



Scripts.com

Blackadder's Christmas Carol

By Richard Curtis

Blackadder, Blackadder...

In the reign of good Queen Vic,
there stood, in Dumpling Lane
in Old London Town,
the moustache shop
of one Ebenezer Blackadder,
the kindest and loveliest man in all England.

He's kind and generous to the sick
He'd never spread a nasty rumour
He never gets on people's wick
And doesn 't laugh at toilet humour

Blackadder, Blackadder

He's sickeningly good

Blackadder, Blackadder

As nice as Christmas pud

Humbug! Humbug!

- Humbug, Mr Baldrick?

- Oh, thank you very much.

I 've got all the presents.

And I 've nearly finished the Christmas cards.

Splendid, let me see.

"A very messy Christmas."

Sorry, Mr Baldrick, shouldn't that be "merry"?

"A merry messy Christmas"?

All right, but it must be "messy".

Messy cake, soggy pudding,

big wet kisses under the mistletoe.

Yes... I fear, Mr Baldrick,

the only way you'd get a big wet kiss

at Christmas,

or any other time,

is to make a pass at a water closet.

Be that as it may... "A merry messy Christmas."

"Christmas" has an "H" in it, Mr Baldrick.

And an "R".

Also an "I" and an "S", also a "T",

an "M", an "A" and another "S".

And you've missed out the "C".

Congratulations, Mr Baldrick, a triumph.

You're the first to spell Christmas

without getting a single letter right.

I was a bit rushed. I've been helping out

with the workhouse nativity play.

- How did it go?

- Not very well

At the last moment, the baby playing Jesus died.

Oh, dear, this high

infant mortality rate's a real devil

when it comes to staging

quality children's theatre.

- What did you do?

- Got another Jesus.

Thank goodness. His name?

Spot.

There weren't any more children,

so we had to settle for a dog.

I'm not convinced that Christianity

would've established

its firm grip over the hearts of mankind

if all Jesus ever said was "Woof!!"

It went all right till the shepherds came on.

We weren't able to get real sheep,

so we stuck some wool...

..on some other dogs.

Yeah, and the moment Jesus

got a whiff of 'em, he's away.

While the angel's singing

"Peace on Earth, goodwill to mankind",

Jesus scampers across and tries

to get a sheep to give him a piggyback.

Scarcely appropriate behaviour

for the son of God, Mr Baldrick.

- Weren't the children upset?

- No, they loved it.

Oh, the playful young scamps, eh?

Still what a lovely thought it is,

at this moment, all over the country,

from highest to lowest,

through those charming plump folk

somewhere in the middle,

everyone is enjoying Christmas.

- What are you doing, Albert?

- Nothing.

Oh, yes, you are,

you naughty German sausage!

- Tell me what you're doing.

- Nothing!

When you're busy ruling India,

you don't tell me what you're doing.
Why should I tell you when I am busy
wrapping this cushion
for your surprise Christmas present?
Dem! Now I have only
two surprise presents for you.
Oh, dear Alby, don't worry, I don't mind.
I do. I love surprises.
Christmas without surprises
is like the nuts without the nutcracker.
Which is why I have brought you
this surprise nutcracker...
Dem! Dem!
Darling Bobo, don't worry.
Besides, haven't you forgotten something?
- What?
- Our traditional Christmas adventure.
Yes, of course, the traditional
Christmas adventure! Huzzah!
What traditional Christmas adventure?
You silly soldier!
When we disguise ourselves as common folk
and go amongst the people
to reward the virtuous and the good.
Yes, of course, Dummkopf,
how could I forget!
Das ist nicht ausgezeichnet!
It is precisely for such an outing
that I have bought you my final surprise present,
this muff, which I'm going to give you tomorrow...
Dem! Dem! Dem!
Excellent! What a splendid spread!
Nuts, turkey and presents.
What more could one desire at Christmas?
Well a tree.
Of course, I quite forgot.
I dropped in on Mr Thicktwistle's
Garden Emporium
and, I think you'll agree, got quite a bargain
on this special Christmas twig.
- It's a bit of a tiddler, ain't it?
- Yes, but size isn't important.
It's not what you've got, it's where you stick it.
Besides, we've got a whole year's

profits to spend on fun and larks.

