

Episode 2.

Scene 1: EXTERNAL AMBIENT. WIND WHISTLING. CLATTER OF SHOPPING TROLLEYS.

ARTHUR: So, we meet, you and I, Melvin Collins, on the field of single combat. I am Arthur, once and future king. (OFF)
My lady, if you would but grant me your favour, then I am assured my lance will remain true.

SHARON: (OFF) Go on then, you smooth-talking bastard.

ARTHUR: (OFF) Drape thy scarf around my neck, lady Shazza. And now lower my Burberry helm.

COLLINS: The Burberry helm and scarf. What's with that?

MOTHER A: Arthur's been awake for a while. He's adapted to some of our contemporary values.

COLLINS: Like?

MOTHER A: Well, basically he's a Chav. Scarf, cap, trackies.

COLLINS: Which is why we're sitting in Morrison's shopping trolleys?

MOTHER A: You're sitting in a Morrison's shopping trolley. He's riding Waitrose.

FX: CLATTER OF SHOPPING TROLLEY

ARTHUR: (ROARS) Woah, Rosie. Steady now. Easy there, girl.

DOGE: He's mounted upon a true thoroughbred, Melvin, whilst you must go up against him on an untested nag with a wobbly fetlock. I would certainly take my Burberry helm off to you. If I had one.

COLLINS: He's also got full chain mail, armoured breastplate and a shield. I'm wearing an old Arctic Monkey's T-shirt.

MOTHER A: Ah, but you have right on your side.

COLLINS: I've got an ad for Morrison's own-brand Spaghetti Hoops on my side. Both sides actually. I'm also a bit uncomfortable about the fact that he gets a pointy twelve-foot lance while I get a breadstick.

DOGE: Laws of Chivalry I'm afraid. But the breadstick does give you the advantage at close quarters. Try to poke it through the eye-slit in his Burberry helm.

ERNEST-RICK: Don't worry, Mel. I'm pushing the trolley. I'll be right behind you...you know, most of the way.

COLLINS: That'll be the other major disadvantage.

DOGE: Quiet now. Concentrate, Melvin. You cannot imagine what rides on this.

COLLINS: Me. Someone could have at least fixed the wobbly...

DOGE: The marshal hath dropped the flag. Go now, and God-speed.

FX: RUNNING FEET. CLATTER OF TROLLEYS

COLLINS: ...wheeeeeel...

ERNEST-RICK: Go, Mel.

FX: CLATTER OF TROLLEYS. MASSIVE COLLISION. BODIES FALLING.

COLLINS: (BREATHLESS AND IN PAIN) Oh, Jesus...

FX: CHOKING NOISES.

FX: RUNNING FOOTSTEPS.

COLLINS: Oh, God...oh...

ERNEST-RICK: Mel, mate, you got him. You've done for him.

COLLINS: What...?

ERNEST-RICK: The wonky wheel fell off at the last moment, you swerved inside the lance and bread-sticked him right in the gullet. It was amazing. If I was a girl I'd be well impressed.

ARTHUR: (CHOKING) Akk, akk...

COLLINS: I've really hurt myself. I think I've broken a toe.

ERNEST-RICK: You won, Mel. You bested Arthur, Britain's foremost knight in a titanic clash of shopping trolleys.

COLLINS: I killed him.

ERNEST-RICK: Not yet.

COLLINS: Well, do something to help then. Stop him choking to death.

ERNEST-RICK: Hello, you're the one who shoved a breadstick down his throat.

COLLINS: It was an accident.

ERNEAST-RICK: That's as may be. You still beat the snot out of King Arthur. You should enjoy your moment of glory.

COLLINS: I can't, not while Arthur, legendary King of the Britons is choking to death on a stale breadstick.

ERNEST-RICK: Serves him right...and serves him breakfast.

COLLINS: Give him the Heimleich Manouvre.

ERNEST-RICK: Yeah? A hip-hop victory spin? I can do that.

COLLINS: No, you pull him up, in a kind of bear-hug and put pressure on his sternum so he expels the obstruction.

ERNEST-RICK: No can do, Mel.

COLLINS: Why not?

