

Blackadder theme tune plays. Edmund, Percy Baldrick walk on when the Blackadder chorus starts. Fade when they are centre stage

Edmund: Well here we are Baldrick, in the Archbishop of York's new Grammar School in some back of beyond place called Malton, doing a night about colours

Baldrick: Yes my Lord. It's a specialist Science College

Edmund: Oh God, I suppose they'll want us to do something spectacularly colourful, seeing as the rest of the show's been so grey so far

Percy: Fear not, for I have a plan to create something wonderful for my dear dear friend.

Edmund: Look, I'm not interested in your bloody friends! What about me?

Percy: (giggles) Not bad, Edmund. That's a good one.

Edmund: Oh, alright, then. (sits) What's your big plan, blockhead?

Percy: I intend to discover, this very afternoon, the secret of alchemy -- the hidden art of turning base things into gold.

Edmund: I see, and the fact that this secret has eluded the most intelligent people since the dawn of time doesn't dampen your spirits at all.

Percy: Oh no; I like a challenge! (*exits, as Baldrick pours a drink*)

Edmund: Oh god, this place stinks like a pair of armored trousers after the Hundred Years War! Baldrick, have you been eating those school dinners again?

Percy: (rushes out the living room, dirtied) My Lord! Success!

Edmund: What?

Percy: (drags Edmund into the living room) After literally an hour's ceaseless searching, I have succeeded in creating gold. PURE GOLD!

Edmund: Are you sure?

Percy: Yes, My Lord! Behold! (*uncovers the top; their faces get bathed in green light*)

Edmund: Percy, it's green.

Percy: That's right, My Lord.

Edmund: Yes, Percy, I don't want to be pedantic or anything, but the color of gold is gold -- that's why it's called gold. What you have discovered, if it has a name, is some green.

Percy: (stupefied; picks up the green) Oh, Edmund, can it be true? That I hold here, in my mortal hand, a nugget of purest green?

Edmund: Indeed you do, Percy, except, of course, it's not only a nugget as it is more of a splat.

Percy: Well, yes, a splat today, but tomorrow, who knows? or dares to dream!

Edmund: So we three alone in all the world can create the finest green at will.

Percy: Thus so! (*whispers*) I'm not sure about counting in Baldrick, actually.

Edmund: Of course, you know what your great discovery means, don't you, Percy.

Percy: (*smiles*) Perhaps, My Lord.

Edmund: That you, Percy -- Lord Percy -- are an utter berk! Baldrick!

Baldrick: My Lord?

Edmund: Pack my bags.. Baldrick, go forth into the streets call me a carriage for after the show. Percy, just go forth into the street.

Edmund and Percy walk off. Baldrick takes one last bite of his carrot, shrugs his shoulders, turns and walks off.

Theme tune plays as they leave.