- How much is it?

- 17 and a penny.

It'd be lots more if you didn't
give so much to the poor.

Yes, but in the feeling good
ledger of life, we are rich indeed.

I wish we weren't doing so well
in the short-of-pressies-gullible-prat ledger.

Well bless my ten toes,
who could that be on this cold night?

Ah, Mrs Scratchit, greetings
on this merry Yuletide Eve.

Oh, Mr Blackadder!

How can I be merry when we're so poor
we'll have nothing to eat on Christmas Day,
except what Grandfather can scrape
from under his big toenails?

No goose for Tiny Tom this year!

Mrs Scratchit, Tiny Tom is 15 stone
and built like a brick privy.

If he eats any more heartily,
he will turn into a pie shop.

Dear me! There must be something we can do.

Ah, that box of matches
in your basket is just the thing I need.

- How much?

- A quid a match.

Mrs Scratchit, I suspect that to be a lie of sorts.

Oh, but it's Christmas Eve, so, here, take 10.

So you don't want all the matches, then?

There's 17 of 'em.

You have the body of a weak woman,
but the mind of a criminal genius.

- Here, 17 pounds, then.

- Lovely!

And my best wishes to your massive offspring!

So we had 17 and a penny,
and we give Mrs Scratchit 17, so that leaves...

Yes, come on, Mr Baldrick,
17 and a penny, minus 17 leaves...

38, eight shillings and fourpence.

Not bad, Mr Baldrick. The answer is,
in fact, a splendid shining penny.

Merry Christmas Eve,
Mr Slackbladder...I mean, Blackadder.
And to you, young urchin.
A penny for Christmas cheer, sucker...I mean, sir.
Erm, well..
Certainly, here.
Going to buy some cake
for your silver-haired mother?
Nah, sod that! I'm off to the gin shop.
They grow up so fast these days, bless 'em.
Oh, well another year without profit.
Still it is Christmas.
And let us remember, Mr Baldrick,
that be we as stony as a biblical execution,
it's still the season of good cheer
and we have our Christmas treats.
Nuts, turkey and presents.
And my goddaughter, Millicent.
Secure the ornaments and let her in.
So we put all our presents under our little tree.
A scarf for me, a pair of gloves
for Mr Baldrick and a hat for Millicent.
Ah, Millicent, to what do I owe
this excellent pleasure?
I just thought I'd pop round,
you know, on the off chance.
Christmas is a time traditionally
connected with presents.
It is indeed. And look, a lovely hat
for my dear goddaughter.
Oh, thanks. And look! A scarf
and a pair of gloves to match!
That's not bad, I suppose.
- Jolly good.
- Sorry I can't stop.
I thought I might come back
tomorrow at lunch time.
Splendid idea!
It'll just be little me and my teensy boyfriend,
so cook two extra turkeys.
Thanks for all the pressies.
Why don't you take the flippin' tree??!
Oh, you are sweet!
Bye!