ERNEST-RICK: He's wearing a steel breast-plate and all that. I could stamp on his belly though.

COLLINS: Okay, stamp on his belly.

FX: STAMP. FOLLOWED BY CORK-POPPING EXHALATION.

ARTHUR: (COUGHING) Thank God.

ERNEST-RICK: That was me did that, your Highness.

ARTHUR: (BREATHLESS) Then you have saved your sovereign. You shall be rewarded. Take a knee.

ERNEST-RICK: I'm honoured, your ruggedness.

ARTHUR: From thenceforth, Ernest-Richard of the house of Dubbo-Mulcaster, you shall be known as Sir Ernest-Richard, Arthurian Knight.

ERNEST-RICK: Well chuffed.

COLLINS: Hang on a minute...

ARTHUR: And this rank empty gusset, who has only bested me through dark magical forces, his name will redound forever down through the halls of infamy - Mervyn Collier.

ERNEST-RICK: Melvin Collins, your manliness.

ARTHUR: Just so. Melvin Collins. (OFF) Get the scribe to make a note of that for the record. My thanks are due to you once again, Sir Ernest-Richard.

ERNEST-RICK: Only doing my duty, your Buffliness.

SCENE 2: INTERIOR AMBIENT

FX: STEPS PACING ROOM.

MOTHER A: Just sit tight for a while, Melvin.

COLLINS: It's a dump.

DOGE: You're lucky, you've got a flush toilet.

COLLINS: Lucky?

DOGE: Nice flush toilet to drink out of whenever you fancy. Like a free mini-bar, that is.

COLLINS: Ernest-Rick gets to be a Knight of the Round Table. I get a dingy room in a crappy pub and...oh my God, what's that smell?

DOGE: Sorry, sorry about that.

MOTHER A: You get to be Melvin Collins. You've done well, Melvin. Already far exceeding our wildest expectations. As a man of honour Arthur has agreed to accede to your authority. He'll take his knights back to the Roughtor ring of ancient

stones, where you'll enter the grotto and put them to sleep. Just sit tight until we iron out the final details.

COLLINS: The final details being what?

MOTHER-A: Couple of minor things.

COLLINS: Like?

DOGE: Arthur won't go to the grotto without Shazza, the barmaid with the Croydon facelift. He wants her to be his queen.

COLLINS: Well?

MOTHER-A: Shazza doesn't think its right to go off and sleep with some guy for the next thousand years without telling her fiancé first. She's funny like that. So it's all getting a bit complicated. Anyway, you've done your bit. Sit tight. Take a shower, put your feet up, you've earned it.

COLLINS: Hang on, does this deal include all Arthur's knights?

MOTHER-A: Of course.

COLLINS: (HOPEFUL) Ernest-Rick?

DOGE: No. Although lawfully now a knight of the realm, Sir Ernest-Richard is not strictly of the Round Table.

COLLINS: Yeah, but couldn't we...

DOGE: No.

FX: DOOR SHUTS. DEPARTING FOOTSTEPS.

SCENE 3: INT. SHOWER HISSING.

COLLINS: (SINGING) Blue moon, you saw me standing alooo...

FX: CLACK OF SNOOKER BALLS.

EIGHT-BALL: Here, let me help you out with that...

COLLINS: (HIGH-PITCHED SQUEAL)

EIGHT-BALL: A little shower gel, Melvin? A nourishing and enriching blend of Elderberry and Mint? With oatmeal scrub?

COLLINS: Get away me. Back off, pervert.

EIGHT-BALL: Sorry, Melvin. Is this a bad time?

COLLINS: Get the hell out of my room right now or I'm calling...oh, my God, what's with your eyes?

EIGHT-BALL: A little mascara is all. Is it running? I hate it when it does that. It's the condensation in here.

COLLINS: Eight-balls. You've got Eight-balls where your eyes should be. You're...you're him.

EIGHT-BALL: Just relax and let me give that a good lathering.

COLLINS: Back off. I mean it.

EIGHT-BALL: Your loss.

COLLINS: You killed my Grandfather.

EIGHT-BALL: That's true. So far I've not been good for you Collinses. On the whole.

COLLINS: Now you're here to kill me?

