

Monty Python's "The Restaurant Sketch"

(A couple are seated at a table in a restaurant.)

- Lady It's nice here, isn't it?
- Man Oh, very good restaurant, three stars you know.
- Lady Really?
- Man Mmm...
- Waiter Good evening, sir! Good evening, madam! And may I say what a pleasure it is to see you here again, sir!
- Man Oh thank you. Well there you are dear. Have a look there, anything you like. The boeuf en croute is fantastic.
- Waiter Oh if I may suggest, sir ... the pheasant à la reine, the sauce is one of the chefs most famous creations.
- Man Em... that sounds good. Anyway just have a look... take your time. Oh, er by the way - got a bit of a dirty fork, could you ... er.. get me another one?
- Waiter I beg your pardon.
- Man Oh it's nothing ... er, I've got a fork a little bit dirty. Could you get me another one? Thank you.
- Waiter Oh ... sir, I do apologize.
- Man Oh, no need to apologize, it doesn't worry me.
- Waiter Oh no, no, no, I do apologize. I will fetch the head waiter immediately.
- Man Oh, there's no need to do that!
- Waiter Oh, no no... I'm sure the head waiter, he will want to apologize to you himself. I will fetch him at once.
- Lady Well, you certainly get good service here.
- Man They really look after you... yes.
- Head Waiter Excuse me monsieur and madame. *(examines the fork)* It's filthy, Gaston ... find out who washed this up, and give them their cards immediately.

Man Oh, no, no.

Head Waiter Better still, we can't afford to take any chances, sack the entire washing-up staff.

Man No, look I don't want to make any trouble.

Head Waiter Oh, no please, no trouble. It's quite right that you should point these kind of things out. Gaston, tell the manager what has happened immediately! *(The Waiter runs off)*

Man Oh, no I don't want to cause any fuss.

Head Waiter Please, it's no fuss. I quite simply wish to ensure that nothing interferes with your complete enjoyment of the meal.

Man Oh I'm sure it won't, it was only a dirty fork.

Head Waiter I know. And I'm sorry, bitterly sorry, but I know that... no apologies I can make can alter the fact that in our restaurant you have been given a dirty, filthy, smelly piece of cutlery...

Man It wasn't smelly.

Head Waiter It was smelly, and obscene and disgusting and I hate it, I hate it ,... nasty, grubby, dirty, mingy, scrubby little fork. Oh ... oh . . . oh . . . *(runs off in a passion as the manager comes to the table)*

Manager Good evening, sir, good evening, madam. I am the manager. I've only just heard . . . may I sit down?

Man Yes, of course.

Manager I want to apologize, humbly, deeply, and sincerely about the fork.

Man Oh please, it's only a tiny bit... I couldn't see it.

Manager Ah you're good kind fine people, for saying that, but I can see it..., to me it's like a mountain, a vast bowl of pus.

Man It's not as bad as that.

Manager It gets me here. I can't give you any excuses for it - there are no excuses. I've been meaning to spend more time in the restaurant recently, but I haven't been too well... (emotionally) things aren't going very well back there. The poor cook's son has been put away again, and poor old Mrs Dalrymple who does the washing up can hardly move her poor fingers, and then there's Gilberto's war wound - but they're

good people, and they're kind people, and together we were beginning to get over this dark patch ... there was light at the end of the tunnel . . . now this . . . now this...

Man Can I get you some water?

Manager (in tears) It's the end of the road!!

(The cook comes in; he is very big and comes a meat cleaver.)

Cook *(shouting)* You bastards! You vicious, heartless bastards! Look what you've done to him! He's worked his fingers to the bone to make this place what it is, and you come in with your petty feeble quibbling and you grind him into the dirt, this fine, honourable man, whose boots you are not worthy to kiss. Oh... it makes me mad... mad! *(slams cleaver into the table)*

(The head waiter comes in and tries to restrain him.)

Head Waiter Easy, Mungo, easy... Mungo... *(clutches his head in agony)* the war wound!... the wound... the wound...

Manager This is the end! The end! Aaargh!! *(stabs himself with the fork)*

Cook They've destroyed him! He's dead!! They killed him!!! *(goes completely mad)*

Head Waiter *(trying to restrain him)* No Mungo... never kill a customer. *(in pain)* Oh . . . the wound! The wound! *(he and the cook fight furiously and fall over the table)*

(The man and lady, shaken up, excuse themselves with discretion)

Man *(Quietly)* Lucky we didn't say anything about the dirty knife.