PIPPIN

(Indicating the body) I suppose it's a little late to wonder who this man was.

HEAD

(From within the chest) It is a little late. But as long as you're interested...

(PIPPIN looks around, a little confused, the corpse points at the chest; PIPPIN crosses to the chest and opens it. He reaches down, and picks up the head)

HEAD

I'm just a common man- OW! I'm just a common man; a Visigoth, but a good man. A very good man.

PIPPIN

Yeah, you're also a very lucky man. You've had the privilege of dying for your king.

HEAD

Words fail me.

PIPPIN

Well, you know, dying in battle like this, you'll be going straight to Valhalla... or wherever you Infidels go.
HEAD

Oh, absolutely. The King has assured us personally. But all this waiting around's got me bit edgy. (The corpse taps his fingers impatiently to demonstrate)

PIPPIN

This wasn't your first battle, was it?

HEAD

No, My third.

PIPPIN

Well then maybe you could tell me, how did this battle compare with your other two?

HEAD

Well, unless you get killed, one battle's pretty much like another.

PIPPIN

I was afraid you'd say that. (HE lets go of HEAD and looks off towards CHARLES’ voice, the head begins to teeter backwards)

HEAD

Falling. Falling! (PIPPIN grabs HEAD and places him back on the edge of the chest)
PIPPIN

(To the HEAD) I hope you get to Valhalla soon.

HEAD

Hope you get to Heaven.

PIPPIN

Thank you, I will. (PIPPIN eases the head back into the chest as CHARLES enters)