

The Airline Pilots Sketch

(The sketch opens in an aeroplane cockpit.)

The Captain and the First Officer are whistling idly.

They are obviously very bored.)

C: I spy with my little eye something beginning with S.

FO: Sky.

C: Mm-hm.

FO I spy with my little eye something beginning with C.

C: Cloud.

FO: Yeah.

Oh God, I'm so bored.

C: I'm fed up with that game. Let's play another game.

I know what..

FO: What?

(The Captain picks up a microphone.)

C: (over intercom) "Hello, this is your Captain speaking.

There is absolutely no cause for concern."

That'll get them thinking.

(The First Officer reaches for the microphone.)

C: No, no, no, no. Not yet, not yet. Let it sink in.

They'll be thinking, er, 'What is there no cause for alarm about? Are the wings on fire?'

(over intercom) "The wings are not on fire."

Now they're thinking, er, 'why should he say that?'

So we say...

(The Steward enters.)

FO: Oh, how are we doing?

S: (looks down the aisle) They've stopped eating;

Looking a bit worried...

C: Good.

S: Hang on, one of them is going to the washroom.

C: Is he there yet?

S: He's just closing the door... NOW!

C: One... Two... Three..

FO: (over intercom) "Please return to your seats and fasten your seat-belts immediately."

S: Yes... here he comes, going up the aisle like the clappers.

I'll do the worried walk now.

(He leaves.)

FO: Right. Safety regulations.

C: (agreeing) Safety regulations.

FO: (over intercom) "Please listen carefully. I want you, I want to remind you of some of the safety regulations.

In the case of emergency it is vitally important to..."

(The Captain makes a radio-static type noise.)

FO: "as the warning buzzer sounds."

C: "Bzzzz"

(They both laugh.)

C: Oh, that's got them rattled.

S: (enters) Great, great! (exit)

C: Hey, I've got an idea!

"Hello, you will find your life-jackets under your seats."

FO: No, they're on the racks.

C: Sh, shh, let them scrabble a bit.

"I'm sorry, you will find them on the racks above your heads."

FO: Aaah!

S: (back again) Great, great, that was marvellous!

FO: Right. Gobbledegook.

C: Oh, yes.

FO "The scransons above your heads are now ready to flange.

Please unfasten your safety belts and press the emergency photocamps on the back of the seats in front of you."

S: (looks out) Marvellous, milling about, climbing over the seats.

FO: "Please find the emergency sprill in the washroom at the back and release it..."

C: "but do not unfasten your safety belts."

S: That got them back to their seats.

FO: "The emergency sprill MUST be released..."

C: "but do not leave your seats."

FO: "Do not panic."

C: "Tea will now be served."

FO: "Inflate your life-jackets"

C: "and extinguish all cigarettes."

FO: "Please remove the luggage from the racks above your heads and

place it on the racks on the other side of the aircraft."

C: "Except for hand luggage..."

FO: "which you should sit on."

(They are in fits of laughter.)

C: Now have a look.

S: (looks) Hang on... hang on... they've all jumped out!

(They laugh, pointing downwards and looking out of the windows.

After a while the laughter dies away. There is a lengthy pause.)

C: You know, I wouldn't be surprised if there was some trouble about this. (They burst out laughing again. The sketch ends.)

The Pet Shop Sketch from "And Now For Something Completely Different"

A customer enters a pet shop.

Customer: 'Ello, I wish to register a complaint.

(The owner does not respond.)

C: 'Ello, Miss?

Owner: What do you mean "miss"?

C: <pause> I'm sorry, I have a cold. I wish to make a complaint!

O: We're closin' for lunch.

C: Never mind that, my lad. I wish to complain about this parrot what I purchased not half an hour ago from this very boutique.

O: Oh yes, the, uh, the Norwegian Blue...What's,uh...What's wrong with it?

C: I'll tell you what's wrong with it, my lad. 'E's dead, that's what's wrong with it!

O: No, no, 'e's uh,...he's resting.

C: Look, matey, I know a dead parrot when I see one, and I'm looking at one right now.

