

# THE MAJESTIC FOOL

80 minute animated cartoon  
feature

Richard Williams Animation  
Productions, 13 Soho Square  
London W. 1 England

September 1969

Editor's note: Versions of this script were also known as The Amazing Nasruddin, Nasruddin! and The Golden City before the storyline was changed and Nasrudin removed as a character. Later after many many changes the film was called The Thief Who Never Gave Up and The Cobbler and the Thief, but is of course best known as The Thief and the Cobbler.

# THE MAJESTIC FOOL

## Working Draft Script

### PRE-TITLE (Sequence 1)

Introduction of characters

Fade in.

White screen, with a tiny black dot in the distance. We hear the sound of footsteps approaching and a tall, bearded figure in a patched many-coloured robe walks to the front of the screen and stops. He opens his robe, revealing black inside, so that the opening of his robe gives the effect of curtains opening on an enormous black screen. There is a tremendous orchestral chord as he does this,

lettering appears, SO AND SO  
etc... etc... PRESENTS..

We see the following titles of animated characters, appearing as they are introduced in the style of 1940' s Maria Montez-John Hall type of film.

We see the characters, vignettted.

THE EMPEROR OF PERSIA  
ANWAR, THE GRAND  
VIZIER OF PERSIA AND HIS  
VULTURE  
THE SYCOPHANTS  
THE THIEF  
PRINCESS NURA AND THE  
BEAST  
THE EXPERTS  
KERIMA, WIFE OF MULLA  
NASRUDIN

Guest Artists,

THE WOLVES  
ZAPPO THE GREAT  
GENERAL IRONPANTS  
NASTURTIUM, THE POET  
RAMBLING ACHMET  
CHIEF BOOZDIL  
CHIEF BOOZDIL AND THE  
FORTY BRIGANDS (40 Brigands  
pop on in forty little halos)  
THE MAD-HOLY-OLD-  
INDIAN-WITCH OF BENARES  
THE GREAT MOGUL,  
EMPEROR OF INDIA  
PARATA, THE GRAND VIZIER  
OF INDIA

And co-starring,  
THUNDERBOLT, THE  
DONKEY  
AND A SUPPORTING CAST  
OF LITERALLY HUNDREDS  
OF THOUSANDS,  
The screen fills and refills with  
shots of eunuchs, camels elephants,  
monkeys, dancing girls, tigers,  
crowds, jugglers, weight-lifters,  
court scenes, etc... etc...

AND STARRING THE  
INIMITABLE

THE INIMITABLE MULLA  
NASRUDIN

THE INIMITABLE MULLA  
NASRUDIN HIMSELF

He goes into various John Hall  
film star poses

AS THE MAJESTIC FOOL

## **CREDIT TITLES (Sequence 2)**

Normal credit titles continue on black screen, possibly with a small starlike carpet design which develops throughout the credits.

**FEATURING THE  
VOICES OF:**

**KENNETH  
WILLIAMS**

**JOSS ACKLAND**

**PAUL WHITSUN-  
JONES**

**DIANA QUICK**

**JOAN SIMS**

**EDDIE BYRNE**

**MUSIC:RON  
GOODWIN**

Studio and Artists  
credits.

## **BAZAAR (THE SHOP) (Sequence 3)**

The octagonal carpet design animates forward, unfolding itself, revealing a Persian miniature bazaar.

Many tiny figures are walking around in highly stylized Persian miniature convention. Upside down, vertical, some figures bigger than the others, etc...

Nasrudin appears on his donkey, THUNDERBOLT, and they enter into the market-place. Nasrudin is sitting the wrong way round on the donkey.

Market hubbub - Old, old lady, carrying a bunch of bananas with great difficulty,

**OLD LADY:**

**G.. gg..ood m-morn-  
ing nnas ... ru deen**

**NASRUDIN:**

**Good Morning,  
Grand-Mother.**

Poor student, clutching tattered pen, paper and ink,

**TAALIB:**

**Isn't it a good  
morning, nasrudin?**

**NASRUDIN:**

dismounting,  
**Indeed it is, taalib.**

Cut to huge dim-witted  
**BANANA SELLER.**

**MEHMET:**

uh ... good morning,  
nasrudin:

Camera pulls out to show the idiotic Mortimer Snerd-like Banana Eater, peeling a banana and looking at Nasrudin.

**NASRUDIN:**

**Good Morning,  
Mehmet.**

(To Various People)

**Morning... Morning  
... Nice Day!**

He ties up his donkey and goes into a shop, Cut to the interior of the shop, The Merchant rubs his hands as Nasrudin enters.

**NASRUDIN:**

closing door,

**Did you see me come  
into your shop?**

**MERCHANT:**

Yes .

**NASRUDIN:**

**Have you ever seen  
me before?**

**MERCHANT:**

No.

**NASRUDIN:**

leaning on his counter,  
**Then, how do you  
know it is me ?**

He exits.

dazed

**MERCHANT:**

Oay?

## **ANWAR, THE GRAND VIZIER (Sequence 4)**

Cut to Nasrudin outside shop amidst normal market people. We hear in the distance the Town Crier screaming. All heads turn.

**TOWN CRIER:**

rushing up through the crowd towards camera,

**Make Way! Make  
Way! Make Way For  
The Grand Vizier!  
Make Way For Anwar,  
The Grand Vizier! O  
People! Stand Back!  
The Grand Vizier Is  
Coming !**

**Anwar The Grand  
Vizier Of Persia Is  
Coming !**

**Stand Back! Make  
Way!**

He is followed by two discordant trumpeters. They are followed by four crow-like men, dressed in black, with whips. They are lashing the populace, driving women, children, old men and dogs back to make way for the Grand Vizier. They are followed by two stone-pickers, dressed in black, picking up any stones in the path. They are followed by two crow-

like sweepers with brooms, sweeping the route clear. They are followed by three apprentice Sycophants, effeminate and lavishly dressed, They carry rose-water holders, which they sprinkle on the ground. They are followed by three more apprentice Sycophants, equally effeminate, with baskets full of rose petals, which they throw into the air. They are followed by the main Sycophants, six Or seven of them, who sing the Sycophants' Chorus, This is done like a Gregorian chant.

**SYCOPHANTS CHORUS:**

**Anwar The Grand  
Vizier !**

**1ST SYCOPHANT:  
With cold incisive  
steel-trap mind ...**

**2ND SYCOPHANT:  
With razor sharp  
intellect ...**

**3RD SYCOPHANT:  
The master planner ...**

**SYCOPHANT CHORUS:  
Anwar The Grand  
Vizier!**

**1ST SYCOPHANT:  
Loyal and steadfast ...**

**2ND SYCOPHANT:  
Servant of the persian  
throne...**

**3RD SYCOPHANT:  
Selfless and devoted**

...

For the rest of the song, we see various views of Anwar the Grand Vizier, parading past. He is walking on two carpets. Each carpet is attended by four black robed crow-like men. As Anwar goes to put his foot on the earth, one set of crow-like men has to get the carpet down and unroll it as Anwar's foot touches it. Anwar, then, proceeds on this unrolled carpet while the other four crow-like men have to roll up their previously unrolled carpet, pick it up and run round to the front to get it down just as Anwar's foot is ready to touch the ground.

In other words, it is a rotor carpet attended by two sets of four crow-like men, constantly rolling and unrolling as Anwar makes his way through the marketplace. There are four black Ethiopian slaves in standard harem dress fanning Anwar with ostrich plumes.

The song continues,  
**SYCOPHANT CHORUS:  
Anwar The Grand  
Vizier!**

**1ST SYCOPHANT:  
Pillar of the state...**

2ND SYCOPHANT:

Upholder of  
righteousness...

3RD SYCOPHANT:

Cold, calm and  
collected...

SYCOPHANTS CHORUS:

Anwar The Grand  
Vizier !

1ST SYCOPHANT:

Sophisticated...

2ND SYCOPHANT:

Of icy penetration ...

3RD SYCOPHANT:

Unemotional to the  
end ...

Cut to the Banana Eater, at  
the edge of the crowd. He  
eats a banana and,  
thoughtlessly, throws the  
skin into the air.

Cut to Anwar's foot about  
to go down on the earth,  
as, for the first time, the  
crow-like men are late with  
the carpet. The banana  
skin lands exactly where  
Anwar's foot touches and -  
zip - he shoots off at right  
angles to the carpet into  
the assembled populace.

LONG CHORUS:

as Anwar slides across the  
courtyard

**ANWAR THE  
GRAND VIZIER !**

We pan through the heads  
of the assembled  
populace, as Anwar's

jewelled hands flail in the air.  
Anwar bursts out of the  
crowd, still skating on the  
banana skin. The banana  
skin is under his black robe  
and he gains control over  
it, slowly but surely, and he  
comes to a stop in front of  
Nasrudin - nose to nose.  
Cut to the Sycophants,  
one of whom has a gong -  
he hits it

**GONGGGGGGGGG:**

Cut to Nasrudin and the  
Grand Vizier, nose to nose,  
vibrating in instant dislike.  
The Grand Vizier, then,  
turns, pushes the banana  
towards Nasrudin, turns his  
back on him, takes one  
step and the carpet slides  
under his foot. The song  
continues and the crow-like  
men with the rotor carpet  
march him away.

## **THIEF FIGHT (Sequence 5)**

Cut to Nasrudin in mid-  
shot, watching Anwar and  
his paraphernalia going off,  
In Nasrudin's pocket are  
some green beads hanging  
out slightly. Two hands  
come in and slide the  
beads out of Nasrudin's  
pocket, as Nasrudin turns  
and sees.

Cut to the Thief, who  
snatches the beads away  
and goes to run, Nasrudin  
grabs his other hand. They  
get entangled together as  
the Thief always manages  
to keep the beads just out  
of Nasrudin's grasp. They  
roll over and over in the  
dust backwards and  
forward, crashing into a  
fruitstand, rolling back  
across the market-place,  
as people gather round.

A cloud of dust builds up  
and as it clears we see that  
Nasrudin has got the  
beads back and has the  
Thief down on the ground.  
Nasrudin puts the beads  
back in his own pocket  
and - pow: an umbrella hits  
Nasrudin on the head.

SCHOOLMISTRESS:

**Bully: horrid bully: let  
that little man get up  
and give him a chance!**

She jabs Nasrudin in the ribs with her umbrella and the Thief slides out from underneath and hides behind her back, making faces at Nasrudin. All the townspeople join in.

TOWNSPEOPLE:

**Bully! Horrid bully! wouldn't give him a chance! Pick on someone your own size!**

**Hitting a man when he is down! etc ...**

The Schoolmistress walks away, muttering to herself

SCHOOLMISTRESS:

**I don't know what this country is coming to! These sadistic brutes should be flogged!**

**Mutter ... Mutter ...**

As she walks away, the Thief following behind fleeces her clean.

## LUNCH (Sequence 6)

Cut back to Nasrudin dusting himself down - The crowd ragging him,

TOWNSPEOPLE:

**Come on !**

**Bully! Unfair!**

**Brute! Pick on someone your own size! etc ...**

Cut to the Student, Taalib, poking at a Big Man who is cursing Nasrudin,

TAALIB:

**But he was a thief!**

BIG MAN:

**Aw ! ... come on ... he did not give him a chance!**

Cut to Nasrudin, still dusting himself down.

OTHER CROWD VOICES:

**Nasrudin wouldn't give you the time of day!**

NASRUDIN:

**Good people, I assure you that I am a hospitable man...**

Cut to long shot of circle of people around Nasrudin,

PEOPLE:

**Come On! We Know ... We Know! Etc ...**

NASRUDIN:

**I Am ! I Am !**

Cut to long shot.

TOWNSPEOPLE:

**Yes ... Yes ... We Know! Blah! Blah!**

Cut to Big Man, beside Taalib -

BIG MAN:

**Prove It !**

TOWNSPEOPLE:

Cut to Nasrudin - Townspeople saying,  
**PROVE IT! PROVE IT !**

NASRUDIN:

**and to prove it, you are all invited to my house for lunch:**

Crowd gasp - Nasrudin walks out of the circle - Cut to Taalib,

TAALIB:

**Good Old Nasrudin!  
Good Old Nasrudin!**

(poking the Big Man in the ribs)

Cut to Old Lady in crowd

OLD LADY:

**A Heart Of Gold!**

Cut to Old Man and boy

OLD MAN:

**Get Old Uncle Hassan!**

BOY:

**Uncle Hassan! Uncle Hassan !**

OTHER IDIOT:

**What's on the menu ?**

OTHERS:

**Come on, boys ...  
free lunch!**

Long shot - Everybody  
running around, yelling

**FREE LUNCH AT  
NASRUDIN'S !  
FREE LUNCH AT  
NASRUDIN'S  
HOUSE !**

Cut to a Lady with sixteen  
children,

LADY:

**This way! Follow the  
man in the orange  
cloak!**

Long shot of crowd, all  
following Nasrudin out the  
town gate,

Cut to a dog, jumping on a  
grocer, followed by a boy  
running over the grocer's  
stomach.

BOY:

**Free Lunch !**

GROCER:

(Prostrate)

**Free Lunch!**

Cut to Fat Lady, carrying  
two huge melons,

FAT LADY:

**Free Lunch?**

She drops the melons on  
the feet of two tiny men,

Cut to a stupid painter,  
whitewashing a house,

PAINTER:

**Free Lunch?**

POSH WOMAN:

(appearing in window)

**Free Lunch?**

The Painter, looking at the  
crowd, puts his brush in  
her face and runs down the  
ladder.

Cut to the Old, Old Lady, in  
a rocking-chair with a cat  
on her lap,

OLD LADY:

**fff-ree ... llun ... ch !?**

(she zips out of the chair)

**ROWR!**

(the cat flies in the air, hair  
on end. )

Cut to the Town Crier  
directing a thundering herd  
of people,

TOWN CRIER:

**Oyez! Oyez! Free  
Lunch At Nasrudin's  
House!**

Cut to long shot outside  
the town-gate - An  
enormous line of people is  
following Nasrudin

Cut to the front of the line,

MEHMET:

**Dah! It's really nice of  
you, nasrudin !**

TAALIB:

**Wa hay! I have not  
had a good meal for  
weeks.**

BIG MAN:

**He is not such a bad  
lad after all !**

VERY FAT MAN:

**His wife, Kerima, is an  
excellent cook !**

The Thief has just picked  
the Fat Man's pockets  
clean,

Cut to very long shot of the  
enormous line of  
townspeople approaching  
Nasrudin's house up on a  
hill,

Cut into front of line.

NASRUDIN:

**You wait here! Just a  
minute ... you wait  
here... I'll go ahead ...  
and tell my wife to  
prepare for you.**

Cut to long shot and  
hubbub of the enormous  
crowd as Nasrudin runs up  
the hill.

Cut to Kerima, bad-  
tempered, stirring a huge  
pot on the stove. Nasrudin  
pokes his. head round the  
door.

NASRUDIN:

**Hello, Kerima ... My  
Turtle Dove**

KERIMA:

**Rrg !**

NASRUDIN:

I've ... er ... invited  
some friends along for  
lunch, dear.

KERIMA:

Stupid oaf! There's not  
enough food in the  
house! How dare you  
invite all those people!

KERIMA:

We hear the crowd  
approaching  
Turn them away!

NASRUDIN:

shutting door  
I can't do that! My  
reputation for  
hospitality is at stake!

KERIMA:

Oh! All right! Go  
upstairs and hide  
yourself! I'll tell them  
that you are out.

Nasrudin sneaks out of  
picture and Kerima goes to  
the door,

Cut to the outside of the  
house - Kerima framed in  
the doorway.

KERIMA:

(Yelling) Nasrudin - Is  
- Not - At Home!  
(Slam)

The- Mulla - Is - Not-

Cut to long shot of amazed  
townspeople, by now  
having almost gotten to the  
front door.

TOWNSPEOPLE:

puzzled

What! We Saw Him  
Go In! ... He Went In  
The Door ! He  
Promised Lunch !  
Nasrudin! Nasrudin!  
You Promised Lunch !

Cut to Nasrudin, hiding  
beside the upstairs  
window, The crowd starts  
knocking on the door,

CROWD:

Nasrudin ! Nasrudin!  
We saw you go in !  
We saw him go in!

Let us in! Open up!  
Come on! He  
promised lunch!

Cut to crowd outside,  
banging on the door,  
He must be inside !

ALL CROWD:

Nasrudin!

BANANA EATER:

All take it up.

He's inside! He must  
be inside! We saw him  
go in! We saw him go  
in the house !

Cut to Kerima, hatchet  
face, stirring her brew,  
muttering under her breath.

The crowd getting angrier  
and banging on the door,

Cut to Nasrudin, hunched  
under the window.

Cut to an overhead shot of  
the crowd wilder,  
thundering on the door,

Cut to Nasrudin, scrunched  
up under the window.

Let Us In ! We Have  
Been Here All The  
Time! We Saw Him  
Go In The House! We  
Have Been Watching  
The Door! Let Us In !  
He Must Be Inside !

Cut to Nasrudin, who can't  
stand it any longer and  
sticks his face out the  
window.

Cut to outside shot of  
crowd, looking up at  
Nasrudin.

(exasperated)

I could have gone out  
by the backdoor,  
couldn't I?

(he stares at the crowd for  
a moment and zips in.)

Crowd, amazed and  
puzzled.

Cut to the Banana Eater,  
who says to a huge fat  
lady,

That's true - we didn't  
watch the backdoor!

Some other idiots join in,  
Did we? Did we watch  
the backdoor?

OTHER PEOPLE:

What! Are You Crazy?  
Fooyey!

False Promises! Cheap  
Skate!

## CAT AND MEAT (Sequence 7)

Cut to Kerima, still stirring her pot, furious. Crowd noises die down slightly, as they start to give up, Muttering ...

Cut to Nasrudin beside window, looking at Kerima,

Cut to Kerima, who looks around craftily, takes a big bowl and ladles out a great quantity of meat balls into it. She looks around again and eats the whole thing in three seconds,

Nasrudin tiptoes downstairs.

NASRUDIN:  
Kerlma, dear ... what is for lunch?

She says nothing, scrapes the bottom of the pan and ladles out two and a half potatoes on his plate and three on hers, She gulps hers down.

NASRUDIN:  
Potatoes? - what happened to the three pounds of meat I brought you?

KERIMA:  
(finishing off another potato)

The cat ... the cat ... the cat ate it! All three pounds of it !

Nasrudin puts down his plate, goes over to the slumbering cat on a chair, picks it up and puts it on a set of hand-held scales, He puts on three one-pound weights,

NASRUDIN:  
This cat weighs three pounds

KERIMA:  
So? ... Slobber!  
Slobber ... So?

NASRUDIN:  
If this is the cat, where is the meat?

If, on the other hand, this is the meat where is the cat?

He puts the cat down on the chair and, angry now, stamps out to the backdoor, turns around and gives Kerima an angry glance and slams the door. Fade to black.

## THIEF AND OLD LADY (Sequence 8)

Fade in.

Nasrudin walking, at early evening, He passes a wall and the Thief sticks his head out and watches Nasrudin's green beads, which are still hanging slightly out of his pocket. The Thief runs along behind the wall, leaping up and down. There is a crack in the wall and the Thief leans through to snatch the beads but falls on his face. Cut back to Nasrudin, still walking beside the wall, The Thief bouncing up and down on the other side of the wall until the cleft of a tree branch catches him around the neck.

