

## **French Taunter:**

French accent

1: 'Allo! Who is it, what do you want? This is the castle of my master, Guy de Loimbard-The French bastard.

2: Ho... so you want him to help you find the holy grail? Well, I'll ask him, but I don't think he'll be very keen. He's already got one, you see? Oh, yes, it's very nice.

3: (Aside) Hey! I told him we already got one. No... you can not see it...you are English bed-wetting types and I'm French! Why do you think I have this outrageous accent, you silly king?...

4: Ohhh, You don't frighten us, English pig-dogs! Go and boil your bottoms, sons of a silly person. I blow my nose at you, so called Arthur-king, you and all your silly English knnnniggets.

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

6: Now go away or I shall taunt you a second time. No there is not one else to speak to, you son of a window-dresser! I wave my private parts at your aunties, you tinybrained wipers of other people's bottoms!

7: I burst my pimples at you and call your door-opening request a silly thing, you cheesy lot of second-hand electric donkey bottom biters. (Blows a raspberry) Thppt!

## **Historian:**

English Accent England

1: 932 A.D. A Kingdom divided. To the West- the Anglo Saxons, to the East- the French. Above nothing but Celts and some people from Scotland.

2: In Gwynned, Powys, and Dyfed - Plague. In the kingdoms of Wessex, Sussex, and Essex and Kent - Plague. In Mercia and the two Anglias - Plague: with a 50% chance of pestilence and famine coming out of the Northeast at twelve miles per hour.

3: Legend tells of an extraordinary leader, who arose from the chaos, to unite a troubled kingdom ... A man with a vision who gathered Knights together in a Holy Quest. This man was Arthur, King of the Britons !

4: And so, King Arthur gathered more Knights together, bringing from all the corners of the Kingdom the strongest and bravest in the land to sit at the Round Table. The strangely flatulent Sir Bedevere...

5: The dashingly handsome Sir Galahad ...The homicidally brave Sir Lancelot ... Sir Robin the Not-quito-so-brave-as-Sir- Lancelot ... who slew the vicious chicken of Bristol and who personally wet himself at the Battle of Badon Hill.

6: And the aptly named Sir Not-Appearing-in-this-show. Together they formed a band whose names and deeds were to be retold throughout the Centuries ... The Knights of the Round Table

## **Tim The Enchanter:**

Heavy Scottish accent

1: Greetings' King Arthur! Yes I know your name I am an enchanter... there are some who call me.... Tim.

2: You seek the Holy Grail. Only the bravest will find it.. Below me ... lies the cave of Caerbannog, wherein carved upon the very living rock, there be a clue which shall lead ye directly to your goal.

3: But think well before you step into this cave, for the entrance way is guarded by a beast so foul, so cruel, no man yet has fought this evil beast and lived.

4: So be you warned brave knights, for death awaits you all with nasty great big pointy teeth' (demonstrates nasty pointy teeth). Wait' Too late' There it is!

5: Cringe you mortals at the site of .... No.. no not behind the rabbit... It is the Rabbit!.... Look this is no ordinary rabbit. This is the most foul, cruel, and bad-tempered rodent you ever set eyes on.

6: He won't just nibble your bum! This rabbit's got a vicious streak a mile wide. It's a killer! It'll do you up a treat, mate! Look, I'm warning you! (Watching the rabbit carnage)

7: Not so brave now are you? I warned you. Oh, but, you knew it all, didn't you? Oh, it's just a harmless little bunny, isn't it? Well, it's always the same, I always tell them but they never, ever, ever listen. (exits)

## **Mrs Galahad:**

Cockney Accent

1: Oh, how do you do? I'm MRS Galahad, widowed mother of Dennis. He dropped dead last Tuesday, which does leaved me sadly available.

2: So you think you're the king? King of the who?... The Britons. Who are the Britons? I didn't know we had a king. I thought we were an autonomous collective.

3: You're fooling yourself. We are NOT living in a dictatorship, a self-perpetuating autocracy in which the working classes... Ahhhhh there I go, bringing class into it again ...

4: Who is my lord you ask?? We don't have a lord. We're an anarcho-syndicalist commune, we take it in turns to act as a sort of executive officer for the week.

5: But all the decisions of that officer must be approved at a bi-weekly meeting by a simple majority in the case of purely internal affairs. Actually it is a two-thirds majority

6: Be quiet!?! I order YOU to be quiet! Order, ey? Who does he think he is? You're not my king! (aside) Well, I didn't vote for you.

7: So how did you become a king, then? Let me guess "One day, as you was riding forth from Camelot, you saw a lady in the lake"... Dead. (The music stops)

## **Knight of Ni:** Quirky Unknown Accent

1: Ni Ni Ni!!! We are the knights who say... Ni! We are the keepers of the sacred words- Ni, Ping and Neeewong!

2: The knights who say Ni demand a sacrifice! Ohhhh knights of Ni, we are but simple travelers, lost in these woods-

3: We shall say Ni again to you if you do not appease us.  
We want... We want... (Pause) A shrubbery!

4: If you do not find us a shrubbery, you must cut down the mightiest tree in the forest with... A herring! (Pulls out a big herring and handing it to Arthur, who doesn't take it)

5: Good. You must return here with the shrubbery within the next two thousand years.  
[A knight of Ni pulls his gown, and whispers womthing to him]  
Right. (To Arthur) Within the next twelve seconds.

6: All right, before nightfall. Or else you will never pass through this wood... alive...  
[Pause] And now... without a flutter of a crippled bat's wing - we go!

7: WAIT! We are now no longer the knights who say Ni. We are now the knights who say Ekki-Ekki-Ekki Ptang zoomboing mumble squidband oolei mgraaul walla walla bing bang...! Therefore, we must give you a new test.