O: No no he's not dead, he's, he's restin'! Remarkable bird, the Norwegian Blue, idn't it, ay? Beautiful plumage!

C: The plumage don't enter into it. It's stone dead.

O: Nononono, no, no! 'E's resting!

C: All right then, if he's restin', I'll wake him up!
(shouting at the cage)

'Ello, Mister Polly Parrot! I've got a lovely fresh cuttle fish for you if you show...(owner hits the cage)

O: There, he moved!

C: No, he didn't, that was you hitting the cage!

O: I never!!

C: Yes, you did!

O: I never, never did anything...

C: (yelling and hitting the cage repeatedly) 'ELLO POLLY!!!!

Testing! Testing! Testing! Testing! This is your nine o'clock alarm call!

(Takes parrot out of the cage and thumps its head on the counter. Throws it up in the air and watches it plummet to the floor.)

C: Now that's what I call a dead parrot.

O: No, no.....No, 'e's stunned!

C: STUNNED?!?

O: Yeah! You stunned him, just as he was wakin' up! Norwegian Blues stun easily, major.

C: Um...now look...now look, mate, I've definitely 'ad enough of this. That parrot is definitely deceased, and when I purchased it not 'alf an hour ago, you assured me that its total lack of movement was due to it bein' tired and shagged out following a prolonged squawk.

O: Well, he's...he's, ah...probably pining for the fjords.

C: PININ' for the FJORDS?!?!?!? What kind of talk is that?, look, why did he fall flat on his back the moment I got 'im home?

O: The Norwegian Blue prefers keepin' on it's back! Remarkable bird, id'nit, squire? Lovely plumage!

C: Look, I took the liberty of examining that parrot when I got it home, and I discovered the only reason that it had been sitting on its perch in the first place was that it had been NAILED there.

(pause)

O: Well, o'course it was nailed there! If I hadn't nailed that bird down, it would have nuzzled up to those bars, bent 'em apart with its beak, and VOOM! Feeweewee!

C: "VOOM"?!? Mate, this bird wouldn't "voom" if you put four million volts through it! 'E's bleedin' demised!

O: No no! 'E's pining!

Host (John Cleese): I have with me Mr Arthur Frampton who... (pause)
Mr. Frampton, I understand that you - um - as it were...
(pause) Well let me put it another way. Erm, I believe
that whereas most people have - er - two... Two.

Frampton (Michael Palin): Oh, sure.

Host: Ah well, er, Mr Frampton. Erm, is that chair comfortable?

Frampton: Fine, yeah, fine.

Host: Mr Frampton, er, vis a vis your... (pause) rump.

Frampton: I beg your pardon?

Host: Your rump.

Frampton: What?

Host: Er, your derriere. (Whispers) Posterior. Sit upon.

Frampton: What's that?

Host (whispers): Your buttocks.

Frampton: Oh, me bum!

Host (hurriedly): Sshhh! Well now, I understand that you, Mr Frampton, have
a... (pause) 50% bonus in the region of what you say.

Frampton: I got three cheeks.

Host: Yes, yes, excellent, excellent. Well we were wondering, Mr Frampton,
if you could see your way clear to giving us a quick... (pause) a
quick visual... (long pause). Mr Frampton, would you take your
trousers down.

Frampton: What? (to cameramen) 'Ere, get that away! I'm not taking me
trousers down on television. What do you think I am?

Host: Please take them down.

Frampton: No!

Host: No, er look, er Mr Frampton. It's quite easy for somebody just to
come along here claiming... that they have a bit to spare in the
botty department. The point is, our viewers need proof.

Frampton: I been on Persian Radio, and the Forces' Network!

The Pet Shop Sketch from "And Now For Something Completely Different"

A customer enters a pet shop.

Customer: 'Ello, I wish to register a complaint.

(The owner does not respond.)

C: 'Ello, Miss?

Owner: What do you mean "miss"?

C: <pause> I'm sorry, I have a cold. I wish to make a complaint!

O: We're closin' for lunch.

C: Never mind that, my lad. I wish to complain about this parrot what I purchased not half an hour ago from this very boutique.