Cut to Nasrudin passing the old, old Lady. She is carrying a bunch of bananas with enormous difficulty - She is so old that she can hardly walk,

NASRUDIN:  
Good Evening, Grand Mother.

OLD LADY:  
(with enormous difficulty)  
g.gg. goood eee..  
ve..nnlng....  
nnnn..asrudin

Nasrudin walks by and the Old Lady continues dragging her bunch of bananas with great difficulty.

Cut to the Thief, who spies the Old Lady's bananas, and zips towards her. She continues with great difficulty, hardly moving as the Thief tiptoes up behind her and rches for the bananas. He takes them and there is a sound of steel being unsheathed and a huge blue hairy arm shoots out of the Old Lady's robe seizing the Thief in a vice-like grip. Her other arm puts down the bananas, She picks the Thief up into the air and crashes him to the ground, steps over him, picks him up again and beats the daylight out of him. She now moves with absolute professional efficiency. She is a karate expert and she bashes him against trees like a carpet being beaten, jumps up and down on him, gives him Chinese burns, etc... Then, she ties him up in knots and then turns towards us, again with enormous difficulty, tottering and shaking as, with tremendous effort, she manages to pick up her bananas and exits, singing quietly to herself the 'Devonshire Poacher'.

The Thief, all knotted up, runs off on his hands into the distance, Fade to black.

## GARDEN (Sequence 9)

Fade in.

Nasrudin outside the wall of a beautiful garden, topped by exotic trees and rose bushes, A peacock sits on the wall,

Fade in classic Eastern harmonium music.

NASRUDIN:

**What A Beautiful Garden - A Sublime Grove! Ah! Me !  
Perchance Wondrous Delights May Be Hidden Within!**

Nasrudin climbs up the wall.

Cut to view from the other side of the wall, inside the beautiful garden. Nasrudin's turban and eyes appear. He looks both ways.

Cut to Nasrudin's eye-view of the garden. Amidst the lush foliage, at one end of the garden, lying on a carpet, is a beautiful Princess being clutched by a huge, green, monstrous Beast. Camera zooms in for a closer view.

Nasrudin, horrified, lets out a loud yell,

NASRUDIN:

**AHHHAI-  
IHAAHOOEE .... !!**

Cut to close-up of Beast, clutching at the Princess, but looking surprised.

NASRUDIN:

(pointing and calling out)

**Have courage, fair maiden! Nasrudin will deliver you from this loathesome brute!**

Nasrudin jumps from the top of the wall to the ground and runs towards the camera. Two peacocks rush to get out of the way and Nasrudin crashes headlong through them and confronts the Beast.

NASRUDIN:

**Away Foul Beast!**

Nasrudin does karate on the Beast forcing him to drop the Princess. He punches, pounds and kicks the Beast, driving him away from the Princess. The Beast moans in pain as Nasrudin drives him into the distance and gives him a final kick and the Beast mns away moaning and slobbering. bows, Nasrudin runs back up to the Princess and

NASRUDIN:

**Fair maiden, have no fear! I, Nasrudin, have put the beast to flight!**

Cut to close-up of Princess, basilisk expression. She punches Nasrudin in the eye, claps her hands and two Errol Flynn type bodyguards appear from nowhere, grab Nasrudin

and frog-march him to the wall and throw him over. He lands in the dust, outside.

Cut back into garden with the Princess kneeling on the ground, looking sympathetically up at a large bush on her right, which is rustling. The Beast's quivering eye appears in the foliage, trembling,

PRINCESS:

**Oh my darling! My poor sweet love! Did the horrid man hurt you?**

The Beast is crying and slobbering and is daring to come out a little more.

PRINCESS:

**Did the terrible man frighten you? Did he hurt him?**

The Beast drags himself out of the tree and the Princess kisses his huge claw-like hand.

PRINCESS:

**Never Mind, Darling Of My Heart! Never Mind, Dearest Lover !**

The Beast is whimpering as she cuddles him.

PRINCESS:

**EVERYTHING IS ALL RIGHT NOW!**

Cut to Nasrudin, in the dust, outside, listening in amazement.

PRINCESS:

**He has been punished and driven off!**

Cut to the Princess and the Beast. She is dabbing the Beast's face.

PRINCESS:

**There! There! Never Mind! He's gone now!**

Cut to close-up of Nasrudin, listening, with hand to ear,

PRINCESS:

**Everything's all right, now!**

Cut to Princess and Beast.

PRINCESS:

**There, there! Little one! Baby love!**

(beast snuffling)

**Honey sweet pet!**

Cut to Nasrudin again, who can't believe it,

Cut to Princess and Beast going into an embrace

PRINCESS:

**My own love! ahh ... umm .. oo .. etc ...**

(love noises as she snuggles up close to the Beast kissing him, A peacock comes into the screen and discreetly spreads its tail, obscuring the view except for their heads

Cut to Nasrudin, revolted,

NASRUDIN:

**AAWARGH !**

Cut to Princess and Beast. More peacocks spread their feathers, making a beautiful impression into which the Princess and Beast softly sink until completely enveloped. (cooings continue).

Cut to Nasrudin, who gets up.

NASRUDIN:

**Oh well!**

(dusting himself off)

**There is really no accounting for taste,**

He turns and walks away, stops and turns back to camera.

**Perhaps ... I should cultivate a limp...**

He limps away into the evening light.

## GRAVEYARD (Sequence 10)

Cut to long shot, the beautiful garden away in the distance - Sun going down and Nasrudin going away - His shadow is very long,

We hear the sound of horses approaching as their shadow crosses Nasrudin's path and he steps into the blackness.

Cut to Nasrudin walking towards us, looking at the horsemen silhouetted against the setting sun in the distance,

NASRUDIN:

musing, at first, but starts to terrify himself,

**Horsemen! Horsemen!  
Hm ... coming  
towards Me ... They  
could ... be thieves!  
Murderers!**

He starts to panic as the clapping of the horses' hooves grows louder and the sun goes further down.

**They Could... Rob  
Me !.. Beat Me !  
...Impress Me In The  
Army! ... Sell Me As A  
Slave !... Torture Me !..  
Hang Me ! Brand Me !  
... Lecture Me ! ...**

The horsemen arc much closer to him now and he completely panics and runs away from them.

Cut to their view of the running figure. There are four horsemen and they speed their horses towards the running figure.

Cut to Nasrudin running, scrambling over rocks, under crevices, sliding, stumbling, running,

Cut to the four horsemen speeding up,

Cut to Nasrudin going faster.

Cut to the horsemen going faster,

Cut to Nasrudin going faster,

Cut to the horsemen really galloping now.

Cut to Nasrudin going as fast as he possibly can,

He runs up to a wall, is momentarily pinned against it. He runs along the wall to an opening and runs panic-stricken through what we see is a graveyard,

He shoots around sliding and slipping and falls down in an open grave, There is a tremendous crash and he shoots out of the grave, old bones flying in all directions. He leaps into another hole and bursts out of yet another one, More bones flying - He gets a skull on his foot and he can't get it off and he runs hysterically and hides in another grave.

Cut to the horsemen point of view, as they approach this open grave.

Cut to Nasrudin inside the grave, in darkness, as we hear the sound of dismounting, the rustle and clank of what might be swords and armour,

The footsteps approach and Nasrudin picks up a thigh-bone as a club and a rib-cage as a shield and leans back in the grave, ready to fight.

The four horsemen, honest travellers, lean over the edge of the grave,

1ST TRAVELLER:  
**Good Evening!**

Nasrudin puts the thigh - bone as if it is a walking-stick and hides the rib-cage behind his back,

NASRUDIN:  
**Good Evening!**

1st TRAVELLER:  
**What are you doing in that grave?**

2ND TRAVELLER:  
**We saw you running away.**

3RD TRAVELLER:  
**Can we help you?**

NASRUDIN:  
suddenly realizing what has happened,

er ... ah ... ohoho.  
well ... Just because  
you ask a question  
does not necessarily  
mean there is a  
straightforward  
answer to it ... still, if  
you must know...

Cut to close-up of Nasrudin  
I am here ...

Cut to top shot of grave  
because of ...

Cut to side view of scene  
YOU!

Cut to Nasrudin's view of  
them  
AND YOU ...

Cut to another view of them  
ARE HERE ...

Cut to aerial view of the  
graveyard  
BECAUSE OF ...

Cut to Nasrudin's head at  
their feet  
ME !

Nasrudin raises his head up  
towards them with a smile,  
They stand there amazed  
and Nasrudin, as if he lived  
in this grave all the time, lies  
down on the floor and takes  
an old skull for a pillow and  
pretends to go to sleep.

The four horsemen turn,  
dumbfounded, and walk  
away.

We Cut to Nasrudin in the  
grave, still trying to keep up  
appearances, Actually he  
starts to doze off,

## WOLVES (Sequence 11)

Cut to Nasrudin, snoring in  
the open grave, Inside his  
white turban, a tiny  
Nasrudin figure dissolves  
in, as if his turban becomes  
the screen for his dream,

Cut into the turban and the  
dream starts as we hear  
underneath the sound of  
Nasrudin snoring,

The dream-Nasrudin is  
sitting on a carpet with a  
cup of tea and is thinking.  
He is pulling at his beard,  
fiddling with his shoes and  
going into odd  
concentrated positions,

NASRUDIN:  
Some people are dead  
... when they seem to  
be alive, on the other  
hand ... others again  
... are alive... although  
they seem to be dead.  
So, how can we tell if  
a man is dead. or if he  
is alive?

'Bang' Kerima' s frying pan  
bashes him on the head  
and he vibrates.

KERIMA:  
Foolish man !

She picks up his hands  
and feet and shakes them,  
If the hands and feet are  
cold, you can be sure that  
he is dead!

She throws his hands and  
feet down and stamps out.  
He gets up considering this  
and walks out,

And we dissolve to a long  
shot of a snow scene with  
Nasrudin and his donkey  
walking along.

Cut to close-up of  
Nasrudin and the donkey,  
The donkey, in the dream,  
is very fat - It is snowing.  
They reach a tree -  
Nasrudin takes out his axe  
and starts to chop at the  
tree. He drops his axe in a  
fit of shivering and starts  
jumping up and down to  
warm himself, His hands  
and feet, he notices, are  
going blue with cold,

NASRUDIN:  
Cold ... cold (realizes)  
they... are ... cold,  
Death now seems to  
be upon me !

He thinks a bit and throws  
away his axe,

The dead do not cut wood  
... they lie down  
respectably - for they have  
no need of physical  
movement,

He lies down putting his  
turban in the cleft which he  
has cut in the tree, The fat  
donkey, fed -up, looks on  
in boredom, at Nasrudin's  
feet.

Cut to a long shot of the  
top of the hill, We see what  
looks like a pine-tree. But  
then the branches  
disappear, leaving only the

upright stand and a small moving blob runs over to the next upright pole, and what seems to be branches shoot out,

Cut in to reveal six long-headed wolves posing as a tree, They zip in and run over to another pole, a little closer to Nasrudin, and pose again as a tree.

A snow storm hits and as it clears, we cut to Nasrudin asleep, with snow covering his body, looking like a white coffin, the donkey still sits, bored, at his feet,

Cut to the wolf-tree entirely covered in ice. The ice cracks and the icicles drop off, revealing the wolves who have turned blue from the cold. They shiver terribly and run to another tree.

Cut to the donkey whose ear lifts and whose eyes open wide,

Cut to the wolves who run to another tree.

Cut to the donkey, more worried.

Cut to the wolves sticking out from behind a tree, all six of them clutching at their stomachs - they are obviously starving to death. They zip back in and go down the hill from tree to tree, like a slalom,

Cut to the donkey, now very worried, looking round stupidly.

Cut to the wolves who shoot out from behind the tree, do a long run and zoom into the air.

We hear the sound of a screaming jet engine and they land on the donkey, who disappears in a cartoon blurr.

Jet and buzz-saw and eating noises as the blurr zooms around,

Cut to Nasrudin with one eye open looking at the demotion of his donkey, entirely calmly, he leans to us and says.

NASRUDIN:  
**Such is life! One thing is conditional upon another.**

Cut to the wolves, now with huge, full bellies, who burp and snicker, pick their teeth and laugh gleefully to each other in front of Nasrudin, rubbing their bellies with delight.

Two of them take a wish-bone and snap it in front of Nasrudin, one pretending to be very hurt at having lost.

NASRUDIN:  
getting angry now, lifts a hand out of the snow,  
**All right. go on ... go on ... but you would not take such liberties with my donkey - if I was alive !**

The wolves, still giggling hysterically, belching and burping, walk away into the distance on the squeaky snow and an old-fashioned cartoon iris follows them to the centre of the screen, They go over the hill, and the white oval turns back into Nasrudin's hat. We hear the sound of birds twittering and Nasrudin wakes up in the open grave in the early morning golden light.

## **PUBLIC LECTURE (Sequence 12)**

Nasrudin crawls out of the grave into the early morning light, shakes some old bones from his pant leg and coat, shudders slightly and starts to walk away.

NASRUDIN:

(to camera)

**In the midst ... of life  
... we are in the midst  
... of death!**

He swings his arm out in a gesture and a skeleton hand also comes out of his sleeve, duplicating his gesture. It falls to the ground and Nasrudin shudders,

TOWN CRIER:

(in the distance)

**Oyez ... Oyez**

Cut to Nasrudin on a hill, looking down at the town. Tremendous activity going on in the market-place.

TOWN CRIER:

(continues)

**Here Come The  
Experts! Make Way!  
Make Way! Make Way  
For The Experts !**

Cut to the Town Crier, who is running around at the head of a line of seven dignified Experts.

TOWN CRIER:

**Make way for the  
panel of experts! The  
experts are coming!  
Here come the  
experts! To answer all  
your questions! To  
answer all your  
questions! What you  
like to put to the  
experts ... here come  
the experts! The panel  
of experts!**

Cut to longer shot of a rostrum and canopy prepared for the Public Lecture,

The Town Crier continues to jump up and down, as the Experts surrounded by the populace proceed to the rostrum. An effeminate Student runs up to the first Expert and sneaks in a quick question, before the Experts can get on the stand.

EFFEMINATE STUDENT:

(clutching a book to his chest)

**O learned professor...  
I aspire to hold such  
an important  
academic position as  
you do - how best may  
i do this?**

ACADEMIC:

(cleaning his glasses)

**Academic prominence  
is attained by the  
amassing of diplomas,  
degrees and certificates  
and unremitting  
lobbying of highly  
placed relatives and  
friends!**

(poking his finger at the student's book)

**Spend not your time,  
young man - on  
foolish and unreward-  
ing study of books.**

(he flips the book out of the student's hand into the dust)

**Study rather the  
means, the short cuts**

(he takes out a pair of scissors and snips off a bit of the string round his hat, which he has been using to clean his glasses. he turns away from the student and goes up on the podium)

**- and above all -  
entertain well ... and  
give princely gifts!**

Enter the Scientist about to get on the platform and an honest Peasant tugs at his sleeve.

HONEST PEASANT:

**O great scientist, why  
does the moon rise  
and set?**

The Scientist turns to the camera and speaks like an automaton,

SCIENTIST:

The rising and setting of the moon are qualities of an ephemeral nature and are only a manifestation of the plethora of intricately inter-related events, as we know them today!

He smiles benignly on the poor wretch, who falls back astonished into the crowd as the Scientist sweeps past, followed by a Felix Aylmer type Priest, whose robes are being carried by two tiny choir boys,

An honest Official bows in front of the Priest.

HONEST OFFICIAL:

O saintly priest, give me some words to strengthen my faith!

PRIEST:

Faith in the infinite wisdom of god is engendered and strengthened by constant recourse to prayer and abstinence...

We see the Bnnana Eater, absently standing by, eating a banana.

PRIEST:

But above all

(he sprcads his hand out and the Banana Eater, without looking, drops his banana skin into the hand of the Priest. The Priest shakes the banana skin to the ground and the Banana Eater steps on it and falls on his face)

by a lifelong and unswerving devotion to the humble priesthood... themselves dedicated, constantly fasting, practising self-denial ...

He turns and sweeps the honest Official out of the way with his scroll and continues talking as he makes his way up on to the platform,

PRIEST:

who are and should be ... a shining example of the pure, pious and truly humane ... man of god!

Enter a Tiny Prince. A huge fat petty Land Owner pushes the honest Official out of the way and bows.

PETTY LAND OWNER:

August and noble prince, with your wide experience of rulership and authority, how best may I rule my peasants?

TINY PRINCE:

Dah ! The peasants? Hang them! Brand them ! Lll - lash them! Sssss-starve them! Lllllike i do - show them who is mmmmm-master.

We see the THIEF, unseen by the Prince, looting the Prince's pockets as the Prince ascends the platform.

Enter the Lawyer, and Taalib, the honest Student, with his tattered pen and ratty paper and ink, in reverence approaches the Lawyer.

TAAALIB:

O great lawyer, is justice (he gulps) ... in fact, based on truth?

(turning to the camera - his voice hisses like a snake)

LAWYER:

The answer is yes ...

Cut to Taalib writing furiously.

If not, the answer is ... no!

Cut to Taalib, writing furiously.

Subject to ... subsection 2

(more taalib writing furiously)

paragraph 3

(more furious writing)

... foot note 26 ...

The Lawyer flicks round and goes up on the platform, leaving Taalib completely covered in ink and bewildered,

The Tiny Merchant enters and the Shopkeeper bends low in front of him.

SHOPKEEPER:

**O great merchant, impart to me the secrets of successful commerce... please.**

MERCHANT:

**Commercial success is based on a set of scales weighted in your favour, a gullible public**

(we see the Thief is undoing the Merchant's money-bag)

**...and an unrelenting**

(and without looking at the thief, the merchant grabs him around the neck and drags the thief towards him)

**...greed!**

He picks the Thief up and shakes him upside-down. All the Thief's loot falls to the ground and the Merchant shoves the Thief away and puts all the loot into his own robes and walks up on the platform, Enter the Politician, the last of the Experts, A Civil Servant bows before him,

CIVIL SERVANT:

**O great and worthy chairman and statesman, I aspire to lead such a scintillating delegation as you do. please, tell me how to do so.**

The Politician turns to the camera and clears his throat. He acts this speech out graphically, changing utterly from mood to mood,

POLITICIAN:

**Above all considerations, a successful chairman and statesman, such as myself, must have at his command ... yea! at his fingertips a rhetoric, a delivery, a gamut of expressions ... suitable for occasions which are solemn... joyous... monetary ... and ceremonial.**

He sweeps up on to the platform.

TOWN CRIER:

(jumping up and down on the platform)

**O people ... the learned ones are here to answer all your questions ... who, among you will pose the first question?**

Crowd murmuring - Someone says,

SOMEONE:

**Nasrudin ... where is Nasrudin ?**

OTHERS:

**Where is Nasrudin ?**

The Thief is seen looting again, as we search through the crowd,

OTHER VOICES:

**Nasrudin? ... Nasrudin? ... Oh! Here - Here's Nasrudin !**

They grab Nasrudin,

TWO TOWNSMEN:

**Dust him down! ... Dust him down! ...**

They dust him down.

**Dress him up ! ... Dress him up !**

They put on another set of patched robes and turban, which are almost identical to the ones Nasrudin was wearing.

