

**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?

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.