bum?

TIM

Well, It's got huge ... very sharp ... it can jump a... look at the bones.

ARTHUR

Go on, Bors, chop its head off.

BORS

Right. Silly little bleeder. One rabbit stew coming up.

TIM

Look!

As TIM points they all spin round to see the RABBIT leap at BORS' throat with an appalling scream. From a distance of about twenty feet there is a tin opening noise, a cry from BORS. A quick CLOSE-UP of a savage RABBIT biting through tin and BORS' head flies off. The RABBIT leaps back to the mouth of the cave and sits there looking in the KNIGHTS' direction and growling menacingly.

ARTHUR

Je...sus Christ!

TIM

I warned you!

ROBIN

I done it again.

TIM

Did I tell you? Did you listen to me? Oh no, no, you knew better didn't you? No, it's just an ordinary rabbit isn't it. The names you called me. Well, don't say I didn't tell you.

ARTHUR  
Oh, shut up.

TIM  
(quietly)  
It's always the same ... if I've said it once.

ARTHUR  
Charge!

Ty all charge with swords drawn towards the RABBIT. A tremendous twenty second fight with Peckinpahish shots and borrowing heavily also on the Kung Fu and karate-type films ensues, in which some four KNIGHTS are comprehensively killed.

Run away! Run away!

ALL KNIGHTS  
(taking up cry)  
Run away! Run away!

They run down from the cave and hide, regrouping behind some rocks. TIM, some way away, is pointing at them and laughing derisively.

TIM  
Ha ha ha. Ha ha ha.

ARTHUR  
Who did we lose?

LAUNCELOT  
Sir Gawain.

GALAHAD  
Ector.

ARTHUR  
And Bors. Five.

+  
+ GALAHAD  
+ Three, sir!

+

ARTHUR

Three. Well, we'll not risk another frontal assault. That rabbit's dynamite.

ROBIN

Would it help to confuse him if we ran away more.

ARTHUR

Shut up. Go and change your armor.

ROBIN leaves, walking strangely.

GALAHAD

Let us taunt it. It may become so cross that it will make a mistake.

ARTHUR

Like what?

GALAHAD cannot find a suitable answer to this.

GALAHAD

Do we have any bows?

ARTHUR

No.

LAUNCELOT

We have the Holy Hand Grenade.

ROBIN

The what?

ARTHUR

The Holy Hand Grenade of Antioch. 'Tis one of the sacred relics

Brother Maynard always carries with him.

ALL

Yes. Of course.

ARTHUR

(shouting)

Bring up the Holy Hand Grenade!

Slight pause. Then from the area where the 'HORSES' are, a small group of MONKS process forward towards the KNIGHTS, the leading MONK bearing and ornate golden reliquary, and the accompanying MONKS chanting and

waving incense. They reach the KNIGHTS. The hand grenade is suffused with the holy glow.

ARTHUR takes it. Pause

ARTHUR  
How does it ... er ...

LAUNCELOT  
I know not.

ARTHUR  
Consult the Book of Armaments.

BROTHER MAYNARD  
Armaments Chapter Two Verses Nine to Twenty One.

ANOTHER MONK  
(reading from bible)  
And St. Attila raised his hand grenade up on high saying "O Lord bless this thy hand grenade that with it thou mayest blow thine enemies to tiny bits, in thy mercy. "and the Lord did grin and people did feast upon the lambs and sloths and carp and anchovies and orang-utans and breakfast cereals and fruit bats and...

BROTHER MAYNARD  
Skip a bit brother ...

ANOTHER MONK  
... Er ... oh, yes ... and the Lord spake, saying, "First shalt thou take out the Holy Pin, then shalt thou count to three, no more, no less. Three shalt be the number thou shalt count, and the number of the counting shalt be three. Four shalt thou not count, neither count thou two, excepting that thou then proceed to three. Five is right out. Once the number three, being the third number, be reached, then lobbest thou thy Holy Hand Grenade of Antioch towards thou foe, who being naughty in my sight, shall snuff it.

ARTHUR  
Right.

He pulls Pin out. The MONK blesses the grenade as ...

