

# ***THE COMPLETE GRAIL***

Transcribed and Written by

Scott E. Harris

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Material from the movie Monty Python and the Holy Grail

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July 4, 1989



## Preface

This text is a transcription of the movie "Monty Python and the Holy Grail." It includes the entire dialogue of the movie, plus scene descriptions, character actors, music descriptions, and occasionally, small bits of trivia. It is to be used by the ultimate Grail enthusiast as a guide to "The Grail."

After finally finishing this project, I think that this movie will rate as the longest movie I've ever watched, lasting a total of about thirty-four hours, spread out in the course of one week. That's the equivalent of watching this movie an average of twenty-three times! Of course, like any proud "Grail" enthusiast, I have seen this movie more than seventy times.

Finally, I'd like to thank Andrew Wright, Kelli Kingsley, Mike Sherrill, and Nigel Smaller for their help with this project. Everyone's efforts are much appreciated.

Have fun, and may all your swallows be migrating.

# FROM CINEMA 5

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

*(Dramatic Music Starts)*

MONTY PYTHON  
and  
THE HOLY GRAIL

Mønti Pythøn ik den Hølie Grailen

Written and performed by:

GRAHAM CHAPMAN

JOHN CLEESE

ERIC IDLE

TERRY GILLIAM

TERRY JONES

MICHAEL PALIN

Røten nik Alten di

with

CONNIE BOOTH

CARLOL CLEVELAND

NEIL INNES

BEE DUFFELL

JOHN YOUNG

RITA DAVIES

Wik



Also appearing  
ANVIL STEWART  
SALLY KINGHORN

Alsø wik

Also also appearing

*List of 21 names  
much too small to read*

Alsø alsø wik

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 RITCHIE & SON LTD TECHNICOLOR™
Rosterum Cameraman	KENT HOUSTON

Whi nõt trei a høliday in Sweden this yër?

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

See the løveli lakes

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

The wøndërful telephøne system

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

And mäni interesting furry animals

With special extra thanks to:

*Lots of text here,  
much too small to read*

SIGNED: Richard M. Nixon

Including the Majestic Møøse

Songs  
NEIL INNES

Additional Music  
DEWOLFE

A møøse ønce bit my sister...



Costume Designer  
HAZEL PETHIG

Nø realli! She was Karving her initials øn the møøse with the sharpened end of an interspace tøøthbrush given her by Swenge—her brother-in-law—an Oslo dentist and star of many Norwegian møvies: "The Høt Hands of an Oslo Dentist", "Fillings of Passion", "The Huge Mølars of Horst Nordfink"...

*(Dramatic Music dies)*

WE APOLOGISE FOR THE FAULT IN THE  
SUBTITLES. THOSE RESPONSIBLE HAVE BEEN  
SACKED.

*(Dramatic Music starts again)*

Mynd you, møøse bites Kan be pretti nasti...

*(Dramatic Music dies again)*

WE APOLOGISE FOR THE FAULT IN THE  
SUBTITLES. THOSE RESPONSIBLE FOR SACKING  
THE PEOPLE WHO HAVE JUST BEEN SACKED,  
HAVE BEEN SACKED.

*(Strings Music starts)*

Production Manager	JULIAN DOYLE
Assistant Director	GERRY HARRISON
Special Effects	JOHN HORTON
Choreography	LEO KHARIBIAN
Flight Director & Period Consultant	JOHN WALKER
Make-Up Artists	PEARL RASHBASS, PAM LUKE
Special Effects Photography	JULIAN DOYLE
Animation Assistance	LUCINDA COWELL, KATE HEPBURN
Møose trained by	YUTTE HERMSGERWORDENBROTORG

Lighting Cameraman	TERRY BEDFORD
Special Møøse Effects	OLAF PROT
Møøse Costumes	SIGGI CHURCHILL

Designer ROY SMITH  
Møøse Choreographed by HORST PROTT III  
Miss Taylor's Møøses by HENGST DOUGLAS-HOME  
Møøse trained to mix concrete and  
sign complicated insurance forms by JURGEN WIGG

Editor	JOHN HACKNEY
Møøse noses wiped by	BJORN IRKESTOM-SLATER WALKER
Large Møøse	
on the left hand 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 møøse suggested by	VIC ROTTER
Antler-Care by	LIV THATCHER

*(Strings Music dies)*

THE DIRECTORS OF THE FILM HIRED TO  
CONTINUE THE CREDITS AFTER THE OTHER  
PEOPLE HAD BEEN SACKED WISH 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.



*(Llama Music starts)*

*Executive Producer*

JOHN GOLDSTONE & "RALPH" THE WONDER LLAMA

*Producer*

MARK FORSTATER

*Assisted by*

EARL J. LLAMA

MILT Q. LLAMA III

SY LLAMA

MERLE Z. LLAMA IX

*Directed by*

40 SPECIALLY TRAINED  
ECUADORIAN 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 & TERRY JONES

*(Llama Music stops—movie begins)*

ENGLAND  
93<sup>2</sup>A.D.

## SCENE 1

*Misty, foggy, barren landscape.*

*(Notice the man on top of the pole.)*

*A horse is heard galloping, and soon King Arthur and Patsy, his servant, crest the hill.*

*They aren't riding horses at all, though. They are merely bouncing up and down and Patsy is banging two coconut shells together to emulate galloping.*

*Dramatic Music.*

ARTHUR, GRAHAM CHAPMAN: Whoa there! *(Castle in the distance.)*

PERSON FROM CASTLE, ERIC IDLE: Halt! Who goes there?

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

PERSON: Who's the other one?

ARTHUR: I am; and this is my trusty servant, Patsy. We have ridden the lengths and breadths of the land in search of Knights who will join me in my Court at Camelot. I must speak with your Lord and Master.

PERSON: What? Ridden on a horse?

ARTHUR: Yes!

PERSON: You're using coconuts!

ARTHUR: What?

PERSON: You've got two empty halves of coconuts and you're bangin' 'em together!

ARTHUR: So? We have ridden since the snows of Winter covered this land. Through the Kingdom of Mercia; through...

PERSON: Where'd you get the coconuts?

ARTHUR: We found them.

PERSON: Found them!? In Mercia? The coconut's tropical!

ARTHUR: What do you mean?

PERSON: Well, this is a temperate zone.

ARTHUR: The swallow may fly south with the sun, or the house-martin or the plumber may seek warmer climes in Winter; yet these are not strangers to our land.

PERSON: Are you suggesting coconuts migrate!?

ARTHUR: Not at all! They could be carried.

PERSON: What? A swallow carrying a coconut?

ARTHUR: It could grip it by the husk.

PERSON: It's not a question of where he grips it! It's a simple question of weight ratios. A five ounce bird could not carry a one pound coconut!

ARTHUR: Well, it doesn't matter! Will you go and tell your master that Arthur from the court of Camelot is here?

PERSON: Listen, in order to maintain air-speed velocity, a swallow needs to beat its wings forty-three times every second. Right?

ARTHUR: PLEASE!

PERSON: Am I right?

ARTHUR: I'm not interested!

2ND PERSON, *JOHN CLEESE*: It could be carried by an African swallow!

PERSON: Oh, yeah. An African swallow, maybe. But not a European swallow. That's my point.

2ND PERSON: Oh yeah. I agree with that.

ARTHUR: Will you ask your master if he wants to join my court at Camelot?

PERSON: But then, of course, African swallows are non-migratory.

*Arthur leaves, disgusted.*

2ND PERSON: Oh yeah, so they couldn't bring a coconut back anyway. Wait a minute!  
Supposing two swallows carried it together?

PERSON: No. They'd have to have it on a line.

2ND PERSON: Well simple! They just use a strand of tree parts.

PERSON: What? Held under the dorsal guiding feathers?

2ND PERSON: Well, why not? .....

## SCENE 2

*Medieval village.*

*Poor dirty peasants everywhere, people fighting and wrestling.*

*The Plague is obviously at a peak. A man is going through the village collecting dead bodies and putting them on his cart.*

*(Notice the woman cleaning her rug by beating it with a cat... Counting how many cats are abused in the entire movie, this one makes Kitty #1.)*

DEAD COLLECTOR, *ERIC IDLE*: *(twelve times)* Bring out your dead!

MAN WITH BODY, *JOHN CLEESE*: *(He has a man over his shoulder.)* Here's one.

COLLECTOR: Nine pence.

DYING MAN: I'm not dead!

COLLECTOR: What?

MAN: Nothing! Here's your nine pence.

DYING MAN: I'm not dead!

COLLECTOR: Here! He says he's not dead!

MAN: Yes he is.

DYING MAN: I'm not!

COLLECTOR: He isn't?

MAN: Well, he will be soon, he's very ill.

DYING MAN: I'm getting better!

MAN: No you're not! You'll be stone dead in a moment!

COLLECTOR: Ah, I can't take him like that! It's against regulations!



DYING MAN: I don't want to go on the cart!

MAN: Oh, don't be such a baby!

COLLECTOR: I can't take him.

DYING MAN: I feel fine!

MAN: Well do us a favor.

COLLECTOR: I can't!

MAN: Well, can you hang around a couple of minutes? He won't be long!

COLLECTOR: No, I've got to go to the Robinson's. They've lost nine today.

MAN: Well, when is your next round?

COLLECTOR: Thursday.

DYING MAN: I think I'll go for a walk.

MAN: *(to the Dying Man)* You're not foolin' anyone, you know!  
*(to the Dead Collector)* Look, isn't there something you can do?

DYING MAN: I feel happy! I feel happy!

*The Dead Collector hits the Dying Man in the head with a club. The Dying Man dies.*

MAN: Oh, thanks very much. *(He puts the Dead Man on the cart.)*

COLLECTOR: Not at all. See you on Thursday.

MAN: Right! Alright.

*Arthur passes them in the streets.*

Who's that then?

COLLECTOR: I don't know—must be a king.

MAN: Why?

COLLECTOR: He hasn't got shit all over him.

## SCENE 3

*Arthur is "riding" through a field.*

*Peasants are working hard in the fields.*

*(Notice the person on the pole again.)*

*Dramatic Music.*

ARTHUR: *(hailing a peasant pulling a cart)* Old woman!

PEASANT, MICHAEL PALIN: Man!!

ARTHUR: Man, sorry! What knight lives in that castle over there? *(Castle in the distance.)*

PEASANT: I'm thirty-seven!

ARTHUR: What?

PEASANT: I'm thirty-seven; I'm not old!

