

Black Adder 11

Bells Plot

Somewhere in England, a young girl called Kate and her father are in their cottage when he asks her to become a prostitute, so she decides to go to London.

Lord Edmund Blackadder and Lord Percy Percy are practising their archery in Edmund's house when Kate turns up, disguised as a boy and calling herself Bob and asks Edmund if she can become his servant, Edmund promptly fires Baldrick and hires Kate, aKate's Father: er a short period of time Edmund and Kate nearly kiss, Edmund, thinking she's a boy, decides to go to the doctor for his 'problem'.

Getting no help from the doctor, Edmund goes to the wise woman in Putney, who gives him three choices,

Kill Bob

Kill himself

Kill everybody in the whole world

Kate eventually reveals herself to Edmund, who proposes marriage to her. Kate makes Baldrick a bridesmaid and Edmund asks his friend Lord Flashheart to be the best man. The wedding day goes fine, but when Flashheart doesn't turn up Edmund makes Percy his best man. Flashheart then turns up, flirts with the Queen and Nursie , before kissing Kate and proposing she should abandon Blackadder and come with him. Flashheart switches clothes with Kate and they run off with each other.

Cast

Lord Edmund Blackadder

Lord Percy Percy

Baldrick

Queen Elizabeth I

Lord Melchett

Nursie

Kate

Lord Flashheart

Dr. Leech

Kate's Father:

The Wisewoman

The Young Crone

Black Adder 11 Bells

A script by Richard Curtis and Ben Elton

(In the house of Kate and her father)

KT: Father, I must speak. I can be silent no longer. All day long you muttered to yourself, gibbered, dribbled, moaned and bat your head against the wall, yelling "I want to die". Now you may say I'm leaping to conclusions but you're not **completely** happy, are you?
It's mother, isn't it?

FT: No, it is not.

KT: You're brooding over her death, aren't you?

FT: Kate, for the final time, your mother is not dead. She's run off with your uncle Henry.

KT: Dear father, I know you only say such things to comfort me.

FT: Your mother is alive and well and living in Droitwich. It is not her I brood over. I'm sad because, my darling, our poverty has now reached such extremes that I can no longer afford to keep us. I must look to my own dear tiny darling to sustain me in my frail dotage.

KT: But father, surely...

FT: Yes Kate, I want you to become a prostitute.

KT: Father!

FT: Do you defy me?

KT: But indeed, I do. For it is better to die poor than to live in shame and ignominy.

FT: No, it isn't.

KT: I'm young and strong and clever. My nose is pretty. I shall find another way to earn us a living.

FT: Oh, please... go on the game. It is a steady job and you'd be working from home.

KT Goodbye father. I shall go to London, disguise my self as a boy and seek my fortune!

FT: But why go all the way to London when you can make a fortune lying on your back?

(In the house of Edmund Blackadder.)

[Baldrick holds a dartboard over his head, while Edmund practises the bow]

B: Ah, very good shot, my lord.

E: Thank you, Baldrick.

[Percy walks in]

S: Sorry I'm late.

E: No, don't bother apologizing. I'm sorry you're alive.

S: Oh good, I see the target is ready. [Picks up the bow]

I'd like to see the Spaniard who could make his way passed me.

E: Well, go to Spain. There're millions of them.

S: I'll advise them to stay there then. Keep their hands off our women.

E: Oh God, who is she this time?

S: I don't know what you mean. Aah, ouch, aah.

[Edmund succeeds in pilfering a letter from Percy]

E: Aah, and who is Jane?

S: I'm sworn to secrecy. Torture me, kill me, you shall never know.

Ooh, ouch... Jane Herrington. We're very much in love, my lord.

E: This is *the* Jane Herrington?

S: Yes.

E: Jane - burry-me-in-a-wide-shaped-coffin - Herrington.

S: I., I think maybe there are two Jane Herringtons.

E: No... Tall, blond, elegant?

S: Right, that's right.

E: Goes like a privy door when the plague is in town?

Come on, get on with your shot. You'll get over her.

... [Percy aims]

E: I did.

... [Percy aims again]

E: So did Baldrick actually. [Percy's shot ends up way too low]

S: Damned!

E: You see, she's got this thing about beards apparently.

S: Well, in that case I'm going to shave!

[Percy leaves]

E: Bad luck, Boulders.

B: Not to worry my lord, the arrow didn't in fact enter my body.

E: Oh good.

E: No, by a thousand to one chance my willy got in the way.

E: Extraordinary.

B: And I only just put it there. But now, I will leave it there

forever.

E: That so Baldrick? It can be your lucky willy.

B: Yes, my lord. Years from now I'll show it to my grandchildren.

E: No Baldrick, I think that grandchildren may now be out of the question.

Poor old Pee Brain, eh? Ha! Never catch me falling in love, that's for damned sure as mustard[?].

[Knock on the door]

E: Come in.

[Kate enters, dressed in boys clothes]

b: Good day to you, Lord Blackadder!

E: Ah, good day to you... boy?!. What is it brings you here?

b: I'm an honest hard working lad, but poor and I must support my father who is stark raving mad. Therefore I come to London to seek a servants wage.

E: Yes, indeed. Unfortunately I already have a servant.

b: The word is that your servant is the worst servant in London.

E: Hmm, that's true. Baldrick you're fired. Be out of the house in ten minutes. Well young man you've got your self a job. What do they call you?

b: Kate.

E: Isn't that a bit of a girls name?

b: Oh..it's..euh... short for... Bob!

E: Bob?!

b: Yes.

E: Well, Bob, welcome on board.

Sorry Baldrick, any reason why you are still here?

B: Euh .. I've got nowhere to go, my lord.

E: O surely you will be allowed to starve to death in one of the royal parks.

B: I've been in your service since I was two and a halve, my lord.

E: Well that is the why I am so utterly sick of the sight of you.

B: Couldn't I just stay here and do the same job but for no wages?

E: Well, you know where you will have to live.

B: In the gutter.

B: Yes.

E: And you'll have to work a bit harder too.

B: Of course, my lord.

E: All right. Go and get Bob's stuff in and chuck your filthy muck out into the street.

B: God bless you, sweet master.

[Baldrick leaves, Percy enters again, without beard]

E: Oh Bob, this is Percy, a dimwit I don't seem to be able to shake off.

S: Ah, hello there Bob, you young roister-doister, you. Ah, you look a likely sort of lad for tricks and sports and all sorts of jolly, rosy cheap capering, eh. Of course you do, and more besides, I warrant thee, young scamp.

b: Thank you so much for letting me stay Lord Blackadder.

E: Oh not at all Bob. I'm looking forward to having you... Euh, having

another man about the house instead of that animal Baldrick. Excuse me, I must go into the lavatory.

b: [to the camera] How little he knows and how much I would have him know.

S: I say Bob, I think this calls for a celebration. How about a game of cup and ball and a slab of tea at Mrs. Miggins pie shop?

b: Get lost, creep!

S: Euh, euh, I like you young Bob. You've got balls.

In the court of Queen Elizabeth.

Q: Nice try Melchy, but it is no use. I'm still bored!

M: I'm very sorry madam. Your royal father used to be very amused by my impersonation of Columbus.

Q: You don't surprise me. He used to laugh at these people with the funny faces and the bells.

M: Ah, jesters ma'm.

Q: No, lepers. Where is Edmund these days?

M: Ah well, the whisper on the underground grapevine, ma'm, is that Lord Blackadder is spending all his time with a young boy in his service.

Q: Oh. Do you think he would spend more time with me if I was a boy?

M: Surely not madam.

N: You almost were a boy, my little cherrypit.

Q: What?

N: Yeah. Out you popped, out of your mummies pumpkin and everybody

shouting : "It's a boy, it's a boy!". And somebody said "but it hasn't got a wrinkle!". And then I said "A boy without a wrinkle? God be praised, it is a miracle. A boy without a wrinkle!" And then Sir Thomas More pointed out that a boy without a wrinkle is a girl. Anyway, I was really disappointed.

M: Oh yes, well you see, he was a very perceptive man, Sir Thomas More.

Q: Oh, what *has* happened about Edmund? There is something very odd about someone who spends all his time with a servant.

[Romantic interlude with Edmund and Bob walking in the countryside to the tunes of "Greensleeves", "The Rain it Raineth Every Day", "Hey Nonny, I Love You", "My Love is a Prick (On a Tudor Rose)", "Hot Sex Madrigal in the Middle of my Tights" and "Many, many more..."]

E: Well Bob. We're a couple of fine lads together, aren't we? Let's get retted and talk about girls eh? Yes we could sink to really dirty songs and... oh God, I find you curiously pleasant company, young Bob.

b: I'm honoured and for my part want nothing more than to be with you... old man.

E: Well absolutely. I mean there is nothing more healthy and normal than having a good chum.

b: What think you my lord of love?

E: You mean rumpy pumpy?

b: What would you say my lord if I were to say "I love you".

E: Eum, well of course it depends entirely on whom you said it to. If you said it to a horse I would presume you were sick, if you said it

to Baldrick I would presume you were blind and if you said it to me,
well...

b: Yes, my lord?

E: Well, well I'd naturally assume we were having a big lads joke about
back-tickle as the way we healthy fellows often do and I'd probably
grab you for a friendly wrestle and then we'd probably slap each
others sides like jolly good chums and laugh at what it would be
like if we really did fancy each other.

b: In that case my lord... I love you!

[Bob and Edmund engage in friendly wrestling, just when the mood changes,
Baldrick enters the room]

B: Don't worry Bob. He used to try and kill me too.

E: Why didn't you go Baldrick? Might be glad to see you[?] What do you
want?

B: Bah, I was wondering if I might sleep on the roof sir? Earlier the
towns bailiff says that if I lie in the gutter I will be flushed
into the Thames with all the other turds.

E: Yes, certainly Baldrick. Help your self. I was just off to bed
anyway. Euh.. good night Baldrick. Good night Bob.

b: Good night my lord.

E: Yes. Oh God...

BA's House

D: Now then what seems to be the trouble?

E: Well, it is my man servant.

D: I see. Well don't be embarrassed if you got the pocks. Just pop your man servant on the table and we'll take a look at him.

E: No, I mean, it is my real man servant.

D: Ah, ah. And what is wrong with him?

E: There is nothing wrong with him. That is the problem. He's perfect and last night I almost kissed him.

D: I see. So you started fancying boys then, have you?

E: Not boys. A boy.

D: Yes, well let's not split hairs. It is all rather disgusting and naturally you're worried.

E: Of course I'm worried.

D: Well, of course you are. It isn't every day a man wakes up to discover he's a screaming bender with no more right to live on Gods clean earth than a weazle. Ashamed of your self?

E: Not really, no.

D: Bloody hell! I would be. But still why should I complain? Just leaves more rampant totty for us real men, eh?

E: Look, am I paying for this personal abuse or is it extra?

D: No, it's all part of the service. I think you're in luck though. An extraordinary new cure has just been developed for exactly this kind of sordid problem.

E: It wouldn't have anything to do with leeches, would it?

D: I had no idea you were a medical man.