ARTHUR  
(quietly)  
One, two

| , three ...  
+ , five ...  
+  
+ GALAHAD  
+ Three, sir!  
+  
+ ARTHUR  
+ Three.  
+

ARTHUR throws the grenade at the RABBIT. There is an explosion and cheering from the KNIGHTS.

ALL KNIGHTS  
Praise be to the lord. Huzzah!

32 INTERIOR - CAVE - DAY

MIX THROUGH TO the KNIGHTS entering the cave. It is a large cave and as they walk inside it we see in the darkness at the side of the cave a fearsome looking CREATURE which watches them with some surprise as they walk to some writing carved on the back of the cave wall. The KNIGHTS are accompanied by BROTHER MAYNARD.

ARTHUR  
There! Look!

BEDEVERE  
What does it say?

GALAHAD  
What language is this?

BEDEVERE  
Brother Maynard, you are a scholar.

BROTHER MAYNARD  
It is Aramaic!

GALAHAD  
Of course. Joseph of Aramathea!

ALL  
Of course.

ARTHUR

What does it say?

BROTHER MAYNARD

It reads ... "Here may be found the last words of Joseph of Aramathea."

Excitement.

"He who is valorous and pure of heart may find the Holy Grail in the  
aaaaarrrrrrggghhh..."

ARTHUR

What?

BROTHER MAYNARD

"The Aaaaaarrrrrrggghhh..."

BEDEVERE

What's that?

BROTHER MAYNARD

He must have died while carving it.

BEDEVERE

Oh, come on.

BROTHER MAYNARD

That's what it says.

ARTHUR

(miming)

But if he was dying, he wouldn't bother to carve

"Aaaaaarrrrrrggghhh". He'd just say it.

BROTHER MAYNARD

It's down there carved in stone.

GALAHAD

Perhaps he was dictating.

ARTHUR

Shut up. Is that all it says?

BROTHER MAYNARD

That's all. "Aaaaaarrrrrrggghhh".

ARTHUR

"Aaaaarrrrrggghhh".

BEDEVERE

Do you think he meant the Camargue?

GALAHAD

Where's that?

BEDEVERE

France, I think.

LAUNCELOT

Isn't there a St. Aaaaarrrrrggghhh's in Cornwall?

ARTHUR

No, that's Saint Ives.

A muffled roar is heard.

|

| ROBIN

| Hey!

|

| BEDEVERE

| No, that's in Herefordshire.

|

| ROBIN

| (more urgently)

| No ... HEY!!!

|

| LAUNCELOT

| "Aaaaarrrrrggghhh ... "

|

| ROBIN

| No! "Hey"! is surprise and alarm!

+

+ BEDEVERE

+ Ooooooh!

+

+ LAUNCELOT

+ No "Aaaaarrrrrggghhh ... " at the back of the throat.

+

+ BEDEVERE

+ No! "Ooooooh!" in surprise and alarm!

+

He indicated the entrance of the cave. They all turn and look. There

in the opening is a huge, unpleasant, fairly well drawn cartoon beast.

ARTHUR

Oh!

GALAHAD

My God!

LAUNCELOT

What is it?

BEDEVERE

I know! I know! I Know!

ARTHUR

What?

BEDEVERE

It's the ... oh ...

(snaps his fingers as he tries to remember)

it's the ... it's on the tip of my tongue ...

Another hideous roar.

That's it!

ARTHUR

What?

BEDEVERE

It's The Legendary Black Beast of Aaaaarrrrrggghhh!

|

| At that moment there is a yell and a scream OUT OF VISION. ARTHUR turns.

|

| ARTHUR

| Who was that?

|

| HECTOR

| (from back of group; northern and helpful)

| It was Sir Alf.

|

| ARTHUR

| I didn't know we had a Sir Alf.

|

| HECTOR

| He was feeding it bread.



|  
| ARTHUR  
| (shouting back)  
| Well, that was a very silly thing to do. Now the rest of you stand  
| well back from the BLACK BEAST of Aaaaarrrrrrggghh!  
|  
| HECTOR  
| Aaaaarrrrrrggghh!  
|  
| ROBIN  
| Look out.  
|  
| The animation MONSTER starts lumbering towards them. The KNIGHTS retreat  
| into the darkness of the cave.  
|  
| GAWAIN  
| (as they run)  
| It's only a cartoon.  
|  
| ARTHUR  
| Sh!

