

SCENE ELEVEN

[The French Castle]

(KING ARTHUR and his KNIGHTS arrive at the foot of the castle, and dismount.)

ARTHUR

Halt! Hello! Hello!

(The TAUNTER, a silly mustachioed Frenchman, appears in the battlements of the castle.)

TAUNTER

'Allo! Who is it?

ARTHUR

It is King Arthur, and these are my Knights of the Round Table. Whose castle is this?

TAUNTER

This is the castle of my master, Guy de Loimbard! The French bastard.

ARTHUR

Go and tell your master that we have been charged by God with a sacred quest. If he will give us food and shelter for the night he may join us on our quest for the Holy Grail.

TAUNTER

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!

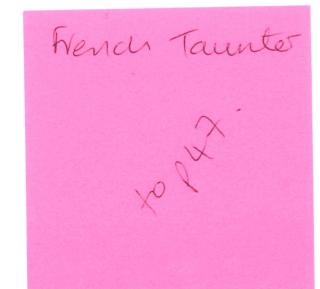
ARTHUR

Are you sure he's got one?

TAUNTER

Oh, yes, it's very nice.
(Aside)

Hey! I told him we already got one!



(The FRENCH GUARDS titter in mirth. We see only their helmets nodding in glee.)

GUARDS

Tee hee.

ARTHUR

Well, can we come in and have a look?

סיבויונון גייי

Of course not! You are English bed-wetting types!

ARTHUR

Well, what are you then?

TAUNTER

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

ARTHUR

If you will not show us the Grail, we shall take this castle by force!

TAUNTER

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.

ARTHUR

Now look here my good man!

TAUNTER

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! Now go

away or I shall taunt you a second time.

GALAHAD

Is there someone else we could talk to?

TAUNTER

Hey, no chance, son of a window-dresser! I wave my private parts at your aunties, you tiny-brained wipers of other people's bottoms!

ARTHUR

I command you, in the name of the Knights of Camelot, to open the doors of this sacred castle, to which God himself has guided us!

TAUNTER

Well, 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. Thppt!

(Blows a raspberry)

FRENCHIES

Thppt.

(The hands of the FRENCH KNIGHTS make very rude gestures between the battlements.)

ROBIN

They're using rude gestures, sir.

GALAHAD

The fiends. They haven't an ounce of chivalry.

ARTHUR

What do we do, Bedevere?

BEDEVERE

Well, I believe it's time for Plan B, Sire. My secret weapon.

ARTHUR

If you do not cease to taunt us, we shall be forced to bring out our secret weapon.

TAUNTER

Oh, no. Oh, gee We are so scared. Oh, hey, did I mention before to you... Thhppt.

(The TAUNTER runs his head across, up and down the battlements before disappearing.)

Right that's it. Bedevere. What the Wench Taunte to them.

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