E: Never had anything you doctors didn't try to cure with leeches. A leech on my ear for ear ache, a leech on my bottom for constipation.

D: They're marvellous, aren't they?

E: Well, the bottom one wasn't. I just sat there and squashed it.

D: You know the leech comes to us on the highest authority?

E: Yes. I know that. Dr. Hoffmann of Stuttgart, isn't it?

D: That's right, the great Hoffmann.

E: Owner of the largest leech farm of Europe.

D: Yes. Well, I cannot spend all day gossiping. I'm a busy man. As far as this case is concerned I have now had time to think it over and I can strongly recommend a course of leeches. [in chorus]

E: Yes. I 'll pop a couple down my codpiece before I go to bed.

D: No, no, no, no. Don't be ridiculous. This isn't the dark ages. Just pop four in your mouth in the morning and let them dissolve slowly. In a couple of weeks you 'll be beating your servant with a stick, just like the rest of us.

E: You're a sale[?] quack, aren't you?

D: I'd rather be a quack than a ducky. Good day.

At the house of lord Blackadder. – Baldrick Enters with food

B: Anything to follow your dinner my lord? There is this lovely fat spider I found in the bath. I was saving it for my self but if you fancy it...

E: Shut up Baldrick. I don't eat invertebrates for fun you know. This is doctors orders.

B: Oh, I don't hold with this new fangle doctoring. Any problems, I go to the Wise woman!

E: Yes Baldrick. I am long past on trusting my self to some deranged

druid who gives her professional address as 1, Dunghill Mansions,
Putney.

In Putney.

E: Tell me Young crone, is this Putney?

C: That it be, that it be.

E: "Yes it is". Not "that it be". You don't have to talk in that stupid
voice to me. I'm not a tourist. I seek information about a
Wisewoman.

C: Ah, the Wisewoman.. the Wisewoman.

E: Yes, the Wisewoman.

C: Two things, my lord, must thee know of the Wisewoman. First, she is
... a woman, and second, she is ...

E: .. wise?

C: You do know her then?

E: No, just a wild stab in the dark which is incidentally what you'll
be getting if you don't start being a bit more helpful. Do you know
where she lives?

C: Of course.

E: Where?

C: Here. Do you have an appointment?

E: No.

C: Well, you can go in anyway.

E: Thank you Young crone. Here is a purse of moneys... which I'm not
going to give to you.

W: Hail Edmund, lord of Adders Black.

E: Hello.

W: Step no nearer, for already I see thy bloody purpose. Thou plot is, Blackadder: thou wouldst be king and drown Middlesex in a butt of wine. Ah, ah, ah, ah.

E: No, no, no, no. it is far worse than that. I'm in love with my man servant.

W: Oh well, I'd sleep with him if I were you.

E: What?

W: When I fancy people, I sleep with them. Oh, I have to drug them first of course! Being so old and watty.

E: But what about my position, my social life?

W: Very well then. Three other paths are open to you. Three cunning plans to cure thy ailment.

E: Oh good.

W: The first is simple. Kill Bob!

E: Never.

W: Then try the second. Kill your self!

E: Neu. And the third?

W: The third is to ensure that no one else ever knows.

E: Ha, that sounds more like it. How?

W: Kill everybody in the whole world. Ah, ha, ha ...

At the house of Lord Blackadder.

E: Now look here Bob. I've got something very important to say to you

and I want you to listen very carefully.

b: Yes.

E: Look Bob. I've decided that you are to leave my service.

b: Oh no, my lord! My father will starve and I'll have to become a..
male prostitute. And besides, I thought we were friends.

E: Oh we are friends Bob. Of course, of course.. In fact that's the
reason I want you to leave my service and become my live-in[?] chum.

b: Oh my lord!

E: Now. I want to make definitely clear that I am in no way interested
in the contents of your tights.

b: You might be, my lord, if you knew what I kept in them.

E: Euh, ah.. I've learned of my self, well.. that I know what a
gentleman keeps in his tights. Thank you very much.

b: But my lord, I have a great secret.

E: What?

b: Prepare to be amazed. [Bob starts unbuttoning her blouse]

E: Oh no. You haven't got one of these birthmarks shaped like a banana,
have you?

b: No.

E: Or, or, or a tattoo saying "Get it here"?

b: No.

E: Oh God. You've got one of those belly buttons that sticks outward,
haven't you?

b: No my lord.

E: Now what can it possibly be?

[Mysterious music on a flute]

E: Aah... good Lord!

[Two minutes later, Bob and Edmund chatting at the table]

E: What was all that Bob's stuff about then?

b: Because you would have just used me and cast me aside like you have so many women before.

E: Would I?

b: Yes. But now you have a chance to grow to love me for what I really am.

E: Yes, that's true and now I want to marry you, Bob.

b: Kate!

E: Then come, kiss me Kate!

In the Court of Queen Elizabeth.

M: I bring grave intelligence of your former favourite Lord Blackadder.

Q: Oh good.

M: It appears he wishes to marry a girl called Bob.

Q: It is a very odd name for a girl, isn't it? Girls are normally called Elizabeth or Mary.

N: And Donald...

Q: Mouth is open Nursie, should be shut.

N: Thing is true, sweet one. I had three sisters and they were called Donald, Eric and Basil.

Q: Then why is your name Nursie?

N: That ain't my real name.

Q: Isn't it?

N: No.

Q: No, what is your real name then?

N: Bernard.

Q: Suites you, actually.

[Edmund enters the room]

E: Your Majesty.

Q: Oh, hello stranger.

E: I seek your permission to wed.

Q: So I hear. Melchie, what do you think of all this?

M: Oh, but I must confess madam, that I'm astonished that Blackadder could possibly have eyes for any other woman than your self.

Q: Good point. Though slightly grovelly.

E: Very well. When I fell in love I didn't know she was a woman. I thought she was a boy.

M: But of course that makes it perfectly acceptable, doesn't it?

Q: Oh all right, go on and marry her.

E: Thank you, ma'm.

Q: Just tell me one thing. Is her nose as pretty as mine?

E: Oh, no, no.. ma'm.

Q: Oh good, because otherwise I would have cut it off. And then you would have to marry someone without a nose and that wouldn't be very nice, would it?

E: No ma'm.

Q: Imagine the mess when she's got a cold! Yuck!

E: Well, quite ma'm.

Q: All right, off you go then.

[Edmund leaves]

Q: Everyone seems to get married except me.

N: And me, Ma'm.

Q: Oh shut up, Bernard.

At Blackadders residence.

K: You'll make a lovely bridesmaid Baldrick. Pity me that I have no actual girl chums because we were so poor in our house we couldn't afford friends.

E: It is strangely in keeping with the manner of our courtship that your maid of honour should be a man.

B: Thank you very much my lord.

E: Well, I use the word man in an as broad as possible sense because we all know God made man in his own image. It would be a sad look out for christians around the globe if God looked any like you, Baldrick.

K: Ignore old Mister Grumpy. There you are, Boulders. Hmm, you look sweet as a little pie.

E: Kate, he looks like what he is: a dung ball in a dress.

[Percy enters]

S: Oh Edmund... [sees the bridesmaid]

Hello there... Edmund, you didn't tell me we were expecting guests.

And such a pretty one too.

E: Oh God...

S: Now you're a little cuty to be hiding your self away all these years. Tell me gorgeous, what is your name?

E: He's called Baldrick.

S: Baldrick.. that's a pretty name. Edmund used to have a servant called Baldrick. But anyway, away with such small-talk. Lady.. a kiss!

b: What?

S: And so modest too. Come on you little tease. You know you want to. Give us a kiss.

b: All right, if you say so. [kisses Percy heavily]

S: Ohghw...he.. what an original perfume.

E: That is our Baldrick. He's wearing a dress.

S: Ourgh..

E: Anyway, what do you want?

S: Ourgh... well euh.. [deep voice] Edmund, there has been some discussion around the Court on the subject of who's going to be your best man and I thought it might be the moment to bring the subject to a conclusion.

E: Ah yes, Percy. I would like you...

S: Oh, I'm so proud!

E: Please let me finish. I would like you to take this letter to Dover where is recently docked the galleon of my old school friend and adventurer Lord Flashheart. He shall be my best man.

S: Lord Flash Heart. The best sword, the best shot, the best sailor and

the best kisser in the kingdom.

E: Even he. To Dover at once!

S: Yes. Actually I was going to suggest Lord Flash Heart as the best man my self.

E: Were you?

[S leaves, crying his eyes out]

In front of the church.

[Wedding bells]

K: Edmund I cannot believe it is really happening.

E: It is, my sweet.

K: Before we go in I want you to meet my father.

E: Oh fine!

E: [to the old man standing near them] Excuse me, could you move along please. Look, I'm waiting for my father in law. Last thing I want is some scruffy old beggar blocking the church door, smelling of cabbage.

F: I am your father in law.

E: Oh no... All right, how much you want to clear off?

K: Edmund, how could you? He's my father, my only living relative.

F: Ten pounds should do the trick.

K: Father!

E: All right, there we go.

K: Edmund, you mustn't!

E: No, don't worry, I'll get Baldrick to beat him up after the ceremony. We'll get the money back. Come on, we're late.

In the court of Queen Elizabeth.

Q: Ah Edmund. Could we get on do you think? I want to get to the reception so I can get squiffy and seduce someone.

E: Yes.. oh.. unfortunately ma'm, my best man still has not arrived.

Q: Well, get another one.

E: Ma'm, there is no one else I can really think of.

S: Euh.

E: Sorry Percy?

S: Nothing my lord, just clearing my throat.

E: Don't. I don't want you coughing all the way through the ceremony.

Q: Oh, come on Edmund. You must be able to think of another best man.

E: Well, I suppose I could ask Percy. Percy!

S: My lord!

E: Can you think of another best man?

S: Well my lord. One name does spring to mind.

E: Yes. But I can't ask Baldrick. He's a bridesmaid and besides, I need a friend, an equal, an old and trusty companion.

S: I think there is one person in the room who fits the description.

E: Of course... Nursie! How do you fancy putting on a pair of hose and being my best man?

Q: Edmund, don't be so naughty. You know perfectly well whom Percy is referring to.

E: All right, I'm sorry. Melchard! [squeak] All right! All right! As

ashamed as I am and contradiction in terminus though it is, Percy,
you can be the best man.

S: Oh, my lord! Noble cause, oh what an honour. I brought along a ring,
just...

E: I really did think old Flash would have turned up.

[Lord Flashheart enters in spectacular fashion]

F: It's me, Flash! Flash by name, Flash by nature. Hurrah!

E: Where have you been?

F: Where haven't I been! ..Waugh!!!.. But I'm here now.

F: Who is that?

E: I don't know, but he is in your place.

F: Not for long. Hold that.

[Hands his sword to Baldrick, then throws Percy through the door]

F: Thanks bridesmaid, like the beard. Gives me something to hang on to.

F: So me old mate Eddie is getting hitched, hey? What's the matter?

Can't stand the pace of the mmmm [grabs Edmund's tights].

Hey queeny. You look sexy. Listen, wear your hair long, I prefer it
that way.

