

## Side #1 - Historian

### #1A Introduction

#### HISTORIAN

England 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.

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. 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. For this was England!

## Spamalot Side #2 – Guard and Arthur

GUARD

What is it you want?

ARTHUR

I am looking for men.

GUARD

I had a feeling.

ARTHUR

We have ridden the length and breadth of the land in search of knights to join me in my court at Camelot. I must speak with your lord and master.

GUARD

What, ridden on a horse?

ARTHUR

Yes!

GUARD

You're using coconuts!

ARTHUR

What?

GUARD

You've got two empty halves of coconut and you're banging them together.

ARTHUR

Side 2

So? We have ridden since the snows of winter covered this land, through the kingdom of Mercia, through...

GUARD

Where'd you get the coconut?

ARTHUR

We found them.

GUARD

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

ARTHUR

What do you mean?

GUARD

Well, this is a temperate zone.

ARTHUR

The swallow may fly south with the sun or the house martin or the plover may seek warmer climes in winter yet these are not strangers to our land.

GUARD

Are you suggesting coconuts migrate?

ARTHUR

Not at all, they could be carried.

GUARD

What? A swallow carrying a coconut?

ARTHUR

It could grip it by the husk!

## Side 2

GUARD

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 tell your master that Arthur from the Court of Camelot is here?

GUARD

Listen, in order to maintain air-speed velocity, a swallow needs to beat its wings 43 times every second, right?

ARTHUR

Please!

GUARD

Am I right?

ARTHUR

I'm not interested!

SPAMALOT SIDE #3 - Ni Knight/Arthur/Patsy

ARTHUR

Who are you?

NI KNIGHT:

We are the Knights Who Say... Ni!

ARTHUR

No! Not the Knights Who Say Ni!

NI KNIGHT

The same! We are the keepers of the sacred words: Ni Peng, and Ni-wom!

VOICE

Ni-wom!

ARTHUR

Those who hear these words seldom live to tell the tale!

PATSY

Oh, great.

NI KNIGHT

The Knights Who Say Ni demand a sacrifice!

ARTHUR

Oh, Knights of Ni, we are but simple travelers lost in these woods.

NI KNIGHT

Ni! Ni! Ni! Ni!

# 3

ARTHUR  
Oh, ow!

NI KNIGHT  
We shall say 'ni' again to you if you do not appease us.

ARTHUR  
Well, what is it that you want?

NI KNIGHT  
We want... a shrubbery!

NI KNIGHTS  
A shrubbery! A shrubbery!

ARTHUR  
Where the hell are we going to find a shrubbery?

NI KNIGHT  
If you do not find us a shrubbery, you must cut down the mightiest tree in the forest with... a herring.  
(The KNIGHT produces a large herring from his costume)

NI KNIGHTS  
A Herring! Herring! Herring!  
(PATSY and ARTHUR exchange glances)

ARTHUR  
All right. We'll find you a shrubbery.

NI KNIGHT  
Good! You must return here with a lovely shrubbery or else you will never pass through this wood alive!

#3

ARTHUR

Where are we going to find a shrubbery?

PATSY

Well, maybe we can build one? Out of cats.

ARTHUR

Don't be ridiculous. Where are we going to find cats? This is a total disaster. You think it would be easy: one, round up a bunch of knights; two, seek and find the Holy Grail; and five..

PATSY

Three, sir.

ARTHUR

Three, go home. But no. I'm so depressed.

## SPAMALOT SIDE #4 - The Black Knight/Arthur

ARTHUR

Good Sir Knight. I am King Arthur looking for my men. Would you care to join us?

BLACK KNIGHT

None shall pass!

ARTHUR

I see. Well, good sir knight I have no quarrel with you, but I must pass this way.

BLACK KNIGHT

Then you shall die.

ARTHUR

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

BLACK KNIGHT

I move for no man.

So be it!

(KING ARTHUR draws his sword and after a short battle chops the BLACK KNIGHT'S left arm off)

ARTHUR

Now yield, worthy adversary.

BLACK KNIGHT

'Tis but a scratch.

ARTHUR

A scratch? Your arm's off!



#4

BLACK KNIGHT

No, it isn't.

ARTHUR

Well, what's that then?

BLACK KNIGHT

I've had worse.

ARTHUR

You liar!

Come on, you pansy!

(The fight continues. Soon ARTHUR chops the BLACK KNIGHT'S right arm off. ARTHUR makes a triumphant gesture and then kneels in prayer)

ARTHUR

Victory is mine! We thank thee Lord, that in thy mercy —  
(The armless BLACK KNIGHT kicks ARTHUR in the buttocks while he is praying)

BLACK KNIGHT

Come on then.