They run off. Darkness. The MONSTER lumbering through on animation.

+ VOICE OVER  
+ As the horrendous Black Beast lunged forward, escape for Arthur and his  
+ knights seemed hopeless, when, suddenly ... the animator suffered a fatal  
+ heart attack.  
+  
+ ANIMATOR  
+ Aaaaagh!  
+  
+ VOICE OVER  
+ The cartoon peril was no more ... The Quest for Holy Grail could continue.

ANIMATED SEQUENCE. Leads through to the group reappearing and seeing a  
distant opening to the cave. They reach the opening. It is day.

33 EXTERIOR - DAY

The KNIGHTS emerge from the mouth of the cave to find themselves in a  
breathtaking, barren landscape. Glencoe. They are half way up the  
side of a mountain. They rest a few seconds and get their breath  
back.

|  
| GALAHAD

| Look!

|  
+ GALAHAD

+ There it is!

+

+ ARTHUR

+ The Bridge of Death!

+

+ ROBIN

+ (to himself)

+ Oh! Great ...

|  
| They look and see on the side of the mountain there is a sort of milestone  
| which bears the words: "Aaaaarrrrrrggghhh! 5 miles" and an arrow.

|  
| ARTHUR

| God be praised. This must be the gorge of which the old man spoke in scene  
| twenty-four.

|  
| The KNIGHTS set off along a rather perilous track edging along  
| the side of the mountain. GALAHAD is leading.

|  
| MIX THROUGH they are climbing higher. The path gets more and more slippery  
| and dangerous. They reach another milestone which says: "Aaaaarrrrrrggghhh!  
| 4 miles" and an arrow, and "Ni! 82 miles" and an arrow pointing in the  
| opposite direction. They go on. It is dangerous and difficult. Tension in  
| their faces.

|  
| As they are climbing, BEDEVERE turns to ROBIN and ARTHUR.

|  
| BEDEVERE

| We must find the bridge ... the Bridge of Death ...

|  
| ROBIN

| (to himself)

| Oh, great!

|  
| BEDEVERE

| The Bridge is guarded by a bridgekeeper, who asks each traveler three  
| questions. And he who answers the three questions can cross in safety.

|  
| ROBIN

| (warily)

| And if you get a question wrong?

|  
| BEDEVERE

| You are cast into the Gorge of Eternal Peril.

| 34 EXTERIOR - DAY

| CUT TO them struggling along. Perhaps downhill now. It is growing misty.  
| SIR LAUNCELOT stops them and points. They peer.

| CUT TO see in the mist ... a weird bridge with mist swirling up from the  
| gorge below. We cannot see the other side.

| Beside the bridge an OLD MAN stands, he is the blind soothsayer they met  
| earlier in the forest.

| ARTHUR

| (to BEDEVERE)

| He's the Keeper of the Bridge. It's the old man.

| BEDEVERE

| (swallowing hard)

| Who's going to answer the questions?

| ARTHUR

| You go, Robin, and God be with you.

| ROBIN

| (looking round wildly)

| Er ... I tell you what -

| (lowering voice)

| Why doesn't Launcelot go?

| ARTHUR

| (considering a moment)

| Very well ... Sir Launcelot. Brave Sir Launcelot. This is the Bridge of  
| Death ...

| LAUNCELOT

| Oh, yes sir ... I will take it single-handed.

| (drawing his sword)

| I will ...

| ARTHUR restrains him.

| ARTHUR

| No, hang on. All we want is for you to approach the old man and he will ask  
| you three questions. Answer those question as best you can, and we will  
| watch ... and pray.

