

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!

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*(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?

**TAUNTER**

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 th

French Taunter

to them.

*(BEDEVERE runs from the battlements)*

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