O: Oh yes, the, uh, the Norwegian Blue...What's, uh...What's wrong with it?

C: I'll tell you what's wrong with it, my lad. 'E's dead, that's what's wrong with it!

O: No, no, 'e's uh,...he's resting.

C: Look, matey, I know a dead parrot when I see one, and I'm looking at one right now.

O: No no he's not dead, he's, he's restin'! Remarkable bird, the Norwegian Blue, idn't it, ay? Beautiful plumage!

C: The plumage don't enter into it. It's stone dead.

O: Nononono, no, no! 'E's resting!

C: All right then, if he's restin', I'll wake him up!
(shouting at the cage)

'Ello, Mister Polly Parrot! I've got a lovely fresh cuttle fish for you if you show...(owner hits the cage)

O: There, he moved!

C: No, he didn't, that was you hitting the cage!

O: I never!!

C: Yes, you did!

O: I never, never did anything...

C: (yelling and hitting the cage repeatedly) 'ELLO POLLY!!!!

Testing! Testing! Testing! Testing! This is your nine o'clock alarm call!

(Takes parrot out of the cage and thumps its head on the counter. Throws it up in the air and watches it plummet to the floor.)

C: Now that's what I call a dead parrot.

O: No, no....No, 'e's stunned!

C: STUNNED?!!?

O: Yeah! You stunned him, just as he was wakin' up! Norwegian Blues stun easily, major.

C: Um...now look...now look, mate, I've definitely 'ad enough of this. That parrot is definitely deceased, and when I purchased it not 'alf an hour ago, you assured me that its total lack of movement was due to it bein' tired and shagged out following a prolonged squawk.

O: Well, he's...he's, ah...probably pining for the fjords.

C: PININ' for the FJORDS?!?!?!? What kind of talk is that?, look, why did he fall flat on his back the moment I got 'im home?

O: The Norwegian Blue prefers keepin' on it's back! Remarkable bird, id'nit, squire? Lovely plumage!

C: Look, I took the liberty of examining that parrot when I got it home, and I discovered the only reason that it had been sitting on its perch in the first place was that it had been NAILED there.

(pause)

O: Well, o'course it was nailed there! If I hadn't nailed that bird down, it would have nuzzled up to those bars, bent 'em apart with its beak, and VOOM! Feeweewee!

C: "VOOM"?!!? Mate, this bird wouldn't "voom" if you put four million volts through it! 'E's bleedin' demised!

O: No no! 'E's pining!

*** From the first Monty Python's Flying Circus episode ever!!! ***
*** Transcript submitted 4/12/86 by (guess who?) ***
*** Bret "Yup, again" Shefter <SHEBREB@YALEVMX> ***

Flying Sheep

(A tourist approaches a shepherd. The sounds of sheep and the outdoors are heard.)

Tourist: Good afternoon.

Shephrd: Eh, 'tis that.

Tourist: You here on holiday?

Shephrd: Nope, I live 'ere.

Tourist: Oh, good for you. Uh...those ARE sheep aren't they?

Shephrd: Yeh.

Tourist: Hmm, thought they were. Only, what are they doing up in the trees?

Shephrd: A fair question and one that in recent weeks 'as been much on my mind. It's my considered opinion that they're nestin'.

Tourist: Nesting?

Shephrd: Aye.

Tourist: Like birds?

Shephrd: Exactly. It's my belief that these sheep are laborin' under the misapprehension that they're birds. Observe their be'avior.

Take for a start the sheeps' tendency to 'op about the field on their 'ind legs. Now witness their attmpts to fly from tree to tree. Notice that they do not so much fly as...plummet.

<Baaa baaa... flap flap flap ... whoosh ... thud.>

Tourist: Yes, but why do they think they're birds?

Shephrd: Another fair question. One thing is for sure, the sheep is not

a creature of the air. They have enormous difficulty in the comparatively simple act of perchin'.

<Baaa baaa... flap flap flap ... whoosh ... thud.>

Trouble is, sheep are very dim. Once they get an idea in their

'eads, there's no shiftin' it.

