

Old Bailey Monologue:

Old Bailey: Oh, that's the Great Beast of London, that is. Awful creature. They say that back in first King Charlie's day – him 'as got his head chopped off, silly bugger – before the fire and the plague, this was, there was a butcher what had some poor creature he was going to fatten up for Christmas. Some says it was a piglet, and some says it wusn't, and there's some – and I list myself as one of them – that wusn't never properly certain. One night in December the beast runned away into the Fleet Ditch, and vanished into the sewers. And it fed on the sewage. And it grew and grew. And it got meaner, and nastier. They'd send in hunting parties after it, from time to time, but they never came back. Now the Beast sits there in the marshes at the end of Down Street waiting for the foolish to attempt the crossing.

Abbot & Richard

Abbot: Three of you came. There are three tests. Each of you faces one test.

Richard: Look, we were sent by an angel. Can't you just hand the key over?

Abbot: When our order was founded, we were entrusted with the key. It is one of the holiest, and the most powerful, of all sacred relics. We must pass it on, but only to the one who passes the ordeal and proves worthy.

Richard: If I fail the ordeal, then we don't get the key, do we?

Abbot: No, my son.

Richard: Could I come back later for a second try?

Abbot: If you should fail, you will in all probability be... beyond caring.

Richard: You would kill me?

Abbot: No, we are holy men. It is the ordeal that kills you. (The ABBOT reaches into his robes and pulls out a Polaroid camera.) Now, look at the birdie!