Bye. My, what a jolly young girl!
Pity she nicked all the presents.
Well I thought we'd be quite spoilt enough
with the turkey
and this mountain of nuts we have.
Well peel my tangerines, this is a night!
- Back!
- Ah, Beadle.
Charmed, honoured
and lovelied in every possible way.
Get back!
Felicitous compliments
of the gorging season to you, sir.
Peace on Earth and fat tums to all men!
Indeed, indeed! And what
of your little orphan charges?
Well I don't think I charges 'em enough, in fact.
Luckily you're here to cover up
the shortfall Mr Blackadder.
They're looking forward to coming tomorrow,
bringing you a surprise.
Surely not another totally unexpected rendition of
"God Rest Ye Merry Mr Blackadder"?
Can't say, sir. All I can say
is it's Christmas as usual,
except sadly we've managed to polish off
all our nuts before the big day.
What luck! As fate would have it,
we have some. Help yourselves.
No, sir. I couldn't take them.
- Is this all is it?
- Yes.
It'll have to do, then.
See you tomorrow.
Well what a jolly fellow!
Looked like a fat git to me.
Well yes, but you mustn't judge
people from outward appearances.
Strip away the outer layers of a fat git,
and inside you'll probably find a...
..thin git.
Those orphans were a bit fat, too.
There's some truth there.
When I visit them I remove all sharp objects

for fear of bursting one of them
and getting showered
in two dozen semi-digested pies.
But as long as they're happy.
At least we've still got our turkey.
And who knows, Christmas is a time for miracles,
so maybe, if we close our eyes really tight
and pray to the big pink pixie in the sky,
someone will come and reward us.

- Come on.

- Dear, innocent Mr Baldrick.

- See!

- Well baste my steaming puddings!

Good evening, sir and madam.

Good evening. We've come

to reward the virtuous this Christmas Eve.

Good heavens!

We have heard many stories

of your kindness and generosity.

Well one tries.

- So please...

- Yes?

Give us 10 for the virtuous lady next door.

Ah, well we'd love to oblige,

but we haven't got anything to give.

You must have something. A goose?

Oh, Albert!

We've only got a turkey, see.

That's ideal.

- Aw...

- There's a bit of luck!

Mr Baldrick, fetch the turkey.

Your accent suggests

that you are not from round here.

Ah... Nein.

I am from Glasgow.

Ah, a fine city. I love the Gorbals.

Yes, the Gorbals, I love them, too.

A lovely couple, lots of fun.

Bye-bye, birdy.

- Well done indeed. Good evening.

- Good evening.

If I see Mr and Mrs Gorbals,

I give them your regards.

Oh, dear, Mr Baldrick, it looks like we're in for a thin Christmas. Don't worry, I'm hanging my sock up so Santa will come down the chimney. If there's one thing that'll stop Santa coming down the chimney, it's your sock waiting for him. If I don't hang it out, how will Santa fill it? If you do hang it out, Santa will be dead before he gets within 100 yards of it.

- Don't you have any others?

- One.

Don't worry, my dear fellow, take one of mine from the linen cupboard. I'm off to bed. There's nothing else to stay up for.

- Goodnight, Mr Baldrick.

- Night.

Ooh, I forgot to mention, when you were out there, there was this enormous ghostly creature come in saying, "Beware, for tonight you shall receive a strange and terrible visitation." I just thought I'd mention it. It come through the wall said its piece, then sodded off.

- Oh, fine. Goodnight, Mr Baldrick.

- Night night.

Whoo-oo. Whoo-oo.

Whoo-oo. Whoo-oo. Whoo-oo.

Whoo-oo. Whoop!

- Can I help?

- No, thanks. No. No, no. Just came to say hello. Spirit of Christmas, how d'you do? Just doing my usual rounds, a bit of haunting, getting misers to change their ways. But you're such a good chap, there's no need for any of that. So I'll just say cheery-bye. Cheery-bye. Can I get you some tea or anything? You wouldn't have anything a bit more...medicinal? I see. I've only got some

of Nurse Macready's surgical bruise lotion.

Oh, nothing but the best at this house, eh?

Huh. Mmm.

Delicious.

It's a change from these skinflints.

You know that old fellow

across the road? Bags of money.

He tried to cut his heating bills

by using his John Thomas

as a draught excluder.

Oh, dear, old people today!

Tut!

How do you make them change their ways?

It's visions these days.

We used to use line drawings,

but the visions are more effective.

- What sort of thing?

- It depends.

Perhaps a glimpse of their school behaviour

behind the penny-farthing sheds.

