

# SKETCHES



The ticket inspector: . . . . .76

Tea break: . . . . .77

The King of Boonland: . . . . .78

The restaurant: . . . . .80

The doctor: . . . . .82

Gussett and Rose: . . . . .84

Hotel Splendido: . . . . .85

The passport office: . . . . .86

Fire practice: . . . . .88

The post office: . . . . .90

Mr. Jones: . . . . .92

The shoe stall: . . . . .94

The check-in desk: . . . . .96

The police: . . . . .98

The bus stop: . . . . .100

A ticket to Birmingham: . . . . .102





Gerry Thatcher's party: . . . . .104

The army: . . . . .106

The dentist: . . . . .108

Mr. Williams and the postman: . . .110

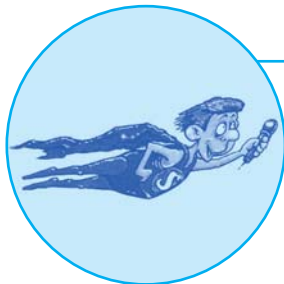
Tourist information: . . . . .112

The bank: . . . . .114

The Superlative vacuum cleaner: . .116



Superman and the psychiatrist: . . .118



The lost property office: . . . . .120

The travel agency: . . . . .122

Gerry Brown's driving test: . . . . .124

Giovanni 's café: . . . . .126

Shakespeare's house: . . . . .128



Mr. Universe: . . . . .130

The new James Bond film: . . . . .132



World record: . . . . .134



## The ticket inspector

Scene : A compartment on a train  
Characters: A passenger on a train, a ticket inspector, a steward and a waiter

The passenger is sitting in a compartment on a train. He is reading a newspaper. The steward opens the door.

Steward: Coffee!

Passenger: No, thanks.  
(The passenger closes the door, and continues reading. The waiter opens the door.)

Waiter: Seats for dinner!

Passenger: No, thanks.  
(The passenger closes the door again, and continues reading. The ticket inspector opens the door.)

Inspector: Tickets!

Passenger: No, thanks.

Inspector: Pardon?

Passenger: I don't want a ticket, thank you.

Inspector: I'm not selling tickets, sir.

Passenger: No?

Inspector: No, I want to see your ticket.

Passenger: Oh, I haven't got a ticket.

Inspector: You haven't got a ticket?

Passenger: No. I never buy a ticket.

Inspector: Why not?

Passenger: Well, they are very expensive, you know.

Inspector: Sir, you're travelling on a train. When people travel on a train, they always buy a ticket.

Passenger: Er

Inspector: And this is a first-class compartment.

Passenger: Yes, it is very nice, isn't it?

Inspector: No, sir. I mean: This is a first-class compartment. When people travel in a first-class compartment, they always buy a first-class ticket.

(They look at each other for a moment.)

Passenger: No, they don't.

Inspector: What?

Passenger: A lot of people don't buy tickets. The Queen doesn't buy a ticket, does she? Eh? Eh?

Inspector: No, sir, but she's a famous person.

Passenger: And what about you? Where's yours?

Inspector: Mine?

Passenger: Yes, yours. Your ticket. Have you got a ticket?

Inspector: Me, sir?

Passenger: Yes, you.

Inspector: No, I haven't got a ticket.

Passenger: Ooh, are you a famous person?

Inspector: (Flattered) Famous? Well, not very (Back to normal) Sir, I am a ticket inspector. I inspect tickets. Are you going to show me your ticket?

Passenger: No, I haven't got a ticket.

Inspector see.  
(The ticket inspector puts his hand into his pocket.)

Passenger: 'What are you going to do?

Inspector: I'm going to write your name in my book.

Passenger: Oh

Inspector: What is your name, sir?

Passenger: Mickey Mouse,

(The inspector begins to write.)

Inspector: Mickey

Passenger: Mouse. M-O-U-S-E.

(The inspector stops writing.)

Inspector: Your name, sir?

Passenger: Karl Marx? William

Shakespeare? Charles

Dickens?

Inspector: I see, sir. Well, if you're not going to tell me your name, please leave the train,

Passenger: Pardon?

Inspector: Leave the train.

Passenger: I can't.

Inspector: You can't what?

Passenger: I can't leave the train.

Inspector: Why not?

Passenger: It's moving,

Inspector: Not now, sir. At the next station.

Passenger: Oh.

Inspector: It's in the book, sir. When you travel by train, you buy a ticket, and if you don't buy a ticket, you

Passenger-Inspector: leave the train.

Inspector: Here we are, sir. We're coming to a station. Please leave the train now.

Passenger: Now?

Inspector: Yes, sir. I'm sorry, but

Passenger: Oh, that's OK.

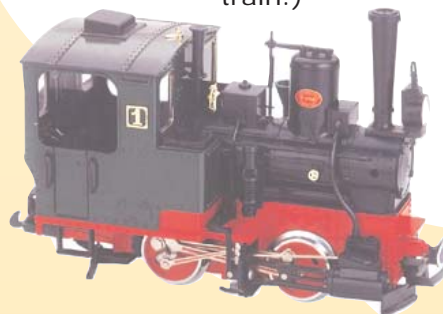
Inspector: it's in the book, and what did you say?

Passenger: I said: That's OK.'

Inspector: OK?

Passenger: Yes, this is my station. Goodbye.

(The passenger leaves the train.)



## Tea break

Scene: A rehearsal room in a theatre  
Characters: Five actors taking a tea break:  
Tom, Jerry, Jane, Martin, Sara

Jerry: All right. That's enough. It's time for a cup of tea.

Tom: Oh, good, A cup of tea. I can't wait.  
(Jerry, Jane, Martin and Sara sit down, there is no chair for Tom)

Jane: OK, Tom, make the tea

Tom: Me

Sara: Yes, make the tea.

Tom: Make the tea? Me?

Jane: Why not?

Tom: All right. What do I have to do? I mean, how do you make tea?

Jerry: Huh! He doesn't know how to make tea!

Tom: OK, Jerry. How do you make tea?

Jerry: Er...I don't know.  
(The others laugh)

Martin: Listen, Tom - it's easy. Put some water in the kettle.

Sara: Put the kettle on the stove.

Jane: Light a match.

Martin: Turn on the gas.

Sara: And light the gas.

Jane: Then put some tea in the teapot -

Tom: It sounds a bit complicated.

Jane: Oh, come on! It's easy!

Martin: Listen, Tom. You don't have to make the tea.

Tom: Oh, good.

Martin: You can get some from the cafe.

Tom: Oh. OK. See you later.

(Tom goes towards the door.)

Jerry: Wait a minute!

Tom: What?

Jane: You don't know what we want yet.

Tom: Oh, yes. Sorry. What do you all want? Sara?

Sara: I'd like a cup of tea - with no milk and no sugar.

Tom: One tea - no milk, no sugar. Jane?

Jane: I'd like a cup of tea - with lots of milk and no sugar.

Tom: Lots of milk - no tea Right.

Jane: No sugar!

Tom: No sugar. Right. Jerry?

Jerry: I'd like a lemon tea and a big cream cake.

Tom: A lemon cake and a cream tea.

Jerry: Careful!

Tom: What do you want, Martin?

Martin: A whisky and soda.

Tom: With milk and sugar?

Martin: Of course.

(Tom wants to check the orders.)

Tom: OK. Let me get this right. Sara, you want a cup of tea, with no milk and no sugar.

Sara: Yes. Oh...No. On second thoughts, I think I'd prefer coffee.

Tom: Coffee.

Sara: Yes, a cup of coffee - with milk and sugar.

Tom: Right. So - it's one coffee with milk and sugar, and one tea with milk and sugar.

Jane: No sugar!

Tom: No sugar. Right. Jerry, you want a lemon tea and a big cream cake.

Jerry: That's right.

Tom: And Martin - you want a whisky and soda.

Martin: With milk and sugar.

Tom: With milk and sugar. Right. OK. See you in a minute.

(Tom leaves. Very soon, he comes back.)

Tom: Right, Here you are. One coffee and soda, one whisky and cream, one lemon and milk, and one big sugar cake. All right?

Jane: Martin?

Martin: Yes?

Jane: Go and make some tea.



## The King of Boonland

Scene: In front of Buckingham Palace  
Characters: A guard, a sergeant, the King of Boonland

The guard and the sergeant march to the sentry-box.

Sergeant: Quick march! Left, right, left, right, left, right, left, right! Halt!... Right turn!. Bradshaw!

Guard: Sir!

Sergeant: You are guarding Buckingham Palace.

Guard: Yes, sir!

Sergeant: Don't forget!

Guard: No, sir!

(The sergeant leaves. The guard stands silently. The King of Boonland comes up to the guard.)

King: Good morning...Hello!...Nice day, isn't it?...Do you speak English?... Sprechen Sie espanol?.I think he's deaf. Oh, well...

(The King starts to go into the Palace.)

Guard: Oh

King: Oh! He can talk!

Guard: Where are you going?

King: I'm going into Buckingham Palace.

Guard: Stand there!

King: I don't want to stand there. I want to go in there.

Guard: Stand there!!

King: Oh, all right,

Guard: Who do you think you are?

King: I'm Fred, King of Boonland.

Guard: Well, listen to me, Fred King -

King: No, no, my name isn't Fred King. I am King Fred.

Guard: Are you trying to tell me that you are a real king?

King: Yes. I am the King of Boonland

Guard: Boonland?

King: Yes

Guard: And where exactly is Boonland?

King: Huh! You don't know where Boonland is?

Guard: No.

King: Oh. OK, look at my map...

(The King finds his map.)

King: Yes, here we are. Now, this is a map of the world.

Guard: Yes.

King: And Boonland is here.

Guard: That is the Atlantic Ocean.

King: Yes - and Boonland is in the middle.

Guard: What? In the middle of the Atlantic?

King: Yes.

Guard: I don't believe you.

King: Eh?

Guard: I think you are trying to get into Buckingham Palace.

King: That's right. I am.

Guard: Well, you can't.

King: Yes, I can. Wait a minute - I can prove I'm the King of Boonland. Look!

Guard: It's a five-pound note.

King: No, it's not five pounds.

Guard: Isn't it?

King: No, it's five boonos.

Guard: Five boonos?

King: Yes.

(The guard looks at the note.)

Guard: Oh, yes! Five boonos. So this is the money you use in Boonland.

King: Yes, it is.

Guard: How many boonos are there in a pound?

King: Half a million.

Guard: Half a million?

King: Yes, and there are one hundred boonitos in a boonos.

Guard: Now, listen to me -

King: Ah! I can prove I'm the King of Boonland. There's a picture of me on the one-boonito coin. Um...Have you got change for ten boonitos?

Guard: No, I haven't!

King: Oh. It's all right. Look - one boonito coin, with a picture of me on it.

Guard: Oh, yes. A picture of you. (The King nods.)

Guard: Tell me - why do you want to go into the Palace?

King: I am here to bring the Queen the good wishes of the people of Boonland.

Guard: The good wishes of the people of Boonland?

King: Yes.

Guard: How many people are there in Boonland?

King: Well, there's me, and my mother, and -

Guard: No, No! All together! What's the population of Boonland?



King: Ah - well, there are the people in the capital -  
Guard: In the capital?  
King: Yes, Boonland City. And there are the people who live in the mountains - we call them 'the mountain people'.  
Guard: Very clever.  
King: And there are the people who live in the lake,  
Guard: In the lake?!  
King: Yes  
Guard: What do you call them?  
King: Stupid.  
(They laugh.)  
Guard: So, there are the people in the capital -  
King: Boonland City.  
Guard: And the people who live in the mountains -  
King: The mountain people.  
Guard: And the people who live in the lake.  
King: The idiots.  
Guard: How many is that all together?  
King: Um. ..Fourteen.  
Guard: Fourteen?!  
King: Yes. And we want to give the Queen a special Boonese present,  
Guard: A special present from Boonland?

King: Yes - here it is!  
(The King takes a banana from his bag.)  
Guard: But that's a banana.  
King: I know.  
Guard: What's so special about a banana?  
King: It isn't an ordinary banana.  
Guard: Isn't it?  
King: No. Put it in your ear.  
Guard: What?!  
King: Put the banana in your ear.  
Guard: Why?  
King: Just put the banana in your ear!  
Guard: All right.  
(The guard puts the banana in his ear.)  
King: Can you hear anything?  
Guard: Oh, yes!  
King: What does it sound like?  
Guard: It sounds like an elephant with toothache.  
King: What?! That is the National Song of Boonland. (He sings) Oh, Boonland!  
Guard: Oh!  
King: It's all right - I'm speaking Boonese. \*/\* is a word in Boonese.  
Guard: And what exactly does \*/\* mean?  
King: It means 'land of sunshine and bananas'  
(The King sneezes.)  
Guard: What does that mean?  
King: It means I've got a bad cold. Now give me the banana, because I don't want to be late for tea with the Queen.  
Guard: Oh, right, sir. Here you are, sir.  
(The guard gives back the banana.)  
King: Thank you very much. Oh, this is for you.  
Guard: What is it?  
King: Half a million boonos.  
Guard: Half a million boonos?!  
King: Yes. Go and buy yourself a cup of tea

■



## The restaurant

Scene: The customers' home in London, and then a restaurant in London

Characters: Customer A, Customer B, the manager of the restaurant Manfred Schmidt, a Spanish guitarist

A and B are at home.

Customer A: Let's go to a restaurant tonight.

Customer B: OK.

Customer A: Somewhere different.

Customer B: All right. Let's have a look in the newspaper. (B opens the newspaper.)

Customer B: Er... Cinemas... Theatres... Restaurants. Ooh, this sounds nice. (Reading) 'London's newest restaurant. The Trattoria Romantica'

Customer A: It sounds good.

Customer B: The Trattoria Romantica. The best French restaurant in London.

Customer A: French?

Customer B: Yes.

Customer A: 'Trattoria Romantica sounds Italian.

Customer B: It says French here.

Customer A: What else does it say?

Customer B: 'Open every evening -'

Customer A: Good.

Customer B: 'from 7.30 to 7.45.'

Customer A: What? Fifteen minutes?

Customer B: It must be a mistake.

Customer A: I hope so. Anything else?

Customer B: Yes. 'Music every evening -'

Customer A: Good.

Customer B: 'from our Spanish guitarist'

Customer A: Spanish guitarist?

Customer B: 'Manfred Schmidt.'

Customer A: Manfred Schmidt?!

Customer B: Yes. Oh, and there's a picture of the manager.

Customer A: What's his name?

Customer B: Stavros Papadopoulos.

Customer A: Stavros Papadopoulos?

Customer B: Yes.

Customer A: But that's a Greek name.

Customer B: Yes.

Customer A: So it's an Italian restaurant, serving French food...The Spanish guitarist has got a German name...And the manager's Greek.

Customer B: That's right. It sounds very international. Let's try it.

Customer A: All right, (Later, They arrive at the restaurant.)

Customer B: Well, here we are - the Trattoria Romantica.

Customer A: There's no one here, (Calling) Hello?

(The manager appears. He is not very friendly.)

Manager: Yes?

Customer A: Oh, good evening. Is this the Trattoria Romantica!

Manager: I don't know. I only work here, Customer A: Pardon?

Manager: Yes, yes, yes. This is the Trattoria Romantica, but we're closed for lunch.

Customer B: Closed for lunch? But it's nine o'clock.

Manager: Ah. In that case, we're closed for breakfast.

Customer B: It's nine o'clock in the evening. (Friendly) Yes, of course it is.

Manager: Just a little joke. Allow me to introduce myself. I am Stavros Papadopoulos, the manager of the Trattoria Romantica. What can I do for you?

Customer B: We'd like a table for two, please.

Manager: Have you got a reservation?

Customer B: Er...No.

Manager: Ah. That's a problem.

Customer A: But the restaurant is empty, Is it? Oh, yes. Er... a table for two...

(He looks around the restaurant.)

Manager: Yes, Here you are a lovely table for two.

Customer A: Thank you.

(A and B sit down at the table.)

Manager: Is everything all right?

Customer B: Yes, thank you.

Manager: Good. That's £12.50, please.

Customer B: What?

Manager: £12.50.

Customer A: What for?

Manager: For the chairs.

Customer A: The chairs?!

Manager: Yes, £6.25 each

Customer B: There must be some mistake.

Manager: Oh, sorry, £6.30. That's £12,60 altogether. And of course £37 for the table,

Customer B: £37 for the table?!

Manager: That's...er...£49.60 altogether.

Customer A: Look here.



Manager: Service not included.  
 Customer B: Service?!  
 Manager: Would you like to pay separately or together?  
 Customer A: Look - we don't want the table or the chairs.  
 Manager: Oh, you want to sit on the floor,  
 Customer B: No, we don't want to take them away,  
 Manager: That's good. We don't have a take-away service.  
 Customer B: We want to sit here and eat something.  
 Manager: Eat something?  
 Customer B: Yes  
 Manager: Ah.  
 Customer B: Can we see the menu, please?  
 Manager: Er...yes. There you are.  
 (He gives them a very small menu.)  
 Customer A: It's a very small menu.  
 Manager: It's a very small restaurant. Now, what would you like?  
 Customer B: (Looking at the menu) let's see, (Reading) 'Egg and chips. Double egg and chips, Double egg and double chips.'  
 Customer A: Um... Isn't this a French restaurant'  
 Manager: Oh, yes. Sorry. Give me the menu.  
 (The manager takes the menu)  
 Manager: Thank you. Have you got a pencil?  
 Customer B: Here you are  
 (B gives the manager a pencil.)  
 Manager: Thank you.  
 (He writes on the menu.)  
 Manager: There is a French menu.  
 (He gives the menu back to B.)  
 Customer B: (Reading) 'Oeuf et pommes frites. Deux oeufs et pommes frites. Deux oeufs et deux pommes frites.'  
 (B puts the menu on the table.)  
 Customer A: What if you don't like eggs?  
 Manager: Have the chips.  
 Customer B: What if you don't like chips?  
 Manager: Have the eggs.  
 Customer A: What if you don't like eggs or chips?  
 Manager: Have a sandwich.  
 Customer B: A sandwich?  
 Manager: Yes, I've got one here in my pocket  
 (He puts a sandwich on the table.)

Customer B: Thank you. Er...what's in this sandwich?  
 Manager: Sand.  
 Customer A: Sand?!  
 Manager: Yes, sand. That's why it's called a sandwich - because of the sand which is inside it.  
 Customer A: (To B) Come on, let's go.  
 Manager: What's the matter? You're not going already, are you?  
 Customer B: Yes.  
 Manager: Why?  
 Customer A: Because this must be the worst restaurant in London.  
 Manager: No, it isn't.  
 Customer B: Isn't it?  
 Manager: No. I've got another one round the corner. It's much worse' than this one. Anyway, people don't come here for the food.  
 Customer A: I'm not surprised.  
 Manager: No, they come here for the music.  
 Customer B: The music?  
 Manager: Yes. Allow me to present Manfred Schmidt and his Spanish guitar.  
 (Manfred comes in with his guitar.)  
 Manfred Ole! Guten Abend, meine Damen und Herren  
 Customer A: Stavros?  
 Manager: Yes?  
 Customer A: What can Manfred play?  
 Manager: Anything you like.  
 Customer A: Really?  
 Manager: Yes, anything at all,  
 Customer A: Good. Tell him to play football.  
 Manager: Football? What do you mean?  
 Customer A: We're leaving. Goodbye,  
 Manager: Oh, goodbye. Do come again. Don't forget, to tell your friends!  
 (A and B leave the restaurant.)  
 Manager: That's the trouble with English people, Manfred.  
 Manfred: What's that, Stavros?  
 Manager: They don't know a good restaurant when they see one.





## The doctor

Scene: A doctor's consulting-room  
Characters: The doctor, a student-doctor, a patient

The doctor is sitting at his desk. The telephone rings, the student-doctor is calling.

Doctor: Hello?  
Student: Doctor Watson?  
Doctor: Yes?  
Student: My name's Smith.  
Doctor: What's the matter with you?  
Student: Nothing, doctor. I'm fine,  
Doctor: Really? In that case, why are you calling?  
Student: Well, I'm a doctor.  
Doctor: You're a doctor?  
Student: Actually, I'm a student-doctor.  
Doctor: You're a student?  
Student: Doctor.  
Doctor: Yes?  
Student: Er... I'm a student-doctor.  
Doctor: Ah! A student-doctor!  
Student: Yes, I'm studying to be a doctor, doctor.  
Doctor: A doctor-doctor? What's a doctor-doctor?  
Student: Well, you're a doctor, doctor.  
Doctor: Am I?  
Student: Yes, and I'd like to come and watch you working.  
Doctor: Fine. Come any time. Goodbye  
(The doctor puts the telephone down. There is a knock at the door.)  
Doctor: Come in!  
(The patient enters. He has one arm in a sling.)  
Patient: Good morning, doctor.  
Doctor: (To the patient) Ah, you must be the student-doctor.  
Patient: Pardon?  
Doctor: Student-doctor.  
Patient: Student-doctor? No. actually. I'm -  
Doctor: Sit down.  
(The patient sits down)  
Doctor: Now, you want to watch me working.  
Patient: Er...No, actually, I'm not a -  
(There is another knock at the door.)  
Doctor: Ah, That'll be my first patient. Come in!  
(The student-doctor comes in.)  
Student: Good morning, doctor,  
Doctor: Good morning (To the student-doctor, indicating the patient) This is a student-doctor. He's come to watch me working, (To the patient, indicating the student-doctor) This is a patient, I'm going to ask her a few questions,

Student: Doctor?  
Doctor: Yes?  
Student: I'm a student-doctor,  
Doctor: Really?  
Student: Yes  
Doctor: (To the patient, indicating the student-doctor) she's a student-doctor, like you  
Patient: I'm not a student-doctor,  
Doctor: You're not a student?  
Patient: Yes?  
Student: I think he's a patient, doctor.  
Doctor: A patient doctor? That's marvelous! Patient doctors are the best kind.  
Student: No! I'm a student-doctor - he's a patient.  
Doctor: I'm a student-doctor - he's a patient.  
Patient: No! I'm a patient - you're a doctor.  
Doctor: I'm a patient - you're a doctor,  
Patient-Student: No!!  
Student: You're a doctor- he's a patient!  
Doctor: You're a doctor, he's a patient!  
Patient- Student: No!!  
Patient: You're a doctor - she's a student-doctor.  
Doctor: You're a doctor - she's a student-doctor.  
Patient Student: No!!  
Student: (Indicating) Student-doctor... doctor... patient, doctor.  
Patient: (Indicating) Patient... doctor... student-doctor, doctor.  
(Doctor Pointing in various directions): Doctor, doctor, doctor, doctor, doctor, doctor! (Indicating correctly) Patient... doctor... student-doctor.  
Student-Patient: Yes"  
Doctor: Well, I'm glad that's all clear. Goodbye.  
Student: Doctor?  
Doctor: Yes?  
Student: I think you should examine the patient.  
Doctor: Examine him?  
Student: Find out what's wrong.  
Doctor: What a good idea! Now, when you examine a patient, the first thing you must do is tell the patient to sit down. You try it.  
Student: (To the patient) Sit down.  
Patient: I'm already sitting down.  
Student: He's already sitting down.  
Doctor: Ah, this is a very common problem. If the patient is already sitting down, don't tell him to sit down.  
Student: Oh. (To the patient) Don't sit down.  
Patient: Oh. Right.  
(The patient stands up.)  
Doctor: Sit down!  
Patient: Right.  
(The patient sits down.)  
Doctor: Now, when the patient is sitting down, what's the first thing you



should do?  
**Student:** Take his temperature?  
 (She feels the patient's forehead.)  
**Doctor:** No.  
**Student:** Feel his pulse?  
 (She feels the patient's pulse) (on his good arm).  
**Doctor:** No.  
**Student:** Tell him to say 'Aah'?  
**Doctor:** Pardon?  
**Student:** Say 'Aah'.  
**Doctor:** 'Aah!'  
**Student:** No - him.  
**Doctor:** 'Himmm!'  
**Student:** No! Tell him to say 'Aah'.  
**Doctor:** Ah! Him! (To the patient) Say 'Aah'.  
**Patient:** Pardon?  
**Doctor:** Say 'Aah'.  
**Patient:** Good!  
**Patient:** Actually, doctor, the problem is my arm -  
**Doctor:** Now we can ask the patient some questions.  
**Student:** Questions?  
**Doctor:** Yes - and here they are.  
 (The doctor gives the student doctor a list of questions.)  
**Doctor:** Go on - you can ask him the questions.  
**Student:** Oh. Right.  
**Doctor:** (To the patient) now listen very carefully, because we have some very important questions for you.  
**Patient:** But doctor, the problem is -  
**Doctor:** (To the student-doctor) Read the first question.  
**Student:** Are you Mrs. Elisabeth Robinson of 45 Shakespeare Avenue?  
**Patient:** No.  
**Doctor:** Correct.  
**Student:** Is this your first baby?  
**Patient:** What?  
**Doctor:** Try the next one.  
**Student:** What is the capital of Uruguay?  
**Patient:** Montevideo.  
**Doctor:** Correct. Well, there's nothing wrong with his South American

geography.  
**Patient:** But doctor -  
**Doctor:** You're fine. You can go now.  
**Student:** Doctor!  
**Doctor:** Yes?  
**Student:** I really think you should examine the patient.  
**Doctor:** Good idea.  
 (The doctor places his stethoscope on the patient's chest.)  
**Doctor:** Cough. (The patient coughs.)  
**Doctor:** Cough. (The patient coughs.)  
**Doctor:** Cough. (The patient coughs.)  
**Doctor:** Cough. (The patient coughs.)  
**Doctor:** Cough. (The patient coughs.)  
**Doctor:** I know what's wrong with him,  
**Student:** What?  
**Doctor:** He's got a cough  
**Student:** He's got a cough?!  
**Doctor:** Yes and I, Doctor Watson, have got the answer.  
 (The doctor produces a bottle of medicine from his pocket.)  
**Doctor:** (Pointing at the bottle) 'Doctor Watson's Universal Cough Remedy.'  
**Student:** 'Doctor Watson's Universal Cough Remedy?'  
**Doctor:** Yes  
**Student:** But what about his arm?  
**Doctor:** Er.. (Pointing at the bottle again) 'Doctor Watson's Universal Cough and Arm Remedy.'  
**Student:** 'Universal Cough and Arm Remedy'?  
**Doctor:** Yes - and this is how it works. He can drink it  
 (He makes the patient drink some of the medicine.)  
**Patient:** Aaargh!  
**Doctor:** But it tastes horrible. Or he can rub it on his back -  
 (He rubs some of the medicine on the patient's back.)  
**Doctor:** But he must mix it with water first.  
**Patient:** Aa...aaa...aaargh!  
**Doctor:** As you can see, he's feeling much better now. All he needs is six months in hospital. Let's take him away.  
**Student:** Where? To the hospital?  
**Doctor:** No, to the bus stop. Come on!  
 (The doctor and the student-doctor help the patient to his feet, and they all leave.)



