

Annexe III - Textes anglais originaux -

Arthur et l'anarchiste. typologie pages 28-29

(Texte original tiré du livre : "Monty Python and the holy Grail")

Arthur - The lady of the lake, her arm clad in purest shimmering samite, held Excalibur aloft from the bosom of the waters to signify that by Divine providence...I, Arthur, was to carry Excalibur...that is why I am your king.

Dennis - Look, strange women lying on their backs in ponds hanging over swords...that's no basis for a system of government. Supreme executive power derives from the masses not from some farcical aquatic ceremony.

Arthur - Be quiet !

Dennis - You can't expect to wield supreme executive power just because some watery tart threw a sword at you.

Arthur - Shut up !

Dennis - I mean, if I went round saying I was an Emperor because some moistened bint had lobbed a scimitar at me, people would put me away.

Arthur - Shut up, will you. Shut up !

Dennis - Ah! Now...we see the violence inherent in the system.

Arthur - Shut up !

Dennis - Come and see the violence inherent in the system. Help, help, I'm being repressed !

Arthur - Bloody peasant !

Dennis - Ooooooh ! Did you hear that ! What a give-away.

"La chanson du pénis". typologie pages 33-34

(Texte original tiré du livre "Monty Python's meaning of life book")

Good evening ladies and gentlemen. Here's a little number I tossed off recently in the Carribean.

Isn't it awfully nice to have a penis.
Isn't frightfully good to have a dong ?
It's swell to have a stiffy,
It's divine to own a dick,
From the tiniest little tadger,
To the world's biggest prick
So three cheers for your Willy or John Thomas,
Hooray for your one-eyed trouser snake.
Your piece of pork, your's wife best friend,
Your Percy or your cock,
You can wrap it up in ribbons,
You can slip it in your sock,
But don't take it out in public,
Or they will stick you in the dock
And you won't come back.

Le "mauvais langage". typologie pages 35-36

(Texte original tiré du livre : "Monty Python and the holy Grail book")

You don't frighten us, English pig-dog. Go and boil your bottom, son of a silly person. I blow my nose on you so-called King Arthur and your silly English niggets. (...) I don't want to talk to you, no more, you empty-headed animal, food trough wiper, I fart in your general direction. Your mother was a hamster and your father smelled of elderberries. (...) We french person outwit you a second time, perfidious English mousedropping hoarders...how you say : "Begorrah!". (...) How you English say: I one more time, mac, I unclog my nose towards you, sons of a window-dresser, so you think you could out-clever us French fellows with your silly knees-bent creeping about advancing behaviour. I wave my private parts at your aunties, you brightly-coloured, nealy-templed, cranberry-smelling, electric donkey-bottom biters. (...) No chance, English bed-wetting types. We burst our pimples at you, and call your door opening request a silly thing. You tiny-brained wipers of other people's bottoms. (...) Yes, depart a lot at this time, and cut the approaching any more or we fire arrows into the tops of your heads and make castanets of your testicles already. And now remain gone, illegitimate-faced bugger folk ! And if you think you got a nasty time this taunting, you ain't heard nothing yet, dappy K...niggets, and Arthur King Esquire."

"L'arrivée des rois mages", typologie page 37
(Texte original tiré du livre "MontyPythonscrapbook")

Mandy (a woman) - Who are you ?
Third wise man - We are three wise men.
Mandy - Who ?
Second wise man - We are three wise men.
First wise man - We are astrologers...
Third wise man - We have come from the east.
Mandy - Is this some kind of joke ?
Second wise man - We wish to praise the infant.
Third wise man - We must pay homage to him.
Mandy - Homage ! You're all drunk you are. It's disgusting. Out. Out.
First wise man - No, no...
Mandy - Coming bursting in here first thing in the morning with some tale about Oriental fortune tellers...get out.
Second wise man - We must see him.
Mandy - Go and praise someone else's brat, go on.
Third wise man - We were led by a star.
Mandy - Led by a bottle, more like. Get out !

"Reg harangue ses troupes", typologie page 38
(Texte original tiré du livre : "MontyPythonscrapbook")

Reg - They've bled us white, the bastards. They've taken everything we had, (...) And what have they ever given us in return ?
Masked commando - The aqueduct ?
Reg - What ?
Masked commando - The aqueduct.
Reg - Oh yeah yeah they gave us that. Yeah. That's true.
Masked commando - And the sanitation !
Stan - Oh yes...sanitation. Reg, you remember what the city used to be like
Reg - All right. I'll grant you that the aqueduct and the sanitation are two things that the Romans have done...
Masked commando - And the road
Reg - Well yes obviously the roads...the roads go without saying. But apart from the aqueduct, the sanitation and the roads...
Masked commando - Irrigation...
Other masked voices - Medicine...Education...Health.
Reg - Yes...all right, fair enough...
Masked commando - And the wine...
General - Oh yes ! True !
Francis - Yeah. That's something we'd really miss if the romans left. Reg.
Masked commando - Public baths !
Stan - And it's safe to walk in the streets at night now.
Francis - Yes, they certainly know how to keep order, let's face it, they're the only ones who could in a place like this
Reg - All right...All right...but apart from better sanitation and medicine and education and irrigation and public health and roads and a freshwater system and baths and public order...What have the Romans done for us...?
Masked commando - Brought peace !
Reg - What ?! Oh...Peace, yes...shut up !

Sketch de la "sorcière", typologie pages 42-43
(Texte original tiré du livre : "Monty Python and the holy Grail book")

First villager - We have found a witch. May we burn her ?
All - A witch ! Burn her !
Bedevere - How do you know she is a witch ?
All - She look likes one. Yes, she does.
Bedevere - Bring her forward.
The witch - I am not a witch. I am not a witch.