ARTHUR: Well I can't just call you man.

PEASANT: Well you could say *Dennis!*

ARTHUR: I didn't know you were called Dennis!

DENNIS: Well you didn't bother to find out did you?!

ARTHUR: I did say sorry about the old woman, but from behind you looked...

DENNIS: What I object to is you automatically treat me like an inferior!

ARTHUR: Well I am King!

DENNIS: *(sarcastically)* Oh, King, eh?! Very nice!! And how'd you get that, eh? By exploiting the workers, by hanging on to outdated imperialist dogma which perpetuates the economic and social differences in our society. If there's ever going to be any progress...

LADY, *TERRY JONES*: Dennis, there's some lovely filth down here! Oh!

*(to Arthur)* How do you do?

ARTHUR: How do you do, good lady? I am Arthur, King of the Britons. Whose castle is that?

LADY: King of the who?

ARTHUR: The Britons.

LADY: Who are the Britons?

ARTHUR: Well, we all are. We're all Britons, and I am your king.

LADY: I didn't know we had a king. I thought we were an autonomous collective.

DENNIS: You're foolin' yourself! We're living in a dictatorship! A self-perpetuating autocracy in which the working classes...

LADY: Aw, there you go bringing class into it again!

DENNIS: Well, that's what it's all about! If only people would...

ARTHUR: Please, please, good people! I am in haste! Who lives in that castle?

LADY: No one lives there.

ARTHUR: Then who is your lord?

LADY: We don't have a lord!

ARTHUR: What?!

DENNIS: I told you; we're an anarchosyndicalist commune. We take it in turns to act as a sort of executive officer for the week...

ARTHUR: *(impatiently)* Yes!

DENNIS: ...but all the decisions of that officer have to be ratified at a special biweekly meeting...

ARTHUR: *(impatiently)* Yes, I see!

DENNIS: ...by a simple majority in the case of purely internal affairs...

ARTHUR: Be quiet!

DENNIS: ...but by a two-thirds majority in the case...

ARTHUR: Be quiet!! I order you to be quiet!

LADY: Order, eh? Who does he think he is?

ARTHUR: I am your king!

LADY: Well, I didn't vote for you.

ARTHUR: You don't vote for kings.

LADY: Well, how do you become king, then?

*Weird Religious Choir Music.*

ARTHUR: The Lady of the Lake, her arms clad in the purest shimmering samite, held aloft Excalibur, from the bosom of the water, signifying by divine providence that I, Arthur, was to carry Excalibur. That is why I'm your king!

DENNIS: Listen! Strange women, lying in ponds distributing swords is 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: I mean, you can't expect to wield supreme executive power just 'cuz some watery tart threw a sword at you!

ARTHUR: Shut up!!

DENNIS: I mean, if I went around saying I was an emperor, just because some moistened bink had lobbed a scimitar at me, they'd put me away!

ARTHUR: *(beginning to shove Dennis)* Shut up! Will you shut up?!!

DENNIS: Ah! Now we see the violence inherent in the system!

ARTHUR: *(shaking Dennis)* Shut up!

DENNIS: *(shouting)* Oh! Come and see the violence inherent in the system. Help! Help! I'm being repressed!

ARTHUR: Bloody peasant!!

*People gather.*

*Arthur leaves, quite disgusted.*

DENNIS: Oh! What a give-away! Did you hear that? Did you hear that, eh? That's what I'm on about! Did you see him repressing me? You saw it, didn't you?!

## SCENE 4

*Dark, spooky forest.*

*Two fully armored knights are fighting.*

*Arthur approaches and watches.*

*Dramatic Music.*

*The Black Knight (John Cleese) and the Green Knight (Terry Gilliam) are fighting and parrying in full armor.*

*Black hits Green on the helm with the butt of his sword. More parrying follows. Green swings; Black steps out of the way. Green yells. Their swords meet and drop to the ground.*

*Green kicks Black in side with his knee then plants the handle of his sword in Black's face. Green strikes. Black fends him off and tosses him away. Black knocks Green in the stomach and on the back with butt of his sword. Black stabs at the ground, but Green rolls away in time. (Arthur grimaces at this move.)*

*More parrying. Black kicks Green in the groin. Green drops his sword. Black swings at the ground. Green, with his hands clasped together, knocks Black down. (Arthur again grimaces.)*

*Green swings at Black with his morning star. Black catches Green's hand and flips him. (Arthur delights at this move.) Green swings the morning star at Black (on the ground) who wraps it around his sword. They remain tangled, until Black throws Green to the side. (Patsy smiles at Arthur.)*

*Yelling, Green charges Black with an axe. Black tosses his sword into the slit in Green's visor. The sword goes all the way through Green's head, and blood spews from the mask. Green dies. (Arthur frowns.)*

*Birds chirp, symbolizing the end of the battle. Black, placing his foot on Green's head for support, pulls the sword from Green's head and returns it to its sheath. Arthur advances on Black, who is now guarding the bridge.*

*(Notice that the bridge is about five feet long, over a stream about two feet deep—a pretty insignificant bridge to be fighting over.)*

ARTHUR: (*addressing Black*) You fight with the strength of many men, sir knight.

BLACK: (*Silence.*)

ARTHUR: I am Arthur, King of the Britons.

BLACK: (*Silence.*)

ARTHUR: I seek the finest and the bravest knight in the land to join me in my court at Camelot.

BLACK: (*Silence.*)

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

BLACK: (*Silence.*)

ARTHUR: You make me sad. So be it! Come, Patsy.

BLACK: None shall pass!

ARTHUR: What?

BLACK: None shall pass!

ARTHUR: I have no quarrel with you, good sir knight, but I must cross this bridge!

BLACK: Then you shall die.

ARTHUR: I command you, as King of the Britons, to stand aside!

BLACK: I move for no man!

ARTHUR: So be it!

*Arthur draws his sword.*

*Dramatic Music.*

*Black thrusts several times, futilely. Arthur clunks Black's helmet with the butt of his sword. Patsy chuckles. More thrusting. Arthur cuts off Black's left arm. Blood spurts. Patsy grimaces.*

ARTHUR: Now stand aside, worthy adversary!

BLACK: Tis but a scratch.

ARTHUR: A scratch?! Your arm's off!

BLACK: No it isn't.

ARTHUR: (*pointing at arm*) Well, what's that then?

BLACK: I've had worse!

ARTHUR: YOU LIE!!

BLACK: Come on, you pansy!

*More fighting. Arthur cuts off Black's right arm. Again, blood spurts.*

ARTHUR: Victory is mine! (*Arthur kneels and prays.*) We thank thee, Lord, that in thy mercy...

*Arthur gets kicked in the head.*

BLACK: Come on, then!

ARTHUR: What?!

BLACK: Have at you!

ARTHUR: You're indeed brave, sir knight, but the fight is mine!

BLACK: Oh, had enough, eh?

ARTHUR: Look, you stupid bastard! You've got no arms left!

BLACK: Yes I have!

ARTHUR: Look!!!

BLACK: (*looking*) Just a flesh wound. (*Kicks at Arthur.*)

ARTHUR: Look, stop that!

BLACK: Chicken! Chicken!! (*Kicks.*)

ARTHUR: Look, I'll have your leg! (*Kick.*) Right!

*Arthur chops Black's right leg off. Patsy grimaces.*



BLACK: (*hopping*) Right! I'll do you for that!

ARTHUR: You'll what?!

BLACK: Come 'ere!

ARTHUR: What are you going to do, bleed on me?

BLACK: I'm invincible!!

ARTHUR: You're a loony!

BLACK: The Black Knight always triumphs! Have at you! Come on then!

*Arthur takes his last leg. Patsy grimaces and smiles. Black is on the ground now, limbless.*

BLACK: Alright, we'll call it a draw.

*Arthur puts up his sword.*

ARTHUR: Come, Patsy!

*They leave. Arthur and Patsy cross bridge.*

BLACK: Oh, oh! I see! Running away, eh? You yellow bastards! Come back here and take what's coming to you!! I'll bite your legs off!

## SCENE 5

*Monks parading through a village, chanting.*

*"Ea Aeaea su Dominae, dona aes Requiem." CLUNK.*

*"Ea Aeaea su Dominae," CLUNK "dona aes Requiem." CLUNK.*

*"Ea Aeaea su Dominae," CLUNK "dona aes Requiem." CLUNK.*

*Wild crowd gathers.*

CROWD: A WITCH! A WITCH! We've found a witch! A WITCH! A WITCH!  
We've got a witch! A WITCH! A WITCH! Burn her, burn her!! A WITCH! A  
WITCH! A WITCH!

*A Wise Man is releasing a dove with a coconut tied to it.*

ERIC IDLE PEASANT: We have found a witch! May we burn her?!

CROWD: BURN HER! BURN HER! BURN HER!

WISE MAN, TERRY JONES: How do you know she is a witch?

MICHAEL PALIN PEASANT: She looks like one!

CROWD: Yeah! She looks like one! Yeah! Yeah!

WISE MAN: Bring her forward.

*Peasants push the witch onto the platform.*

WITCH: I'm not a witch! I'm not a witch!

WISE MAN: But you are dressed as one.

WITCH: They dressed me up like this!

CROWD: No! No! We didn't! No!

WITCH: And this isn't my nose—it's a false one!

WISE MAN: *(Examines the nose, then gives the Crowd a scornful look.)* Well?!

IDLE PEASANT: Well, we did do the nose.

WISE MAN: The nose...?

IDLE PEASANT: ...and the hat. But she is a witch!

CROWD: Yeah! Burn her! Burn her!

WISE MAN: Did you dress her up?

CROWD: No!! No! No.. Yes... Yes... a bit... a bit...

IDLE PEASANT: She has got a wart!

WISE MAN: What makes you think she's a witch?

*JOHN CLEESE* PEASANT: Well, she turned me into a newt!

WISE MAN: (*doubtfully*) A newt?!

CLEESE PEASANT: I got better.

PALIN PEASANT: Burn her anyway!

CROWD: Burn her! Burn her! Burn her!

*Arthur enters, unnoticed. He observes.*

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

CROWD: Are there? There are? What are they? Tell us! Tell us! Do they hurt?!

WISE MAN: Tell me, what do you do with witches?

CROWD: (*going crazy*) BURN THEM!! BURN THEM!

WISE MAN: And what do you burn apart from witches?

IDLE PEASANT: MORE WITCHES!!

CLEESE PEASANT: (*clubbing the Idle Peasant in the back of the head for being stupid.*) Shhhh!

