

Monty Python

"monty python's the meaning of life"

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First Fish: Morning.

Second Fish: Morning.

Third Fish: Morning.

Fourth Fish: Morning.

Third Fish: Morning.

First Fish: Morning.

Second Fish: Morning.

Fourth Fish: What's new?

First Fish: Not much.

Fifth and Sixth Fish:
Morning.

The Others: Morning, morning, morning.

First Fish: Frank was just asking what's new.

Fifth Fish: Was he?

First Fish: Yeah. Uh huh...

Third Fish: Hey, look. Howard's being eaten.

Second Fish: Is he?

[They move forward to watch a waiter serving a large
grilled fish
to a large man.]

Second Fish: Makes you think doesn't it?

Fourth Fish: I mean... what's it all about?

Fifth Fish: Beats me.

Why are we here, what is life all about?
Is God really real, or is there some doubt?
Well tonight we're going to sort it all out,
For tonight it's the Meaning of Life.

What's the point of all these hoax?
Is it the chicken and egg time, are we all just yolks?
Or perhaps, we're just one of God's little jokes,
Well ca c'est the Meaning of Life.

Is life just a game where we make up the rules
While we're searching for something to say
Or are we just simple spiralling coils
Of self-replicating DNA?

What is life? What is our fate?
Is there Heaven and Hell? Do we reincarnate?
Is mankind evolving or is it too late?
Well tonight here's the Meaning of Life.

For millions this life is a sad vale of tears
Sitting round with really nothing to say
While scientists say we're just simply spiralling coils
Of self-replicating DNA.

So just why, why are we here?
And just what, what, what, what do we fear?
Well ce soir, for a change, it will all be made clear,
For this is the Meaning of Life - c'est le sens de la vie -
This is the Meaning of Life.

THE MEANING OF LIFE

PART I

THE MIRACLE OF BIRTH

[Hospital corridor. A mother-to-be is being wheeled
very fast down
the corridor on a trolley, which crashes through several
sets of
doors. A nurse with her slips into a consultant's room,
where one
doctor is throwing beer mats through the crooked arm
of another.]

First Doctor: One thousand and eight!

Nurse: Mrs Moore's contractions are more frequent, doctor.

First Doctor: Good. Take her into the foetus-frightening room.

Nurse: Right.

[They pass through the delivery room.]

First Doctor: Bit bare in here today. isn't it?

Second Doctor: Yeees.

First Doctor: More apparatus please, nurse.

Nurse: Yes doctor.

First Doctor: Yes, the EEG, the BP monitor and the AVV, please.

Second Doctor: And get the machine that goes 'Ping'!

First Doctor: And get the most expensive machines in case the administrator comes.

[Apparatus starts pouring into the room. The mother is lost behind various bits of equipment.]

First Doctor: That's better, that's much better.

Second Doctor: Yeeees. More like it.

First Doctor: Still something missing, though. [They think hard for a few moments.]

First and Second Doctors: Patient?

Second Doctor: Where's the patient?

First Doctor: Anyone seen the patient?

Second Doctor: Patient!

Nurse: Ah, here she is.

First Doctor: Bring her round.

Second Doctor: Mind the machine!

First Doctor: Come along!

Second Doctor: Jump up there. Hup!

First Doctor: Hallo! Now, don't you worry.

Second Doctor: We'll soon have you cured.

First Doctor: Leave it all to us, you'll never know what hit you.

First and Second Doctors: Goodbye, goodbye! Drips up! Injections.

Second Doctor: Can I put the tube in the baby's head?

First Doctor: Only if I can do the epesiotomy.

Second Doctor: Okay.

First Doctor: Now, legs up.

[The legs are put in the stirrups, while the Doctors open the doors opposite.]

First and Second Doctors: Come on. Come on, all of you. That's it, jolly good. Come on. Come on. Spread round there.

[A small horde enters, largely medical but with two Japanese with cameras and video equipment. The first doctor bumps into a man.]

First Doctor: Who are you?

Man: I'm the husband.

First Doctor: I'm sorry. only people involved are allowed in here.

[The husband leaves.]

Mrs Moore: What do I do?

Second Doctor: Yes?

Mrs Moore: What's that for?

[She points to a machine.]

First Doctor: That's the machine that goes 'Ping'!

[It goes 'Ping'.]

First Doctor: You see. It means that your baby is still alive.

Second Doctor: And that's the most expensive machine in the whole hospital.

First Doctor: Yes, it cost over three quarters of a million pounds.

Second Doctor: Aren't you lucky!

Nurse: The administrator's here, doctor.

First Doctor: Switch everything on!

[They do so. Everything flashes and beeps and thuds. Enter the administrator...]

Administrator: Morning, gentlemen.

First and Second Doctors: Morning Mr Pycroft.

Administrator: Very impressive. What are you doing this morning?

First Doctor: It's a birth.

Administrator: And what sort of thing is that?

Second Doctor: Well, that's when we take a new baby out of a lady's tummy.

Administrator: Wonderful what we can do nowadays. Ah! I see you have the machine that goes 'Ping'. This is my favourite. You see we lease this back to the company we sold it to. That way it comes under the monthly current budget and not the capital account. [They all applaud.] Thank you, thank you. We try to do our best. Well, do carry on.

[He leaves.]

Nurse: Oh, the vulva's dilating, doctor.

First Doctor: Yes, there's the head. Yes, four centimetres, five, six centimetres...

First and Second Doctors: Lights! Amplify the ping machine. Masks up! Suction! Eyes down for a full house! Here it comes!

[The baby arrives.]

First Doctor: And frighten it!

[They grab the baby, hold it upside down, slap it, poke tubes up its nose, hose it with cold water. Then the baby is placed on a wooden chopping block and the umbilicus severed with a chopper.]

And the rough towels!

[It is dried with rough towels.]

Show it to the mother.

[It is shown to the mother.]

First and Second Doctors: That's enough! Right. Sedate her, number the child. Measure it, blood type it and... *isolate* it.

Nurse: OK, show's over.

Mrs Moore: Is it a boy or a girl?

First Doctor: Now I think it's a little early to start imposing roles on it, don't you? Now a world of advice. You may find that you suffer for some time a totally irrational feeling of depression. PND is what we doctors call it. So it's lots of happy pills for you, and you can find out all about the birth when you get home. It's available on Betamax, VHS and Super 8.

THE MEANING OF LIFE

THE MIRACLE OF BIRTH

PART 2

THE THIRD WORLD

Yorkshire

[A northern street. Dad is marching home. We see his house. A stork flies above it, and drops a baby down the chimney.]

Dad: Oh bloody hell.

[Inside the house. A pregnant woman is at the sink. With a cry a new-born baby, complete with umbilical cord, drops from between her legs onto the floor.]

Mother: Get that would you, Deirdre...

Girl: All right, Mum.

[The girl takes the baby. Mum carries on.]

[Dad comes up to the door and pushes it open sadly. Inside there are at least forty children, of various ages, packed into the living room.]

Mum: [with tray] Whose teatime is it?

Scores of Voices: Me, mum...

Mum: Vincent, Tessa, Valerie, Janine, Martha, Andrew, Thomas, Walter, Pat, Linda, Michael, Evadne, Alice, Dominique, and Sasha... it's your bedtime!