## Gussett and Rose

Scene: A street  
Characters: Two Englishmen: Albert Gussett and Harold Rose

The two men pass in the street.

Rose: Goodness me!  
Gussett: Well I never!  
Rose: Herbert Bishop!  
Gussett: Arthur Trigwell!  
Rose: No...Actually my name's Harold Rose.  
Gussett: I'm Albert Gussett, as a matter of fact.  
Rose: Albert Gussett, Of course  
Gussett: And you're Harold Rose. Of course you are,  
Rose: Well I never!  
Gussett: Goodness me!  
(They hesitate for a moment.)  
Rose: Well, how are you, then?  
Gussett: Fine, fine, How's Alice?  
Rose: Alice?  
Gussett: Yes, Alice, Your wife's name's Alice, isn't it?  
Rose: No, no...Gloria, actually,  
Gussett: Oh, yes. Gloria Trigwell  
Rose: Er... Rose.  
Gussett: Rose Trigwell?  
Rose: No, Gloria Rose,  
Gussett: Gloria Rose, Of course. How is she?  
Rose: She's very well. How's... ,er...  
Gussett: Doris?  
Rose: Yes, Doris, your wife. How is she?  
Gussett: Oh, she's very well.  
Rose: Good, good.  
Gussett: - but she isn't my wife.  
Rose: No?  
Gussett: I'm not married.  
Rose: Oh.  
Gussett: Doris is my sister.  
Rose: Oh, yes  
(They hesitate again for a moment.)  
Rose: Well, it is a small world, isn't it, Herbert?  
Gussett: Albert.  
Rose: Albert, yes. It seems like yesterday.  
Gussett: Yes, it certainly does...  
Rose: When we were at that awful school together.  
Gussett: School?  
Rose: Yes. Doesn't time fly?  
Gussett: We weren't at school together.  
Rose: Do you remember that awful English teacher with black teeth?  
Gussett: We weren't at school together.  
Rose: Weren't we?  
Gussett: No, we were in the Army together.

Rose: We weren't,  
Gussett: Weren't we?  
Rose: I was in the Navy.  
Gussett: Oh  
(They hesitate again for a moment.)  
Rose: Er... Albert, I mean Herbert -  
Gussett: No, no, Albert's my name.  
Rose: Er, yes...Albert, how do we know each other?  
Gussett: I was just wondering about that myself, er...  
Rose: Harold.  
Gussett: Yes, Harold. Er...Are you an architect?  
Rose: Yes! Are you an architect?  
Gussett: No, I'm a taxi-driver.  
Rose: Oh.  
(They hesitate again.)  
Gussett: Are you interested in boxing?  
Rose: No, not at all.  
Gussett: Ah  
Rose: Do you go to the theatre?  
Gussett: I went once about twenty years ago.  
Rose: I see.  
Gussett: Do you take your holidays in Brighton?  
Rose: No, never.  
Gussett: Mmm.  
Rose: Do you play golf?  
Gussett: No, I don't.  
Rose: Well, that's not it then.  
(They hesitate again.)  
Rose: Do you know. Albert. I don't think we've met before.  
Gussett: No, you're right. We haven't.  
Rose: Well, er...I'm Harold Rose,  
Gussett : And I'm Albert Gussett.  
Rose: How do you do?  
Gussett: How do you do?  
(They shake hands.)



## Hotel Splendido

Scene: The reception desk at a hotel in England  
Characters: The receptionist, an English tourist

The tourist arrives at the reception desk; he is wearing shorts and a very bright, multi-coloured shirt.

Receptionist: Good afternoon, sir. Welcome to the Hotel Splendido.

Tourist: Thank you.

Receptionist: Pointing at the tourist) Good heavens! Look at that!

Tourist: (Alarmed) What? Look at what?

(The receptionist indicates the tourist's shirt.)

Receptionist: Your shirt!

Tourist: My shirt?

Receptionist: Yes!

Tourist: Do you like it?

Receptionist: No!

Tourist: No?

Receptionist: No, It's horrible.

Tourist: I beg your pardon?

Receptionist: It's horrible! But for you, it's a good shirt,

Tourist: Thank you.

Receptionist: Because when people look at you, they look at the shirt.

Tourist: I know.

Receptionist: And that's good - because if they look at the shirt, they don't look at the shorts.

Tourist: What?

Receptionist: And the shorts are really horrible.

Tourist: Now, listen. I didn't come here to be insulted by you.

Receptionist: Oh, you want somebody else to do it, (Calling) Hey, George, come here for a minute!

Tourist: Stop! Look, I want to book a room.

Receptionist: Book a room?

Tourist: Yes. Have you got one?

Receptionist: What? A book or a room?

Tourist: A room! Have you got a room?

Receptionist: Yes, we've got lots of rooms. It's a big hotel.

Tourist: Yes, but have you got a room free?

Receptionist: Free?

Tourist: Yes.

Receptionist: No! You have to pay for it!

Tourist: I mean, Have you got a room with no one in it?

Receptionist: I don't know.

Tourist: Well, can you have a look in the book?

Receptionist: Pardon?

Tourist: Have a look in the book.

Receptionist: A look in the book?

Tourist: Yes. Have a look in the book.

Receptionist: OK.

(The receptionist picks up the guest registration book, opens it, looks quickly at it and closes it again.)

Receptionist: OK. I've had a look in the book.

Tourist: And what do you think?

Receptionist: It's a nice book.

Tourist: Look! Have you got a room, or haven't you?

Receptionist: OK, OK. OK!  
(The receptionist looks at the book again.)

Receptionist: Yes, we've got a room.

Tourist: Good.

Receptionist: A single room.

Tourist: No good, I need a double room

Receptionist: Ah yes, for you and your shirt.

Tourist: No! For me and my wife. She's arriving this evening.

Receptionist: Ah (Looking at the book again) Yes, we've got a double room.

Tourist: Good! How much is it?

Receptionist: How much?

Tourist: Yes

Receptionist: (Demonstrating with her arms) It's about this long and about this wide and about this high.

Tourist: No! Not how big, how much?

Receptionist: Ah! Ten pounds.

Tourist: Ten pounds.

Receptionist: Yes. Ten pounds for you, ten pounds for your wife, and fifty pounds for the horrible shirt.

Tourist: Fifty pounds for the shirt?! That's ridiculous!

Receptionist: It's a ridiculous shirt!

Tourist: Now you listen to me. I don't like your attitude.

Receptionist: I don't like your shirt,

Tourist: I'm going to complain to the manager.

Receptionist: She's not here.

Tourist: Where is she?

Receptionist: In hospital.

Tourist: In hospital? Oh dear. Did she have an accident?

Receptionist: Not exactly. She had dinner in the hotel.

Tourist: Well, I would just like to say that you are the most unhelpful, the most unpleasant, the worst receptionist that I have met in my life.

Receptionist: (Pleased) Thank you very much.

Tourist: And I am going to report you to the manager!

Receptionist: Fine. Shall I give you the phone number of the hospital?

Tourist: Right, that's enough! My wife and I are not going to stay at this hotel, I'll go and book a room at the hotel next door.

Receptionist: OK. See you there.

Tourist: Pardon?

Receptionist: I'll see you there.

Tourist: What?

Receptionist: This is my last day at this hotel. I lost my job this morning, I start work tomorrow at the hotel next door.

Tourist: (Leaving) Oh, no!

Receptionist: See you tomorrow!



## The passport office

Scene: A passport office in Britain  
Characters: The passport office clerk, a man who wants a passport, the man's girl-friend

The clerk is working at her desk. The man comes in and coughs twice.

Clerk: Oh, good morning. Can I help you?  
Man: Yes. Have you got any passports?  
Clerk: Yes, we have.  
Man: Oh, good. The shop next door hasn't got any. I'd like twenty, please.  
Clerk: Twenty?  
Man: Yes. All different colors.  
Clerk: I'm sorry. That's impossible.  
Man: All right. All the same color.  
Clerk: No, no - it's impossible to have twenty passports.  
Man: Is it?  
Clerk: Yes. You can only have one.  
Man: Oh, all right. One passport, please. (He offers some money.)  
Clerk: Just a minute. It isn't as easy as that. You have to answer some questions.  
Man: Oh,  
Clerk: What kind of passport do you want?  
Man: What kind of passport?  
Clerk: Yes  
Man: A big round yellow one.  
Clerk: We've only got small blue rectangular ones. When I say 'What kind?' I mean: How long?  
Man: How long?  
Clerk: How long? Five years? Ten years?  
Man: I want it today,  
Clerk: No, I mean: How long do you want it to last?  
Man: How long do I want it to last?  
Clerk: Yes  
Man: A hundred years.  
Clerk: A hundred years?!  
Man: Yes.  
Clerk: You can't have a passport for a hundred years.  
Man: Why not?  
Clerk: Er...I don't know. All right - a passport for a hundred years. Now, we have to fill in this form, Er..Do sit down.  
Man: Oh, thank you. He sits down.



Clerk: Now...first question. Name  
Man: William Shakespeare.  
Clerk: William Shakespeare?  
Man: Yes  
Clerk: Is that your name?  
Man: No, but it's a very nice name.  
Clerk: Yes, but what's your name?  
Man: Oh, my name. Sorry.  
Clerk: Well, what is it?  
Man: Smith.  
Clerk: (Writing) Smith,  
Man: (In a high voice) That's right. Smith, S-M-I-T-H.  
Clerk: Pardon?  
Man: Smith, that's right.  
Clerk: And what's your first name, Mr. Smith?  
Man: (In a high voice) Charles.  
Clerk: Pardon?  
Man: Charles.  
Clerk: (Writing) Charles.  
Man: (In a low voice) That's right. (The clerk is puzzled.)  
Clerk: Mr. Smith?  
Man: (In a high voice) Yes?  
Clerk: There's something rather strange about the way you speak.  
Man: Is there?  
Clerk: Yes. When I say your family name -  
Man: Smith,  
Clerk: Yes, Smith  
Man: (In a high voice) Yes?  
Clerk: Your voice goes up.  
Man: Does it?  
Clerk: Yes. And when I say your first name  
Man: Charles.  
Clerk: Yes, Charles  
Man: (In a low voice) Yes?  
Clerk: Your voice goes down.



Man: Er...yes, it's true. It's a very big problem when I'm having a conversation.

Clerk: That's right.

Man: But there is a solution.

Clerk: What is it?

Man: You can call me by a different name.

Clerk: A different name?

Man: Yes. Then we can have a normal conversation.

Clerk: Oh, good. What name would you like?

Man: Brunhilde.

Clerk: What?

Man: Call me Brunhilde.

Clerk: Brunhilde -

Man: Schwarzkopf.

Clerk: I beg your pardon?

Man: Schwarzkopf. Brunhilde Schwarzkopf. Just write it down.

Clerk: (Suspicious) Write it down?

Man: Oh, yes - you must write it down. You see, if I see my real name on a piece of paper, my voice goes funny. (In a high voice) Look, there it is (He tops the form.)

Man: (In a high voice) - Quick! Smith! Cross it out! Cross it out!

Clerk: Oh. Right.  
(The clerk crosses out his name.)

Man: That's better.

Clerk: (Writing) Now...Brunhilde Schwarzkopf. Well, Miss Schwarzkopf, there are one or two more questions. Er...Question two: Address.

Man: Pardon?

Clerk: Address.

Man: No, it isn't.

Clerk: What?

Man: It isn't a dress. I'm not wearing a dress. It's a raincoat.

Clerk: No, no - address, address!

Man: No, no - a raincoat, a raincoat!

Clerk: Look - where do you live?

Man: Oh, where do I live?

Clerk: Yes.

Man: Round the corner.

Clerk: Can you be more exact?

Man: Er...just round the corner.

Clerk: Brunhilde! What is your address?

Man: OK, OK. My address is 14...Brunhilde Street.

Clerk: (Writing) 14, Bain - Ah! That means 14 Smith Street, doesn't it?

Man: (In a high voice) No - 14, Charles Street.

Clerk: 14, Charles Street.

Man: (In a low voice) That's right.

Clerk: Now. ...nationality.

Man: Er...just write 'British'.

Clerk: Are you British?

Man: It doesn't matter. Just write 'British'.

Clerk: Brunhilde, are you or are you not British?

Man: That is a very good question.

Clerk: And what is the answer?

Man: It's a bit complicated.

Clerk: All right, then. Let's start at the beginning. Where were you born?

Man: I don't remember.

Clerk: You don't remember.

Man: No

Clerk: Why not?

Man: I was very young at the time.

Clerk: Well, what about your father and mother?

Man: They were older than me.

Clerk: Brunhilde! Tell me about your mother.

Man: She was very nice...tall, with a long black beard.

Clerk: Your mother?

Man: Oh no, that was my father...

Clerk: (Angry) All right! That's enough! I don't want to hear any more! Just take your passport

Man: Oh, thank you.  
(She gives him a passport.)

Clerk: put a photograph in it, and go anywhere in the world. But don't come back here!  
(She leaves the office.)

Man: Hmm...A British passport, in the name of Brunhilde Schwarzkopf. Excellent. Brunhilde!  
(His girl-friend Brunhilde, comes in.)

Brunhilde: Ja?

Man: I've got a passport for you.

Brunhilde: Ja?

Man: Now we can go anywhere in the world.

Brunhilde: Ja?

Man: What about a holiday in the sun?

Brunhilde: Ja?

Man: (To himself) She doesn't understand a word I say,

Brunhilde: Ja?



## Fire practice

Scene: A fire Station  
Characters: Boggins, Coggins, Foggins

The fire chief is in the fire station.  
Someone knocks loudly at the door.

Fire chief: Come in! (Foggins comes in.)  
Foggins: Don't panic!!!  
Fire chief: Can I help you?  
Foggins: Yes, I want a job.  
Fire chief: You want a job?  
Foggins: Yes. I want to be a fireman.  
Fire chief: You want to be a fireman?  
Foggins: That's right.  
Fire chief: Why do you want to be a fireman?  
Foggins: Well, I like smashing things - like doors, and windows, and tables.  
Fire chief: Well, I don't know...  
Foggins: Please  
Fire chief: What's your name?  
Foggins: Foggins.  
Fire chief: Foggins?  
Foggins: Yeah, 'Smasher' Foggins.  
Fire chief: Well, Mr. Foggins, do you know anything about the Fire Service? For example, what is the most important thing in a fireman's equipment?  
Foggins: What is...the meaning of the word 'equipment'?  
Fire chief: Equipment...you know...things, What is the most important thing a fireman's got?  
Foggins: His axe.  
Fire chief: Wrong.  
Foggins: What is it, then?  
Fire chief: His telephone.  
Foggins: His telephone?  
Fire chief: Yes, Foggins.  
Foggins: You can't smash doors with a telephone.  
Fire chief: That's right, Foggins, But when this telephone rings, someone is in trouble. When this telephone rings, someone needs help. When this telephone rings, someone needs the Fire Service. (The telephone rings. The fire chief answers it.)

Fire chief: Not now, I'm busy.  
(He puts down the telephone.)  
Fire chief: (To Foggins) So, Foggins, the most important part of our equipment is,  
Foggins: the telephone.  
Fire chief: Right! OK, Foggins, I've got an idea, you can do fire practice today with the new firemen. Would you like to meet them?  
Foggins: Yes, please,  
Fire chief: Good. Boggins!  
(Boggins comes in.)  
Boggins: Sir!  
Fire chief: Coggins!  
(Coggins comes in.)  
Coggins: Sir!  
Fire chief: Foggins, This is Boggins and Coggins. Boggins, Coggins and Foggins, Coggins, Foggins and Foggins. Right - fire practice. Question one. Boggins!  
Boggins: Yes, sir!  
Fire chief: Where do most fires start?  
Boggins: In a box of matches, sir.  
Fire chief: No. Coggins?  
Coggins: Don't know, sir.  
Fire chief: Foggins?  
Foggins: What was the question again?  
Fire chief: Where do most fires start?  
Foggins: At the fire station.  
Fire chief: No, Foggins. The answer is: In your house.  
Foggins: What?!  
Fire chief: Yes, Foggins. In your house.  
Foggins: Well, I'm not staying here, then.  
(Foggins goes towards the door.)  
Fire chief: Where are you going?  
Foggins: I'm going home.  
Fire chief: Why?  
Foggins: You said most fires start in my house.  
Fire chief: Not in your house, Foggins, In everybody's house  
Boggins, Coggins, Foggins: What?!  
(They panic. The fire chief blows his whistle.)  
Fire chief: Look - don't panic. It's just an expression. It means 'houses in general'.  
Boggins, Coggins, Foggins: Oh!  
Fire chief: Now, question two, Coggins!  
Coggins: Sir!  
Fire chief: What should you do if there's a fire in your house?  
Coggins: Go next door, sir.  
Fire chief: No, Coggins. You should call the Fire Service.  
Coggins: Ooh, good idea, sir.  
Fire chief: And that's where we start work. Because the most important part of our equipment is..



Boggins Coggins Foggins: the telephone!  
 Fire chief: Right! Now, telephone practice.  
 Boggins:  
 Boggins: Sir!  
 Fire chief: Give the telephone to Coggins.  
 Boggins: Sir!  
 (Boggins gives the telephone to Coggins.)  
 Fire chief: Coggins!  
 Coggins: Sir?  
 Fire chief: You are the telephone. Foggins!  
 Foggins: What?  
 Fire chief: You are the telephone bell.  
 Foggins: What do you mean?  
 Fire chief: When I blow my whistle, make a ringing noise. Telephone practice - begin!  
 (The fire chief blows his whistle. Foggins makes a noise like an ambulance.)  
 Fire chief: Not an ambulance, Foggins - a telephone! Start again.  
 The fire chief blows his whistle again.  
 Foggins: Ring, ring. Ring, ring.  
 Fire chief: Boggins,  
 Foggins: Ring, ring.  
 Boggins: Yes, sir?  
 Foggins: Ring, ring.  
 Fire chief: The telephone's ringing,  
 Foggins: Ring, ring.  
 Boggins: No, it isn't sir.  
 Foggins: Ring, ring,  
 Boggins: It's Foggins, sir. He's going 'Ring, ring', sir.  
 Foggins: Ring, ring.  
 Boggins: There you are, sir.  
 Fire chief: Boggins, answer the telephone!  
 Foggins: Ring, ring.  
 Boggins: All right, sir.  
 Boggins picks up the telephone.  
 Foggins: Ring, ring. Ring, ring,  
 Fire chief: Foggins!  
 Foggins: Ring, what?  
 Fire chief: Stop it!  
 Foggins: Brrrrrr.  
 Boggins: Nobody there, sir.  
 Fire chief: Let's start again.  
 (Boggins puts down the telephone.)  
 Fire chief: Telephone practice - begin!  
 The fire chief blows his whistle again.  
 Foggins: Ring, ring. Ring, ring.  
 (Boggins picks up the telephone.)  
 Boggins: Hello?  
 Fire chief: Fire station.  
 Boggins: Oh, hello fire station!  
 Fire chief: No, Boggins! You are the fire station.  
 Boggins: Oh, yes. Sorry, sir. Hello? Fire station.

Fire chief: (In a high voice) Help! Help!  
 Boggins: Is something wrong, sir?  
 Fire chief: No, Boggins. I am an old lady. I'm an old lady, and my house is on fire. That's why I'm calling the fire station  
 Boggins: I see, sir.  
 Fire chief: Continue.  
 Boggins: Hello, old lady. Can I help you?  
 Fire chief: (In a high voice) Yes. There's a fire in my kitchen.  
 Boggins: OK, We're on our way.  
 (Boggins puts down the telephone.)  
 Boggins: Was that all right, sir?  
 Fire chief: Boggins, where is the fire?  
 Boggins: In the old lady's kitchen, sir.  
 Fire chief: Where is the old lady's kitchen?  
 Boggins: In the old lady's house, sir.  
 Fire chief: Where is the house?  
 Boggins: Oh, dear!  
 (The telephone rings.)  
 Fire chief: Foggins, stop making that noise  
 Foggins: It's not me, it's the telephone.  
 Fire chief: Is it? Oh, right. Coggins!  
 Coggins: Sir?  
 Fire chief: Answer the telephone,  
 Coggins: Sir!  
 (Coggins answers the telephone.)  
 Coggins: Yes...Yes...Yes...Yes...Yes...Yes.  
 OK, we're on our way.  
 (Coggins puts down the telephone.)  
 Fire chief: Very good, Coggins. What is it?  
 Coggins: A fire, sir.  
 Fire chief: Did you get the name?  
 Coggins: Yes, sir.  
 Fire chief: Did you get the address?  
 Coggins: Yes, sir.  
 Fire chief: Do you know how to get there?  
 Coggins: Yes, sir.  
 Fire chief: Right. Get in line and don't panic. This is your first fire. Coggins, where's the fire?  
 Coggins: In Railway Street, sir,  
 Fire chief: In Rail - In Railway Street?!  
 Coggins: Yes, sir.  
 Fire chief: What number?  
 Coggins: Number 44, sir.  
 Fire chief: What?! Quick! Hurry up! Get out of here and do something!  
 Foggins: All right, all right you said 'Don't panic'  
 Fire chief: Never mind 'Don't panic'. Panic!  
 Boggins: What's the matter, sir? It's just a house on fire.  
 Fire chief: Yes, but it's my house! Panic!  
 (They panic.)