|  
| LAUNCELOT  
| Yes, my liege ...  
|  
| ARTHUR  
| Good luck, brave Sir Launcelot! Be careful ...  
|  
| They shake hands, Arthur's eyes moisten. LAUNCELOT approaches the Bridge of  
| Death.  
|  
| ARTHUR  
| Listen to the questions.  
+  
+ BEDEVERE  
+ Look! It's the old man from scene 24 - what's he Doing here?  
+  
+ ARTHUR  
+ He is the keeper of the Bridge. He asks each traveler five questions ...  
+  
+ GALAHAD  
+ Three questions.  
+  
+ ARTHUR  
+ Three questions ... he who answers the five questions  
+  
+ GALAHAD  
+ Three questions.  
+  
+ ARTHUR  
+ Three questions, may cross in safety.  
+  
+ ROBIN  
+ (warily)  
+ And if you get a question wrong?  
+  
+ ARTHUR  
+ You are cast into the Gorge of Eternal Peril.  
+  
+ ROBIN  
+ Oh ... wacho!  
+  
+ GALAHAD  
+ Who's going to answer the questions?  
+  
+ ARTHUR  
+ Sir Robin, Brave Sir Robin you go.

+  
+ ROBIN  
+ Hey! I've got a great idea! Why doesn't Launcelot go?  
+  
+ LAUNCELOT  
+ Yes. Let me. I will take it single-handed ...  
+ I will make feint to the north-east ...  
+  
+ ARTHUR  
+ No, hang on! Just answer the five questions ...  
+  
+ GALAHAD  
+ Three questions ...  
+  
+ ARTHUR  
+ Three questions ... And we shall watch ... and pray.  
+  
+ LAUNCELOT  
+ I understand, my liege.  
+  
+ ARTHUR  
+ Good luck, brave Sir Launcelot ... God be with you.  
+  
+ LAUNCELOT APPROACHES THE BRIDGEKEEPER.  
+  
BRIDGEKEEPER  
Stop!

SIR LAUNCELOT stops. The KNIGHTS watch anxiously. ARTHUR sniffs briefly and glances momentarily down at SIR ROBIN's lower armor.

BRIDGEKEEPER  
Who approaches the Bridge of Death  
Must answer me  
These questions three!  
Ere the other side he see.

LAUNCELOT  
Ask me the questions, Bridgekeeper. I am not afraid.

BRIDGEKEEPER  
What is your name?

LAUNCELOT  
My name is Sir Launcelot.

BRIDGEKEEPER

What is your quest?

LAUNCELOT

To find the Holy Grail.

BRIDGEKEEPER

What is your favorite color?

LAUNCELOT

Blue.

BRIDGEKEEPER

Right. Off you go.

SIR LAUNCELOT runs across into the mist. The bridge perhaps disappears into the mist and we cannot see the other side. ARTHUR and SIR ROBIN exchange glances. ROBIN breathes a great sigh of relief.

ROBIN

That's easy!

BRIDGEKEEPER

Stop!

Who approacheth the Bridge of Death

Must answer me

These questions three!

Ere the other side he see!

ROBIN

Ask me the questions, Bridgekeeper. I am not afraid.

BRIDGEKEEPER

What is your name?

ROBIN

My name is Sir Robin of Camelot!

BRIDGEKEEPER

What is your quest?

ROBIN

To seek the Grail!

BRIDGEKEEPER

What is the capital of Assyria?

ROBIN

(indignantly)

I don't know that!

He is immediately hurled by some unseen force over the edge of the precipice.

ROBIN

Aaaaarrrrrggghh!

35 EXTERIOR - DAY

CUT TO SIR LAUNCELOT who is only just arriving on the other side. He looks back across the invisible chasm. Dimly in the distance he hears:

GAWAIN (OUT OF VISION)

Sir Gawain of Camelot!

BRIDGEKEEPER (OOV)

What is your quest?