Tourist: But where did they get the idea?

Shephrd: From Harold. He's that most dangerous of creatures, a clever sheep. 'e's realized that a sheep's life consists of standin' around for a few months and then bein' eaten. And that's a depressing prospect for an ambitious sheep.

Tourist: Well why don't just remove Harold?

Shephrd: Because of the enormous commercial possibilities if 'e succeeds.

Miss Anne

Elk

Chris: Good evening. Tonight:
"dinosaurs". I have here, sitting in the
studio next to me, an elk.
Ahhhh!!!
Oh, I'm sorry! Anne Elk - Mrs Anne

Elk

Anne: Miss!

C: Miss Anne Elk, who is an expert on
di...

A: N' n' n' n' no! Anne Elk!

C: What?

A: Anne Elk, not Anne Expert!

C: No! No, I was saying that you, Miss
Anne Elk, were an , A-N not
A-N-N-E, expert...

A: Oh!

C: ...on elks - I'm sorry, on dinosaurs.
I'm ...

A: Yes, I certainly am, Chris. How very
true. My word yes.

C: Now, Miss Elk - Anne - you have a new
theory about the brontosaurus.

A: Can I just say here, Chris for one
moment, that I have a new theory
about the brontosaurus?

C: Uh... Exactly... What is it?

A: Where?

C: No! No, what is your theory?

A: What is my theory?

C: Yes!

A: What is my theory that it is? Yes.

Well, you may well ask what is my theory.

C: I am asking.

A: And well you may. Yes, my word, you
may well ask what it is, this
theory of mine. Well, this theory,
that I have, that is to say, which is
mine,... is mine.

C: I know it's yours! What is it?

A: ... Where? ... Oh! Oh! What is my
theory?

C: Yes!

A: Ahh! My theory, that I have, follows
the lines that I am about to
relate. [starts prolonged throat
clearing]

C: [under breath] Oh, God!

[Anne still clearing throat]

A: The Theory, by A. Elk (that's "A" for
Anne", it's not by a elk.)

C: Right...

A: [clears throat] This theory, which
belongs to me, is as follows...

[more throat clearing]

This is how it goes...

[clears throat]

The next thing that I am about to say
is my theory.

[clears throat]

Ready?

C: [wimpers]

A: The Theory, by A. Elk [Miss]. My
theory is along the following lines...

C: [under breath] God!

A: ...All brontosauruses are thin at one
end; much, much thicker in the
middle and then thin again at the far
end. That is the theory that I
have and which is mine and what it is,
too.

C: That's it, is it?

A: Right, Chris!

C: Well, Anne, this theory of yours seems
to have hit the nail right on the
head.

A: ... and it's mine.

C: Thank you for coming along to the
studio.

A: My pleasure, Chris.

C: Britain's newest wasp farm...

A: It's been a lot of fun...

C: ...opened last week...

A: ...saying what my theory is...

C: ... Yes, thank you.

A: ...and whose it is.

C: Yes... opened last week...

A: I have another theory.

C: Not today, thank you.

A: My theory #2, which is the second
theory that I have. [clears throat].

This theory...

C: Look! Shut up!

A: ...is what I am about to say.

C: Please shut up!

A: which, with what I have said, are the
two theories that are mine and
which belong to me.

C: If you don't shut up, I shall have to
shoot you!

A: [clears throat] My xxx theory, which I
posses the ownership of, which
belongs to...

[Sound of a single gun shot]

A: [clearing throat] The Theory the
Second, by Anne...

[Sound of prolonged machine gun
fire]

The Barber Shop Sketch from Monty Python's Flying Circus and "And Now for Something Completely Different"

Customer: Hello, is this the Barbershop Sketch?

Barber: Y-y-yes sir. B-b-b-be with you in a minute.

(The barber is now washing and re-washing his hands, trying to remove the obvious blood-stains from them and his coat.)

Barber: H-h-how would you like it sir?

Customer: Just short back and sides.

Barber: How do you do that?

Customer: Oh, you know, just short back and sides.