Children: [all together] Oh, Mum!

Mum: Don't argue... Laura, Alfred, Nigel, Annie, Simon, Amanda...

Dad: Wait...

[They all listen.]

I've got something to tell the whole family.

[All stop... A buzz of excitement.]

Mum: [to her nearest son] Quick... go and get the others in, Gordon!

[Gordon goes out. Another twenty or so children enter the room. They squash in at the back as best they can.]

Dad: The mill's closed. There's no more work, we're destitute.

[Lots of cries of 'Oh no!'... 'Cripes'... 'Heck'... from around the room.]

I've got no option but to sell you all for scientific experiments. [The children protest with heart-rending pleas.]

No no, that's the way it is my loves... Blame the Catholic church for not letting me wear one of those little rubber things... Oh they've done some wonderful things in their time, they preserved the might and majesty, even the mystery of the Church of Rome, the sanctity of the sacrament and the indivisible oneness of the Trinity, but if they'd let me wear one of the little rubber things on the end of my cock we wouldn't be in the mess we are now.

Little Boy: Couldn't Mummy have worn some sort of pessary?

Dad: Not if we're going to remain members of the fastest growing religion in the world, my boy... You see, we believe... well, let me put it like this... [sings]

There are Jews in the world,
There are Buddhists,
There are Hindus and Mormons and then,
There are those that follow Mohammed,
But I've never been one of them...

I'm a Roman Catholic,
And have been since before I was born,
And the one thing they say about Catholics,
Is they'll take you as soon as you're warm...

You don't have to be a six-footer,
You don't have to have a great brain,
You don't have to have any clothes on -
You're a Catholic the minute Dad came...

Because...

Every sperm is sacred,
Every sperm is great,
If a sperm is wasted,
God gets quite irate.

Children: Every sperm is sacred,
Every sperm is great,
If a sperm is wasted,
God gets quite irate.

Child: [solo] Let the heathen spill theirs,
On the dusty ground,
God shall make them pay for,
Each sperm that can't be found.

Children: Every sperm is wanted,
Every sperm is good,
Every sperm is needed,
In your neighbourhood.

Mum: [solo] Hindu, Taoist, Mormon,
Spill theirs just anywhere,
But God loves those who treat their
Semen with more care.

Men neighbours: [peering out of toilets]
Every sperm is sacred,
Every sperm is great,

Women neighbours: [on wall]
If a sperm is wasted,

Children: God get quite irate.

Priest: [in church] Every sperm is sacred,

Bride and Groom: Every sperm is good.

Nannies: Every sperm is needed.

Cardinals: [in prams] In your neighbourhood!

Children: Every sperm is useful,

Every sperm is fine,

Funeral Cortège: God needs everybody's,

First Mourner: Mine!

Lady Mourner: And mine!

Corpse: And mine!

Nun: [solo] Though the pagans spill theirs,
O'er mountain, hill and plain,

Various artefacts in a Roman Catholic Souvenir Shop:
God shall strike them down for
Each sperm that's spilt in vain.

Everybody: Every sperm is sacred,
Every sperm is good,
Every sperm is needed,
In your neighbourhood.

Even more than everybody, including two fire-eaters, a
 juggler, a
 clown at a piano and a stilt-walker riding a bicycle:
Every sperm is sacred,
Every sperm is great,
If a sperm is wasted,
God gets quite irate.

[Everybody cheers (including the fire-eaters, the
 juggler, the clown at the piano and the stilt-walker
 riding the bicycle). Fireworks go off, a Chinese dragon
 is brought on and flags of all nations are unfurled
 overhead.]

[Back inside.]

Dad: So you see my problem, little ones... I can't keep
 you here
 any longer.

Shout from the back: Speak up!

Dad: [raising his voice] I can't keep you here any
 longer... God
 has blessed us so much that I can't afford to feed you
 anymore.

Boy: Couldn't you have your balls cut off...?

Dad: It's not as simple as that Nigel... God knows all...
He would
see through such a cheap trick. What we do to
ourselves, we do
to Him...

Voice: You could have them pulled off in an accident?

[Other voices suggest ways his balls can be removed.]

Dad: No... no... children... I know you're trying to help
but
believe me, my mind's made up. I've given this long
and
careful thought. And it's medical experiments for the
lot of
you...

[The children emerge singing a melancholy reprise of
'Every Sperm is Sacred!']

[They are being watched from another Northern
house.]

Mr Blackitt: Look at them, bloody Catholics. Filling the
bloody
world up with bloody people they can't afford to bloody
feed.

Mrs Blackitt: What are we dear?

Mr Blackitt: Protestant, and fiercely proud of it...

Mrs Blackitt: Why do they have so many children...?

Mr Blackitt: Because every time they have sexual
intercourse they
have to have a baby.

Mrs Blackitt: But it's the same with us, Harry.

Mr Blackitt: What d'you mean...?

Mrs Blackitt: Well I mean we've got two children and
we've had
sexual intercourse twice.

Mr Blackitt: That's not the point... We *could* have it
any time we
wanted.

Mrs Blackitt: Really?

Mr Blackitt: Oh yes. And, what's more, because we don't believe in all that Papist claptrap we can take precautions.

Mrs Blackitt: What, you mean lock the door...?

Mr Blackitt: No no, I mean, because we are members of the Protestant Reformed Church which successfully challenged the autocratic power of the Papacy in the mid-sixteenth century, we can wear little rubber devices to prevent issue.

Mrs Blackitt: What do you mean?

Mr Blackitt: I could, if I wanted, have sexual intercourse with you...

Mrs Blackitt: Oh, yes... Harry...

Mr Blackitt: And by wearing a rubber sheath over my old feller I could ensure that when I came off... you would not be impregnated.

Mrs Blackitt: Ooh!

Mr Blackitt: That's what being a Protestant's all about. That's why it's the church for me. That's why it's the church for anyone who respects the individual and the individual's right to decide for him or herself. When Martin Luther nailed his protest up to the church door in 1517, he may not have realised the full significance of what he was doing. But four hundred years later, thanks to him, my dear, I can wear whatever I want on my John Thomas. And Protestantism doesn't stop at the simple condom. Oh no! I can wear French Ticklers if I want.

Mrs Blackitt: You what?

Mr Blackitt: French Ticklers... Black Mambos... Crocodile

Ribs...

Sheaths that are designed not only to protect but also to enhance the stimulation of sexual congress...

Mrs Blackitt: Have you got one?

Mr Blackitt: Have I got one? Well no... But I can go down the road any time I want and walk into Harry's and hold my head up high, and say in a loud steady voice: 'Harry I want you to sell me a *condom*. In fact today I think I'll have a French Tickler, for I am a Protestant...'

Mrs Blackitt: Well why don't you?

Mr Blackitt: But they... [He points at the stream of children still pouring past the house.]... they cannot. Because their church never made the great leap out of the Middle Ages, and the domination of alien episcopal supremacy!

the Adventures of

MARTIN
LUTHER
in

Reform-O-Scope

presented by
The Protestant Film Marketing Board
in association with
Sol. C. Ziegler, Andy Rotbeiner
and the people of Beirut

GERMANY
in the grip of the 16th century

An exciting and controversial examination of the Protestant reformer whose re-assessment of the role of the individual in Christian belief shook the foundations of a post-feudal Germany in the grip of the sixteenth century.