## The post office

Scene: A post office in Britain  
Characters: The post office clerk, a customer

The clerk is behind the counter. Some distance from the counter, there is a sign which says 'Wait here'. The customer enters and waits by the sign.

Clerk: Good morning.  
(The customer does not react.)  
Clerk: Good morning!  
(The customer still does not react.)  
Clerk: Can I help you?  
Customer: Pardon?  
Clerk: Can I help you?  
Customer: I can't hear you!  
Clerk: Can I help you?!  
Customer: I can't hear you. You're too far away  
Clerk: Well, come over here.  
Customer: Pardon?  
Clerk: Come over here!!  
Customer: Come over there?  
Clerk: Yes!!!  
Customer: I can't. I've got to wait here.  
Clerk: No, you haven't.  
Customer: Yes I have. This sign says 'Wait here'.  
Clerk: Yes, but you're the only customer. So you can come over here!  
Customer: Oh. Right.  
(The customer goes to the counter.)  
Clerk: Now...can I help you?  
Customer: Can I send a parcel to Australia?  
Clerk: Yes, you can  
Customer: Good, I want to send this to my daughter.  
(The customer produces a large parcel from her bag. The parcel is shaped like a fish.)  
Clerk: What's this? (Reading the label on the parcel) 'Contents: One coffee-pot. A coffeepot?  
Customer: Yes.  
Clerk: It doesn't look like a coffee-pot.  
Customer: Doesn't it?  
Clerk: No.  
(The clerk bangs the parcel on the counter.)

Customer: Be careful  
Clerk: And it doesn't sound like a coffee-pot. And...(Sniffing the parcel) ...it doesn't smell like a coffee-pot. It smells like a fish,  
Customer: All right, all right, it's a fish.  
Clerk: Well, I'm sorry, you can't send a fish by post.  
Customer: Why not?  
Clerk: Look. It's in the book: 'No food by post.'  
Customer: (Reading from the book) 'No food by post.' Food?! This isn't food! This is Napoleon!  
Clerk: Napoleon?  
Customer: Yes, Napoleon. He's my daughter's fish. And my daughter lives in Australia. That's why I want to send him to Australia.  
Clerk: Well, you can't send him by post.  
Customer: Please!  
Clerk: No  
Customer: Please!!  
Clerk: Oh, all right. But there's no name on the parcel.  
Customer: Oh, sorry, (She starts writing) 'Nap-o-le-'  
Clerk: Not the name of the fish, Your daughter's name. What is your daughter's name?  
Customer: Josephine,  
Clerk: Josephine, and what is her second name?  
Customer: Elisabeth.  
Clerk: No - when I said 'her second name', I meant her family name. What is her family name?  
Customer: It's the same as mine.  
Clerk: Yes. But what is it?  
Customer: Wellington  
Clerk: Wellington.  
Customer: Yes.  
Clerk: So...your daughter's name is Josephine Elisabeth: Wellington  
Customer: Yes  
Clerk: Address?  
Customer: Pardon?  
Clerk: Address, Where does she live in Australia?  
Customer: Er...  
Clerk: Sydney?  
Customer: No  
Clerk: Melbourne?  
Customer: No.  
Clerk: Adelaide?



Customer: Adelaide!  
 Clerk: Adelaide,  
 Customer: No. Ah, I remember - Vienna!  
 Clerk: Vienna?  
 Customer: Vienna.  
 Clerk: Vienna's in Austria.  
 Customer: That's what I said.  
 Clerk: No, you didn't. You said 'Australia'.  
 Customer: Did I?  
 Clerk: So this is going to Josephine Wellington in Vienna, Austria.  
 Customer: Yes, How much is it?  
 Clerk: That depends on the weight.  
 Customer: Pardon?  
 Clerk: Weight,  
 Customer: Oh. OK.  
 (The customer starts walking back to the 'Wait here' sign.)  
 Clerk: No! I didn't say (Indicating the sign) 'wait'. I said (Indicating the scales on the counter) 'weight'.  
 (The clerk weighs the parcel.)  
 Clerk: Two and a half kilos. That's £17.50.  
 Customer: £17,50?! That's very expensive,  
 Clerk: Well, he is going by air.  
 Customer: By air? Napoleon can't go by air!  
 Clerk: Why not?  
 Customer: He's a fish, not a bird.  
 Clerk: No, he's going on an aero plane  
 Customer: On an aero plane?  
 Clerk: Yes  
 Customer: How extraordinary! I'm going on an aero plane today.  
 Clerk: Really?  
 Customer: Yes. I'm going to visit my daughter.  
 Clerk: Your daughter Josephine?

Customer: Yes.  
 Clerk: In Vienna?  
 Customer: Yes.  
 Clerk: Well, why don't you take Napoleon with you?  
 Customer: Take Napoleon with me?  
 Clerk: Yes. On the aero plane.  
 Customer: Take Napoleon with me on the aero plane?  
 Clerk: Yes! To Vienna!  
 Customer: Of course! Take Napoleon with me on the aero plane to Vienna!  
 Clerk: Yes!  
 Customer: And then when I get to Vienna,..  
 Clerk: Yes!!  
 Customer: ...I can post him from there!  
 (The customer picks up the parcel and leaves.)



## Mr. Jones

Scene: An office, at four o'clock one afternoon  
Characters: A girl, Mr. Charles Jones, a second 'Mr. Jones', a third 'Mr. Jones'

Mr. Jones goes into an office.

Mr. Jones: Good afternoon.

Girl: Good afternoon.

Mr. Jones: My name's Jones. Charles Jones. I come from Wales, from Cardiff. I saw an advertisement in the newspaper. It said: 'Charles Jones. Money. Four o'clock. Tuesday afternoon.' And it gave this address.

Girl: Ah yes. Wait in here please, Mr. Jones.  
(She takes Mr. Jones into another office.)

Mr. Jones: Thank you.

Girl: With these two gentlemen.

Mr. Jones: Oh, thank you. (The girl goes out.)

Mr. Jones: Good afternoon.

Mr. Jones 2: Good afternoon.

Mr. Jones: Good afternoon.

Mr. Jones 3: Good afternoon.

Mr. Jones: Nice day, isn't it?

Mr. Jones 2: Yes.

Mr. Jones 3: Yes, it is.

(The girl comes in.)

Girl: Now - Mr. Jones?

Mr. Jones, Mr. Jones 2, Mr. Jones 3: Yes?

Girl: Mr. Jones?

Mr. Jones Mr. Jones 2 Mr. Jones 3: Yes?

Girl: Which one of you is Mr. Jones?

Mr. Jones: I am

Mr. Jones 2: So am I,

Mr. Jones 3: So am I.

Mr. Jones: No, my name's Jones,

Mr. Jones 2: So's mine.

Mr. Jones 3: So's mine,

Girl: I want to speak to Mr. Charles Jones

Mr. Jones: Charles Jones! That's me!

Mr. Jones 2: No, I'm Charles Jones.

Mr. Jones 3: That's my name, too!

Girl: Charles Edward Jones.

Mr. Jones: Yes! My name is Charles Edward Jones.

Mr. Jones 3: So's mine.

Mr. Jones 2: Mine is, too!

Girl: I want to speak to Mr. Charles Edward Jones from Cardiff.

Mr. Jones: That's right. I come from Cardiff.

Mr. Jones 2: So do I

Mr. Jones 3: So do I.

Girl: The Mr. Jones I want to see has got three children.

Mr. Jones: Yes, that's me! I've got three children.

Mr. Jones 3: So have I.

(The other man hesitates.)

Girl: What about you?

Mr. Jones 2: I've got three children.

Mr. Jones: You haven't! What are they called?

Mr. Jones 2: What are yours called?

Mr. Jones: Alan. Michael and David.

Mr. Jones 2: So are mine.

Mr. Jones 3: What a coincidence! So are mine.

Girl: So you all say you're Mr. Jones?

Mr. Jones 2, Mr. Jones 3: Yes.

Girl: And you all saw the advertisement in the newspaper.

Mr. Jones 2 : Yes.

Girl: (Very seriously) Well, Mr. Charles Edward Jones, who lives in Cardiff, and has three children, hasn't paid any tax for the last five years. He must pay the government five thousand pounds.

Mr. Jones 2: Er... actually my name isn't Jones,

Mr. Jones 3: Nor is mine, and I don't live in Cardiff, either.



Mr. Jones 2: Nor do I. I live in...Edinburgh, as a matter of fact. I didn't understand the advertisement.

Mr. Jones 3: Nor did I, I didn't realize it meant Charles Edward Jones.

Mr. Jones 2: Nor did I. My name isn't Charles Edward Jones.

Mr. Jones 3: Nor is mine. He's the man you're looking for.

Mr. Jones: Oh dear.

Mr. Jones 2: Yes, of course he is! Sorry to have troubled you. Goodbye.

Mr. Jones 3: Yes, sorry to have troubled you. Goodbye. (The two men leave)

Girl: So you're Mr. Jones,

Mr. Jones: Yes.

Girl: Congratulations!

Mr. Jones: Eh?

Girl: You're a rich man.

Mr. Jones: I'm not!

Girl: Yes, you are. You've got a lot of money!

Mr. Jones: I haven't. I can't pay that tax.

Girl: There isn't any tax!

Mr. Jones: I haven't got - No tax?

Girl: No. That was just a story. I had to find the real Mr. Jones.

Mr. Jones: Why?

Girl: Because the real Mr. Jones is a very rich man.

Mr. Jones: I don't understand.

Girl: Mr. Jones - Charlie. Your great-uncle Max died last week.

Mr. Jones: Oh, no...

Girl: And his money goes to you!

Mr. Jones: To me? But great-uncle Max was a millionaire!

Girl: That's right.

Mr. Jones: So now I'm a millionaire?

Girl: Er...no.

Mr. Jones: Oh.

Girl: You're half a millionaire.

Mr. Jones: Half a millionaire? Which half? The top half or the bottom half?

Girl: No, no, no. You share the money with one other relation.

Mr. Jones: Half a millionaire! Who do I share the money with?

Girl: Me!

Mr. Jones: You?

Girl: Yes, I'm your cousin Jane.

Mr. Jones: Cousin Jane? Really? You've grown up!

Girl: So have you.

Mr. Jones: And now you're half a millionaire.

Girl: And so are you! Let's go out and celebrate.

Mr. Jones: Good idea! Let's go out and celebrate! Come on! (He opens the door.)

Mr. Jones: Oh...er...Jane?

Girl: Yes?

Mr. Jones: Have you got enough money for the bus fare?

■



## The shoe stall

Scene: A shoe stall in a street market in Britain

Characters: Honest Harry, the stallholder, a customer

The stallholder is standing at his stall; he has a small card in his hat, saying 'Honest Harry'. The customer comes to the stall, carrying a shoe-box.

Harry: Good morning, madam. Can I help you?

Customer: Are you Honest Harry?

Harry: E... maybe. Why?

Customer: I want to make a complaint to Honest Harry.

Harry: A complaint?

Customer: Yes

Harry: In that case, I'm not Honest Harry.

Customer: What?

Harry: Honest Harry's on holiday.

Customer: Oh, (Noticing the card in his hat) Wait a minute - your hat says 'Honest Harry'.

Harry: Oh, yes this is Honest Harry's hat. I'm wearing it while he's on holiday.

Customer: What?!

Harry: I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll give you Harry's telephone number, in Argentina.

Customer: Now listen to me.

Harry: All right, all right, all right. I am Honest Harry. What's the problem?

(The customer puts the shoe-box on the stall.)

Customer: Well, my husband came here yesterday,

Harry: Oh, really?

Customer: Yes. And he bought these shoes.

(The customer takes two shoes from the box (one is red, the other is green) and closes it.)

Harry: Yes?

Customer: Well, my husband can't wear these.

Harry: Why not? Are they too big?

Customer: No.

Harry: Too small?

Customer: No.

Harry: So what's the problem?

Customer: They're not the same colour.

Harry: Not the same colour?

Customer: That's right.

Harry: Not the same colour as what?

Customer: They're not the same colour as each other! One of them's red and the other one's green.

Harry: Oh, yes! One of them's red and the other one's green,

Customer: Yes!

Harry: I see! So which one are you complaining about?

Customer: Pardon?

Harry: Which one don't you like?

Customer: Look, there's nothing wrong with the shoes -

Harry: Good.

Customer: but they're not a pair,

Harry: No, you're right, madam. They're not a pair. This is a pear.

(Harry produces a pear and bites it.)

Harry: Mmm, delicious!

Customer: I don't think you're taking this very seriously.

Harry: Sorry, madam. Let's start at the beginning. Your husband bought these shoes.

Customer: Yes.

Harry: From me.

Customer: Yes.

Harry: And you're not satisfied with them.

Customer: That's right. I'm not satisfied at all.

Harry: What do you mean, exactly?

Customer: What do you mean: 'What do I mean'?

Harry: What do I mean what do you mean?

Customer: Yes.

Harry: What I mean is this; Are you: (A) 'Unhappy', (B) 'Annoyed', (C) 'Angry', or (D) 'Suicidal'?

Customer: Well, I'm unhappy

Harry: You're unhappy.

Customer: Yes.

Harry: You're not annoyed.

Customer: No, well, yes, I am.

Harry: So you're annoyed.

Customer: Yes.



Harry: You're not just unhappy - you're annoyed.

Customer: Yes.

Harry: But you're not angry.

Customer: No.

Harry: You're sure?

Customer: Yes.

Harry: Oh, you are angry.

Customer: No! I'm sure I'm not angry!

Harry: You're not angry.

Customer: I'm not angry!

Harry: Well, you look angry to me.

Customer: All right, I'm angry!

Harry: You're angry! Right. But not suicidal.

Customer: That's right.

Harry: Good. You're angry!

Customer: Yes!

Harry: Now, are you: (A) 'Very angry', (B) 'Very very angry', (C) 'Extremely angry', or (D) 'Absolutely furious'?

Customer: Look, this is stupid.

Harry: Oh, it's stupid, is it?

Customer: Yes, it's stupid.

Harry: I see. Would you say it's: (A) 'Very stupid', (B) 'Very very stupid', (C) 'Completely stupid', or (D) 'Absolutely idiotic'?

Customer: Look, all I want to do is change these shoes.

Harry: Change the shoes? Well, why didn't you say so? You're very lucky, madam, because I have here another pair of shoes that are very similar.  
(Harry produces the corresponding red shoe and green shoe, and puts them on the stall.)

Customer: No. wait a minute - that's a red one and a green one as well.

Harry: You're quite right. OK. let me change this red one for this green one.  
(He does so, making a red pair and a green pair.)

Customer: Thank you.

Harry: And this green one for this red one.  
(He does so, making two mixed pairs again.)

Harry: Satisfied?

Customer: No.

Harry: All right then. I'll change this

green one for this red one...  
(He does so, making a red pair and a green pair.)

Harry: ...and this red one for this green one.  
(He does so, making two mixed pairs again.)

Customer: Look -

Harry: Just a minute - I've got a better idea. Your husband bought this pair of shoes...  
(He indicates one mixed pair.)

Harry: ...so if you buy this pair as well...  
(He indicates the other mixed pair.)

Customer: Yes?

Harry: ...you can have one pair, and your husband can have the other.

Customer: All right. (Putting the two pairs into her bag) One pair...two pairs. How much is that?

Harry: Twenty pounds.

Customer: Twenty pounds. (Giving Harry a £20 note) Here you are.

Harry: No - it's twenty pounds a pair. That's forty pounds.

Customer: Forty pounds?

Harry: Yes.

Customer: But my husband paid you twenty pounds yesterday.

Harry: Did he?

Customer: Yes. So you owe me twenty pounds.

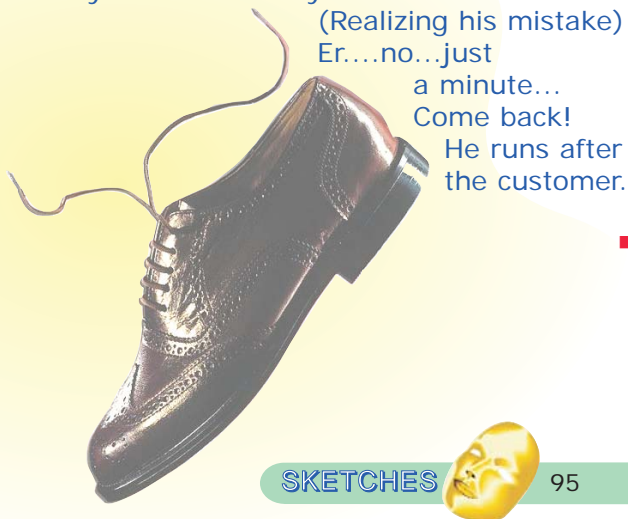
Harry: (Confused) Do I?

Customer: Yes.

Harry: Oh. (Giving back the £20 note) Here you are then.

Customer: Thank you. Goodbye.  
(The customer leaves.)

Harry: Goodbye.



(Realizing his mistake)  
Er...no...just  
a minute...  
Come back!  
He runs after  
the customer.

## The check-in desk

Scene: The 'Elephant Airlines' check-in desk at an international airport in Britain  
Characters: The check-in clerk, an English traveler, Captain Strange (a pilot)

The traveler comes to the check-in desk. He is carrying just one small bag, as hand luggage.

Clerk: Good morning, sir. Can I help you?  
Traveler: Monte Carlo!  
Clerk: Pardon?  
Traveler: Monte Carlo!  
Clerk: Oh! Hello, Mr. Carlo.  
Traveler: No! I want to fly to Monte Carlo.  
Clerk: Oh, I see!  
Traveler: Can I check in here?  
Clerk: For the flight to Monte Carlo?  
Traveler: Yes.  
Clerk: Who are you flying with?  
Traveler: Pardon?  
Clerk: Who are you flying with?  
Traveler: Nobody - I'm going by myself.  
Clerk: No, sir. I mean, which airline are you flying with?  
Traveler: Oh. Elephant Airlines, Here's my ticket.  
Clerk: Thank you.  
Traveler: This is my first flight, you know.  
Clerk: Well, I'm sure you'll enjoy it, sir. (Reading from the ticket) Elephant Airlines, Flight 999 to Monte Carlo.  
Traveler: Err...Why is it called 'Elephant Airlines'?  
Clerk: Well, sir, the planes are very big.  
Traveler: (Pleased) Ah.  
Clerk: They move very slowly.  
Traveler: (Uneasy) Ah.  
Clerk: And they make a strange noise.  
Traveler: A strange noise?  
Clerk: Yes. A noise like an elephant. (The clerk makes an elephant noise.)  
Traveler: What?! Your planes sound like elephants?!  
Clerk: Yes, sir.

Traveler: But - But - But -  
Clerk: Take it easy, sir. They're quite safe. Now... (Reading from the ticket) ...Mr Right.  
Traveler: Pardon?  
Clerk: Mr. Right.  
Traveler: No, that's wrong.  
Clerk: Pardon?  
Traveler: My name isn't Right, It's wrong.  
Clerk: Your name is Wrong?  
Traveler: Yes.  
Clerk: Well, Mr. Wrong -  
Traveler: No! My name isn't right on the ticket.  
Clerk: Yes, it is. Look... Mr. Right.  
Traveler: No... my name isn't Right!  
Clerk: Ah! Your name isn't Right!  
Traveler: Right!  
Clerk: Right! What is your name?  
Traveler: Watt  
Clerk: Your name.  
Traveler: Watt!  
Clerk: What is your name?!Traveler: Yes! Watt is my name!!  
Clerk: Ah! Right!  
Traveler: No! Watt!  
Clerk: Right! Watt!  
Traveler: Yes (Pointing at the ticket) Write Watt!  
The clerk corrects his name on the ticket.  
Clerk: Right. Any luggage, Mr. Watt?  
Traveler: Pardon?  
Clerk: Have you got any luggage?  
Traveler: Just this little bag.  
Clerk: That's fine. Now, smoking or non-smoking?  
Traveler: Non-smoking, please.  
Clerk: Eating or non-eating?  
Traveler: Pardon.  
Clerk: Eating or non-eating? Do you want a meal on the plane?  
Traveler: Oh, Yes, please.  
Clerk: Er...Here you are. (The clerk produces a plastic chicken.)  
Traveler: What's that?!  
Clerk: Your lunch.  
Traveler: But that's a chicken.  
Clerk: Yes.  
Traveler: I can't eat that. I'm a vegetarian!



Clerk: Oh, Well, in that case...er...you can have this carrot.  
(The clerk gives the traveler a large carrot.)

Traveler: (Confused) Thank you.

Clerk: Well, everything seems to be in order. So...your seat.

Traveler: Yes.

Clerk: Where is it?

Traveler: Pardon?

Clerk: Where's your seat?

Traveler: My seat?

Clerk: Yes. Have you got one?

Traveler: Aren't there any seats on the plane?

Clerk: (Laughing) Seats...on the plane?

Traveler: Yes.

Clerk: No. You have to take your own.

Traveler: I haven't got a seat.

Clerk: No seat?

Traveler: No.

Clerk: You've come to the airport without a seat?

Traveler: Well, it is my first flight...

Clerk: Well, never mind - you can borrow mine.  
(The clerk gives the traveler her chair.)

Traveler: But wait a minute, this isn't an aero plane seat, is it?

Clerk: Well, it's a seat - you put it on an aero plane - it's an aero plane seat.

Traveler: What about a seatbelt?

Clerk: Here you are.  
(The clerk produces a belt.)

Traveler: Look - that isn't a seatbelt. Is it?

Clerk: It's a belt - (Putting it on the seat) you put it on a seat - it's a seatbelt.

Traveler: Thank you. Is that everything?

Clerk: Yes, sir, you've got your seat, you've got your seatbelt, and you've got your carrot.

Traveler: Where do I go now?

Clerk: To the Departure Gate.

Traveler: The departure gate.

Clerk: Yes. Gate Number 13,

Traveler: Thank you.

Clerk: Have a good flight, sir.

Traveler: (Still confused) Thank you  
(The traveler starts to leave. The clerk bursts out laughing.)

Traveler: What's the matter?

Clerk: I'm sorry, sir, You didn't believe all that, did you?

Traveler: All what?

Clerk: All that about the seat and the seatbelt - and the carrot.

Traveler: What do you mean?

Clerk: Sir...it was all a joke.

Traveler: A joke?

Clerk: Yes. You see, you are the one-millionth passenger to fly with

Elephant Airlines, so we thought we'd have a bit of fun!

Traveler: Oh! So it's not true: the seat, the seatbelt - and the carrot!

Clerk: No, sir-flying isn't like that

Traveler: I thought it was a bit strange!

Clerk: Yes.

Traveler: But this is my first flight,

Clerk: Yes,

Traveler: You must think I'm a complete idiot!

Clerk: Yes. Anyway, you're the one-millionth passenger, so the captain himself is going to accompany you to the plane.

Traveler: The captain? You mean the pilot himself?

Clerk: That's right, sir.

Traveler: Wonderful!

Clerk: I'll call him, Captain Strange!  
(Captain Strange enters, singing 'Flying, up above the clouds'. He is rather strange.)

Traveler: Is that the captain?

Clerk: Yes, sir. Captain Strange is the best pilot with Elephant Airlines. In fact, he's the only pilot with Elephant Airlines. Er...Captain Strange!

Captain: Yes?