Barber: It's not a... a razor cut, RAZOR CUT BLOOD ARTERY MURDER SPURT.. arr...

Customer: No, just ordinary short back and sides, you know...

Barber: It's just s-s-s-scissors then...

Customer: Yes.

Barber: You wouldn't rather forget all about it?

Customer: What?

Barber: You wouldn't prefer to have it just combed?

Customer: Oh, no.. I want something cut off!

Barber: Cut, CUT HEART HITCHCOCK MURDER BLOOD PSYCHO HOMICIDE SPURT ARTERY

TREMOR CORTEX Arrrgg...!

(The barber fakes a few quick snips.)

Barber: There, finished.

Customer: I beg your pardon?

Barber: I've finished cutting, cutting, CUTTING, CUTTING YOUR HAIR!

Customer: Well, you haven't even done any cutting yet.

Barber: All right, I confess I didn't cut your hair. I hate hair.

I-I I

can't bear cutting it. I have this uncontrollable fear whenever I see hair. My mother said I was a fool! She said the only way to overcome my fear would be to become a barber. I didn't want to be a barber.

I wanted to be... A *LUMBERJACK*!
(music up)

String Sketch- 2 Characters

Adrian Wapcaplet: Aah, come in, come in, Mr....Simpson. Aaah, welcome to Mousebat, Follicle, Goosecreature, Ampersand, Spong, Wapcaplet, Looseliver, Vendetta and Prang!

Mr. Simpson: Thank you.

Wapcaplet: Do sit down--my name's Wapcaplet, Adrian Wapcaplet...

Mr. Simpson: how'd'y'do.

Wapcaplet: Now, Mr. Simpson... Simpson, Simpson... French, is it?

S: No.

W: Aah. Now, I understand you want us to advertise your washing powder.

S: String.

W: String, washing powder, what's the difference. We can sell *anything*.

S: Good. Well I have this large quantity of string, a hundred and twenty-two thousand *miles* of it to be exact, which I inherited, and I thought if I advertised it--

W: Of course! A national campaign. Useful stuff, string, no trouble there.

S: Ah, but there's a snag, you see. Due to bad planning, the hundred and twenty-two thousand miles is in three inch lengths. So it's not very useful.

W: Well, that's our selling point!
"SIMPSON'S INDIVIDUAL STRINGETTES!"

S: What?

W: "THE NOW STRING! READY CUT, EASY TO HANDLE, SIMPSON'S INDIVIDUAL EMPEROR STRINGETTES - JUST THE RIGHT LENGTH!"

S: For what?

W: "A MILLION HOUSEHOLD USES!"

S: Such as?

W: Ummm...Tying up very small parcels, attaching notes to pigeons' legs, uh, destroying household pests...

S: Destroying household pests?! How?

W: Well, if they're bigger than a mouse, you can strangle them with it, and if they're smaller than, you flog them to death with it!

S: Well *surely*!....

W: "DESTROY NINETY-NINE PERCENT OF KNOWN HOUSEHOLD PESTS WITH PRE-SLICED, RUSTPROOF, EASY-TO-HANDLE, LOW CALORIE SIMPSON'S INDIVIDUAL EMPEROR STRINGETTES, FREE FROM ARTIFICIAL COLORING, AS USED IN HOSPITALS!"

S: 'Ospitals!?!?!?!?!?

W: Have you ever in a Hospital where they didn't have string?

S: No, but it's only *string*!

W: ONLY STRING?! It's everything! It's...it's waterproof!

S: No it isn't!

W: All right, it's water resistant then!

S: It isn't!

W: All right, it's water absorbent! It's...Super Absorbent String!
"ABSORB WATER TODAY WITH SIMPSON'S INDIVIDUAL WATER ABSORB-A-TEX STRINGETTES! AWAY WITH FLOODS!"

S: You just said it was waterproof!

W: "AWAY WITH THE DULL DRUDGERY OF WORKADAY TIDAL WAVES! USE SIMPSON'S INDIVIDUAL FLOOD PREVENTERS!"

S: You're mad!