It was a day much like any other in the quiet little town of Wittenberg. Mamie Meyer was preparing fat for the evening meal when the full force of the Reformation struck.

[A woman and two rather plain daughters are sitting outside their house with bowls. A man arrives breathless.]

Hymie: Mamie! Martin Luther's out!

[Consternation amongst the womenfolk.]

Mamie: Oh! Martin Luther!

[She hurries her daughters inside.]

Did you get the suet, Hymie?

Hymie: Oy vay - the suet I clean forgot!

Mamie: The suet you forgot!

Hymie: The lard, the fish oil, the butter fat, the dripping, the wool grease I remember... [Hands over the shopping]... but the suet... oy vay...

Mamie: [pointing to his head] So what'd keep up there? Adipose tissue?

Hymie: Look out! Here he comes.

[Mamie goes inside shouting.]

Mamie: Girls, girls! Your father forgot the suet!

[Groans from the girls inside.]

[Martin Luther is at the gate. His ears prick up at the female voices. His eyes flick from side to side.]

Hymie: Hallo Martin.

Martin Luther: Where's the john?

Hymie: We don't have one.

Martin Luther: No john? What d'you do?

Hymie: We eat fat.

Martin Luther: And that stops you going to the john?

Hymie: It's a theory.

Martin Luther: Yeah, but does it work?

Hymie: We ain't got no john.

Martin Luther: Yeah, but d'you need to go?

Hymie: You know how it is with theories - some days it's fine... maybe one, two... three days... and then just when it looks like you're ready for to publish... [Expression of resignation and disgust.]... Whoosh! You need a new kitchen floor.

Martin Luther: Oh you should be so lucky!

[A girl's laugh from inside. Martin Luther looks up - alert.]

Martin Luther: D'you need any cleaning inside?

Hymie: Oh no... today it's all going fine.

Martin Luther: Oh well, how's about showing me the cutlery?

Hymie: Martin - I got a woman and children in there.

Martin Luther: So there's no problem... I just look at a few spoons... and...

[Martin Luther starts to go in. Hymie stops him.]

Hymie: I got two girls in there, Martin... you know what I mean.

Martin Luther: Honest! I don't look at your girls! I don't even think about them! There! I put them out of my mind! Their arms, their necks... their little legs... and bosoms... I

wipe from my mind.

Hymie: You just want to see spoons?

Martin Luther: My life! That's what I want to see.

Hymie: I know I'm going to regret this.

Martin Luther: No, listen! Cutlery is really my thing now.
Girls
with round breasts is over for me.

Hymie: What am I doing? I know what's going to happen.

Martin Luther: I'll crouch behind you.

[He goes in. Martin Luther follows, crouching.]

Hymie: Mamie! Guess who's come to see us!

Mamie: Hymie! Are you out of your mind already? You know how old your daughters are?

Hymie: He only wants to see the spoons.

Mamie: What you have to bring him into my house for?

Hymie: Mamie, he doesn't even think about girls any more.

Martin Luther: Mrs Meyer - as far as girls is concerned, I shot my wad!

Mamie: You shot your *wad*?

Martin Luther: Def - in - ately...

[Pause.]

Mamie: Which spoons you wanna view?

Martin Luther: Eh... [shrugs]... I guess the soup spoons...

Mamie: [suddenly interested] Ah! Now they're good spoons.

Martin Luther: You got them arranged?

Mamie: No, but I could arrange them for you.

Martin Luther: Don't put yourself to no bother, Mrs Meyer.

Mamie: It's no bother... I want for you to see those spoons like I would want to see them myself.

Martin Luther: Oh you're too kind, Mrs Meyer... You could get your daughters to show me them...

Mamie: Hymie get him out of here.

Hymie: Mamie, he only said for Myrtle and Audrey to show him the *spoons*.

Mamie: Like you think I run some kind of bordello here...

Martin Luther: Mrs Meyer! How can you say such a thing?

Mamie: Listen Martin Luther! I know what you want to do with my girls!

Martin Luther: Show me the spoons...

Mamie: You want for them to pull up their shirts and then lean over the chair with their legs apart...

Hymie: Mamie don't get excited...

Mamie: I'm getting excited? It's him that's getting excited!

Martin Luther: My mind is on the spoons.

Mamie: But you can't stop thinking of those little girls over the chairs.

[Luther is struggling with himself.]

Hymie: I got to go to the bathroom.

Mamie: [grabs him] Hymie! I'm a married woman!

Hymie: So... just show him the spoons.

[Hymie goes.]

Mamie: And you don't want to put nothing up me?

Martin Luther: Mrs Meyer - you read my mind.

Mamie: Oh...

[They go out discreetly.]

But despite the efforts of Protestants to promote the idea of sex for pleasure, children continued to multiply everywhere.

THE MEANING OF LIFE

PART II

GROWTH AND LEARNING

[A school chapel.]

Headmaster: And spotteth twice they the camels before the third hour. And so the Midianites went forth to Ram Gilead in Kadesh Bilgemath by Shor Ethra Regalion, to the house of Gash-Bil-Betheul-Bazda, he who brought the butter dish to Balshazar and the tent peg to the house of Rashomon, and there slew they the goats, yea, and placed they the bits in little pots. Here endeth the lesson.

[The Headmaster closes the Bible. the Chaplain rises.]

Chaplain: Let us praise God. Oh Lord...

Congregation: Oh Lord...

Chaplain: Oooh you are so big...

Congregation: Oooh you are so big...

Chaplain: So absolutely huge.

Congregation: So ab - solutely huge.

Chaplain: Gosh, we're all really impressed down here I
can tell
you.

Congregation: Gosh, we're all really impressed down
here I can tell
you.

Chaplain: Forgive Us, O Lord, for this dreadful
toadying.

Congregation: And barefaced flattery.

Chaplain: But you are so strong and, well, just so super.

Congregation: Fan - tastic.

Headmaster: Amen. Now two boys have been found
rubbing linseed oil
into the school cormorant. Now some of you may feel
that the
cormorant does not play an important part in the life of
the
school but I remind you that it was presented to us by
the
Corporation of the town of Sudbury to commemorate
Empire Day,
when we try to remember the names of all those from
the
Sudbury area so gallantly gave their lives to keep China
British. So from now on the cormorant is strictly out of
bounds. Oh... and Jenkins... apparently your mother
died this
morning. [He turns to the Chaplain.] Chaplain.

[The congregation rises and the Chaplain leads them
in
singing.]

Chaplain and Congregation:
Oh Lord, please don't burn us,
Don't grill or toast your flock,
Don't put us on the barbecue,
Or simmer us in stock,
Don't braise or bake or boil us,
Or stir-fry us in a wok...

Oh please don't lightly poach us,
Or baste us with hot fat,
Don't fricassee or roast us,
Or boil us in a vat,
And please don't stick thy servants Lord,
In a Rotissomat...

[A classroom. The boys are sitting quietly studying.]

Boy: He's coming!

[Pandemonium breaks out. The Headmaster walks in.]