Some others, we just show them

how rotten their ancestors were.

With your ancestors, it would have to be

the full one-hour-ten vision,

with a break and ice creams.

- That bad, were they?

- Did nobody tell you?

Stinkers to a man. Perhaps you'd like to see.

Whoo-oo. Whoo-oo.

Go on, my lord. Give it a little pull

You know you want to.

- It'll be ever so exciting.

- Oh, God!

Yes, terrifying.

Look. There's a surprise present for you inside.

It's a novelty death warrant

and you give it to a friend.

- Oh, just what I've always wanted.

- Got anything for me?

- It's nothing really.

- Oh, sir.

No, it's really nothing. I haven't got you anything.

I spent all my cash

on this damn thing for the Queen.

She better bloody like it.

She dropped enough hints.

That woman's about as subtle
as a rhinoceros horn up the backside.

Door!

Good morning, Your Majesty.

Christmas again, eh? What joy!

- Don't you just love it?

- No, I hate it.

- In fact, I've just abolished it.

- Sorry?

I'm going to block up the chimneys,
burn all the crackers
and kill anyone carrying a present.

Oh!

- What's that, Edmund?

- This?

- It's a window.

- A window.

Yes, but you seem to have one here,
so sorry to disturb you.

Ohh.

Well so much for that.

Ow!

Ah, Melchett.

Greetings! I trust Christmas
brings you its traditional mix
of good food and violent stomach cramp.

And compliments

of the season to you, Blackadder.

May the Yuletide log burn your house down.

I'm glad I saw you. I feel it only fair to warn you
that the Queen has banned Christmas.

So don't get her a present.

I'm indebted to you for that advice
and I shall follow it to the letter.

The day I get my brain replaced by a cauliflower.

- Ha! Got him with my subtle plan.

- I can't see any subtle plan.

You wouldn't see a subtle plan
if it painted itself purple
and danced naked on a harpsichord
singing "Subtle Plans Are Here Again."

It's a double bluff.

Melchett will do the opposite of what I tell him,
give the Queen an enormous
present, and then... Qchk!
What? He'll turn into a duck?
Yes.
Pity about this, Tinky Wink.
You used to love this time of year.
I know.
Leaving a mince pie and a glass of wine out
for Father Christmas
and then scoffing it
because I was a princess
and could do what I bloody well liked.
And wondering if your father's wife
would last till Boxing Day
without having her head cut off.
We knew if he gave her a hat
she'd probably be all right.
- Happy days!
- Yes. Maybe I was a little rash.
Ah, boys, welcome back!
But, Melchett, what have you got under your coat?
Is it a present?
A present, Majesty? But of course!
You're so painfully transparent, Blackadder.
Am I?
That's fab! I love presents.
For a moment, I took against Christmas,
but now I'm dippy about it again.
In fact, I'd like to marry you.
If you weren't as unattractive as a giant slug.
Oh, pish, Majesty!
Anyway, to reward you,
I'm going to give you lots of presents.
Fancy a castle?
- Windsor, Majesty?
- Title?
- Duke of Kent?
- Anything else?
A devilish saucy wife would be fun.
- Lady Jane Pottle.
- Oh, yummy!
I think she's Blackadder's girl,
but that doesn't matter, does it, Blacky?

No, of course not, ma'am.

And would Lord Melchett like
to whip me naked through Aberdeen?

- We needn't go that far.

- Oh, too kind.

No, Aylesbury's quite far enough.

Super. Well done, Melchy.

Now, Blackadder, what have you got me?

- Erm...

- I want a pressie!

Give me something nice and shiny.

If you don't, I've got something
nice and shiny for you: an axe!

- Erm, well..

- Right, that's it!

Any last requests before I chop
your block off for the Chrimble tree?

Erm, well there is one, actually, ma'am.

You know how I've always been
a great admirer of you both.

I was wondering if I could have your autographs
to keep me company
during the final tragic, lonely hours.