Q: [to the camera] I've got such a crush on him.

F: Hey Melchie! Still worshipping God? Last thing I heard He started
worshipping ME...

Ah Nursie, I like it firm and fruity. Am I pleased to see you or did

I just put a canoe in my pocket? Down boy, down. And now... where is
this amazing bird? The one who stopped my old pall Eddie doing
exactly whatever he wants, ten times a night.

E: Ah yes Flash, let me introduce my... my fiancée Kate.

F: Hi, baby! [Flash kisses the bride]

F: She's got a tongue like an electric eel and she likes the taste of a man's tonsils. You don't want to marry this jerk baby? Meet me on my horse in eight seconds.

K: But I can't run in this frock. You see, I found I actually preferred wearing boys clothes.

F: Weird. I always feel more comfy in a dress. I got a plan and it's as hot as my pants.

E: What a man Flash is, eh? Things will certainly liven around here, now he's back. Flash. Flash??

[Flash (in dress) and Kate (in boys clothes) on a horse, about to depart]

F: So long, suckers! Next time you get bored with your lives just give me a call and I'll come round and kill you.

K: Bye Edmund and thanks for everything. Hurrah!

[Flash leaves in the same style as he arrived]

M: It is customary on these occasions for the groom to marry the bridesmaid. I presume you intend to honour this.

B: I do.

[Song]

So Flash Heart tweaked the Adders beard,
from now he always shall be single.

To fall in love with boys is weird,
especially boys without a tingle.

Blackadder, Blackadder. His taste is rather odd.

Blackadder, Blackadder a randy little sod.

Lord Flash Heart, Lord Flash Heart, I wish you were the star.

Lord Flash Heart, Lord Flash Heart, you're sexier by far.

BBC MCMLXXXV AD.

[The end]

Black Adder 11

Potato Plot

The episode opens with Blackadder at home, preparing to go to court to celebrate the return of Sir Walter "Oooh what a big ship I've got" Raleigh (Simon Jones). Blackadder is typically sarcastic and embittered, refusing to join in the festivities and endures much taunting from children outside his house, to which he retaliates by shooting one with an arrow.

Melchett arrives and offers Blackadder a potato, the last having just been discovered by Raleigh on his voyages; Melchett plans to smoke his. Blackadder declines, scoffing that "people will be eating them next". At the court, Raleigh's tales of discovery greatly impress the Queen. Blackadder attempts to upstage him by declaring his intention to circumnavigate the Cape of Good Hope, a journey Raleigh believes is impossible, stating that sailors do not count it as part of the "Seven Seas" owing to its treacherousness. Blackadder enquires of Raleigh which sailor would be insane enough to captain such a voyage, and is told where to find Captain Redbeard Rum.

Rum (Tom Baker) is insane, legless, and has no navigation skills whatsoever. Nursie however, is quite taken with him, and agrees to marry him once he returns. Once their journey starts, Rum admits that he does not know the way to the Cape of Good Hope, and intended to resort to his usual trick of circling the Isle of Wight until everybody gets dizzy. Blackadder then reveals that his actual plan is to go to France for a few months, then go back home and falsely claim to have sailed to the Cape of Good Hope. Unfortunately, they soon run into a serious problem; Rum does not know how to get to France either, and in fact does not know how to navigate at all.

Utterly lost, they run out of food and water and are reduced to drinking their own urine (joining Rum, who's been swigging his with abandon even before the water ran out) when their ship runs aground on a tropical island with lava streams, mangroves and cannibalistic natives.

Two years later, they somehow land back in Britain, but are greeted by a Queenie distinctly fed up of explorers, having spared Raleigh execution only because he "blubbed on his way to the block". After breaking the news to Nursie that her beloved Rum had been eaten by the savage natives, they give her his beard as a memento. Blackadder offers Queenie a stick that, when thrown away, comes back. She is displeased until she witnesses an offhanded throw of the boomerang return and strike Percy in the back of the head. Having been commanded to also present Melchett and Raleigh with a gift, Blackadder offers a bottle of "fine wine", which Blackadder states is in inexhaustible supply (seeing as how it is actually Baldrick's urine).

Cast

Lord Edmund Blackadder
Lord Percy Percy
Baldrick
Queen Elizabeth I

Lord Melchett
Nursie
Captain Rum
Sir Walter Raleigh

Black Adder 11 - Potato

[Blackadder's house. Enter Percy wearing a matching red outfit and hat - with antlers. The outfit is covered in bells which ring as he walks. Sounds of a celebration are heard outside]

Percy: Coming?

Blackadder: Nope [offhandedly closing door on Percy]

Percy: [re-entering] It will be a once in a lifetime experience.

Blackadder: No it won't [closing the door with his foot. Percy makes a "wauh" noise as he is shoved out]

Percy: [entering again, holding his nose] Everybody's going.

Blackadder: Don't exaggerate, Percy. I'm not going, Mrs. Miggins from the pie shop isn't going...

Percy: Oh, my lord, you are cruel; you know perfectly well that Mrs. Miggins is bedridden from the nose down [postures, with his hand on his hip] And besides, she is honoring the occasion in her own special way by baking a great commemorative pie, in the shape of an enormous pie!

Blackadder: What an imagination that woman has. [The crowd's cheering swells outside]

Percy: Oh, come on Edmund! The greatest explorer of our age is coming home. The streets have never been so gay! Women are laughing, children are singing... Oh look! [pointing out the window] there's a man being indecently assaulted by nine foreign sailors, and he's still got a smile on his face!

Blackadder: Look, Percy, the return of Sir Walter "Ooh what a big ship I've got" Raleigh is a matter of supreme indifference to me.

Percy: [leaning in towards him] Look, if you're not careful, all the children will dance about outside your window, singing "sourpuss" and "grumpy face", and you wouldn't want that, now would you?

Blackadder: I believe I could survive it. Now, Percy, will you get out before I cut off your head, scoop out the insides, and give it to your mother as a vase?! [goes over to Percy, and, dragging him by his antlers, throws him out again. Slams door] What a clot. The most absurdly dressed creature in Christendom [enter Baldrick, wearing a "dung-gatherer's"

version of same. The hat is brown with branches sticking off the top] (Pauses) With one exception.

Baldrick: [looking up at him] My lord?

Blackadder: Baldrick, you look like a deer.

Baldrick: Thank you my lord. You look a bit of a ducky yourself.

Blackadder: Oh God. [in disgust] What do you want?

Baldrick: Well, I was wondering if I might have the afternoon off?

Blackadder: Of course not; who do you think you are, Watt Tyler?
You can have the afternoon off when you DIE, not before.

Baldrick: But I want to cheer brave Sir Walter home. Oh, dear sir, on a day like today I feel proud to be a member of the greatest kingdom in the world.

Blackadder: And doubtless many other members of the animal kingdom feel the same way but - [crowd cheering rises again.
Blackadder gestures threateningly at the window]
Look, will you shut up?! Bloody explorers, ponce off to mumbo-jumbo-land, come home with a tropical disease, a suntan and a bag of brown lumpy things, and, Bob's your uncle, everyone's got a picture of them in the lavatory. I mean, what about the people that do all the work?

Baldrick: The servants.

Blackadder: No, me; *I'm* the people who do all the work. I mean *look* at this! [goes to a table at the side of the room and picks up a small brown thing and holds it up] *What* is it?

Baldrick: Oh, I'm surprised you've forgotten, my lord.

Blackadder: I haven't forgotten; it's a rhetorical question.

Baldrick: [looking at him] No, it's a potato.

Blackadder: To you it's a potato, to me it's a potato. But to Sir Walter Bloody Raleigh it's country estates, fine carriages, and as many girls as his tongue can cope with. He's making a fortune out of the things; people are smoking them, building houses out of them... They'll be eating them next. [shoves it into Baldrick's chest; Baldrick takes it and looks at it]

Baldrick: Stranger things have happened.

Blackadder: Oh, exactly.

Baldrick: [continues] That horse becoming Pope.

Blackadder: The what? [Someone knocks on the door and Baldrick goes to answer it] Oh God. Probably some birk with a parrot on his shoulder selling plaster gnomes of Sir Francis Drake and his Golden beHind [A child is heard outside singing "sourpuss, grumpy face, sourpuss, grumpy face..." [Miranda Richardson, actually]. Edmund pulls out a bow, nocks an arrow and shoots. The singing stops with an abrupt "aah! Mummy..."] [Edmund shouts out the window] And another thing: why aren't you at school?

[Melchett, followed by Baldrick comes in the room]

Melchett: Blackadder, started talking to yourself I see.

Blackadder: [Turning away from the window] Yes, it's the only way I can be sure of intelligent conversation. What do you want?

Melchett: Well I just looked in on my way to the palace to welcome Sir Walter home; I wondered if you cared to accompany me.

Blackadder: I don't think I'll bother, actually; three hours of bluff seaman's talk about picking the weevils out of biscuits and drinking urine is not my idea of a good time.

Melchett: As you wish. [To Baldrick] Servant, my hat. [Baldrick leaves. Melchett holds out a box toward Blackadder] Potato?

Blackadder: Thanks, I don't. [Melchett takes a bite of one]. I see you haven't succumbed to this fad of dressing up like half an allotment in Nottingham Forest. [Baldrick enters carrying Melchett's hat]

Baldrick: There you go, my lord [hands Melchett his hat. It is decorated with not only antlers but feathers as well]

Blackadder: -You have.

Melchett: It's probably just as well you're not coming, Blackadder, you're not very popular at court at the moment, and the Queen and I have- [Blackadder interrupts him]

Blackadder: -Yes, well I can probably leave this 'til tomorrow in fact. [over Melchett's protests "you needn't bother"]. No, no, I'll come with you; obviously the Queen and I will be the only ones even *vaguely* sensibly dressed. [follows Melchett out and slams the door behind him]

[cut to the Queen, who is wearing an eyepatch and a special matching crown(?). A knock is heard at the door]

Queen: Who is it?

Melchett: Melchy, Lady. [He tries to open the door]

Queen: [keeping door closed with her hand] -But soft! Close your eyes! [She runs back to throne next to Nursie] Now enter! [He enters, hand draped melodramatically over eyes. Queen says:] Ahoy there, me shivering matey, heave-ho! [Seats herself]. Right, open your eyes.

Melchett: Thank you, Majesty. And- [bows slightly, pretends to look around in puzzlement]

Queen: [smiling widely but playing the innocent] Why, what's the matter, Melchy?

Melchett: Well, I beg your pardon, my Lady. I was wanting to greet the gallant sailor who halloooed me as I came in [Queen squeals with delight] Perchance he has hauled anchor and sailed away. [Edmund is looking disgusted in the background]

Queen: [slyly] No- it was me!

Melchett: Majesty! Surely not!

Blackadder: You utter creep. [Melchett gives him a condescending look and moves out of his way so the Queen can greet Edmund] So. Where's this barnacle-bottomed, haddock-flavored, bilge-rat Sir rather-a-wally Raleigh then? I hear he's about as exciting as one of his potatoes.

Queen: Blackadder's a frightful old lubber, eh Melchy?