Headmaster: All right, settle down, settle down. [He puts his papers down.] Now before I begin the lesson will those of you who are playing in the match this afternoon move your clothes down on to the lower peg immediately after lunch before you write your letter home, if you're not getting your hair cut, unless you've got a younger brother who is going out this weekend as the guest of another boy, in which case collect his note before lunch, put it in your letter after you've had your hair cut, and make sure he moves your clothes down onto the lower peg for you. Now...

Wymer: Sir?

Headmaster: Yes, Wymer?

Wymer: My younger brother's going out with Dibble this weekend, sir, but I'm not having my hair cut today sir, so do I move my clothes down or...

Headmaster: I do wish you'd listen, Wymer, it's perfectly simple. If you're not getting your hair cut, you don't have to move your brother's clothes down to the lower peg, you simply collect his note before lunch after you've done your scripture

prep when you've written your letter home before rest,
move
your own clothes on to the lower peg, greet the visitors,
and
report to Mr Viney that you've had your chit signed.
Now,
sex... sex, sex, sex, where were we?

[Silence from form. A lot of hard thinking of the type
indulged by schoolboys who know they don't know the
answer.]

Well, had I got as far as the penis entering the vagina?

Pupils: Er... er... no sir. No we didn't, sir.

Headmaster: Well had I done foreplay?

Pupils: ...Yes sir.

Headmaster: Well, as we all know about foreplay no
doubt you can
tell me what the purpose of foreplay is... Biggs.

Biggs: Don't know, sorry sir.

Headmaster: Carter.

Carter: Er... was it taking your clothes off, sir?

Headmaster: And after that?

Wymer: Putting them on the lower peg sir?

[Headmaster throws a board duster at him and hits
him.]

Headmaster: The purpose of foreplay is to cause the
vagina to
lubricate so that the penis can penetrate more easily.

Watson: Could we have a window open please sir?

Headmaster: Yes... Harris will you?... And, of course, to
cause the
man's penis to erect and har...den. Now, did I do
vaginal
juices last week oh do pay attention Wadsworth, I know
it's
Friday afternoon oh watching the football are you boy -
right

move over there. I'm warning you I may decide to set an exam this term.

Pupils: Oh sir...

Headmaster: So just listen... now did I or did I not do vaginal juices?

Pupils: Yes sir.

Headmaster: Name two ways of getting them flowing, Watson.

Watson: Rubbing the clitoris, sir.

Headmaster: What's wrong with a kiss, boy? Hm? Why not start her off with a nice kiss? You don't have to go leaping straight for the clitoris like a bull at a gate. Give her a kiss, boy.

Wymer: Suck the nipple, sir.

Headmaster: Good. Good. Good, well done, Wymer.

Duckworth: Stroking the thighs, sir.

Headmaster: Yes, I suppose so.

Another: Bite the neck.

Headmaster: Good. Nibbling the ear. Kneading the buttocks, and so on and so forth. So we have all these possibilities before we stampede towards the clitoris, Watson.

Watson: Yes sir. Sorry sir.

Headmaster: All these form of stimulation can now take place.

[The Headmaster pulls the bed down.]

... And of course tongueing will give you the best idea of how the juices are coming along. [Calls.] Helen... Now penetration and coitus, that is to say intercourse up to and

including
orgasm.

[Mrs Williams has entered.]

Ah hallo, dear.

[The pupils have shuffled more or less to their feet.]

Do stand up when my wife enters the room, Carter.

Carter: Oh sorry, sir. Sorry.

Mrs Williams: Humphrey, I hope you don't mind, but I told the Garfields we *would* dine with them tonight.

Headmaster: [starting to disrobe] Yes, yes, I suppose we must...

Mrs Williams: [taking off her clothes] I said we'd be there by eight.

Headmaster: Well at least it'll give me a reason to wind up the staff meeting.

Mrs Williams: Well I know you don't like them but I couldn't make another excuse.

Headmaster: [he's got his shirt off] Well it's just that I felt - Wymer. This is for your benefit. Will you kindly wake up. I've no intention of going through this all again. [The boys are no more interested than they were in the last lesson on the Binomial Theorem, though they pretend, as usual.] Now we'll take the foreplay as read, if you don't mind, dear.

Mrs Williams: No of course not, Humphrey.

Headmaster: So the man starts by entering, or mounting his good lady wife in the standard way. The penis is now as you will observe more or less fully erect. There we are. Ah that's

better. Now... Carter.

Carter: Yes sir.

Headmaster: What is it?

Carter: It's an ocarina... sir.

Headmaster: Bring it up here. The man now starts making thrusting movements with his pelvic area, moving the penis up and down inside the vagina so... put it there boy, put it there... on the table... while the wife maximizes her clitoral stimulation by the shaft of the penis by pushing forward, thank you dear... now as sexual excitement mounts... what's funny Biggs?

Biggs: Oh, nothing sir.

Headmaster: Oh do please share your little joke with the rest of us... I mean, obviously something frightfully funny's going on...

Biggs: No, honestly, sir.

Headmaster: Well as it's so funny I think you'd better be selected to play for the boys' team in the rugby match against the masters this afternoon.

Biggs: [looks horrified] Oh no, sir.

THE MEANING OF LIFE

PART III

FIGHTING EACH OTHER

Biggs: [now a soldiers-in-arms] O.K. Blackitt, Sturridge and Walters you take the buggers on the left flank. Hordern, Spadger and I will go for the gunpost.

Blackitt: [a Deptford Cockney] Hang on, you'll never

make it,
sir... Let us come with you...

Biggs: Do as you're told man.

Blackitt: Righto, skipper. [He starts to go, then stops.]
Oh, sir,
sir... if we... if we don't meet again... sir, I'd just like
to say it's been a real privilege fighting alongside you,
sir...

[They are continually ducking as bullets fly past them
and shells burst overhead.]

Biggs: Yes, well I think this is hardly the time or place
for a
goodbye speech... eh...

[Biggs is clearly anxious to go.]

Blackitt: No, me, and the lads realise that but... well...
we may
never meet again, sir, so...

Biggs: All right, Blackitt, thanks a lot.

Blackitt: No just a mo, sir! You see me and the lads had
a little
whip-round, sir, and we bought you something, sir... we
bought
you this, sir...

[He produces a handsome ormolu clock from his pack.
Biggs
is at a loss for words. He is continually ducking.]

Biggs: Well, I don't know what to say... It's a lovely
thought...
thank you... thank you *all*... but I think we'd better...
get
to cover now...

[He starts to go.]

Blackitt: Hang on a tick, sir, we got something else for
you as
well, sir.

[Two of the others emerge from some bushes with a
grandfather clock.]

Sorry it's another clock, sir... only there was a bit of a mix-up... Walters thought *he* was buying the present, and Spadger and I had already got the other one.

Biggs: Well it's beautiful... they're both beau -

[A bullet suddenly shatters the face of the grandfather clock.]

... But I think we'd better get to cover now, and I'll thank you properly later...

[Biggs starts to go again but Blackitt hasn't finished.]

Blackitt: And Corporal Sturridge got this for you as well, sir. He didn't know about the others, sir - it's Swiss.

[He hands over a wristwatch.]

Biggs: Well now that is thoughtful, Sturridge. Good man.

