Constitutional Peasant

Monty Python

Arthur: Old woman!
Dennis: MAN!
Arthur: Man, sorry. What knight lives in that castle over there?
Dennis: I'm 37.
Arthur: What?
Dennis: I'm 37, I'm not old!
Arthur: Well, I can't just call you "man".
Dennis: You could say "Dennis".
Arthur: I didn't know you were called Dennis.
Dennis: Well you didn't bother to find out, did you?
Arthur: I did say I'm sorry about the "old woman" thing, but from behind you looked...
Dennis: What I object to is you automatically treatin' me like an inferior.
Arthur: Well, I am king.
Dennis: Oh, king, eh? Very nice. And how'd you get that, eh? By exploiting the workers! By hanging on to outdated imperialist dogma which perpetuates the economic and social differences in our society! If there's ever going to be any progress...
Dennis' Mother: Dennis, Dennis, there's some lovely filth down here! [sees Arthur] Oh. How'd you do?
Arthur: How do you do, good lady? I am Arthur, king of the Britons. Whose castle is that?
Dennis' Mother: King of the who?
Arthur: The Britons.
Dennis' Mother: Who are the Britons?
Arthur: Well, we are. You are all Britons and I am your king.
Dennis' Mother: I didn't know we had a king. I thought we were an autonomous collective.
Dennis: You're fooling yourself. We're living in a dictatorship! A self-perpetuating autocracy in which the working classes...
Dennis' Mother: Oh there you go, bringing class into it again!
Dennis: But that's what it's all about! If only people would realise...
Arthur: Please, please, good people. I am in haste. Who lives in that castle?
Dennis' Mother: No one lives there.
Arthur: Then who is your lord?
Dennis' Mother: We don't have a lord.
Arthur: What?!
Dennis: I told you. We're an anarcho-syndicalist commune. We take it in turns to act as sort-of-executive officer for the week...
Arthur: Yes.
Dennis: ... But all the decisions of that officer have to be ratified at a special biweekly meeting...
Arthur: Yes, I see.
Dennis:... by a simple majority, in the case of purely internal affairs...
Arthur: [getting bored] Be quiet.
Dennis:... but by a two thirds majority, in the case of more major –

Arthur: Be quiet! I order you to be quiet!
Dennis' Mother: Order, eh? Who does he think he is?
Arthur: I am your king!
Dennis' Mother: Well I didn't vote for you.
Arthur: You don't vote for kings!
Dennis' Mother: How'd you become king, then?
Arthur: The Lady of the Lake,... [Angel chorus begins singing in background] her arm clad in the purest shimmering samite, held aloft Excalibur from the bosom of the water signifying by Divine Providence that I, Arthur, was to carry Excalibur. [Angel chorus ends] THAT is why I am your king!
Dennis: Listen. Strange women lying in ponds distributing swords is no basis for a system of government. Supreme executive power derives from a mandate from the masses, not from some farcical aquatic ceremony.
Arthur: Be quiet!
Dennis: You can't expect to wield supreme executive power just 'cause some watery tart threw a sword at you!
Arthur: Shut up!
Dennis: I mean, if I went 'round saying I was an emperor just because some moistened bint had lobbed a scimitar at me, they'd put me away!
Arthur: Shut up! Will you shut up?! [Grabs Dennis and shakes him]
Dennis: Ah, now we see the violence inherent in the system!
Arthur: Shut up!
Dennis: Oh! Come and see the violence inherent in the system! HELP, HELP, I'M BEING REPRESSED!
Arthur: BLOODY PEASANT!!
Dennis: Oh, what a giveaway. Did you hear that? Did you hear that, eh? That's what I'm on about! Did you see him repressing me? You saw it, didn't you?

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