Melchett: Well indubitably no sea-dog, Ma'am. With a Yo-ho-ho and perhaps, I might venture, a bottle of rum into the bargain?

[A high whistle sounds, like the now-hear-this in ST:TOS]

Queen: It's him! Oh God, [picks up a hand mirror] do I look absolutely divine and regal and yet at the same time very pretty and rather accessible?

Melchett: [bowing] You are every jolly jacktar's dream, Majesty.

Queen: I thought as much. If he's really gorgeous, I'm thinking of marrying him.

Blackadder: Ma'am, is that not a little rash?

Queen: I don't think so.

Nursie: It wouldn't be your first little rash if it was.

[The whistle sounds again and Sir Walter enters with a flourish and bows deeply and elaborately. They all applaud him for his feats. Sir Walter is played by Simon Jones, of "Arthur Dent" fame. As if I have to tell you]

Sir Walter: Majesty! [he sings out]

Queen: Splice me timbers, Sir Walter, it's bucko to see you, old matey!

Sir Walter: I'm sorry?

Blackadder: [caustically] She says hello.

Sir Walter: And well she might, for I have bought her gifts and dominions beyond her wildest dreams [taking off his hat and bowing with a flourish again]

Queen: Are you sure? I have some pretty wild dreams, you know... I'm not sure what they mean, but the other day there was this enormous tree, and I was sitting right on top of it-

Melchett: [warningly] Ma'am

Queen: And then I dreamt once that I was a sausage roll-

Melchett: Majesty-

Queen: Sorry! So excited! Don't know what I'm saying. Oh- come on, Sir Walter, I want to hear about absolutely everything!

Sir Walter: [launches into storytelling mode] Then, prepare to hear tales of terrible hardship, endurance and woe. [All settle] We set sail from Plymouth in the spring of 1552 [Edmund yawns quite audibly]

Queen: [disparagingly] You remember Lord Blackadder...

Sir Walter: [Nods] No. But I can see he is the sort of pasty landlubber I have always despised [All laugh except Edmund].

Queen: Well, quite. [Angrily] Don't crowd Sir Walter, Edmund.

Sir Walter: [continues] Twice, last week, I fought in hand to hand combat with a man with two heads and no body hair.

I'll warrant, the most exciting thing that has happened to that limpid prawn in a whole year, was the day his servant forgot to put sugar in his porridge [Edmund smiles tensely as they all laugh at him]

Queen: [to Sir Walter] Gosh, you've got nice legs.

Sir Walter: [continuing on as if he hasn't heard] While I hold the six seas of the world in my hand, he couldn't even put six gob-stoppers in his mouth! [all laugh]

Queen: He's a complete no-hoper, isn't he, Walt?

Sir Walter: He certainly is. [more laughing. Queen stops and says:]

Queen: My bedroom's just upstairs, you know.

Melchett: I had heard, Sir Walter, that there were only[sic] seven seas.

Sir Walter: Ah, only numerically speaking. We sailors do not count the sea around the Cape of Good Hope. It is called the Sea of Certain Death, and no sailor has crossed it alive.

Edmund: [butts in] Well, well, well, what an extraordinary coincidence.

Queen: What's an extraordinary coincidence? [not caring]

Edmund: Oh, it's just I was planning a jaunt around the Cape of Good Hope, myself. I'm leaving a week on Thursday, I think.
[Queen: "Really?"] Yes, and now that, erm - Sorry, I've forgotten your name- has returned and the whole court smells of fish, I've half a mind to set off this afternoon.

Sir Walter: If you attempt that journey, you've no mind at all.

Edmund: Or perhaps a mind that knows no fear.

Queen: Is that true, Edmund? Do you know no fear?

Edmund: Well, yes, I do rather laugh in the face of fear, tweak the nose of terror.

Queen: Gosh, Edmund, I'd forgotten how dishy you are.

Sir Walter: You'd never dare. Why, 'round the Cape, the rain beats down so hard it makes your head bleed!

Edmund: So, some sort of hat is probably in order.

Sir Walter: And great dragons leap from the water and swallow ships whole!

Edmund: -I must remember to pack the larger of my two shrimping nets.

Queen: Edmund, you are completely wonderful. If you do this, I'll probably marry you [All leave Sir Walter's side and go flank Blackadder]

Sir Walter: Oh yes? And who will be your captain? Hmph! To my mind, there is only one seafarer with few enough marbles to attempt that journey.

Edmund: Ah yes, and who is that?

Sir Walter: Why, Rum, of course. Captain Redbeard Rum.

Edmund: Well done. Just testing. And where would I find him on a Tuesday?

Sir Walter: Well, if I remember his habits, he's usually up the Old Sea Dog.

Edmund: Ah yes, and where is the Old Sea Dog?

Sir Walter: Well, on Tuesdays he's normally in bed with the Captain.

[cut to a table in a dark room. Rum [Tom Baker, but I needn't tell you that] is sitting with his back against a wall]

Rum: Aaaaaahrrrrr Aaaaaahrrrrr Aaaaaaaaahrrrrr. Me laddy.

Blackadder: Ah-haah-ah, indeed. So, Rum, I wish to hire you and your ship. Can we shake on it? [holds out hand]

Rum: aah-ahhh! [strokes his hand] You have a woman's hand, milord! I'll wager these dainty pinkies never weighed anchor in a storm.

Blackadder: Well, you're right there.

Rum: Ha ha ha. -Aah! Your skin milord. I'll wager it ne'er felt the lash of a cat ['o' nine tails], been rubbed with salt, and then flayed off by a pirate chief to make fine stockings for his best cabin boy.

Blackadder: How canny, I don't know how you do it, but you're right again.

Rum: Why should I let a stupid cockerel like you aboard me boat?

Blackadder: Perhaps for the money in my purse [holding it up]

Rum: Ha. -Aah! You have a woman's purse! [takes it from him and examines it daintily] I'll wager that purse has never been used as a rowing-boat. I'll wager it's never had sixteen shipwrecked mariners tossing in it.

Blackadder: Yes, right again, Rum. I must say when it comes to tales of courage I'm going to have to keep my mouth shut.

Rum: Oh! You have a woman's mouth, milord! I'll wager that mouth never had to chew through the side of a ship to escape the dreadful spindly killer fish.

Blackadder: I must say, when I came to see you, I had no idea I was going to have to eat your ship as well as hire it. And since you're clearly as mad as a mongoose I'll bid you farewell [gets up]

Rum: Aaah, courtiers to the Queen, you're nothing but lapdogs to a slip of a girl.

Blackadder: Better a "lapdog to a slip of a girl", than a... Git.

Rum: So you do have some spunk in you! Don't worry, laddie, I'll come, I'll come [holds out his hand]

Blackadder: Well, let us set sail as soon as we can. [they shake] I will fetch my first mate, and then I'll return as fast as my legs will carry me.

Rum: Ah! [pointing] You have a woman's legs, my lord! I'll wager those are legs that have never been sliced clean off by a falling sail, and swept into the sea before your very eyes.

Blackadder: [crossly] Well, neither have yours.

Rum: That's where you're wrong [throws aside table showing his lack of legs]

Blackadder: Oh my God!

Rum: No point in changing your mind now; no one else will come. The whole thing's suicide anyway. What's the first mate's name?

Blackadder: Percy.

Rum: A nautical cove?

Blackadder: Yes! Well... He's a sort of wet fish.

[cut to Percy and Baldrick in a room. Baldrick is folding what appear to be sheets. Perhaps they are sails]

Percy: [Petulantly]. I'm not coming. I'm just not coming. I mean, of course I'm very *keen* to go on the trip, it's just... unfortunately, uh... I've got an appointment.... to have my nostrils plucked... next year.

Baldrick: Oh, I'm sorry, my lord. I thought it was because you were a complete coward.

Percy: [sounding nervous] Don't be ridiculous, Baldrick... You know me, I mean... I- laugh in the face of fear, and- tweak the nose- of the- dreadful spindly killer fish. I'm not one of your milksops who's scared out of his mind by the mere sight of water. Gah! [backs away in fear as Baldrick holds out a goblet of water to his face] Yes, all right, I admit it, I admit it, I'm terrified! You see, Baldrick, when I was a baby, I was savaged by a turbot [flounder]. Oh, Baldrick, you can't think of a plan to get me out of this, can you?

Baldrick: Uh, you can hide, my lord.

Percy: Hide. Brilliant! Where? [They look around the room. The trunk the sheet came from is standing invitingly wide open]

Baldrick: Um... [After a few minutes, Baldrick finally sees the box] In the box!

Percy: Which one?! [Figures it out]. Ah - perfect! [Gets in the box] Let's practice. All right, Edmund comes in and says, "Hello, Baldrick. You haven't seen Percy, have you?" And you say...

Baldrick: Uh. [Thinks hard] No, my lord, I haven't seen him all day.

Percy: Brilliant! [They hear a door slam] Oh my God, here he comes! [Baldrick helps close the box lid on top of him]

[Enter Blackadder. Baldrick is standing conspicuously in the middle of the room next to the box]

Blackadder: Oh, hello, Balders. Where the hell's that cretin Percy; you haven't seen him, have you? [Baldrick can't remember what he was supposed to say. He thinks about it. Finally, with an air of blustery triumph, he says]

Baldrick: Yes, my lord! He's hiding on the box!

Blackadder: [eyeing the box] Come on, jellybrain. Hurry up, otherwise we'll miss the tide! [kicks the box, in the manner of, "is there anybody home?!"]

["Oh, Edmund, I'm SO proud," we hear the pleased voice of the Queen, "You're just my complete hero! Oh dear! I'm going all gooey now." We see that Edmund has come to say goodbye and the Queen has greeted him from her throne.]

Blackadder: Ma'am, I move that if during my journey I could believe that occasionally you did spare me a thought and, perhaps, go gooey again, I would deem my certain death a minor inconvenience. [Melchett makes a face as if something smells]

Queen: [gushy] Oh Ned... [proudly] I've written a poem!

Blackadder: Madam, I'm honored!

Queen: [Opens a folded piece of paper, clears throat].

When the night is dark,
and the dogs go bark;
When the clouds are black,
and the ducks go- quack;
[Melchy and Raleigh nod appreciatively]
When the sky is blue,
and the cows go- moo;
["Oh, yes" Melchett smarms]
Think of lovely Queenie;
She'll be thinking of you.

[Melchy and Raleigh mumble appreciations and applaud.
The Queen continues:]

It's called, "Edmund." Shakespeare gave me a hand with the title, but the rest is all my own work!

Nursie: Tush and fie, my tiddly. You didn't always make such pretty speeches [Queen makes yawning noises]
'Tis but the twinkling of a toe since you could say nothing but, "Lizzie go plop, plop; Lizzie go plop, plop--"

Queen: -[crossly] Oh, put a bung in it, Nursie. Now! I am sure Melchy and, uh- [pauses] Wally, want to say something as well.