Clerk: This is Mr. Watt, your very special passenger for today's flight.

Captain: Mr. Watt! How nice to meet you! How very, very nice!

Clerk: You go with the captain, Mr. Watt. He'll take you to the plane.

Captain: The plane, yes. Where is it?

Traveler: What?!

Captain: The plane.

Traveler: I don't know!

Clerk: It's at Departure Gate 13, Captain.

Captain: Thank you. Tell me, Mr. Watt...Have you ever flown a plane before?

Traveler: No. Why?

Captain: Well, I'm not feeling very well. I thought that perhaps you could fly the plane.

Traveler: What?!

Captain: Take it easy, Mr. Watt. Flying a plane is no problem.

Traveler: But -

Captain: Come on, Mr. Watt. Let's go.

Traveler : Aaargh!  
(The traveler leaves, accompanied by Captain Strange, singing 'Flying, up above the clouds'.)

Clerk: Have a good flight, sir!



## The police

Scene: A public meeting at which Inspector Black is giving a talk about the British police force

Characters: Inspector Black, PC Green, WPC Brown, PC Grey

Black: Good evening, ladies and gentlemen. My name is Inspector Black, and I've come here tonight to talk to you about the police force in Great Britain. The police force in Great Britain is very professional, very intelligent and very...professional. So, I'd like you to meet some of my very professional and intelligent police officers. First of all, I'd like you to meet PC Green. Ladies and gentlemen, PC Green.

(PC Green enters.)

Black: Good evening, PC Green.

Green: Good evening, Inspector Black.

Black: Now, what does PC mean? Tell them, Green.

Green: I beg your pardon, Inspector?

Black: Tell them.

Green: Tell them what, Inspector?

Black: What do the letters 'PC' stand for?

Green: Oh! 'PC' stands for 'Peter Christopher'.

Black: What?

Green: It's my name, Inspector. Peter Christopher Green - PC Green.

Black: Green...

Green: Yes, Inspector?

Black: Do you think that we call you 'PC Green' because your name is Peter Christopher Green?

Green: Yes, Inspector.

Black: Well, you're wrong. 'PC' stands for something else.

Green: Really?

Black: Yes. Now think: What does 'PC' stand for?

Green: Postcard?

Black: No!

Green: Personal computer?

Black: No!!

Green: Oh, I know! Prince Charles!

Black: Green, 'PC' does not mean 'Prince Charles', or 'postcard', or 'personal computer'. It means 'Police Constable'!

Green: Really? I didn't know that.

Black: You are Police Constable Green.

Green: Thank you, Inspector.

Black: Now, ladies and gentlemen, I'd like you to meet another British police officer: WPC Brown. (WPC Brown enters.)

Brown: Hello.

Black: Now, if 'PC' means 'Police Constable', what does 'WPC' mean?

Brown: 'Wife of Police Constable.'

Black: Don't be stupid, Brown! You are not 'Wife of Police Constable'!

Brown: Yes, I am, Inspector. I'm married to PC Green.

Green: That's right, sir. We're very happy.

Black: 'WPC' means 'Woman Police Constable'. Now, ladies and gentlemen, as you can see.

(Green and Brown are wearing nice blue and white uniforms.)

(Green and Brown demonstrate their uniforms like fashion models.)

Black: Hat - or helmet. Blouse - or shirt. Skirt or trousers. Boots...or boots. So, this is a police uniform. But there are a lot of police officers out there in the street with no uniform.

Green: No uniform?!

Brown: They must be very cold, Inspector.

Black: No! They're wearing normal clothes.

Brown: Why's that, Inspector?

Black: They're wearing normal clothes because they want to look like normal people. So...here is a police officer dressed exactly like a normal person. Ladies and gentlemen. PC Grey.

(PC Grey enters. He is wearing a police helmet and boots, and a pair of long shorts and a brightly-coloured shirt.)

Black: Now, as you can see, there is no way that you would know that PC Grey is a police officer.

Brown: Except for the helmet.

Black: Except for the helmet.

Green: And the boots.

Black: And the boots. Except for the helmet, and the boots, there is no way that you would know that Police Constable Grey is a police officer. (PC Grey does not look very pleased.)

Black: Now, Grey - tell these people what it feels like to be a police officer with no uniform.

Grey: It feels stupid.

Black: What?

Grey: It feels stupid, I mean, I'm a police officer: I want to wear a uniform!

Grey: No uniform, no notebook, no whistle and no truncheon! (The Inspector blows his whistle.)

Black: That's enough. Grey.





## The bus stop

Scene: A bus stop  
Characters: an old lady, a robber, student, a policeman

The robber is waiting at the bus stop. The old lady joins him.

Old lady: Excuse me.  
Robber: Yes?  
Old lady: The 44.  
Robber: The 44?  
Old lady: Yes, The Number 44 bus. Does it stop here?  
Robber: I don't know.  
(He looks at the notice on the bus stop.)  
Robber: Um...39...40...41...42...43...45.  
No, it doesn't.  
Old lady: Pardon?  
Robber: The 44 doesn't stop here  
Old lady: Oh, good.  
Robber: Pardon?  
Old lady: I said 'Oh, good'. I'm very pleased.  
Robber: What do you mean?  
Old lady: I don't want to catch a 44.  
(She laughs. The robber is not pleased, and stands with his back to her.)  
Old lady: Excuse me again.  
Robber: Yes?  
Old lady: The 46.  
Robber: The 46?  
Old lady: Yes, The Number 46 bus. Does it stop here?  
Robber: Do you want to catch a 46?  
Old lady: Um...Yes,  
(The robber looks at the notice again.)  
Robber: 42, 43, 45...45A, 45B, 45C, 45D...46, Yes. Yes, the 46 stops here.  
Old lady: Oh, good.  
Robber: Ah, here comes a 46 now  
(A bus passes very fast.)  
Old lady: It didn't stop!  
Robber: I know  
Old lady: But you said the 46 stopped here. You're telling lies!  
Robber: No, I'm not. That one was full. Ah, here comes another one.  
Old lady: A Number 1? I don't want a Number 1. I want a Number 46.

Robber: I didn't say 'A Number 1'. I said 'Another one'. Another Number 46.  
Old lady: Oh, I see.  
Robber: This one will stop.  
(Another bus passes very fast.)  
Old lady: It didn't stop!  
Robber: I know.  
(The robber stands with his back to the old lady.)  
Old lady: Excuse me again.  
Robber: No!  
Old lady: Pardon?  
Robber: No! The 47 doesn't stop here.  
Old lady: No, no, no.  
Robber: Or the 48, or the 49, or the 50!  
Old lady: No, you don't understand. I want to ask you a question.  
Robber: Oh, yes?  
Old lady: Are you a doctor?  
Robber: What?  
Old lady: Are you a doctor?  
Robber: No, I'm not.  
Old lady: Are you sure you're not a doctor?  
Robber: Yes, I am!  
Old lady: Oh, you are a doctor!  
Robber: No! I'm sure I am not a doctor!  
Old lady: Oh. What a shame. You see, I've got this terrible pain in my back  
Robber: Well, I'm sorry. I am not a doctor. I am a robber.  
Old lady: A what?  
Robber: A robber, a thief.  
Old lady: Teeth? No, no, not my teeth - my back. The pain's in my back. My teeth are all right.  
Robber: No! I didn't say 'teeth'. I said 'thief. Thief- robber! I am a robber. Look - here's my card. He gives her his card.



Old lady: (Reading) 'Sam Poskins. Robber. Banks a speciality.' Oh, you're a robber.

Robber: That's right.  
(He takes back his card.)

Old lady: Help!

Robber: What's the matter?

Old lady: Police!!

Robber: Stop it!

Old lady: Murder!!!

Robber: Look - be quiet. It's all right. I rob banks. I don't rob people. And I certainly don't rob old ladies.

Old lady: Old ladies!

Robber: Yes.

Old lady: Old ladies! I'm not an old lady. I'm only 92.

Robber: Well, I don't care if you're 92 or 192. I am not going to rob you.

Old lady: I don't believe you.

Robber: What?

Old lady: I don't believe you're a robber.

Robber: Well, I am.

Old lady: No, no, no - impossible.

Robber: What do you mean?

Old lady: You're too small.

Robber: What do you mean - I'm 'too small'? I am not too small.

Old lady: Yes, you are. You're much too small.

Robber: No, I'm not. And anyway, I've got a gun. Look!  
(He takes out his gun.)

Old lady: Oh, yes. You've got a gun.

Robber: That's right.

Old lady: Help!

Robber: It's all right. It's not real.

Old lady: Not real?!

Robber: No

Old lady: You call yourself a robber! You're too small, your gun isn't real, and you can't even rob a 92-year-old lady at a bus stop!

Robber: All right, all right, all right! I'll show you. I will rob the next person who comes to this bus stop.

Old lady: Oh, good!...Look - here comes someone.

Robber: Right. Watch this.  
(The student stands at the bus stop, holding a book.)

Robber: Excuse me.

Student: Yes?

Robber: Put up your hands.

Student: I'm sorry. I don't speak English

Robber: Oh, Er...Give me your money.

Student: What?

Robber: Your money!

Student: Money?

Robber: Yes - money, money, money!

Student: Ah! No, it's not Money...it's Tuesday.

Robber: No, no, no, I didn't say 'Monday'. I said 'money'. Money!

Student: No, I told you - it isn't Money, it's Tuesday. Look - it's in this book.  
(The student opens the book.)

Student: (Monday, Tuesday...)  
(The robber takes the book)

Robber: What is this book? 'English for all situations'. Oh, good, He looks through the book.

Robber: Um...'In a restaurant'...'On a train...' Ah, yes - this is it: 'Unit 16, The robbery,' Good, Look - here. 'Dialogue 1: Give me your money'  
(The student reads in the book too.)

Student: Ah, money! Um...'Are you trying to rob me?'

Robber: 'Yes, I am.'

Student: 'Are you a robber?'

Robber: 'Yes, I am.'

Student: 'I will call a policeman,

Robber: 'No, you won't.'

Student: 'Yes, I will.'

Robber: 'No, you won't. 'Policemen are like buses. You can never find one when you want one.

Student: 'No. you are wrong. There's a policeman standing behind you.' This is true.

Robber: Ha, ha! I don't believe that...Oh.

Policeman: Now, what's going on here?

Robber: Ah. Er...well...  
(The robber, the student and the old lady all talk at once. The policeman blows his whistle.)

Policeman: Right. You can all come with me to the station.

Robber: Oh, no!

Student: Oh, yes, 'Unit 17: The police station.'

Old lady: Station? I don't want to catch a train. I want to catch a Number 46 bus.

Policeman: Not the railway station, madam - the police station.

Old lady: Oh, the police station! Yes, I know it. It's very near my house. Come on, everybody!  
(The robber, the student and the old lady walk away, all talking at once again. The policeman follows them, blowing his whistle.)



## A ticket to Birmingham



Scene: A Railway Station in Britain  
Characters: A traveler, a British Rail employee

The BR employee is sitting at a table, reading a newspaper. The traveler comes in.

Traveler: Excuse me.  
BR employee: Can I help you?  
Traveler: Yes, I want a ticket.  
BR employee: A ticket?  
Traveler: Yes. I want a ticket to Birmingham.  
BR employee: A ticket to Birmingham?  
Traveler: Yes.  
BR employee: Why?  
Traveler: Why what?  
BR employee: Why do you want a ticket to Birmingham?  
Traveler: Well...  
BR employee: Birmingham's a terrible place! It's awful! If I were you, I wouldn't go to Birmingham.  
Traveler: I live there.  
BR employee: Now, Oxford's a very nice place.  
Traveler: I live there.  
BR employee: Why don't you go to Oxford?  
Traveler: I live there!  
BR employee: What? In Oxford?  
Traveler: No! In Birmingham!  
BR employee: Oh.  
Traveler: And I want to go to Birmingham today.  
BR employee: Impossible.  
Traveler: What?  
BR employee: It's impossible. It'll take you three days.  
Traveler: Three days?  
BR employee: Oh, yes. It'll take you at least three days - walking.  
Traveler: Walking?! I don't want to walk to Birmingham!  
BR employee: You don't want to walk?

Traveler: No  
BR employee: Oh, I understand.  
Traveler: Good.  
BR employee: You want to run.  
Traveler: Run?!  
BR employee: You'll get very tired if you run  
Traveler: Listen -  
BR employee: If I were you, I'd walk.  
Traveler: I don't want to walk, and I don't want to run. I want to take the train.

BR employee: The train? Ha! You'll get there much faster if you walk.

Traveler: Now, don't be ridiculous. I want a ticket for the next train to Birmingham.

BR employee: The next train to Birmingham?

Traveler: Yes. When is it?

BR employee: Pardon?

Traveler: What time is it?

BR employee: I don't know. I haven't got a watch.

Traveler: No! I mean: What time is the train? What time does the train leave?

BR employee: Oh, I see. Sorry. I'll check. He picks up the telephone and dials a number.

BR employee: Take a seat.

Traveler: Thank you.

The traveler sits down.

BR employee: (On the phone) Hello? Bert?... Who's that? Oh, hello, Charlie... Where's Bert?... Is he? Oh, well, is Eric there?...

Hello Eric?... Isn't Bert there?... Oh, dear - very sad. Is Arthur there?... Hello?

Arthur?... Who? Oh, hello, Charlie. Is Bert there? (The traveler is getting impatient.)

Traveler: Look - can you please find out when the next train to Birmingham leaves?

BR employee: Yes, all right. (On the phone) Er... Charlie... Who's that? Eric?... Oh, Arthur. Can I speak to Dave?... Yes OK, I'll hold on.

(The traveler is getting more impatient.)

Traveler: Look!

BR employee: It's all right, I'm holding on, (On the phone) Dave?... Hello, Dave. This is Sid. Very well, thanks - and you?... Good, Listen, Dave, there's something I must



ask you. How's your wife?  
Did she?

Traveler: The next train to Birmingham!

BR employee: Oh, yes. (On the phone) Dave, I've got a young man here. When is the next train to Birmingham? Yes... Yes... Yes... Yes... Yes. Thanks, Dave. Hold on.

Traveler: Well?

BR employee: He doesn't know.

Traveler: He doesn't know?

BR employee: No.

Traveler: Why not?

BR employee: Well, Dave doesn't work at the station.

Traveler: He doesn't work at the station?!

BR employee: No. Dave works at the cafe across the road. You should never ask Dave about trains.

Traveler: I didn't ask him. You asked him!

BR employee: Eric's the one who knows about trains.

Traveler: Well, ask Eric then.

BR employee: Right. (On the phone) Er...Dave, can you put Eric back on?...Eric?...Eric, I've got a young man here. It's about trains to Birmingham. When is the next one?... Right...OK...Fine... Super...Smashing... Super... Fine... OK... Right. Thanks, Eric. Bye. (He puts down the telephone.)

Traveler: So, when is the train?

BR employee: The train, yes. Well, there's a small problem.

Traveler: What's that?

BR employee: They can't find it.

Traveler: They can't find what?

BR employee: They can't find the train. It's lost.

Traveler: Lost?!

BR employee: Well, it's not exactly lost. They know where it is.

Traveler: Well, where is it?

BR employee: It's somewhere between here and Birmingham.

Traveler: This is terrible.

BR employee: Yes, but it happens every day. If I were you, I'd start walking.

Traveler: But I'm in a hurry.

BR employee: Well, run then.

Traveler: I don't want to run.

BR employee: Well, take a taxi!

Traveler: I don't want to take a taxi!  
(The telephone rings. The

traveler answers it.)  
Hello!!!...It's for you.  
The BR employee takes the telephone.

BR employee: Thank you (On the phone) Hello? Sid speaking. Who's that?...Eric! Hello! What is it?...The train to Birmingham?...What? ...Marvelous. Where was it? At Platform 2? It was there all the time. Amazing...OK, Eric, I'll tell him. Bye. (He puts down the telephone.)

BR employee: Well, there is a train to Birmingham.

Traveler: Marvelous.

BR employee: It's at Platform 2.

Traveler: Wonderful.

BR employee: And it's leaving any minute now.

Traveler: Oh, good. A second-class single to Birmingham, please.

BR employee: Pardon?

Traveler: Can you give me a second-class single to Birmingham?

BR employee: No. I can't.

Traveler: Why not?

BR employee: Well, this isn't the ticket office.

Traveler: What?!

BR employee: The ticket office is next door.

Traveler: Oh, no!

BR employee: What's the matter?

Traveler: I'm going to miss the train!

BR employee: Don't worry. You've got plenty of time.

Traveler: Plenty of time? The train's leaving any minute now.

BR employee: Yes, but there's no hurry.

Traveler: Why not?

BR employee: Because I'm the driver.

Traveler: You're the driver?!

BR employee: Yes. The train can't leave without me, can it?

Traveler: No.

BR employee: Now, you come with me. Platform 2?

Traveler: No. Dave's cafe.

Traveler: Oh, right.

BR employee: We'll have a nice cup of tea and a sandwich before we go.

Traveler: Lovely.

BR employee: And I'll introduce you to Dave and his wife. I think you'll like them...  
(They leave, chatting.)



## Gerry Thatcher's party

Scene: A smart party  
Characters: Gerry Thatcher (the host),  
Maxwell (Gerry's butler),  
Horace Smith-Amanda  
Spencer (guests at the  
party)

The doorbell rings. Maxwell opens the door.

Maxwell: Yes, sir?  
Horace: Er...Hello, Is this Gerry Thatcher's house?  
Maxwell: Yes, sir.  
Horace: Oh, good. I've got an invitation to Gerry's party. My name's Horace Smith.  
Maxwell: In that case, please come in, sir.  
Horace: Thank you.  
Maxwell: Mr. Thatcher is in the lounge. This way.  
Horace: Er...Thank you  
(They go into the lounge where the party is in progress. Horace sees Gerry.)  
Horace: Er... Hello.  
Gerry: George!  
Horace: What?  
Gerry: George Wilberforce!  
Horace: Pardon?  
Gerry: How are you, George?  
Horace: Actually, I'm not  
Gerry: Good, good, good!  
Horace: No, just a minute -  
Gerry: How's your wife?  
Horace: I'm not married.  
Gerry: Good, good, good!  
(The doorbell rings again.)  
Gerry: Maxwell, give George a drink, I'll go to the door.  
Maxwell: Yes, sir.  
(Gerry opens the door.)  
Amanda: Gerry!  
Gerry: Amanda! How are you?  
Amanda: Fine.  
Gerry: Good, good, good! Come in, come in, come in.  
Amanda: Thank you.  
(Gerry brings Amanda over to Horace.)  
Gerry: Amanda, I'd like you to meet one of my oldest friends - George Wilberforce.  
Amanda: How do you do, George.  
Horace: Actually, my name isn't George.  
Gerry: Isn't it?  
Horace: No.  
Gerry: What is it, then?  
Horace: It's Horace Smith, actually.

Gerry: Of course it is! Amanda, I'd like you to meet one of my dearest friends, Horace Smith-Actually.  
Horace: It's just Smith, actually.  
Gerry: That's what I said,  
Amanda: I'm very pleased to meet you, Mr Actually.  
Horace: No, it's Smith, actually.  
Amanda: Oh, yes. Mr. Smith-Actually.  
Horace: No, no, no...My name isn't Smith-Actually, actually. It's just Smith, actually.  
Gerry: I'm sure it is, Have a drink, Amanda?  
Amanda: Yes, Gerry.  
Gerry: Come and have a look at the garden.  
Amanda: OK.  
(Amanda goes into the garden with Gerry.)  
Maxwell: Your drink, sir.  
Horace: Thank you. She's very nice, isn't she?  
Maxwell: Yes, sir. Very nice indeed, I'd like to go out with her.  
Maxwell: Would you, sir?  
Horace: Yes, very much. The trouble is, I never know what to say when I meet people.  
Maxwell: In that case, sir, I think you need this book.  
(Maxwell shows Horace a book.)  
Horace: What is it?  
Maxwell: 'English for all situations', sir. It's full of useful expressions. Look - 'Unit 1: In a restaurant.'...'Unit 2: On a train.'...'Unit 3: At a party. Useful expressions in English, when you meet someone at a party.'  
Horace: Wonderful.  
Maxwell: (Reading) 'Are you doing anything on Saturday night?'  
Horace: No, I'm not, actually.  
Maxwell: No, sir. That's the first question. Try it.  
Horace: Ah. Are you doing anything on Saturday night?  
Maxwell: Good. 'How about going to the cinema?'  
Horace: How about going to the cinema?  
Maxwell: 'What time shall I pick you up?'  
Horace: Pardon?  
Maxwell: That's the next expression.  
Horace: Ah. What time shall I pick you up?  
Maxwell: I think, sir, that you should suggest doing something before going to the cinema.  
Horace: Good idea. What, for example?



Maxwell: Well, going to a restaurant - an Italian restaurant, perhaps.

Horace: OK

Maxwell: So you say: 'Do you like Italian food?'

Horace: Do you like Italian food?

Maxwell: She'll say 'Yes', because everyone likes Italian food. So you say. 'So do I.'

Horace: So do I.

Maxwell: 'Let's have spaghetti alle vongole before we go.'

Horace: Let's have spaghetti on a gondola before we go.

Maxwell: Hmm... And finally you say: 'See you on Saturday!'

Horace: See you on Saturday!

Maxwell: Good. Now let's practice.

Horace: Right. Um...Are you doing anything on Saturday morning?

Maxwell: Night.

Horace: Oh, good night.

Maxwell: Saturday night, sir. Try again.

Horace: Are you doing anything on Saturday night?

Maxwell: (In a high voice) No. I'm not.

Horace: What?...Oh, I see. Er...good. How about going to the cinema?

Maxwell: (In a high voice) I'd love to.

Horace: What time...shall I pick you up?

Maxwell: (In a high voice) Eight o'clock?

Horace: Do you like Italian food?

Maxwell: (In a high voice) Yes, I love Italian food.

Horace: So do I. Let's have...spaghetti alle vongole before we go,

Maxwell: (In a high voice) That would be lovely.

Horace: See you on Saturday!

Maxwell: Very good, sir. Now, take the book, and have a little practice before she comes back.

Horace: Right. Thank you.  
(Horace concentrates on the book. Gerry and Amanda come back from the garden, laughing.)

Amanda: Oh, Gerry, you're awfully funny

Gerry: Yes, I know. Amanda?

Amanda: Yes, Gerry?

Gerry: Are you doing anything on Saturday night?

Amanda: No, I'm not.

Gerry: Super! How about going to the cinema?

Amanda: Oh, Gerry, that would be wonderful

Gerry: Super! What time shall I pick you up?

Amanda: Eight o'clock?

Gerry: Super!

(The doorbell rings again.)

Gerry: It's all right, Maxwell - I'll go. See you on Saturday, Amanda!

Amanda: OK, Gerry.  
(Gerry goes to open the door. Amanda goes over to Horace.)

Amanda: Oh, hello. I don't think we've met.

Horace: Yes, we have Amanda, It's me Horace

Amanda: Horace?

Horace: Yes, Horace Smith,

Amanda: Oh, yes - Mr. Actually.  
(They laugh.)

Horace: Er... Amanda?

Amanda: Yes, Horace?  
(Horace looks at the book.)

Horace: (Reading) 'Are you doing anything on Saturday night?'

Amanda: Yes, I am.

Horace: (Still reading) 'Good. How about going to the cinema?'

Amanda: Actually, I'm going to the cinema with Gerry on Saturday night, 'What time shall I pick you up?'

Horace: Horace, I'm going out with Gerry on Saturday night,

Horace: 'Do you like Italian food?'

Amanda: No, I hate Italian food.

Horace: 'So do I, Let's have spaghetti on a gondola before we go.'

Amanda: Oh, Horace, you are funny. Why don't we go for a walk in the garden?

Horace: See you on Saturday!