- Oh, all right.

- Thank you, ma'am.

And Lord Melchett. Just there. Thank you.

- Oh, dear me!

- What is it?

Why, this piece of paper
that Your Majesty has just signed
turns out to be some sort of death warrant.

Oops!

And I can't retract it without destroying
the whole basis of the British Constitution.

I fear not.

- Is there a name on it?

- Yes, actually, it says "Lord..."

Oh, I can't read this terrible childish writing.

"Lord Melchett." Lord Melchett, that's it.

Ma'am, it's a trick! You've been tricked.

Oh, good!

Christmas is a time for tricks
and japes and larks of all kinds.

Tell you what, that's so brilliant

I'll execute Melchett instead.
You're very kind, ma'am.
I suppose that means that everything
of Lord Melchett's becomes yours.
I suppose it does.
Merry Christmas, ma'am.
Good Lord!
Horrible, eh? What a pig!
Yes, but clearly quite a clever, charming pig.
But no, as you say, his behaviour, disgraceful.
You're a great improvement on them all
You're a good boy.
Them? Are there more?
Oh, yes. Have a shufty at this.
Right, Balders.
I'm sick of the Prince Regent
getting all the presents.
So here's the plan:
we play our traditional game of charades,
and when he gets bored and asks for a story,
you stick the dress and the hat on
and knock on the door.
- Got it?
- Got it.
You certainly will get it if you mess this up.
Hurrah! Welcome, lads! This is the stuff, eh?
Christmas sherry and charades
with honest, manly fellows.
What can I do with a girl I can't do with you, eh?
I cannot conceive, sir.
There's that, of course. Now, who's first?
I'd ask Horatio, but he's out of it.
So it's the little monkey fellow first, is it?
- It is indeed.
- Excellent. I love charades.
OK. Off you go, Baldrick.
- A book.
- Well done.
Didn't think you'd get it that quickly.
Yes, I must say that was damn clever.
Another great Christmas tradition.
Explaining the rules eight times
to the Thicky Twins.
The round hasn't started yet.

It must be a specific book.

For the Bible, I'd do that
to indicate it has two syllables...

- Two what?

- Two syllables.

"Two silly bulls"? I don't think so, not in the Bible.

I remember a fatted calf,
but that was a sensible animal.

Ah-ha, yah, is it Noah's Ark?

With the two pigs, two ants and two silly bulls...

- Two syll-a-bles?

- What?

We're getting confused. Let's start again.

No, let's not. I think the whole game's
getting a bit syll-a.

How about a Christmas story?

What a good idea.

I'll get rid of the servant, shall I?

There's a limit to how long roasting chestnuts
can blot out the aroma of Baldrick's trousers.

Don't forget the dress and the hat, Baldrick.

- Shall I begin the Christmas story?

- Absolutely.

Provided it's not that depressing one
about the chap born on Christmas Day
who shoots his mouth off
then comes a cropper with some rum coves
on a hill in Johnny Arab land.

- You mean, Jesus?

- Yes, that's the bloke.

He always spoils the Xmas atmos.

Instead, I shall tell you a story...

Ah! Oh, my God, I've gone blind! Blind!

That's better.

As I was saying, this is a story
about a handsome young prince.

This is more like it. What?

Good-looking, lovely hair perched on his head
like an exceptionally attractive loaf of bread?

- Exactly.

- I can imagine him. Excellent fellow.

It's a tale about him and a sad, lonely old granny
who's dying of cold on a cruel Christmas night.

- Not a comedy, then?

- No, sir.

When she thought
that she'd die on Christmas night
and be swept up on Boxing Day morning,
mistaken for a huge dirty handkerchief...

..then she knocked on the door
of a handsome young prince named George,
who gave her all his massive
collection of Christmas presents,
and she lived happily ever after.

Oh, by Satan's sausage,
Bladder, what a fine tale!

I'm quite moved to tears.

