Travel Agent

Monty Python

Announcer: And now, here is a magnificent recording made in the Wide Valley, of an ordinary travel agents office. Note the huge-breasted typist in the background.

Smoketoomuch: Good morning.

Secretary: Oh, good morning. (sexily) Uhm, do you want to come upstairs?

Smoketoomuch: Beg your pardon?

Secretary: (sexily) Do you want to come upstairs? (brightly) Oh, or have you come to arrange a holiday?

Smoketoomuch: Uuh..to...to arrange a holiday.

Secretary: Oh, sorry.

Smoketoomuch: What's all this about coming upstairs?

Secretary: Oh, nothing, nothing. Now, where were you thinking of going?

Smoketoomuch: India.

Secretary: Ah, one of our adventure holidays.

Smoketoomuch: Yes.

Secretary: Well, you'd better see Mr. Bounder about that. Uh, Mr. Bounder, this gentleman is interested in the "India Overland".

Bounder: Morning, I'm Bounder of Adventure.

Smoketoomuch: Hello, I'm Smoketoomuch.

Bounder: Well, you'd better cut down a little then.

Smoketoomuch: I'm sorry?

Bounder: You'd better cut down a little then.

Smoketoomuch: Oh, I see! Smoke too much so I'd better cut down a little then!

Bounder: Yes, ha ha... I expect you get people making jokes about your name all the time, eh?

Smoketoomuch: No, I never noticed it before.
Bounder: So, you are interested in one of our adventure holidays, are you?
Smoketoomuch: Yes, I saw your advert in the bolour supplement.

Bounder: The what?

Smoketoomuch: The bolour supplement.

Bounder: The colour supplement.

Smoketoomuch: Yes, I'm sorry, I can't say the letter 'B'.

Bounder: C?

Smoketoomuch: Yes, that's right. It's all due to a trauma I suffered when I was a sboolboy. I was attacked by a bat.

Bounder: A cat?

Smoketoomuch: No, a bat.

Bounder: Oh...can you say the letter 'K'?

Smoketoomuch: Oh, yes. Khaki, kind, kettle, Kipling, kipper, Kuwait, Keble Bollege Oxford.

Bounder: Yes, yes but why don't you use the letter 'K' instead of the letter 'C'?

Smoketoomuch: What, spell bolour with a 'K'?

Bounder: Yes!

Smoketoomuch: Kolour!
Oh, thank you! I never thought of that. What a silly bunt.

Bounder: Anyway, about the holiday...

Smoketoomuch: Well, yes, I've been on package tours many times, so your advert really bought my eye.

Bounder: Ah good.

Smoketoomuch: Yes, you're quite right, I'm fed up with being treated like a sheep, I mean what's the point of going abroad if you're just another tourist carted round in buses, surrounded by sweaty, mindless oafs from Kettering and Boventry...

Bounder: Absolutel..

Smoketoomuch: ...in their cloth caps and their cardigans and their transistor radios and their 'Sunday Mirrors', complaining about the tea, 'Oh they don't make it properly here do they not like at home' stopping at Majorcan bodegas, selling fish and chips and Watney's Red Barrel and calamares and two veg...

Bounder: Yes.

Smoketoomuch: ...and sitting in their cotton sun frocks squirting Timothy White's suncream all over their puffy raw swollen purulent flesh...

Bounder: Yes.

Smoketoomuch: ...cos they 'overdid it on the first day'! And being herded into endless Hotel Miramars and Bellevueses and Bontinentals...

Bounder: Yes, yes...

Smoketoomuch: ...with their modern international luxury roomettes and draft Red Barrel and swimmingpools...

Bounder: Yes.

Smoketoomuch: ...full of fat German businessmen pretending they're acrobats, forming pyramids and frightening the children and barging in the queues and if you're not at your table spot on seven you miss the bowl of Campbell's Cream of Mushroom soup,...

Bounder: Shut up.

Smoketoomuch: ...the first item on the menu of International Cuisine,...
Bounder: Shut up, please!

Smoketoomuch: ...and every Thursday night the hotel is a bloody cabaret in the bar featuring a tiny emaciated dago...

Bounder: Please, will you shut up.

Smoketoomuch: ...with nine-inch hips and some bloated fat tart with her hair Brylcreemed down and a big arse presenting Flamenco for Foreigners.

Bounder: Shut up!

Smoketoomuch: And adenoidal typists from Birmingham with flabby white legs and diarrhoea trying to pick up hairy...

Bounder: Please..

Smoketoomuch: ...bandy-legged wop waiters called Manuel,...

Bounder: ..shut up!
Smoketoomuch: ...and once a week there's an excursion to the local Roman ruins to buy cherryade and melted ice cream...

Bounder: I can't bear it!

Smoketoomuch: ...and bleedin' Watney's Red Barrel, and one evening you visit the so-called typical restaurant with local colour...

Bounder: Shaddap!

Smoketoomuch: ...and atmosphere and you sit next to a party of people from Rhyl who keeps singing 'Torremolinos, Torremolinos', and complaining about the food, 'It's so greasy here isn't it!' and you get cornered by some drunken greengrocer from Luton with an Instamatic and Dr Scholl sandals and Tuesday's 'Daily

Express' and he drones on and on and on about how Mr Smith should be running this country and how many...

Bounder: Stop it, please.

Smoketoomuch: ...languages Enoch Powell can speak and then he throws up all over the Cuba Libres.

Bounder: Will you be quiet please.

Smoketoomuch: And sending tinted postcards of places they don't realise they haven't even visited, 'to all...

Bounder: Shut up

Smoketoomuch: ...at number 22, weather wonderful...
Bounder: PLEASE, SHUT UP!

Smoketoomuch: ...our room is marked with an "X". Food very greasy but we found a charming...

Bounder: Take it off! TAKE IT OFF!

Smoketoomuch: ...little place hidden away in the back streets, where they serve Watney's Red Barrel and cheese and onion...

Bounder: For God's sake, take it off. TAKE IT OFF!!!

Smoketoomuch: ...crisps and the accordionist plays "Maybe its because I'm a Londoner"'...
(Sound of pick-up skating across record)

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