Amanda: (Laughing) Oh, Horace  
(They go into the garden)





## The army

Scene: A British army base  
Characters: 'A Captain, Private Large, Private Small, Private Potter

The Captain, Private Large and Private Small arrive, marching.

Captain: Left, right! Left, right! Left, right!  
Halt! Attention!...Private Large!

Large: Sir!

Captain: Private Small!

Small: Sir!

Captain: Private Potter!... Private Potter!...  
Where is Private Potter?

Large: I don't know, sir!

Small: Haven't seen him, sir!

Captain: Private Potter!!

(Potter arrives in not-very-military style.)

Potter: Here I am! Hello! Sorry I'm a bit late - I couldn't find my cap.

Captain: Get in line, Private Potter! Left, right! Left, right! Left, right!  
Attention!

(Potter is now in line with Large and Small.)

Potter: (To Large and Small) Did you take my cap?

Captain: Private Potter!

Potter: Yes?

Captain: Yes, sir.

Potter: Captain, you don't have to call me 'sir' - I'm a private.

Captain: Private Potter, when you speak to me, you call me 'sir'!

Potter: Oh, sorry, I forgot...sir.

Captain: That's better. Now, I want to talk to you. In fact, I want to talk to all of you. You're in the army, right?

Large - Small - Potter: Right!

Captain: And in the army, there are some things you must do, and some things you mustn't do. Isn't that right, Private Large?

Large: Pardon, sir?

Captain: In the army, there are some things you must do and some things you mustn't do.

Large: Yes, sir!

Captain: Give me an example!

Large: I don't know, sir!

Captain: Private Large?

Large: Yes, sir!

Captain: You're an idiot!

Large: Thank you, sir!

Captain: Private Small!

Small: Yes, sir?

Captain: Give me an example!

Small: An example of what, sir?

Captain: An example of something you must do in the army!

Small: Oh right, sir. Er...

Captain: Come on!

Small: You must get up in the morning, sir!

Captain: What?

Small: You must get up in the morning, sir!

Captain: No, Private Small, that's wrong. Correct him, Private Potter.

Potter: You mustn't get up in the morning?

Captain: No!... Private Large!

Large: Yes, sir!

Captain: Did you hear Private Small's example?

Large: Yes, sir!

Captain: It was wrong, wasn't it?

Large: Yes, sir!

Captain: Why was it wrong?

Large: I don't know, sir!

Captain: Private Large?

Large: Yes, sir?

Captain: You're still an idiot!

Large: Thank you, sir!

Captain: Listen. Getting up in the morning is not just an army rule; everyone has to get up in the morning.

Potter: Not necessarily, sir. A lot of people don't have to get up in the morning.

Captain: You mean lazy people, Private Potter?

Potter: No, not lazy people - people who work at nights.

Small: Or in the afternoon.

Large: Or in the evening!

Captain: Silence! All right, all right. The rule in the army is this: You must get up at five, o'clock in the morning. Isn't that right. Private Large?

Large: Yes, sir!

Captain: Isn't that right, Private Small?

Small: Yes, sir!

Captain: Isn't that right, Private Potter?

Potter: Yes, sir!...But it's stupid.

Captain: What was that?



Potter: It's stupid getting up at five o'clock in the morning.

Captain: Why is it stupid getting up at five o'clock in the morning, Private Potter?

Potter: It's too early.

Captain: Too early?!

Potter: Yes. It's much too early.

Large: I agree, sir!

Small: So do I, sir!

Potter: Why can't we stay in bed until seven o'clock?

Small: Or eight o'clock?

Large: Or lunchtime?

Captain: Silence! You have to get up at five o'clock in the morning because -

Large -Small-Potter: Yes?

Captain: Because we may be attacked by the enemy!

Large Small: Ah!

Potter: But that's also stupid.

Captain: What?

Potter: If the enemy know that we get up at five o'clock

Large-Small: Yes?

Potter: They'll attack us at four o'clock.

Large-Small: Oh yes

Potter: So...if we stay in bed until twelve o'clock midday

Large Small: Yes?

Potter: The enemy will come at eleven o'clock!

Large-Small: Oh yes

Potter: And that's a much better time to be attacked.

Large: I agree, sir!

Small: So do I, sir!

Potter: And another thing -

Captain: Silence! Private Potter, you are wrong! You must get up at five o'clock!

Potter: But why?

Captain: Because you're in the army. It's an army rule. Now, can anybody tell me something you mustn't do in the army?

Small: Yes, sir!

Captain: Well done, Private Small. Let's have your example. What mustn't you do in the army?

Small: You mustn't cross the road, sir!

Captain: Eh?

Small: When the little man is red, sir!

Captain: What?

Small: You mustn't cross the road when the little man is red, sir.

Captain: What little man, Private Small?

Small: The little man on the crossing, sir. On the red light, sir.

Large: He's right, sir. You must wait until the little man is green, sir.

Captain: Private Large!

Large: Yes, sir?

Captain: You know I said you were an idiot...

Large: Yes, sir?

Captain: I was wrong,

Large: Thank you, sir!

Captain: You and Private Small are both idiots!

Large-Small: Thank you, sir!

Captain: You mustn't cross the road when the little man is red,' Do you really think that's something you mustn't do in the army?

Small: Yes, sir.

Captain: Private Small, you must understand the difference between general rules and army rules. There are special rules just for the army.

Large: Can you give us an example, sir?

Captain: Yes, Private Large - an example. You must never give information to enemy agents!

Large, Potter, Small: You must never give information to enemy agents

Small: Excuse me, sir.

Captain: What is it, Small?

Small: How do you recognize an enemy agent, sir?

Captain: Well, they are either men

Large, Potter, Small: Yes

Captain: Or women.

Large, Potter, Small: Oh

Captain: Some of them wear dark glasses-

Large, Potter, Small: Yes

Captain: Some of them wear ordinary glasses -

Large, Potter, Small: Oh

Captain: And some of them -

Large, Potter, Small: Yes

Captain: Don't wear glasses at all!  
(Large, Small and Potter panic.)

Captain: Silence! Now, what have we learnt about life in the army? Private Large!

Large: You must get up at five o'clock in the morning, sir!

Captain: Correct. Private Small!

Small: You must never give information to enemy agents, sir!

Captain: Correct. Private Potter!

Potter: You must always call the Captain 'sir'...sir.

Captain: Right! It's time for lunch. We can all go down to the pub. And don't forget the most important rule of all.

Potter: What's that?

Captain: You must all buy me a drink! Left, right! Left, right! Left, right!...  
(They all march away.)



## The dentist

Scene: A dentist's waiting-room  
Characters: Two patients (a man and a woman) a 'dentist', the real dentist

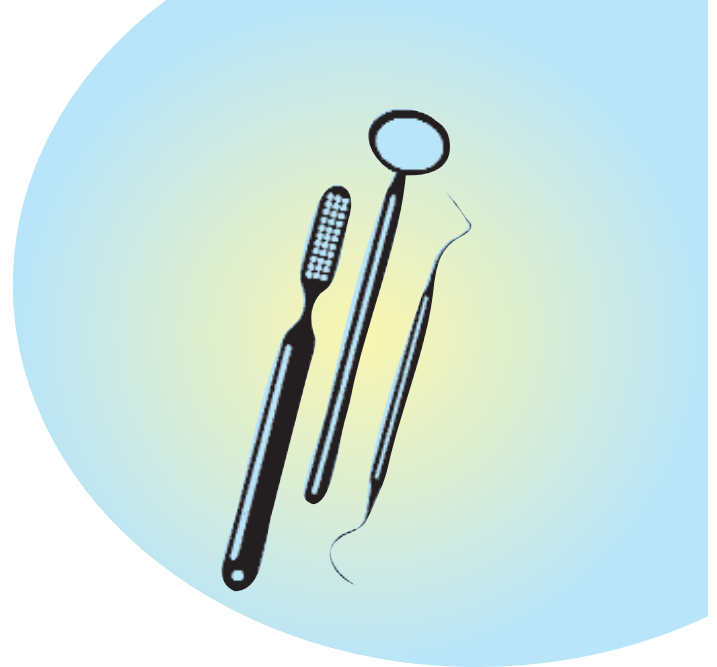
The man and the woman are sitting in the waiting-room. The woman is calm, but the man is very nervous.

Man: Um....is he good?  
Woman: Pardon?  
Man: The dentist. Is he good?  
Woman: I don't know,  
Man: You don't know?  
Woman: No. I haven't seen him before. He's new.  
Man: New!?  
Woman: Yes, It's his first day.  
Man: Oh...This is my first visit, you know.  
Woman: Oh, really?  
Man: It's the first time I've been here.  
Woman: Oh.  
Man: Don't you understand? It's the first time I've been to the dentist in my life!  
Woman: I see.  
(The man looks at his watch.)  
Man: He's late, isn't he?  
Woman: Well, it is his first day.  
Man: Oh well, perhaps I won't wait. I can come back tomorrow...or the next day.  
(They hear the dentist coming.)  
Woman: Ah. Here he comes now,  
Man: (Disappointed) Oh, good.  
(The 'dentist' comes in, carrying a large bag.)  
'Dentist': Ah, good morning, good morning, good morning. Sorry I'm late. Now, who's first?  
Woman: He was here first.  
Man: Oh no, after you.  
Woman: No, no, you were before me.  
Man: No, no, ladies first.  
'Dentist': Now, now, what seems to be the matter?  
Man: I've got a bad tooth.  
Woman: So have I.  
'Dentist': Well. I can do you both at the same time.

Man-Woman: Both at the same time?  
'Dentist': Yes. I've got two pieces of string. Look!  
Woman: String? To take out a tooth? Have you done that before?  
'Dentist': Not on people, no. But I tried it this morning on the cat.  
Woman: And was the cat all right?  
'Dentist': Oh, yes! It got up, ran across the room, and jumped out of the window. And we live on the thirteenth floor.  
Woman: The thirteenth floor?  
'Dentist': Don't worry, the cat's not superstitious.  
Man: But dentists don't use string to take out teeth!  
'Dentist': Don't they? What do you want, then?  
Man: Well, to begin with, I'd like an anesthetic.  
'Dentist': Oh, you'd like an anesthetic, would you? Just a minute.  
(He takes a hammer out of his bag.)  
'Dentist': Ah, yes. Here we are.  
Woman: What's that?  
'Dentist': A hammer.  
Man: Ah! Is that the anesthetic?  
'Dentist': I'm not sure. It's the first time I've given an anesthetic. Sit still.  
(He hits the table; this frightens the man, who faints.)  
Man: Oh! Ohh!  
'Dentist': Oh, it works!  
(He puts the hammer down.)



'Dentist': Now, madam, what's the matter with you?  
 Woman: I've got a pain.  
 'Dentist': Where?  
 Woman: In my mouth.  
 'Dentist': Yes, I know it's in your mouth, but which tooth?  
 Woman: This one here.  
 'Dentist': Ah yes, a molar.  
 Woman: What are you going to do?  
 'Dentist': I'm going to take it out.  
 Woman: How?  
 'Dentist': I don't know.  
 Woman: You don't know?  
 'Dentist': No. This is the first time I've taken out a molar. In fact, it's the first time I've taken out a tooth.  
 Woman: The first time you've taken out a tooth!  
 'Dentist': Yes. This is a very important day for me - my first extraction. Now, where's that hammer?  
 Woman: Listen, I don't want the hammer and I don't want the string. I want you to take my tooth out with a pair of...  
 'Dentist': A pair of scissors?  
 Woman: No.  
 'Dentist': A pair of socks?  
 Woman: No.  
 'Dentist': A pair of trousers?  
 Woman: No.  
 'Dentist': Oh. Just a minute.  
 (He looks inside his bag, and takes out a large pair of forceps.)  
 'Dentist': These?  
 Woman: Yes, I suppose so.  
 'Dentist': Right then. Open your mouth  
 Woman: But what about the anesthetic?  
 'Dentist': Oh yes. Pass me the hammer.  
 Woman: I don't want the hammer! I want a proper anesthetic. I want an injection.  
 'Dentist': An injection?  
 Woman: Yes.  
 'Dentist': Just a minute  
 He looks inside his bag again, and takes out a large syringe.  
 'Dentist': Ah yes, this is for injections, isn't it? How does it work?  
 Woman: Well, you're the dentist. Don't you know?  
 'Dentist': No, It's the first time I've used one of these. Oh well, I'll have a try. Open your mouth!



Woman: Er, no... I don't think you really know... er... no, no, I'll come back another day. I...  
 (The man wakes up.)  
 Man: Where am I? Hey, what are you doing?  
 'Dentist': I'll be with you in a moment, sir. Now, just sit still, madam...  
 Man: No, no, stop that! You're absolutely crazy!  
 Woman: I agree. He's absolutely crazy, completely mad. Let's get out of here.  
 Man: Oh yes, good idea.  
 'Dentist': So you don't want me to take out that molar?  
 Woman: Certainly not (To the man) Come on  
 Man: Yes, Good idea.  
 (The man and the woman leave.)  
 'Dentist': Hmm, that worked very well.  
 (He puts his things into the bag, laughing to himself.)  
 'Dentist': 'But dentists don't use string to take out teeth! 'Oh, you'd like an anesthetic, would you?'  
 (The real dentist arrives.)  
 Dentist: Oh, good morning. Sorry I'm late. It's my first day. It's the first time I've been here. Are you the only one?  
 'Dentist': Yes, there's just me  
 Dentist: Right. You can come straight in, then.  
 'Dentist': Oh, good, I hate having to wait.



## Mr. Williams and the postman

Scene: The front door of 65 Shakespeare Avenue, early one morning

Characters: A postman, Mr. Henry Williams, Mrs. Agnes Williams

The postman walks up to the front door. He knocks at the door and rings the bell.

Postman: Good morning! Hello! Wake up! Mr. Williams opens the door.

Postman: Ah, good morning!

Henry: Good morning.

Postman: Mr. Williams?

Henry: Yes.

Postman: Mr. H. Williams?

Henry: That's right.

Postman: Mr. Henry Williams of 65 Shakespeare Avenue?

Henry: Sixty-five? Er...yes. Have you got anything for me?

Postman: No.

Henry: No?

Postman: No.

Henry: Then why did you wake me up?

Postman: It's part of my job.

Henry: What? Waking people up?

Postman: Yes. It's a new service from the Post Office.

Henry: Hmm. Listen - you're a postman.

Postman: Yes.

Henry: And postmen bring letters.

Postman: Yes.

Henry: But you haven't brought any for me.

Postman: Wait a minute, Mr. Williams. I'm sure I can find something for you. Um...  
(He takes three letters out of his bag.)

Postman: Ah yes, here we are. Three letters. Which one would you like? The red one, the white one, or the blue one?

Henry: But those letters aren't for me.

Postman: No, Mr. Williams, but this is another new service from the Post Office - a new service for all those unhappy, unfortunate people who never get any letters.

Henry: Oh

Postman: And you, Mr. Williams, you never get any letters, do you?

Henry: No, I don't.

Postman: All right then, which one would you like? The red one, the white one, or the blue one?

Henry: Mm...I'll have the red one, please.

Postman: The red one is yours - if you can answer a simple question.

Henry: A question?

Postman: Yes. Where does Queen Elizabeth the Second of England live?

Henry: Why? Have you got a letter for her?(He laughs.)

Postman: No, Mr. Williams. That was the question. Where does Queen Elizabeth the Second of England live?

Henry: Ah. Where does Queen Elizabeth live?

Postman: Yes.

Henry: I don't know.

Postman: Mr. Williams! It's easy! B-B-B-Buck -

Henry: Oh, yes! Buckingham Hotel.

Postman: No, no! Palace!

Henry: Palace Hotel.

Postman: No!

Henry: I know! Buckingham Palace!

Postman: That's right! You've won the red envelope!

Henry: Oh, thank you! This is very exciting!

(Mr. Williams opens the red envelope.)

Henry: There's nothing in it.

Postman: No, there's never anything in the red one.

Henry: This is ridiculous!

Postman: No, it isn't. There are still two more envelopes.

Henry: Yes, but is there anything in them?

Postman: Of course there is.

Henry: All right. The blue one.

Postman: Very well, Mr. Williams. Here is the question for the blue envelope. What is the approximate population of Great Britain?

Henry: Er...thirty-five million?

Postman: No. Higher.

Henry: Eighty-five million?

Postman: No. Lower.



Henry: Fifty-five million people!  
 Postman: is the correct answer! You've won the white envelope!

Henry: I don't want the white one. I want the blue one.  
 Postman: Oh, go on. Take the white one.  
 Henry: I don't want the white one!  
 Postman: Oh, all right. Here's the blue one.  
 Henry: Thank you.  
 (Mr. Williams opens the blue envelope.)

Henry: Hmm. Just a piece of paper.  
 Postman: What does it say?  
 Henry: It says: 'You should have taken the white one.'

Postman: I told you,  
 Henry: This is very silly. I'm going back to bed.

Postman: Wait a minute, Mr. Williams. Today's star prize is in the white envelope.

Henry: The star prize?  
 Postman: Yes.  
 Henry: All right then, ask me the question.

Postman: Now listen carefully. If a man walks at five miles an hour, in the same direction as a car which is traveling at thirty miles an hour, how long will it take for the car to be 107 miles from the man?

Henry: Eh?  
 Postman: Mr. Williams! Concentrate! If a man walks at five miles an hour, in the same direction as a car which is traveling at thirty miles an hour, how long will it take for the car to be 107 miles from the man?

Henry: I don't know. Three days?  
 Postman: No, no. Mr. Williams. Look, why don't you ask your wife to help you?

Henry: All right. Agnes!  
 Agnes: Yes?  
 Henry: Come here!  
 Agnes: All right. I'm coming.  
 (Mrs. Williams comes to the door.)

Postman: Ah, good morning, Mrs. Williams  
 Agnes: What's going on?  
 Henry: I'm trying to win the white one, Agnes.  
 Agnes: The white what?

Henry: The white envelope. I've already won the red one and the blue one.  
 Agnes: Henry, what are you talking about?  
 Henry: It's a competition. We answer questions and win prizes - and the star prize is in the white envelope.  
 Postman: And here is the question for the white envelope. If a man walks at five miles an hour, in the same direction as a car which is traveling at thirty miles an hour, how long will it take for the car to be 107 miles from the man?  
 Agnes: That's easy. Four hours, sixteen minutes and forty-eight seconds.  
 Postman: Four hours, sixteen minutes and forty-eight seconds is the correct answer! You have won today's star prize. Here you are.  
 Agnes: Ooh, thank you!  
 Henry: Well done, Agnes,  
 (Mrs. Williams opens the white envelope.)  
 Henry: What is it?  
 Agnes: It's just a piece of paper.  
 Postman: No, it isn't.  
 Henry: Yes, it is. Look! Just another piece of paper!  
 (They give the postman back the envelope and paper.)  
 Postman: But, Mr. Williams....Mrs. Williams...  
 Henry: Stop wasting our time. Come on, Agnes; let's go back to bed,  
 Postman: But come back! I can explain!  
 (Mr. and Mrs. Williams go back into the house.)  
 Postman: I'm sure it's not just another piece of paper. There's always a prize in the white one. Let's have a look....It's a cheque...for £500! Mr. Williams! Mrs. Williams!  
 Henry: Go away!  
 Postman: But Mr. Williams, you've won the star prize!  
 Henry: Go away!!  
 Postman: Oh...Well, if Mr. Williams doesn't want the £500, I think I'll keep it...It's a lovely day today...



## Tourist information

Scene: A tourist information office at an international airport in England

Characters: Rita, the tourist information officer, an Australian tourist

Rita is behind her desk, on which there is a sign saying 'Rita's Tourist Information Office'. The tourist arrives.



Tourist: G'day  
Rita: Pardon?  
Tourist: G'day!  
Rita: Sorry, sir, I only speak English.  
Tourist: I am speaking English. 'Good day.'  
It's Australian. It's Australian for 'Hello'.  
Rita: Is it?  
Tourist: Yes.  
Rita: Oh, I see. 'G'day'  
Tourist: (Holding out his hand) Wallaby.  
Rita: Pardon?  
Tourist: Wallaby.  
Rita: Ah! (Shaking his hand) 'Wallaby'  
Tourist: No, no, no. Wallaby is my name.  
Rita: Oh, I see. Pleased to meet you, Mr. Wallaby.  
Tourist: I've come from Sydney.  
Rita: Sydney?  
Tourist: Yes,  
Rita: Sydney who?  
Tourist: What?  
Rita: Sydney Watt? Who's Sydney Watt?  
Tourist: No, no - Sydney is in Australia.

Rita: Sydney's in Australia.  
Tourist: Yes.  
Rita: Oh, I see. So he couldn't come to England.  
Tourist: What?  
Rita: You've come, but Sydney hasn't  
Tourist: No, no, no, no! Sydney is the place where I live.  
Rita: Oh, I see.  
Tourist: At last!  
Rita: Sydney is the name of your house.  
Tourist: (Giving up) Yes, all right.  
Rita: So which town do you come from?  
Tourist: Sydney!!  
Rita: So Sydney is the name of your house and the name of your town! What a coincidence! So how can I help you?  
Tourist: I'd like some information.  
Rita: Some information?  
Tourist: Yes, some tourist information.  
Rita: OK, sir. Welcome to Rita's Tourist Information Office. I can answer all your questions.  
Tourist: Good.  
Rita: But it will cost you five pounds.  
Tourist: Pardon me?  
(Rita toots a horn and reveals a sign saying '£5')  
Rita: Five pounds. Ask me anything you like, the questions are five pounds each.  
Tourist: Five pounds each?  
Rita: Was that a question?  
Tourist: Yes.  
(Rita toots the horn again and changes the sign to '£10'.)  
Rita: That's ten pounds.  
Tourist: Just a minute! Do I have to pay you five pounds for every question?  
(Rita toots the horn again and changes the sign to '£15'.)  
Rita: Pardon?  
Tourist: I said: Do I have to pay you five pounds for every question?  
(Rita toots the horn again and changes the sign to '£20'.)  
Rita: Yes, sir.  
Tourist: But is this normal?  
(Rita toots the horn again and changes the sign to '£25'.)  
Rita: Oh yes, sir. It's quite normal.  
Tourist: Is it?  
(Rita toots the horn again and changes the sign to '£30'.)



Rita: Yes, sir.  
 Tourist: No, come on - this is a joke, isn't it? (They both laugh. Then Rita toots the horn again and changes the sign to '£35'.)