Oh, good.

I wonder who that could be.

On a cold, dark, cruel Christmas night, tricky one.

Could be a robin.

Why, rather coincidentally,
it is a sad, lonely old granny dying of cold.

Shall I fling her out saying
there's no room in our Christmas
for a sad, virtuous, silver-haired
old elderly angel like her?

No, Blackadder, you swine, bring her in!

- The trolley's a nice touch.

- Take all you want.

You've found Georgy-Porgy, a handsome prince.

Thank you, sir.

Shall I make sure she doesn't steal the silver?

- No, no. Tell her to take it.

- You're very generous, sir.

Excellent, excellent, Baldrick, a triumph.

Baldrick? Baldrick!

Sorry, Mr B. I was just showing
a sweet old granny to the door.

- Are we ready yet, sir?

- What?

I answered the door and it was
this sweet granny collecting for charity.

- So I let her in.

- Ahh.

Something wrong, Mr B?

No. I shouldn't have trusted a man
with the mental agility of a rabbit dropping.

- Sorry, Mr B.

- It's all right.

It's not your fault.

Still I fear for a frail, elderly woman
laden with valuables, travelling
the inadequately-lit London streets.

- Yes, she's not safe, sir.

- Well not from me, certainly.

- Very amusing!

- In what way?

The wigs. Very amusing wigs.

But his behaviour, as you say, disgraceful.

But... But he actually got the presents.

Y... Y... Yes.

So there is something

to be made out of being bad.

Technically, yes. But that's not the point, is it?

It's the soul, the soul.

As a matter of interest, what would
happen in the future if I was bad?

Erm... Is that the time? I must be off.

I'd love to see Christmas Future.

No, no, no, it's terribly melodramatic.

Look, just show it, please.

All right. Whoo-oo.

Hail, Queen Asphyxia,

Supreme Mistress of the Universe.

And hail to you, my triple husbandoid.

I summon you here to groupgreet

our swift Imperial Navies home.

Approach, Grand Admiral of the Dark Segment
and Lord of the High-slung Bottoms of Zob.

Morning.

To you, Blackadder, Thrice-endowed

Supreme Donkey of the Trouserpod,

this much greeting.

I, too, Bold Navigator,

cringe my dribblies

at your resplendent pofflesnood.

That won't be necessary, thank you.

Approach, your slave, Baldrick.

For God's sake, if you're going

to wear that ridiculous jockstrap,

at least keep your legs together.

Wilco, skipper.

Majesties, I give you this much greeting.

- What news of the foul Marmidons?

- Scattered to the Nine Vectors.

And the Sheepsqueezers of Splatikon Five?

Have they been suckcreamed

as a quanbeast's nubole?

They're dead, if that's what you mean.

Commander, did you vanquish

the Nibblepibblies?

No, my Lord Pigmot, I did not

vanquish the Nibblepibblies,

because you just made them up.

Damn it!

Excellent, Commander.

You have most pleasantly

wibbled my frussetpouch.

Bring forth the gift with which you honour me.

Majesties, from a place

where the stars begin and end,

I bring you this.

Oh, lovely, an ashtray.

Come, Majesty, he wastes our time.

I yearn to attend "20,000 years

of the Two Ronnoids" on the box podule.

- Send him to the sprouting chamber!

- No, wait!

- What is it, Commander?

- I'll show you, shall I?

Now, Your Majesty, I must respectfully insist

that you hand over to me

the Supreme Command of the Universe,

sew a button on my spare uniform,

and marry me this afternoon.

I thought you'd never ask.

Ha, ha. So let's get this straight.

If I was bad, my descendants

would rule the entire universe.

Maybe, maybe. But would you be happy?

Being Ruler of the Universe isn't so great.

The long hours, having to wave at people,

you're no longer your own boss.

So what if I stayed good?

What then does the future hold?

