

The Architect

Monty Python

MR. TID: Gentlemen, we have two basic suggestions for the design of this architectural block, the residential Block, and I thought it best that the architects themselves came in to explain the advantages of both designs.

(Knock knock knock knock knock knock knock knock knock)

That must be the first architect now. Ah, yes. It's Mr. Wiggin of Ironside and Malone.

MR. WIGGIN: Good morning, gentlemen. Uh, this is a Twelve-storey block combining classical neo-Georgian features with all the advantages of modern design. Uhh, the tenants arrive in the entrance hall here, are carried along the corridor on a conveyor belt in extreme comfort and past murals depicting Mediterranean scenes, towards the rotating knives. The last twenty feet of the corridor are heavily soundproofed. The blood pours down these chutes and the mangled flesh slurps into these large contain--

CITY GENT #1: Excuse me.

MR. WIGGIN: Hmm?

CITY GENT #1: Uh, did you say 'knives'?

MR. WIGGIN: Uh, rotating knives. Yes.

CITY GENT #2: Are you, uh, proposing to slaughter our tenants?

MR. WIGGIN: Does that not fit in with your plans?

CITY GENT #1: No, it does not. Uh, we-- we wanted a... Simple... block of flats.

MR. WIGGIN: Ahh, I see. I hadn't, uh, correctly divined your attitude...

CITY GENT #: Uh, huh huh.

MR. WIGGIN:... towards your tenants.

CITY GENT #: Huh huh.

MR. WIGGIN: You see, I mainly design slaughter houses.

CITY GENT #1: Yes. Pity.

MR. WIGGIN: Mind you, this is a real beaut. I mean, none of your blood caked on the walls and flesh flying out of the windows inconveniencing passers-by with this one. I mean, my life has been building up to this.

CITY GENT #2: Yes, and well done, huh, but we did want
A block of flats.

MR. WIGGIN: Well, may I ask you to reconsider? I mean,
You wouldn't regret it. Think of the tourist trade.

CITY GENT #1: No, no, it's-- it's just that we wanted a
Block of flats and not an abattoir.

MR. WIGGIN: Yes, well, that's the sort of blinkered,
Philistine pig ignorance I've come to expect from you
Non-creative garbage. You sit there on your loathsome,
Spotty behinds squeezing blackheads, not caring a
Tinker's cuss for the struggling artist. You excrement!
You whining, hypocritical toadies, with your colour TV
Sets and your Tony Jacklin golf clubs and your bleeding
Masonic secret handshakes! You wouldn't let me join,
Would you, you blackballing bastards! Well, I wouldn't
Become a freemason now if you went down on your lousy,
Stinking knees and begged me!

CITY GENT #2: Well, we're sorry you feel like that, but
We, um, did... want... a block of flats. Nice, though,
The abattoir is. Huh huh.

MR. WIGGIN: Oh, p-p-p-p the abattoir.

(He dashes forward and kneels in front of them.)

That's not important, but if one of you could put in a
Word for me, I'd love to be a freemason. Freemasonry
Opens doors. I mean, um, I-- I was a bit on edge just
Now, but-- but if I was a mason, I'd just sit at the
Back and not get in anyone's way.

CITY GENT #1: Thank you.

MR. WIGGIN: I've got a second-hand apron.

CITY GENT #2: Thank you.

(Mr. Wiggin hurries to the door but stops...)

MR. WIGGIN: I nearly got in at Hendon.

CITY GENT #1: Thank you.