

Cannibalism

Monty Python

Sailor #1: Still no sign of land. How long is it?
Sailor #2: That's a rather personal question, sir.
Sailor #1: (low voice) You stupid git. I meant how long has it been in the lifeboat? You've destroyed the atmosphere now.
Sailor #2: I'm sorry.
Sailor #1: Shut up. Start again.
Sailor #1: Still no sign of land. How long is it?
Sailor #2: 33 days, sir.
Sailor #1: Thirty-three days?
Sailor #2: We can't go on much longer. (low voices) I didn't think I destroyed the atmosphere.
Sailor #1: Shut up.
Sailor #2: Well, I don't think I did.
Sailor #1: 'Course you did.
Sailor #2: (aside, to 3) Did you think I destroyed the atmosphere?
Sailor #3: Yes I think you did.
Sailor #1: Shut up. Shut up!
Sailor #1: Still no sign of land. How long is it?
Sailor #2: 33 days, sir.
Sailor #4: Have we started again? (slap)
Sailor #1: STILL no sign of land. How long is it?
Sailor #2: 33 days, sir.
Sailor #1: Thirty-three days?
Sailor #2: We can't go on much longer, sir. We haven't eaten since the fifth day.
Sailor #3: We're done for, we're done for!
Sailor #1: Shut up, Maudling.
Sailor #2: We've just got to keep hoping. Someone may find us.
Sailor #4: How we feeling, Captain?
Captain: Not too good. I...I feel so weak.
Sailor #2: We can't hold out much longer.
Captain: Listen...chaps...there's still a chance. I'm...done for, I've...got a gammy leg and I'm going fast; I'll never get through. But...some of you might. So...you'd better eat me.
Sailor #1: Eat you, sir?
Captain: Yes. Eat me.
Sailor #2: Iiuuhh! With a gammy leg?
Captain: You needn't eat the leg, Thompson. There's still plenty of good meat. Look at that arm.
Sailor #3: It's not just the leg, sir.
Captain: What do you mean?
Sailor #3: Well, sir...it's just that -
Captain: Why don't you want to eat me?
Sailor #3: I'd rather eat Johnson, sir! (points to sailor #4)
Sailor #2: So would I, sir.
Captain: I see.
Sailor #4: Well that's settled then...everyone's gonna eat me!
Sailor #1: Uh, well.
Sailor #2: What, sir?
Sailor #1:: No, no you go ahead, please, I won't.....
Sailor #4: Oh, nonsense, sir, you're starving. Tuck in.

Sailor #1: No, no, it's not that.
Sailor #2: What's the matter with Johnson, sir?
Sailor #1: Well, he's not kosher.
Sailor #3: That depends how we kill him, sir.
Sailor #1: Yes, that's true. But to be perfectly frank
I...I like my meat a little more lean. I'd rather eat
Hodges.
Sailor #2: Oh well, all right.
Sailor #3: I still prefer Johnson.
Captain: I wish you'd all stop bickering and eat me.
Sailor #2: Look. I tell you what. Those who want to can
eat Johnson. And you, sir, can have my leg. And we make
some stock from the Captain, and then we'll have
Johnson cold for supper.
Sailor #1: Good thinking, Hodges.
Sailor #4: And we'll finish off with the peaches.
(picks up a tin of peaches)
Sailor #3: And we can start off with the avocados.
(picks up two avocados) Sailor #1: Waitress! (a
waitress walks in) We've decided now, we're going to
have leg of Hodges...