EIGHT-BALL: I have no agenda really. I pop up when and where I feel I'm needed, generally speaking.

COLLINS: You're a thing of evil.

EIGHT-BALL: Not really. I don't take sides, Melvin. Didn't they tell you, I'm a random factor?

COLLINS: They told me you were a demon. But the whole fish-net-vest-leather-trouser thing, it's not...it's not what I was expecting.

EIGHT-BALL: These old rags? Pfft, random; flung together. I get a bum rap. Speaking of which, I prefer chaps.

COLLINS: Yeah, I kind of picked up on that.

EIGHT-BALL: As in the article of apparel. They're leather chaps, not exactly trousers.

COLLINS: I see.

EIGHT-BALL: You don't see. That's the point. Can I show you the difference between trousers and chaps, Melvin? It's the cutaway at the rear. I think you might be interested. They're to die for.

COLLINS: No. Sod off. And don't even think about turning your back on me.

EIGHT-BALL: You're threatening me, with a mini-travel bottle of Peppermint shampoo?

COLLINS: Body-Shop - never been tested on animals. One squirt of this in the eight-balls and you'll be in blind agony for a week.

EIGHT-BALL: Okay, Melvin. Calm down now. You have me at your pleasure. Gosh, do your worst.

COLLINS: Get out of my shower.

EIGHT-BALL: That's it? Get out of my shower? How about a little shake?

COLLINS: I'm fine, I can dry myself.

EIGHT-BALLS: ...Of my magic balls.

COLLINS: I'm not shaking anyone's balls, so just get out of my shower and thank your lucky stars I'm not having you arrested.

EIGHT-BALL: As you wish, Melvin. But if you've ever questioned the nature of the universe now's the time to get an answer. Your destiny? You ever wanted to know what the future holds? All this must be so strange for you, Melvin. Wouldn't you like to know how it all pans out? why not have a little go? Ask a question.

COLLINS: Why would I trust you?

EIGHT-BALL: I don't interfere, Melvin. I don't control the outcome. I'm only a conduit. Don't you want to know your destiny? Ask any question I shake my head, the magic eight balls will answer.

COLLINS: Well...

EIGHT-BALL: Excellent.

COLLINS: What kind of thing?

EIGHT-BALL: Is that the question?

COLLINS: No.

EIGHT-BALL: That was a question.

COLLINS: It wasn't *the* question. Can you give me a second here, you're getting me flustered?

EIGHT-BALL: Was that the question?

COLLINS: No, for God's sake, let me think.

EIGHT-BALL: Don't waste this opportunity, Melvin. Think of something profound; something fundamental, something you've always wanted to know.

COLLINS: Is this a one-word answer thing or can it be sort of multi-layered?

EIGHT-BALL: So, that is your question?

COLLINS: No. No. I just want to get the parameters sorted... okay, I've thought of one.

EIGHT-BALL: Fire away.

COLLINS: Are we alone in the universe?

EIGHT-BALL: That's it?

COLLINS: That's my question.

EIGHT-BALL: 'Are we alone in the universe?' Good question. You're sure this time? But I warn you, you may not like the answer, Melvin Collins. The answer may rock you to the very foundations of your being.

COLLINS: I'm good. Let's do it.

EIGHT-BALL: Observe the magic eight balls as I shake my head.

FX: EIGHT-BALLS RATTLING.

EIGHT-BALL: Here. Here is your answer, Melvin. The eight-balls are never wrong. Don't say I didn't warn you. Read it and weep.

COLLINS: (READING) Maybe, Baby.

EIGHT-BALL: Humanity, with your unbelievable arrogance, so typical of you to attempt to pry into the innermost secrets of the cosmos. You think that nothing is sacrosanct, nothing should be kept from you...

COLLINS: Maybe, baby?

EIGHT-BALL: Yes. Only now do you realize that some things should never be...

COLLINS: Maybe, baby?

EIGHT-BALL: Maybe, baby. Only now as the full cataclysmic import of those words rakes your soul and tips your mind screaming over the abyss of sanity do you comprehend the...

COLLINS: I think it's a bit of a gyp actually.

