

MONTY PYTHON'S SPAMALOT

TRACK D — BLACK KNIGHT / TIM THE ENCHANTER

AUDITION SIDES

SIDE 1 — BLACK KNIGHT

Act II, Scene 4 | Script pages 62-65

(KING ARTHUR rides in with PATSY holding the shrubbery. The BLACK KNIGHT bars his way.)

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.

(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!

BLACK KNIGHT

No, it isn't.

ARTHUR

Well, what's that then?

BLACK KNIGHT

I've had worse.

ARTHUR

You liar!

BLACK KNIGHT

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?

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 chickenshit, lily-livered,
upper-class twit.

(The BLACK KNIGHT backs toward the Gateway while the MONK enters with a large basket, distracting the audience.)

MONK

Alms for the poor! Alms for the poor!

(The MONK picks up an arm and puts it in the basket. PATSY gives him the other arm.)

MONK

Arms for the poor! Arms for the poor!

BLACK KNIGHT

The Black Knight always triumphs! I'm invincible!

ARTHUR

You're a loony.

(ARTHUR runs a sword through the BLACK KNIGHT's chest, pinning him to the castle door.)

BLACK KNIGHT

Chicken-chicken-chicken-chicken.

SPAMALOT — TRACK D: BLACK KNIGHT / TIM THE ENCHANTER — AUDITION SIDES

ARTHUR

Come on, Patsy!

BLACK KNIGHT

All right, we'll call it a tie.

SIDE 2 – TIM THE ENCHANTER

Act II, Scene 10 | Script pages 96-99

(The KNIGHTS finish their travelling sequence. Thunder and lightning. TIM, a strange figure with curling ram's-horn headgear and long pointy fingers, appears holding a fire stick. He has a broad Scottish accent.)

TIM

Greetings!

ARTHUR

What manner of man are you that hovers in the air without string or visible supporting device?

TIM

I am an enchanter.

ARTHUR

By what name are you known?

TIM

There are some who call me... Tim.

ROBIN

Wow. Tim. What a really scary name.

ARTHUR

Greetings, O Tim.

TIM

Greetings, King Arthur!

ARTHUR

You know my name.

TIM

I do. You seek the Holy Grail.

ARTHUR

You know much that is hidden, O, Tim.

TIM

Quite! Below me... lies the cave of Caerbannog, wherein carved upon the very living rock, there be a clue which shall lead ye directly to your goal.

ARTHUR

Super. So straight on...

TIM

But think well before you step into this cave, for the entrance way is guarded by a beast so foul, so cruel, no man yet has fought this evil beast and lived. So be you warned brave knights, for death awaits you all with nasty great big pointy teeth!

ARTHUR

Come on!

TIM

Wait! Too late! There it is!

SPAMALOT – TRACK D: BLACK KNIGHT / TIM THE ENCHANTER – AUDITION SIDES

ARTHUR

Where?

TIM

There!

ARTHUR

What, behind the rabbit?

TIM

It is the rabbit!

(A fluffy white rabbit hand puppet pops up over the mound and innocently nibbles.)

ARTHUR

You silly sod! You got us all worked up!

TIM

Look this is no ordinary rabbit. This is the most foul, cruel, and bad-tempered rodent you ever set eyes on.

ROBIN

What's he do, nibble your bum?

TIM

This rabbit's got a vicious streak a mile wide. It's a killer!

ROBIN

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

ARTHUR

Go and change.

PATSY

Get stuffed, you Scottish pansy!!!

TIM

It'll do you up a treat, mate!

PATSY

Oh, yeah??

BEDEVERE

You manky Scots git!

TIM

Look, I'm warning you!

ARTHUR

Bors! Go on, Bors. Chop his head off!

BORS

Right! Silly little bleeder. One rabbit stew coming right up!

(BORS approaches the RABBIT. The rabbit attacks and BORS is killed.)

BORS

Aaaugh!

ARTHUR

Jesus Christ!

TIM

Not so tall now, is he? I warned you. Oh, but, you knew it all, didn't you? Oh, it's just a harmless little bunny, isn't it? Well, it's always the same folks, I always tell them, but they never, ever, ever listen.

(TIM's stick lights up and he exits.)