PALIN PEASANT: Wood!

WISE MAN: So, why do witches burn?

*Prolonged silence.*

CLEESE PEASANT: (*reluctantly*) Cuz they're made of wood?

WISE MAN: Good!

CROWD: Oh yeah!

*Crowd pats Cleese Peasant on back.*

WISE MAN: So, how do you tell whether she is made of wood?

IDLE PEASANT: Build a bridge out of her!

WISE MAN: Ahh! But can you not also make bridges out of stone?

IDLE PEASANT: Oh yeah.

WISE MAN: Does wood sink in water?

IDLE PEASANT: No! No!

PALIN PEASANT: No! It floats! It floats!

IDLE PEASANT: Throw her into the pond!

*The crowd goes crazy.*

WISE MAN: What also floats in water?

IDLE PEASANT: Bread!

PALIN PEASANT: Apples!

CLEESE PEASANT: Very small rocks!

IDLE PEASANT: Cider!

PALIN PEASANT: Gravy!

IDLE PEASANT: Cherries!

PALIN PEASANT: Mums!

CLEESE PEASANT: Churches, churches!!

IDLE PEASANT: Lead! Lead!

ARTHUR: A DUCK!

WISE MAN: *(pointing at Arthur)* Exactly! So, logically...

IDLE PEASANT: ...if she weighs the same as a duck...she's made of wood...

WISE MAN: ...And therefore... *(long pause)*

PALIN PEASANT: *(suddenly)* A WITCH!

CROWD: A witch! A witch! A witch!

WISE MAN: We shall use my largest scales.

*The Crowd goes wild. They place the witch on one side of the balance and a duck on the other.*

*(Notice, for some reason, a man with shaving cream is in the crowd—which is peculiar, since shaving cream has not been invented.)*

WISE MAN: Right! Remove the supports!

*They do, and the scale balances.*

CROWD: A WITCH!

WITCH: Tis a fair cop.

CLEESE PEASANT: Burn her!

*The Crowd takes the witch away.*

WISE MAN: *(after the Crowd clears, addressing Arthur)* Who are you, who are so wise in the ways of science?

ARTHUR: I am Arthur, King of the Britons.

WISE MAN: My liege! *(Bows.)*

ARTHUR: Good sir knight, will you come with me to Camelot and join us at the Round Table?

WISE MAN: My liege! I would be honored!

ARTHUR: What is your name?

WISE MAN: Beddemere, my liege.

ARTHUR: Then I dub you Sir Beddemere, Knight of the Round Table.

*Arthur knights Beddemere.*

## SCENE 6

*The Book of the Film.*

*Displayed is a book, full of pictures. The narrator reads the book aloud to the viewer, as a lovely woman's hand turns the pages.*

NARRATOR: The wise Sir Beddemere was the first to join King Arthur's knights, but other illustrious names were soon to follow.

*Lady's delicate hand turns the page.*

Sir Lancelot, the Brave.

*Picture of John Cleese; page is turned.*

Sir Galahad, the Pure.

*Picture of Michael Palin; page is turned.*

And Sir Robin, the Not-Quite-So-Brave-As-Sir-Lancelot...

*Picture of Eric Idle, page is turned.*

...who had nearly fought the Dragon of Angnor... *(page turned.)* ...who had nearly stood up to the vicious Chicken of Bristol... *(page turned.)* ...and who had personally wet himself at the Battle of Badon Hill. *(page turned.)*

And the aptly named, Sir Not-Appearing-In-This-Film.

*Picture of a baby in armor; page turned.*

Together they formed a band whose names and deeds were to be retold throughout the centuries.

*A gorilla hand swipes the pretty lady's hand.*

The Knights of the Round Table.

## SCENE 7

*All the Knights are "riding" down a path in open country.*

BEDDEMERE: ...and with that, my liege, just how we know the Earth to be urn  
shapened.

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

BEDDEMERE: Certainly, sir...

LANCELOT, *JOHN CLEESE*: Look, my liege!

*Castle on the horizon.*

*Trumpet fanfare.*

ARTHUR: Camelot!

GALAHAD, *MICHAEL PALIN*: Camelot!

LANCELOT: Camelot!

PATSY, *TERRY GILLIAM*: It's only a model. (*Patsy's only line in the entire film.*)

ARTHUR: (*to Patsy*) Shhh!

*(to the Knights)* Knights, I bid you welcome to your new home. Let us ride to  
Camelot!

*Goofy Music starts.*

*"The Camelot Song"*

We're Knights of the Round Table.  
We dance whene'er we're able.  
We do routine  
To call a scene  
To put cork in fat cable.  
We dine well here in Camelot.



We ham and jam and spam a lot.

We're Knights of the Round Table.  
Our shows are more; they're tabled.  
Though many times  
We've given rhymes  
That aren't quite all sing-able.  
We're not that bad in Camelot.  
We sing "Come Eli of Ham" a lot.

*(Dungeon prisoner is clapping to music.)*

Oh, we're tough and able, *(Kitty stepped on—Kitty #2)*  
Quite indefatigable.  
We meet our quest  
To seek and fest  
And impersonate Clark Gable.  
It's a busy life in Camelot.

*Solo:* I have to push the pram a lot!

ARTHUR: No, on second thought, let's not go to Camelot. Tis a silly place.

KNIGHTS: Right, right.

*They ride on. Then, thunder from above.*

GOD: Arthur! ARTHUR! King of the Britons!

*Choir music.*

*The Knights kneel.*

Oh, don't grovel! One thing I can't stand—it's people grovelling.

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." What are you doing now?!

ARTHUR: I'm averting my eyes, oh Lord.

GOD: Well don't! It's like those miserable Psalms—they're so depressing! Now knock it off!

ARTHUR: Yes, Lord.

GOD: Right. Arthur, King of the Britons, your knights of the round table shall have a task to make them an example in these dark times.

ARTHUR: Good idea, oh Lord!

GOD: 'Course it's a good idea!!

*Holy Grail appears in the sky.*

Behold, Arthur, this is the Holy Grail. Look well, Arthur, for it is your sacred task to seek this Grail. That is your purpose, Arthur, the quest for the Holy Grail.

*Choir music heightens. God leaves. Cloud "doors" shut.*

LANCELOT: A blessing! A blessing from the Lord!

GALAHAD: God be praised!

## **SCENE 8**

*Cartoon: Angelic Trumpets.*

*Trumpet fanfares.*

*(Notice the third set of low-pitched trumpets are "fart-trumpets" held up to one's rear.)*

# *THE QUEST FOR THE HOLY GRAIL*

## SCENE 9

*Dramatic Music.*

*Knights are riding through the country-side, servants are clunking coconuts.*

*A peasant is clubbing the water of a stream for some unknown reason.*

ARTHUR: Halt!

*Knights stop at the foot of a castle.*

Hello! (*Silence.*) Hello!!

FRENCHMAN, JOHN CLEESE: Hello! Who is it?

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

FRENCHMAN: This is the castle of the master, Guido Luamberre.

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 can join us in our quest for the Holy Grail.

FRENCHMAN: Well, I'll ask him, but I don't think he'll be very keen... ah, 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?

FRENCHMAN: Oh, yes! It's very nice-eh! (*French accent*)

*(to the other French guards, who are played by Michael Palin on left, Graham Chapman, middle, and Terry Gilliam on right) I told him we already got one!  
(Guards laugh.)*

ARTHUR: Well, um, can we come up and have a look?

FRENCHMAN: Of course not! You are English types-eh!

ARTHUR: Well, what are you then?

FRENCHMAN: I'm French! Why do you think I have this outrrageous accent?! You silly king!

GALAHAD: What are you doing in England?

FRENCHMAN: (*abruptly*) Mind your own business! (*Knights are taken aback.*)

ARTHUR: If you will not show us the Grail, we shall take your Castle by force!

FRENCHMAN: You don't frighten us, English pig-dogs! Go and boil your bottoms, sundry silly persons! I blow my nose at you, so called Arthur King! You and all your silly English Kaniggits.

*("Kaniggit", by the way, is the phonetic pronunciation of "Knight", presumably how a Frenchman would pronounce the word. )*

GALAHAD: (*to Arthur*) What a strange person!

ARTHUR: Now look here, my good man...

FRENCHMAN: 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 can talk to?

FRENCHMAN: No! Now, go away, or I shall taunt you a second time-eh!

ARTHUR: Now, this is your last chance! I've been more than reasonable!

FRENCHMAN: (*to the Guards*) Pêche la mouche.

GUARDS: Wha....?

FRENCHMAN: Pêche la mouche!

*The Guards bring out a cow.*

ARTHUR: ...If you do not agree to my commands, then I shall...

*A cow springs over the wall.*

JESUS CHRIST!

*The cow lands on one of Arthur's servants. The Frenchman is completely delighted.*

Right! CHARGE!!

*The Knights charge. The Frenchmen begin lobbing farm animals over the wall.*

FRENCHMAN: This one is for your mother!

ARTHUR: RUN AWAY! RUN AWAY!

*(Notice here that Patsy is collecting the dead thrown animals for food.)*

*The Knights hide behind a hill.*

*(Notice the allusion to the real tales of King Arthur: Since Lancelot is the bravest and strongest of the Knights, he is the only one to reach the castle, but futilely bangs on the wall with his sword.)*

LANCELOT: Fiends! I'll tear them apart!

ARTHUR: No, no! No, No!

BEDDEMERE: Sir, I have a plan.

## SCENE 10

*Silence—all's quiet in the woods outside the French Castle.*

*Soon, a sawing sound is heard, then the sound of dropping tools. The sound of something being dropped on a cat—Kitty #3—is heard. Then the sound of a generator starting, a power saw, and more mechanical noise.*

*Suddenly, large, ominous, wooden wheels begin rolling through the forest, flattening everything in their way.*

*The Frenchman is taken by surprise. A large wooden rabbit is wheeled to the castle door. The Knights then sneak off and hide behind a hill. The Frenchmen cautiously take the rabbit into their castle.*

ARTHUR: What happens now?

BEDDEMERE: Well, now, Lancelot, Galahad, and I wait until nightfall and then leap out of the rabbit, taking the French by surprise. And not only by surprise, but totally alarmed!

*(Lancelot, Galahad, and Beddemere are all three hiding behind the hill, not in the rabbit.)*

ARTHUR: Who leaps out?

BEDDEMERE: Lancelot, Galahad, and I... uh... leap out of the rabbit... uh... and... uh...