"Wally": Oh, yes indeed! [Crosses over gleefully to Edmund, and says with audible satisfaction] Goodbye, Blackadder. I'd say "Bon Voyage," but there's no point. You'll be dead in three months. [Pats him patronizingly on the shoulder]

Blackadder: [equally patronizingly] I love you, Walter, I hope you know that

[Melchett steps up to Blackadder]

Melchett: Farewell, Blackadder [hands him a parchment]. The foremost cartographers of the land have prepared this for you; it's a map of the area that you'll be traversing. [Blackadder opens it up and sees it is blank] -They'll be very grateful if you could just fill it in as you go along. Bye-bye.

[A hearty "arr-arr" is heard in the background]

Queen: What's that? [Baldrick wheels Rum in on a wooden cart]

Rum: To ?Tilbury? me hearties! The wind is in the sails, the oars are in the locks! And we must awaaayyy! [Gestures grandly with his hands]

Blackadder: Lady, it is my captain. Long on beard, short on legs.

Queen: Oh, Captain. I wish you luck, from the bottom of my heart.

Rum: [Booming] You have a woman's bottom, my Lady! [Gets wheeled over to her]. I'll wager that sweet round pair of peaches has never been forced 'twixt two splintered planks, to plug a leak and save a ship!

Queen: Certainly hasn't, and I'm quite pleased about it! Anyway, what's wrong with women's bottoms?

Rum: Not big enough, Ma'am.

Nursie: [Makes a noise of excitement] *Mine* might be!

Rum: In that case, my little puddin' of delight, let's beat about the bush no longer. I know I'm only a bluff old cove with no legs and a beard you could lose a badger in, but if you'll take me, I'm willing to be captain of your ship, forever! What do you say?

Nursie: [so thrilled she doesn't know what to do with herself] Yes, please!

Rum: [As Baldrick wheels him out] I'll be back! We'll all be back!

Queen: Edmund, then, this is it. Oh! [air-kisses his cheeks in a fake show of affection, then gets brisk and "motherly"] Have you got clean underwear? And don't eat foreign food. And watch out for strange men, and discover me a country, and bring me back a vegetable, and -oh- everything!

Blackadder: Madam! I shall do all I can. Farewell! [He closes the doors behind them, then comes back] And- don't wait up. [Leaves again]

Queen: [looking gushy, and probably covering Raleigh's missing his cue] Gosh.

Sir Walter: Well! That's the last we'll see of him. In three months' time he'll be dead as a [pauses and thinks] dead dodo.

Queen: Oh, Sir Walter, Really! [Melchett thinks the pun was intentional and brays appreciatively]

[The scene changes and we are on the ship with Blackadder and company. Rum, then Blackadder, then Baldrick take turns "aaarr"- and "aaaha"-ing like pirates. All look expectantly at Percy but he does not follow suit]

Blackadder: Not joining us in the "ha-ha"s, Percy?

Percy: [With visible disdain] No! [valiantly] I'm thinking of England and the girl I left behind me.

Blackadder: [annoyed] Oh, God; I didn't know you had a girl.

Percy: [getting all dreamy] Oh, yes. Lady Caroline Fairfax.

Blackadder: [surprised] Caroline! I didn't know you knew her.

Percy: Oh, yes! I even touched her once.

Blackadder: [puzzled] Touched her what?

Percy: Uh, once. In the corridor.

Blackadder: I've never heard it called *that* before [pauses and reflects]. Here- when you get home in six months, you'll be a hero. She might even let you get your hands on her twice.

Percy: I fear not.

Blackadder: Why not?

Percy: Because we'll never get home. We're doomed, doomed! Condemned to a watery grave with a captain who's legless-

Rum: Rubbish! I've hardly touched a drop!

Percy: -No, no. I mean you haven't got any legs.

Rum: Oh, yes, you're right there. Carry on, sorry.

Percy: [Moans wordlessly] We've got no hope. No hope of ever returning.

Blackadder: On the contrary, we are certain to return!

Percy: What?!

Blackadder: Because, me old sods, we are not going to the Cape of Good Hope at all.

All: WHAT?!!

Blackadder: We are in fact going - to France!

All: FRANCE!!!! [Percy gets to his feet with the shock of the news]

Percy: But, Edmund, surely France has already been discovered. [points at him] By the French for a start.

Blackadder: Well, precisely; it's a trick. We just camp down in the ?Dardennes? for six months, get a good suntan, come home, pretend we've been 'round the Cape, and get all the glory.

Percy and
Baldrick: Hooray!

Rum: A masterly plan, me young master. And one that leads me to make an announcement meself.

Blackadder: What's that, Rum?

Rum: Truth is, I don't know the way to the Cape of Good Hope anyway.

Blackadder: Well, what were you going to do?

Rum: Oh, what I usually do. Sail 'round and 'round the Isle of Wight 'til everyone gets dizzy. Then head for home.

Blackadder: You old rascal. Still, who cares; the day after tomorrow we shall be in Calais. Captain, [stands and raises his glass] set sail for France!

[All save Rum raise their glasses and toast, then yell, "Hooray!"]

(The Day After
The Day After Tomorrow) – quick blackout – change positions

[The four are still sitting in the ship's galley, only looking dejected instead of spirited]

Blackadder: So. You Don't Know The Way To France, Either.

Rum: No! I must confess that, too.

Blackadder: [turns toward Percy and Baldrick as if he is going to announce his revised plan, and says:] Bugger!

[slight change of scene: Rum, Blackadder, Baldrick and Percy are sitting around a table in the galley, ostensibly arguing about their plight. Tom Baker can be clearly distinguished above the rest yelling "Rhubarb rhubarb rhubarb!" while the rest are actually talking in a way that their characters might]

Edmund: Look, there's no need to panic. Someone in the crew will know how to steer this thing.

Rum: The crew, milord?

Edmund: Yes, the crew.

Rum: What crew?

Edmund: I was under the impression that it was common maritime practice for a ship to have a crew.

Rum: Opinion is divided on the subject.

Edmund: Oh, really? [starting to get the picture]

Rum: Yahs. All the other captains say it is; I say it isn't.

Edmund: Oh, God; Mad as a brush.

[slight scene change: Edmund is passed out or sleeping at the galley table. A knock comes at the door]

Edmund: Enter. [Baldrick and Percy come in, carrying bottles. Edmund sits up and we see he that his face is tired and drawn] So soon?

Percy: You said today. [They set the bottles on the table]

Edmund: Yes, well, I'm not feeling very thirsty at the moment. I had an egg-cup full of stagnant water three weeks ago... Oh all right, come on, let's get on with it. [He stands up]

Baldrick: Should we drink each other's or stick to our own?

Edmund: Is Captain Rum joining us for this bring-a-sample party, or is he going to sit this one out?

Percy: Oh no, he's been swigging his for ages. He says he likes it. Actually, come to think of it, he started before the water ran out.

Edmund: Oh, God. [Resigned] Well, let's get on with it.

[Caption appears,

"Ten Minutes Later"

Then, we see the three of them with their backs to the camera and their hands apparently in front of them]

Edmund: It's always the same, isn't it; you get all keyed up and then you can't go.

Baldrick: I've done two bottles [He turns around and places two full bottles on the table]

Blackadder: All right, then; pour it out. [Laments] That it should come to this, drinking Baldrick's water. [He holds out a mug and Baldrick begins to pour]

Baldrick: Say when. [Blackadder says "When" almost immediately. Baldrick clinks bottles with Percy, in a toast, "Down the hatch". They raise the glasses and are about to drink]

Rum[offscreen]: Land Ahoy! [They stagger as the ship hits something]

Blackadder: Ah! France at last!

Rum: [pops his head in the galley window] No, me young master. Through fair winds and fine seamanship, our vessel is once more edged up on the shores of Old Blightey.

All: Hooray!

Rum: By lucky chance, we have landed at Southampton dock.

All: Hooray!

Rum: Fare thee well. The last one up the old sea dog gets a lick of the cat! [He disappears again, and Baldrick goes to the window and looks out]

Baldrick: Don't look much like Southampton to me, my lord.

Blackadder: What?

Baldrick: Well, those streams of molten lava and that steamy mangrove swamp. [Blackadder and Percy begin to look worried, and cross over to the window to look] And that crowd of beckoning natives rubbing their tummies and pointing to a large pot.

Blackadder: [rolling eyes] Oh, God.

Queens Court

Queen: He's only been gone three days and I am missing him already.

Raleigh: [smarmily] Well, perhaps Ma'am, I could amuse you still further with tales of my adventures.

Queen: [menacingly] Like what?

Raleigh: Perhaps you would like to hear the one about the mad pirate king, whose crew consisted entirely of men called Roger.

Queen: [bored] Heard it.

Raleigh: Oh. Maybe I could distract you with the tale of the time I fell into the water and was almost eaten by a hammerhead shark.

Queen: Yes. All right, try that one.

Raleigh: Well, Ma'am. [with a flourish] I fell into the water. [pauses for suspense] and was almost eaten by a shark... And the funny thing is, its head was almost exactly the same shape as a hammer!

Queen: [extremely annoyed] Ooh, God! You'd better come up with some presents, or I'm going to go off explorers completely!

Raleigh: Ma'am?

Queen: I'll tell you something else. Edmund was right. You do smell of fish. Pooley! [leaves in a huff]

[The scene blanks out and a caption appears:

"Six Months Later"

Melchett carries a rolled up parchment which he presents to the Queen]

Melchett: Here is Sir Walter Raleigh's death warrant for your signature, Majesty.

Queen: [with quill pen at the ready] Oh. Good. Any news of Edmund, it's been six months?

Melchett: [smugly] Well, Madam, if they're on course, they should be nearing the urine-drinking stage by now.

Queen: Don't be horrid, Melchy. Edmund would rather die!

Melchett: I fear that may be wishful thinking, Majesty. [He blows the ink dry on Raleigh's death warrant]

Then we see a very disgruntled Raleigh wearing a dunce's outfit, with the Queen throwing rings at his cap, and Melchett and Nursie looking on]

Queen: Two years it's been! Where are they now?

Melchett: Well, Madam, if they haven't been eaten by cannibals, they should be back any minute now.

[The door bursts open and Blackadder, Percy and Baldrick make their entrance, bowing to the Queen]

Edmund: Ma'am!

Queen: [shrieks] Edmund! You're alive!

Edmund: [patronizingly, as if to shrug it off] Oh, yes.

Queen: And your silly friend.

Percy: Lord Percy, Ma'am [bowing again].

Queen: And your monkey!

Baldrick: [bowing] Your Majesty.

Queen: But where is Captain Rum?

Blackadder: Uh, bad news, my Lady; Rum is dead. [Nursie screws her face up and starts to cry]

Percy: Do not despair, good woman. He died a hero's death: giving his life that his friends might live.

Blackadder: And that his enemies might have something to go with their potatoes.

Nursie: You mean they put him in the pot?

Blackadder: Yes, your fiance was only a third-rate sailor, but a first-rate second course. [Nursie starts sobbing again] However, we did manage to save something of him as a memento. [reaches in a large sack they brought in with them, takes out Rum's beard, and presents it to Nursie] There.

Nursie: Oh, my lucky stars; I shall wear it always, to remind me of him [she puts it on].