EIGHT-BALL: You're only saying that because you've gone insane.

COLLINS: No, it's just equivocation, isn't it? Maybe, Baby?

EIGHT-BALL: It's too profound for you. It's driven you over the edge of reason.

COLLINS: It's just hedging your bets. Meaningless.

EIGHT-BALL: You have to think about it. The answer has many dimensions.

COLLINS: It's rubbish.

EIGHT-BALL: I'm not agreeing with you, Melvin, don't think I'm agreeing with you here, but perhaps it'd be better if you gave it another shot.

COLLINS: No, you're all right.

EIGHT-BALL: I insist.

COLLINS: Will you sod off if I have another go?

EIGHT-BALL: Is that your question?

COLLINS: (SIGHS) Yes. (BEAT) No. Answer this. Eight-Ball, are you planning to kill me?

EIGHT-BALL: Observe the magic eight-balls as I give them a shake.

FX: EIGHT BALLS RATTLING.

EIGHT-BALL: Voila.

COLLINS: (READING) You bet, chum. Oh, come on.

EIGHT-BALL: (LAUGHS UNCOMFORTABLY) Woops, busted. (BEAT) Ffff...this is a bit uncomfortable, isn't it?

COLLINS: Right, get out of my shower. One step closer and you'll be blubbing Peppermint and Eucalyptus for a month.

EIGHT-BALL: I'm going, I'm going.

FX: SWOOSH OF SHOWER CURTAIN FOLLOWED BY EXAGGERATED FOOTSTEPS.

COLLINS: I can still see you in the mirror. Don't think I can't see you there in the mirror.

EIGHT-BALL: I'm going.

COLLINS: Go.

EIGHT-BALL: Oh dear, look at this, you've dropped the soap on the bathroom floor. That's careless.

COLLINS: You leave that where it is.

EIGHT-BALL: I don't think so. Someone could have a nasty accident. I'd better pick it up.

COLLINS: Don't even think about turning your back on...oh, my God... (SCREAMS)

SCENE 4. INT. HOTEL ROOM. AMBIENT

FX: DIALOGUE FADES UP.

COLLINS: (GROANING)

JUREE: Mevin Corrins, he come now.

COLLINS: I dreamt a beautiful dream.

JIREE: You coming round.

COLLINS: Wha...where...?

DOGE: Nice to see you back in the land of the living, Melvin. You had us all going for a while back there.

MOTHER A: You're safe now, Melvin. Here's your friend, Ernest-Rick.

ERNEST-RICK: Sir Ernest-Richard, of the house of Dubbo Mullcaster, Arthurian knight, trusted saviour of the Once and Future King of Albion, grievous pain to his enemies, boon companion to his friends. I'll have my rank and achievements from you, if you don't mind, witch.

MOTHER A: (SIGHS) Sir Ernest-Richard, Arthurian whatever and grievous pain in the arse...

COLLINS: ...of the house of twat.

ERNEST-RICK: Oh, nice, from you... thanks, mate.

MOTHER A: Reinforcements - Degsy, you already know...

DEGSY: All right, kidda?

MOTHER A: And these are Juree and Jiree, our Siamese twins.

COLLINS: Aren't they supposed too be attached at the hip, or share a head or something?

MOTHER A: It's more of an emotional attachment....They're twins...and they're definitely from Siam...or Vietnam or somewhere.

FX: VIGOUROUS SLAPPING

JUREE: Mevin, you naurry boy.

JIREE: I give you massaaaage.

COLLINS: Not just now, I'm still feeling a bit...

JIREE: Massaaage.

MOTHER A: Heart massage, the twins gave you heart-massage, Melvin. They know CPR.

DOGE: Your heart stopped. If it hadn't been for Mother Agnew's decision to send for the Siamese Twins, you'd have been long dead.

JUREE: Yeah, we spank you plenty chest, long-time.

MOTHER A: These young ladies refused to give up on you, Melvin.
You owe them your life.

JIREE: Live you long-time, Mevin.

DOGE: Your heart gave out, but they just kept pumping.

COLLINS: I see. Well, thank you, ladies. I'm very grateful.

JUREE: You grapefroot. Juicy.