ARTHUR

What?

BLACK KNIGHT

Have at you!

ARTHUR

You are indeed brave, good Sir Knight, but the fight is mine.

BLACK KNIGHT

Oh, had enough, eh?

# 4

ARTHUR

Look, you stupid bastard, you've got no arms left.

BLACK KNIGHT

Yes, I have.

ARTHUR

Look!

BLACK KNIGHT

It's just a flesh wound. You yellow bastard! I'll bite your legs off! You chicken, lily-livered, upper class twit.

SPAMALOT SIDE #5 - Lance/Concorde:

LANCE

Here we go, Concorde. And side saddle. Well done. And backwards, lovely. And Big jump, very Big jump. And steady, and over we go. Well taken, Concorde.

CONCORDE

Thank you, sir.

(CONCORD gets an arrow in the chest which knocks him flat backwards on his pack)

CONCORDE

Message for you, sir.

(LANCE pulls the message from the arrow and reads)

LANCE

"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 erm...?

CONCORDE

Cry of distress, sir?

LANCE

A cry of distress! This could be the sign that leads us to the... er... small shining drinking object... erm...

CONCORDE

The Holy Grail, sir.

LANCE

Exactly. Well done, Concorde! You shall not have died in vain!

#5

CONCORDE

I'm not quite dead, sir.

LANCE

Oh, I see.

CONCORDE

Actually, I think I'm all right to come with you...

LANCE

No, no, no sweet Concorde! Deeds like this must be accomplished...

CONCORDE

Single handedly?

LANCE

Yes I knew that one. Single handedly. So, stay here, take your lunch, and I shall return as soon as I have accomplished a heroic and daring... thing where you free someone from jeopardy...

CONCORDE

Rescue?

LANCE

Rescue. Thank you. Farewell, Concorde!

(LANCE rides off heroically. CONCORDE rises painfully and EXITS banging his coconuts)

CONCORDE

Ow! Ow! Ow!

SPAMALOT SIDE #6 - Lance/Herbert/Father

FATHER

Stop that! Who are you?

PRINCE

I'm your son.

FATHER

Not you.

LANCE

I'm Sir Lancelot from Camelot, sir.

PRINCE

He's come to rescue me, father.

LANCE

Well, let's not jump to conclusions.... Say, these are nice curtains.

HERBERT

Aren't they?

LANCE

They're wonderful! Wherever did you find them?

HERBERT

Well, there's a little chap with a stock of adorable fabrics...

FATHER

Excuse me! Did you kill those guards?

LANCE

Yes... I'm very sorry. But I can explain everything...

#6

HERBERT

Don't be afraid of him, Sir Lancelot. I've got a rope here all ready. (He throws a rope made of knotted sheets, tied to the castle rampart, out of the window.)

FATHER

You killed eight wedding guests.

LANCE

Er, well, the thing is... I thought your son... was a lady.

FATHER

I can understand that.

HERBERT

(Half out of the window)  
Hurry, brave Sir Lancelot.

FATHER

You killed the bride's father.

LANCE

Oh, no. Oh, dear. I didn't really mean to...

FATHER

Didn't mean to? You put your sword through his head.

LANCE

Gosh, is he all right?

FATHER

You kicked the bride in the chest!

#6

LANCE

Oh, well, now she was asking for it, sir. Wearing white and crying.

FATHER

This is going to cost me a fortune.

HERBERT

I am ready, Sir Lancelot. I am ready...

(FATHER nonchalantly slices the rope. HERBERT disappears. There is a pause then a thump from below.

LANCE follows FATHER down stairs)

FATHER

Would you like to come and have a drink?

LANCE

I say, sir. Was that entirely necessary? I do believe you just killed that poor little fellow.

FATHER

Oh, let's not bicker and argue about who killed who. After all, I am a recently bereaved father, who has just lost his son, my boy Herbert, who has just fallen to his death.

(HERBERT is carried in, in the arms of CONCORDE)

HERBERT

I'm not quite dead.

FATHER

Herbert.

HERBERT

I'm feeling much better.

SPAMALOT SIDE #7 - Lady/Arthur/Patsy:

LADY OF THE LAKE

But you're not alone Arthur. Haven't you noticed? I've been with you all the time. Who gave you the sword, who made you King, who welcomed you to Camelot, who helped you off on your quest? (ARTHUR realizing it was her)

LADY OF THE LAKE (CONT'D)

Sure, I've been off stage for far too long, but I am here to help you and I always have been.

ARTHUR

Patsy, I'm not alone.

PATSY

No, sir.

ARTHUR

The Lady of the Lake has been with me all the time.