Blackadder: However, Ma'am, I am now returned, and my mind cannot help remembering talk of wedding bells.

Queen: No, I am completely bored with explorers! And if you haven't brought me any presents, I'm going to have you executed!

Blackadder: Ma'am?

Queen: I only let Raleigh off because he blubbed on his way to the block. Presents, please!

Blackadder: Ah yes, Ma'am. [he backs away, clearly trying to think of a plan] Um, yes. Well, there was one thing, Ma'am, a most extraordinary gift from the island paradise we visited.

Queen: Hurry up!!

Blackadder: [reaches into a sack Percy is holding and draws out a boomerang and hands it to her].

Queen: What is it?

Melchett: A stick.

Queen: [threateningly] Is it a stick,, Lord Blackadder?

Blackadder: Ah yes, Ma'am, but it is a very special stick. Because when you throw it away, it comes back!

Queen: Well, that's no good, is it; because when *I* throw things away, I don't *want* them to come back!! [turns to Percy] YOU!! Get rid of it!

Percy: Certainly, Ma'am [meekly takes it from her and tosses it behind him]

Queen: What else have you brought?

Blackadder: Um, yes, well, there was very little time what with picking the weevils out of biscuits and-

Queen: -Melchy, what did I do with that spare death warrant?

[The boomerang comes back and hits Percy on the head, knocking him down. The Queen changes her mind on the stick]

Queen: Oh, Edmund, it's wonderful! But what about Melchy and Raleigh? You must have brought something for them as well. [Edmund clears his throat trying to think of something] -Nursie's got her beard, I've got my stick; what about the two boys?

Blackadder: [stalling as he turns toward Baldrick and looks into the sack] Um, yes, well. [Baldrick puts his hand on Blackadder's arm and they turn slightly, allowing Baldrick to retrieve something from a satchel at his side] There was one thing, Ma'am...

Queen: good...

[Baldrick pulls out one of the bottles he filled on the ship and hands it to Edmund, so that it looks as though Edmund has taken it out of the sack that he supposedly brought "presents" in]

Blackadder: ...A fine wine! [Holds the bottle aloft for all to see] A most delicious beverage! [He uncorks the bottle and pours out two tankards for Melchett and Raleigh]

Queen: Have a taste, boys, and tell us what you think!

[Baldrick hands them the tankards and they "sniff the bouquet" and fall over each other trying to praise it to the Queen]

Raleigh: Oh, it certainly has plenty of nose!

Melchett: Oh yes, this is very familiar.

Blackadder: I'm sure you'll be glad to hear [turns and looks at Baldrick] that there is an inexhaustible supply!

----- END -----

Black Adder 11

Money Plot

Blackadder owes £1,000 to the baby-eating Bishop of Bath and Wells, who threatens to sodomise him with a hot poker if he does not pay. Blackadder tries unsuccessfully to blackmail the Bishop. Blackadder has only £85, which he loses when the Queen wins a bet about him with Lord Melchett.

Blackadder and Baldrick then try prostitution but only manage to get sixpence from a sailor named Arthur, which the Queen also takes. Lord Percy tries to make them money by alchemy, without success, only producing a green substance, which he seems convinced is valuable. Blackadder manages to bully a couple into buying his house for £1,100, but is again tricked out of the money by the Queen.

Finally, as Blackadder is visited by the Bishop for failing to repay his debt, Blackadder drugs the Bishop and has a painting made of him in a highly compromising position. He uses this to successfully blackmail the Bishop into writing off the debt and giving him enough money to buy back his house and live in comfort. The Bishop is impressed by his treachery but asks who the other figure in the painting is, at which point Blackadder reveals Percy.

Cast

Lord Edmund Blackadder

Lord Percy Percy

Baldrick

Queen Elizabeth I

Lord Melchett

Nursie

Bishop of Bath and Wells

Mollie

Mrs. Pants

Arthur the Sailor

Mad Beggar

Leonardo Acropolis

Messenger

Mr. Pants

Black Adder 11 Money

[In Edmund's bedroom, Edmund is asleep. Beside his head is a pair of feet. The owner of the feet is named Mollie.]

[knock at door]

Edmund: Go away.

Baldrick: (standing at open doorway) My Lord, there is someone at the door to see you.

Edmund: (wearily) Oh god. What time is it?

Baldrick: Four o'clock.

Edmund: Baldrick, I've told you before: you mustn't let me sleep all day; this woman charges by the hour.

Baldrick: No, My Lord, it's four o'clock in the morning.

Edmund: Someone wants to see me at four in the morning? What is he, a giant lark?

Baldrick: No, he's a priest.

Edmund: Tell him I'm jewish.

Mollie: (pushing herself out from beneath the covers at the foot of the bed) Aren't you going to introduce me, then?

Edmund: What?

Mollie: Aren't you going to introduce me to your friend?

Edmund: Oh very well, but I think you're making a terrible mistake. Baldrick, I'm delighted to introduce you to ... I'm sorry, I've forgotten your name.

Mollie: Mollie!

Edmund: Of course, Mollie. Baldrick, this is Mollie, a dear friend of mine.

Mollie: I'm not dear. I'm very reasonable actually, Baldrick. Most girls

would charge an extra sixpence for all the horrible things he wants to do.

Edmund: Alright, alright. Baldrick, this is Mollie, an inexpensive prostitute. Mollie, this is Baldrick, a pointless peasant. Now let me get some sleep.

Baldrick: Well, what about this priest?

Edmund: Tell him to take his sacred backside out of here, and what's more, if he comes begging again, tell him I shall report him to the Bishop of Bath and Wells, who drowns babies at their christening and eats them in the vestry afterwards.

Baldrick: Yes, My Lord.

Mollie: (sweetly) Bye, Baldrick!

Baldrick: (just as so) Bye bye, Mollie!

Edmund: Get out; go on! (Baldrick leaves) You're a one, aren't you? When you should be whispering sweet conversational nothings like "Goodness me, something twice the size of the Royal Barge has just hoveled into view between the sheets," you don't say a word, but enter the Creature From The Black Latrine and you won't stop jabbering.

Mollie: He was treating me like a human being.

Edmund: Look, if I had wanted a lecture on the rights of Man, I would have gone to bed with Martin Luther.

[Baldrick flies through the door, literally, and remains lying on the floor with door fragments.]

Edmund: (he had just put his head down, and remains so with his eyes closed) Yes, what is it, Baldrick?

Baldrick: It's that priest. He says he still wants to see you.

Edmund: And did you mention the baby-eating Bishop of Bath and Wells?

Baldrick: I did, My Lord.

Edmund: And what did he say?

Bishop: (enters; shouts) He said, "I *am* the baby-eating Bishop of Bath and Wells!"

Edmund: (sits up with a start) Good lord!

Bishop: You haven't any children, have you, Blackadder.

Edmund: No, no, I'm not married.

Bishop: In that case, I'll skip breakfast and get straight down to business.
Do you know what day it is today?

Edmund: Er...

Bishop: It was exactly one year ago to the day that the Bank of the Black Monks of St. Herod -- "Banking with a smile and a stab" -- of which I am the assistant manager, lent you one thousand pounds. (kneels down to be face-to-face with Edmund, who begins cowering) Our motto is "Repayment or Revenge."

Edmund: Of course, and naturally I'd have paid you back, but -- and this is the real bugger -- I've gone and lost my wallet. Has that ever happened to you? Disasterous! It had all my things in it: all those little notes saying "Forget ye not" and, of course, all my money!

Bishop: That's no concern of mine. The debt is now due. Failure to pay back a loan is a sin, and we Black Monks, we HATE SIN!

[Bishop lifts up the sheets, revealing that Edmund -- dressed in a brief black loincloth -- is in bed with Mollie.]

Edmund: Ah. Erm, Your Grace, may introduce my mother ... Mother, this is--

Bishop: (recognises Mollie) Good morning, my dear! (sits on the bed) I hope you haven't forgotten our appointment.

Mollie: (sweetly) Of course not, Pumpy!

Bishop: You know, I have a mind, my pretty, to play "Nuns and Novices," so don't forget your wimple.

Mollie: OK!

Bishop: (to Edmund) And, as for you, you come with me.

Edmund: (stands) Where?

Bishop: To visit the last poor fool who (draws his sword) LOST HIS WALLET!
(hits Edmund's bare buttocks with sword; Edmund runs out)

[at graveyard; a mad beggar is dancing around (the same one whom Edmund chases in the final credits of each episode).]

Edmund: (reading over a tombstone) "William Greeves: born 1513 in Chelshood with the love of Christ; died 1563 in ... agony with a spike up his bottom."

Beggar: (comes behind Edmund) Ah! 'Tis ever (in sown uncle?) with the Black Monks! (fondles the tombstone) Oh! Screamed, did he -- scream and gurgle as they skewered his catflap for once of a farthing!

Bishop: I think you get my message.

Edmund: (stands; the beggar grabs onto his leg; he tries to shake him off as he speaks) Erm, yes, yes indeed. But, tell me, Bishop, let me just test the water here, so to speak. Erm, supposing I was to say to you something like, "I'm a close friend of the Queen's, and I think she'd be very interested to hear about you and Mollie and the wimple, so why don't we just call it quits, eh, Fatso?"

Bishop: I would say, firstly, "The Queen would not believe you," and, secondly, (draws a hot poker) "You'll regret calling me `Fatso', later today!"

Edmund: Ah.

Bishop: I will have my money by Evensong tonight or ...
YOUR BOTTOM WILL WISH IT HAD NEVER BEEN BORN!!! (exits)

Beggar: (letting go of Edmund's leg finally, stands) Oh! Poor Tom's cold! Pity poor Tom, for his nose is frozen, and he does shiver, and HE'S MAD! (waving his arms quite dramatically)

Edmund: Oh shut up! (pushes the beggar into an open grave)

(at Edmund's home)

Edmund: So, lads, I'm up a certain creek without a certain instrument. Either I raise a thousand pounds by this evening, or I get murdered. What should I do?

Baldrick: It's obvious.

Edmund: What?

Baldrick: You'll have to get murdered. You'll never raise that sort of money.

Percy: (looks up from his book, waves his handkerchief about, chuckling) Oh, come now, Baldrick. A piffling thousand? Pay the fellow, Edmund, and damn his impudence.

Edmund: I haven't got a thousand, dunghead! I've got 85 quid in the whole world! (holds up a small bag)

Percy: But you're always boasting to the Queen about how wealthy you are.

Edmund: Ah, a cunning web of deceit, subtly spun about the court to improve my standing, unfortunately.

Percy: (stands) What, do you mean you've been ... fibbing?

Edmund: (sits in chair by the door) Yep. My whole life has been a tissue of whoppers. I consider myself one of England's finest liars. (looks out the door) Oh, my god, Percy! A giant hummingbird is about to eat your hat and cloak!

Percy: Oh no! (runs out)

Edmund: (to Baldrick) You see? I'm terrific at it.

Percy: (comes back) It seems to have gone now. Well, couldn't you just dip into the family fortune?

Edmund: There isn't one. My father blew it all on wine, women and amateur dramatics. At the end, he was eking out of a living doing humourous impressions of Anne of Cleves.