MOTHER A: Our Siamese twins are highly trained paramedics, in addition to being Thai national doubles Ping-Pong champions. I sent for them when I found you unconscious on the floor. I received an urgent psychic message from Willocks saying you were in tip-top health, so, naturally, I decided to check up on you.

COLLINS: Thanks, Mother Agnew. I think must have slipped in the shower... I remember I dropped the soap. And then something...something awful...

DOGE: An encounter, with Him perhaps? Concentrate, Melvin.

COLLINS: Yes. Yes. Wait... It was him. He was in my shower. We were kind of talking and then he showed me how his balls worked, which was fine. And then, Oh, my God... he was wearing chaps. I looked right up into his horrible gigantic hairy...

JUREE: Ahhhh, so...

MOTHER A: No one's ever looked up Eight-Ball's back-door and lived to tell the tale.

FX: SINISTER MUSIC.

DOGE: Degsy, for God's sake, just take the batteries out of the bloody thing... and that does not mean you can steal it.

FX: MUSIC ENDS ABRUPTLY.

COLLINS: It was like a vast abyss – a black hole sucking all the joy from the world. Horrifying. And yet at the same time it seemed capable of emitting pure soul-destroying evil.

ERNEST-RICK: Yeah, yeah, yeah. So you saw a guy's bum-crack. Get over it, Melvin.

DOGE: We're not talking about some ordinary back passage here. I myself have investigated countless tails and lived to tell the...tale.

ERNEST-RICK: That's because you're a dog. You enjoy looking at butts. It's the equivalent of MTV for you.

DOGE: I'm going to ignore that and rest on my dignity.

ERNEST-RICK: You're going to sit on your sack in other words.

DOGE: Yes.

ERNEST-RICK: Then you're going to lick it, I bet.

DOGE: I might. Because I can.

MOTHER A: For goodness sake, stop squabbling. Something extraordinary happened here tonight. Why would this Melvin Collins have survived this encounter when so many others have not?

COLLINS: Haven't a clue.

DOGE: Just be grateful that he did, Mother Agnew.

FX: BANGING ON THE DOOR.

FX: DOOR OPENING.

GAWAINE: Oy, Ma Agnew, Doge. The sacred grotto has been unsealed, the Once and Future King is preparing to enrobe in his jammies.

MOTHER A: Thank the Lord.

(FADE)

SCENE 5. INT. ECHOING CAVERN.

COLLINS: (WHISPERING) So...

DOGE: Nothing to it, Melvin. They're all ready to go. All nicely bedded down. Your job is to send them off into a thousand year sleep.

COLLINS: How, exactly?

DOGE: I don't know...you're Merlin's descendant. Use your powers.

COLLINS: Story?

MOTHER A: They don't need a story, they are a story. One of the greatest ever told. Maybe sing a bit.

COLLINS: Sing what?

MOTHER A: Doesn't matter, just sing. Lullabies. You know...

COLLINS: I can't sing...

MOTHER A: Of course you can sing. Your grandfather had the most wonderful voice. He used to sing a lovely song about a little baby hedgehog.

ARTHUR: Oy. There's people trying to get a bit of kip over here.

DOGE: (WHISPERS) Go on...

COLLINS: (CROONING – OFF-KEY) Go to sleep, go to sleep, go to sleep...lovely knights.

ARTHUR: What's the bloody hell's that...?

COLLINS: Go to sleep, go to sleep, go to sleep, gentle kni...i...ghts...

(FADE DOWN)

FX: FOOTSTEPS FADE UP

COLLINS: (SINGING) The little baby hedgehog rolled up in a...What is it?

GAWAINE: I need a drink of water.

COLLLINS: Bugger off, Gawaine.

(FADE DOWN)

FX: FOOTSTEPS FADE UP

GAWAINE: I really need a glass of water.

COLLINS: Go to bed.

GAWAINE: I'm thirsty.

COLLINS: Just go to bed.

(FADE DOWN)

FX: FOOTSTEPS FADE UP

COLLINS: What is it now?

GALLAHAD: Sir Caradoc keeps letting off.

COLLINS: Courage, Gallahad. You've faced worse, I'm sure.

