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Subject: Private message during the game

Posted by [Anonymous](#) on Tue, 03 Sep 2002 09:49:00 GMT

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Scene: A cafe. One table is occupied by a group of Vikings with horned helmets on. A man and his wife enter. Man (Eric Idle): You sit here, dear. Wife (Graham Chapman in drag): All right. Man (to Waitress): Morning! Waitress (Terry Jones, in drag as a bit of a rat-bag): Morning! Man: Well, what've you got? Waitress: Well, there's egg and bacon; egg sausage and bacon; egg and spam; egg bacon and spam; egg bacon sausage and spam; spam bacon sausage and spam; spam egg spam spam bacon and spam; spam sausage spam spam bacon spam tomato and spam; Vikings (starting to chant): Spam spam spam spam... Waitress: ...spam spam spam egg and spam; spam spam spam spam spam spam baked beans spam spam spam... Vikings (singing): Spam! Lovely spam! Lovely spam! Waitress: ...or Lobster Thermidor au Crevette with a Mornay sauce served in a Provencale manner with shallots and aubergines garnished with truffle pate, brandy and with a fried egg on top and spam. Wife: Have you got anything without spam? Waitress: Well, there's spam egg sausage and spam, that's not got much spam in it. Wife: I don't want ANY spam! Man: Why can't she have egg bacon spam and sausage? Wife: THAT'S got spam in it! Man: Hasn't got as much spam in it as spam egg sausage and spam, has it? Vikings: Spam spam spam spam (crescendo through next few lines) Wife: Could you do the egg bacon spam and sausage without the spam then? Waitress: Urgghh! Wife: What do you mean 'Urgghh'? I don't like spam! Vikings: Lovely spam! Wonderful spam! Waitress: Shut up! Vikings: Lovely spam! Wonderful spam! Waitress: Shut up! (Vikings stop) Bloody Vikings! You can't have egg bacon spam and sausage without the spam. Wife (shrieks): I don't like spam! Man: Sshh, dear, don't cause a fuss. I'll have your spam. I love it. I'm having spam spam spam spam spam spam spam beaked beans spam spam spam and spam! Vikings (singing): Spam spam spam spam. Lovely spam! Wonderful spam! Waitress: Shut up!! Baked beans are off. Man: Well could I have her spam instead of the baked beans then? Waitress: You mean spam spam spam spam spam spam... (but it is too late and the Vikings drown her words) Vikings (singing elaborately): Spam spam spam spam. Lovely spam! Wonderful spam! Spam spa-a-a-a-a-am spam spa-a-a-a-a-am spam. Lovely spam! Lovely spam! Lovely spam! Lovely spam! Lovely spam! Spam spam spam spam!

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