TWO TOWNSMEN:

**Pass him over ! Pass him over!**

They pick up Nasrudin and the crowd hands him over their heads up on to the platform. Nasrudin stands there, smiling at the Experts, Expectant crowd murmurs.

To the Politician, very politely,

NASRUDIN:  
May I ask the learned  
ones a question?

POLITICIAN:  
(humouring him)  
Proceed!

NASRUDIN:  
What are you doing  
here?  
(in amusement, as to a  
child)

POLITICIAN:  
We are a team of  
experts - and we are  
here to answer all of  
the questions which  
the people cannot  
answer for themselves.

All the Experts titter.  
And who ... are you?

NASRUDIN:  
(self-effacingly)  
Oh! Me!? Oh! You  
better have me up  
here!

(he sits down beside the  
Politician)  
Experts all shocked.

I am here... to answer  
the questions which  
you don't know the  
answers to !

More shock

NASRUDIN:  
Shall we start with  
some of the things  
which baffle you ...  
learned gentlemen?

Experts all cough.

POLITICIAN:  
(confidentially, to Nasrudin)  
Are you accusing us of  
- ignorance?

Nasrudin, smiling, nods -  
More coughing.

POLITICIAN:  
Would that also imply  
that we are

(he leans forward to  
Nasrudin)

irresolute?

Nasrudin, smiling, nods -  
Silence from the other  
Experts now, The Lawyer  
seizing his opportunity,  
hisses.

LAWYER:  
And, Doubtless, You  
Charge That We Are  
In Addition,  
Confused!

Nasrudin, smiling, nods.

Cut to the Priest, with his  
hand up to heaven. He  
stabs it at Nasrudin.

PRIEST:  
Heretic!

The other Experts join in  
Heretic! Heretic!  
Heretic! Heretic!  
Heretic! Heretic!

Cut to crowd, tentatively  
joining in,

CROWD:  
Heretic? ... Heretic!  
Heretic? ... Heretic!  
Heretic? ... Heretic!  
Heretic? .. Heretic !

POLITICIAN:  
The Politician claps his  
hands.

Seize Him!

Three ghouls zip in on to  
the platform, carrying  
chains and handcuffs,  
etc...

They tie and bolt Nasrudin  
up in chains.

## BREAD (Sequence 13)

Cut to side view of Nasrudin, covered in chains, running along, being towed by a chariot on which sit the three ghouls,

Cut to aerial view of the same, but with the populace lining the route which leads to the Palace.

Cut to enormous Court doors which open revealing the King and Court in full assembly. The three ghouls drag Nasrudin across the floor in front of the King and unbolt him, Nasrudin looks up and sees Anwar, the Grand Vizier. There is the sound of the gong and their noses quiver in distaste of each other, Anwar, the Grand Vizier, bows low before the King.

ANWAR:  
O king, the philosophers, the logicians and the doctors of law ...

Cut to the same seven Experts, who are seated on a magnificent carpet exactly as they had been at the public lecture.

ANWAR:  
...have been gathered together to examine a most serious case of ...heresy!!

Cut to the King and courtroom all shocked - Whispers, etc ...

ANWAR:  
(attacking)  
This man, Nasrudin ...

Cut to the King, who stutters, half asleep,

KING:  
Na-Na-Na ...  
Nasrudin...

Cut to Anwar,  
ANWAR:  
...is accused of -  
undermining the state!

More crowd shock.  
ANWAR:  
He has admitted going around, saying such wise men as these ...

Cut to the Experts.  
ANWAR:  
...are ignorant, irresolute and confused!

More crowd reaction.  
KING:  
(bored with the entire proceedings, but waking up from his reverie enough to fulfill his function)  
Nasrudin ... you may speak first!

Nasrudin bows to the King,

NASRUDIN:  
Your majesty, may I ask the learned ones a question?

KING:  
Proceed.

NASRUDIN:  
(bowing reverently in front of the Experts)  
O wise men ... what is ... bread?

Cut to Experts, cackling, and saying such things as:  
Bread! Ridiculous!  
Stupid Question !

EXPERTS:  
Bread! Ridiculous!  
Cut to the King, bored and annoyed, who motions the Experts to get on with it.

Cut to the Academic, cleaning his glasses,

ACADEMIC:  
Bread - is a substance which is for the purpose of nourishing people !

Court admiration and murmurs of 'of course'.

Pan to the Scientist, who says, again like an automaton,

SCIENTIST:  
Bread is a compound of flour and water.

Cut to outside the courtroom where there are five statues of eagles. In

the middle stands the Thief trying to look like an eagle. Scientist's voice continues under

SCIENTIST:  
... mixed at a certain ratio ...

The Thief runs from behind the eagles over to behind a guard and he peeps in at the courtroom proceedings,

SCIENTIST:  
(continuing)  
...and subject to a certain heat!

Courtroom reactions of

COURTROOM:  
BRILLIANT!  
NATURALLY! HOW TRUE! etc ...

Pan to the Priest.

PRIEST:  
It is a blessing which descends as manna from the heavens! It is a gift from god not withstanding man's iniquity and undeserving state!

Cut to a line of soldiers in court, The Thief's head protrudes between their robes and then zips back in, There is a pause and then one of the soldiers' robe disappears leaving him standing in his underpants as we see the Thief scuttle round a corner.  
Pan to the Tiny Prince,

TINY PRINCE:  
A vexed question - but I for one know it to be none other than baked dough !

More crowd admiration and scattered applause.

CROWD:  
The prince is right!  
etc...

Pan to the Lawyer, who prepares to answer.

Cut to Taalib, pen at the ready, covered in ink, who has somehow managed to get into the courtroom, He takes down the Lawyer's words again.

LAWYER:  
It is, first of all, necessary to understand what is meant by bread...

Cut to two rows of turbaned courtiers, The Thief sticks his head out of a window and spots the pearls around the turbans.

LAWYER:  
Define your terms of reference ...

The Thief's hand comes out and zips the pearls off the turban and the turban sinks over the courtier's head,

LAWYER:  
It can be held to be changeable - or - immutable.

Cut to Taalib, completely covered in ink.

Pan to the Merchant.

MERCHANT:  
Bread is a substance from which man draws nutriment!

Good crowd reaction.

CROWD:  
Hear! Hear! So It Is! Indeed!

Cut to the Politician at the end of the line, who holds up his hands to sum up.

POLITICIAN:  
Throughout the ages savants and sages have sought the answer to this question but still - it has to be admitted that nobody really knows,

ENTIRE CROWD:  
Indeed! Quite So !  
How Absolutely True!  
A Brilliant Summing Up !

Cut to the King, bored but slightly unconvinced,  
Cut to Nasrudin.

NASRUDIN:  
Your majesty, how can you trust these men?

Cut to the Experts, in annoyance,

NASRUDIN:

Is it not strange that  
they cannot agree...

Anwar, sensing trouble,  
hides well out of the King's  
view.

NASRUDIN:

...on the nature of  
something they eat  
everyday...

Cut to the Experts, looking  
at each other.

...yet, are unanimous  
that I am a heretic.

(he smiles at the King.)

Cut to the King who really  
does not want to be  
bothered but is thinking,  
nevertheless.

KING:

Mmmm .....

## VIZIER AND MESSENGER (Sequence 14)

As the Court awaits the King's  
decision, there is the sound of  
a horse galloping up and a  
crash of armour and a tiny  
honest yeoman-messenger  
stagger into the centre of the  
court. He is porcupined with  
arrows and is obviously  
dying. He also has a spear  
shoved right through his  
centre. He collapses. Anwar,  
the Grand Vizier, shoots over  
to him and listens, trying not  
to get too close

MESSENGER:

(gasp) The King...  
The King...Of...India

ANWAR:

(to the King and Court)

O Majesty, the King of  
India ...

(he zips back to listen further)

MESSENGER:

Th...Th...Threatens...

ANWAR:

(languorous)

The King Of India  
Threatens ...

MESSENGER:

The... Invasion... Of  
... Persia...

ANWAR:

The Invasion Of  
Persia...

He suddenly realizes what he  
says. Fast cuts of King and  
Court, shocked.

MESSENGER:

(grabbing Anwar's robe.  
Anwar rips his robe away)

unless ...

ANWAR:

(histrionic)

unless ...

MESSENGER:

A ... Suitable ...  
Ambassador ...

ANWAR:

A Suitable Ambassa-  
dor

MESSENGER:

can... be ... sent...  
immediately...

ANWAR:

can be sent immedi-  
ately...

MESSENGER

(expiring now)

to ... to ... to make... to  
make... peace!

He dies.

ANWAR:

to make peace !

Anwar signals the removal of  
the dead messenger and the  
three ghouls zip in, pick up  
the Messenger by the lance  
and some of the arrows and,  
with his spurs as wheels, they  
wheelbarrow him out of the  
courtroom.

## CANDIDATES

(Sequence 15)

Interior of the courtroom.

The Grand Vizier goes towards the throne.

VIZIER:

**Oh Majesty!**

(heading towards the throne)

**In that we require an ambassador to make peace with India, will Your Majesty now hear the applicants for this high office?**

Cut to King, who nods assent.

KING:

**Mmm... let the first candidate come forward:**

Drums roll to announce the entrance of ZAPPO THE GREAT, a tatty conjurer, in an aberrated Persianized evening dress. He rolls up his sleeves.

ZAPPO:

**Diplomacy is but sleight of hand!**

(flips out led balls and zips them away)

**Who better to represent Your Majesty...**

(Poof! Paper flowers appear from his hand, he places them on the King's throne)

Than...

(zips open coat, pigeons fly out carrying a banner marked 'Zappo the Great')

**Zappo The Great!**

(juggling white rabbits in his hands)

**Whose Hands Are Quicker Than The Eye!**

(Then flipping cards)

**To Entertain!**

(pulls out knotted handkerchief)

**Deceive!**

(woof:handkerchief turns out into huge gold and green flag with 'Persia' written on it)  
AMUSE! (lights a cigar, bang:it explodes)

**Perplex!**

(he flips handkerchief back and forth, pulls it away, revealing a goldfish in a bowl, spins goldfish and bowl in the air and rolls it across his shoulders, from his right hand into his left, where it disappears in his cloak)

**Outwit!**

(lifts hat off, revealing goldfish and bowl on his head).

Cut to King, who looks up in a mixture of boredom and disgust.

Cut to Zappo, who has gloved hands extended out on movable wooden hinges,

ZAPPO THE GREAT:

**Confuse!**

(he flips open a deck of cards with one gloved hand)

**Dismay!**

(other phony hand takes a card)

Cut to King, who grunts to eunuch. Eunuch pulls sash, trap door opens beneath Zappa and he plummets through floor, cards flying in the air)

ZAPPO THE GREAT:

**ALAAAAAAAAAAAAAA  
AAAAAAAAArm...**

Trap door closes as cards fall to the ground. The three ghouls zip in and sweep cards up and zip out.

Cut to Vizier,

VIZIER:

**And now the second applicant!**

There is a smattering of applause as the POLITICIAN promenades along a magnificent carpet towards the throne. He bows:

POLITICIAN:

**Negotiation is the basis of all agreement, provided that certain national interests...  
ahh... be honoured...**

Cut to King, bored.

Cut to Vizier, delighted at King's reaction.

... despite the narrow attitude of other negotiators based on their nationalistic involvements

(effect of sound and picture speeding up)

Ahdahdahdah  
abadabadahba...

(picture and sound running down back to normal)

ah ba da ba thus  
producing a state of agreement between nations.

(He bows).

Nominal grunts and scattered half-hearted applause from courtroom. Vizier looks to King.

KING:

(mutters)

Mmm... Thank You...  
Thank You...

(gestures his dismissal.

The Politician graciously turns and sweeps out).

Cut to Vizier.

VIZIER:

And The Next  
Applicant!

There is an enormous crash, like a ten-pin bowling ball strike, as we See General IRONPANTS, pushing his soldiers aside.

GENERAL IRONPANTS:  
(Bellowing)

Majesty, put not your trust in idle chatter!

(He crashes his way towards the throne)

Lead your soldiers against this Indian despot!

Cut to King, who obviously does not want to fight.

KING:  
Mmm ...

IRONPANTS:  
The Sword

(he unsheathes it)

Shall Decide!

(He is too old and the sword is too heavy, and it falls to the ground, at the King's feet. The General gets it up with tremendous effort and the sword now gets out of control, carrying the General around the room).

IRONPANTS:  
Give him a taste of steel! Get him on his knees!

(the sword just misses the Grand Vizier)

Strip him of his fancy pants!

(just misses the Vizier again)

...and give it to him in the guts!

(He charges the Grand Vizier, still with the sword leading the action, and pins the Vizier's robe to the floor. There is a rip as the Vizier rushes and hides behind the King's throne).

IRONPANTS:

Cut and parry! Slash, hue and hack!

(approaching the throne again)

Let the blood flow!

Cut to Vizier signalling frantically to two of the General's ADC's, who come silently out and take the General away, screaming).

IRONPANTS:

Hack! Hack! Hack away! Beat him to his knees! Cut, slash and parry! Cut a slice off him!

(his energy now almost spent, he cannot lift the sword any more, his ADC's take him along the magnificent carpet and the dragging sword slices it up the middle as they go).

IRONPANTS:

Blast Him! Cut Him!  
Slash Him!

(gibberish)

Cut to King, horrified at the whole thing, gives a chicken-hearted shudder.

Cut to Vizier, delighted.

VIZIER:

**And the next applicant!**

We see an effeminate POET, who looks like a flower, he minces towards the throne and bows. He unravels a parchment scroll, beautifully illuminated with the words 'Let Peace Reign!'

POET:

(in high effeminate voice)

**Let Peace Reign!**

(getting carried away, he steps on his parchment scroll)

**Why Discord And Harsh Abuse,**

(now entirely tied up in his scroll)

**Twixt Persia And Brother India ?**

Takes out white dove from cloak

**Let Understanding Blossom!**

White dove, with pink streamers flutters up into the air above the Poet's head and drops' one' into the Poet's eye. Temporarily blinded, he turns, walking on his scroll, away from the King and Vizier.

**And Peace And Love, And Harmony Of Hearts !**

(discovers he is the wrong way round, turns back along his parchment towards the King, tugs at the scroll)

**For Ever After!**

Cut to Vizier, who looks to the King,

Cut to King, almost throwing up,

**KING:**

**Aaaa Wghhhhhlo ...**

Vizier, delighted, turns to Poet, his hand out in a violent gesture of dismissal. The Poet's lily-white robes, turning brown at the edges, fill with air from the gesture, as he scurries out like a wilted flower.

Cut to Vizier,

VIZIER:

**And The Next!**

As the Poet shuffles away, RAMBLING ACHMET leaps in, with an enormous electrified Persian lute, with three sets of string boards, as if three instruments are combined in one.

RAMBLING ACHMET:

**I Am Rambling Achmet With My Wondrous Lute!**

He strikes a chord and strings break and electric 'shorts' occur, giving him fast electric shocks which delight him,

RAMBLING ACHMET:

(Recitative style)

**Music Soothes The Heart Of Every Man And Beast, Removing War And Pestilence, And Bringing Peace At Least!**

He strikes an enormous chord. More strings break.

More electric shocks and his hair fries slightly,

(To the tune of 'Down by the riverside', he prances round the courtroom)

**RAMBLING ACHMET:**

**I'm Gonna Lay Down My Sword And Shield Down By The Persian Gulf,**

**Down By The Persian Gulf, Down By The Persian Gulf,**

**I'm Gonna Lay Down My Heavy Load Down By The Persian Gulf,**

**I Ain't Gonna Study War No More ...**

Cut to King, who is revolted and makes a signal to The Vizier.

The Vizier and the eunuch, behind the King's throne, both rush off screen.

RAMBLING ACHMET:  
Ain't Gonna Study  
War No More, Ain't  
Gonna Study War No  
More,

I Ain't Gonna Study  
War No More, I  
Ain't-A-Gonna Study  
...

(Rambling Achmet does a  
grind at the King)

... War...

(Flash cut of King, horrified)  
No More... Study War  
No More, I Ain't  
Gonna Study War No  
More...

Eunuch pulls a cord and a  
silk curtain rolls up,  
revealing an old -fashioned  
electric railway switch,  
beautifully engraved.

RAMBLING ACHMET:  
I'm Gonna Drop Me  
A Great Big Clanger,  
Right In The Persian  
Gulf,

Right In The Persian  
Gulf ...

Vizier pulls switch, ka-chung:  
Right In The Persian  
Gulf, I'm Gonna Drop  
Me ...

We zoom into Rambling  
Achmet' s electric wire  
cord and pan rapidly along  
it, where the electric charge  
hits it and we follow the wire  
back to Rambling Achmet.

... A Great Big  
Clanger Right In The  
Persian Gulf,

I Ain't Gonna ...  
Study...

(the charge hits him)

War Noooooooo ...  
Mooooooooore ...

(he lights up like a jukebox  
and fries completely,  
delighted as he does,  
Frying, he exits 'a la  
vaudeville', bursts into  
smoke, smashes through a  
beautiful Persian stained  
glass window.)

Cut to outside Palace, as  
he spirals down like a  
smoking spitfire in flames.

Cut back into courtroom  
crowd muttering as we  
hear an electrified crash,

Cut to the King, who is  
bored and disgusted. The  
Grand Vizier polishes his  
rings, wets his eyebrows  
and shoots in front of the  
king:

VIZIER:

And, Finally, May I,  
In All Humility, Offer  
Myself

(he grovels on the floor like  
a black pancake)

As The Final  
Candidate For This  
High Office Of  
Ambassador? Having  
Throughout Your  
Majesty's Rule Toiled,  
Nay, Slaved

(he is dancing now)

To Reflect Your Every  
Whim! To Protect!  
And Enhance The  
Stature Of The  
Throne! To Glorify  
The State!

(he drops to the ground  
and wriggles on his belly  
towards the throne)

And To Selflessly  
Serve The Nation As  
Your Majesty Would  
Wish It To Be Served!

(He has his nose on the  
throne, at the King's  
feet. The King gives no  
indication of anything, and  
the Vizier signals with his  
hand, which the King  
cannot see, to his  
bejewelled Sycophants,  
who start the applause).

Cut to the full panorama of  
the courtroom as the  
applause grows.

ANWAR, the Grand Vizier,  
takes his nose off the throne  
and backs up across the  
courtroom floor into the  
arms of his applauding  
Sycophants.

Cut to the courtroom crowd  
as the applause dies down  
and everybody looks to the

King. The King, world-weary, slowly raises his head from his reverie,

KING:

**I have heard, and seen... applications for the post of ambassador from men who I would not employ... to comb the tail of a donkey!**

(Angry now - he has woken up)

**All I want is a man ...to represent... our majesty... at the court of the Great Mogul of India.**

Cut to the courtroom in hushed silence.

Cut to the King, who raises his eyes to heaven and puts up his hand,

KING:

**I Therefore Appoint...**

(the drums roll, the King's finger comes forward to the screen and travels along the line of candidates, who crane forward in anticipation),

Cut to the Grand Vizier, surrounded by his Sycophants,

Cut to the Politician, craning forward.

Cut to the Poet, with his parchment scroll.

Cut to General Ironpants, who is still struggling, as if behind bars, which are the

staves of his two ADC's, like a gorilla trying to get out.