Percy: (sympathetic) Oh, Edmund, I am sorry -- I had no idea. But do not despair, for I have some small savings carefully harvested from my weekly allowance, set aside against my frail old age. By lucky haps, it is just over a thousand, methinks, and has for years has been hidden beyond the wit of any thief, in an old sock...

Edmund and Percy: ...under the squeaky floorboard...

Baldrick, Edmund and Percy: ...behind the kitchen dresser.

Percy: (smiles, slightly warily) You've seen it!

Edmund: Seen it, pinched it, spent it. And same goes for the two farthings Baldrick thinks he's got hidden inside that mouldy potato.

Baldrick: Oh, bloody hell!

Percy: Then you are doomed. Alas. For God's sake, let us sit upon the carpet (sits on the floor) and tell sad stories.

Edmund: Certainly not! When Lord Blackadder is in trouble, he does not sit about.

Baldrick: You won't be able to sit about with a spike up your bottom.

Edmund: Well, exactly. (sits at his desk) But still, I've got 85 quid and that's a start. I'm sure I'll think of something, as long as I'm not disturbed.

[a messenger enters]

Messenger: My Lord, the Queen dost demand your urget presence on pain of death.

Edmund: Oh god! The path of my life is strewn with cowpats from the Devil's own Satanic herd!

[Edmund walks briskly up the hall and enters court.]

Edmund: Madam, you sent for me...

Queen: (playing chess with Melchett) Did I? I don't remember. What a naughty scatterbrain I am! (makes a move on the chess board) Zap! (takes off one of Melchett's pieces)

Edmund: Well, perhaps, Ma'am, if I might be allowed to withdraw, I have one or two tiny matters to attend to.

Queen: Certainly.

[Edmund bows, turns, and opens the doors. Melchett, Queen and Nursie break into laughter. Edmund turns back.]

Queen: That was a terrific joke, wasn't it?

Melchett: Oh, magnificent!

Nursie: And so naughty!

Edmund: What, My Lady?

Queen: I do know why I wanted to see you, and I just pretended I didn't, and I fooled you. And it worked brilliantly, didn't it!

Edmund: It was terrific, Madam. I thank God I wore my corset, because I think my sides have split. So why *did* you want to see me?

Queen: To crack the lovely joke.

Melchett: Or perhaps, Blackadder, you don't think the Queen's jokes are

funny enough for you to be troubled with.

Edmund: Au contraire. I'm ecstatic about the whole incident. I only didn't laugh out loud because I was afraid if I did, my head would've fallen off.

Queen: If you don't start soon, your head *will* fall off! (all laugh) Now pay Melchey his 85 pounds and run along.

[Melchett, sitting on the floor, his back to Edmund, holds out his hand.]

Edmund: 85 pounds?

Queen: We had a bet. I said that you wouldn't fall for my trick, and Melchey said you would because I'm so super and you're so stupid. So you owe him 85 pounds.

Edmund: Fine, fine. I mean, it's only money, isn't it! (gives it to Melchett)

[Edmund's house, in hallway. Baldrick is sweeping the floor.
Edmund enters.]

Edmund: I can *not* believe it! She drags me all the way from Billingsgate to Richmond to play about the weakest practical joke since Cardinal Woolsey got his knob out at Hampton Court and stood at the end of the passage pretending to be a door.

[Baldrick giggles]

Edmund: Oh, shut up, Baldrick -- you'd laugh at a Shakespeare comedy.

Percy: (rushes out of the living room) Edmund, oh Edmund, I've awaited your return! (hugs him)

Edmund: And thank God you did, for I was just thinking, "My god! I die in 12 hours. What I really need now is a hug from a complete prat!"
(enters the living room)

Percy: But fear not, for I have a plan to save the life of my dear dear friend.

Edmund: Look, I'm not interested in your bloody friends! What about me?

Percy: (giggles) Not bad, Edmund. That's a good one.

Edmund: Oh, alright, then. (sits) What's your big plan, blockhead?

Percy: I intend to discover, this very afternoon, the secret of alchemy --

the hidden art of turning base things into gold.

Edmund: I see, and the fact that this secret has eluded the most intelligent people since the dawn of time doesn't dampen your spirits at all.

Percy: Oh no; I like a challenge! (exits, as Baldrick pours a drink)

Edmund: Well, Balders, I lost the 85 quid. The grave opens up before me like a ... big hole in the ground.

Baldrick: (gives the cup to Edmund) Well, I did have one idea, My Lord, but ... nah, it's stupid, you wouldn't... (turns to leave)

Edmund: What is it?

Baldrick: (turns back) Well, I have heard there's good money to be made down the docks, doing favours for sailors.

Edmund: Favours? What do you mean? Delivering messages, sewing on buttons -
- that kind of thing?

Baldrick: Erm, not quite.

Edmund: (starts to stand) Baldrick!

Baldrick: My Lord?

Edmund: Are you suggesting that I become a rent boy?

Baldrick: Well, good-looking bloke like you, posh accent, nice legs -- you can make a (bomb?). Just stick a pink carnation in your hat and, er, make the old sign.

Edmund: I'd rather die.

Baldrick: Oh, fair enough, that's all right, then. I'll just put the kettle on while we wait, shall I? (turns to leave)

Edmund: (reaches out and grabs Baldrick's shoulder, turning him round)
On second thought, with a slight alteration, your sick and sordid plan might just work.

[at docks, Baldrick is dressed in Edmund's clothes. His hat has a pink carnation in it, and he holds a sign reading "GET -IT- HERE."
He bounces seductively as a burly sailor named Arthur strides up.]

Arthur: Give me a kiss and I'll give you a penny.

Edmund: (comes from round the corner) A penny?!

Arthur: Well, alright then -- tuppence!

Edmund: Oh, all right, go on. (disappears behind the corner)

Arthur: Nothing fancy. Just a peck. I miss my mum, you see. When I a little kid, my mother always used to come up--

Edmund: (appears) Look, get a move on! He's a prostitute, not an agony aunt!

Arthur: Go on, please! Just a little peck on the cheek, and say, "There there, Arthur -- Mummy'll kiss it better, and you shall have a story."

Edmund: Well, I don't know. Do you do requests, Baldrick?

Baldrick: What, kinky stuff? Yeah, I'm game.

Arthur: Oh, go on, please! (crying) I miss my mother so much. I mean, she was like a mother to me!

Edmund: Well, alright, go on, Baldrick. (disappears)

Baldrick: (starts to reach up to Arthur's cheek, but pauses) I've forgotten what I'm supposed to say.

[Arthur cries]

Edmund: (appears, fed up) Get out of the way; I'll do it. (takes the sign) There there, Arthur (*smooch*). Mummy kiss it better, and you shall have a story.

Arthur: (excited) What kind of a story?

Edmund: Well, I don't know ... one about a squirrel, I suppose.

[some time later]

Edmund: ...and then Squirry the Squirrel went...

Arthur and Baldrick: (everyone has their arms around each other) ..."Neep neep neep!" ...

Edmund: ...and they all went home for tea.

Arthur: Ah, thanks very much, me ol' shivering mateys! That was wonderful. (turns to Edmund) Now then, how much do you charge for a good

hard shag?

Edmund: (nervous) A thousand pounds.

Arthur: A thousand pounds? You've got to be joking!

Edmund: Well, I'm sure we could negotiate. (tosses the sign to Baldrick)

[Arthur smiles at Baldrick]

[back at Edmund's house]

Edmund: Right, so we've got sixpence.

Baldrick: Yeah, now all we need to do, My Lord, is to go down the cockfights and put it on a bird that's a dead cert but has got odds of forty thousand to one.

Edmund: Know you of such a bird?

Baldrick: No. But we could make one.

Edmund: No we couldn't, Baldrick. Oh god, I suppose you have to be told sometime. Sit down. What happens is: a mummy bird and a daddy bird who love each other very much get certain urges...

Baldrick: No, no, My Lord. What I mean is: we could get a mad wild killer bull, and disguise it as a bird, but it'll be such a strange-looking bird that no-one will back it, but we'll know it's a killer bull so we'll put money on it.

Edmund: Only we will know.

Baldrick: Yeah -- if we stick enough feathers on it and hang an egg between its legs.

Edmund: Yes, alright, alright, Baldrick. A chat with you and somehow death loses its sting.

Messenger: (enters) My Lord, the Queen dost demand your presence on pain of death.

Edmund: You're not making any friends here, you do know that, don't you, messenger!

[Edmund runs up the hall and enters court.]

Edmund: Madam, you sent for me again.

Queen: Yes, Edmund. I wanted to apologise for the silly trick I played on you.

Edmund: Ah.

Queen: It was naughty and bad of me.

Nursie: It was, my little rosebud. If you weren't quite so big, it'd be time for Mr. and Mrs. Spank to pay a short sharp trip to Bottyland.

Queen: Thank you, Nursie. And thank you, Edmund.

Edmund: That's all...

Queen: Yes. Thanks for coming. (extends her hand to him vertically (to shake))

[Edmund quickly turns and opens the doors; court party cracks up as before.]

Queen: That was very funny too, wasn't it?

Edmund: My Lady?

Queen: Dragging you all the way across town again just to say sorry for dragging you all the way across town the first time! (stops laughing)
It was Melchett's idea. I think it's wonderful, don't you?

Edmund: It's fantastic. Melchett, I prostrate myself at the feet of the world's greatest living comedian. (bows)

Queen: Oh, you are super, Edmund. Oh, Edmund, erm, I promised Lord Melchett that I would play [Sharp?] Halfpenny with him, but we have no coin. Do you have a halfpenny?

Edmund: Unfortunately, only a sixpence, Ma'am. What a shame!

Queen: Oh, no -- a sixpence will do just as well. (holds out her hand)

Edmund: Oh, good! (hands it over)

[back home, Edmund enters the hallway, which is full of smoke]

Edmund: Oh god, this place stinks like a pair of armoured trousers after the Hundred Years War! Baldrick, have you been eating dung again?

Percy: (rushes out the living room, dirtied) My Lord! Success!

Edmund: What?

Percy: (drags Edmund into the living room) After literally an hour's ceaseless searching, I have succeeded in creating gold. PURE GOLD!

Edmund: Are you sure?

Percy: Yes, My Lord! Behold! (uncovers the top; their faces get bathed in green light)

Edmund: Percy, it's green.

Percy: That's right, My Lord.

Edmund: Yes, Percy, I don't want to be pedantic or anything, but the colour of gold is gold -- that's why it's called gold. What you have discovered, if it has a name, is some green.

Percy: (stupefied; picks up the green) Oh, Edmund, can it be true? that I hold here, in my mortal hand, a nugget of purest green?

Edmund: Indeed you do, Percy, except, of course, it's not only a nugget as it is more of a splat.

Percy: Well, yes, a splat today, but tomorrow, who knows? or dares to dream!

Edmund: So we three alone in all the world can create the finest green at will.

Percy: Thus so! (whispers) I'm not sure about counting in Baldrick, actually.

Edmund: Of course, you know what your great discovery means, don't you, Percy.

