Monty Python & The Holy Grail: A Witch!

[A wild crowd gathers in a medieval town square. They are dragging along a woman who looks completely normal aside from the false nose attached to her face and the funnel hat she is wearing. The crowd approaches the wise SIR BEDEVERE who is standing in the town square]

CROWD: A witch! A witch! A witch! We've got a witch! A witch!

VILLAGER #1: We have found a witch, might we burn her?

CROWD: Burn her! Burn!

BEDEVERE: How do you know she is a witch?

VILLAGER #2: She looks like one.

BEDEVERE: Bring her forward.

WITCH: I'm not a witch. I'm not a witch.

BEDEVERE: But you are dressed as one.

WITCH: They dressed me up like this.

CROWD: No, we didn't... no.

WITCH: And this isn't my nose, it's a false one.

BEDEVERE: Well?

VILLAGER #1: Well, we did do the nose.

BEDEVERE: The nose?

VILLAGER #1: And the hat -- but she is a witch!

CROWD: Burn her! Witch! Witch! Burn her!

BEDEVERE: Did you dress her up like this?

CROWD: No, no... no ... yes. Yes, yes, a bit, a bit.

VILLAGER #1: She has got a wart.

BEDEVERE: What makes you think she is a witch?

VILLAGER #3: Well, she turned me into a newt.

BEDEVERE: A newt?

VILLAGER #3: I got better.

VILLAGER #2: Burn her anyway!

CROWD: Burn! Burn her!

BEDEVERE: Quiet, quiet. Quiet! There are ways of telling whether she is a witch.

CROWD: Are there? What are they? Do they hurt?

BEDEVERE: Tell me, what do you do with witches?

VILLAGER #2: Burn!

CROWD: Burn, burn them up!

BEDEVERE: And what do you burn apart from witches?

VILLAGER #1: More witches!

VILLAGER #2: Wood!

BEDEVERE: So, why do witches burn?

[pause, villagers are confused, wracking their brains to figure out the answer]

VILLAGER #3: B--... 'cause they're made of wood...?

BEDEVERE: Good!

CROWD: Oh yeah, yeah...

BEDEVERE: So, how do we tell whether she is made of wood?

VILLAGER #1: Build a bridge out of her.

BEDEVERE: Aah, but can you not also build bridges out of stone?

VILLAGER #2: Oh, yeah.

BEDEVERE: Does wood sink in water?

VILLAGER #1: No, no.

VILLAGER #2: It floats! It floats!

VILLAGER #1: Throw her into the pond!

CROWD: The pond!

BEDEVERE: What also floats in water?

VARIOUS CROWD MEMBEERS: Bread! Apples! Very small rocks! Cider! Great gravy! Cherries! Mud! Churches! Lead!

ARTHUR: A duck.

CROWD: Oooh.

BEDEVERE: Exactly! So, logically...,

VILLAGER #1: If... she.. weighs the same as a duck, she's made of wood.

BEDEVERE: And therefore--?

VILLAGER #1: A witch!

CROWD: A witch!

BEDEVERE: We shall use my larger scales!

[yelling of approval, excitement, and yelling for yelling’s sake from the mob]

BEDEVERE: Right, remove the supports!

CROWD: A witch! A witch!

WITCH: It's a fair cop.

CROWD: Burn her! Burn! [yelling]

BEDEVERE: Who are you who are so wise in the ways of science?

ARTHUR: I am Arthur, King of the Britons.

BEDEVERE: My liege!

ARTHUR: Good Sir knight, will you come with me to Camelot, and join us at the Round Table?

BEDEVERE: My liege! I would be honored.

ARTHUR: What is your name?

BEDEVERE: Bedevere, my leige.

ARTHUR: Then I dub you Sir Bedevere, Knight of the Round Table