Cut to the now smouldering Rambling Achmet, all hair fried off, with a bit of left-over lute - he is like a charred cinder - little electric' shorts' still occurring,

Cut to the King's hand as the drums come to a climax. The King draws his hand forward.

KING:

**... NASRUDIN !**

There is a big whiz pan round the courtroom ending on Nasrudin seated calmly in the crowd.

Cut to the Grand Vizier, who gasps as his eye-balls flash bright green.

Track out to reveal his sycophants who immediately zip over to Nasrudin ; they fawn over him, surreptitiously flashing money, jewels, trinkets, whispering such words as:

SYCOPHANTS:

**Marvellous! Isn't He Handsome! A Magnificent Profile! So Suave! The Robes Will Set Him Off! Such Dignity ... Isn't He Lovely! Such Poise! Such Command! Such Potential! Etc...**

1st SYCOPHANT:

(Calling out to King)

**An Excellent Choice, Your Majesty!**

2nd SYCOPHANT:

**A Glorious Choice, Your Majesty!**

Cut to Vizier, trying to pull himself together.

VIZIER:

**(to King)**

**Truly Inspired ...**

**(louder)**

**Greatly Preferred! Truly Inspired!**

Cut to the King, back in his reverie.

KING:

**Prepare The Ambassador And His Caravan.**

Fast fade to black.

We track back from a large black circle, which turns out to be the mouth of the palace herald, surrounded by four trumpeters; the assembled populace in serried ranks outside the palace below.

PALACE HERALD:

**Ooooooooooooooh ! People!**

Great hush.

The King Has  
Chosen Our Own  
Mulla Nasrudin As  
Ambassador To India!

Wild cheer from crowd,  
including:

CROWD:

Good old Nasrudin !  
That's our man ! We  
knew he'd make it !  
He'll look after our  
interests!

PALACE HERALD:

Long Live Ambassador  
Nasrudin!

CROWD:

Long Live Ambassador  
Nasrudin ! Long Live  
Ambassador Nasrudin!  
Long Live Ambassador  
Nasrudin ! Etc...

Trumpets blasting. Fade to  
black.

## VIZIER IN CAVE (Sequence 16)

Sound carries over as we  
fade in on the revolving  
Grand Vizier's green eye-  
balls.

VIZIER:

Ambassador?

Track out revealing his face.

Ambassador Nasrudin?

Track out a little further to  
show that Anwar is in a  
grey-green cave, with  
flickering candle-light.

I'll teach Nasrudin to  
thwart Anwar the  
Grand Vizier!

We have pulled back  
sufficiently now to show a  
vulture perched on Anwar's  
shoulder. He is an exact  
vulture duplicate of Anwar.

VULTURE:

Anwar, The Grand  
Vizier! Clack! Clack!  
Clack !

VIZIER:

I'll fix him!

VULTURE:

(shooting out his claw)

I'll Fix Him! Clack!  
Clack! Clack!

VIZIER:

(oily sentiment)

My Friends ...

Cut back to reveal the  
assembled sycophants  
sitting in a semi -circle at his  
feet.

...you have done well  
to befriend Nasrudin,

The Vulture's head sinks into  
his neck feathers,

VULTURE:

Argghh ...

VIZIER:

Now ... This Is What  
We Do ...

He points his bejewelled  
fingers at camera and a red  
ruby comes upright into  
lens, which does a  
combination of ripple glass  
and vaseline dissolve to a  
treasure chest full of  
glittering jewels. Anwar's  
dialogue is mixed over his  
own whisper and four or  
five tracks of his own voice  
superimposed on itself.

VIZIER:

Steal the jewels from  
his gift treasure chest,  
and replace them with  
earth!

(We see through a white  
haze these scenes being  
enacted out in pantomime,  
giving a flash-forward  
effect)

VIZIER:

Teach him the wrong  
court etiquette!

-Get him to call the great mogul of india by the wrong titles!

Give him a broken sword to defend himself with on the journey!

Same mixture of ripple and vaseline dissolve as red ruby on the Vizier's finger draws back away from the camera.

Back to Anwar in the cave.

VIZIER:

And for the final trick, get him to hire a caravan master...

VULTURE:

Caravan Master ...  
Ark! Clack! Clack!  
Clack!

VIZIER:

who might...

The background starts to slowly dissolve lighter and the Vulture, on Anwar's shoulder, slowly fades away,

VIZIER:

... be wearing dark glasses

(dark glasses slowly fade on Anwar)

and a purple robe....

(his black robes dissolve to a violent purple)

with an orange sash ...

(orange sash fades on round his middle. The background is getting much lighter now)

and who will be heavily bearded.

(a large red beard dissolves on his face.)

Dissolve.

## MARKET PLACE (Sequence 17)

TOWNSPEOPLE:

1st SYCOPHANT:

2nd SYCOPHANT:

OTHER SYCOPHANTS:

There is the sound of a marketplace and we pull back to reveal the fully disguised CARAVAN MASTER/VIZIER in the bustling marketplace, at noon.

We pan through the crowd hubbub to find Nasrudin surrounded by various townspeople, crying such things as:

Nasrudin, what do we do about the firewood? Nasrudin, what do we do about the sheep?

Nasrudin, where do we put the tents? And the water jars? And the wood? And the cooking pots? And the camels? ..

We have pulled back now to reveal a large crowd full of goats, camels and paraphernalia for the trip, with the sycophants looking on from behind. Some Ali Baba type oil pots. The sycophants force

their way through the crowd  
to Nasrudin, and bow and  
scrape before him.

O Noble ambassador!

O Eminent  
excellency!

O Great emissary!  
You should not be  
bothered with such  
details! You should be  
left alone to think! To  
reflect! To meditate!  
To think! To reflect!  
And to formulate your  
diplomatic strategy!

Yes, indeed! To  
formulate strategy! To  
reflect! To consider! To  
meditate!

1st SYCOPHANT:

2nd SYCOPHANT:

OTHER SYCO-  
PHANTS:

Nasrudin!

You need a caravan  
master, To free you  
from all the trifling  
details!

A caravan master! A  
caravan master! To  
handle the details! To  
free you to think!

May we suggest this  
man

(pan to purple Caravan  
Master/Vizier, carrying rolls  
of maps, etc...)

Whose experience is  
unmatched!

(Caravan Master/ Vizier  
bows low in front of  
Nasrudin)

And whose fee is  
nothing compared  
with the amount of  
trouble he can save  
you!

Very well.

(and he turns away from  
the fawning crowd)

Fade to black.

## WIFE DRESSING (Sequence 18)

Fade in on Nasrudin,  
walking up to the front  
door of his house - He  
sticks his head into the  
door.

NASRUDIN:

Kerima, my beloved ...  
next week I am leaving  
for India

KERIMA:

Leaving for India?  
What are you leaving  
for India for?

(muttering to herself)

Another of your  
stupid ideas, I  
suppose! Silly fool!  
...ought to know  
better at his age...

NASRUDIN:

(importantly)

THE KING IS  
SENDING ME AS  
AMBASSADOR TO  
THE GREAT  
MOGUL OF INDIA:

KERIMA:

(satta voce)

Idiot! Second  
Childhood! Silly Old  
Fool!

(Loud)

Ambassador!!! Oh!!!  
The Jewellery !! The  
Robes ... The  
Gowns... The Shoes ...  
I Shall Need! The  
Attendants!...

The Maid Servants:...  
The Retinue As  
Befits... A Madam  
Ambassador!

NASRUDIN:  
but, dear ... the  
jewels- the robes- the  
plumes...  
but you're not ....  
(going)

KERIMA:  
SO LITTLE TIME  
TO PREPARE- SO  
LITTLE TIME FOR  
MY PREPARA-  
TIONS!

NASRUDIN:  
... going.

(He takes out an old  
saddle-bag, puts in an old  
book from over there and  
another old book from over  
here and goes into the  
other room, where Kerima,  
talking all the time, is on a  
chair on a table,  
surrounded by servants.  
She is in a violet robe,  
plumes all over her head,  
huge rings are being fitted  
on her fat fingers and tiny  
slippers are being forced  
on to her huge feet, etc ...)

KERIMA:  
Take up the hem here!  
More feathers! Not  
that tunic! Emeralds!  
Emeralds suit me  
better! Where are my  
pearls? And velvet,  
bring the velvet! That's  
it! Try the slippers on  
...the gold slippers!  
Where's my silver  
brocade? Oh! And the  
plumes! They're not  
good enough ... where  
are the others? Take  
the hem in... higher!  
That's right! More  
feathers! Etc.

Nasrudin sneaks quietly  
out.

Fade to black,

## POSH TOWN CRIER (Sequence 18a)

PALACE HERALD:

Fade in on the busy  
marketplace outside the  
palace. The Palace Herald  
walking under a canape  
carried by four tiny minions  
and with his four trumpeters  
blasting spasmodically.

Oyez! Oyez!  
Ambassador  
Nasrudin's Caravan  
Will Leave The East  
Gate To-Morrow At  
Dawn For India!  
Respectable And  
Responsible Persons  
Wishing To Travel To  
India With This  
Caravan Can Join  
Nasrudin To-Morrow  
At Dawn, At The East  
Gate!

As he repeats his message,  
we cut to the THIEF, at the  
back of the market-place,  
sneaking along towards a  
section of the crowd with  
their backs to him. He  
sneaks behind a pillar  
between two arches and  
looks round spying the  
beads in the pocket of the  
other half of himself. He  
pickpockets his own beads  
and zips into a corner,  
where he pockets his  
stolen loot, sniggers, and  
does a victory dance in the  
dust. He suddenly realizes.  
Fade to black.

## EAST GATE (Sequence 19)

PEDDLERS:

NASRUDIN:

Fade in inside the East Gate, at dawn, Long shadows, The sun scatters early gold on city roofs, Camels are kneeling and being loaded with crates of live chickens, barrels of cooking fat, big Ali Baba type jars of oil. Donkeys are being loaded with amorphous bundles. Hustle and bustle everywhere. Peddlers are going in and out selling things from trays.

**Buy Your Anti-  
Brigand Charms Here!  
... Fresh Fruit For The  
Journey! ... Guaranteed  
Evil Eye Averters!  
Avert The Evil-Eye  
Now!**

(these are being sold by a Quasimodo man, wearing an eye-patch)

**Snake-Bite Potion!  
Anti-Avalanche Pills!**

(A man carrying a round world-globe)

**Get Your Road Map  
Here!**

We go down the line, passing jugglers, fire-eaters, snake-charmers, weight-lifters, sword-

swallowers, acrobats, a set of classical Salome dancers, dancing to a drum and a flute. They are terrible painted fat tarts, doing bumps and grinds in the dust (standard oriental music). The THIEF, in his element, is nipping in and out, looting.

The camera goes along to a huge palanquin, being carried by four nondescripts, It is very heavy at one end. The Princess (from the Garden sequence) peeps out.

NASRUDIN:

(who is not close enough to see her very clearly, to the Caravan Master/Vizier)

**What noble lady is  
travelling with us to  
India?**

**Enamoured... of a  
beast!**

The Beast peeps out from the heavy end of the palanquin.

NASRUDIN:

(recognizing the Beast)

**Arghh ...**

THE BEAST:

(recognizing Nasrudin)

**ARGHH ...**

(zips back in)

CARAVAN MASTER /  
VIZIER:

**They are going to  
India to seek the Mad-  
Holy Old Indian-  
Witch of Benares, to  
break the spell:**

NASRUDIN:

**Spell?**

CARAVAN MASTER/  
VIZIER:

**The Princess is  
convinced that the  
beast is an enchanted  
prince!**

NASRUDIN:

**Enchanted Prince!**

Cut to the palanquin interior.

THE BEAST:

(snivelling in one corner)

**There's that terrible  
man outside ... who  
hit me ...**

**(sob, sob)**

**That cruel man hit me  
here...**

PRINCESS:

(dabbing the Beast's watery eyes)

**Don't cry, my pet! We  
will soon be in India,  
and the Mad-Holy-  
Oid Indian-Witch of  
Benares will lift the  
spell and make you  
free,**

THE BEAST:

She will? Say she will:

PRINCESS:

(dabbing)

Yes, she will:

THE BEAST:

She will? say she will:

PRINCESS:

Yes, she will'

THE BEAST:

(clapping hands together and giggling)

She Will! She Will!

She Will! She Will!

She Will!

She Will! She Will!

She Will!

Palanquin lifts up and trumpets blast and we cut to the exterior of the East Gate as the Caravan starts to come through. First, mounted bands, big kettle drums playing come through the Gate passing the King and his Courtiers and dignitaries who are on a huge reviewing stand outside the Gate - Populace on all sides - Immediately after the bands come horse-mounted troops, the head of the column carrying flags and banners, followed by a hundred mounted lancers, followed by a tremendous amount of foot soldiers (obvious animation cycle going on and on)

They go past with absolute military precision, The music is a Turkish janizary version of Battle Hymn of the Republic. Big kettle drums, snares and jingling johnnies. Also fifes, not flutes.

Between the last of the marching troops and Nasrudin, there is a slight gap,

Nasrudin comes in, gorgeously robed, on his mocked-up donkey. Caparisons, coloured gorse covering the hind quarters. Nasrudin is wearing an enormously long sword in a scabbard. Closely behind him, on classical Persian miniature horses come a dozen gorgeously and effeminately dressed Sycophants dripping with lace embroidery and talking all the time, Saying such things as:

SYCOPHANTS:

Isn't it exciting! What a thrilling day!- Don't we look smart! Oh! There's the king!

I love your lace! Your embroidery is finer than mine! My horse cost 1000 gold pieces! Mine cost 2000! Isn't it all beautifully done! What a touching send-off! It takes the Persians to stage these things properly!

Then comes the Caravan Master-Vizier, riding a large black horse. He is followed by some camels with average travellers and traders riding on them. Then comes the palanquin being carried with the Princess and the Beast, looking out. Then this is followed by other travellers with donkeys, some people riding, some walking. The Thief is skirting round the back, obviously having joined the Caravan.

Fade to black.

## KERIMA'S GOWNS I (Sequence 20)

Nasrudin's home.

Kerima is prancing around, followed by her servants. She is trying on gowns, rings, plumes and shoes. She is talking all the time,

Take the hem in! I can't possibly wear that! I don't like those shoes! These lapels aren't big enough! More feathers on this one! Get me shoes to match this one! Bring me some velvet! These pearls aren't big enough! I want blue shoes to match this one! Hasn't anybody got nice hats? Put these down to his excellency's account! etc...

Fade out to black.

## I CARAVAN WENDING (Sequence 21)

Fade in.

Sun going down. Aerial view of the city. Caravan wending its way in distance.

Fade to black.

## NASRUDIN'S HOUSE (Sequence 22)

Next morning - Nasrudin's house overflowing with boxes, bales and bags. Kerima looks out and sees a passing idiot (THE BANANA EATER)

KERIMA:

Where Is Nasrudin?  
Where Is His  
Excellency?

THE BANANA EATER:

Nasrudin? Nasrudin  
left yesterday:

KERIMA:

Aaarghhh! The Brute!  
The Faithless! Shifty!  
Bearded Brute! I'll  
Catch Him Up! I'll  
Teach Him!

(to the Banana Eater)

Bring me a Caravan  
Master, immediately!

Fade,

## **I VIZIER CHANGES SIGNS (Sequence 23)**

VULTURE:

Pre-dawn light - Waste land - Forked-road with a sipost, one sign pointing to India and the other to Tibet.

There is a cloud of dust coming up over the horizon and the Caravan Master/Vizier gallops up, gets down from his horse! Though still disguised, he is now moving like Anwar, the Grand Vizier, no longer the bowing and scraping Caravan Master. He takes down a basket from the horse and turns the signpost so that the sign to India is pointing to Tibet. He undoes the basket, pulls out his squawking vulture and puts him on the Tibet sign, thus concealing the word,

VULTURE:

**Clever! Clever! Clack!  
Clack! Caravan  
Master!**

VIZIER!

**Vulture! Sit there and  
hide the sign! On no  
account move!**

VULTURE:

(nodding)

**Arc ...**

CARAVAN MASTER/  
VIZIER:

**and that will get rid of  
Nasrudin's military  
escort!**

He then rams a big bone in the Vulture's mouth, takes the reins of his horse and tiptoes behind a nearby hillock. As he hides, we hear in the distance the sound of drums and marching troops coming to sight.

Fade.

## **MINI- CARAVAN MASTER (Sequence 24)**

Back at Nasrudin's house, Kerima is yelling at a tiny scraggy white-bearded man.

KERIMA:

**Have you brought  
your donkeys?**

TINY MAN:

Yes.

KERIMA:

**Load my baggage!**

(She, then, hits him a dozen times)

TINY MAN:

**Why did you hit me?**

KERIMA:

**A fat lot of good it  
would do for me to hit  
you after you've  
broken my luggage!  
Take me to India!**

TINY MAN:

**It will cost a hundred  
gold pieces, madam!**

KERIMA:

Here's two pieces of gold - I will give you the other two... when we get there! Now, no more of your foolish talk - load up! We must catch my brute of a husband!

She makes a sign to two terrible servants who, with the Tiny Man, load her on a poor donkey which sinks to the ground.

Dissolve.

## REFIX SIGN (Sequence 25)

Dissolve to signpost. The Vulture is cackling and leaping up and down on the Tibet sign-post, which he had been hiding.

We see the last of Nasrudin's advance-guard troops vanishing down the road to Tibet, marked 'India'.

The Caravan Master/Vizier zips out, gets hold of the Vulture and rams him into his basket and spins the sign around to its original position so that the road to India is rightly marked again.

He, then, loses all trace of being the Vizier and becomes the mild Caravan Master/Vizier, gets on his horse slowly and trots out to the right of the screen, just as Nasrudin comes on the left with the rest of the Caravan.

## THIS LITTLE PIGGY (Sequence 26)

Cut to the palanquin passing. Camera goes inside, revealing the Beast who is eating sweetmeats, slobbering and gurgling. The Princess takes his foot and he giggles,

PRINCESS:

This Little Piggy Went  
To Market ... This  
Little Piggy Stayed  
Home...

This Little Piggy Had  
Roastbeef ... And This  
Little Piggy Had None  
...

And This Little Piggy  
Went Wee, Wee,  
Wee..,

Wee, Wee,

The Beast is sniggering and snorting. The Princess's sleeve reveals one more toe each time now on the same foot.

And This Little Piggy  
Went To Delhi ... And  
This Little Piggy  
Stayed Home...

And This Little Piggy  
Had Sweetmeats ...  
And This Little Piggy  
Had None...

And This Little Piggy  
Was Pretty ... And  
This Little Piggy Was  
Not...

And This Little Piggy  
Went To India And  
Saw The Mad-Holy-  
Old-Indian-Witch Of  
Benares Who Turned  
Him Back Into A  
Prince!

The Beast goes into a fit of  
gurgling, chucking,  
snorting and clapping  
(baby noises)

Cut to Nasrudin's point of  
view.

The palanquin is swinging  
crazily about all over the  
place, waltzing out of the  
line and back again.

Nasrudin, registering  
disgust at the thought of  
what is going on inside,

## **MINI - CARAVAN (Sequence 27)**

Kerima and the Tiny Man  
are wending their way  
outside the East Gate. The  
Tiny Caravan Master is in  
front, on a donkey weighed  
down horribly. Kerima is in  
a great garishly coloured  
litter on top of a large  
donkey, Five donkeys  
follow behind, stacked to  
the top. Kerima is  
screaming abuse at the  
Tiny Man.