ARTHUR: Oh...!

BEDDEMERE: Um, look, if we build this large wooden badger...

*Arthur strikes Beddemere for being a buffoon. Soon, the rabbit springs over the wall of the castle and lands on another servant.*

ARTHUR: RUN AWAY! RUN AWAY!

*(Notice Sir Robin is the first to run!)*

*Frenchman are all laughing.*

## SCENE 11

*Documentary set in the 20th century.*

*A movie clipboard is clipped. A director yells "Action!", and a famous Historian begins his speech.*

A FAMOUS HISTORIAN: Defeat at the castle seemed to utterly dishearten 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...

*Suddenly, a horseman rides through the set and slashes the Famous Historian in the neck with his sword. (Blood spurts, as usual.) The Famous Historian dies. His wife screams and enters the set.*

*(Notice that this scene contains the only real horse in the entire film.)*



## SCENE 12

*First, a small cartoon, introducing the scene.*

*Then, a dark, thick woods.*

NARRATOR: The Tale of Sir Robin.

*Trumpet Fanfare.*

So, each of the Knights went their separate ways. Sir Robin rode north through the dark forest of Ewing, accompanied by his favorite minstrels.

MINSTREL: Singing:

*"Sir Robin's Song"*

Bravely, bold Sir Robin, brought 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 ripped and his bottom burnt up  
And his *penis*...

ROBIN, *ERIC IDLE*: (*abruptly*) LADS! That's, uh, that's enough music for now, Lads!  
Looks like there's dirty work afoot.

*(Notice that Robin's shield symbol is a chicken.)*

DENNIS (*from Scene 3*): (*walking by, talking to the Lady*) ...Anarchosyndicalism is a way of preserving freedom!

LADY: Oh, Dennis! Forget about freedom; you haven't got that much!

THREE HEADED MONSTER: HALT! Who art thou?

MINSTREL: (*singing*) He is brave Sir Robin, brave Sir Robin, who...

ROBIN: Shut up! Um... Nobody really... just...just passing through.

THREE HEADED MONSTER: What do you want?

MINSTREL: (*singing*) To fight! And...

ROBIN: Shut up!! Um... Ooo... Nothing.. nothing really... just to... just to pass through,  
good sir knight.

THREE HEADED MONSTER: I'm afraid not!

ROBIN: Oh. Well, actually, I... I am a Knight of the Round Table.

THREE HEADED MONSTER: You're a Knight of the Round Table?

ROBIN: I am.

LEFT HEAD, *TERRY JONES*: In that case I shall have to kill you.

MIDDLE HEAD, *GRAHAM CHAPMAN*: Shall I?

RIGHT HEAD, *MICHAEL PALIN*: Oh, I don't think so.

MIDDLE HEAD: Well, what do I think?

LEFT HEAD: I think kill him.

RIGHT HEAD: Oh, let's be nice to him.

LEFT HEAD: Oh, shut up!

ROBIN: Perhaps...

LEFT HEAD: And you! Oh, quick! Get the sword out! I want to cut his head off!

RIGHT HEAD: Oh, cut your own head off!

MIDDLE HEAD: Yes! Do us all a favor!

RIGHT HEAD: What, yapping on all the time!

MIDDLE HEAD: You're lucky—you're not next to him!

LEFT HEAD: What do you mean?

MIDDLE HEAD: You snore!

LEFT HEAD: Oh, I don't! Anyway, you've got bad breath!

MIDDLE HEAD: Well, it's only cuz you don't brush my teeth!

RIGHT HEAD: Oh, stop bitching and let's go and have tea!

LEFT HEAD: Alright! Alright! Alright! We'll kill him first and then have tea and biscuits.

MIDDLE HEAD: Yes!

RIGHT HEAD: Oh, not biscuits.

LEFT HEAD: Alright! Alright! Not biscuits! But let's kill him anyway!

THREE HEADED MONSTER: RIGHT!

*Robin has since disappeared.*

MIDDLE HEAD: He's buggered off!

RIGHT HEAD: So he has! He's scarfened!

*Scene switches to Robin and his Minstrels back on the forest path.*

MINSTREL: (*singing*) ...Brave Sir Robin ran away...!

ROBIN: No!

MINSTREL: ...Bravely ran away, away...!

ROBIN: I didn't!

MINSTREL: ...When danger reared its ugly head,  
He bravely turned his tail and fled...

ROBIN: No!

MINSTREL: ...And brave Sir Robin turned about...

ROBIN: I didn't!

MINSTREL: ...And guaranteed, he chickened out! Bravely taking...

ROBIN: I never did!!

MINSTREL: ...He's a very bravely...

ROBIN: You lie!!

MINSTREL: ... Brave, Sir Robin! ...

ROBIN: I never!!

## SCENE 13

*Cartoon: Monks on a diving board.*

*"Ea Aeaea su Dominae, dona aes Requiem."*

*"Ea Aeaea su Dominae, dona aes Requiem."*

*Monk jumps in "pool".*

*"Ea Aeaea su Dominae, dona aes Requiem."*

*Monk jumps but misses "pool." He gets flipped up onto the lettering, causing his robe to come down.*

*(You just have to see it.)*

NARRATOR: The Tale of Sir Galahad.

## SCENE 14

*Thunderstorm. Thick forest at nighttime.*

*Galahad is weather-beaten and tired.*

*He sees a castle before him. It has a glowing Grail image above it.*

*Weird Heavenly Choir Music.*

GALAHAD: *(Knocks on door of castle.)* Open the door! Open the door! In the name of King Arthur, open the door! *(Door opens, Galahad falls to the floor.)*

BEAUTIFUL WOMAN: *(warm, kind, pretty voice)* Hello! Welcome, gentle sir knight! *(Women are all around.)* Welcome to the Castle Anthrax.

GALAHAD: The Castle Anthrax?

BEAUTIFUL WOMAN: Yes. It's not a very good name, is it? Oh, but we are nice! And we will attend to your every, every need.

GALAHAD: You are the keepers of the Holy Grail?

BEAUTIFUL WOMAN: The what?

GALAHAD: The grail! It is here?

BEAUTIFUL WOMAN: Oh, but you are tired! And you must rest a while! Midget! Craypel!

GIRLS: Yes, sir, Zoot?

BEAUTIFUL WOMAN: Prepare a bed for our guest.

GIRLS: Oh, thank you, thank you! Thank you!

BEAUTIFUL WOMAN: Away, away, vile tesses! The beds here are warm and soft, and very, very big.

GALAHAD: Well, look... I.I... uh...

BEAUTIFUL WOMAN: What is your name, handsome knight?

GALAHAD: Sir Galahad, the Chaste.

BEAUTIFUL WOMAN: Mine is Zoot... just Zoot. Oh! But come!

GALAHAD: Look, please, in God's name, show me the Grail!

ZOOT: Oh, you have suffered much! You are delirious!

GALAHAD: No! Look! I have seen it! It is here in this...

ZOOT: Sir Galahad! You would not be so ungallant as to refuse our hospitality?

GALAHAD: Well... I..I... uh...

ZOOT: Oh, I'm afraid our life must seem very dull and quiet compared to yours. We are but eight-score young blondes and brunettes, all between sixteen and nineteen and a half, cut off in this castle with no one to protect us. Oh, it is a lonely life—bathing, dressing, undressing, knitting exciting underwear. We are just not used to handsome knights. Nay! Nay! Come! Come! You may lie here! Oh! But you are wounded!

GALAHAD: No, no! It's nothing!

ZOOT: Oh, you must see the doctors immediately! No, no, please! Lie down. (*She claps.*)

*Two very young girls appear.*

*Funky Harp Music.*

YOUNG GIRL: Well, what seems to be the trouble?

GALAHAD: They're doctors?!

ZOOT: Uh, they've had a basic medical training.

GALAHAD: Look!

ZOOT: Oh, come, come, you must try to rest! Dr. Piglet, Dr. Winston, practice your art.

*Zoot leaves. Dr. Piglet begins untying his pants' draw-string.*

DR. WINSTON: Try to relax.

GALAHAD: Are you sure that's absolutely necessary?

DR. PIGLET: We must examine you. *(They lift his robe.)*

GALAHAD: There's nothing wrong with that!

DR. PIGLET: Please! We are doctors! *(She slowly places her hand on his groin.)*

GALAHAD: OOOOOO!! Mismeldrid!! I am sworn to chastity!

DR. PIGLET: Back to your bed at once!

GALAHAD: Torment me no longer! I have seen the Grail!

DR. PIGLET: There's no grail here!

GALAHAD: I have seen it! I have seen it!

*Galahad runs out of the room and into a room full of beautiful women.*

WOMEN: Hello!

GALAHAD: *(surprised)* Oh!

*Funky Harp Music.*

WOMEN: Hello. Hello. Hello. Hello. Hello.

*Galahad is, meanwhile, dodging all the women. A girl who looks like Zoot stops him at the door.*

GALAHAD: Zoot!

GIRL: No! I am Zoot's identical twin sister, Dingo.

GALAHAD: Oh, well excuse me, I...

DINGO: Where are you going?!

GALAHAD: I seek the Grail! I have seen it, here in this castle!

DINGO: No! Oh, no! Bad, bad Zoot!

GALAHAD: What is it?



DINGO: Oh, wicked, bad, naughty Zoot! She has been setting light to our beacon, which, I've just remembered, is grail-shaped. It's not the first time we've had this problem.

GALAHAD: It's not the real Grail?!

DINGO: Oh, wicked, bad, naughty, evil Zoot! Oh, she is a naughty person, and she must pay the penalty. And here in Castle Anthrax, we have but one punishment for setting light the grail-shaped beacon. You must tie her down on a bed and spank her.

WOMEN: (*excited*) 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.

WOMEN: ...And spank me! ...And me! ...And me...!

DINGO: Yes! Yes! You must give us all a good spanking!

WOMEN: A spanking! A spanking! There's going to be a spanking tonight!

DINGO: And after the spankings... the oral sex.

WOMEN: The oral sex! The oral sex!!

*The other Knights bust into the room.*

GALAHAD: Well, I could stay a bit longer!

LANCELOT: Sir Galahad!

GALAHAD: Oh, hello.

LANCELOT: Quick!

GALAHAD: What?

LANCELOT: Quick!

GALAHAD: Why?

LANCELOT: You are in great peril!

DINGO: No he isn't!

LANCELOT: (*raising his sword*) Silence, foul temptress!!