[A shell bursts right overhead. Biggs flings himself down into the mud.]

Blackitt: And there's a card, sir... from all of us... [He produces a blood-splattered envelope.]... Sorry about the blood, sir.

Biggs: Thank you all.

[He pockets it and tries to go on.]

Blackitt: Squad, three cheers for Captain Biggs. Hip Hip -

All: Hooray!

Blackitt: Hip Hip -

All: Hoor...

[An almighty burst of machine-gun fire silences most of them... Blackitt is hit.]

Biggs: Blackitt! Blackitt!

Blackitt: [hurt] Ah! I'll be all right, sir... Oh there's just one other thing, sir. Spadge, give him the cheque...

Spadger: Oh yeah...

Biggs: Oh now this is really going to far...

Spadger: I don't seem to be able to find it, sir...

[Explosion.]

Er, it'll be in Number Four trench... I'll go and get it. [He starts to crawl off.]

Biggs: [losing his cool] Oh! For Christ's sake forget it, man.

[The others all look at Biggs after this outburst, as if they can't believe this ingratitude.]

Blackitt: Oh! Ah!

Spadger: You shouldn't have said that, sir. You've hurt his feelings now...

Blackitt: Don't mind me, Spadge... Toffs is all the same... One minute it's all 'please' and 'thank you', the next they'll kick you in the teeth...

Walters: Let's not give him the cake...

Biggs: I don't want **any** cake...

Spadger: Look, Blackitt cooked it specially for you, you bastard.

[They all look at Blackitt rolling in the mud.]

Sturridge: Yeah, he saved his rations for six weeks.

Biggs: I'm sorry, I don't mean to be ungrateful...

Blackitt: I'll be all right.

[Shell crashes. Blackitt dies.]

Spadger: Blackie! Blackie! [He turns to Biggs with tears in his eyes.] Look at him... [He pulls up the supine form of

Blackitt.] He worked on that cake like no-one else I've ever known. [He props him in the mud again.] Some nights it was so cold we could hardly move, but Blackie'd be out there - slicing lemons, mixing the sugar and the almonds... I mean you try getting butter melted at fifteen below zero! There's love in that cake... [He picks up Blackitt again.] This man's love and this man's care and this man's - Aarggh! [He gets shot.]

[Biggs runs over to them in horror.]

Biggs: Oh my Christ!

Sturridge: You bastard.

Biggs: All right! All right! We will eat the cake. They're right... it's too good a cake not to eat. get the plates and knives, Walters...

Walters: Yes, sir... how many plates?

Biggs: Six.

[A shot rings out. Walters drops dead.]

Biggs: Er... no... better make it five.

Sturridge: Tablecloth, sir...?

Biggs: Yes, get the tablecloth...!

[Explosion. Sturridge gets shot.]

Biggs: No no no, I'll get the tablecloth and you'd better get the gate-leg table, Hordern.

[Hordern is shot in the leg.]

Hordern: I'll bring two sir, in case one gets scrumped...

[Suddenly we find this has all been a film, which a General now stops.]

General: Well, of course, warfare isn't all fun. Right, stop that.

It's all very well to laugh at the Military, but when one considers the meaning of life it is a struggle between alternative viewpoints of life itself. And without the ability to defend one's own viewpoint against other perhaps more aggressive ideologies then reasonableness and moderation could quite simply disappear. That is why we'll always need an army and may God strike me down were it to be otherwise.

[The Hand of god descends and vaporizes him.]

[The audience of two old ladies and two kids applauds hesitantly.]

[Outside the hut RSM Whateverhisnameis is drilling a small squad of recruits.]

RSM: Don't stand there gawping like you've never seen the Hand of God before. Now! Today we're going to do marching up and down the square. That is unless any of you got anything better to do? Well, anyone got anything they'd rather be doing than marching up and down the square?

[Atkinson puts his hand up.]

Yes? Atkinson? What would you rather be doing, Atkinson?

Atkinson: Well to be quite honest, Sarge, I'd rather be at home with the wife and kids.

RSM: Would you now?

Atkinson: Yes, sarge.

RSM: Right off you go. [Atkinson goes.] Now, everybody else happy with my little plan of marching up and down the square a bit?

Coles: Sarge...

RSM: Yes?

Coles: I've got a book I'd quite like to read...

RSM: Right! You go read your book then! [Coles runs off.] Now everybody else quite content to join in with my little scheme of marching hup and down the square?

Wycliff: Sarge?

RSM: Yes, Wycliff, what is it?

Wycliff: [tentatively] Well... I'm... er... learning the piano...

RSM: [with contempt] 'Learning the piano'?

Wycliff: Yes, sarge...

RSM: And I suppose you want to go and practise eh? Marching up and down the square not good enough for you, eh?

Wycliff: Well...

RSM: Right! Off you go! [Turns to the rest.] Now what about the rest of you? Rather be at the pictures I suppose.

Squad: Ooh, yes, ooh rather.

RSM: All right off you go. [They go.] Bloody army! I don't know what it's coming to... Right, Sgt Major, marching up and down the square... Left-right-left... left... left... left-right-left...

[The RSM marches himself off into the distance of the barracks square.]

Democracy and humanitarianism have always been tarde marks of the British Army and have stamped its triumph throughout history, in the furthest-flung corners of the Empire. But no matter where or when there was fighting to be done, it has always been

the calm
leadership of the officer class that has made the
British Army what
it is.

The First Zulu War.

Natal 1879 (not Glasgow)

[Inside a tent.]

Pakenham-Walsh: Morning Ainsworth.

Ainsworth: Morning Pakenham-Walsh.

Pakenham-Walsh: Sleep well?

Ainsworth: Not bad. Bitten to shreds though. Must be a
hole in the
bloody mosquito net.

Pakenham-Walsh: Yes, savage little blighters aren't
they?

First Lieut Chadwick: [arriving] Excuse me, sir.

Ainsworth: Yes Chadwick?

Chadwick: I'm afraid Perkins got rather badly bitten
during the
night.

Ainsworth: Well so did we. Huh.

Chadwick: Yes, but I do think the doctor ought to see
him.

Ainsworth: Well go and fetch him, then.

Chadwick: Right you are, sir.

Ainsworth: Suppose I'd better go along. Coming,
Pakenham?

Pakenham-Walsh: Yes I suppose so.

[Chadwick leaves. Ainsworth and Pakenham-Walsh
thread
their leisurely way through the line of assegais.
Pakenham-Walsh's valet is speared by a Zulu warrior
but

Pakenham-Walsh valiantly saves his jacket from the mud.

They enter Perkins's tent. Perkins is on his camp bed.]

Ainsworth: Ah! Morning Perkins.

Perkins: Morning sir.

Ainsworth: What's all the trouble then?

Perkins: Bitten sir. During the night.

Ainsworth: Hm. Whole leg gone eh?

Perkins: Yes.

[As they talk, the din of battle continues outside. Screams of dying men, crackling of tents set on fire.]

Ainsworth: How's it feel?

Perkins: Stings a bit.

Ainsworth: Mmm. Well it would, wouldn't it. That's quite a bite
you've got there you know.

Perkins: Yes, real beauty isn't it?

All: Yes.

Ainsworth: Any idea how it happened?