GAWAIN (OOV)

To seek the Holy Grail.

| BRIDGEKEEPER (OOV)

| What goes: black white ... black white ... black white?

| GAWAIN (OOV)

| Oh, er ... Babylon! er ... Aaaaarrrrrggghh!

| SIR LAUNCELOT stands on the other side of the bridge. In the distance we hear the ritual of questions and then a scream and thud, suddenly a hand lands on LAUNCELOT's shoulder.

| POLICEMAN (VOICE OVER)

| Just want to ask you some questions, sir.

| LAUNCELOT turns and reacts. He is led away.

| 36 EXTERIOR - LAKE - DAY

| CUT TO ARTHUR, GALAHAD and BEDEVERE struggling towards the lake.

| BEDEVERE

| (to ARTHUR)

| How did you know how many wing-beats a swallow needs to maintain velocity?

|

| ARTHUR

| Oh ... when you're king you know all those things.

+

+ BRIDGEKEEPER

+ What is your favorite color?

+

+ GAWAIN

+ Blue ... No yellooooooww!

+

+ ARTHUR and BEDEVERE step forward.

+

+ BRIDGEKEEPER

+ What is your name?

+

+ ARTHUR

+ It is Arthur, King of the Britons.

+

+ BRIDGEKEEPER

+ What is your quest?

+

+ ARTHUR

+ To seek the Holy Grail.

+

+ BRIDGEKEEPER

+ What is the air-speed velocity of an unladen swallow?

+

+ ARTHUR

+ What do you mean? An African or European swallow?

+

+ BRIDGEKEEPER

+ Er ... I don't know that ... Aaaaarrrrrggghh!

+

+ BRIDGEKEEPER is cast into the gorge.

+

+ BEDEVERE

+ How do you know so much about swallows?

+

+ ARTHUR

+ Well you have to know these things when you're a king, you know.

+

Suddenly they appear at water's edge. They look across the water. A huge expanse disappearing into the mist. How can they cross?



Suddenly the air is filled with ethereal music, and out of the mist appears a wonderful barge silently and slowly drifting towards them.

They gaze in wonder. The mysterious boat comes to where they are standing. As if bewitched, they find themselves drawing closer to the boat. As they are about to step in, a ragged figure looks up at them.

| BOATKEEPER

| (he is the same as the BRIDGEKEEPER and the SOOTHSAYER)

| He who would cross the Sea of Fate

| must answer me

| these questions twenty-eight.

| He fixes them with a baleful eye, ARTHUR and BEDEVERE exchange glances, then turn, with minds made up, pick him up bodily and throw him in the water.

| They climb into the boat and the boat moves off into the mist

| FADE OUT

| 37 ANIMATION

| A wondrous journey in animation carries them across the lake.

| MIX TO

38 EXTERIOR - DAY

The boat carries them across a magical lake. They land and get out of the boat, their faces suffused with heavenly radiance, and fall to their knees.

Crescendo on music.

ARTHUR

God be praised! The deaths of many fine knights have this day been avenged.

Music swells. They bend their heads in prayer, before the castle for which they have searched for so long. Suddenly a voice comes from the battlements.

Music cuts dead.

FROG

Ha ha! Hello! Smelly English K...niggets ... and Monsieur Arthur King,

who has the brain of a duck, you know.

The KNIGHTS look up.

FROG

We French persons outwit you a second time, perfidious English mousedropping hoarders ... how you say: "Begorrah!"

ARTHUR stands and shouts.

ARTHUR

How dare you profane this place with your presence! I command you, in the name of the Knights of Camelot, open the door to the Sacred Castle, to which God himself has guided us! (he turns to the KNIGHTS) Come.

ARTHUR and the KNIGHTS advance towards the castle.

FROG

How you English say: I one more time, mac, I unclog my nose towards you, sons of a window-dresser, so, you think you could out-clever us French fellows with your silly knees-bent creeping about advancing behavior. (blows a raspberry) I wave my private parts at your aunties, you brightly-colored, mealy-templed, cranberry-smelling, electric donkey-bottom biters.

By this time ARTHUR and BEDEVERE and GALAHAD have reached the door. ARTHUR bangs on the door.

ARTHUR

In the name of the Lord, we demand entrance to this sacred castle.

Jeering from the battlements.

FROG

No chance, English bed-wetting types. We burst our pimples at you, and call your door-opening request a silly thing. You tiny-brained wipers of other people's bottoms!

French laughter

ARTHUR

If you do not open these doors, we will take this castle by force ...