GALAHAD: Leave her! She's not but one!

LANCELOT: Come on! We will cover your escape!

GALAHAD: Look, I'm fine!!

LANCELOT: Come on!! *(Taking Galahad away.)*

DINGO: Sir Galahad?!

GALAHAD: I can tackle this lot single handed!

DINGO: Yes! Let him tackle us single handed!

WOMEN: *(crying and screaming)* Yes! Yes!

LANCELOT: No, Sir Galahad! Come!

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

DINGO: Oh, yes! Let him handle us easily!

WOMEN: Yes! Yes!

GALAHAD: Wait! Please! I can defeat them! There's only a hundred and fifty of them!

DINGO: Yes! Yes! He'll beat us easily! We haven't a chance! *(Women are in an uproar, pleading. Galahad and the rest of the Knights leave the castle.)* Oh...  
Oh, shit!!

*The scene shifts to the outside of the castle, along the castle wall, as Lancelot helps Galahad escape.*

LANCELOT: We were in the nick of time. You were in great peril!

GALAHAD: I don't think I was!

LANCELOT: Yes you were. You were in terrible peril!

GALAHAD: Look, let me go back in there and face the peril.

LANCELOT: No, it's too perilous!

GALAHAD: Look, I figured a knight solves as much perils as I can.

LANCELOT: No, we've got to find the Holy Grail! Come on!

GALAHAD: Oh, let me have just a little bit of peril?

LANCELOT: No, it's unhealthy!

GALAHAD: I bet you're gay!

LANCELOT: No I'm not!

## SCENE 15

*Book Scene.*

*A gorilla is turning the pages.*

NARRATOR: Sir Lancelot had saved Sir Galahad from almost certain temptation, but they were still no nearer the Grail. Meanwhile, King Arthur and Sir Beddemere, not more than a swallow's flight away, had discovered something...

## SCENE 24\*

*Open, smoky, rocky meadow. (As pictured in the book, from the last scene.)*

NARRATOR: *(continuing)* ...Oh, that's an unladen swallow's flight, obviously. I mean, they were more than two laden swallow's flights away. Four, really, if they had a coconut on a line between them. I mean if the birds were walking, and dragging...

CROWD: Get on with it!!!

NARRATOR: Oh, anyway. On to Scene 24, which is a smashing scene with some lovely acting, in which Arthur discovers a vital clue. In which there aren't any swallows, though I think you can hear a starlet... *(An arrow hits the narrator and he dies.)*

*Scene begins.*

OLD MAN, *TERRY GILLIAM*: *(Laughing, cackling.)*

ARTHUR: And this Enchanter of whom you speak, he has seen the Grail?

OLD MAN: *(Laughing, cackling.)*

ARTHUR: Where does he live? Old man, where does he live?!

OLD MAN: He knows of a cave; a cave which no man has entered.

ARTHUR: And the Grail? The Grail is there?

OLD MAN: 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?!

OLD MAN: Seek you, the Bridge of Death!

ARTHUR: The Bridge of Death, which leads to the Grail?

---

\* This is really Scene 16, but according to the movie, it is Scene 24.

*The Old Man disappears. Suddenly Arthur and Beddemere are in a thick woods.*

*Scary Music.*

NEE KNIGHT, *MICHAEL PALIN*: Nnnneee!

NEE KNIGHTS: Nee! Nee! Nee!

ARTHUR: Who are you?

NEE KNIGHT: We are the Knights who say... Nnnneee!

ARTHUR: No! Not the Knights who say Nee!

NEE KNIGHT: The same!

BEDDEMERE: Who are they?

NEE KNIGHT: We are the keepers of the sacred words: Neepang and Neewom.

ARTHUR: Those who hear them seldom live to tell the tale!

NEE KNIGHT: The Knights who say Nee demand a sacrifice!

ARTHUR: Knights of Nee, we are but simple travelers who seek the Enchanter who lives  
beyond these woods.

NEE KNIGHTS: Nee! Nee! Nee!

ARTHUR: Ow! Aw! Ow! Ah!

NEE KNIGHT: We shall say Nee again to you if you do not appease us.

ARTHUR: Well, what is it you want?

NEE KNIGHT: We want... ...a shrubbery!!

*Funky Music.*

ARTHUR: A what?

NEE KNIGHTS: Nee! Nee! Nee! Nee!

ARTHUR: Please! Please! No more! We will find you a shrubbery!

NEE KNIGHT: You must return here with a shrubbery or else you will never pass through this wood... alive!

ARTHUR: Oh, Knights of Nee, you are just and fair, and we will return with a shrubbery.

NEE KNIGHT: One that looks nice.

ARTHUR: Of course.

NEE KNIGHT: And not too expensive.

ARTHUR: Yes!

NEE KNIGHT: Now... GO!

## **SCENE 17**

*The Police are investigating the scene of the murder of the Famous Historian.*

*His wife is giving details to them.*



## SCENE 18

*Cartoon.*

*The Tale of Sir Lancelot.*

*There is a bump, and a cartoonist's hand glides across the screen, accidentally scribbling on the cartoon.*

*Cartoonist grumbles.*

*He begins walking down a seemingly endless staircase, amid more pounding.*

*He exits the house, entering the yard, to see that the sun and three clouds (with legs and all) are jumping up and down on the horizon creating the pounding.*

CARTOONIST: Stop that! Stop that! Stop that! Go on! Clear off! Go on! Go away!  
Do it! Go away!

*The clouds leave.*

And you, clear off!

*The sun leaves.*

Bloody weather.

## SCENE 19

*Castle chamber.*

*A father and his son are standing near the chamber window, looking out.*

NARRATOR: The Tale of Sir Lancelot.

FATHER, *MICHAEL PALIN*: One day, lad, all this will be yours.

PRINCE, *TERRY JONES*: What, the curtains?

FATHER: No, not the curtains, lad! All that you can see. Stretched out, all the hills and valleys of this land. That'll be your kingdom, lad.

PRINCE: But mother...

FATHER: Father! I'm father!

PRINCE: But father, I don't want any of that.

FATHER: Listen, lad. I built this kingdom up from nothing. When I started here, all there was was swamp. All the kings said it was daft to build a castle in the swamp, but I built it all the same! Just to show 'em! It sank into the swamp, so I built a second one! That sank into the swamp. So I built a third one! That burned down, fell over, then sank into the swamp. But the fourth one... stayed up! And that's what you're going to get, lad. The strongest castle in these islands.

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

FATHER: Rather what?!

PRINCE: I'd rather... just... sing.

*Music starts.*

FATHER: Stop that! Stop that!

*Music dies.*

You're not going to do a song while I'm here! Now listen, lad, in twenty minutes you're getting married to a girl whose father owns the biggest tracts of open land in Britain.

PRINCE: But I don't want land.

FATHER: Listen, Alice!

PRINCE: Herbert.

FATHER: Herbert! We live in 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 starts.*

FATHER: Cut that out! Cut that out!

*Music dies.*

You're marrying Princess Lukee, so you better get used to the idea! *(Slaps him.)*  
Guards!

*Two guards enter the room.*

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

*Of the two guards, the one on the left is played by Eric Idle, and the one on the right, who is constantly hiccuping, is played by Graham Chapman.*

LEFT GUARD: Not to leave the room, even if you come and get him.

FATHER: No, no, until I come and get him.

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

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

LEFT GUARD: And you'll come and get him?

FATHER: Right.

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

FATHER: No, no. Leaving the room.

LEFT GUARD: Leaving the room, yes.

FATHER: Alright?

LEFT GUARD: Right! Oh, if, if, if, uh... if, if, uh... if, if, if, we...

FATHER: Yes? What is it?

LEFT GUARD: Oh, if... oh...

FATHER: Look, it's quite simple! You just stay here and make sure he doesn't leave the room. Alright?

LEFT GUARD: Oh, I remember! Uh... can he leave the room with us?

FATHER: No, no, no, look, you just keep him in here and make sure he...

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

FATHER: No, no. Just keep him in here...

LEFT GUARD: ...until you or anyone else...

FATHER: No! Not anyone else! Just me!

LEFT GUARD: ...just you...

FATHER: ...get back.

LEFT GUARD: ...get back.

FATHER: Right?

LEFT GUARD: Right! We'll stay here until you get back.

FATHER: And make sure he doesn't leave.

LEFT GUARD: What?

FATHER: Make sure he doesn't leave!

LEFT GUARD: The prince?

FATHER: Yes, make sure he doesn't leave!

LEFT GUARD: Oh, yes! Of course! I thought you meant him.

*(Points to the guard on the right.)* You know, it seemed a bit daftly, I'm to guard him, when he's a guard.

FATHER: Is that clear?

LEFT GUARD: Oh, quite clear! No problems!

FATHER: Right.

*The father begins to leave. Both guards begin to leave with him.*

Where are you going?

LEFT GUARD: We're coming with you!

FATHER: No, no! I want you to stay here and make sure he doesn't leave!

LEFT GUARD: Oh, I see, right!

PRINCE: But father!

FATHER: Shut your noise, you! And get that suit on!

*Music starts.*

And no singing!

*Music dies. The Right Guard hiccups, total hiccups: nine.*

*(to the Right Guard)* Oh, go get a glass of water!

*The prince, more than suspiciously, fires an arrow with a note attached out the window, all the while fooling the guards.*

*(Notice that the arrow barely clears the window sill.)*

*Scene shifts to a wooded area outside of the castle.*

*Lancelot is jumping across rocks to cross a river.*

LANCELOT: Well taken, Concord!

CONCORD, *ERIC IDLE*: Thank you, sir! First kind.

LANCELOT: And again! Over we go! Good! Steady! And now! The big one! Come on, Concord!

*An arrow strikes Concord in the chest. It has a note attached to it.*

CONCORD: Message for you, sir!

*He falls to the ground.*

LANCELOT: Concord! Concord! Speak to me! (*Takes the note.*)

*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."

At last! A call! A cry of distress! This could be the sign that leads us to the Holy Grail! Brave, brave Concord! (*Concord awakens.*) You shall not have died in vain!

CONCORD: Ah, I'm not quite dead, sir.

LANCELOT: Well, you shall not have been mortally wounded in vain!

CONCORD: I think I could pull through, sir.

LANCELOT: Oh, I see.

CONCORD: Actually, I think I'm alright to come with you.

LANCELOT: No, no, sweet Concord, stay here. I will send help as soon as I've accomplished the daring and heroic rescue in my own particular... (*sighs*)

CONCORD: Idiom, sir?