KERIMA:

Faster! Faster! Get A  
Move On, Can't You!  
Come On! Hurry Up!  
Pick That Up! You  
Dropped My Plumes,  
Silly Old Fool! Why  
Are You Making So  
Much Dust? Oh! The  
Dust! And The Flies!  
The Flies! Hurry Up!  
Get A Move On! Do  
You Know What  
You're Doing? Faster!  
Faster! Are You Sure  
You've Got My  
Robes? Oh! The Dust!  
Come On! Faster!

Fade.

## **TENTING DOWN I (Sequence 28)**

Waste land - Some foliage

NASRUDIN:

We will camp here  
tonight!

CARAVAN MASTER/ VIZIER:

(bowing and scraping)

Very Well, Your  
Excellency!

(he calls)

Dismount! We Camp  
Here Tonight!

Cut to Sycophants

SYCOPHANTS:

Oh Dear! Insects. And  
The Snakes! I Do Hope  
They Will Make My Tent  
Comfortable!

This Camping Is So  
Uncomfortable And  
Dangerous!

Do You Have To Fay To  
Camp Here? I Shant  
Sleep A Wink! I Shall Be  
So Uncomfortable! What  
About My Valuable  
Belongings?

All Will Be Well! The  
Guards Will Be Awake  
And Patrolling All Night!

A moving tent comes up in the  
background and we realize it is  
the THIEF, stealing everything in  
sight.

Fade.

## WIFE TENTING DOWN (Sequence 29)

Different location - More lush

KERIMA:

(yelling at Tiny Man)

**Hurry Up! Get My  
Tent Up! Fix It  
Properly!**

**Are You Sure You  
Know What You're  
Doing? Make Sure It  
Is On Smooth  
Ground! Bring All My  
Goods Into The Tent!**

Pull back revealing a gigantic pink, orange and violet tent. Next to it is a tiny dog-house tattered and torn old tent.

There is a big hole in the side, so that we can see the Tiny Man looking desperately out.

**Keep Moving! We  
Haven't Got All  
Night! Hurry Up! We  
Must Get Up Early To  
Catch My Husband!  
Go To Sleep! Keep  
Watch! Stay Alert!**

Fade.

## THE REGISTAN DESERT (Sequence 30)

Morning - Nasrudin's caravan arrives at desert edge. There is a clearly demarcated line where the sand starts,

This line is covered with signs like:

'Welcome To The Registan Desert'

'Brigands After Ten Miles'

'No Water For Three  
Hundred Miles - Take On  
Water Now'

'No Water Holes For Three  
Hundred Miles'

'No Litter Please'

'This Is Your Desert - Keep  
It Neat'

(There is a tiny waste-basket full of bones under this one)

A bunch of vultures sit on a sign which reads

'Luncheon Vultures  
Accepted Here'

Note:later on, as they get into the desert, there should be a persianized Smoky the Bear sign saying:

'Watch Your Cigar-Butts -  
Forest Fires Cost Lives'

Nasrudin's caravan wending, wending, wending through sweltering heat.

Fade to black.

## THE BRIGANDS (Sequence 31)

Fade in on a tiny spot in the middle of the empty desert. The camera does a long track -in to a colony of tattered brigands, They sit, hopelessly, stultified, bored, under a tree made of vulture bones.

They have mocked-up clothes lines made of old bones and string bits of burlap sacking for an attempt at shade,

They are the Forty Thieves, thirty years after Ali Baba left them and went on to better things, They are terrible looking and monstrous, but hopeless and chicken-hearted. They have hooped-hands, peg-legs, ears stitched on backwards, dents in heads, horrible scars, eyes missing, heavily muscled, etc...

They are covered in dust and their clothing is made of remnants of by-gone days:half a boot, a third of a hat, a piece of a sock, something ripped off an old robe, all stitched together in a hopeless attempt at dignity,

We pan over to Chief BOOZDIL, the most aristocratic looking one. He has a home-made sword belt which is an imitation

chain of office. He picks up a bone, thinks about eating it when it crumbles in his hand. He shudders,

**CHIEF BOOZDIL:  
Brbrblahargh**

Cut to another Brigand, who amuses himself by building up a pile of bones.

Cut to another terrible looking brigand, who picks up a camel skull, looks at it and slams it into his mouth, grinds it up, swallows and spits out the teeth at his friend sitting nearby,

Cut to another brigand, trying to darn what was once a sock. He pushes the string in his eye, but does not blink.

Cut to previous Brigand, who has a reasonably high bunch of bones balancing in the air.

('sight' gag)

Cut to a sleeping group, one large Brigand supported by the heads of two fellow-brigands, his peg-leg acting as a tripod - A fly lands on his head, he squashes it, but in so doing puts his hand over the eyes of one of the other Brigands helping support him. The other Brigand takes the hand off his eyes and, absently, puts it over the mouth of the top one. The top one's foot then falls on the third Brigand's shoulder, who moves it away back into a bent

position. The top Brigand scratches his foot, making his own toe then scratch the neck of the third Brigand. The third Brigand, to stop the scratching, reaches back and grabs the peg-leg of the top Brigand, he pulls it and the group starts to collapse, but the top Brigand's hand slowly comes down taking the weight,

We pull back to see that the bone-piling Brigand has quite a high pile now.

We pan back to the main group sitting around, bored, drawing in the sand, day-dreaming, etc".

As we hear a distant voice, the camera searches in the direction of the voice, and we see a tiny dot on the horizon (simulation of a telephoto lens shot) running frantically forward, but seemingly getting nowhere,

The voice fades up as he gets closer,

**HOOK:**

**A Caravan! A Caravan!  
A Caravan!**

**A Caravan! A Caravan!  
A Caravan! A Caravan  
Is Coming! There's A  
Caravan Coming! A  
Caravan, I Tell You! A  
Caravan Is Coming!  
There's A Caravan  
Coming! A Caravan! A  
Caravan!**

**There's A Caravan  
Coming! A Caravan  
Is Coming!**

(mouth right up close to lens now)

**There's A Caravan!**

(he wheels right knocking over the pyramid of bones, which the bone-building Brigand is still admiring - and slides into the main group of Brigands)

**A Real Live Caravan! .**

He catches his hook round the central tree made of bones and spins round it.

**A Caravan Is Coming!  
A Caravan! A Caravan!  
A Caravan! There's A  
Caravan Coming! A  
Caravan Is Coming!**

The bone-tree crashes down and a vulture's skull lands on his head covering it.

**OTHER BRIGANDS:**

(Note: all Brigands' voices arc Irish)

Hoots of disbelief:

**Get Out Of It! Ah!  
Ah! Very Funny!  
Come Off It, Hook!  
Buzz Off! Dah! Buzz  
Cf F! Come On,  
Hook! We Know!  
Dah! Tell Us All  
About It, Hook! Very  
Funny! Etc...**

**HOOK:**

**No! I Tell You! Chief!  
Chief! Chief Boozd!!!**

(he grabs Boozdil's beard)

It Is A Caravan, A  
Real Live Caravan Is  
Coming!

ONE BRIGAND:  
A Caravan?

OTHER BRIGANDS:  
A Caravan! Caravan!  
Dah! Ca-Ra-Van? A  
Ca-Ra-Van

Dah! Dah...

A Caravan ... Cara  
Van, Cara Van:

A Real Live Caravan:

(it sinks in)

A REAL LIVE  
CARAVAN!

They go mad - They jump  
on each other, ride around  
as if on horses, screaming  
and yelling, pounding each  
other on the back.

Pandemonium.

OTHER BRIGANDS:  
We're Rich! Dah!  
Rich! Horses! Horses!  
Gold! Gold! Silver!  
And Jewels! And Rugs!  
Jewels And Rugs!  
We're Rich! Rich!  
Rich! Silver ... Gold!  
Jewels! Rugs! Horses!

By now they have all  
disappeared in a cloud of  
dust.

Women!

Women! Women!  
Women! Women!

The dust starts to  
settle, as dirty laughs  
start.

(combing his hair with  
the teeth of a skull)

Hee! Hee! Hee! Hee!

(Stunned)

Dah! What Do We  
Do?

Dah! What do we do  
now? Dah! Now what  
do we do? Dah! What  
do we do? Dah! What  
do we do now?

(grabbing Boozdil's beard  
again)

Dah! Yeah! Chief  
Boozdil, What do we  
do now?

CHIEF BOOZDIL:

(with great authority)

May I remind you,  
gentlemen, that when  
in doubt...

He reaches into an old  
gunny sack and pulls out a  
huge dusty book. The  
other Brigands stare in  
religious awe, as if the Holy  
Grail has been produced.

...consult...

(he dusts off the book)

...the brigands'  
handbook!

OTHER BRIGANDS:

(in admiration of Boozdil and  
vague recollection of by-  
gone days)

Dah! Yeah! Yeah!  
Brigands' Handbook!  
Dah! Brigands'  
Handbook! Dah! I  
Remember Now ...  
Brigands' Handbook!

All go into respectful  
silence as Boozdil opens  
the book to read.  
Scorpions, flies, gnats and  
various bugs jump out -  
there is also a snake which  
Boozdil grabs and uses as  
a bookmark. He reads:

CHIEF BOOZDIL:

Ambush! Assault!  
Arson! Battle! Burnltc  
! Burglary! Cattle  
Rustling! C - Ca -  
Caravan A... A...  
Attacks On... Here We  
Are In En...

(getting excited)

Dah! Dah! Yeah!  
Yeah! Shh! Shh ! Wait!  
Shh! Dah! Dah !  
Shshh ...

CHIEF BOOZDIL:

(reading)

The - Brigands -  
Will - Take Up -  
Position Behind  
A Rock.

(they are looking round for a rock)

**A Rock! A Rock! Dah!  
A Rock?**

The camera pans around the empty desert and finally spies one isolated tiny technicolour Persian rock.

**Right! Take up your positions men!**

There is a terrible stampede, stumbling and falling, all Brigands streaming off towards the rock.

Cut to extreme close-up of technicolour rock and the camera pulls back revealing the forty Brigands with their heads behind the rock, like ostriches. Their bodies fully revealed spilling out all over the place.

**OTHER BRIGANDS:**

(groaning and struggling)

**Shh! Shh! Dah! Be Quiet! Shut Up! Dah!**

**Shut Up! Groan - Shh! Dab! Quiet Now!**

Cut to the approaching caravan - Nasrudin, riding on his donkey in front, followed by the Sycophants, followed by the Caravan Master/Vizier on his black horse, followed by camels, followed by the Beast and Princess in the palanquin and average traders, horses, donkeys, chickens,

etc... and at the very end, following at a safe distance, a walking tent. It is obviously the THIEF.

Cut to the view behind the rock, where the Brigands are all huddled, heads crushed together and we see the Chief, still with the handbook.

**CHIEF BOOZDIL:**

(reading)

**The - Brigands - Will -  
Attack - At \_ The -  
Sound - Of - A -  
Trumpet...**

One Brigand climbs up on top of the rock, absolutely tattered and terrible. He has an equally tattered and terrible trumpet, bent, with a piece of old sacking hanging from it in shreds; he makes a hopeless airy blast, with spiders, scorpions, flies and gnats leaping out of the cloud of dust.

There is, then, a tremendous scuffle as the whole pack of Brigands appear from behind the rock in a blurr, creating clouds of dust.

**We now observe the scene from Nasrudin's point of view.**

Nasrudin pulls up, the dust cloud settles revealing Chief Boozdil's men in some sort

of military line, with Boozdil standing in front, with a tatty flag and with one hand on his sheathed sword. Stern and aggressive, he pauses for a moment, then, suddenly runs over to the book, looks for some instructions, The snake, still in the book, nods, and Boozdil rushes back to his former position and shouts)

**Halt! I Am Chief  
Boozdil And This Is  
My Band Of Brigands!  
We Are Terrible!**

Pan down the line of horrid looking Brigands.

**Merciless! Cruel!  
Sadistic! And Vicious!  
And We Are The  
Scourge Of The  
Countryside!**

There is an enormous pull-back showing an aerial view of the uninhabited desert. Nothing in sight.

Cut back to Chief Boozdil in close-up.

**The Whole Country  
Trembles At The  
Thought Of Us ! I  
Demand That You  
Hand Over Your  
Possessions Or Be Put  
To The Sword.**

Cut to Nasrudin, stunned.

Cut to Caravan Master/  
Vizier, sniggering at the  
thought of Nasrudin's  
sabotaged sword.

**NASRUDIN:**

(deciding to fight)

**Very Well!**

He spurs his donkey  
forward, but it won't go.  
Then he pulls out his  
sword, which is sawn-off at  
the hilt. There is a moment  
of tension and we cut to  
the Caravan Master/Vizier,  
cackling with delight.

Cut to the Sycophants,  
also cackling with delight.

Cut to Chief Boozdil who  
pulls out his sword, which  
is also sawn off at the hilt.

**OTHER BRIGANDS:**

**But you are one of us!**

All the Brigands draw their  
swords, which are also  
broken-off at the hilt, some  
half hanging off, some split  
down the middle, some  
have just forks, bits of old  
string, old sticks, etc ...

**Dah! One Of Us! He  
Is One Of Us! Dah !  
One Of Us! Dah! He's  
Like Us! He Must Be  
One Of Us!**

**NASRUDIN:**

(to Chief Boozdil)

Let's talk this over.

Boozdil, pleased at the  
thought of a summit  
conference.

**OTHER BRIGANDS**

**Dahhh!**

Nasrudin snaps his fingers,  
gets down off his donkey  
and the Sycophants now  
siding with Nasrudin come  
rushing up, unrolling a  
Persian carpet and they  
place two bolsters on top.  
Nasrudin sits down and  
reclines against them.

Chief Boozdil,  
embarrassed, snaps his  
fingers in an extravagant  
manner, but his fingers  
won't snap. Two hopeless  
Brigands rush out and  
unroll a filthy flour sack and  
then crouch down  
themselves on the sack so  
as to make a support for  
the Chief. The Chief sits  
down.

**NASRUDIN:**

(formally)

**Chief Boozdil...**

**CHIEF BOOZDIL:**

**Not Boozdil, Boozdil!  
Chief Boozdil!**

**NASRUDIN:**

**Chief Boozdil, I Am  
Nasrudin .**

**CHIEF BOOZDIL:**

**Nasrudin ?**

**The Moolah  
Nasrudin!**

**Moolah Nasrudin!**

**NASRUDIN:**

**Chief Boozoll, you  
are obviously  
extremely cruel...**

(Brigands look cruel)

**Sadistic...**

(they look sadistic)

**Terrible...**

(they look terrible)

**Merciless...**

(they look merciless)

**And Vicious...**

(they look vicious)

**You must certainly be  
the scourge of the  
countryside! Yet... you  
don't seem to be doing  
very well...**

**CHIEF BOOZDIL:**

(self-conscious)

**Well, actually, it has  
not been too good  
lately ...**

(patting the ground)

**Since ali baba left us...**

(nostalgic now)

**In fact, this is the first  
caravan we've seen for  
thirty years ...but, it  
was all different long  
ago,**

(muttering to themselves,  
drawing in the sand,  
looking up to heaven,  
reminiscing)

Yeah! Different! Long  
ago it used to be  
different! It was  
different then! Yeah!

It used to be different!  
Dah! Different, then!  
Dah ! Etc...

Caravans aren't what  
they used to be! Do  
you know, long ago,  
there were caravans  
with gold ! And jewels!  
Times have changed!

(great nodding of heads.  
Sadness)

Dah! Changed! Yeah!  
Times have changed !

Things aren't what  
they were! Changed!  
Changed! Dah!  
Changed! etc...

But, those days, they  
will come again.

(to nasrudin)

Won't they?

NASRUDIN:

My friends, why  
don't you come with  
me? I will take you to  
richer pastures... to  
India!

OTHER BRIGANDS:  
India? Dah! India?  
India! To India! Dah!  
Richer Pastures! Dah!  
To India! India!

India! Etc...

There Will Be Rich  
And Glorious Pickings  
In India!

Glorious Pickings!

Glorious Pickings!  
Dah! Rich And  
Glorious Pickings!  
Dab! In India ! Dah!  
Etc...

NASRUDIN:

And the Indians are  
no match for men of  
your martial qualities!

They dust themselves  
down in pride.

Chief Boozdil, Join  
My Caravan!

CHIEF BOOZDIL:

You are right! 0  
Moolah Nasrudin,  
we have outgrown the  
slim pickings of this  
waste land! We are  
now ready for the rich  
pastures of India!

Let's go then! Saddle  
up! Let's go!

OTHER BRIGANDS:

(copying)

Let's Go Then! Saddle  
Up! Saddle Up !  
Saddle Up! Let's Go!

(he realizes they have no  
horses)

Let's Go Then! Dah!  
Saddle Up! Dah! Let's  
go! Dah! Let's Go  
Then! Dah! Saddle  
Up! Dah! Let's Go!  
Let's Go Then! Dah !  
Saddle Up! Saddle Up  
! Saddle Up !

They stumble around  
hopelessly and suddenly  
they spot the mounted  
Sycophants and they start  
to grin and to nudge each  
other, with dirty laughs as  
they approach the terrified  
Sycophants on their  
gorgeously adorned  
horses.

Fade to black.

## VULTURES AT SIGN (sequence 32)

Fade in. The sign-posts at the Registan Desert edge. Noon - Hot sun. Two vultures sitting on the Luncheon Vultures' sign-post, We hear Kerima bellowing away in the distance and we see a tiny cloud of dust approaching, Kerima's voice getting louder and louder.

KERIMA:

Keep moving! Faster!  
Get a move on ! Hurry  
up! We're losing time!  
Come on! Come on !  
We have to get to  
Delhi! We have to  
catch up Nasrudin !  
Hurry! Hurry! Are you  
sure you know the  
way? You won't get  
your money, you  
know! Faster! Faster!  
We'll never get there  
at this rate! Hurry up!  
Do you know what  
you're doing? Get a  
move on! We're losing  
time! Faster! Hurry!  
Come on .. Come on!

As the voice gets louder and louder and the cloud of dust gets closer and closer, the Vultures get more and more uneasy until they finally panic and fly away, vaishing into the distance.

Fade.

## OASIS (Sequence 33)

Fade in - Evening - Classic oasis, palm trees, Crescent moon, tents, pool of water in the centre of palm

Camera tracks into Brigands sleeping at edge of pool, more or less in the same positions they were in when we first met them, except that now they are wearing Sycophants' clothing, ripped up the centre, torn open, beautiful breeches split in two, boots split three ways to get them on their feet, the odd ring driven into Brigand's ear, etc...

Camera pans to a moving tent in the background. We see a saddle disappear into it. It is the THIEF. The tent continues moving along, looting, and suddenly sinks into the water hole.

Cut to the bottom of the pool. We see the tent sitting there as a knife cuts through the canvass frantically, revealing the Thief pinned down with his stolen loot, which is strapped to his body... As he frantically tries to cut himself loose, we cut to the top of the pool with bubbles popping on the surface and pan across to Nasrudin, who is being approached by an honest traveller/trader.

HONEST TRAVELLER  
/TRADER:

Nasrudin, something seems to have happened to our food supplies. We will have to go on to our emergency rations.

