Crocodile

Monty Python

Newscaster: And right now it's time for athletics, and over to Brian Goebells in Paris.
Goebells: Hello, well you join us here in Paris just a few minutes before the start of today's big event: the final of the Men's-Being-Eaten-By-A-Crocodile event. I'm standing now by the crocodile pit where-AAAAAAHHHHH!

(FX: Crocodiles eating, French exclamations and sirens)

Newscaster: Ah. Well I'm afraid that we've lost Brian. While they're sorting that out, we have a report from Barry Loathesome in Loughborough on the British preparations for this most important event.
Loathesome: Here at Lughtborrow are the five young men chosen last week to be eaten by a crocodile for Britain this summer. Obviously, the most important part of the event is the opening 60 yard sprint towards the crocs. And twenty-two year old Nottingham schoolteacher Gavin Watterlow is rated by some not only the fastest but also the tastiest British morsel since Barry Gordon got a bronze at Helsinki. In charge of the team is Sergeant Major Harold Duke.
Duke: Aww, well, you not only got to get in that pit first, you gotta get EATEN first. When you land in front of your croc, and 'e opens his mouth, I wanna see you right in there. Rub your 'ead up against 'is taste buds. And when those teeth bite into your flesh, use the perches to thrust yourself DOWN his throat...
Loathesome: Duke's trained with every British team since 1928, and it's his blend of gymnastic knowhow, reptilian expertise and culinary skill that's turned many an un-appetizing novice into a crocodilic banquet.
Duke: Well, our chefs have been experimenting for many years to find a sauce most likely to tempt the crocodile. In the past, we've concentrated on a fish based sauce, but this year, we are reverting to a simple bernaise.
Loathesome: The British team are worried because Olympic regulations allow only the competitor's heads to be sauced. Gavin Morolowe...
Morolowe: Yes, well, I mean, (clears throat) you know, four years ago, everyone knew the Italians were coating the insides of their legs with bolognaise, the Russians have been marinating themselves, One of the Germans, Biolek, was caught actually putting, uh, remolarde down his shorts. And the Finns were using tomato flavoured running shoes. Uh, I think there should either be unrestricted garnishing, or a single, Olympic standard mayonnaise.
Loathesome: Gavin, does it ever worry you that you're actually going to be chewed up by a bloody great crocodile.
Morolowe: The only thing that worries me, Jim, is being the first one down that gullet.
Loathesome: Well, the way things are going here at Loughborough, it looks as though Britan could easily pick up a place in the first seven hundred. But nothing's predictable in this tough, harsh, highly competitive world where today's champion is tomorrow's crocodile shit. And back to you, in the studio, Norman.

Sponzor: www.srovnavac.cz - vyberte si pojištění online!