

Monty Python

"Upperclass Twit Of The Year"

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UPPERCLASS TWIT OF THE YEAR

Cut to Upperclass Twit of the Year Sketch. The five competitors run onto the pitch.

COMMENTATOR: (J.C.): Good afternoon and welcome to Hurlingham Park. You join us just as the competitors are running out onto the field on this lovely winter's afternoon here, with the going firm underfoot and very little sign of rain. Well it certainly looks as though we're in for a splendid afternoon's sport in this the 127th Upperclass Twit of the Year Show. Well the competitors will be off in a moment so let me just identify for you.

(Close up on competitors)

Vivian Smith-Smythe-Smith (E.I.) has an O-level in chemo-hygiene. Simon-Zinc-Trumpet-Harris (T.J.) , married to a very attractive table lamp. Nigel Incubator-Jones (J.C.), his best friend is a tree, and in his spare time he's a stockbroker. Gervaise Brook-Hampster (M.P.) is in the Guards, and his father uses him as a wastepaper basket. And finally Oliver St John-Mollusc (G.C.), Harrow and the Guards, thought by many to be this year's outstanding twit. Now they're moving up to the starting line, there's a jolly good crowd here today. Now they're under starter's orders... and they're off

(The starter fires the gun, but nobody moves)

Ah no, they're not. No they didn't realize they were supposed to start.

Never mind, we'll soon sort that out, the judge is explaining it to them now. I think Nigel and Gervaise have got the idea. All set to go.

(Starter fires gun again and the twits move off in different directions)

Oh, and they're off and it's a fast start this year. Oliver St John-Mollusc running a bit wide there and now they're coming into their first test, the straight line.

(All the Twits run erratically along five white lines)

They've got to walk along this straight line without failing over and Oliver's over at the back there, er, Simon's coming through quite fast on the outside, I think Simon and Nigel, both of them coming through very fast. There's Nigel there. No. Three, I'm sorry, and on the outside there's Gervaise coming through just out of shot and now, the position...

(The twits approach a line of matchboxes piled three high)

Simon and Vivian at the front coming to the matchbox jump.. three layers of matchboxes to clear... and Simon's over and Vivian's over beautifully, oh and the jump of a lifetime - if only his father could understand. Here's Nigel ... and now Gervaise is over he's, er, Nigel is over, and it's Gervaise, Gervaise is going to jump it, is it, no he's jumped the wrong way, there he goes, Nigel's over, beautifully. Now it's only Oliver. Oliver ... and Gervaise... oh bad luck. And now it's Kicking the Beggar.

(The twits are kicking a beggar with a tray)

Simon's there and he's putting the boot in, and not terribly hard, but he's going down and Simon can move on. Now Vivian's there. Vivian is there and waiting for a chance. Here tie comes, oh a piledriver, a real piledriver, and now Simon's on No. 1, Vivian 2, Nigel 3, Gervaise on 4 and Oliver bringing up the rear. Ah there's Oliver

(Oliver is still trying to jump the matchboxes)

There's Oliver now, he's at the back. I think he's having a little trouble with his old brain injury, he's going to have a go, no, no, bad luck, he's up, he doesn't know when he's beaten, this boy, lie doesn't know when he's winning either. He doesn't have any sort of sensory apparatus. Oh there's Gervaise. He's still kicking the beggar. And he's putting the boot in there and he's got the beggar down and the steward's giving him a little bit of advice, yes, he can move on now, he can move on to the Hunt Photograph. He's off, Gervaise is there and Oliver's still at the back having trouble with the matchboxes.

(The twits approach a table with two attractive girls and a photographer)

Now here's the Hunt Ball Photograph and the first here's Simon, he's going to enjoy a joke with Lady Arabella Plunkett. She hopes to go into films, and Vivian's through there and, er, Nigel's there enjoying a joke with Lady Sarah Pencil Farthing Vivian Streamroller Adams Pie Biscuit Aftershave Gore Stringbottom Smith.