Bedevere - But you are dressed as one.
 The witch - They dressed me up like this.
 All - We didn't, we didn't !
 The witch - This is not my nose. It is a false one.
 Bedevere - Well ?
 First villager - Well, we did do the nose.
 Bedevere - The nose ?
 First villager - And the hat. But she is a witch.
 All - A witch, a witch, burn her !
 Bedevere - Did you dress her up like this ?
 First villager - Um...yes...no...a bit...yes...she has got a wart.
 Bedevere - Why do you think she is a witch ?
 Second villager - She turned me into a newt.
 Bedevere - A newt ?
 Second villager - I got better.
 All - Burn her anyway.
 Bedevere - Quiet ! Quiet ! There are ways of telling whether she is a witch.
 First villager - There are ? Tell us. What are they ?
 Bedevere - Tell me...what do you do with witches ?
 All - Burn them
 Bedevere - And what do you burn, apart from witches ?
 First villager - Other witches !
 Third villager - ...Wood ?
 Bedevere - So why do witches burn ?
 Second villager (pianissimo) - ...Because they're made of wood ?
 Bedevere - Good. (Peasants stir uneasily then come round to this conclusion). So how can we tell if she is made of wood ?
 First villager - Make a bridge out of her.
 Bedevere - Ah...but can you not also make bridges out of stone ?
 First villager - Ah. Yes, of course...um....er
 Bedevere - Does wood sink in water ?
 First villager - No.
 Third villager - It floats !
 All - Throw her in the pond. Tie weights on her. To the pond.
 Bedevere - Wait. Wait...tell me, what also floats on water ?
 All - Bread, apples, gravy, very small rocks...
 Bedevere - No, no, no
 Arthur - A duck ! (They all turn and look at Arthur).
 Bedevere - Exactly. So...logically...
 First villager - If she...weighs the same as a duck...she's made of wood.
 Bedevere - And therefore ?
 All - A witch !
 Bedevere - We shall use my largest scales.

"Le Perroquet mort" ("The dead parrot"). pages 87-88
 (Texte original tiré du livre de Roger Wilmut "From Fringe to Flying Circus", pages 204-205)

Cleese - Hallo, I wish to make a complain.
 Palin - Hallo miss...
 Cleese - What do you mean. "miss" ?
 Palin - Oh. I'm sorry, I have a cold.
 Cleese - I wish to make a complain.
 Palin - Sorry, we're closing for lunch.
 Cleese - Never mind that, my lad, I wish to complain about this parrot what I purchased not half an hour ago from this very boutique.
 Palin - Oh yes, the Norwegian Blue, what's wrong with it ?
 Cleese - I'll tell you what's wrong with it, it's dead, that's what's wrong with it.
 Palin - No, no, it's resting, look...
 Cleese - Look, my lad, I know a dead parrot when I see one, and I'm looking at one right now.
 Palin - No, no, it's not dead, it's resting. Remarkable bird, the Norwegian Blue. Beautiful plumage, ain't it ?

Cleese - The plumage don't enter into it, it's stone dead.
Palin - No, no, it's resting.
Cleese - All right then, if it's resting I'll wake it up. (Shouts into cage) Hallo Polly ! I got a nice cuttlefish for you when you wake up, Polly Parrot !
Palin - (Jogging cage): There, it moved.
Cleese - No it didn't ! That was you pushing the cage !
Palin - I did not !
Cleese - Yes, you did ! (takes parrot out of cage) Hallo Polly ! (Shouting in its ear) Polly ! Polly ! (Bangs it against counter) Polly Parrot, wake up ! Polly ! (Throws it in the air and lets it fall to the floor) Now that's what I call a dead parrot.
Palin - No, no, it's stunned.
Cleese - Look, my lad, I've had just about enough of this ! That parrot is definitely deceased ! And when I bought it not half an hour ago, you assured me that its lack of movement was due to it being tired and shagged out after a long squawk.
Palin - It's probably pining for the fjords.
Cleese - Pining for the fjords, what kind of talk is that ? Look, why did it fall flat on its back the moment I got it home ?
Palin - The Norwegian Blue prefers kipping on its back. It's a beautiful bird, lovely plumage.
Cleese - Look, I took the liberty of examining that parrot, and I discovered that the only reason it had been sitting on its perch in the first place was that it had been nailed there.
Palin - 'Course it was nailed there, otherwise it would have muscled up to those bars and voom !
Cleese - Look, matey, this parrot wouldn't "voom" if I put four thousand volts through it. It's bleeding demised.
Palin - It's not, it's pining.
Cleese - It's not pining, it's passed on ! This parrot is no more ! It has ceased to be ! It's expired and gone to meet its maker ! This is a late parrot ! It's a stiff ! Bereft of life it rests in peace, if you hadn't nailed it to the perch it would pushing up the daisies ! It's rung down the curtain and joined the choir invisible ! This is an ex-parrot !
Palin - Well, I'd better replace it then.
Cleese - If you want to get anything done in this country you've got to complain until you're blue in the mouth.
Palin - Sorry, guy, we're right out of parrots.
Cleese - I see, I see, I get the picture
Palin - I've got a slug.
Cleese - Does it talk ?
Palin - Not really, no.
Cleese - Well it's scarcely a replacement, then, is it.

Nous nous excusons de ne pouvoir présenter les traductions des sketches du "matelas" et des "milliardaires" mais ils ne figurent sur aucun de nos ouvrages.