I must put my foot down here.
I've got four hauntings
and a scare-the-bugger-to-death to do.
- Whoo-oo.
- No, no.
Hail, Queen Asphyxia,
Supreme Mistress of the Universe.
And hail to you, my triple husbandoid.
I summon you here to groupgreet
our swift Imperial Navies home.
Approach, Grand Admiral of the Dark Segment
and Lord of the High-slung Bottoms of Zob.
- Hail.
- And your slave.
- What's his name?
- I can't remember, Your Majesty.
No matter, Supreme Marshal of the Smells,
what news of the foul Marmidons?
- Good news...
- Excellent!
..for the Marmidons.
They wiped out our entire army.
Sorry, I got confused
and dropped a bomb on our lot.
Silence, squidling.
Bring forth the gift with which you honour me.
Oh, damn! I forgot the bloody present.
So one way, it's glory everlasting,
the other, it's wearing Baldrick's posing pouch.
Simplistic, but it points to a clear lesson.
- Namely?
- Namely...
..the rewards of virtue are largely spiritual,
but all the better for it.
Doesn't it point to the clear lesson
that bad guys have all the fun?
Absolutely not. The rewards of virtue
are infinitely more attractive.
Picture it.
Quiet evenings in your hovel, alone.
A Bible. Your own turnip!
Oh, well that makes all the difference!
- So you're going to be a good boy?
- Absolutely.

Would I lie to you?

Whoo-oo, whoo-oo.

Whoo-oo, whoo-oo.

Mr Blackadder.

Looks like Father Christmas
just forgot about me this year.

Dear me, but don't be too unhappy,
because if you look very carefully,
there's something in this stocking from me.

It's something I made for you.

That's the kind of pressie
that shows the most love.

What is it, Mr B?

I've made you...a fist.

Yes, it's for hitting.

What's wonderful about it
is that you can use it again...

..and again...

..and again.

- Well what do you say?

- Thank you, Mr B.

Think nothing of it.

I, after all think nothing of you.

Oi! Git face! Penny for the season?

Hark, do I hear the voice
of a darling little cherub at the window.

No, I must have imagined it.

Shall I get that?

No, leave them in the snow until I get dressed.

I'll only be about 40 minutes.

Door.

Compliments of the season, sir.

We've come to sing merrily
and give you a small pudding. Three, four...

God bless Mr B at Christmas time

And baby Jesus, too

If we were little pigs we'd sing

Piggy Wiggy Wiggy Wiggy Woo

Piggy Wiggy Wiggy Wiggy Wiggy

Wiggy Wiggy Wiggy Wiggy Wiggy Woo

Oh, Piggy Wiggy Wiggy Woo

Piggy Wiggy Woo

Oh, Piggy Wiggy Wiggy

Wiggy Wiggy Wiggy Woo

- Utter crap.
- Thank you very much, sir.
- Do we get a Christmas treat?
- Indeed you do.
- What?
- A door in the face.

Here you are.

Mr B, you can't send them out
into the world with only a small pudding.

How right you are, Baldrick. Door.

Thank you.

- You know what I'm hoping?
- What?

I'm hoping that this is all a merry Christmas jape,
and you're going to go

"Yo ho ho" and give me a mince pie.

Close your eyes, Baldrick. Open your mouth.

Yo, ho, ho.

- Cooee.
- Ah.

My dear Millicent, come for her dinner.

And she seems to have brought
the fish course with her.

Who, my dear, is the huge halibut in the trousers?

I think it's me.

- This is Ralph, he's my fianc.
- We're in love.

Oh, dear.

Ill-conceived love, I should warn you,
is like a Christmas cracker.

One massively disappointing bang
and the novelty soon wears off.

Shut up.

Oh, Mr Blackadder, what's happened?

You've changed from the nicest man in England
into the horriddest man in the world.

I was thinking the same thing myself.

When spoken to.

I would explain,

but I fear you wouldn't understand,

being blessed with a head

emptier than a hermit's address book.