Perkins: None at all. Complete mystery to me. Woke up just now...
one sock too many.

Pakenham-Walsh: You must have a hell of a hole in your net.

Ainsworth: Hm. We've sent for the doctor.

Perkins: Ooh, hardly worth it, is it?

Ainsworth: Oh yes... better safe than sorry.

Pakenham-Walsh: Yes, good Lord, look at this.

[He indicates a gigantic hole in the mosquito net.]

Ainsworth: By jove, that's enormous.

Pakenham-Walsh: You don't think it'll come back, do you?

Ainsworth: For more, you mean?

Pakenham-Walsh: Yes.

Ainsworth: You're right. We'd better get this stitched.

Pakenham-Walsh: Right.

Ainsworth: Hallo Doc.

Livingstone: [entering the tent with Chadwick] Morning. I came as fast as I could. Is something up?

Ainsworth: Yes, during the night old Perkins had his leg bitten sort of... off.

Livingstone: Ah hah!?! Been in the wars have we?

Perkins: Yes.

Livingstone: Any headache, bowels all right? Well, let's have a look at this one leg of yours then. [Looks around under sheet] Yes... yes... yes... yes... yes... yes... well, this is nothing to worry about.

Perkins: Oh good.

Livingstone: There's a lot of it about, probably a virus, keep warm, plenty of rest, and if you're playing football or anything try and favour the other leg.

Perkins: Oh right ho.

Livingstone: Be as right as rain in a couple of days.

Perkins: Thanks for the reassurance, doc.

Livingstone: Not at all, that's what I'm here for. Any other problems I can reassure you about?

Perkins: No I'm fine.

Livingstone: Jolly good. Well, must be off.

Perkins: So it'll just grow back then, will it?

Livingstone: Er... I think I'd better come clean with you about this... it's... um it's not a virus, I'm afraid. You see, a virus is what we doctors call very very small. So small it could not possibly have made off with a whole leg. What we're looking for here is I think, and this is no more than an educated guess, I'd like to make that clear, is some multi-cellular life form with stripes, huge razor-sharp teeth, about eleven foot long and of the genu *felis horribilis*. What we doctors, in fact, call a tiger.

All in tent: A tiger...!!

[Outside, everyone engaged in battle, including the Zulus, breaks off and shouts in horror:]

All: A tiger!

[The Zulus run off.]

Pakenham-Walsh: A tiger - in Africa?

Ainsworth: Hm...

Pakenham-Walsh: A tiger in Africa...?

Ainsworth: Ah... well it's probably escaped from a zoo.

Pakenham-Walsh: Well it doesn't sound very likely.

Ainsworth: [quietly] Stumm, stumm...

[A severely-wounded Sergeant staggers into the tent.]

Sergeant: Sir, sir, the attack's over, sir! the Zulus are retreating.

Ainsworth: [dismissively] Oh jolly good. [He turns his back to the group around Perkins.]

Sergeant: Quite a lot of casualties though, sir. C Division wiped

out. Signals gone. Thirty men killed in F Section. I should think about a hundred - a hundred and fifty men altogether.

Ainsworth: [not very interested] Yes, yes I see, yes... Jolly good.

Sergeant: I haven't got the final figures, sir. There's a lot of seriously wounded in the compound...

Ainsworth: [interrupting] Yes... well, the thing is, Sergeant, I've got a bit of a problem here. [With gravity.] One of the officers has lost a leg.

Sergeant: [stunned by the news] Oh *no*, sir!

Ainsworth: [gravely] I'm afraid so. Probably a tiger.

Sergeant: In Africa?

Ainsworth and Pakenham-Walsh: Stumm, stumm...

Ainsworth: The M.O. says we can stitch it back on if we find it immediately.

Sergeant: Right sir! I'll organise a party right away, sir!

Ainsworth: Well it's hardly time for that, is it Sergeant...?

Sergeant: A search party...

Ainsworth: Ah! *Much* better idea. I'll tell you what, organise one straight away.

Sergeant: Yes sir!

[Outside dead British bodies (of the other ranks) are everywhere.]

Sergeant: [apologetically] Sorry about the mess, sir. We'll try and get it cleared up, by the time you get back.

[They walk through the carnage. Orderlies are cheerfully

attending to the equally cheery wounded and the only slightly less cheery dead.]

A dying man: [covered in blood] We showed 'em, didn't we, sir?

Ainsworth: Yes.

[He gives a thumbs up and dies.]

Sergeant: [addressing a soldier who is giving water to a dying man]

We've got to get a search party, leave that alone.

Another cheery cockney: [with an assegai sticking out of his chest]

This is fun, sir, init... all this killing... bloodshed... bloody good fun sir, init?

Ainsworth: [abstracted] Yes... very good.

[He waves and moves on.]

A severed head: Morning, sir!

Ainsworth: Nasty wound you've got there, Potter.

Severed head: [cheerily] Thank you very much sir!

Ainsworth: Come on private - we're making up a search party.

Another terrible casualty: Better than staying at home, eh sir! At

home if you kill someone they arrest you. Here they give you

a gun, and show you what to do, sir. I mean, I killed fifteen

of those buggers sir! Now at home they'd hang me.

Here they

give me a fucking medal sir!

[The search party for Perkins's leg is passing through thick jungle. As they emerge into a clearing they

suddenly see

a tiger's head sticking out of some bushes.]

Ainsworth: Look!

[Their eyes follow along the bushes to where the tiger's tail is sticking out several yards away. For a moment it

looks
like a very long tiger.]

My God, it's *huge*!

[The tiger's head rises up out of the thicket with its
paws up. The tiger's rear end backs out of the thicket
further down.]

Rear end: Don't shoot... don't shoot. We're not a tiger.
[Takes off
head.] We were just... um...

Ainsworth: Why are you dressed as a tiger?

Rear end: Hmm... oh... why! Why why... isn't it a lovely
day
today...?

Ainsworth: Answer the question.

Rear end: Oh we were just er...

Front end: Actually! We're dressed like this because...
oh no
that's not it.

Rear end: We did it for a lark. Part of a spree. High
spirits you
know. Simple as that.

Front end: Nothing more to it...

[All stare.]

Well *actually*... we're on a mission for British
Intelligence, there's a pro-Tsarist Ashanti Chief...

Rear end: No, no.

Front end: No, no, no.

Rear end: No, no we're doing it for an advertisement...

Front end: Ah that's it, forget about the Russians. We're
doing an
advert for Tiger Brand Coffee.

Rear end: 'Tiger Brand Coffee is a real treat
Even tigers prefer a cup of it to real meat'.

[Pause.]

Ainsworth: Now look...

Rear end: All right, all right. we are dressed as a tiger because he had an auntie who did it in 1839 and this is the fiftieth anniversary.

Front end: No. We're doing it for a bet.

Rear end: God told us to do it.

Front end: To tell the truth, we are completely mad. we are inmates of a Bengali psychiatric institution and we escaped by making this skin out of old cereal packets...

Perkins: It doesn't matter.

Ainsworth: What?

Perkins: It doesn't matter why they're dressed as a tiger, have they got my leg?

Ainsworth: Good thinking. Well have you?

Rear end: Actually!

Ainsworth: Yes.