Rita: No, sir.  
 Tourist: Look - all I want is some information.  
 Rita: What did you say? (Rita toots the horn again and changes the sign to '£40'.)  
 Tourist: I said - Wait a minute! I didn't ask a question then.  
 Rita: Didn't you? (Rita toots the horn again and changes the sign to '£45'.)  
 Tourist: Look! You've just asked two questions and I'm paying for them.  
 Rita: OK, I'm sorry, sir. You can have two free questions.  
 Tourist: Can I?  
 Rita: That's one.  
 Tourist: Er...now, what do I want to know?  
 Rita: And that's two.  
 Tourist: Look, what is going on here?! (Rita toots the horn again and changes the sign to '£50'.)  
 Rita: Fifty pounds! Congratulations, sir. You now owe me fifty pounds. Now, you can pay me the fifty pounds or you can answer one simple question and double the fifty pounds to one hundred pounds!  
 Tourist: (Confused) Er.  
 Rita: Here's the question: How old are you?  
 Tourist: Twenty-six. (Rita toots the horn.)  
 Rita: is the correct answer! (She changes the sign to '£100'.)  
 Rita: You now owe me one hundred pounds! (The tourist gives her £100.)  
 Tourist: There you are.  
 Rita: Thank you, sir. (Rita removes the £100 sign.)  
 Rita: Enjoy your stay in England.  
 Tourist: Thank you. (The tourist starts to leave but then comes back.)  
 Tourist: Wait a minute - I haven't had any information yet

Rita: Don't worry, sir. Ask me anything you like - but don't forget: it costs...  
 Tourist: ...five pounds a question.  
 Rita: Right. Five pounds a question.  
 Tourist: Er...Can you tell me (Rita is going to toot the horn.)  
 Tourist: No, no, no, no... Do you know (Rita is again going to toot the horn.)  
 Tourist: - no, no, no. no, no...Ah. Five pounds a question. Right. I'd like to rent a car.  
 Rita: You'd like to rent a car?  
 Tourist: Yes. And I'd like you to tell me where I can do it.  
 Rita: You'd like to rent a car?  
 Tourist: Yes.  
 Rita: Well, sir, there is a car rental company in the airport.  
 Tourist: Good (Looking around) and it's -  
 Rita: right here! (Rita changes the 'Tourist Information Office' sign to a 'Rent-a-Car' sign.)  
 Rita: Welcome to Rita's Rent-a-Car.  
 Tourist: Oh.  
 Rita: We have cars from all over the world. And I have here, in my hand, the keys to a Rolls-Royce.  
 Tourist: A Rolls-Royce! Yes, please!  
 Rita: (Giving him the keys) Here you are, that's fifty pounds.  
 Tourist: (Giving her the money) Here you are, Fifty pounds for a Rolls-Royce!  
 Rita: No, sir. It's fifty pounds for the keys.  
 Tourist: Oh.  
 Rita: Now, sir - do you have any more questions?  
 Tourist: Well, I've only got five pounds left.  
 Rita: So you can have one more question. What would you like to know?  
 Tourist: What time is the next plane back to Australia? (Rita toots the horn.)  
 Rita: I don't know, sir. (Rita takes his £5 note.)  
 Rita: Thank you very much. Goodbye.





## The bank

Scene: The manager's office in a bank

Characters: Miss D. Posit: the bank manager, Monica: Miss Posit's secretary, Mr. Moore: a customer, a bank robber

(Miss Posit is sitting on her desk. The intercom buzzes.)

Miss Posit: Yes, Monica?

Monica: Miss Posit, there's a gentlemen to see you. Mr. Moore.

Miss Posit: Ah, yes. Mr. Moore. Bring him in please, Monica.

Monica: Yes, Miss Posit.  
(Monica brings Mr. Moore in.)

Miss Posit: Good morning, Mr. Moore.

Mr. Moore: Good morning.

Miss Posit: Thank you, Monica,  
(Monica leaves the office.)

Miss Posit: Do sit down, Mr. Moore.

Mr. Moore: Thank you.  
(He sits down.)

Miss Posit: Now, Mr. Moore, the situation is like this. Your account is in the red.

Mr. Moore: Pardon?

Miss Posit: In the red.

Mr. Moore: I'm sorry, I don't understand.

Miss Posit: In the red. Overdrawn.

Mr. Moore: Overdrawn. No, I'm sorry, I've never heard that word before in my life.

Miss Posit: It's very simple, Mr. Moore. It means that you've taken more money out of the bank than you've put in.

Mr. Moore: Oh, I see. Thank you very much.

Miss Posit: I don't think you quite understand, Mr. Moore. It means that you've put in less than you've taken out.

Mr. Moore: Oh!

Miss Posit: Your account is overdrawn. £200 overdrawn.

Mr. Moore: £200 overdrawn. I see. Well, don't worry. I can put that right immediately.

Miss Posit: Oh, good.

Mr. Moore: Yes, I'll write you a cheque, shall I?

(He takes out his cheque-book and begins to write.)

Mr. Moore: Now... two hundred pounds...

Miss Posit: Mr. Moore, Mr. Moore, if you write me a cheque for £200, you'll be overdrawn more, Mr. Moore.

Mr. Moore: I beg your pardon?

Miss Posit: More, Mr. Moore. M-O-R-E, more

Mr. Moore: No, no...double-O...M-double-O-R-E, Mr. Moore. It is my name.

Miss Posit: Mr. Moore, I don't think you quite understand the situation. You see -

(The robber comes in suddenly.)

Robber: Nobody move!

Miss Posit: you see, if you write me a cheque for £200 -

Robber: I said: 'Nobody move!

Miss Posit: Can I help you?

Robber: That's better. You

Mr. Moore: Me?

Robber: Yes. Read this.  
(He gives Mr. Moore a note.)

Mr. Moore: Oh. OK. Er... (Reading) Two pounds of tomatoes, six eggs, and a packet of chocolate biscuits.'

Robber: No, no, no. The other side.

Mr. Moore: Oh, sorry. Er... (Reading) 'Give me all your...honey, or I'll...kiss you.'

Robber: Not honey - money.

Mr. Moore: Oh, sorry. (Reading) 'Give me all your money, or I'll kiss you.'

Robber: Not kiss - kill

Mr. Moore: Oh. Er...Miss Posit, I think this is for you.

(He gives the note to Miss Posit.)

Miss Posit: (Reading) Give me all your money, or I'll kill you.' I see. Would you sit down for a moment?

Robber: Sit down?

Miss Posit: Yes, I'm very busy at the moment. Please sit over there.

Robber: But

Miss Posit: I'll be with you in a moment.  
(The robber sits down.)

Miss Posit: Now, Mr. Moore. How much do you earn?

Mr. Moore: £35 a week.

Robber: Excuse me.

Miss Posit: Just one moment, please!...So you earn £35 a week. How much do you spend?

Mr. Moore: £70 a week.

Robber: Excuse me -

Miss Posit: One moment, please!!...£70 a week. So you spend twice as much as you earn.

Mr. Moore: Yes, I earn half as much as I spend.

Miss Posit: How do you do it?

Mr. Moore: It's easy. I use my cheque-book.

Miss Posit: Exactly, Mr. Moore!

Robber: Excuse me.

Miss Posit: Yes!!

Robber: I make £2,000 a week.



Miss Posit: £2,000 a week? And how much do you spend?  
 Robber: £1,000 a week.  
 Miss Posit: Really? So you save £1,000 a week.  
 Robber: Yes.  
 Miss Posit: (Very politely) Would you like to sit here?  
 Robber: Thank you.  
 Miss Posit: Mr. Moore, would you sit over there for a moment?  
 (The robber and Mr. Moore change places.)  
 Miss Posit: So you save £1,000 a week.  
 Robber: Yes.  
 Miss Posit: Tell me...where do you keep this money?  
 Robber: Here. In this bag.  
 (He puts a large bag full of money on the desk.)  
 Miss Posit: Oh. Oh, yes. Very nice. Um...would you like to open an account, Mr...?  
 Robber: Mr. Steele.  
 Miss Posit: Steele. I see. S-T-double E-L-E?  
 Robber: Yes, that's right.  
 Miss Posit: Well, just excuse me one moment, Mr. Steele, and I'll get the necessary papers.  
 Robber: Certainly.  
 Mr. Moore: Excuse me...  
 Robber: Yes?  
 Mr. Moore: You make £2,000 a week.  
 Robber: Yes.  
 Mr. Moore: How do you do it?  
 Robber: I rob banks.  
 Mr. Moore: Oh, I see. You rob banks and steal the money.  
 Robber: Yes  
 Mr. Moore: How do you do it?  
 Robber: It's easy. You take a gun.  
 Mr. Moore: I haven't got a gun.  
 Robber: Oh...well, borrow mine.  
 Mr. Moore: Thank you very much.  
 (Mr. Moore takes the gun and fires it.)  
 Robber: Be careful! You take a gun and you take a note.  
 Mr. Moore: Oh, yes, the note. That's very good. I like that. (Reading) Two pounds of tomatoes, six eggs  
 Robber: The other side!  
 Mr. Moore: Oh, yes. (Reading) 'Give me all your honey, or I'll kiss you!'  
 Robber: 'Money' and 'kill'  
 Mr. Moore: Oh, yes.  
 Robber: You take the note, go into the bank, and put the note on the bank manager's desk.

Mr. Moore: Is that all?  
 Robber: Yes. Mr. Moore.  
 Mr. Moore: I see.  
 (Miss Posit comes back into the office.)  
 Miss Posit: Ah. yes. Now, Mr. Steele  
 Mr. Moore: Give me all your honey...money, or I'll kiss...kill you.  
 Miss Posit: Money, Mr. Moore? Certainly. Take this bag.  
 (She gives Mr. Moore the robber's bag.)  
 Mr. Moore: Oh, thank you. That was easy.  
 Robber: Yes, but  
 Miss Posit: Mr. Moore, your account is still £200 overdrawn.  
 Mr. Moore: Oh, yes. Well...um...Here you are.  
 (He gives her £200 from the robber's bag.)  
 Mr. Moore: £50... £ 100... £ 1 50... £200.  
 Robber: But... But...  
 Miss Posit: Thank you, Mr. Moore.  
 Mr. Moore: Goodbye.  
 (Mr. Moore leaves.)  
 Miss Posit: Now, Mr. Steele - your account  
 Robber: But...But...But...  
 Miss Posit: Mr. Steele...  
 Robber: Just a minute! I think something's gone wrong. Hey, you! Come back! Bring back my money - and my gun! Come back!  
 (He runs after Mr. Moore.)  
 Miss Posit: (On the intercom) Monica, would you bring me some coffee, please? Some strong black coffee...



## The Superlative vacuum cleaner

Scene: The hall of a house  
Characters: A vacuum cleaner salesman, a housewife

The salesman rings the doorbell several times.

Housewife: Yes, I'm coming.  
(She opens the door.)  
Housewife: Good morning.  
Salesman: Good morning, young lady. Is your mother in?  
Housewife: My mother? I'm the mother in this house. What do you want?  
Salesman: Dust, madam.  
Housewife: Dust?  
Salesman: Yes, madam. Dust.  
Housewife: I haven't got any dust.  
Salesman: Oh yes you have!  
(He shakes dust onto the floor from a paper bag.)  
Salesman: All over your carpet!  
Housewife: Hey! I've just cleaned this carpet! Why are you putting dust all over it?  
Salesman: Don't worry, madam. I've got the answer to all your problems here! The Superlative vacuum cleaner!  
Housewife: The Superlative vacuum cleaner! Why's it called 'Superlative'?  
Salesman: Because, madam, everything about it is superlative. It's the quickest, the cleanest, the cheapest, the smallest, the smartest, the most economical, the most effective, the most beautiful, the most revolutionary vacuum cleaner in the world. And it's only £65.  
Housewife: Are you trying to sell me a vacuum cleaner?  
Salesman: Yes, madam.  
Housewife: Well, go on, then.  
Salesman: I've finished, madam.  
Housewife: Finished? You haven't said very much. What sort of a vacuum cleaner salesman are you?

Salesman: Not a very good one, I'm afraid.  
Housewife: I can see that.  
Salesman: No, I'm a very bad vacuum cleaner salesman. In fact, I'm the worst salesman in our company.  
Housewife: The worst?  
Salesman: The worst, I sometimes think I'm the worst vacuum cleaner salesman in the world.  
Housewife: Oh, dear. Do you like your job?  
Salesman: Like my job? No, madam, I detest my job. It's the most boring job in the world. Every day it's the same: 'Good morning, young lady. Is your mother in?...The Superlative vacuum cleaner...The quickest, the cleanest, the cheapest, the smallest...'  
Housewife: Well, is it the quickest?  
Salesman: No, it's probably the slowest.  
Housewife: Is it the cleanest?  
Salesman: Cleanest? Don't make me laugh! I don't think there's a dirtier vacuum cleaner on the market. And it certainly isn't the cheapest either.  
Housewife: No, no, no. This is no good at all.  
Salesman: Pardon?  
Housewife: Look, do you want to sell this vacuum cleaner or don't you?  
Salesman: I suppose so.  
Housewife: Well, your sales technique is all wrong.  
Salesman: Is it?  
Housewife: Yes. I could sell vacuum cleaners better than you,  
Salesman: No, you couldn't.  
Housewife: Yes, I could. I'll show you. You come into the house, and I'll ring the bell and sell the vacuum cleaner to you.  
Salesman: You'll sell the vacuum cleaner to me?  
Housewife: Yes.  
Salesman: OK. But it isn't as easy as you think.  
Housewife: We'll see. Go inside and shut the door.



**Salesman:** All right,  
(The salesman goes into the house and closes the door. The housewife rings the bell. The salesman opens the door.)

**Salesman:** Not today, thank you,  
(He closes the door. The housewife rings the bell again. The salesman opens the door again, and speaks in a high voice.)

**Salesman:** Yes?

**Housewife:** Hello!

**Salesman:** Hello,

**Housewife:** My goodness me, what a beautiful house you've got!

**Salesman:** Ooh, do you like it?

**Housewife:** Like it? It's the most beautiful house I've seen for a long time.

**Salesman:** Thank you very much, may I come in?

**Salesman:** Er ..

**Housewife:** Thank you, Oh, what a colorful carpet!

**Salesman:** Yes, it's lovely, isn't it?

**Housewife:** It's the most colorful carpet I've seen. I should think it was expensive.

**Salesman:** The most expensive one in the shop.

**Housewife:** And I suppose you've got a very good vacuum cleaner to look after it.

**Salesman:** A vacuum cleaner? No, I haven't.

**Housewife:** You haven't got a vacuum cleaner?

**Salesman:** No.

**Housewife:** Well, madam, this is your lucky day, because I have here the best vacuum cleaner that money can buy: the Superlative vacuum cleaner.

**Salesman:** Is it really good?

**Housewife:** Good? Good? It's the...the...

**Salesman:** (In his own voice) Quickest

**Housewife:** ...the quickest, the...

**Salesman:** Cleanest,

**Housewife:** ...the cleanest, the cheapest, the smallest, the smartest, the most economical, the most effective, the most beautiful,

the most revolutionary vacuum cleaner in the world.

**Salesman:** (In a high voice again) Ooh! How much is it?

**Housewife:** Just £65 to you, madam

**Salesman:** I'll buy one.

**Housewife:** Good

**Salesman:** (In his own voice) Er...where's the money?

**Housewife:** It's in my handbag on the kitchen table.

**Salesman:** Oh, right. (In the high voice) I'll just go and get some money.  
He goes to the kitchen to get the money.

**Housewife:** Good idea, madam. You've made the right decision.  
(The salesman comes back, speaking in his own voice.)

**Salesman:** Do you know, you're a fantastic saleswoman.

**Housewife:** Ooh!

**Salesman:** You've got a fantastic sales technique.

**Housewife:** Do you think so?

**Salesman:** Yes, you've got the best sales technique I've seen all day.

**Housewife:** Thank you!

**Salesman:** Thank you, madam.  
(He leaves and closes the door.)

**Salesman:** (Speaking to himself, counting the money) Ten, twenty, thirty, forty, fifty, sixty, sixty-five. Now that's the way to sell a vacuum cleaner.



## Superman and the psychiatrist



Scene: A psychiatrist's consulting room

Characters: A psychiatrist, Angela (the psychiatrist's receptionist), Mr. Wilkins, Superman

The receptionist comes in.

Psychiatrist: Who's next, Angela?

Receptionist: There's a man to see you, doctor. His name is Wilkins. He says he can't talk quietly. He can only shout.

Mr. Wilkins: Can I come in?!!

Psychiatrist: Hmm. Yes, I see. Ask him to come in.

Receptionist: Come in, Mr. Wilkins. (He comes in. The receptionist goes out.)

Mr. Wilkins: Thank you! Hello, doctor. Sorry to trouble you.

Psychiatrist: That's all right, Mr. Wilkins. Do sit down. Now... what seems to be the trouble?

Mr. Wilkins: Er...Well, doctor, I can't talk quietly, I can only shout.

Psychiatrist: (Shouting) How long have you been like this?

Mr. Wilkins: Pardon?

Psychiatrist: (Back to normal) How long have you been like this

Mr. Wilkins: About a week.

Psychiatrist: Well, don't worry. I think you've got a very nice shouting voice.

Mr. Wilkins: But I can't go on like this. I'll lose my job.

Psychiatrist: What is your job?

Mr. Wilkins: I'm a librarian. I work in a library. I can't shout at work, you know.

Psychiatrist: In that case, Mr. Wilkins, I think you should change your job.

Mr. Wilkins: But what can I do? No one wants a man who can only shout.

Psychiatrist: You could get a job as an English teacher.

Mr. Wilkins: An English teacher?

Psychiatrist: Yes, they shout all the time.

Mr. Wilkins: All right, doctor. I'll do that. Goodbye.

Psychiatrist: Goodbye, Mr. Wilkins.

(He leaves, still shouting.)

Mr. Wilkins: Hey, you! Write down this verb!

Receptionist: Goodbye, Mr. Wilkins.

The receptionist comes back into the room.

Receptionist: Is Mr. Wilkins all right, doctor?

Psychiatrist: Yes. He's going to be an English teacher.

Receptionist: Oh.

Psychiatrist: Who's next?

Receptionist: Superman.

Psychiatrist: Superman?

Receptionist: Yes.

Psychiatrist: Oh, I see, someone who thinks he's Superman.

Receptionist: No, doctor. He really is Superman.

Psychiatrist: What? The big, strong man who flies through the air?

Receptionist: Yes.

Psychiatrist: Oh, I see. Ask him to come in.

Receptionist: Yes, doctor. (To Superman) Come this way, please.

(Superman comes in, very tired and out-of-breath.)

Superman: Thank you.

Psychiatrist: Thank you, Angela.

(The receptionist goes out.)

Psychiatrist: Good morning, Mr...er...

Superman: Superman.



Psychiatrist: Yes, Superman. Do sit down.  
(Superman sits down.)

Superman: Thank you.

Psychiatrist: Well, what seems to be the trouble?

Superman: Well, doctor, I'm Superman. People think I can do everything, but I can't. I can't do anything any more.

Psychiatrist: What can't you do?

Superman: I can't climb buildings, I can't lift cars...and I can't fly.

Psychiatrist: Well, don't worry. A lot of people have that problem.

Superman: But you don't understand. I'm Superman. If you can't fly, you can't be Superman. It's in the contract.

Psychiatrist: Ah yes, I see.

Superman: In the old days, when people called for Superman, I could run into a telephone box, take off my boring grey city suit, and become Superman, all in ten seconds. Yesterday, I went into a telephone box, and it took me fifteen minutes just to take off my trousers. And when I came out, I couldn't remember where I was going. What do you think of that?  
(The psychiatrist is asleep.)

Superman: Eh?

Psychiatrist: (Waking up) Er. What? Pardon?

Superman: What do you think?

Psychiatrist: I think you should change your job.

Superman: But what can I do?

Psychiatrist: Well, you've got a very nice face. You could be a pop singer.

Superman: A pop singer?

Psychiatrist: Yes, I can see it all now. Your name will be in lights! You'll be famous!

Superman: But I am famous. I'm Superman.

Psychiatrist: Not any more. From today, you are Rocky Superdazzle!

Superman: Do you think it's a good idea?

Psychiatrist: Yes, of course...Rocky,  
(The receptionist comes in again.)

Receptionist: Doctor

Psychiatrist: Yes, Angela?

Receptionist: Mr. Wilkins is back again,  
(Mr. Wilkins comes in, shouting as before.)

Mr. Wilkins: Yes, I am. I've changed my mind. I don't want to be an English teacher. What else can I do?

Psychiatrist: Don't worry, Mr Wilkins. I've got another job for you. You can work with Rocky Superdazzle here.

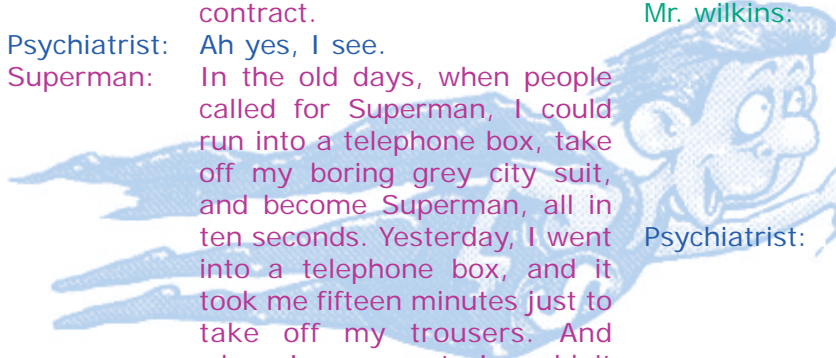
Superman: How do you do?

Mr. wilkins: Rocky Superdazzle? That's not Rocky Superdazzle! That's Superman, I saw him in a telephone box yesterday. Superman! Huh! It took him fifteen minutes just to take off his trousers.

Psychiatrist: Well, he was Superman, but he's not Superman any more. I think you can both work together...  
(A few weeks later, at a pop concert.)

Mr. Wilkins: Ladies and gentlemen, you've heard of Rod Stewart! You've heard of Mick Jagger! You've heard of...Queen Elizabeth the Second of England! Well, tonight we present a new star on the pop scene. He's cooler than Rod Stewart! He's wilder than Mick Jagger! And he's...taller than Queen Elizabeth the Second of England! Ladies and gentlemen - Rocky Superdazzle!  
(The audience screams and applauds.)

Superman: Thank you! Thank you very much! Thank you!



## The lost property office

Scene: A lost property office  
Characters: The lost property office clerk,  
a gangster, a policeman

The gangster runs into the lost property office. There are police cars passing in the street at high speed.

Clerk: Can I help you?  
Gangster: Where am I?  
Clerk: You're in a lost property office.  
Gangster: A lost property office?  
Clerk: Yes. Have you lost something?  
Gangster: Probably.  
Clerk: What have you lost?  
Gangster: I've lost my...umbrella.  
Clerk: Ah, you want the Umbrella Section.  
Gangster: The Umbrella Section?  
Clerk: Yes. Go out into the street, turn left, and it's on the left.  
Gangster: Into the street?  
Clerk: Yes. You see, this isn't the Umbrella Section. This is the Animal Section.  
Gangster: The Animal Section?  
Clerk: Yes.  
Gangster: In that case, I've lost my dog.  
Clerk: You've lost your dog?  
Gangster: Yes.  
Clerk: Well, in that case, you want the Small Animal Section.  
Gangster: The Small Animal Section?  
Clerk: Yes. Go into the street, turn right, and it's on the right.  
Gangster: Into the street?  
Clerk: Yes. You see, this isn't the Small Animal Section. This is the Large Animal Section.  
Gangster: The Large Animal Section?  
Clerk: Yes.  
Gangster: In that case, I've lost my elephant.  
Clerk: You've lost your elephant?  
Gangster: Yes.  
Clerk: I see. Well, I'll need a few details. Would you like to sit down?  
Gangster: I'd love to.  
(The gangster sits down.)  
Clerk: Now, first of all: Name.  
Gangster: Er... Winston.  
Clerk: Well. Mr Winston -  
Gangster: No, my name isn't Winston. The elephant's name is Winston.  
Clerk: I see. And what is your name?  
Gangster: Churchill.  
Clerk: (Writing) Churchill. Address?

Gangster: Er...Churchill's Circus.  
Clerk: Oh, I see. It's a circus elephant.  
Gangster: Is it?...Yes. Yes, it is!  
Clerk: When did you last see him?  
Gangster: Who?  
Clerk: The elephant.  
Gangster: Oh, Winston. Well, we were on a bus yesterday  
On a bus?!  
Clerk: Yes.  
Gangster: How did Winston get on a bus?  
Gangster: How did Winston get on a bus?  
Clerk: Yes  
Gangster: That's a very good question. Well...He waited at the bus stop, and when the bus came along, he put out his arm. And when the bus stopped, he got on.  
Clerk: I see. And then what happened?  
Gangster: Well, we were upstairs on the bus  
Clerk: Upstairs?!  
Gangster: Yes. Winston wanted to smoke a cigarette.  
Clerk: A cigarette?!  
Gangster: I know - I tell him every day: "Winston, smoking is bad for you." But he never listens.  
Clerk: Hmm. What happened then?  
Gangster: Well, I fell asleep.  
Clerk: You fell asleep?  
Gangster: Yes.  
Clerk: I see. And then what happened?  
Gangster: I don't know - I was asleep. But then I woke up, and Winston wasn't there.  
Clerk: Hmm. Well, I'd better ask you a few questions about him. What kind of elephant is he?  
Gangster: Oh, he's very nice - generous, loving...he likes collecting stamps.  
Clerk: No - when I say 'What kind of elephant?' I mean: Is he an African elephant?  
Gangster: Oh, no.  
Clerk: So he's an Indian elephant.  
Gangster: No.  
Clerk: What kind of elephant is he?  
Gangster: Scottish.  
Clerk: A Scottish elephant?!  
Gangster: Yes. He wears a kilt.  
Clerk: I see. What color is he?  
Gangster: Color? Well, he's elephant-colored.  
Clerk: And what color is that?  
Gangster: Blue.  
Clerk: Blue?!  
Gangster: It was very cold yesterday.  
Clerk: Yes, it was. Next question: Color of eyes.  
Gangster: Well, you know, like an elephant.  
Clerk: What color is that?  
Gangster: Red,



Clerk: Red?!