(Shot of twit in a sports car reversing into cut-out of old woman)

And there's, there's Simon now in the sports car, he's reversed into the old woman, he's caught her absolutely beautifully. Now he's going to accelerate forward there to wake up the neighbour. There's Vivian I think, no Vivian's lost his keys, no there's Vivian, he's got the old woman, slowly but surely right in the midriff, and here he is. Here he is to wake up the neighbour now.

(A man in bed in the middle of the pitch. The twit slams car door repeatedly)

Simon right in the lead, comfortably in the lead, but he can't get this neighbour woken up. He's slamming away there as best he can. He's getting absolutely no reaction at all. There, he's woken him up and Simon's through. Here comes Vivian, Vivian to slam the door, and there we are back at the Hunt Ball, I think that's Gervaise there, that's Gervaise going through there, and here, here comes Oliver, brave Oliver. Is he going to make it to the table, no I don't think he is, yes he is,

(Oliver falls over the table)

He did it, ohh. And the crowd are rising to him there, and there I can see, who is that there, yes that's Nigel, Nigel has woken the neighbour - my God this is exciting. Nigel's got very excited and he's going through and here comes Gervaise. Gervaise, oh no this is, er, out in the front there is Simon who is supposed to insult the waiter and he's forgotten.

(Simon runs past a waiter standing with a tray)

And Oliver has run himself over, (Oliver lying in front of car) what a great twit! And now here comes Vivian, Vivian to insult the waiter,

and he is heaping abuse on him, and he is humiliating him, there
and he's gone into the lead. Simon's not with him, no
Vivian's in front
of him at the bar.

(The twits each have several goes at getting under a bar of wood five feet off the ground)

Simon's got to get under this bar and this is extremely difficult as it
requires absolutely expert co-ordination between mind and body. No
Vivian isn't there. Here we go again and Simon's fallen backwards.
Here's Nigel, he's tripped, Nigel has tripped, and he's under and Simon
fails again, er, here is Gervaise, and Simon is through by accident.
Here's Gervaise to be the last one over, there we are, here's Nigel
right at the head of the field,

(The twits approach five rabbits staked out on the Found; they fire at them with shotguns)

And now he's going to shoot the rabbit, and these rabbits have been
tied to the ground, and they're going to be a bit frisky, and this is
only a one-day event. And they're blazing away there. They're not
getting quite the results that they might, Gervaise is in there trying
to bash it to death with the butt of his rifle, and I think Nigel's in there
with his bare hands, but they're not getting the results that they might,
but it is a little bit misty today and they must be shooting from a range
of at least one foot. But they've had a couple of hits there I think, yes,
they've had a couple of hits, and the whole field is up again and here
they are.

(They approach a line of shop window dummies each wearing only a bra)

They're coming up to the debs, Gervaise first, Vivian second, Simon

third. And now they've got to take the bras off from the front, this is really difficult, this is really the most, the most difficult part of the entire competition, and they're having a bit of trouble in there I think, they're really trying now and the crowd is getting excited, and I think some of the twits are getting rather excited too.

(The twits are wreaking havoc on the dummies)

Vivian is there, Vivian is coming through, Simon's in second place, and, no there's Oliver, he's not necessarily out of it. There goes Nigel, no he's lost something, and Gervaise running through to this final obstacle.

(They approach a table with five revolvers laid out on it)

Now all they have to do here to win the title is to shoot themselves. Simon has a shot. Bad luck, he misses. Nigel misses. Now there's Gervaise, and Gervaise has shot himself- Gervaise is Upperclass Twit of the Year. There's Nigel, he's shot Simon by mistake, Simon is back up and there's Nigel, Nigel's shot himself: Nigel is third in this fine and most exciting Upperclass Twit of the Year Show I've ever seen. Nigel's clubbed himself into fourth place.

(Three coffins on stand with medals)

And so the final result:
The Upperclass Twit of the Year - Gervaise Brook-Hampster of Kensington and Weybridge; runner up - Vivian Smith-Smythe-Smith of Kensington; and third - Nigel Incubator-Jones of Henley. Well there'll certainly be some car door slamming in the streets of Kensington tonight.