LANCELOT: ...idiom!

CONCORD: No I feel fine actually.

LANCELOT: Farewell, sweet Concord! (*Leaves.*)

CONCORD: I'll... um... I'll just stay here then, shall I, sir? Yeah.

*Scene changes: a bride and bridal party, giggling bridesmaids. Music, dancing.*

*Two guards are at the front gate of the castle. They see Lancelot in the distance five times before he finally charges.*

*Lancelot attacks.*

*Dramatic Music.*

GUARD: Hey!

*Lancelot attacks, killing many people—lots of blood. He strikes the flower holder. He enters the tall tower.*

LEFT GUARD: Now you're not allowed to enter the room...

*Lancelot kills both guards.*

LANCELOT: Oh, fair one, (*kneels*) behold your humble servant, Sir Lancelot of Camelot. I have come to take... (*looks up*) Oh, I'm terribly sorry!

PRINCE: You got my note!

LANCELOT: Ah, well, I got *a* note.

PRINCE: You've come to rescue me!

LANCELOT: Um, well no... you see... um...

PRINCE: I knew someone would! I knew that somewhere out there, there must be someone...

*Music starts.*

*Father enters.*

FATHER: Stop that! Stop that! Stop it! Stop it!

*Music dies.*

Who are you?

PRINCE: I'm your son!

FATHER: No! Not you!

LANCELOT: I'm Sir Lancelot, sir.

PRINCE: He's come to rescue me, father!

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

FATHER: Did you kill all those guards?

LANCELOT: Uh... oh yes! Sorry.

FATHER: They cost fifty pounds each!!

LANCELOT: Well, I'm awfully sorry...

PRINCE: Don't be afraid of him, Sir Lancelot. (*Ties a rope to the bedpost.*) I've got a rope all ready!

FATHER: You killed eight wedding guests in all!

LANCELOT: Well, you see, the thing is, I thought your son was a lady.

FATHER: I can understand that!

PRINCE: Hurry, Sir Lancelot! Hurry! (*Climbing out of window.*)

FATHER: Shut up! You only killed the bride's father, that's all!

LANCELOT: Well, I really didn't mean to.

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

LANCELOT: Oh, dear! Is he alright?

FATHER: You even kicked the bride in the chest! This is going to cost me a fortune!

LANCELOT: Well, I can explain. I was in the forest, riding north from Camelot when I got this note, you see.

FATHER: Camelot? Are you from, uh, Camelot?



PRINCE: Hurry, Sir Lancelot!

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

FATHER: Very nice Castle, Camelot. Very good pig country.

PRINCE: Hurry! I am ready! (*Hanging out of window.*)

FATHER: Would you like to come and have a drink?

LANCELOT: Well, that's awfully nice of you...

PRINCE: I am ready!

LANCELOT: ...to be so understanding.

*Father cuts rope, Prince begins to fall.*

PRINCE: Ooo!

LANCELOT: When I'm in this idiom, I sometimes get a bit carried away. (*They leave.*)

PRINCE: Ooo! (*Splat sound of Prince hitting the ground.*)

*Scene change: Wedding Party.*

*Crying people.*

*Dead and dying people.*

*Lancelot and Father enter room.*

PEASANT: There he is!!!

LANCELOT: Oh, bloody hell!

*Dramatic Music.*

*Lancelot charges, kills more.*

FATHER: Hold it! Hold it! Please!

LANCELOT: Sorry! Sorry! See what I mean? I just get carried away! I really must apologize. Sorry! Sorry! Sorry, everyone!

MONK: He's killed the best man! (*Crowd roars.*)

FATHER: Hold it! Hold it! Please!! Hold it! This is Sir Lancelot from the Court of Camelot, a very brave and influential knight, and my special guest here today.

LANCELOT: Hello.

VOICE FROM CROWD: He killed my Auntie! (*Crowd roars.*)

FATHER: Please! 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 a holy wedlock. Unfortunately, one of them, my son Herbert, has just fallen to his death. But I don't want to think I've lost a son, so much as gained a daughter. (*Crowd applauds politely.*) For, since the tragic death of her father...

PERSON, *MICHAEL PALIN*: He's not quite dead!

FATHER: Since the near fatal wounding of her father...

PERSON: He's getting better!

FATHER: (*Signals a guard.*) For... since her own father... who when he seemed about to recover... suddenly felt the icy hand of death upon him... (*Moan. Man dies.*)

PERSON: Oh, he's died!

FATHER: ...and I want his only daughter to look upon me as her own Dad, in a very real and legally binding sense. (*Polite applause.*) I feel sure that the merger..uh..the union between the princess and the brave but dangerous Sir Lancelot of Camelot...

LANCELOT: What?!

PERSON: Look!! The dead prince!!

CONCORD: (*entering, carrying the prince*) He's not quite dead!

PRINCE: Oh! I feel much better.

FATHER: You fell out of the tall tower, you creep!

PRINCE: No, I was saved at the last minute.

FATHER: How?!

PRINCE: Well, I'll tell you...

*Music starts.*

FATHER: Not like that! Not like that! No! Stop it! Shut up!!

CROWD: (*singing*) He's going to tell, he's going to tell,  
He's going to tell, he's going to tell...

CONCORD: Quickly, sir, come this way!

LANCELOT: No! It's not right for my idiom!

*Lancelot grabs a hanging rope.*

I must escape more... (*sigh*)

CONCORD: Dramatically, sir?

LANCELOT: ...dramatically!

*Swings on the rope.*

Heeee!! Hwa-ho!!

*Crashing sound. Swings back and forth.*

Excuse me, could, uh, could somebody give me a push, please?

## SCENE 20

*Arthur and Beddemere are in a village.*

*An old woman is banging a cat against the wall—Kitty #4.*

ARTHUR: Old crone! Is there anywhere in this town where we could buy a shrubbery?

*Funky Scary Music.*

CRONE: Who sent you?!

ARTHUR: The Knights who say Nee.

CRONE: Argh! No! Never! We've no shrubberies here!

ARTHUR: If you do not tell us where we can buy a shrubbery, my friend and I will say..... we will say.... Nee!

CRONE: Argh! Do your worst!

ARTHUR: Very well! If you will not assist us voluntarily... Nee!

CRONE: No! Never! No shrubs!

ARTHUR: Nee!!

BEDDEMERE: Noo!

ARTHUR: No, no, no, no, it's not that, it's Nee.

BEDDEMERE: Noo!

ARTHUR: No, no, Nee! You're not doing it properly. Nee!

BEDDEMERE: Nee. Nee!

ARTHUR: Nee! That's it! That's it! You got it!

ARTHUR & BEDDEMERE: Nee! Nee! Nee! Nee!

CRONE: Argh! Argh!

MAN ON WAGON, *ERIC IDLE*: Are you saying Nee to that old woman?

ARTHUR: Um... yes.

MAN ON WAGON: Oh, what sad times are these when passing ruffians can say Nee 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 period in history.

ARTHUR: Did you say shrubberies?

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

BEDDEMERE: Nee!

ARTHUR: (*stopping Beddemere*) No! No! No! No! No!

## SCENE 21

*Arthur and Beddemere are back in the forest.*

*They stand before the Knights of Nee.*

*On the ground is a shrubbery.*

ARTHUR: Oh, Knights of Nee, we have brought you your shrubbery. May we go now?

NEE KNIGHT: It is a good shrubbery. I like the laurel, particularly. But there is one small problem.

ARTHUR: What is that?

NEE KNIGHT: We are now, no longer the Knights who say Nee!

NEE KNIGHTS: Nee!

NEE KNIGHT: Shhh! We are now the Knights who say Icky-Icky-Icky-Icky-Pathangzoomfoingumbrowus.

NEE KNIGHTS: *(very quietly)* Nee!

NEE KNIGHT: Therefore we must give you a test.

ARTHUR: What is this test, oh Knights of... Knights who so recently said Nee?

NEE KNIGHT: Firstly, you must find... another shrubbery!

*Funky Music.*

ARTHUR: Not another shrubbery!

NEE KNIGHT: Then, when you have found the shrubbery, you must place it here beside this shrubbery, only slightly higher, so we get a two-level effect, with a little path running down the middle.

NEE KNIGHTS: *(excited)* A path! A path!! A path!

NEE KNIGHT: Then, when you have found the shrubbery, you must cut down the mightiest tree in the forest with... a herring!!

*Funky Music.*

ARTHUR: We shall do no such thing!

NEE KNIGHT: Oh, please!

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

NEE KNIGHTS: *(Wails and moans.)*

NEE KNIGHT: Don't say that word!

ARTHUR: What word?

NEE KNIGHT: I cannot tell, suffice to say, is one of the words the Knights of Nee cannot hear!

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

NEE KNIGHTS: *(Wail and moans.)*

NEE KNIGHT: You said it again!

ARTHUR: What, "is"?

NEE KNIGHT: No! Not "is"! You wouldn't get very far in life without saying "is"!

BEDDEMERE: *(pointing)* My liege! It's Sir Robin!

MINSTREL: *(singing)* ...He's packing it in and packing it up,  
And sneaking away and bugging off,  
And chickening out and pissing off calm,  
Yes, bravely, he is throwing in the spine!

ARTHUR: Sir Robin!

ROBIN: My liege! It's good to see you!

NEE KNIGHTS: Now he said the word! *(Other Nee Knights moan and wail.)*

ARTHUR: Surely, you've not given up your quest for the Holy Grail?

MINSTREL: *(singing)* He is sneaking away, and bugging off...

ROBIN: Shut up! No, no, no, far from it.

NEE KNIGHT: He said the word again! (*Moans and wails.*)

ROBIN: I was looking for it... (*Moans and wails.*) ...uh..here... here in this forest.

ARTHUR: No, it... (*Moans and wails.*) ...is far from this place.

NEE KNIGHT: Oh! Stop saying the word!

ARTHUR: Oh, stop it! (*Wails and moans.*)

NEE KNIGHT: He said it again!

*All Camelot people leave.*

Wait! I said it! I said it! I said it again! And there again! That's three "its".

*(Wails and moans.)*



## **SCENE 22**

*Police are covering the body of the Famous Historian.*

*The wife is giving details to the detective.*

## SCENE 23

*Cartoon.*

NARRATOR: And so, Arthur and Beddemere and Sir Robin set out on their search to find the Enchanter of whom the old man had spoken in Scene 24.

Beyond the forest they met Lancelot and Galahad, and there was much rejoicing. ("Yay.")