A bucket of slops land on ARTHUR. He tries to retain his dignity.

ARTHUR

In the name of God ... and the glory of our ...

Another bucket of what can only be described as human ordure hits ARTHUR.

... Right!

(to the KNIGHTS)

That settles it!

They turn and walk away. French jeering follows them.

FROG

Yes, depart a lot at this time, and cut the approaching any more or we fire arrows into the tops of your heads and make castanets of your testicles already.

ARTHUR

(to KNIGHTS)

Walk away. Just ignore them.

ARTHUR, BEDEVERE and GALAHAD walk off. A small hail of chickens, watercress, badgers and mattresses follows them. But they are on their dignity as they try to talk nonchalantly as they walk away into the trees.

FROG

And now remain gone, illegitimate-faced bugger-folk! And, if you think you got a nasty time this taunting, you ain't heard nothing yet, dappy k...niggets, and A. King Esquire.

| CUT BACK TO the drenched BRIDGEKEEPER/SOOTHSAYER beside the lake He rises up into SHOT.

| BRIDGEKEEPER

| He would cross the sea of fate,  
| Must answer me these questions  
| Twenty-eight.

| CUT TO see he is talking to two PLAIN-CLOTHES POLICEMEN and two CONSTABLES.

| INSPECTOR

| All right, put him in the van.

| THE BRIDGEKEEPER is led away and put into a police van.

CUT BACK TO ARTHUR still walking away. French taunts still audible in the distance.

FRENCH

You couldn't catch clap in a brothel, silly English K...niggets ...

ARTHUR

(to BEDEVERE)

We shall attack at once.

BEDEVERE

Yes, my liege.

(he turns)

Stand by for attack!!

CUT TO enormous army forming up. Trebuchets, rows of PIKEMEN, siege towers, pennants flying, shouts of "Stand by for attack!" Traditional army build-up shots. The shouts echo across the ranks of the army. We see various groups reacting, and stirring themselves in readiness.

ARTHUR

Who are they?

BEDEVERE

Oh, just some friends!

We end up back with ARTHUR. He seems satisfied that the ARMY is ready.

PANNING down the serried ranks, pikes ready, pennants flapping in the wind. Some of the horses whinny nervously, and rattle their coconuts.

ARTHUR is satisfied at last. He addresses the castle.

ARTHUR

French persons! Today the blood of many valiant knights shall be avenged. In the name of God, we shall not stop our fight until each one of you lies dead and the Grail returns to those whom God has chosen.

ARTHUR lowers his visor, turns to have a last look at ARMY, then:

CHARGE!

The mighty ARMY charges. Thundering noise of feet. Clatter of coconuts. Shouts etc.

The charge towards the castle.

Suddenly there is a wail of a siren and a couple of police cars roar round in front of the charging ARMY and the POLICE leap out and stop them. TWO POLICEMAN and the HISTORIAN'S WIFE. Black Marias skid up behind them.

The ARMY halts.  
HISTORIAN'S WIFE  
They're the ones, I'm sure.

INSPECTOR END OF FILM  
Grab 'em!

The POLICE grab ARTHUR and bundle him into the maria.

SIR BEDEVERE is led off with a blanket over his head. They are bundled into the black maria and the van drives off.

The rest of the ARMY stand around looking at a loss.

INSPECTOR END OF FILM  
(picks up megaphone)  
All right! Clear off! Go on!

A few reaction shots of the ARMY not quite sure what to do.

INSPECTOR END OF FILM  
Move along. There's nothing to see! Keep moving!

Suddenly he notices the cameras.

As the black maria drives away QUICK SHOT through window of all the KNIGHTS huddled inside.

INSPECTOR END OF FILM  
(to Camera)  
All right, put that away sonny.

He walks over to it and puts his hand over the lens.

The film runs out through the gate and the projector shines on the screen.

There is a blank screen for some fifteen seconds.

|

| Suddenly jazzy music. Animated titles. (A new film completely free

| with the Monty Python film.)

| "THE CREDITS"

| Four of five minute film (mainly animated) about the credits, i.e. it  
| includes the actual credits for the film but is really elaborate.

| THE END

+

+ Slushy organ music starts and the houselights in the cinema come on ...