Percy: (smiles) Perhaps, My Lord.

Edmund: That you, Percy -- Lord Percy -- are an utter berk! Baldrick!

Baldrick: My Lord?

Edmund: Pack my bags; I'm going to sell the house.

Baldrick and Percy: (shocked) What?

Edmund: There's nothing else for it. I mean, I shall miss the old place, I know. I've had some happy times here, when you and Percy have been out. But needs must when the devil vomits into your kettle. Baldrick, go forth into the streets and let it be known that Lord Blackadder wishes to sell his house. Percy, just go forth into the street.

[Later, Edmund shows his place to a couple, Mr. and Mrs. Pants]

Edmund: (coming in) ...and this is the den.

Mrs: (looks around) Ooh, dear.

Edmund: But I have to tell you, Mr. Pants, that I've had an extremely encouraging nibble from another client, and I think you know me well enough to know that I'm not the sort of man to ignore a nibble for long.

Mrs: I noticed some dry rot in the bedrooms, Timothy.

Edmund: Well, Mrs. Pants, dry rot is what dry rot does. (to Mr. Pants) Stop me if I'm getting too technical.

[Mr. Pants starts to speak, but is interrupted.]

Mrs: And the floor (??) is a little uneven.

Edmund: Indeed yes, Madam, and at no extra cost!

Mrs: Strange smell.

Edmund: Yes, that's the servant; he'll be gone.

Mr: You've really worked out your banter, haven't you?

Edmund: No, not really. This is a different thing. It's spontaneous and it's called `wit'.

Mrs: What about the privies?

Edmund: When the master craftsman who created this home was looking at the sewage, he said to himself, "Romeo," -- for 'twas his name -- "Romeo, let's make them functional, and comfortable."

Mr: Oh, well, that seems nice, doesn't it, Dear!

Edmund: I think we understand each other, sir. So it's sold, then. (goes to a pot and pours into a cup) Drink?

Mrs: (insistent for a real answer) What about the privies?

Edmund: (doesn't give away either of the two cups he holds) Well, what we're talking about in, erm, privy terms is the very latest in front-wall, fresh-air orifices, combined with a wide-capacity gutter installation below.

Mrs: You mean you crap out of the window.

Edmund: Yes!

Mrs: Well! In that case, we'll *definitely* take it! (takes a cup from Edmund)
I can't stand those dirty indoor things.

[later, Edmund counts the money]

Edmund: There, that's the lot. He only wanted to pay a thousand, but I managed to beat him up to eleven hundred.

Percy: Oh, Edmund, you wily old trickster, you!

Edmund: Oh, credit where credit's due -- I just named the price; it was Baldrick who actually beat him up.

[Percy nods]

Edmund: Percy, what is that on the front of your tunic?

Percy: Ah! 'tis a brooch, My Lord -- a brooch cunningly fashioned from pure green.

Edmund: It looks like you've sneezed.

Percy: It is with trinkets such as this brooch, and here, a ring, that I intend to revive your fortunes and buy back your house!

Edmund: You think there's a big market for jewelry that looks like snot, then?

Percy: (upset) My Lord!

Edmund: The eyes are open, the mouth moves, but Mr. Brain has long since departed, hasn't he, Perce.

Messenger: (enters) My Lord--

Edmund: Ah, messenger, thank God you came. Percy and I could not have waited another second without you.

[Edmund sprints up the hall and enters court, where the trio is hunched over a war map]

Edmund: Majesty!

Queen: Thank God you've arrived -- terrible news!

Edmund: What?

Melchett: The French intend to invade, Blackadder.

Edmund: My god!

Queen: So I need some money.

[Edmund, fearing the worst, falls down into the throne]

Melchett: Yes, every nobleman must pay 500 pounds towards the upkeep of the navies.

Queen: But we've decided to make you a special case.

Edmund: (sitting up a bit) Oh, thank you, Ma'am!

Queen: Melchett here hasn't got a bean, so we thought, as you're so fabulously wealthy, you could pay for both!

Melchett: It would be awfully sweet of you.

Edmund: Yes, well, unfortunately, Ma'am, I'm in the middle of a cash-flow crisis and I just haven't got any money on me!

Queen: (looking down at him) But, Edmund...

Edmund: (realises that he's in the throne, expecting that this is what she is addressing him about) Sorry. (stands and moves across to his proper place)

Queen: ...what's that in your tights? (points her figurine-moving stick at his groin)

Edmund: Oh, good lord. (he takes out a pouch)

Queen: It looks like ... just over a thousand pounds!

Edmund: So it is.

Queen: I thought you said you didn't have any.

Edmund: Oh, I thought you meant **real** money. This is just a bit of loose change. I must have left it in my codpiece when I sent these tights to the laundry.

Queen: Gosh, a thousand pounds just loose in your tights... That **is** flash!

OK, hand it over. (he does) Thanks. 'bye. (turns back to the map, making whistles and 'boom' noises as she plays with the figurines)

Edmund: Well, goodbye indeed. (backs out of the room slowly) 'bye, Ma'am.
Goodbye, Melchett. Goodbye, Nursie. Byeee... (shuts the doors)

[Melchett peeks between doors to make sure he's gone; all crack up once more; Melchett falls to the floor; Nursie claps her hands; Queen falls onto Melchett; Nursie goes to her knees]

Queen: Silly old Edmund! He was completely fooled! That was a brilliant joke, Melchy!

Melchett: Brilliant, Ma'am!

Queen: (serious suddenly) And now I'm going to have you executed. (stands)

Melchett: (stammering) Majesty?

Queen: It's for taking the mickey out of my beloved Edmund so cruelly.
I'm gonna knock your block off.

Melchett: (begging) But, Majesty, I only intended to please! Oh, please!
I so want to live!!!

[Queen slowly breaks into laughter]

Nursie: Ooh! (slaps Queen's hand)

Melchett: Ah! (laughs forcedly)

[Nursie falls over; Queen falls onto her]

Melchett: (still faking a laugh, but obviously rather frightened and angry)
Praise the Lord for the gift of laughter!

[Edmund rushes into his living room]

Edmund: Right, Balders, I've lost the money. I'm going to have to run away.

Baldrick: Why, My Lord?

Edmund: To avoid these monks, of course!

Baldrick: No point -- the Black Bank's got branches everywhere.

Edmund: Oh damn! (falls to the floor) If I die, Baldrick, do you think people would remember me?

Baldrick: (stepping over Edmund as he continues packing) Yeah, of course they would.

Edmund: Yes, I suppose so.

Baldrick: Yeah. People would always be slapping each other on the shoulders and laughing, and saying "Do you remember old Privy-breath?"

Edmund: Do people call me `Privy-breath'?

Baldrick: Yeah, the ones who like you.

Edmund: Am I then not popular?

Baldrick: Erm, well, put it this way: when people slip in what dogs have left in the street, they do tend to say "Whoops, I've trod on an Edmund."

Edmund: (stands) Bloody cheek! I'll show them.

Baldrick: What, have you got a plan, My Lord?

Edmund: Yes I have, and it's so cunning you could brush your teeth with it! All I need is some feathers, a dress, some oil, an easel, some sleeping draught, lots of paper, a prostitute and the best portrait painter in England.

Baldrick: I'll get them right away, My Lord! (rushes out)

[later, enter Baldrick and painter]

Baldrick: My Lord, the most famous painter in England: Mr. Leonardo Acropolis.

Edmund: Right, are you any good?

Leonardo: (turns away, speaks in silly Italian accent) No! I am ... a genius!

Edmund: Well, you'd better be, or you're dead!

[Leonardo sticks out his tongue; there's pounding on the front door]

Edmund: Right, in the bedroom, Beardface. Baldrick, get the door.

Baldrick: My Lord.

[Baldrick and Leonardo leave; Edmund shuts the door behind them and then sits down, puts his feet up, and begins reading a book. Baldrick flies through the door, again quite literally, and lies on the floor with the

shrapnel.]

Baldrick: My Lord, the Bishop of Bath and Wells.

Bishop: (enters) The time has come, Blackadder!

Edmund: Oh, hello, Bish.

Bishop: The Black Monks will have their money, or I will have my fun.

Edmund: You enjoy your work, don't you?

Bishop: Bits of it, yeah.

Edmund: The violent bits.

Bishop: Yes. (begins massaging Edmund's shoulders) You see, I am a colossal pervert. No form of sexual depravity is too low for me. Animal, vegetable or mineral -- I'll do anything to anything.

Edmund: Fine words for a Bishop. It's nice to hear the Church speaking out for a change on social issues.

Bishop: Have you got the money?

Edmund: Nope.

Bishop: Good. I hate it when people pay up. Say your prayers, Blackadder. (holds out the hot poker) IT'S POKER TIME!!!

Edmund: Fine. (closes the book and sets it down, then stands) Are you ever concerned that people might find you out?

Bishop: No. No, no, I kill, I maim, I fornicate, but as far as my flock is concerned my only vice is a little tibble before Evensong. (Baldrick hands him a drink) Oh, thank you. (drinks) BEND OVER, BLACKADDER!

[Edmund complies]

Bishop: THIS IS WHERE YOU GET-- (staggers backward, choking) DRUGGED BY GOD!

Edmund: No, by Baldrick, actually, but the effect is much the same.

[in bedroom; Edmund pulls open a curtain, behind which Bishop lies in bed]

Edmund: Wakey, wakey, Bish. Dear me, you clerics really are sluggerbeds.

Bishop: (groggy) Where am I? I remember...drugged...

Edmund: That's right.

Bishop: You should have killed me while you had the chance. (sits up)
You have looked in wonder at your last dawn, Blackadder!

Edmund: Well, I'm not sure about that. I did wonder, though, what people who saw this might think.

[Baldrick stands nearby, holding a portrait]

Bishop: Heavens above, what creatures from Hell are those?

Edmund: They make an interesting couple, don't they? I think you probably recognise this huge, sweating mound of blubber here, eh, Fatso?

[Bishop charges toward the portrait, but Edmund pushes him back to the bed]

Edmund: There's no point, anyway; we have the preliminary sketches. We'll soon bang off a couple of copies. Let's see, one for the Queen, one for the Archbishop, a couple kept aside, perhaps, to form the basis of an exciting exhibition of a challenging young artist's work.

Bishop: By the horns of Beelzebub, how did you get me into that position?

Edmund: It's beautifully framed, don't you think? which is ironic, really, because that's exactly what's happened to you.

Bishop: You fiend! Never have I encountered such corrupt and foul-minded perversity! Have you ever considered a career in the Church?

Edmund: No, I could never get used to the underwear.

[Bishop nods in apprehension]

Edmund: What I could use, though, is, let's say eleven hundred pounds to buy back my house, four thousand pounds to cover some sundry expenses, ten shillings for the two doors, and let's say thropence for a celebratory slapper binge at Mrs. Miggins' pie shop... (last bit said to Baldrick)

[Baldrick smiles and nods]

Bishop: Yes, yes, but first, one question: Who is this second figure? Who could you have got to have performed such deeds, to have gone lower than man has ever gone, to have plunged the depths of degradation just in order to save your filthy life?!!!