As for you, can you keep my goddaughter

in the manner to which she is accustomed?

Oh, yes, absolutely.

Oh, splendid!

Congratulations. Good day.

Out!

Baldrick, I want you to take this

and buy a turkey so large

you'd think its mother

had been rogered by an omnibus.

I'm going to have a party,

and no one's invited but me.

- Cooee!

- No peace for the wicked.

Mr Ebenezer, I was wondering if you
had perhaps a little present for me.

Or had found me a little fowl

for Tiny Tom's Christmas.

I have always found you foul,

Mrs Scratchit, and more than a little.

As for Tiny Tom's Christmas,

he can stuff it up his enormous
muscular backside.

- But he's a cripple.

- He's not.

Occasionally saying, "Phew, my leg hurts"
when he remembers to wouldn't fool Baldrick.
It did, actually.

However, if you want

something for lunch, take this.

It's a pound a lump and, as luck

would have it, there are 17 lumps.

- Thank you.

- What about my Tiny Tom?

If I was you I'd scoop him out

and use him as a houseboat. Good day.

Mr B, where's the milk of human kindness?

It's gone off, Baldrick. It stinks.

Whoever that is, slam the door in their faces,
otherwise I'll slam your face in the door.

Hello, small dwarf fellow.

Is this the house of the great philanthropist
and all-round softy Ebenezer Blackadder?

- Well Mr Blackadder lives here.

- Ah, das ist gut.

Because we have a wunderbar secret.

What secret?

If I told you we're going to give him
an enormous fortune for being so generous,
then it would no longer be a secret.

Dem, I'm so stupid! Dem!

- What would no longer be a secret?

- We are Queen Victoria.

What? All three of you?

My dear little hobgoblin, here is our Royal Seal.

We have come

to present your master with 50,000
and the title of Baron Blackadder
for being the kindest man in England.

Lumme, Your Majesty.

Baldrick, what did I tell you I'd do if you didn't
slam the door on these scrounging loafers?

But, Mr Blackadder... Ow!

I'm not at home to guests.

I flatter myself we are rather special guests, sir.

Of course, I must apologise.

One rarely receives a Christmas visit
from two such distinguished guests.

Ah, so you recognise us at last.

Yes, unless I'm mistaken, you're the winner
of the Round Britain Shortest,
Fattest, Dumpiest Woman Competition.

And to be accompanied
by the winner of this year's
Stupidest Accent Award
is really quite overwhelming.

- I cannot believe...

- Cork it, fatso.

This is the Victorian age, where,
apart from Queen Piglet Features herself,
women and children are to be seen and not heard.

Queen Piglet Features!

Yes! Empress Oink, as lads call her.

The only person in the kingdom
who looks dafter than her
is that stupid frankfurter of a husband.

The Pig and the Prig we call them.

How they ever managed to produce
their 112 children is beyond me.

The bedchambers of Buckingham Palace

must be copiously supplied with blindfolds.
Sir, we've never been so insulted in our lives!
Well all I can say is, you've been damned lucky.
Ah, Baldrick, this is excellent, excellent.
All the riff-raff and the spongers dealt with
and gargantuan quantities of tuck to be gobbled.
Here, have a wishbone. What do you wish?
I wish there was some meat on this.
Those last two were particularly satisfying.
It felt like having a go
at the real Queen and Prince Albert.
It was the real Queen and Prince Albert.
Don't be ludicrous, Baldrick.
What would the Queen be doing here?
She come to visit you to reward you
for being the nicest man in England
by giving you 50,000
and the title of Baron Blackadder.
It couldn't have been the Queen
because when she visits people,
she leaves her Royal Seal.
- What? Like this one?
- Yes, just like that...
Blackadder, Blackadder
Dee dum, dee dum, dee dum
Blackadder, Blackadder
Dee rum, ti tum, ti tum
Blackadder, Blackadder
Dee rum, ti tum, ti tum