NASRUDIN:

Very well.

Cut to interior of Caravan Master/Vizier's tent. The Caravan Master/Vizier is sitting in front of a tremendous table spread with fish and game, roast legs of lamb, pheasant, sweets, cakes. Lush everything. Round the walls, stacked up to the tent roof are huge boxes labelled:  
'Tongue' Pheasant'  
'Assorted Game' 'Halva'  
'Turkish Delight' 'Lamb Cutlets' 'Prime Beef' 'Best Biscuits'

CARAVAN MASTER/  
VIZIER:

'Sugar' 'Butter' 'Tea'  
'Coffee' 'Cake' 'Soup'  
'Caviar'.

The Sycophants are standing, looking on, slavering a bit. They have lost about half of their clothes by now and they clutch what is left in a semblance of dignity.

CARAVAN MASTER/  
VIZIER:

(pheasant's leg in his hand,  
rolling it slowly and looking  
at it)

**My plans are going  
well.**

(takes a small bite)

**My friends, join me in  
my simple meal.**

(he throws them a leg of  
pheasant with two bites  
out of it - their share.

Camera holds on  
Sycophants, slobbering  
and snatching at it,  
knashing, while bowing  
and scraping and smiling  
at the Caravan Master/  
Vizier.

The Caravan Master/Vizier  
slowly picks off a wing,  
regards it - he has all the  
time in the world. Cut back  
to the Sycophants  
knashing and slobbering.

Fade to black.

## **PORT BANDERABAS (Sequence 34)**

Fade in - Nasrudin's  
caravan comes over a hill  
and sees the Indian Ocean,  
broad and beautiful,  
spread out below.

CARAVAN MASTER/  
VIZIER:

(to Nasrudin)

**Excellency, Behold  
The Indian Ocean !**

The Sycophants all fall  
about.

SYCOPHANTS:

**The Indian Ocean!  
How Beautiful! How  
Immense And Breath-  
Taking! What A  
Marvellous Sight! The  
Money You Could  
Make If You Had A  
Guest House Here!  
What Splendour!  
What Colour!**

(bowing and scraping)

**Is It Not A Magnifi-  
cent View, Your  
Excellency?**

**Yes, What A Delight!  
But If Only... If  
Only...**

(more bowing and  
scraping)

**If Only What, O Great  
Ambassador?**

**If Only They Had Not  
Put Water Into It!**

Dissolve to dockside. The  
caravan loading on to a  
huge ratty looking ship.  
The entire scene is tatty,  
the town and people are  
amorphous and tatty . This  
scene is very similar to the  
East Gate scene, but with  
a nautical flavour.

PEDDLERS:

**Amulets! Charms!  
Anti-Whale Talismans!  
Sea-Serpent Averters!  
Typhoon Insurance!**

Ropes, life-belts, life-rafts.  
Great big fellows with  
CHORUS OF TRADERS  
AND SYCOPHANTS ':

'LEARN TO SWIM HERE'  
signs, acrobats, jugglers,  
weight-lifters, wrestlers,  
snake-charmers,  
swordswallowers, fire-  
eaters, the same terrible  
tart dancing women, belly-  
dancing in the dust, but  
now somehow in nautical  
dress.

Fire-eater with a bowl of  
money at this feet; people  
throwing coins in the bowl.  
The THIEF nips it.

Cut to Thief, in full picture,  
snickering. A stream of fire  
comes in from the left.  
Woof: The Thief, black like a  
cinder, only his  
smouldering trousers left,  
his cloak having burnt off, all  
his stolen goods are hanging  
visible.

Chorus of:

My Purse! My Watch!

There Are My Shoes!

He Is The One Who

Stole My Saddle!

There's My Money

Bags!

They all converge on the Thief, bashing him.

All loading up into ship - Visual gags with Brigands, camels, donkeys, horses, supplies ready to depart.

Fade out.

## WIFE AND BONES I (Sequence 35)

Fade in on the deserted Brigands' encampment. Bones lying all about.

Cloud of dust appears on the horizon and Kerima and her mini-caravan shoot through the centre of camp.

Bones fly everywhere. The action is all sped up from about 30 revs. to 40 revs.

KERIMA:

Hurry up! Get a move on! Pay attention! Keep moving! We'll never catch up at this rate! Faster! Pick up your heels! Come on, come on! Don't day-dream! Wake up! Hurry up! Keep going! Faster! Faster! We must catch up Nasrudin! Come on! Get moving!

We haven't got forever!

Fade.

## VOYAGE (Sequence 36)

Moonlight on sea. Calm. The Brigands are asleep in similar positions again - this time they have about two thirds of the Sycophants' clothing crushed on to their bodies.

Camera pans up to classic silhouette of the Beast and the Princess against the moon. She is cuddling him and he is gurgling.

PRINCESS:

Look at the beautiful moon, the moon beautiful? darling! isn't-

BEAST:

(interrupting)

And useful though... the moon is more useful than the sun.

PRINCESS:

Why?

BEAST:

Because, at night, we need the light more.

More visual devices and gags. The Caravan Master/Vizier sea-sick. The THIEF nipping from port-hole to port-hole. The Sycophants now wearing the discarded clothes of the Brigands.

HONEST TRAVELLER:

(to Nasrudin)

Is that a storm brewing?

The storm immediately hits them. Ship being tossed about. Terrible typhoon. People shouting. Sycophants screaming, on their knees praying and babbling.

SYCOPHANTS:

We'll be good! We won't lie or cheat anymore, we promise, we promise! I'll build a mosque!

I'll spend ninety pieces of gold - a hundred maybe! Save us, O Lord! Don't let us drown!

We're too young to die! Etc...

Nasrudin is standing by, absolutely calm. The Captain comes up and says to Nasrudin,

CAPTAIN:

Mulla, you are a devout man, you should be praying with the others.

NASRUDIN:

I am only a passenger, everything pertaining to the safety of this ship is your concern, not mine!

(to Sycophants)

Friends, do not make too many unnecessary promises. I think I see land.

All leap up.

SYCOPHANTS:

Land! Land!

Land! We're saved! I tell you land, we're saved! Etc...

Dissolve.

Cut to Vulture,

VULTURE:

Because... Clack! Clack:

VIZIER:

The failure of his mission...

Cut to Vulture, terribly excited,

VULTURE:

Failure of his mission... ark... clack! Failure of his mission...

Anwar smacks his vulture across the face with a bejewelled hand. The Vulture, physically hurt, but still on Anwar's shoulder sticks his tongue out at Anwar when he is not looking.

VIZIER:

(continuing)

Which... I shall arrange... will improve my stature and make war inevitable!

Vulture, cackling, goes mad again.

VULTURE:

Inevitable! Inevitable! Clack! Clack!

Anwar raises his hand, threatening to hit him again, Vulture pulls back,

VIZIER:

And there is nothing like a good war to line my pockets with gold (his eyes turn gold)

Cut to Vizer's eye-view of his sycophants, craning forward.

VIZIER:

You will, of course, receive a most adequate recompense for your loyalty to me!

## KARACHI (Sequence 37)

Dissolve in as the boat has arrived at an equally tatty port, exactly the same as Banderabas, except all the people are dark. In fact we use the same animation but everyone is dark-skinned,

Dancers, jugglers, snake-charmers, sword-swallowers, fire-eaters, etc...

PEDDLERS:

**Charms! Amulets!  
Cobra A Verters!  
Snakebite Potion!  
Monkey-Bite Cures!  
Tiger Averters! Anti-  
Gorilla Charms!**

There is a ratty sign over the tatty port, saying 'WELCOME TO KARACHI-GA TEWAY TO INDIA'. There are monkeys on the sign and monkeys abound, as they do from now on everywhere we go in India. Some Brigands are being unloaded cargolike in huge nets. Sycophants are being carried off very much the worse for wear.

The palanquin is being escorted to shore, donkeys, camels etc ...

As the THIEF is getting off on the gang-plank, a huge ship's anchor slips out of

his cloak, slides over and pulls him down to the sea bottom.

Cut to the sea bed as he is frantically trying to cut himself loose from the anchor.

Dissolve to outside Karachi, as the caravan is marching past.

A large sign covered with chattering monkeys says: 'This Is Quite Positively The Way To The Court Of The Noble Mogul Of India'

Camera goes ahead to another sign saying 'EMPEROR OF INDIA and ahead to another 'PEARL OF THE EAST',

another 'JEWEL OF THE ORIENT', 'RULER OF THE WORLD'

another 'USES' ,

another 'BURMO SHAVING CREAM' .

Camera goes ahead to a final sign which is a huge potrait of the heavily bearded Mogul (Assyrian ringlets) holding the product 'SMOOTH' 'COOL' 'REFRESHING'.

Dissolve.

## WIFE AT BANDERABAS (Sequence 38)

Dissolve in amorphous, deserted dockside, harbour. Across the picture comes a rowing boat, piled up one end with boxes, bales, bags, seven donkeys strapped on. This heavy end of the boat is almost in water and Kerima is yelling up at her Tiny Man, who is perched up on the prow, which is way up in the air. He is rowing frantically, his oars hardly touching the water, he is so high up.

KERIMA:

**One! Out! Two! Out!  
One! Out! Two! Out!  
One! Out! Two! Out!  
One! Out! Two! Out!  
One! Out! Two! Out!**

Fade to black.

## HIPPIE ENCAMPMENT (Sequence 39)

Fade in to early" evening -  
Very lush foliage

Nasrudin's caravan is  
marching along. The style  
has now changed from  
Persian miniature to Indian  
miniature.

There is a long shot of  
pillars of lazy smoke in the  
middle distance.

We hear indistinct music  
and drumming, droning  
indianish.

CARAVAN MASTER/  
VIZIER:

(bowing and scraping)

Excellency, shall we  
spend the night with  
these other travellers  
encamped yonder?

NASRUDIN:  
Very Well.

They march toward  
encampment. As they  
approach noise gets  
louder. They go over a rise  
which gives way to Hippy  
Encampment. Eyeball to  
Eyeball.

It is all happening. Classic  
way-out Hippies smoking  
pot, hookahs and ordinary  
cigarettes. Burning  
incense, covered in beads,  
iron crosses, old uniforms,  
temple bells, tiny gongs,  
tablas, drones, guitars,  
sitar. People all wandering

round. ~ Men, women.  
Some sitting down, some  
snogging. Some of them  
are caressing and being  
caressed by gorillas.

CHIEF HIPPY:

(rides up, sitting on donkey)

Good Evening,  
Gentlemen.

(long, thin and gangling,  
covered in hair and beads.  
Mind really blown, his  
fingers constantly  
snapping. Snap Snap  
Snap.

Like, good evening,  
man...come resonate...  
with us man... bring  
your friends, man ...  
come participate:

NASRUDIN:

Participate... in what?

CHIEF HIPPY:

(constantly snapping -  
twitching)

Man, like... it's a lotus  
love-in, man:

NASRUDIN:

(mild question... for informn  
tion)

Are some of your  
companions not.  
gorillas?

CHIEF HIPPY:

(fingers snapping)

Like, man, this is a  
love-in with no racial  
barriers, man! Like,  
they're kinda hairy,  
man.

We don't ask no  
questions, man.....  
we're not racists ! We  
dig each other, man!  
we .....

(arms fly out)

Communicate!! !

(Mick Jagger's voice)

Song starts at the trigger  
word. Immediately all get  
up from their snogging  
etc... and go into a sort of  
Mr. Interlocutor shimmy  
and shake. They ring their  
bells.

CHORUS;

Communicate!  
Communicate! Like -  
We Communicate!

CHIEF HIPPY:

Participate' Anticipate!  
Like, Man ! We  
Communicate'

CHORUS:

Communicate !  
Communicate!

CHIEF HIPPY:

Resonate! Infiltrate!  
Like, Man! We  
Communicate !

CHORUS:

Communicate!  
Communicate! Like -  
We Communicate !

CHIEF HIPPY:

Exasperate! Inebriate!  
Like - Yeah ! We  
Communicate!

CHORUS:

Communicate!  
Communicate! Like -  
We Communicate!

CHIEF HIPPY:

Demonstrate! Evaciate  
! Like - Zap! We  
Communicate!

CHORUS:

Communicate!  
Communicate ! Like -  
We Communicate

Slow motion man - mind  
blown - pans through  
dancing in slow motion -  
All others in normal motion.

CHIEF HIPPY:

Degenerate!  
Abominate ! Like -  
Pow! We Communi-  
cate!

CHORUS:

Communicate!  
Communicate! Like -  
We Communicate!

CHIEF HIPPY:

Gravitate! And  
Emulate! Like - Wow!  
We Communicate!

CHORUS:

Communicate!  
Communicate! Like -  
We Communicate !

CHIEF HIPPY:

Vascillate ! And  
Fluctuate! Like - Bam !  
We Communicate!

CHORUS:

Communicate!  
Communicate ! Like -  
We Communicate!

CHIEF HIPPY:

Abberate! And  
Dessicate! Like - How!  
We Communicate!

CHORUS:

Communicate!  
Communicate! Like -  
We Communicate !

CHIEF HIPPY:

Emigrate! And  
Meditate! Like - Now!  
We Communicate !

Manifestly female gorilla  
carries Chief Hippy off into  
bushes. Him snapping and  
nodding throughout.

CHORUS:

Communcate!  
Communicate! Like -  
We Communicate!! !

(song end)

ASSORTED HIPPIES:-

All fizzles out.  
Yeah Yeah Yeah Man  
Yeah Daddy Oh Yeah  
~ Beautiful, Beautiful,  
Like It's Cool, Man  
Like Now, Zap! Oh!  
Man There's Good  
Grass Here Man.

Love, Don't Hate,  
Man ! Be Cool, Man  
Be Free Man ! Be Real  
Man!

We're Tripping Man!  
We're Really Spaced  
Out Man!

We're Wrecked, Man!  
Like - Wow,  
Commune, Man Do  
Your Thing Man !

They stumble and fall and  
wander back to their  
slobbering. Slow motion  
man pans back through  
the other way.

NASRUDIN:

(to Caravan Master/Vizier -  
there is a river in mid  
distance background)

I think we should  
camp... .. on the  
other side of the river  
...

... in case our snores  
should disturb this  
tranquil scene...

Fade to black.

## WIFE IN STORM (Sequence 40)

Fade in - Kerima and her tiny boat man rowing straight into a similar storm as to Nasrudin's.

KERIMA:  
(bellowing)

One! Out! Two! Out!  
One! Out! Two! Out!  
One! Out! Two! Out!  
One! Out! Two! Out!  
One! Out! Two! Out!

The storm hits and she continues, unphased, as the storm rages.

Fade to black.

## POLO GAME (Sequence 41)

Fade in - Nasrudin's caravan going through beautiful lush, green Indian hills.

At the end of the caravan, following at a safe distance, is the THIEF, rather the worse for wear.

Suddenly, a glittering white ball rolls past him and comes to a stop.

Entranced, he runs towards it. He reaches to pick it up and Pow: it is a polo game

The Thief is caught with the ball by two teams of North Indian horsemen. A visual sequence follows as he desperately tries to get away from the ball, but everywhere he goes the ball follows him, in caves, behind trees, in clefts, holes, up mountains.

We leave him being destroyed by both sides.

Note: the thundering horses and all this should be done in classic mogul miniature style - all very beautiful and green.

Fade out.

## DESERT SONG (Sequence 42)

Fade in - Nasrudin's evening encampment by a river.

Extremely beautiful - Early twilight. The Brigands are lolling about, in similar positions to previous, but now they are fully dressed in the Sycophants' clothing. The Sycophants are huddling together for warmth near a camp fire. They are now fully dressed in the Brigands' clothing, The Caravan Master/Vizier is intact, resting against his large black horse.

Camera goes towards the Princess with a lute, which she is strumming very musically.

Song starts 'WHEN THE SUN COMES SHINING RIGHT THROUGH' - This is like the 'Desert Song' 'THERE'S A PLACE BENEATH THE SUN FOR ALL'.

PRINCESS:  
(soliloquy with lute)

Beauty is only skin deep,

BEAST:  
Urg, Urg, Urg,

PRINCESS:  
It fades like the flowers in the fall,

BEAST

Yeth !

PRINCESS:

But true hearts that  
know one another will  
triumph and win over  
all!

PRINCESS:

Ug! Ug! Urg! Yeth!

Song . RIGHT NOW THE  
WORLD IS KEEPING US  
APART,

BEAST:

But soon we'll be  
together, heart to heart,  
we'll build a - home  
just for two

for me, dear -  
sweetheart and you.

2 PART BARITONE  
HARMONY

PRINCESS;

BEAST:

BARITONES & OTHER  
CAMPFIRE PEOPLE  
JOINING IN:

CAGED VULTURE:

ALL:

PRINCESS:

(Others chording under)

ALL:

Her two Errol Flynn men  
join in - marvellous  
baritones.

When - the - sun -  
comes-shining right  
through!

Unlock the magic  
spell that makes us  
sad,

Across the sands we'll  
find the witch who's  
mad

She'll make us happy  
and glad, she'll help us  
cast off the bad!

00000000!

When - the - sun -  
comes shining right  
through!

We will gather lilacs in  
the spring, build a  
castle where the birds  
do sing,

rack, rack!

when the witch sees us  
through and makes a  
prince out of you!

All campfire including  
Brigands join in -

Harmony:

When the sun comes  
shining right through!

We will have a lovely  
cosy nest,

Where we lay our  
heads to dream and  
rest

A patter of tiny feet

Oh! it will all be so  
sweet

When - the - sun  
comes (wait for it)  
shining right through!

WHOLE CHORUS NOW:

Right now the world  
is keeping us apart

but soon we'll be  
together heart to  
heart!

we'll build a home just  
for two

for me, dear  
sweetheart, and you.

when the sun comes  
shining right  
through!'

Full campfire continue all  
blasting away.

Nasrudin, who can't stand  
it says to the Caravan  
Master/ Vizier,

NASRUDIN:

I'm going to meditate  
for a while... I may be  
away a day or so -  
don't leave before I  
return.

CARAVAN MASTER/  
VIZIER:

(bowing and scraping)

Your Wish Is My  
Command, O  
Excellency:

Nasrudin walks alongside  
the river leaving the song  
still blasting away.

## YOGI (Sequence 43)

Dissolve in as Nasrudin comes across an incredibly old emaciated Yogi, standing on his head by a tranquil pool.

NASRUDIN:

(to himself)

Surely a devout philosopher like me must have something in common with this saintly individual:

To the Yogi, who is still upside-down.

NASRUDIN:

My dear friend, may I know the purpose of your manifestly ecstatic exercise?

Camera swings round to show the Yogi as if he is right side up, with Nasrudin standing upside-down.

YOGI:

I am a yogi! I am dedicated to the service of all living things... especially birds and fish.

Camera swings round to show Nasrudin standing right side up, with the Yogi upside-down.

NASRUDIN:"

Pray, allow me to join you for as I had suspected we have something in common. I am strongly attracted to your sentiments... because a fish once saved my life!

Camera swings round - Yogi as if right side up, Nasrudin upside -down.

YOGI:

How pleurably remarkable! I shall be delighted to admit you to my company. for all my years of devotion to the cause of animals, I have never yet been privileged to attain such intimate communion with them as you - saved your life! This amply substantiate our doctrine that all the animal kingdom is interlinked.