In the frozen land of Nador, they were forced to eat Robin's minstrels, and there was much rejoicing. ("Yay.")

A year passed. Winter changed into Spring; Spring changed into Summer; Summer changed back into Winter, and Winter gave Spring and Summer a miss and went straight on into Autumn.

Until one day...

## SCENE 25

*Great Canyon.*

*Dramatic Music*

*Explosions in the distance.*

BEDDEMERE: Look!

ARTHUR: Knights! Forward!

*An Enchanter is on a cliff, making explosions with hand motions. He disappears in an explosion, teleporting himself to where the Knights are standing.*

ARTHUR: What manner of man are you that can summon up fire without flint or tinder?

ENCHANTER, JOHN CLEESE: I... am an Enchanter.

*(Notice, the entire duration that the Enchanter appears in the movie, Lancelot is absent, since John Cleese plays both parts.)*

ARTHUR: By what name are you known?

ENCHANTER: There are some who call me... Tim.

ARTHUR: Greetings, Tim the Enchanter.

TIM: Greetings, King Arthur!

ARTHUR: You know my name?

TIM: I do!

*He makes flames shoot from his staff.*

You seek the Holy Grail!

ARTHUR: That is our quest. You know much that is hidden, oh Tim.

TIM: Quite.

*Tim blows up a small tree with a missile from his staff. Knights applaud politely.*

ARTHUR: Yes, we're... we're looking for the Holy Grail. Our quest is to find the Holy Grail.

KNIGHTS: Yes... It is... It is... Yeah...

*Tim says nothing but stares coldly.*

ARTHUR: And so we're... we're looking for it.

KNIGHTS: Yeah... Yeah... We are...

BEDDEMERE: We have been some time.

ROBIN: Ages.

*Again, nothing but a cold stare from Tim.*

ARTHUR: Uh, so, anything that you could do to, uh, to help... would be... very... helpful.

GALAHAD: *(impatiently)* Look! *(Runs up to Tim.)* Can you tell us where...

*Galahad is stopped by an explosion Tim creates.*

ARTHUR: Fine. Um... I don't want to waste any more of your time, but, uh, I don't suppose you could, uh, tell us where we might find a... um... find a... uh... a... um... a... uh...

TIM: *(coldly)* A what?!

ARTHUR: *(stuttering)* A g-... a g-... a g-...

TIM: *(harshly)* A GRAIL?!

ARTHUR: Yes. I think so.

KNIGHTS: Yes.. Yes.. Yes...

TIM: Yes!

KNIGHTS: Oh... Oh... Thank you... oh... splendid...

*Tim makes three explosions in the mountainside.*

ARTHUR: Look... um... you're a busy man... ah...

TIM: Yes! I can help you find the Holy Grail! To the north there lies a cave, the cave of Kyle Banor, wherein carved in mystic runes upon the very living rock, the last words of Ulfan Bedwere of Regit, (*Tim creates thunder.*) make plain the last resting place of the most Holy Grail!

ARTHUR: Where could we find this cave, oh Tim?

*(Notice, Tim starts spitting very badly as he talks.)*

TIM: Follow! (*They do. Tim stops them.*) But!! Follow only if ye be men of valor, for the entrance to this cave is guarded by a creature so foul, so cruel, that no man yet has fought with it and lived! Bones of all fifty men lie strewn about its layer! So, brave knights, if you do doubt your courage or your strength, come no further! For death awaits you all with nasty, big, pointy teeth!

*Tim makes a silly face trying to depict the monster.*

ARTHUR: What an eccentric performance!

## SCENE 26

*Open path on a ledge.*

*Smoky and overcast.*

*A skull lies on the ground.*

*The Knights are "riding" along on this path.*

*A horse's neigh is heard, and the Knights begin jumping about.*

TIM: Shhh!

GALAHAD: They're nervous, sire.

ARTHUR: Then we best leave them here and carry on on foot. Dismount!

*The knights step off their "horses" and continue on foot. They approach a cave.*

TIM: Behold the Cave of Kyle Banor!

ARTHUR: Right! Keep me covered!

GALAHAD: What with?

ARTHUR: Just keep me covered!

TIM: Too late!

*Scary music.*

ARTHUR: What?

TIM: There he is!

*A small white rabbit hops out of the cave.*

ARTHUR: Where?

TIM: *(pointing)* There!

ARTHUR: What? Behind the rabbit?

TIM: It is the rabbit!

ARTHUR: You silly sod!! You got us all worked up!!

TIM: Well, that's no ordinary rabbit! That's the most foul, cruel, and bad tempered rodent you ever set eyes on!

ROBIN: You tit! I soiled my armor I was so scared!

TIM: Look! That's rabbit's got a vicious-streak a mile wide! It's a killer!

GALAHAD: (*sarcastically*) Bet!

TIM: Look, he'll do you up a tree, mate!

GALAHAD: Oh, yeah?

ROBIN: You manky Scot's git!

TIM: I'm warning you!

ROBIN: What's he do? Nibble your bum?

TIM: He's got sheen sharp... He can leap about... Look at the bones!!

ARTHUR: Go on, Boris, chop it's head off.

BORIS: Right, silly little peter! One rabbit stew coming right up!

TIM: Look!!!

*The rabbit charges Boris and bites his head off. Boris falls.*

*Funky Scary Music.*

ARTHUR: JESUS CHRIST!!

TIM: (*sarcastically*) I warned you!

ROBIN: I've done it again! (*Soiled his armor.*)

TIM: I warned you! But did you listen to me? Oh, no! You know... oh, didn't you?!  
Oh, it's just a harmless little bunny, isn't it? Well, it's always the same, I always tell...

ARTHUR: Oh, shut up! Right. Charge!!

*Knights charge. The rabbit attacks, several die.*

RUN AWAY!! RUN AWAY!!

*Tim is laughing hysterically.*

*(Notice, Tim is gone now, and so, Lancelot has returned.)*

ARTHUR: Right. How many did we lose?

LANCELOT: Gawaine.

GALAHAD: Ector.

ARTHUR: And Boris. That's five.

GALAHAD: Three, sir.

ARTHUR: Three! Three! Well, we better not risk another frontal assault; that rabbit's dynamite!

ROBIN: Would it help to confuse it if we run away more?

ARTHUR: Oh, Shut up! And go and change your armor!

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

ARTHUR: *(sarcastically)* Like what?!

GALAHAD: Well...

LANCELOT: Have we got bows?

ARTHUR: No.

LANCELOT: We have the Holy Hand Grenade!

ARTHUR: Yes! Of course! The Holy Hand Grenade of Antioch! Tis one of the sacred relics Brother Maynard carries with him. Brother Maynard! Bring us the Holy Hand Grenade!



*Monk Music: "Ea Aeaea su Dominae..."*

*Brother Maynard brings down the Holy Hand Grenade in a wooden chest.  
Arthur takes the Hand Grenade from the chest.*

How does it... um... How does it work?

LANCELOT: I know not, my liege.

ARTHUR: Consult the Book of Armaments!

BROTHER MAYNARD, *ERIC IDLE*: Armaments, chapter two, verses nine to twenty-one.

YOUNG PRIEST, *MICHAEL PALIN*: (*reading*) And St. Attila raised the Hand Grenade up on high saying, "Oh Lord, bless this, thy Hand Grenade, that with it thou may blow thy enemy to tiny bits, in thy mercy." And the Lord did grin, and the people did feast upon the lambs and sloths and carp and anchovies and orangutans and breakfast cereals and fruit bats and...

BROTHER MAYNARD: Skip a bit, brother.

YOUNG PRIEST: ...and the Lord spake saying, "First, shalt thou take out the holy pin. Then, shalt thou count to three, no more, no less. Three shall be the number thou shalt count, and the number of the counting shall be three. Four shalt thou not count, nor shalt thou count 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 toward thy foe, who, being naughty in my sight, shall snuff it."

BROTHER MAYNARD: Amen.

KNIGHTS: Amen.

ARTHUR: Right. One... Two... Five!

GALAHAD: Three, sir!

ARTHUR: Three! (*Arthur throws it.*)

*Holy Choir Music.*

*(Notice that Robin hides cowardly behind the other Knights, as usual.)*

*Explosion occurs.*

*(Notice that bits of rabbit spatter on the back of the cave.)*

## **SCENE 27**

*At the Knights of Nee scene.*

*The investigator and the police are investigating the shrubbery when the explosion noise gets their attention.*

*They head off in the direction of the noise.*

## SCENE 28

*Inside of cave.*

*Dark, Knights have torches.*

*The Knights are very cautious.*

ARTHUR: There, look! *(They spot writing on the cave wall.)*

LANCELOT: What does it say?

GALAHAD: What language is that?

ARTHUR: Brother Maynard! You're our scholar.

BROTHER MAYNARD: It's Aramaic!

GALAHAD: Of course! Joseph of Aramathea!

LANCELOT: 'Course!

ARTHUR: What does it say?

BROTHER MAYNARD: It reads, "Here may be found the last words of Joseph of Aramathea. He who is valiant and pure of spirit may find the Holy Grail in the Castle of... Arrrrrrrgh!"

ARTHUR: What?

BROTHER MAYNARD: "...the Castle of... Arrrrrrrgh!"

BEDDEMERE: What is that?!

BROTHER MAYNARD: He must have died while carving it.

LANCELOT: Oh, come on!

BROTHER MAYNARD: Well, that's what it says!

ARTHUR: Look! If he would have died, he wouldn't bother to carve "Arrrrrrrgh!" He'd just say it!!

BROTHER MAYNARD: Well, that's what's carved in the rock!

GALAHAD: Perhaps he was dictating.

ARTHUR: Oh, shut up! Well does it say anything else?

BROTHER MAYNARD: No! Just "Arrrrrrrgh!"

LANCELOT: *(reciting and thinking)* Arrrrrrrgh...

ARTHUR: *(pondering)* Arrrrrrrgh...

BEDDEMERE: You don't suppose he meant the Camarrrrrrrgh?

GALAHAD: Where's that?

BEDDEMERE: Branfürden.

LANCELOT: Isn't there a St. Arrrrrrrgh's in Cornwall?

ARTHUR: No, that's St. Ive's!

LANCELOT: Oh, yes. Arrrrrrrgh...

ARTHUR: Arrrrrrrgh...

GALAHAD: Arrrrrrrgh...

BEDDEMERE: *(turned around and pointing)* Oooooooooo!!