Gangster: Green.

Clerk: Green?!

Gangster: One red, one green.

Clerk: One red, one green?!

Gangster: Yes. We call him 'Traffic Lights'.

Clerk: I see. Color of hair?

Gangster: Hair?

Clerk: Yes

Gangster: He hasn't got any hair.

Clerk: I see. (Writing) Bald...So we're looking for a bald, blue, Scottish elephant, wearing a kilt and smoking a cigarette.

Gangster: Yes.

Clerk: Is there anything unusual about him?

Gangster: No, nothing at all.

Clerk: Good. Now, Mr. Churchill, what should we do if we find Winston?

Gangster: Well...Put a banana in your hand, walk up to Winston, and say 'Kootchie-kootchie-koo'

Clerk: What will Winston do?

Gangster: Well, if it's Winston, he'll sit down and he'll eat the banana.

Clerk: All right, Mr. Churchill. Just wait a moment, and I'll call the Elephant Section.

Gangster: Fine.  
(The clerk picks up the telephone and dials a number.)

Clerk: Hello? George?... It's Brenda... I'm fine, thank you - and you?... Good. George, have you got any elephants?... You haven't? Hold on a moment. (To the gangster) He hasn't got any elephants.

Gangster: No elephants? Well, not to worry. Sorry to have troubled you. Thank you for your help. I'll be on my way. Goodbye.  
(He gets up. A police car passes in the street. He sits down again.)

Gangster: Er...Ask George to have another look.

Clerk: All right. (On the phone) George, can you have another look?

Gangster: Tell him to look under the table.

Clerk: Look under the table...What?... (To the gangster) He's got one.

Gangster: A table?

Clerk: No, an elephant.

Gangster: An elephant.

Clerk: Yes. It was under the table.

Gangster: Really?

Clerk: (On the phone) Yes, George, I'm listening...Yes...Yes...Yes...Yes... Yes. Hold on.(To the gangster) He's got a bald, blue, Scottish elephant, wearing a kilt and smoking a cigarette. It sounds

like Winston.

Gangster: What about the banana?

Clerk: Oh, yes. (On the phone) George...I want you to put a banana in your hand, and say 'Kootchie-kootchie-koo'...No, not to me - to the elephant. OK?...What?...Oh, no!

Gangster: What's the matter?

Clerk: The elephant sat down.

Gangster: Good.

Clerk: On George.

Gangster: Tell George to give Winston the banana!

Clerk: Right. (On the phone) George? George! Get up and give the banana to the elephant...Hello? What? Oh, no!

Gangster: What is it?

Clerk: He's eaten the banana.

Gangster: Who? Winston?

Clerk: No. George.

Gangster: Oh, no!

Clerk: (On the phone) George, I think you should bring the elephant down here. The owner is waiting to take him away.. .OK...Bye.  
(The clerk puts down the telephone.)

Clerk: Don't worry, Mr Churchill. Your elephant will be here in a moment.

Gangster: Look - before this elephant arrives, there's something you should know -  
(They hear the sound of an elephant.)

Clerk: Ah, that must be Winston.  
(They hear the sound of someone falling over.)

Clerk: And that's George.  
(Someone knocks at the door.)

Clerk: Go on, Mr. Churchill. Open the door.

Gangster: Oh, all right.  
(He opens the door.)

Gangster: Hello, Winston. Kootchie-kootchie-koo!

Policeman: Mr. Churchill?

Gangster: But...this isn't an elephant. It's a policeman.

Policeman: Very good, sir. Now, if you'd like to follow me...

Clerk: Goodbye, Mr. Churchill. And don't forget: If you lose your elephant again, the Lost Property Office is here to help you.

Gangster: Oh, good. I'll remember that,  
(He leaves with the policeman.)





## The travel agency

Scene: A travel agency in London  
Characters: A travel agent, Martin and Brenda Spencer

The travel agent is sitting at his desk in the travel agency. The phone rings.

Travel agent: (On the telephone) Honest Harry's Happy Holidays. Can I help you? Oh, it's you, sir...This is Perkins speaking, yes...The holidays in Brighton? Well, I haven't sold very many...I'm doing my best, but people aren't interested in Brighton these days. My job? Yes, I do like my job...Yes; I do want to keep my job...Yes, sir. All right, I'll sell some holidays in Brighton. Yes, sir. Yes, sir. Goodbye.

(He puts the phone down.)

Travel agent: Oh, dear.  
(Martin and Brenda come in.)

Martin: Go on, Brenda.

Brenda: Excuse me, is this a travel agency?

Travel agent: No, madam. It's a fish and chip shop.

Brenda: Oh, sorry. Come on, Martin.

Travel agent: No, no, this is a travel agency. Just a little joke.

Brenda: Oh.

Travel agent: Yes, welcome to Honest Harry's Happy Holidays. Do sit down.

Brenda: Thank you.

Martin: Thank you.  
(They sit down.)

Travel agent: What can I do for you?

Brenda: We'd like some information about holidays.

Travel agent: Oh, good.

Martin: Yes, we'd like to go somewhere interesting.

Travel agent: Somewhere interesting? Have you been to Brighton?

Martin: Brighton? No, we haven't -

Travel agent: Really?

Brenda: and we don't want to, either.

Travel agent: Why not?

Martin: Well, it's not exciting. We want to go somewhere exciting.

Travel agent: Oh, I see. How about the Sahara Desert?

Brenda: The Sahara Desert?

Travel agent: Yes, Have you ever been there?

Martin: No, we haven't,

Travel agent: Well, this is the holiday for you. Forty-five days in the middle of the Sahara Desert.

Brenda: In the middle of the Sahara Desert? Is there anything to do?

Travel agent: Oh yes, there's plenty to do. Have you ever been in a sandstorm?

Martin: A sandstorm? No, we haven't,

Travel agent: Oh well, it's very exciting. There are sandstorms nearly every day. And lots of dangerous snakes. Have you ever been bitten by a dangerous snake?

Martin- Brenda: No!

Travel agent: Oh well, it's very exciting.

Brenda: No, I don't think we'd like

Travel agent: Sandstorms, dangerous snakes, and, on the last day, a stampede of camels!

Martin: A stampede of camels? What's that?

Travel agent: Haven't you ever seen a stampede of camels?

Martin: No.

Travel agent: Oh, it's very exciting. You stand in the middle of three hundred camels; someone fires a gun in the air - Bang! and all the camels get frightened and run away.

Brenda: With us standing in the middle?

Travel agent: Yes. Have you ever seen a frightened camel?

Brenda: No. Is it exciting?

Travel agent: Exciting? It's terrifying!

Martin: Isn't it dangerous?

Travel agent: Of course it's dangerous! That's what makes it exciting!

Martin: Er...how much is it?

Travel agent: £800.

Brenda: £800!

Travel agent: And £5 extra for the stampede of camels.

Brenda: That's very expensive.

Travel agent: Ah, I see. You want something cheaper. Um...how about the Arctic Ocean? Have you ever been to the Arctic?

Martin: No, we haven't,

Travel agent: Well, we can give you three weeks in a small boat in the Arctic Ocean. Each boat has a small hole in the bottom.



Brenda: A hole in the bottom?  
 Travel agent: and you have enough food for ten days.

Martin: Ten days?  
 Travel agent: That's right.

Martin: But the holiday is for three weeks.

Travel agent: That's what makes it exciting! And it's only £600.

Brenda: £600! It's still much too expensive for us.

Martin: Have you got anything a little bit cheaper?

Travel agent: Cheaper...well, I don't know. Let me see...Um...Oh, yes. Now this is a holiday to remember. The Amazon jungle. Have you been to the Amazon jungle?

Martin: No, we haven't.

Travel agent: Well, this may be the holiday for you. We drop you into the middle of the Amazon jungle by parachute.

Martin: By parachute!

Travel agent: Yes, we drop you into the middle of the Amazon jungle, with a map.

Brenda: Well, at least you get a map.

Travel agent: with a map of the London Underground.

Brenda: Oh. I don't think we'd like that. It sounds very dangerous.

Travel agent: Yes, but it's very exciting! This is the twentieth century. People want exciting holidays. You said you wanted an exciting holiday.

Martin: But all your holidays are dangerous, expensive, and too far away from home.

Travel agent: Oh, I see. Now you want something nearer home.

Martin: Er...yes.

Travel agent: Have you ever been to Spain?

Martin: No, we haven't.

Travel agent: We can offer you a month, fighting the strongest bulls in Spain.

Brenda: Bullfighting? No, I don't want to do that.

Travel agent: Oh. Have you ever been to Paris?

Martin: No, we haven't.

Travel agent: What about ten days in Paris?...

Martin: That sounds marvelous!

Travel agent: ...painting the outside of the Eiffel Tower.

Brenda- Martin: No, thanks!

Travel agent: Well, what about two weeks in Brighton?

Brenda: No, thanks!

Martin: Just a minute. Did you say 'Brighton'?

Travel agent: Yes. How about two weeks in Brighton, staying in a nice quiet hotel by the sea?

Brenda: Well, yes...

Martin: Yes, that sounds wonderful!

Travel agent: It's not very exciting. No camels, no snakes, but you can't have everything, can you?

Brenda: No. That's very nice. We'll take it.

Martin: How much is it?

Travel agent: £50 each, please. Could you just sign this form for the reservations?  
 (He gives Martin a form.)

Travel agent: Just here, please. Alarm signs.

Travel agent: Thank you. And here. And here. And here. And... here. Thank you.

Brenda: Thank you very much.

Martin: Goodbye.

Travel agent: Goodbye and I hope you enjoy your holiday.  
 (Martin and Brenda leave. The telephone rings.)

Travel agent: On the telephone Honest Harry's Happy Holidays. Can I help you?... Well, we've got some very nice holidays in Brighton, as a matter of fact...



## Gerry Brown's driving test

Scene: A car

Characters: Gerry Brown, Brian Smith, Gerry's friend, a driving examiner

Brian has just arrived at the test centre in his car. He is sitting in it, waiting for Gerry.

Brian: Hmm...Three o'clock. Where is he?  
Ah, there he is. Gerry! Gerry! (Gerry comes to the car.)

Gerry: Ah, hello!

Brian: Hello, Gerry,  
(Brian gets out of the car.)

Brian: Well, the big day, eh?

Gerry: Yes, my driving test. It's very good of you to lend me your car.

Brian: Oh, that's all right, Gerry. You have had driving lessons, haven't you?

Gerry: Oh, yes. Well...I had one.

Brian: One?

Gerry: Yes, I had one last night. It was very good.

Brian: That's not enough. You should have had at least ten!

Gerry: Now don't worry. I've flown aero planes, you know, and it's all more or less the same. You just jump in, switch on, and up she goes!

Brian: Yes, but this isn't an aero plane. It's a car. My car!

Gerry: Oh yes, I can see that.

Brian: Hmm...that's another problem.

Gerry: What?

Brian: Your eyes.

Gerry: What's the matter with my eyes?

Brian: Well, they're not exactly perfect, are they?

Gerry: Well, I know I can't see very well, but -

Brian: But you told the authorities that your eyes were perfect. You shouldn't have done that.

Gerry: Yes, I know. But don't worry, everything will be all right. I borrowed these glasses from my uncle, and he says they're marvelous.

Brian: Your uncle's glasses! But Gerry, you should have brought your own glasses

Gerry: I haven't got any of my own. But don't worry, my uncle has worn these for twenty-five years, and he's a brain surgeon.

Brian: Gerry -Gerry!Look, I'll put them on. (He puts on the glasses.)

Gerry: There, Oh...Um...Brian?...Brian? (He bumps into the car.)

Gerry: Oh.

Brian: Gerry, look, here comes the examiner.

Gerry: Oh yes, I see. He looks like a very nice man.

Brian: Gerry, it's not a man. It's a woman.

Gerry: Oh.

Brian: Now listen, Gerry. There's only one way you can pass this test.

Gerry: Yes?

Brian: Be polite.

Gerry: Be polite and

Brian: Shhht, Gerry. Here she is, (The examiner arrives.)

Examiner: Mr. Brown?

Gerry: Er...yes.

Examiner: I'm the examiner. Shall we get in?

Gerry: Er...yes. Allow me to open the door for you

(He opens the door and the examiner gets into the car.)

Examiner: Thank you.

Gerry: Was that all right?

Brian: Very good, Gerry. But I think I'll come with you, just in case.

Gerry: All right.

(Gerry and Brian get into the car. Brian sits in the back.)

Examiner: Now, Mr. Brown. I'd like you to drive the car straight down the road.



Gerry: Straight down the road. Yes.  
(He tries to drive away. The car stops.)

Gerry: Oh. Sorry,  
(He tries again, and drives away very fast.)

Examiner: Turn right, Mr. Brown. (Gerry turns left.)

Brian: Gerry! You turned left. She said 'Right'. You should have turned right.

Gerry: (Cheerfully) Sorry!

Examiner: Turn left, Mr. Brown.  
(Gerry turns right.)

Brian: Gerry! You turned right. You should have turned left.

Examiner: The traffic lights are red, Mr. Brown.

Brian-Examiner: Red!  
(Gerry stops the car at the traffic lights.)

Gerry: Ha, ha! Very good, eh? Straight on?

Examiner: Er...n-n-no, Mr Brown. I think I'll get out here.

Gerry: Oh. Allow me to open the door for you.

Examiner: No, no, thank you. That won't be necessary.  
She gets out of the car and walks away.

Examiner: I should have stayed in bed today. I knew it...I knew it was going to be a bad day.

Gerry: Oh, dear.

Brian: I told you you should have had more lessons, Gerry.

Gerry: Ah, green!  
Gerry drives away very fast.

Brian: Gerry! Gerry! Slow down, Gerry! Gerry!!



## Giovanni 's café

Scene: A pavement cafe in Rome  
Characters: Geoffrey Burton, Dorothy Burton (Geoffrey's wife), Teresa Pilkington, Giovanni

Geoffrey and Dorothy are sitting at a table in front of the cafe.

Geoffrey: Well, here we are in Rome. The sun is shining, and we haven't got a care in the world.

Dorothy: Yes, Rome is so beautiful.

Geoffrey: And it's such a beautiful day.

Dorothy: This square looks lovely in the sunshine.

Geoffrey: And it's so nice, sitting here with you. No trains to catch...

Dorothy: No telephones to answer...

Geoffrey: No boring business people to talk to...Do you know, this is the first holiday we've had for five years - since we were married.

Dorothy: And it's our first visit to Rome, too. It's like a second honeymoon.

Geoffrey: Yes, and now we're alone together, with all the time in the world.

Dorothy: Yes.

Geoffrey: Just you, and me, and romantic Rome.

Dorothy: Yes.  
(Teresa comes to their table.)

Teresa: Excuse me, do you speak English?

Geoffrey: Yes.

Teresa: May I sit here?

Geoffrey: Er...oh...yes.  
(Teresa sits down.)

Teresa: Thank you. Just a minute it's Geoffrey, Geoffrey Burton!

Geoffrey: Good God! Teresa Pilkington!

Teresa: Geoffrey, darling! How lovely to see you! It's been so long since we..

Geoffrey: Er...Teresa, this is my wife, Dorothy.

Teresa: Oh, your wife. Delighted to meet you.

Dorothy: So you know Geoffrey, do you?

Teresa: Oh yes, Geoffrey and I are old friends, aren't we, Geoffrey?

Geoffrey: No. Er...yes. Er...what are you doing in Rome, Teresa?

Dorothy: You're old friends, are you?

Teresa: Oh yes, I've known Geoffrey for years and years, since we were both young and innocent.

Geoffrey: Goodness me! Look at that remarkable statue!

Dorothy: Geoffrey!. Tell me, Miss Pilkington, what exactly do you mean by 'young and innocent'?

Teresa: Well, darling, before Geoffrey met me, he was just an innocent boy.

Geoffrey: Er...yes...we met at kindergarten.

Teresa: Oh, Geoffrey, you know that's not what I mean.

Dorothy: Well, what exactly do you mean?

Geoffrey: Good Lord! Look at that magnificent telephone box.

Dorothy: Geoffrey!

Geoffrey: Well, you don't see telephone boxes like that in England, do you?

Teresa: Poor Geoffrey! Before he met me, his life was so boring. He was a student at an awful college in the mountains, and he hated every minute of it.

Dorothy: But Geoffrey - you told me you loved that college in the mountains!

Teresa: Oh yes, that's because he met me there.

Dorothy: What - at the college?

Teresa: No, in the mountains.

Geoffrey: Er, Dorothy, I think we'd better go. The Colosseum closes at six o'clock, you know.

Dorothy: Sit down, Geoffrey. It's only half past eleven.

Teresa: Yes, I remember that day so well - the day that we met. The mountains were so beautiful, the sky was so blue -

Dorothy: and Geoffrey was so green, I suppose.

Teresa: 'Green'? What do you mean?

Dorothy: 'Green.' Young and innocent. Just the way you like them, I suppose.

Teresa: Well, really!  
(Teresa gets up.)

Teresa: Excuse me!...Goodbye, Geoffrey. (Sarcastically) Delighted to have met you, Mrs. Burton

Geoffrey: Teresa... um...



Teresa: Goodbye, Geoffrey.  
(Teresa leaves.)

Geoffrey: Oh, dear.

Dorothy: So before you met her, you were just an innocent boy! You told me I was the first woman in your life, and I believed you...and I've been so honest with you.

Geoffrey: Yes, Dorothy. Dorothy, I've told you everything.

Geoffrey: Yes, Dorothy, I know. I was the first man in your life.

Dorothy: The first and only man, Geoffrey, (Giovanni comes to the table.)

Geoffrey: Oh...waiter. I'll have a Martini, please.

Giovanni: Certainly, sir. And for you, madam? Oh! Dorothy!

Dorothy: Giovanni!

Giovanni: Dorothy!

Geoffrey: Giovanni?

Giovanni: Dorothy, it's wonderful to see you again!

Geoffrey: Dorothy, have you met this man before?

Dorothy: Well, Geoffrey -

Giovanni: Dorothy, it must be five years!

Dorothy: Six, Giovanni, six!

Giovanni: And now you've come back to Rome!

Geoffrey: Come back? What's he talking about?

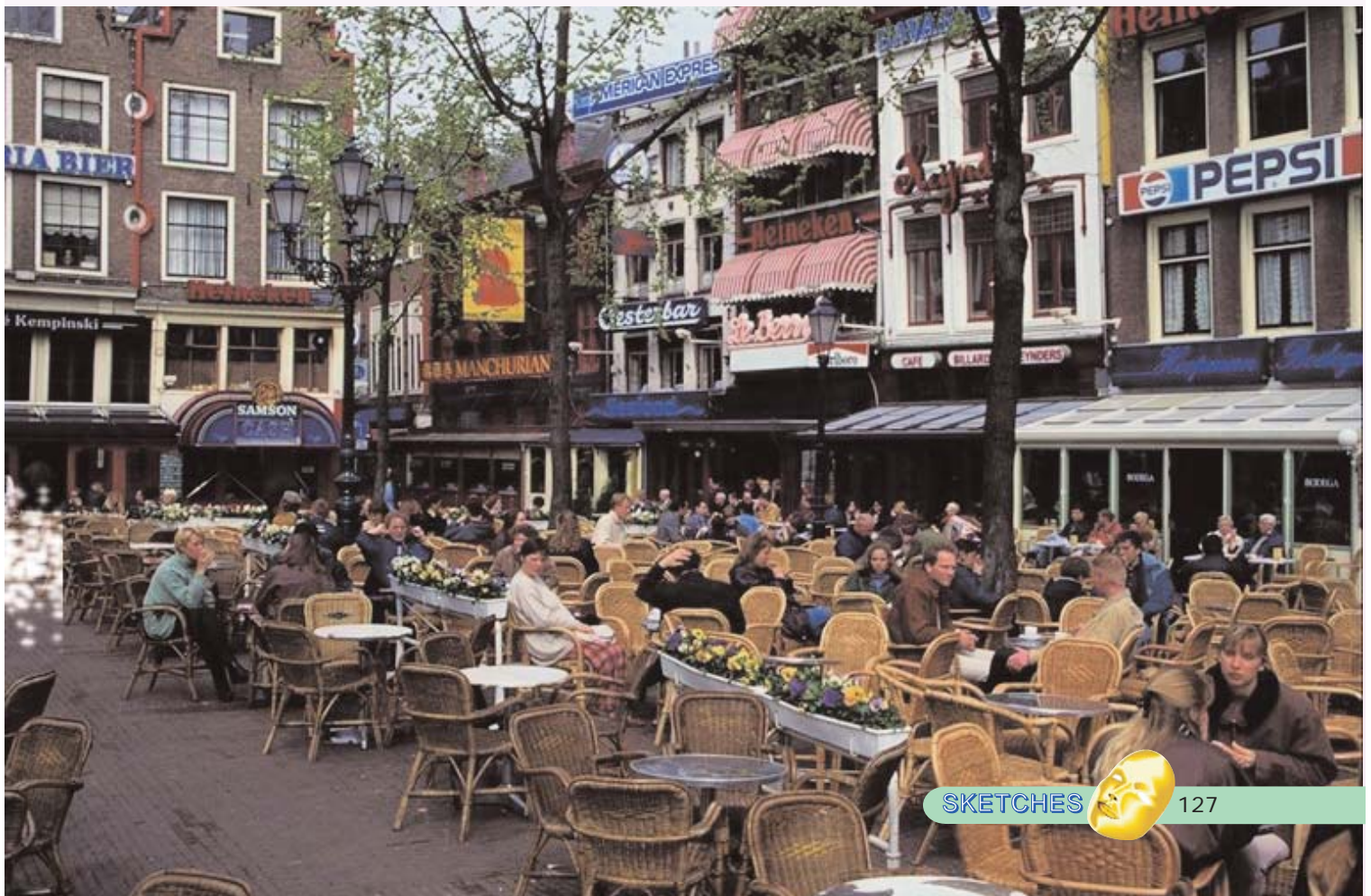
Dorothy: Well, Geoffrey -

Giovanni: Come with me, Dorothy. We've got so much to talk about!

Dorothy: Oh...er, yes...um...excuse me, Geoffrey.  
(Giovanni and Dorothy leave.)

Geoffrey: Dorothy! Dorothy!

■



## Shakespeare's house

Scene:

The living-room of a house in Stratford-upon-Avon, the town where Shakespeare was born

Characters:

Sidney and  
Ethel (tourists),  
a man

Sidney and Ethel come into the room.

Sidney: Well, Ethel, here we are in Shakespeare's front room. This must be where he wrote all his famous tragedies.

Ethel: I'm not surprised, with furniture like this.

Sidney: What do you mean?

Ethel: Well, look at that armchair. He can't have been comfortable, sitting there.

Sidney: Don't be silly! He probably sat at this table when he was writing tragedies.

Ethel: Oh, yes...Look!  
(She shows Sidney a typewriter.)