Rear end: It's because we were thinking of training as taxidermists and we wanted to get a feel of it from the animal's point of view.

Ainsworth: Be quiet. Now, look we're just asking you if you have got this man's leg...

Front end: A wooden leg?

Ainsworth: No, no, a proper leg. Look he was fast asleep and someone or something came in and removed it.

Front end: Without waking him up?

Ainsworth: Yes.

Front end: I don't believe you.

Rear end: We found the tiger skin in a bicycle shop in Cairo, and the owner wanted to take it down to Dar Es Salaam.

Ainsworth: Shut up. Now look, have you or have you not got his leg?

Rear end: Yes.

Front end: No. No no no.

Both: No no no no no no. Nope. No.

Ainsworth: Why did you say 'yes'?

Front end: I didn't.

Ainsworth: I'm not talking to you...

Rear end: Er... er...

Ainsworth: Right! Search the thicket.

Front end: Oh come on, I mean do we look like the sort of chaps who'd creep into a camp at... night, steal into someone's tent, anaesthetise them, tissue-type them, amputate a leg and run away with it?

Ainsworth: Search the thicket!

Front end: Oh *leg*! You're looking for a *leg*. Actually I think there is one in there somewhere. Somebody must have abandoned it here, knowing you were coming after it, and we stumbled across it actually and wondered what it was... They'll be miles away by now and I expect we'll have to take all the blame.

[During the last exchange a native turns and leers at the

camera, while the dialogue continues behind him. Then he unzips his body to reveal a fully dressed white announcer in dinner jacket and bow tie underneath.]

Zulu announcer: Hallo, good evening and welcome to the Middle of the Film.

Lady TV presenter: Hallo and welcome to the Middle of the Film. The moment where we take a break and invite you, the audience, to join us, the film-makers, in 'Find the Fish'. We're going to show you a scene from another film and ask you to guess where the fish is. But if you think you know, don't keep it to yourselves - YELL OUT - so that all the cinema can hear you. So here we are with 'Find the Fish'.

THE
MIDDLE
OF THE FILM

FIND THE FISH

Man: I wonder where that fish has gone.

Woman: You did love it so.
You looked after it like a son.

Man: [strangely] And it went wherever I did go.

Woman: Is it in the cupboard?

Audience: Yes! No!

Woman: Wouldn't you like to know.
It was a lovely little fish.

Man: [strangely] And it went wherever I did go.

Man in audience: It's behind the sofa!

[An elephant joins the man and woman.]

Woman: Where can the fish be?

Man in audience: Have you thought of the drawers in the bureau?

Woman: It is a most elusive fish.

Man: [strangely] And it went wherever I did go!

Woman: Oh fishy, fishy, fishy, fish.

Man: Fish, fish, fish, fishy oh!

Woman: Oh fishy, fishy, fishy fish.

Man: [strangely] That went wherever I did go.

First fish: That was terrific!

Second fish: Great!

Third fish: Best bit so far.

Fishes: Yeah! Absolutely... ! Terrific! Yeah!... Fantastic... Really great

[Whistles 'More'... Pause.]

Fifth fish: They haven't said much about the Meaning of Life so far, have they...?

First fish: Well, it's been building up to it.

Second fish: Has it?

Fifth fish: yeah, I expect they'll get on to it now.

Third fish: Personally I very much doubt if they're going to say anything about the Meaning of Life at all.

Fourth fish: Oh, come on... they've got to say something...

Other fishes: ... Bound to... yeah... yeah...

[They swim around a bit.]

Second fish: Not much happening at the moment, is there...?

THE MEANING OF LIFE

PART IV

MIDDLE AGE

[A hotel lobby. The lift doors open.]

[Mrs Hendy is bending down in front of Mr Hendy, doing something of an intimate nature to his camera lens.]

Mr Hendy: Oh that's much better. Thank you honey.

Mrs Hendy: You're welcome.

Mr Hendy: It was sort of misty before. That's fine.

[A strange girl in a crinoline steps forward. This is M'Lady Joeline. played by Mr Gilliam.]

Joeline: Hi! How are you?

Mr Hendy: We're just fine.

Joeline: So what kind of food you like to eat this evening?

Mr Hendy: Well we sort of like pineapples...

Mrs Hendy: Yeah anything with pineapples in is great for us...

Joeline: Well, how about the Dungeon Room?

Mr Hendy: Oh that sounds fine...

Joeline: Sure is. It's real Hawaiian food served in an authentic medieval English dungeon atmosphere...

[Suddenly a red hot brand sears the flesh of some poor wretch. This is the restaurant. Dark, full of torture instruments, stocks, Chamber of Horrors stuff.]

[They sit down. A waitress dressed in a grotesque travesty of a Beefeater's outfit, comes up.]

Waitress: Hello, I'm Diana, I'm your waitress for tonight... Where are you from?

Mr and Mrs Hendy: We're from Room 259.

Mr Hendy: Where are you from?

Waitress: [pointing to kitchen] Oh I'm from the doors over there...

Mr Hendy: Oh.

Mrs Hendy: Great...

Waitress: [reaching across to the central serving table]
Iced
Water...

Mrs Hendy: Oh thank you...

Waitress: Coffee...

Mr Hendy: Than you *very* much...

Waitress: Ketchup...

Mr Hendy: Oh lovely... real nice

Waitress: T.V....?

Mr Hendy: Oh... that's fine...

Mrs Hendy: Yeah that's swell

[The Waitress dumps a T.V. down on the table.]

Waitress: Telephone...

Mr Hendy: Er... telephone...?

Waitress: You can phone any other table in the restaurant after six.

Mr Hendy: Oh that's great...

Mrs Hendy: Some choice...

Mr Hendy: Yeah, right...

Waitress: O.K.... D'you want any food with your meal?

Mr Hendy: Well, what d'you have?

Waitress: Well we have things shaped like this in green
or we have
things shaped like that in brown...

Mr Hendy: What d'you think darling?

Mrs Hendy: Well it *is* our anniversary, Marvin...

Mr Hendy: Yeah... what the hell... we'll have a couple of
the
things shaped like that in brown, please...

Waitress: O.K. fine... thank you sir... [She writes]... 2
brown
Number 259... and will you be having intercourse
tonight...?

Mr Hendy: Er... do we have to decide now...?

Mrs Hendy: Sounds a good idea honey. I mean it
sounds swell. I mean
why not?

Mr Hendy: Yeah, right... could be fun...

[Waitress takes out a condom and slaps it on the
table.]

Waitress: Compliments of the Super Inn - Have a nice
fuck!

Mr Hendy: Oh, thank you.

Waitress: You're welcome...

[She leaves.]

Mr Hendy: [reads:] 'Super Inn Skins' - that's nice.

[Suddenly a Hawaiian band comes through the door
and
surrounds Mr and Mrs Hendy at their table, before
leaving
them to their own devices, which are not many. There is
a long silence.]

Waiter: Good evening... would you care for something

to talk about?

[He hands them each a menu card with a list of subjects on.]

Mr Hendy: Oh that would be wonderful.

Waiter: Our special tonight is minorities...

Mr Hendy: Oh that sounds interesting...

Mrs Hendy: What's this conversation here...?

