

Undertaker

Monty Python

Man: Um, excuse me, is this the undertaker's?
Undertaker: Yup, that's right, what can I do for you, squire?
Man: Um, well, I wonder if you can help me. My mother has just died and I'm not quite sure what I should do.
Undertaker: Ah, well, we can 'elp you. We deal with stiffs.
Man: Stiffs?
Undertaker: Yea. Now there's three things we can do with your mum. We can bury her, burn her, or dump her.
Man: Dump her?
Undertaker: Dump her in the Thames.
Man: What?
Undertaker: Oh, did you like her?
Man: Yes!
Undertaker: Oh well, we won't dump her, then. Well, what do you think: a burner, or a burier?
Man: Um, well, um, which would you recommend?
Undertaker: Well they're both nasty. If we burn her, she gets stuffed in the flames, crackle, crackle, crackle, which is a bit of a shock if she's not quite dead. But quick. And then you get a box of ashes, which you can pretend are hers.
Man: Oh.
Undertaker: Or, if you don't wanna fry her, you can bury her. And then she'll get eaten up by maggots and weevils, nibble, nibble, nibble, which isn't so hot if, as I said, she's not quite dead.
Man: I see. Um. Well, I.. I.. I.. I'm not very sure. She's definitely dead.
Undertaker: Where is she?
Man: In the sack.
Undertaker: Let's 'ave a look.
Umm, she looks quite young.
Man: Yes, she was.
Undertaker: (over his shoulder) FRED!
Fred: (offstage) Yea!
Undertaker: I THINK WE'VE GOT AN EATER!
Fred: (offstage) I'll get the oven on!
Man: Um, er...excuse me, um, are you... are you suggesting we should eat my mother?
Undertaker: Yeah. Not raw, not raw. We cook her. She'd be delicious with a few french fries, a bit of broccoli and stuffing. Delicious! (smacks his lips)
Man: What!
Well, actually, I do feel a bit peckish - NO! No, I can't!
Undertaker: Look, we'll eat your mum. Then, if you feel a bit guilty about it afterwards, we can dig a grave and you can throw up into it.
Man: All right.