LANCELOT: No, no. "Arrrrrrrgh." At the back of the throat. Arrrrrrrgh.

BEDDEMERE: No, no. No, no. "Oooooooooo" is surprise and alarm.

LANCELOT: Oh, you mean sort of an "Ahhhh!!" *(Lancelot startles everyone.)*

BEDDEMERE: Yes! That's right! Ahhhh!! *(Turned around and looking.)*

*Knights turn around.*

ARTHUR: Ooooo! My God!!

*A cartoon monster appears. The monster has two horns, thirteen teeth, and twenty-two eyes. The beast roars.*

BROTHER MAYNARD: It's the legendary Black Beast of... Arrrrrrrgh!! (*Brother Maynard gets eaten.*)

KNIGHTS: That's it! That's it! Run away!!

*Scene changes to a cartoon.*

*The beast charges, the Knights run.  
They shout "Run away!" continuously while they are running.*

*Big chase scene.*

KNIGHTS: Keep running!

*They lose the monster.*

Shhh! Shhh! Shhh!

*They begin sneaking. The monster finds them and they resume running.*

NARRATOR: As the horrendous Black Beast lunged forward, escape for Arthur and his Knights seemed hopeless, when suddenly, the animator suffered a fatal heart attack. (*They show it.*) The cartoon peril was no more. (*It vanishes.*) The quest for the Holy Grail could continue.

## **SCENE 29**

*Mouth of cave.*

*The police and investigator are examining the shields and dead bodies.*

*They enter the cave.*

## SCENE 30

*Gorge of Eternal Peril.*

*Gurgling, hissing noises.*

*A Bridge in the distance.*

GALAHAD: There it is!

ARTHUR: The Bridge of Death!

ROBIN: Oh, great!

ARTHUR: Look! There's the old man from Scene 24.

BEDDEMERE: What's he doing here?

ARTHUR: He is the keeper of the Bridge of Death. 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: What if you get a question wrong?

ARTHUR: Then you are cast into the Gorge of Eternal Peril.

ROBIN: *(sarcastically)* Oh, I'd go!

GALAHAD: Who's going to answer the questions?

ARTHUR: Sir Robin.

ROBIN: Yes?!?



ARTHUR: Brave Sir Robin, you go!

ROBIN: Hey! I've got a great idea! Why doesn't Lancelot go?!

LANCELOT: Yes! Let me go, my liege! I will take it single handed! I shall make a face to the northeast...

ARTHUR: No! No! No! Hang on! Hang on! Hang on! Just answer the five questions...

GALAHAD: Three questions.

ARTHUR: ...three questions as best you can, and we shall watch, and pray.

LANCELOT: I understand, my liege.

ARTHUR: Good luck, brave Sir Lancelot! God be with you!

*Lancelot approaches.*

OLD MAN: Stop! Who would cross the Bridge of Death, but answer me these questions three, 'ere the other side he see.

LANCELOT: Ask me the questions, Bridgekeeper! I am not afraid!

OLD MAN: What is your name?

LANCELOT: My name is Sir Lancelot of Camelot.

OLD MAN: What is your quest?

LANCELOT: To seek the Holy Grail.

OLD MAN: What is your favorite color?

LANCELOT: Blue.

OLD MAN: Right. Off you go.

LANCELOT: Oh, thank you. Very well. (*Lancelot crosses the bridge.*)

ROBIN: That's easy!! (*Robin runs up to the Bridge.*)

OLD MAN: Stop! Who approacheth the Bridge of Death, but answer me these questions three, 'ere the other side he see.

ROBIN: *(smiling)* Ask me the questions, Bridgekeeper. I'm not afraid!

OLD MAN: What is your name?

ROBIN: Sir Robin of Camelot.

OLD MAN: What is your quest?

ROBIN: To seek the Holy Grail.

OLD MAN: What is the capital of Assyria?

ROBIN: *(surprised)* I don't know that!

*Robin is cast into the pit. Galahad approaches.*

OLD MAN: Stop! What is your name?

GALAHAD: Sir Galahad of Camelot.

OLD MAN: What is your quest?

GALAHAD: I seek the Grail.

OLD MAN: What is your favorite color?

GALAHAD: Blue... No! Yel...

*Galahad is cast into the pit. The Old Man laughs.*

OLD MAN: Stop! What is your name?

ARTHUR: It is Arthur, King of the Britons.

OLD MAN: What is your quest?

ARTHUR: To seek the Holy Grail.

OLD MAN: What is the air-speed velocity of an unladen swallow?

ARTHUR: What do you mean? An African or European swallow?

OLD MAN: *(puzzled)* Well... I... I don't know that!

*The Old Man is cast into the pit.*

*(Notice that the exact same "falling into the pit" clip is used for each of the three victims of the pit.)*

BEDDEMERE: How do you know so much about swallows?

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

*Arthur and Beddemere cross the bridge.*

*Dramatic Music.*

*Intermission, with Jazzy Organ Music.*

ARTHUR: *(Reaching the other side of the bridge, calls out to Lancelot, who is nowhere to be seen.)* Lancelot? Lancelot! Lancelot!

BEDDEMERE: Lancelot! Lancelot!

ARTHUR: Lancelot!

## **SCENE 31**

*Lancelot is up against a police car, being arrested.*

*The policemen and investigator are there.*

*The policeman is frisking Lancelot.*

## SCENE 32

*Rocky, grassy meadow.*

*Arthur and Beddemere are looking for Lancelot.*

ARTHUR: Lancelot!

BEDDEMERE: Lancelot! Lancelot!

*Heavenly Choir sings Arthur's name, guiding him.*

*Dramatic Music.*

*A Norse ship appears from nowhere. Arthur and Beddemere stand before a lake with a castle on a remote island. Arthur and Beddemere climb into the ship and ride across to the castle.*

ARTHUR: *(arriving)* The Castle Arrrrrrrgh! Our quest is at an end! God be praised! *(Removes his sword and kneels before it.)* Almighty God, we thank thee, that thou has brought safe to us the most Holy...

*Springing sound, followed by a goat's bleating.*

JESUS CHRIST!!

*A goat's carcass lands on Arthur.*

FRENCHMAN: Aaaooo! Sappy English Kaniggits and Monsieur Arthur King, who's afraid of a duck, you know! So we French fellows outwit you a second time!

ARTHUR: How dare you profane this place with your presence!! I command you, in the name of the Knights of Camelot, to open the doors to this sacred castle to which God himself has guided us!!! *(Arthur and Beddemere climb the stairs.)*

FRENCHMAN: How you English say... I wipe more climax! I unplug my nose in your direction, sundry window dresser! So! You think you could out-clever us French folk with your silly knees bent running about and bouncing behavior!

*(The Frenchman is speaking of the fact that the Knights used no real horses.)*

I wave my private parts at your Aunties, you cheesy lovers of second-hand electric doggie bottom wipers! (*Arthur pounds on door.*)

ARTHUR: In the name of the Lord!!! We demand entrance to this sacred castle!!

FRENCHMAN: No chance! English bed-wetting types! I burst my pimples at you and call you a store of English silly things, you tiny-brained wipers of other people's bottoms!!

ARTHUR: If you do not open the door, we shall take this castle by force!

*From above, the French drop lots of mud (or something else) on Arthur and Beddemere.*

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

*More mud (or whatever).*

Right! Yes! This is it!

*Other Frenchmen engage in the heckling.*

FRENCHMAN: Yes! He's had a lot this time, have you gotten any more?! We fire arrows on the tops of your heads and make castanets out of your testicles, already!

*Farm animals begin falling.*

ARTHUR: (*to Beddemere*) Walk away. Just ignore them.

*Frenchmen taunt them as they walk away.*

## SCENE 33

*Across the lake.*

*Arthur and Beddemere are walking on the shore.*

*The Frenchmen are still taunting them.*

ARTHUR: We shall attack at once!

BEDDEMERE: Yes, my liege! *(Beddemere begins running towards the castle.)*

ARTHUR: *(yelling)* Stand by for attack!!

*Armies of hundreds of men assemble. The armies looks quite impressive!*

*Military Drum Music.*

French persons! Today the blood of many a valiant knight shall be avenged!! In the name of God, we shall not stop our fight 'til each one of you lies dead, and the Holy Grail returns to those whom God has chosen! CHARGE!!!

*The armies charges.*

*Dramatic Music.*

*Suddenly, police cars drive between the armies and the castle, sirens blaring. Investigator and police get out of cars. The Wife also gets out.*

WIFE: Yes! They're the ones! I'm sure!!

POLICE: Move on! Clear off! Come on!

*One of the policeman places a cloak over Arthur's head and shoves him into the paddy wagon.*

INVESTIGATOR: Put him in the van!

*The police put Beddemere into the van too.*

POLICE: *(to the armies)* Back! Back!

*(A policeman grabs one of the soldier's shield.)* That's an offensive weapon, that is!

*(to the cameraman)* Alright, buddy! That's enough! Just take it outa here!

*The policeman puts his hand over the lens.*

CAMERAMAN: CHRIST!

*Thus the movie ends.*

*Jazzy Organ Music.*



## FINAL CREDITS

These credits do not actually appear in the film. This is a compilation of the Monty Python actors and the parts they played. This is probably only a partial compilation, but it contains at least the main characters of the movie.

### *GRAHAM CHAPMAN*

King Arthur  
Middle Head, Three Headed Monster  
Hiccuping Guard  
A Frenchman

### *JOHN CLEESE*

Sir Lancelot  
Man with Body  
Black Knight  
John Cleese Peasant  
The Frenchman  
Tim the Enchanter  
2nd Person from Castle

### *ERIC IDLE*

Sir Robin  
Person from Castle  
Dead Collector  
Eric Idle Peasant  
Concord  
Left Guard in Swamp Castle  
Roger the Shrubber  
Brother Maynard

*TERRY GILLIAM*

Patsy  
Green Knight  
Old Man  
A Frenchman

*TERRY JONES*

Sir Beddemere  
Lady  
Left Head, Three Headed Monster  
Prince

*MICHAEL PALIN*

Sir Galahad  
Dennis  
Michael Palin Peasant  
A Frenchman  
Right Head, Three Headed Monster  
Head Knight, Knights of Nee  
Father, Swamp Castle  
Person, Swamp Castle  
Young Priest

## **ONE FINAL NOTE...**

The number of times that the word "Grail" was said in the entire picture: 41.

The number of times Beddemere had to lift his visor: 50.

The number of times a cat was abused: 4.

The number of real horses in the film: 1.