GALLAHAD: I can't breathe.

COLLINS: Well, just...just put up with it? You're a knight for Christ's sake. Be valiant.

GALLAHAD: He's doing it on purpose. And I'm pretty sure Lancelot's wanking.

COLLINS: (SHOUTS) Look, just all of you, bugger off and go to sleep.

FX: RUNNING FOOTSTEPS AWAY – FADE DOWN

FX: FADE UP – SNORING ECHOING AROUND THE GROTTO

COLLINS: (WHISPERS) Thank Christ. At last. Thank Christ.

ERNEST-RICK: (OFF – RAUCOUS DRUNKEN SINGING) I should be so lucky...lucky, lucky, luck...eee.

COLLINS: (WHISPERS) No, please. No.

ERNEST-RICK: (OFF) Oy, Melv. Wat up? You been in there for weeks, you're missing out on all the fun, mate. Come on out, ya sad-sack. It's time I introduced you to some of the local talent. We'll have some lagers.

COLLINS: (WHISPERS) For God's sake, bugger off.

ERNEST-RICK: (OFF) I know you're in there, Melv.

COLLINS: (WHISPERS) Noooo.

FX: (OFF) LA CUCARRACHA CAR HORN REPEATED.

ERNEST-RICK: (BELLOWING - OFF) You can hide, but you can't run.

FX: SOUNDS OF STIRRING.

ARTHUR: (WAKING) Who disturbs the sleep of the Once and Future King?

COLLINS: No, no it's OK. I'll just...

GALLAHAD: I'm being gassed here.

GAWAINE: I'm thirsty.

PERCIVAL: I can't feel my big toe...I've got a cramp.

COLLINS: Calm down everyone, there's nothing to... just let me...

SFX: FURTIVE RUSTLING

COLLINS: Oh, give it a rest, Lancelot.

(FADE DOWN)

Scene 6. INT. CAR ON THE ROAD

SFX: TRAFFIC

ERNEST-RICK: How was I to know?

COLLINS: So what exactly did you think was going to happen, Ernest-Rick?

ERNEST-RICK: Not sure. (SHEEPISH) I suspected you might have been cosyng up to the Once and Future King in the hope of an earldom.

COLLINS: So, you thought you'd come along with your air-horn and wake them all up again, just to stop me getting a peerage?

ERNEST-RICK: You'd been in there for ages. I thought you could use a break. By the way, it's Sir Ernest-Rick.

COLLINS: I was stuck in that bloody horrible grotto for months in the end.

MOTHER A: Almost three months.

COLLINS: Three bloody months. Nightmare. What with Caradoc farting the place up and whingeing bloody Gawaine.

DOGE: Well, it's done, Melvin. And well done it is.

MOTHER A: Indeed. Now, Melvin, there is still much to do. Now, are you familiar with Cerne Abbas?

ERNEST-RICK: 80's band. Had one hit with 'La,la,la, let's go'? Shit.

MOTHER A: As in the Giant. The Cerne Abbas Giant is one of Britain's most potent icons. For centuries he's stood proud in the Dorchester hills.

COLLINS: The one with the truncheon?

ERNEST-RICK: And the mighty club.

DOGE: Indeed.

COLLINS: So, what's the problem?

MOTHER A: He's no longer as potent an icon as he once was.

ERNEST-RICK: I don't get it.

MOTHER A: It's a delicate matter requiring courage, tact, diplomacy and a degree of sensitivity.

ERNEST-RICK: Say no more, Sir Ernest-Rick, knight of the house of Dubbo Mulacster at your service.

MOTHER A: The Cerne Abbas Giant is suffering, for want of a better description, from erectile disfunction.

DOGE: In other words, The Long Man is on the half-lob.

ERNEST-RICK: All yours, Melv.

MOTHER-A: We believe it has something do with the disruption in the laylines but suspect there may be more to it than that.

COLLINS: Just to be clear, you want me to be some chalk giant fluffer?

MOTHER A: I suppose that one way of putting it.

COLLINS: Good luck with that, Mel.

MOTHER A: Gentlemen, we're going to Dorchester, whether you like it or not.

(FADE DOWN)