LADY OF THE LAKE

And so has Patsy.

ARTHUR

Ah, yes, but... Patsy's family.

LADY OF THE LAKE

You see, Arthur dear, we're all here to help each other.

ARTHUR

Can you help me put on a Broadway show?

LADY OF THE LAKE

Yes. You're in a Broadway show.

(Sparkling stage effect. ARTHUR looks out at the audience)



# 7  
ARTHUR

Oh, my.

LADY OF THE LAKE

You've been in a Broadway show all the time.

ARTHUR

Oh. Who knew? (To audience) Are there any Jews here?

PATSY

The truth is, Sire, I'm Jewish.

ARTHUR

You are?

PATSY

Yes, Sire, on my mother's side.

ARTHUR

Well, why didn't you say so?

PATSY

Well, it's not the sort of thing you say to a heavily armed Christian.

ARTHUR

So now what?

LADY OF THE LAKE

Well, you have to finish the show. It is a musical, so you have to find the Grail and end with a wedding.

ARTHUR

Well, who could I possibly marry?

#7  
LADY OF THE LAKE

Well, it would have to be someone who loved you and cared for you enough to give you a sword, to make you King, to welcome you to Camelot, to help you off on your quest... (ARTHUR is a little slow off the mark. PATSY whispers in his ear)

ARTHUR  
You?

LADY OF THE LAKE  
Oh, that's an idea.

ARTHUR  
But I thought you were a fairy.

LADY OF THE LAKE  
Oh, no, that's Lancelot. Oh, you missed that scene. Anyway, Arthur, I'm as human as you are.

ARTHUR  
And you would consent to be my bride?

LADY OF THE LAKE  
Are you asking?

ARTHUR  
And you would consent to be my bride?

LADY OF THE LAKE  
Are you asking?

ARTHUR  
Are you saying yes?

LADY OF THE LAKE  
Oh, Arthur.

## SPAMALOT #8 - Maynard "The Book of Armaments"

MAYNARD

The Book of Armaments, Chapter One, Verses Nine through twenty-seven. "And Saint Attila raised the holy hand grenade up on high, saying, 'Oh, Lord, bless this thy hand grenade that with it thou mayest blow thine enemies to tiny bits, in thy mercy.' And the Lord did grin, and the people did feast upon the lambs, and stoats, and carp, and anchovies, and orangutans, and breakfast cereals, and fruit bats, and large..."

ARTHUR

Skip a bit, Brother.

(BROTHER MAYNARD dumbly skips.

ARTHUR raises his eyes and points to the Bible)

MAYNARD

"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 shalt be three. Four shalt thou not count, nor neither count thou 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 the Holy Hand Grenade of Antioch towards thy foe, who being naughty in my sight, shall snuff it.'" Amen.

SPAMALOT #9 -

Arthur/Bedeever/Lancelot/Galahad/Patsy/Robin

BEDEVERE

Behold, Sire, the clue. Aioi!

ARTHUR

Aioi? That's a bit cryptic isn't it?

BEDEVERE

Pehaps it's Hebrew – ay- oy!

LANCELOT

Oh! Maybe it's aioli?

ARTHUR

What's that?

LANCELOT

Aioli is a delicious garlic mayonnaise, Sire.

BEDEVERE

Maybe he was passing out aiiiiioooooiii...

ARTHUR

Well, he'd hardly bother to carve that in the rock.

GALAHAD

Could it be an eye for an eye?

ARTHUR

Oh, that's good.

#9

BEDEVERE

Sire, I wonder if it could be a number.

ARTHUR

Well, it could be, but how would that help?

BEDEVERE

Well, we need to find something numbered A101.

ARTHUR

A101.

(They are staring straight into the audience)

GALAHAD

It's probably right under our feet.

ARTHUR

(Prays)

O Lord we are a bit stumped on the clue thing and we beseech thee to give us a hand. (Sacred Music.

A large finger of God descends, pointing down into the audience)

ARTHUR (CONT'D)

Of course. It is in the audience. Row A, Seat 101!

(PATSY runs into the audience and asks a patron to stand, cleverly discovering a Grail! The Portcullis descends)

PATSY

It's you! Stand up, peasant. Oh, look, Sire! We have found the Grail.

BEDEVERE

How very clever. It was through the Fourth Wall.

#9

ARTHUR

Of course the Grail will always be found in the hearts of all those who gather together and believe in it.

ROBIN

Oh, Sire, shall we reward this humble peasant who has been fortunate enough to be sitting on the Grail?

ARTHUR

Oh, absolutely, bring forth the peasant!  
(PATSY shepherds the audience member up on to the stage)

ARTHUR

Welcome. What is your name peasant?