Waiter: Oh that's football... you can talk about the Steelers-Bears game, Saturday... or you could reminisce about really great World Series -

Mrs Hendy: No... no, no.

Mr Hendy: What's this one here?

Waiter: That's philosophy.

Mrs Hendy: Is that a sport?

Waiter: No it's more of an attempt to construct a viable hypothesis to explain the Meaning of Life.

[The fish in the tank suddenly prick up their fins.]

Fish: What's he say, eh?

Mr Hendy: Oh that sounds wonderful... Would you like to talk about the Meaning of Life, darling...?

Mrs Hendy: Sure, why not?

Waiter: Philosophy for two?

Mr Hendy: Right...

Waiter: You folks want me to start you off?

Mr Hendy: Oh really we'd appreciate that...

Waiter: OK. Well er... look, have you ever wondered just

why you're
here?

Mr Hendy: Well... we went to Miami last year and
California the
year before that, and we've...

Waiter: No, no... I mean why *we're* here. On this
planet?

Mr Hendy: [guardedly]... N... n... nope.

Waiter: Right! Have you ever *wanted* to know what
it's all about?

Mr Hendy: [emphatically] No!

Waiter: Right ho! Well, see, throughout history there
have been
certain men and women who have tried to find the
solution to
the mysteries of existence.

Mrs Hendy: Great.

Waiter: And we call these guys 'philosophers'.

Mrs Hendy: And that's what we're talking about!

Waiter: Right!

Mrs Hendy: That's neat!

Waiter: Well you look like you're getting the idea, so
why don't I
give you these conversation cards - they'll tell you a
little
about philosophical method, names of famous
philosophers...
there y'are. Have a nice conversation!

Mr Hendy: Thank you! Thank you very much.

[He leaves.]

Mrs Hendy: He's cute.

Mr Hendy: Yeah, real understanding.

[They sit and look at the cards, then rather formally
and

uncertainly Mrs Hendy opens the conversation.]

Mrs Hendy: Oh! I never knew that *Schopenhauer* was
a
philosopher...

Mr Hendy: Oh yeah... He's the one that begins with an S.

Mrs Hendy: Oh...

Mr Hendy: ... Um [pause]... like Nietzsche...

Mrs Hendy: Does Nietzsche begin with an S?

Mr Hendy: There's an S in Nietzsche...

Mrs Hendy: Oh wow! Yes there is. Do all philosophers
have an S in
them?

Mr Hendy: Yeah I think most of them do.

Mrs Hendy: Oh!... Does that mean Selina Jones is a
philosopher?

Mr Hendy: Yeah... Right, she could be... she sings about
the
Meaning of Life.

Mrs Hendy: Yeah, that's right, but I don't think she
writes her own
material.

Mr Hendy: No. Maybe Schopenhauer writes her
material?

Mrs Hendy: No... Burt Bacharach writes is.

Mr Hendy: There's no 'S' in Burt Bacharach...

Mrs Hendy: ... Or in Hal David...

Mr Hendy: Who's Hal David?

Mrs Hendy: He writes the lyrics, Burt just writes the
tunes... only
now he's married to Carole Bayer Sager...

Mr Hendy: Oh... Waiter... this conversation isn't very
good.

Waiter: Oh, I'm sorry, sir... We *do* have one today that's not on the menu. It's a sort of... er... speciality of the house. Live Organ Transplants.

Mrs Hendy: Live Organ Transplants? What's *that*?

THE MEANING OF LIFE

PART V

LIVE ORGAN TRANSPLANTS

[A photo of the Emperor Haile Selassie hangs on the wall of a suburban house. Upstairs 'Hava Nagila' is being played on a lone violin. The door bell rings.]

Mr Bloke: Don't worry dear, I'll get it!

[He opens the door.]

Mr Bloke: Yes!

First Man: Hello, er can we have your liver...?

Mr Bloke: My what?

First Man: Your liver... it's a large glandular organ in your abdomen... you know it's a reddish-brown and it's sort of -

Mr Bloke: Yes, I know what it is, but I'm using it.

Second Man: Come on sir... don't muck us about.

[They move in.]

Mr Bloke: Hey!

[They shut the door behind him.]

[The first man makes a grab at his wallet and finds a card in it.]

First Man: Hallo! What's this then...?

Mr Bloke: A liver donor's card.

First Man: Need we say more?

Second Man: No!

Mr Bloke: Look, I can't give it to you now. It says 'In The Event of Death'...

First Man: No-one who has ever had their liver taken out by us has survived...

[The second man is rummaging around in a bag of clanking tools.]

Second Man: Just lie there, sir. it won't take a minute.

[They throw him onto the dining room table and, without any more ceremony, start to cut him open. A rather severe lady appears at the door.]

Mrs Bloke: 'Ere, what's going on?

First man: He's donating his liver, madam...

Mr Bloke: Aarrgh... oh!... aaargh ow! Ow!

Mrs Bloke: Is this because he took out one of those silly cards?

First Man: That's right, madam.

Mr Bloke: Ow! Oooh! Oohh! Oh... oh... God... aargh aargh...

Mrs Bloke: Typical of him. He goes down to the public library - sees a few signs up... comes home all full of good intentions.

He gives blood... he does cold research... all that sort of thing.

Mr Bloke: Aaaagh... oh... aaarghh!

Mrs Bloke: What d'you do with them all anyway?

Second man: They all go to saving lives, madam.

Mr Bloke: Aaaaargh! Oh... ow! Oh... oh my God!

Mrs Bloke: That's what *he* used to say... it's all for the good of the country, he used to say.

Mr Bloke: Aaaargh!... Ow! Ooh!

Mrs Bloke: D'*you* think it's *all* for the good of the country?

First Man: Uh?

Mrs Bloke: D'*you* think it's *all* for the good of the country?

First Man: Well I wouldn't know about that, madam...we're just doing our jobs, you know...

Mr Bloke: Owwwwweeeeeeeeh! Ow!

Mrs Bloke: You're not doctors, then?

First Man: Oh!... Blimey no...!

[The second man grins and raises his eyes as he digs around in the stomach. They laugh. A head comes round the door... It's a young man.]

Young Man: Mum, Dad,... I'm off out... now. I'll see you about seven...

Mrs Bloke: Righto, son... look after yourself.

Mr Bloke: Aaargh... ow! Oh... aaargh aargh!

Mrs Bloke: D'you er... fancy a cup of tea...?

First Man: Oh well, that would be very nice, yeah... Thank you, thank you very much madam. Thank you. [Aside.] I thought she'd never ask...

[She takes him into the kitchen... shuts the door. She bustles about preparing the tea...]

You do realise... he has to be... well... dead... by the terms of the card... before he donates his liver.

Mrs Bloke: Well I told him that... but he never listens to me... silly man.

First Man: Only... I was wondering what you was thinking of doing after that... I mean... will you stay on your own or... is there someone else... sort of... on the horizon...?

Mrs Bloke: I'm too old for that sort of thing. I'm past my prime...

First Man: Not at all... you're a very attractive woman.

Mrs Bloke: [laughs a little] Well... I'm certainly not thinking of getting hitched up again...

First Man: Sure?

Mrs Bloke: Sure.

First Man: [coming a little closer] Can we have your liver then?

Mrs Bloke: No...

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