Camera swings round to show Yogi upside-down and Nasrudin right side up.

YOGI:

Please, freely accommodate yourself beside me.

Nasrudin stands on his head and they go into a series of difficult positions dissolving in and out to indicate the passage of time.

Camera now upside-down so that Nasrudin and the Yogi both appear to be right side up hanging from the earth as if it is the ceiling.

YOGI:

Now, if you feel able, now we are better acquainted, to communicate to me your supreme experience with the life-saving fish, I would be more than honoured ...

Nasrudin, tired and fed up.

NASRUDIN:"

I am not so sure about that...

Camera swings round so that the Yogi is upside-down and Nasrudin painfully gets right side up.

NASRUDIN:

Now that I have heard more of your ideas.

He dusts himself down. The Yogi falls to the ground in front of Nasrudin.

YOGI:

But, master! master! I beseech you! I implore you! I abase myself before you!

He throws dust in his face, Impart to me the secret of the life-saving fish!

NASRUDIN:

(completely fed up)

Since you insist, the fish did save my life. I was starving at the time and I lived on it for three days!

He walks away leaving the Yogi collapsing in the dust.

Dissolve to Nasrudin, back at the campfire, shouting, **All right, every-body!**

**Saddle up! Let's get out of here!**

CARAVAN MASTER/  
VIZIER:

(bowing and scraping)

**Yes, Your Excellency...  
As You Command,  
Your Excellency ~**

(he calls out)

**Saddle Up! Saddle Up!  
On To The Imperial  
City Of Delhi.**

Fade to black.

## WIFE AT HIPPIE CAMP (Sequence 44)

Fade in - Hippie Camp -  
The scene is exactly as before. Hippies snogging, sitars droning etc...

A cloud of dust approaches on the horizon and Kerima and her mini - caravan hit the camp like a tornado going through.

Pandemonium.

Trees snapped off in her path. Her action all sped up: 30 to 45 revs.

KERIMA:

**Get A Move On!  
Hurry Up! Catch Up  
With Nasrudin! Keep  
Moving! Not Fast  
Enough!**

**We'll Never Catch Up!  
I Knew You Didn't  
Know Your Job! Keep  
Going ! You Sure You  
Know The Way?**

**Faster! Are Hurry Up !**

**Get Going! We'll  
Never Catch Up Like  
This! Faster! Hurry  
Up! We're Losing  
Time! Are You Sure  
This Is The Way To  
Delhi? Come On!  
Come On! We're  
Wasting Time! Hurry!**

She vanishes away in the distance. Across her path of wreckage and

bewildered hippies, the slow motion Hippie passes through again (use the same animation).

## **THIEF AND FUR RUG (Sequence 45)**

Nasrudin's caravan passes beautiful miniature palace.

Cut to the edge of the palace wall and the THIEF pokes his head over a bunch of bamboo trees. He comes out on bamboo stilts and shuffles along the wall edge. He suddenly sees a tall thin Prince lying on a huge fur rug on a pavilion.

The Prince is looking at jewels in a box. He closes the box and goes to sleep with the box beside him right in the middle of the fur rug.

The Thief, commando-style, climbs down vines, crawls on his belly across the pavilion, up the steps into the rug and surfaces beside the jewel-box. He grabs the jewelbox, checks to see that the jewels are still in it and turns to escape. Then, at the edge of the fur rug, encircling him, huge dogs' heads raise up. In fact, the rug is made of huge dogs, bottom to bottom, making a circle.

Cut to the outside of the beautiful miniature palace. We hear horrid rending noises.

## **OUTSIDE DELHI (Sequence 46)**

Fade in - They sight the minarets of Delhi

CARAVAN MASTER/  
VIZIER:

**Behold, Your  
Excellency... The  
Minarets Of The  
Imperial City Of  
Delhi!**

(bowing and scraping)

**May I Suggest We  
Camp Here Tonight  
And Enter The City  
Tomorrow - In  
Triumph!**

NASRUDIN:  
**Very well.**

The Caravan Master/Vizier goes away, chuckling silently to himself.

Dissolve.

## **CARAVAN MASTER'S TENT (Sequence 47)**

The Caravan Master/Vizier is eating pheasant and grapes etc..., the now hopelessly tattered Sycophants all around

CARAVAN MASTER/  
VIZIER:

**Triumph? ... Nasrudin  
enter in triumph?!**

He laughs.

CAGED VULTURE:  
**sniggering,**

**Cackle, Cackle! Clack!  
Clack!**

CARAVAN MASTER/ .  
VIZIER:

throws a half-eaten leg to a Sycophant, who picks it up from the dust and eats it with happy smiling, etc...

**With his trunk full of  
mud? Cackle! Cackle!**

CHIEF SYCOPHANT:

laughs horribly, waving his chewed bone,

**And not knowing the  
right court etiquette!**

All laugh hysterically

OTHER SYCOPHANT:

**Using the wrong titles!**

All roar and cackle.

ANOTHER SYCOPHANT:  
(hysterical)

And riding on his tatty donkey into the presence of the Great Mogul of India!

They all cackle hysterically and the Caravan Master/Vizier throws another leg and bits of food to the Sycophants, who scramble in the dust for it.

As they are still laughing hysterically, the Vulture bites the leg of the worst-off Sycophant.

## CARAVANS DIVERGE (Sequence 48)

Fade in - Morning - Big encampment - Fires burning \_ People packing up.

Cut to the palanquin with the Princess peeping out. There is an Indian guide, carrying a mocked-up sandwich-board, which says 'Guided Tours of Delhi and local points of interest'

PRINCESS:

Can you guide us to the sanctuary of the Mad Holy-Old-Indian-Witch of Benares?

GUIDE:

Indubitably! Not only will I guide you to the sanctuary of the Mad-Holy-Old-Indian-Witch of Benares, but I will guide you to the sanctuary of the Mad-Holy-Old-Indian-Witch of Benares.

Cut to a top shot of the main caravan going off to Delhi and the palanquin diverging; going off to the left, heading for the mountains in the distance.

## DELHI PALACE (Sequence 49)

Camera going through the gateway into Delhi city. Groups lining the route.

Camera goes through walls into Palace, into the courtroom. The Mogul King is lolling on a throne, surrounded by courtiers and women painting his toes, fanning him and dropping grapes into his mouth. He is lying on them in fact, the throne almost appears to be made up of voluptuous dusky maidens.

Courtiers look on, hungry. This is interrupted by PARATA, calling,

PARATA:

O, Great And Noble Mogul - Emperor Of India! Your Grand Vizier, Parata, begs Audience.

Mogul, bored, looking up from his activities, beckons Parata to enter.

Parata comes in, bowing and scraping and kissing the ground, throwing invisible dust on his face, approaching the throne. He gets up to the threshold of the throne, still kissing the ground and gives a perfunctory kiss to what he thinks is the Mogul's foot, but which is one of the girls' feet. Parata sees it is

a woman and gives it the full treatment, working his way up the leg.

The Mogul has a sceptre, lolling back in one of his hands and he slugs Parata on the head.

PARATA:

staggering back from the throne,

**Oooh ! ..... 0 Great  
And Noble Mogul !  
Your Blow Has  
Ennobled Poor Parata,  
Your Grand Vizier:**

The Mogul just looks at him and resumes his attentions to the ladies.

During all this, negro slaves are carrying enormous plates above their heads and place them down in front of the Mogul, revealing fat, voluptuous women on the trays. The Mogul feels their flesh as if he was feeling the fruit or pressing the cheese. When his finger really sinks in, he nods 'YES'.

## **PARATA SONG (Sequence 50)**

Cut to Parata, still dazed.  
Soliloquy, with music,  
Mikado-like.

PARATA:

I Am, Of Course,  
Parata The Indian  
Grand Vizier!

Indian Instruments -  
B'doingggggg

I Am So Extremely  
Cunning That I Do  
Outwit Myself!

COURTROOM CHORUS:

He Does Outwit  
Himself ! He Does  
Outwit Himself !

He Is So Extremely  
Cunning That He  
Does Outwit Himself!

(Parata preens during the chorus)

PARATA:

I Am A Source Of  
Constant Confusion  
To My Own Personal  
Self!

Horne Of My Own  
Deviousness Even To  
Myself!

COURTROOM CHORUS:

(as Parata dances)  
Even To Himself!

Even To Himself! He  
Is A Source Of Great  
Confusion

Even To Himself!

PARATA:

I Am Devious And  
Cunning In Order To  
Survive !

It Is The Only Way  
That I, Parata, Can  
Keep Myself Alive!

FULL CHORUS WITH  
PARATA:

Can Keep Himself  
Alive! Can Keep  
Himself Alive!

It Is The Only Way  
That He, Parata, Can  
Keep Himself Alive!

PARATA:

But - I Like It !  
How I Like It! It Keeps  
My Brain So Fit!

COURTROOM CHORUS:

(as Parata dances)

But He Likes It! How  
He Likes It!  
Because It Keeps His  
Brain So Fit!

PARATA:

I'm So Cunning, I May  
Tell You  
I Fill My Pockets By  
My Craft !

COURTROOM CHORUS:

(as Parata dances in front  
again)

Fills His Pockets By His  
Craft! Fills His Pockets  
By His Craft !

He's So Cunning We  
May Tell You He Fills  
His Pockets By His  
Craft!

PARATA:

My Guile Is Without  
Bottom! And My  
Cunning Without End!

COURTROOM CHORUS:

His Cunning With  
Out End! His Cunning  
Without End!

His Guile Is Without  
Bottom! And His  
Cunning Without End!

(bastardised to an Indian  
version of 'Greensleeves' now)

PARATA:

Outwit Myself, Outwit  
Myself! I Constantly  
Confuse Myself !

My Subtleties Are So  
Refined That I Often  
Leave Myself Behind!

My Duplicity Is So  
Complete That My  
Two Selves Will Never  
Meet ! I Constantly  
Outwit Myself

That My Plotting  
Outwits Even Me.

COURTROOM CHORUS:

That His Plotting  
Outwits Even He ...

At the end of the song, a  
messenger comes running  
up. He is an Indian version of  
the Persian messenger,

MESSENGER:

O Grand Vizier Parata!  
The Persian Caravan Is  
Within A League Of  
The City!

PARATA:

(to messenger)

Let Them Be Received  
With Full Honours!

Messenger shoots off. Other  
courtiers following.

Fade.

## FULL HONOURS (Sequence 51)

Fade in.

Nasrudin's caravan en  
route to Delhi gate.  
Dancing girls again,  
massive crowds lining the  
route, military escort and  
bands riding up, elephants,  
etc... everybody coming to  
see.

Impression of taking time -  
All is so enormous and  
grand.

Fade.



past a tripod of logs from which hangs a wicker-work basket over a large crack in the earth. She swings past this and around it and up to an overhanging cliff, where she hits a 'J. Arthur Rank' type gong with her body and, as she falls, she hangs the rope up beside the gong and drops into the wicker-work basket over the cleft in the earth.

On the side of the wicker basket is an oil-rigger type of valve. She turns the valve and green gas comes up through the crack in the earth. She takes a deep breath of the gas and pulls out a cube of sugar, which she pops in her mouth.

WITCH:

With Acid, Fumes  
And Gas Combined I  
Will Start To Blow My  
Mind

sniff... hurr ... sniff...  
hurr ...

Then she turns the valve a little more and more gas comes up.

O Gas:First Gas I  
Sniff Tonight I Wish I  
May, I Wish I Might  
Blow My Mind Out  
Like A Light!

Sniff... Hurr ... Sniff...  
Hurr ...

Mystic Fumes Show  
Me The Way

Tell Me How This  
Curse To Lay

Sniff... Hurr ...

Sniff... Hurr ...

In Yonder Beast A  
Prince Is Hidden How  
Can From Him This  
Spell Be Ridden?

The gas from the fissure is hating up now. Bubbling noises. The Witch gets shriller. Her mind is now blown.

WITCH:

Gobbledeegook And  
Hi-Dee Hi Neck Of  
Newt And Nose Of  
Fly,

Face Of Rat And Toe  
Of Oyster, A Little  
Dust From Sacred  
Cloister,

Even shriller now

Let Of Mutton, Cup  
Of Tea, Footprint Of  
The Magic Flea,

She leans over and turns the jet all the way. She is skyhigh now.

Tendril Of Enormous  
Gnat, Glass Of Water,  
Old Felt Hat,

Mix Together, Boil  
And Bake!

Let Him Eat This  
Magic Cake!

She quickly screws off the valve, does a knee-bend, shoots up, hits the 'J. Arthur Rank' gong and swings backwards round her tripod up into the tree, giving the Tarzan holler, but backwards.

All this is as if the film is running backwards. She drops from the tree into the trampoline pit and bounces backwards into the cave.

Cut to Beast and Princess, looking on apprehensively.

The Witch shoots out of the cave carrying cauldron, logs and ingredients, lights fire and puts it all in and stirs it round.

The film here is all sped up, going forward again.

Then, returning to normal speed, the Witch takes her enormous ladle, puts some steaming muck in a pan and takes it over to the Beast.

Cut to Princess, in happy expectation.

BEAST:

(smelling the muck)

Argh ...

The Princess nods to the Beast to drink it.

He takes a tiny sip.

PRINCESS:

Drink It, Drink It  
Down, O My Sweet  
Love'

The Beast gulps it all down and goes into a contorted fit based on the Witch's rhyming couplets and there is a puff of smoke. The Princess rushes in towards him, as the smoke clears. We see that the Prince is indeed a prince in full regalia, but he is knock-kneed, chinless, tiny-nosed and a hopeless nit.

PRINCESS:

(shocked and disappointed)

OOOOOOHH:

PRINCE/BEAST:

(he still speaks with the Beast's voice)

Princess Nura, I am restored to my original shape - you don't look very happy!

She is poker-faced and picks up his leavings in the dish and drains it in one gulp.

Then, she goes into a rhythmic fit, but a belly-dance version. There is a puff of smoke and we see she has turned into a huge green frog, but with the Princess's crown still on the frog's head.

She takes the hand of the Prince and hops off with him G'DUNK ... G'DUNK ... into the early evening light, leaving the Mad-Holy-Old-Indian-Witch counting her money and biting it to see if it is all good. Dissolve.

## NASRUDIN CHOSEN AT RANDOM (Sequence 53)

Dissolve back to Mogul court. We can hear the distant noise of Nasrudin's caravan approaching.

Addressing the Mogul, trying to bring him out of his reverie with his ladies,

PARATA:

O:Great And Noble Mogul, May I Bring To Your Notice The Fact - And Fact It Is - That The Ambassador Of Persia And His Caravan Will Arrive In Your Imperial Capital Presently.

The Mogul just looks at him.

PARATA:

continuing,  
As You Will Recall, Majesty, You Have Decreed A State Of War Against Persia - Unless A Suitable Persian Ambassador Could Be Sent To You To Make Peace.

MOGUL:

coming out of his coma,  
State Of War...

He is fingering a woman's leg running down it to the toes. Goes back into his coma.

State of war... state of war...

PARATA:

Rumour has it, Majesty, that the Persian Ambassador is man of no consequence - selected entirely at random! Possibly in order to delay our warlike preparations...

Cut to Mogul running his hand up a great white leg.

PARATA:

Possibly, even to insult your majesty.

Cut to Mogul - he stops fingering for a second.

MOGUL:

Insult my Majesty?

Runs hands down leg again; sort of still thinking about it.

PARATA:

Yet, O Sublime and Mogul Noble

(looking at the leg)

my spies report that this ambassador, by name Nasrudin, has shown a remarkable ability and depth of understanding in difficult circumstances - as if he were perhaps

even.... divinely  
guided! And yet they  
say he was picked at  
random!

MOGUL:

having surfaced,

If he were picked at  
random - and yet is so  
wise - and so shrewd -  
does this not mean that  
anyone at all in Persia is  
equally capable of the  
delicate post of  
Ambassador, infallible  
and intuitive, to our  
sublime court?

Uncertain

Should we then not be  
careful in our dealings  
with these Persians,  
Parata? Even reconsider  
our warlike attitude to  
them? For might they  
not - easily - engulf us?

PARATA:

O Great, Noble and  
Superlative Defender of  
the Empire, you are as  
always - right! Let us be  
cautious! And test their  
military strength!

The Mogul has started pawing  
again.

PARATA:

With your Noble  
Mogul's permission, I  
suggest we send our  
finest warriors to the  
city gate.

## CLASH AT GATE (Sequence 54)

Fade in at the City Gate.

Nasrudin's caravan is  
approaching the gate,  
Nasrudin in front, the  
Caravan Master/Vizier  
behind him and the  
hopelessly tattered  
Sycophants, twelve  
abreast - they obscure the  
rest of the caravan from the  
Indians' point of view.

The Indian Royal Guard is  
drawn up in front of the  
gate, facing Nasrudin, on  
elephants and horses and  
there is a mad General  
ALARAM - an Indian  
counterpart to the Persian  
General IRONPANTS.

PARATA:

rushing out to the General,  
**General Alaram!**  
**General Alaram!**

GENERAL ALARAM:

wheeling round at Parata's  
call,  
**Alaram Is My Name!**  
**And Alaram Is My  
Nature!**

PARATA:

**Here they come!**  
**Now, General!**  
**Challenge them!**

GENERAL ALARAM:

It will be a walk-over,  
O Parata! Just look at  
the Persian escort!

Cut to the Sycophants,  
terrified. General Alaram  
spurs his horse/elephant  
forward, stops in front of  
Nasrudin and holds up his  
hands.

GENERAL ALARAM:

**Halt! All those who  
seek to enter the  
Imperial City of Delhi  
must first try their  
strength against the  
royal guard! Let your  
escort engage us!**

Cut to Sycophants, white  
with terror.

Cut to Nasrudin, who looks  
surprised, reflects; then-

NASRUDIN:

whispers to a messenger,  
**Tell Chief Boozdil  
that here are some  
men who claim to be  
the world's greatest  
and most renowned  
brigands and thieves.**

The messenger exits into  
the rear group behind the  
Sycophants, from which  
soon come great cries of  
Chief Boozdil, screaming,

CHIEF BOOZDIL:

What?! It is a lie ! Liars!  
We are the greatest  
brigands and thieves!  
Let us at them! Charge!

The Brigands all scream and yell and roar.

ASSORTED BRIGANDS:

What? What? It's a lie!  
It's a lie! We're the  
greatest brigands! Let us  
at them!

Here we come! Up the  
rebels ! Taratarah Tatah  
Tatah da da da da da  
da da da da ... Up  
the rebels! Hit them  
where it hurts!

They hurtle through in a flying  
wedge, picking up  
Sycophants as shields, sticks,  
stones, etc... And they stream  
past and crash headlong into  
the Indian Royal Guard with  
the sound of a hammer hitting  
an anvil!

Cut to Parata.

PARATA:

Oh! Goodness! Perhaps  
I should return to the  
court!

and he zips out.

There are several seconds of  
dust cloud, heads and pieces  
flying out of it. Then the dust  
settles down and the Brigands  
are seen dusting themselves  
off, wearing the Indian Royal  
Guard armour, etc... and  
there is a small bunch of

the Indian Royal Guard clad  
only in underpants vanishing  
over the hill.

Nasrudin leads the caravan  
forward, the Brigands fall in  
and march through the City  
Gate. As they enter the  
gate, the leftover Indian  
troops fall in meekly,  
behind the caravan.