Ethel: This must be Shakespeare's typewriter.

Sidney: Shakespeare's typewriter?

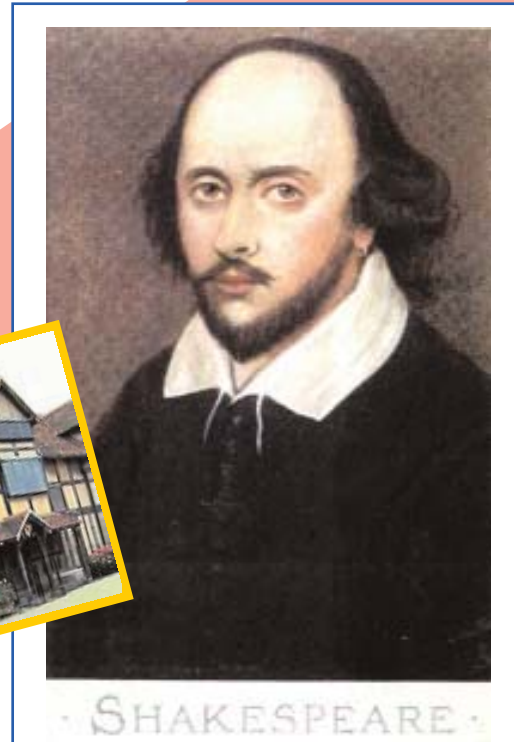
Ethel: Yes. He must have written all his plays on this.

Sidney: Ethel! That can't be Shakespeare's typewriter.

Ethel: Why not?

Sidney: Because Shakespeare didn't use a typewriter.

Ethel: Didn't he?



Sidney: No, of course he didn't. He was a very busy man. He didn't have time to sit in front of a typewriter all day. He probably used a tape-recorder.

Ethel: A tape-recorder?

Sidney: Yes. I can see him now. He must have sat on this chair, holding his microphone in his hand saying: 'To be, or not to be.'

Ethel: What does that mean?

Sidney: Ah well, that is the question.

Ethel: Sidney, look!

Sidney: What?

Ethel: Over here. This must be Shakespeare's television.

Sidney: Shakespeare's television?

Ethel: Yes. It must be. It looks quite old.

Sidney: Shakespeare didn't have a television.

Ethel: Why not?



Sidney: Why not? Because he went to the theatre every night. He didn't have time to sit at home, watching television.

Ethel: Oh.  
(They hear someone snoring.)

Ethel: Sidney, what's that? I can hear something. Oh, look!

Sidney: Where?

Ethel: Over there. There's a man over there, behind the newspaper, I think he's asleep.

Sidney: Oh, yes. He must be one of Shakespeare's family. He's probably Shakespeare's grandson.

Ethel: Ooh!

Sidney: I'll just go and say 'Hello'.  
(He goes over to the man and shouts.)

Sidney: Hello!

Man: What? Eh? What's going on?

Sidney: Good morning.

Man: Good mor- Who are you?

Ethel: We're tourists.

Man: Tourists?

Sidney: Yes.

Ethel: It must be very interesting, living here.

Man: Interesting? Living here? What are you talking about?

Sidney: Well, it must be interesting, living in a famous house like this.

Man: Famous house?

Ethel: Yes, there must be hundreds of people who want to visit Shakespeare's house.

Man: Shakespeare's house? Look, there must be some mistake.

Sidney: This is Shakespeare's house, isn't it?

Man: This is Number 34, Railway Avenue...and I live here!

Ethel: Yes. You must be Shakespeare's grandson.

Man: Shakespeare's grandson?

Ethel: Yes.

Sidney: Ethel! Look at this!

Ethel: What is it?

Sidney: Look at it!  
(He is holding an ashtray.)

Ethel: Ooh, Shakespeare's ashtray!

Sidney: Yes, William Shakespeare's ashtray! Mr. Shakespeare, I would like to buy this ashtray as a souvenir of our visit to your grandfather's house.

Man: For the last time, my name is not -

Sidney: I'll give you ten pounds for it.

Man: Now listen...Ten pounds?

Sidney: All right then - twenty pounds.

Man: Twenty pounds for that ashtray?

Ethel: Well, it was William Shakespeare's ashtray, wasn't it?

Man: William Shakespeare's...Oh, yes, of course. William Shakespeare's ashtray.

(Sidney gives the man twenty pounds.)

Sidney: Here you are. You're sure twenty pounds is enough...

Man: Well...

Sidney: All right then. Twenty-five pounds.  
(He gives the man another five pounds.)

Man: Thank you. And here's the ashtray.  
(The man gives Sidney the ashtray.)

Sidney: Thank you very much.

Ethel: I hope we haven't disturbed you too much.

Man: Oh, not at all. I always enjoy meeting people who know such a lot about Shakespeare. Goodbye.

Ethel: Goodbye.  
(Ethel and Sidney leave.)





## Mr. Universe

Scene: The Mr. Universe Competition  
Characters: Gloria Sparkle: Arnold Higgins,  
Elvis Smith, Ernest Bottom  
(the contestants)

The competition is just beginning.

Gloria: Yes, ladies and gentlemen, it's time once again for the 'Mr. Universe' competition - the competition to find the most fantastic, the most incredible, the most amazing man in the world. Who will be this year's Mr. Universe? Our three judges will decide. But first let's meet the contestants. Contestant number one - Arnold Higgins!

(Arnold Higgins enters, carrying a bucket and a sponge.)

Gloria: Ladies and gentlemen, this is Arnold Higgins.

Arnold: Hello!

Gloria: (Reading from a card in her hand) Arnold is 63 years old.

Arnold: What? No, no, no. 36, not 63.

Gloria: Sorry, Arnold.

Arnold: That's all right.

Gloria: Arnold is 36 years old. Tell me, Arnold - what do you do?

Arnold: I'm a window cleaner.

Gloria: He's a window cleaner, ladies and gentlemen! And tell me, Arnold - how long have you been a window cleaner?

Arnold: Well, Gloria, I'm 36 now, and I started cleaning windows when I was 33. So I've been cleaning windows for...er...

Gloria: Three years?

Arnold: Yes. How did you know?

Gloria: It's written on this card. Do you like it?

(Arnold looks at the card.)

Arnold: Yes. It's a very nice card.

Gloria: No, no - not the card. Do you like cleaning windows?

Arnold: Do I like cleaning windows?

Gloria: Yes.

Arnold: Do I like cleaning windows?

Gloria: Yes.

Arnold: Do I like cleaning windows?

Gloria: Yes.

Arnold: No! I don't like cleaning windows - I love it!

Gloria: You love it.

Arnold: Yes, I love it. Big windows, small windows, broken windows -

Gloria: Yes, I see.

Arnold: Windows are my life! I've cleaned windows all over the world.

Gloria: Really?

Arnold: Yes. Do you know Buckingham Palace?

Gloria: Yes

Arnold: Do you know the windows of Buckingham Palace?

Gloria: Yes. Arnold, have you cleaned the windows of Buckingham Palace?

Arnold: No - but I'd like to.

Gloria: Ah, so your ambition is to clean the windows of Buckingham Palace.

Arnold: Yes.

Gloria: Thank you, Arnold.

(She wants Arnold to go.)

Arnold: Before I go, I'd like to tell you about my hobby.

Gloria: What's that, Arnold?

Arnold: My hobby is writing poetry. I'd like to read one of my poems.

Gloria: Oh.

Arnold: It's about windows.

Gloria: Ah.

Arnold: (Reading) 'Oh, windows! Oh, windows! Oh, windows!'

Gloria: Oh, no!

Arnold: 'Windows, windows, big and small! Windows, windows, I love you all!'

Gloria: Thank you, Arnold.

Arnold: There's a bit more.

Gloria: No, thank you, Arnold - that's quite enough. Ladies and gentlemen, the first contestant: Arnold Higgins! (Arnold leaves.)

Gloria: Now let's meet the second contestant, who also wants to be this year's Mr. Universe! Elvis Smith enters. He is wearing short trousers and is rather shy.

Elvis: Er...Hello.

Gloria: What is your name?

Elvis: Elvis.

Gloria: Elvis?

Elvis: Yes. Elvis Smith.

Gloria: How old are you, Elvis?

Elvis: 42.

Gloria: And what do you do?

Elvis: Nothing. I'm still at school.

Gloria: Still at school?



Elvis: Yes.  
 Gloria: What do you want to do when you leave school?  
 Elvis: Go to university.  
 Gloria: I see. And what is your hobby, Elvis?  
 Elvis: My hobby?  
 Gloria: Yes. What do you like doing in your free time?  
 Elvis: Oh well, I like meeting people. Hello, Gloria.  
 Gloria: Hello, Elvis,  
 Elvis: And I like fishing Gloria  
 Elvis: And swimming.  
 Gloria: Thank you, Elvis.  
 Elvis: And collecting stamps, and playing football, and dancing -  
 Gloria: Thank you, Elvis.  
 Elvis: And climbing mountains, and water-skiing, and boxing -  
 Gloria: Thank you, Elvis! Ladies and gentlemen, Elvis Smith!  
 (Elvis leaves.)  
 Gloria: Well, ladies and gentlemen, that was Elvis Smith. Now let's meet the last contestant.  
 From Liverpool: Ernest Bottom!  
 (Ernest Bottom enters. He is not very friendly.)



Gloria: Well, Ernest, it's wonderful to have you here -  
 Ernest: All right, get on with it!  
 Gloria: Oh. Well...Ernest, would you like to answer a few questions?  
 Ernest: No.  
 Gloria: Oh, come on, Ernest!  
 Ernest: All right - just a few.  
 Gloria: Thank you. Tell me - what do you do?  
 Ernest: What do I do?  
 Gloria: Yes.  
 Ernest: Nothing. I'm unemployed.  
 Gloria: Oh.  
 Ernest: I used to be a bus driver.  
 Gloria: Did you?  
 Ernest: Yes. But I lost my job.  
 Gloria: Why?  
 Ernest: I can't drive.  
 Gloria: Oh, I see. What do you like doing in your free time?  
 Ernest: Nothing.  
 Gloria: Oh, come on, Ernest! Haven't you got any hobbies?  
 Ernest: Well... I've got one. I like gardening. Shall I tell you about my garden?  
 Gloria: Yes!  
 Ernest: Well...it's...  
 Gloria: Yes  
 Ernest: It's...  
 Gloria: Yes?  
 Ernest: It's green!  
 (Gloria sighs.)  
 Gloria: Well, thank you, Ernest. That was fascinating. Ladies and gentlemen, Ernest Bottom. Ernest leaves.  
 Gloria: Well, now we've met the three contestants, and our judges are ready with their votes. For Arnold Higgins: one vote. For Elvis Smith: one vote. And for Ernest Bottom: one vote. Well, this is sensational, ladies and gentlemen! This year, we have three Mr. Universes! So, congratulations to our three contestants, and thank you to our judges: Mrs. Doris Higgins, Mrs. Brenda Smith and Mrs. Margaret Bottom. From all of us here, good night!



## The new James Bond film



Scene:  
Hank  
Cannelloni's  
office

Characters:  
Hank  
Cannelloni;  
the director of  
the film,  
Linda Stone,  
Romeo Higgins  
: the stars of the  
film, a painter

Hank is in his office. There is a knock at the door.

Hank: Come in! (Linda comes in)  
Linda: Hi, Hank!  
Hank: Linda! Hi!  
Linda: So, Hank, why do you want to see me?  
Hank: Linda, I want you to be the star of my new film.  
Linda: Great! Tell me about it.  
Hank: I am going to direct the new James Bond film.  
Linda: The new James Bond film!  
Hank: Yes. It's going to be a great film - and you're going to be a big star!  
Linda: I am a big star, Hank.  
Hank: Yes, Linda, of course you're a big star. But you're going to be an even bigger star!  
Linda: Great! Er...Hank...  
Hank: Yes, Linda?  
Linda: Who's going to play James Bond?  
Hank: Well, we decided that we wanted Tom Cruise -  
Linda: Tom Cruise?  
Hank: Yes  
Linda: That's great!  
Hank: But there's a small problem.  
Linda: What's that, Hank?  
Hank: Well  
(There is a knock at the door.)  
Hank: Come in!  
(Romeo opens the door.)  
Romeo: Hello! Is anybody there?  
Hank: Oh, hi, Romeo. Come in.  
Romeo: Hello, Mr. Macaroni.  
Hank: Cannelloni.  
Romeo: Cannelloni, yes. Sorry.  
Hank: Romeo, come over here.  
Romeo: Right. (To Linda) Oh, hello. I don't think we've met. I'm Romeo Higgins.  
Linda: Romeo who?  
Romeo: Higgins. H-I-G-  
Linda: Hi, Romeo. (To Hank, quietly) Hank, who is Romeo Higgins?

Hank: (To Linda, quietly) He's...er...he's ...  
Romeo: I'm very pleased to meet you.  
Linda: I'm sure you are.  
Hank: Romeo is...er...starring in the film with you.  
Linda: What?  
Hank: Yes. He's going to be the new James Bond.  
Linda: The new James Bond?  
Romeo: Yes. I'm very excited about it.  
Linda: (To Hank, quietly) What happened to Tom Cruise?  
Hank: (To Linda, quietly) He's busy.  
Linda: Oh, no!  
Hank: OK, let's talk about the film. The film takes place in Honolulu.  
Romeo: Great! Honolulu, Linda!  
Hank: But we're not going to film it in Honolulu.  
Linda: We're not going to film it in Honolulu?  
Hank: No.  
Linda: Where are we going to film it?  
Hank: In Manchester.  
Romeo: Great! My grandmother lives in Manchester. Er...Mr Macaroni?  
Hank: Cannelloni! The name is Cannelloni!  
Romeo: Oh, I can't tell the difference between macaroni and cannelloni.  
Hank: What is it?  
Romeo: Well, I know they're both types of pasta...  
Hank: No, I mean: What do you won't?  
Romeo: Am I really going to be the new James Bond?  
Hank: Yes, Romeo. Here's your script.  
(Hank gives Romeo a script.)  
Romeo: Oh, thank you,  
Hank: And Linda...  
Linda: Yes, Hank?  
Hank: You play Barbara, another secret agent.  
(Hank gives Linda a script.)  
Linda: Thanks, Hank.  
(The painter enters with a ladder.)  
Painter: Is there anyone here called Macaroni?  
Hank: Cannelloni! The name is Cannelloni!  
Painter: Is that you?  
Hank: Yes!  
Painter: Telephone call for you, Mr. Cannelloni  
Hank: Tell them I'm busy.  
Painter: It's Hollywood.  
Hank: Hollywood! Right - (Starting to leave) - I'll be back in a minute,  
Painter: Mr. Hollywood - your bank manager.  
Hank: Ah. (Coming back) Right, Never mind.  
Painter: Can I finish painting this wall?  
Hank: Go ahead!  
(The painter sets up his ladder and starts painting.)  
Linda: Hank!  
Hank: What is it, Linda?  
Linda: I've just noticed the title of this film. It's called 'Bond Eats Mr. Big'.



Painter: 'Bond Eats Mr. Big.' What a great title!

Hank: That's a typing mistake.

Romeo: A typing mistake?

Hank: Yes. It should be 'Bond Meets Mr. Big'.

Romeo: Oh, yes - a typing mistake. There are hundreds of typing mistakes. The typing is really terrible. Who typed this rubbish?

Hank: I did.

Romeo: Oh!

Hank: Just do your best. Now, let's look at one of the important scenes. Scene 6 -(Hank, Linda and Romeo find Scene 6 in their scripts.)

Hank: where Bond -

Romeo: Yes.

Hank: and Barbara -

Linda: Yes.

Hank: go into the office of Mr. Big.

Romeo: Mr. Who?

Hank: Mr. Big.

Romeo: Who's Mr. Big?

Hank: He's the biggest, most dangerous criminal in the world,

Linda: Who's playing Mr. Big in the film?

Hank: I am.  
(The painter laughs.)

Hank: What's the matter with you?

Painter: Changing his laugh into a cough) I've got a cold.

Hank: OK, remember: I'm Mr. Big. So...lines, everybody.

Romeo: (To Linda) What did he say?

Linda: I don't know. (To the painter) What did he say?

Painter: I think he said 'lions'.  
(Romeo and Linda make the sound of lions roaring; the painter joins in.)

Hank: I said lines, not lions!!

Romeo: - Linda: Sorry, Hank.

Hank: OK, let's begin. (Reading from his script, in a strange voice) 'Ah-ha! Who are you?'

Linda: (To Romeo) What did he say?

Romeo: I don't know. (To the painter) What did he say?

Painter: 'Who are you?'

Romeo: Romeo Higgins.

Painter: How do you do?

Romeo: How do you do?

Hank: Romeo! Lines! Just read the lines!

Romeo: What? Oh. Yes. (Reading) 'My name is Pond 'James Pond.'

Hank: What did you say?

Romeo: 'My name is Pond - James Pond.'

Linda: It's not James Pond, it's James Bond! Idiot!

Romeo: (Pointing of his script) It says Pond' here

Hank: Just get on with it! 'Ah-ha, Bond! This is the moment I've been waiting for!'

Romeo: (To the painter) What did he say?

Painter: I'm not sure, but I think he said: (Imitating Hank's strange voice)

'Ah-ha,  
Bond!: This is the moment I've been waiting for!'

Romeo: Thanks.

Linda: Look out, Bond! He's got a gun.'

Painter: No, I haven't. It's a paintbrush.

Romeo: I'm not afraid of you, Mr. Pig.

Painter: Mr. Big!

Romeo: 'Mr. Big.'

Linda: 'Bond! Look out!'

Romeo: 'What is it, Banana?' Er...Barbara?

Linda: 'He's got a gun. He's going to shout!'

Painter: Not 'shout' - 'shoot!' 'He's going to shoot' - with his gun!

Romeo: 'Don't shoot, Mr. Bag!' - 'Mr. Big!'

Hank: ' Ah-ha! Why not!'

Romeo: 'Because...'  
(Hank, Romeo and Linda all turn over a page in their scripts.)

Romeo: '...I've got something I want to show you. It's here - in my rocket.'

Painter: Not 'rocket' - 'pocket!' 'It's here in my pocket.' Oh! Stop everything! I've got something I want to show you! It's here in my pocket!  
(The painter takes a telegram from his pocket.)

Painter: It's a telegram for you, Mr. Cannelloni - from the producer, Mr. Broccoli.

Hank: From the producer?! Read it!

Painter: OK. (Reading) 'Hello, Stop. How are you? Stop. Have you started the film yet? Stop. If you've started - Comma - stop. Stop. If you haven't started - Comma - don't start. Stop. Stop. Stop, Signed: The Producer. Stop.'

Romeo: I didn't understand a word of that.

Linda: It means there's no film. (Leaving) Bye, Hank.

Hank: Er...Bye, Linda.

Romeo: No film?

Hank: That's right.

Romeo: Do you mean I'm not going to play James Bond?

Hank: I'm afraid not, Romeo.

Romeo: Oh, no! That means I haven't got a job.

Hank: You haven't got a job! What about me? I haven't got a job either!

Painter: Hank, Romeo, don't worry.

Hank: What do you mean?

Painter: I can give you both a job.

Romeo: Really?

Painter: Yes. Hank, you take this paintbrush...  
(He gives Hank his paintbrush.)

Hank: What?

Painter: And Romeo, you take the ladder...  
He gives Romeo his ladder.

Romeo: Eh?

Painter: Call me when you've finished. I'll be in the canteen.



## World record

Scene: A TV studio

Characters: Michael Moonshine, Albert Hargreaves, Daisy Hargreaves (Albert's wife), Mabel Phillips, a man

Michael: Thank you. thank you, thank you. Yes, ladies and gentlemen, this is the program that gives you the chance to break a world record. We have here in the studio tonight two people who are trying to break world records. Let's meet them and see what they're doing. Tell me, sir, what is your name?

Albert: Albert Hargreaves.

Michael: Albert Hargreaves. Well, Albert, what are you doing?

Albert: I'm standing on one leg in a bucket of hot soup.

Michael: Ladies and gentlemen, he's standing on one leg in a bucket of hot soup!  
(The audience applauds.)

Michael: Albert, how long have you been standing on one leg in that bucket of hot soup?

Albert: I've been standing here for six hours and fifty-eight minutes.

Michael: And what is the world record for standing on one leg in a bucket of hot soup?

Albert: The world record is seven hours and three minutes, Michael.

Michael: Seven hours and three minutes! And you've been standing there for six hours and fifty-nine minutes now. Well, Albert, you've only got four minutes to go!  
(The audience applauds.)

Michael: Albert, you've been standing on one leg in that bucket of soup for almost seven hours now.

Albert: That's right, Michael.

Michael: Tell me - is the soup still hot?

Albert: Yes. My wife's been coming in every half-hour with more hot soup. Here she comes now.

(Mrs Hargreaves comes in.)

Daisy: Here you are, Albert.

(She pours some hot soup into the bucket.)

Albert: Aaaargh!

Michael: Well, I'm glad it's your leg in the soup. Albert, and not mine.  
(The audience laughs.)

Michael: Now we have another contestant in the studio, a very charming young lady. Can you tell the viewers your name?

Mabel: Mabel Phillips.

Michael: Mabel Phillips. Well, Mabel, what are you doing?

Mabel: I'm leaning on this brush.

Michael: She's leaning on a brush, ladies and gentlemen!  
(The audience applauds.)

Michael: Mabel, how long have you been leaning on that brush?

Mabel: I've been leaning on this brush for three hours and seventeen minutes.

Michael: She's been leaning on the brush for three hours and seventeen minutes. What is the world record for leaning on a brush, Mabel?

Mabel: Thirty-seven hours and fifty-six minutes.

Michael: Thirty-seven hours and fifty-six minutes! And you've been leaning on that brush for three hours and seventeen minutes, Well, Mabel, you've got...three, four, five, six - you've got a long way to go!  
(The audience laughs.)



Michael: Well, Albert has been standing on one leg in his bucket of hot soup for seven hours and one minute, so he's only got two more minutes to go! Poor Mabel's got a long way to go...And here is another young man - and he hasn't got any trousers on.  
(The audience laughs.)

Michael: Now, sir, what are you doing?

Man: I'm looking for my trousers.

Michael: I can see that. And how long have you been looking for your trousers?

Man: I've been looking for my trousers for five minutes.

Michael: And what's the world record?

Man: Pardon?

Michael: What's the world record for looking for trousers?

Man: I'm not trying to break a world record. I took my trousers off to have a bath, and when I got out of the bath, my trousers were gone.

Michael: I see. Get out of the way! We're on television! The audience laughs.

Michael: Sorry about that, ladies and gentlemen. Now back to Albert Hargreaves. Albert, you've been standing in that bucket of hot soup for seven hours and two minutes. Only one more minute to go, and you will break the world record. And here comes Mrs. Hargreaves with more hot soup!

Daisy: Here you are, Albert.  
(She pours some more soup into the bucket.)

Albert: Aaaargh!

Michael: Tell me. Albert, how does it feel?

Albert: Hot!  
(The audience laughs.)

Michael: No, no, no! How does it feel to be approaching the world record?

Albert: Well, Michael, I've been dreaming about this moment, I've been thinking about nothing else

Michael: Yes, Albert.

Albert: I've been practicing every day

Michael: Yes, Albert.

Albert: Twice on Sundays!

Michael: Yes - and here comes Mrs. Hargreaves

Albert: Oh no, not again!

Michael: It's all right, Albert, she's only looking at her watch!  
(The audience laughs.)

Daisy: Albert! Albert! Only ten seconds to go! Ten, nine, eight, seven (Mabel pushes Albert.)

Mabel: (Ironically) Congratulations, Albert!

Albert: Aaaargh!

Albert falls over.

Michael: Well, ladies and gentlemen, Albert Hargreaves hasn't broken a world record, but he has broken...his leg!