+ organ music continues as the audience leave.

+

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Cast list:

GRAHAM CHAPMAN PLAYED: KING ARTHUR. HICCOUGHING GUARD,  
THREE-HEADED KNIGHT

JOHN CLEESE PLAYED: SECOND SOLDIER WITH A KEEN INTEREST IN  
BIRDS,  
LARGE MAN WITH DEAD BODY, BLACK KNIGHT, MR NEWT (A VILLAGE  
BLACKSMITH  
INTERESTED IN BURNING WITCHES), A QUITE EXTRAORDINARILY RUDE  
FRENCHMAN, TIM THE WIZARD, SIR LAUNCELOT

TERRY GILLIAM PLAYED: PATSY (ARTHUR'S TRUSTY STEED), THE GREEN  
KNIGHT  
SOOTHSAYER, BRIDGEKEEPER, SIR GAWAIN (THE FIRST TO BE KILLED BY  
THE  
RABBIT)

ERIC IDLE PLAYED: THE DEAD COLLECTOR, MR BINT (A VILLAGE NE'ER-DO  
-WELL VERY KEEN ON BURNING WITCHES), SIR ROBIN, THE GUARD WHO  
DOESN'T  
HICCOUGH BUT TRIES TO GET THINGS STRAIGHT, CONCORDE (SIR  
LAUNCELOT'S  
TRUSTY STEED), ROGER THE SHRUBBER (A SHRUBBER), BROTHER  
MAYNARD

NEIL INNES PLAYED: THE FIRST SELF-DESTRUCTIVE MONK, ROBIN'S LEAST  
FAVORITE MINSTREL, THE PAGE CRUSHED BY A RABBIT, THE OWNER OF A  
DUCK

TERRY JONES PLAYED: DENNIS'S MOTHER, SIR BEDEVERE, THREE-HEADED KNIGHT, PRINCE HERBERT

MICHAEL PALIN PLAYED: 1ST SOLDIER WITH A KEEN INTEREST IN BIRDS, DENNIS, MR DUCK (A VILLAGE CARPENTER WHO IS ALMOST KEENER THAN ANYONE ELSE TO BURN WITCHES), THREE-HEADED KNIGHT, SIR GALAHAD, KING OF SWAMP CASTLE, BROTHER MAYNARD'S ROOMMATE

CONNIE BOOTH PLAYED: THE WITCH

CAROL CLEVELAND PLAYED: ZOOT AND DINGO

BEE DUFFELL PLAYED: OLD CRONE TO WHOM KING ARTHUR SAID "NI!"

JOHN YOUNG PLAYED: THE DEAD BODY THAT CLAIMS IT ISN'T, AND THE HISTORIAN WHO ISN'T A.J.P. TAYLOR AT ALL

RITA DAVIES PLAYED: THE HISTORIAN WHO ISN'T A.J.P. TAYLOR (HONESTLY)'S WIFE

SALLY KINGHORN PLAYED: EITHER WINSTON OR PIGLET

AVRIL STEWART PLAYED: EITHER PIGLET OR WINSTON

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PYTHON (MONTY) PICTURES LTD

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August 5th, 1974.

Dear Mike,

The Censor's representative, Tony Kerpel, came along to Friday's screening at Twickenham and he gave up his opinion of the film's probable certificate.

He thinks the film will be AA, but it would be possible, given some dialogue cuts, to make the film an A rating, which would increase the audience. (AA is 14 and over, and A is 5-14).

For an 'A' we would have to:

Lose as many shits as possible

Take Jesus Christ out, if possible

Loose "I fart in your general direction"

Lose "the oral sex"

Lose "oh, fuck off"

Lose "We make castanets out of your testicles"

I would like to get back to the Censor and agree to lose the shits, take the odd Jesus Christ out and lose Oh fuck off, but to retain 'fart in your general direction', 'castanets of your testicles' and 'oral sex' and ask him for an 'A' rating on that basis.

Please let me know as soon as possible your attitude to this.

Yours sincerely,

Mark Forstater