## THIEF AND JEWEL- BOTTLE (Sequence 55)

The THIEF nips out of the  
crowd and scurries through  
the City Gate alongside  
Nasrudin's caravan and  
shoots off into a courtyard.  
He sneaks around and  
sees a thin-necked bottle  
full of enormous rubies. He  
is hypnotized, empties his  
pockets of everything he  
has already stolen, in order  
to make room and shoves  
his hand in the bottle.

The neck of the bottle is  
too narrow to let any rubies  
out. While the Thief is trying  
to work it out, two palace  
guards silently come up  
behind him. The Thief sees  
the guards but cannot stop  
trying to get the rubies out.  
He picks up the bottle and  
shuffles off with it, still  
working away at it.

They follow him around a  
while as the Thief keeps  
trying to pretend they are  
not there. Then, they very  
quietly pick him up, bottle  
and all, and take him away  
into the distance, the Thief  
still with the bottle,  
pumping at the rubies.

They go through a distant  
door and we hear a dull  
thud.

We never see the Thief  
again.

## INSIDE GATE (Sequence 56)

Parade, etc...

Enormous crowds screaming - Massed mounted bands, elephants, camels, eunuchs, dancing girls, all the magnificence of Indian Court, Power and Pomp trotted out on display.

Nasrudin, on his donkey, as he approaches the Palace. Indian nobles, on gold and bejewelled horses, form a guard of honour right in front and lead Nasrudin up the steps to the Palace. They trot up to the main Hall of Audience.

The door is at half normal height so that they have to dismount and lead their horses in. Nasrudin being so low on his donkey rides straight in. There is a gasp of horror.

Cut to the delighted Caravan Master/Vizier.

## PRESENTATION (Sequence 57)

Cut to the inside of the Audience Hall as Nasrudin rides in. More gasping of horror.

Cut to Parata.

sotto voce

**This is significant!  
Others must dismount  
to walk in to the  
presence of the  
emperor, but this man  
has so arranged things  
as to be able to ride in  
like an equal to the  
Great Mogul Himself!**

(muses)

Nasrudin rides up to the foot of the throne - clop! clop! clop!

Old joke of standing up and his donkey walks away.

All the others, Brigands, Sycophants and the Baggage train have also entered the Hall of Audience.

The Mogul looks apprehensive. No women now.

Drums roll

NASRUDIN:

**O GREAT MOGUL!  
O FULL MOON OF  
INDIA!**

Cut to Mogul in slight distress.

Cut to Parata, next to him, shocked.

Cut to Indian court, shocked.

Cut to cackling Caravan Master/Vizier.

continuing,

NASRUDIN:

**I bring you greetings  
from the Emperor of  
Persia! And these gifts!**

Cut to Caravan Master/Vizier sniggering in his beard.

Two normal men of the retinue bring out the enormous treasure -chest.

Drums roll - They throw the top open - All gasp

ALL:

**Earth! Earth! Earth! A  
Trunk Full Of Earth!**

Cut in to Nasrudin, close up. Low voice.

NASRUDIN:

**I had better say  
nothing - at this point  
- for how can I explain  
this?**

ASSEMBLED COURT-  
ROOM:

**Earth! Earth! Earth!**

Cut to the Caravan Master/Vizier getting hysterical with glee. He is nudging everybody near him.

CARAVAN MASTER/  
VIZIER:  
EARTH! EARTH!  
EARTH! CACKLE!  
CACKLE! EARTH!

He gets carried away with his laughing, gives a shriek and his beard drops off.

PARATA:  
pointing,  
Spy! Spy! Throw the  
spy to the Alligator  
Pit!

Three Indian ghouls, counterparts to the three Persian ghouls zip out and carry the astonished Vizier to the lip of the alligator-pit.  
Cut.

## ALLIGATOR PIT (Sequence 58)

The three ghouls throw the Vizier into the pit. We pan down as he falls and go ahead of him to the bottom of the alligator-pit, where we see a dozen horrific, hungry, waiting alligators.  
Cut.

## PRESENTATION II (Sequence 59)

Cut back to Audience Hall.  
Crowd still whispering.

MOGUL:  
leaning over to Parata,  
Earth... earth! What  
does this mean? Is this  
an insult to my  
eminence?

Parata, scared, thinking rapidly, sees a terrible Yogi standing by, clad in a loin-cloth with a staff and beads and amulets, bits of bone, hanging.  
Parata zips over to him; they have a fast conversation and Parata zips back to the Mogul.

PARATA:  
Majesty, the Interpreter  
Of Omens has explained  
that this is a  
symbolic act in which  
you are acknowledged  
as - master of the earth!  
Just as you were  
addressed as full moon,  
for the same reason!

MOGUL:  
to Nasrudin,  
We are content with the  
offerings of your Persian  
King, for we have no  
need for wealth.

And we appreciate the  
metaphysical subtlety of  
your message!

Court - whisper, whisper.

## CONNING ALLIGATORS (Sequence 60)

Cut to the alligator - pit bottom. Anwar has the alligators drawn up in two rows of six, as in a classroom.

They are on one side of the pit and he is on the other, behind a rock which serves both as protection and as a pulpit.

ANWAR:

My friends, it grieves me deeply to see you destined to an existence such as this! You have been given people like myself, with no flesh on their bones....

He exposes a scrawny arm.

Cut to the alligators, who snap their mouths in a motor response. A couple edge forward slightly.

Cut to Anwar, who has his hands up, like Billy Graham.

He puts his hands down and leans forward confidentially.

Help me to get back to Persia and I'll guarantee you the most succulent...

Cut to alligators drooling, snapping, gnashing, rolling their eyes and biting each other at the thought of it.

... rotund....

Cut to alligators drooling, snapping, gnashing, grinding,

... in a word - fat!

Cut to alligators going mad, biting, gnashing, roaring, leaping.

Cut to Anwar, with his hands up, like Billy Graham again -

The alligators calm down.

Fat offerings that will come your way... regularly!

Cut to alligators leaping up and down in the air, biting, gnashing, drooling, grinding, roaring.

## PRESENTATION III (Sequence 61)

Cut back to Audience Hall.

NASRUDIN:

remembering his lines,  
I have also been told

(remembers and relaxes somewhat)

that we have nothing more for Your Majesty.

More crowd shock. The Mogul looks slightly puzzled at Parata.

Parata zips off to the Yogi ... yap... yap... yap... and zips back to the Mogul.

PARATA:

in Mogul's ear,

That means that Persia will not yield one further ounce of their soil to us !

Crowd muttering.

## **ALLIGATOR LADDER (Sequence 62)**

Cut back to the alligator-pit and we see the alligators standing on each other, making a ladder up the side of the pit.

Quickly Anwar goes up on their legs to the top and leans down to pull up the first alligator.

## **PRESENTATION IV (Sequence 63)**

**MOGUL:**  
to Nasrudin,  
**Tell your master we  
understand.**

(now smoothing his beard,  
laying a trap)

**but there is one other  
point - If I am the full  
moon, what is the  
Persian Emperor?**

**NASRUDIN:**  
without thinking,  
**Ah,- he is the New  
Moon!**

The Mogul looks at Parata,  
who zips off to the Yogi -  
yap... yap... yap... and  
back again.

**PARATA:**  
to the Mogul and to the  
assembled multitude, loud,  
**That is because the  
full moon is more  
mature and gives more  
light than the new  
moon!**

Tremendous applause.

## **VIZIER LISTENING (Sequence 64)**

Cut to Anwar, listening  
outside the court door. He  
has heard Parata's  
announcement and the  
applause continues.

Camera pulls back to  
reveal Anwar with a white-  
fang, dry-land dog-sled  
made up of alligators.

He cracks a whip and they  
shuffle off in a cloud of dust  
over the hill into the sunset  
towards Persia.

## PRESENTATION V (Sequence 65)

Cut back to the Audience Hall.

The applause is only now dying down.

MOGUL:  
smiling to Nasrudin,  
**We are content - you may return to Persia and tell the New Moon that the Full Moon salutes him! Let there be peace between our kingdoms!**

(afterthought)

**And let us entertain our guests !**

At the word 'Guests' the Brigands grab every woman in sight, screaming and yelling as pandemonium breaks loose.

Fade to black.

## SHIPS THAT PASS IN THE NIGHT (Sequence 66)

Fade in.

Nasrudin's wife and her mini-caravan.

She is screaming abuse at the tiny Caravan Master and they pass Anwar the Grand Vizier on his alligator-dry sled in a cloud of dust, going the other way. Neither notices the other.

Fade to black.

## DEPARTURE (Sequence 67)

Fade in.

Next morning - Indian Palace courtyard - Indian bands playing - Multitudes gather for send-off.

NASRUDIN:  
**Come On! Saddle Up!  
Saddle Up Everybody!**

Nasrudin gets on donkey (same joke: stands on donkey). He leads the caravan out of the gateway with the Indians cheering .

Outside the gateway, leading to the trackless desert is the Boozdil Royal Guard. Boozdil's two ADC's are mounted on sagging elephants; they carry a banner saying 'Royal Boozdil Cavalry'. They are magnificently attired, in Indian battle dress. They all salute Nasrudin, who rides out past the Boozdil Guard of Honour, with his caravan.

We cut to Boozdil's face in frozen salute and see that there is a tear in his eye.

Dissolve.

## **SMOULDERING COURT (Sequence 68)**

Dissolve back to Indian courtroom, which is all but destroyed - Fires are still burning, smoke is smouldering there are immense holes in the ceiling, some columns fractured, some half blasted off - Desolation.

The Great Mogul, scratched and bitten comes in and sits on a barrel or crate - His courtiers stand around torn and bleeding. Everybody's clothes are torn. The Mogul's dusky maidens appear also completely used and pummelled.

The Mogul claps his hands. Parata, also tattered totters in.

**MOGUL:**  
Now that our guests are safely on their way back to Persia - and war has been averted, let us return to the affairs of state.

Claps his hands,

Bring me the list of those to be incarcerated, eviscerated, emasculated and executed!

The three Indian ghouls bring the list. Parata goes through it, his pen at the ready.

**PARATA:**  
**Ram Chund!**

**MOGUL:**  
Toying with his dusky maidens - matter of fact voice,  
**Evisceration!**

The three ghouls grab a poor idiot from the crowd. They zip him out, there is a terrible scream and they zip back in, ready for the next customer.

**PARATA:**  
**Banner Gee!**

**MOGUL:**  
looking up from his amusement,  
**Execution !**

The three ghouls grab another idiot, zip him out. We hear a 'clunk' of an axe, and they zip back in.

**PARATA:**  
ticking the names off with his pen.  
**Chopal Bye!**

**MOGUL:**  
fingering the chewed-up women again,  
**Emasculatation!**

The ghouls grab a third idiot, zip him out and we hear AAAAAAAAAAAAAA (octave higher) aaaaaaaaaaaaaa they zip back in.

**PARATA:**  
**Mohan Lal!**

**MOGUL:**  
**Incarceration!**  
They grab a fourth victim and drag him out - sound of steel doors closing.

Cut to close-up of parchment, in Parata's hand, which reads 'By order of ... '  
Parata, signing,

**PARATA:**  
**Parata ...**

**MOGUL:**  
without looking up from his plucking and fingering  
**EXECUTION!**

The three ghouls grab Parata.

**PARATA:**  
pleading,  
**Your Majesty! O Mogul! O Mogul Noble! O Noble Mogul, I Am Parata, Your Grand Vizier!**

**MOGUL:**  
disappearing into a mountain of female flesh  
**Execution... Execution!**

PARATA:

as he is being dragged out,  
to the audience

**I Have Finally  
Outwitted Myself For  
Good And All!**

re-cap of bastardised  
version of 'Greensleeves'

**Outwit Myself...  
Deceive Myself ... I  
Have Finally Outwit  
Myself !**

They take him round a  
corner and we hear the  
clunk of a chopper on  
wood.

Dissolve.

## **FORK-IN- ROAD (Sequence 69)**

Close-up on Kerima's mini-  
caravan. She is bellowing  
at the tiny man - Dust  
everywhere.

KERIMA:

**Hurry Up! Keep  
Moving ... Faster! We  
Must Catch Up With  
My Husband! You  
Won't Get Your  
Money, You Know!  
Are You Sure You  
Know Where You're  
Going? Pay Attention!!  
Move Faster! We  
Haven't Got For Ever!  
Keep Moving! Pay  
Attention! We're  
Losing Time! Hurry  
Up ! Faster! Keep  
Going ...**

**Don't Slack! Come  
On! Come On! We'll  
Never Catch My  
Husband At This  
Rate! Move! Faster ...  
We Have To Get To  
Delhi! Come On!**

**Catch Up !**

Cut to aerial view - Desert -  
Single road forks into two.

There is a mountain  
between the two.  
Nasrudin's caravan is  
coming from left to right  
along one side of the  
mountain. Kerima's mini -

caravan coming from right to  
left takes the other fork going  
all the other side of the  
mountain. Neither sees the  
other.

## ALLIGATOR ARRIVAL (Sequence 70)

Dissolve in.

The Vizier alligator-sled arriving at the closed Persian court doors. He is covered in dust. The alligators are panting horribly and the Vulture is sitting exhausted on the sled, covered with dust.

Two of Anwar's left-behind Sycophants rush up.

ANWAR:

My friends, Nasrudin has averted war with India - but, I will yet win the day! -charge him with treason, I will.

He goes to the door

Oh! Take care of my alligator friends.

Pushing the doors open and running in to the Persian King,

Majesty, News From India! Traitor!

KING:

Nasrudin is a traitor?

Dissolve.

## MUSICAL DUMB SHOW (Sequence 71)

This sequence is all done in pantomime, with silent film type chase music.

Cuts.

1. Nasrudin's caravan crossing rope bridge in Himalayas.
2. Anwar the Grand Vizier and the Persian King silhouetted through a lit window of the court, Anwar doing his act about Nasrudin's treachery.
3. Nasrudin's caravan crossing desert. Sign on the edge of the desert covered in vultures says 'You are now leaving the Registan Desert - We hope too many of you did not perish' There is clearly demarcated green grass on the other side of the sign.
4. More Anwar acting to Persian King in court.
5. Nasrudin's caravan on board ship in storm.
6. More Vizier. acting.
7. Nasrudin's caravan in Persian mountains.
8. More Anwar in front of full court.
9. Early Tibet - India sign-post. The army (Nasrudin's early advance guard) is marching back from Tibet, Snow and icicles hanging from then. As the last of them turns on to the main road back to Persia,

Nasrudin's caravan comes up and takes up the rear (unwittingly) .

10. Anwar finishing his act. The music does a long trill as the sound comes in again.

ANWAR:

And thus did Nasrudin betray the Persian Throne, the State and the Trust placed in him by you - in your Great Wisdom!

He collapses on the floor in front of the Persian King.

Cut.

## WIFE IN INDIA (Sequence 72)

Dissolve in.

The still smouldering half-destroyed Indian Court. The Mogul is on the throne, battered, with his cut and bleeding women. Nasrudin's wife storms in the door.

KERIMA:  
Where's Nasrudin?

MOGUL:  
Do You Know Who I Am, Woman? I Am The Great Mogul! Emperor Of India! Ruler Of...

KERIMA:  
How can you be emperor! Just look at this place! Full of old rubbish! And those shameless women! Clean it up immediately! Put it in order! Filthy! Dirty! Filthy! Dirty! Full of rubbish! Never seen anything like it! Throw out all the rubbish! Dust it! Wipe it!

Polish it! Clean yourselves up! Get rid of those women! Clean this! Move . that! Bring in flowers over there! Change the water in the vases! Sponge those blood stains! Fix that roof!

Truculently and reluctantly, wounded and broken, the Indians drag themselves around doing what she says.

KERIMA!  
continuing,  
Wash your face!  
Change your shirt!  
Don't bite your nails!  
Don't suck your thumb ! Move that rubbish! Clean that! Clean this!  
Fix that up!

Cut to the Mogul, amazed.

## PERSIAN COURT (Sequence 73)

Cut to the Persian Court. Trumpets announce Nasrudin's arrival. Court Herald, calling out.

HERALD:  
Mulla Nasrudin - Your Majesty's Ambassador To India - Begs Leave To Report To Your Majesty!

King nods - Grunt

ANWAR:  
Bid Him Enter!  
Cut.

# **POLISHED MOGUL COURT (Sequence 74)**

Back to Indian Court, in long shot. It is absolutely glistening, immaculate and clean like a soap advertisement. Clean shaven men - No women.

Track in to Kerima, dusting her hands off at the foot of the Mogul's throne.

**MOGUL:**

sitting there, on his glistening throne, leans forward, hands together,

**Madam, Would You  
Consent To Accept  
The Position Of  
Grand Vizier?**

Short music stab.

## PERSIAN COURT CLIMAX (Sequence 75)

Cut back to Persian Court.

Nasrudin rides up to the throne on his donkey, puts his feet down and the donkey walks away. Nasrudin walks up to the steps of the throne and bows.

ANWAR:  
attacking,

Majesty, this man is guilty of High Treason, If not worse! We have incontrovertible evidence that he addressed the Great Mogul of India by one of your titles! Thus changing his allegiance and bringing your title into disrepute!

KING:  
fully awake and shouting,  
The sages have wisely said that to every perfection there is an imperfection! Why did you refer to me as the 'new moon' ?

Fast cuts to court reactions - Same music as 'bread' trial

Cut to Anwar, rubbing his hands, gloating and snickering.

NASRUDIN:  
rubs nose, reflectively, for a bit,

I don't know about protocol ... but I do know that the full moon is about to wane and the new moon is still growing - with its greatest glories ahead of it.

KING:

I am more than pleased, friend Nasrudin

(patronizingly)

at the result of your unorthodox methods! You have averted war and our country is saved! From now on, you will be known by the special title of Emissary!

Now, turning half left to Anwar,

KING:

And as for you... Anwar... you are from this moment - no longer grand vizier!

Throw him to his own alligators'

The three Persian ghouls zip in and cart Anwar off. Camera follows. They throw him into the pit (he is not worried) .

ANWAR:

as he is falling,  
My Friends... .

Cut to the bottom of the alligator pit. The alligators are now completely skin and bone, not having had anything to eat since they met Anwar.

Cut back to the outside of the pit as we hear steel trap noises of jaws snapping and ripping. The three ghouls look down in the pit and look horrified at what they see. They bring their hands to their mouths to prevent being sick.

The clacking and rending continues as we pan up to a niche, where Anwar's Vulture cackles hysterically and plummets down into the pit, for a bite.

Chumping and rending continues as we cut back to the King.

KING:

Nasrudin, may I offer you the position of Grand Vizier?

NASRUDIN:

What ?! How could I possibly accept - now I have seen with my own eyes what happened to my predecessor?

He bows - Music starts and Nasrudin backs up, still bowing, to a door shaped exactly like himself, opens it, fits exactly through it, Closes it.

## END SCENE (Sequence 76)

Cut to a Charlie Chaplin type road, in perspective, into sunset.

Bach-like choir and orchestra singing

The End - The End -  
The End - The End -  
The End \_

Nasrudin pads off into the distance, but he stays the same size the further he walks. And since everything else is in perspective and he stays the same size, he gives the impression of becoming enormous as he disappears over the hill.

Fade to black.

