

COMEDY SKETCHES 5

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Jonathan Livingstone Seagull and Fletcher (in their later years) 1

EXT. BEACHFRONT - DAY

(use any clips of seagulls attacking people's food.)

Montage of seagulls squawking around a beachfront area.

Text : **After the Attacks**

Two seagulls are standing on a bench - moving their heads too and fro in gull-like fashion - the dialogue between the seagulls is done with voiceovers (as birds can't speak). Jonathan is irate and Fletcher is trying to placate him.

Jonathan : You do realise that what we just scavenged ... was Cod.

Fletcher : *(interrupting)* You mean - what was given to us, Jonathan.

Jonathan : OK. What was given to us was ... Cod.

It was Cod again. Bloody Cod. What is it with these people and their goddam Cod.

Fletcher : *(realising his mistake)* Sorry. So sorry. I thought you said God.

Jonathan is too shocked to respond and contemptuously turns away.

Fletcher : But, I thought you ... ya know, liked cod, Jonathan ... a year ago ... if memory serves me ... you definitely did.

Jonathan : *(angry interruption)* I was very hungry a year ago, Fletcher. Hello! I was barely alive a year ago when I was blown upon these shores.

You can't imagine the madness I lived through - till I got some sense and got myself ... together. And I realised who I really was.

For example, I'm a seagull. I know that - but I'm much more than that.

Heavy Pause

Fletcher : Many gulls go through a delusional period - it's normal.

The fat slobs who eat this shit call it pubescence or adolescence or domesticity or children leaving the nest or menopause. Humans go through loads of these phases.

Don't get me into this. It's insane. They all - I think - go through a mid life crisis. The men go mad but maybe not that obvious - but the girls ... Jesus Christ!

Another Heavy Pause

Jonathan : Haven't the gulls here ever eaten real fish ... ya know ... fish not covered in all that muck? Christ Almighty!

Fletcher : What do you mean?

Jonathan : *(trying to calm down)* Sorry, I forgot. You've lived in Britain all your life. Well, you should visit Japan or anywhere in South East Asia.

Real fish, Fletcher. Real tender, succulent fish. Generally not cooked at all. And certainly not covered in total muck.

Fletcher : Why don't you go back? Seriously, Jonathan. Why?

Jonathan : And how do I do it? I can't book a flight on an aeroplane. And if I try to hitch a ride on a plane, I'll be blown off and smashed on the tarmac within the first 10 seconds.

And even if, by some miracle, I cling on - I will die from lack of oxygen after 10,000 feet. Or freeze to death shortly afterwards.

And - if you mean ... I fly back? Jesus Christ! Look at me. I'm a big fat slob now just like the big fat slobs who keep eating this rubbish and keep giving their rubbish to us.

Fletcher : So, I'm presuming, you never got used to eating their Chips, Jonny.

Jonathan : God Almighty Fletch! Chips! Please shut up or I'll throw up lots of cod covered in all that muck ... all over your face.

END

Jonathan Livingstone Seagull and Fletcher (in their later years) 2

EXT. BEACHFRONT - DAY

Jonathan and Fletcher are sitting on a bench - moving their heads too and fro in gull-like fashion.

Beside them are advertising billboards on a wall - one of which is Superman.

Jonathan : Have you seen the goddam billboards they expect us to look at?

Fletcher : Tragically, I have Jonathan. They expect us to be turned on, in some weird way, by it. I'm not 100% sure but I think that's what it is.

Sad, isn't it.

Jonathan : Look at that guy. He's a flying man. And they call him Super Man.

Jonathan : I mean. Even the lowest form of insect can fly. I don't have to tell you that, Fletch.

(dramatically) Even a pathetic little mayfly - who doesn't eat or have sex or anything at all and lives for just one day ... can fly. Hello!

A mayfly, is as low as we flying creatures can get - you understand - but the humans think that flying is extremely advanced.

These moron humans who eat fish and chips and ... for some weird reason ... feed them to us ... think that flying is the greatest thing on Earth.

I swear to God Fletch - that is what they think. I swear to God.

Pregnant pause while Fletcher struggles to respond with anything that will not anger him as Jonathan looks disparagingly at Superman.

Jonathan : Look at him, no feathers or bone structure for flight or even wings. Jesus Christ! How does he maintain flight. It's impossible.

The stupidest bird and even humans who have stupid scientists can explain that to them. Come on!

Fletcher : *(with a depressed nod of his head)* Doesn't deserve thinking about, Jonathan.

Jonathan : I mean. He can't even shit when he's flying.

Hello! Seriously, he can't even shit when he is flying.

We all can do that, Fletcher. You don't have to be a goddam Super Hero in any way to achieve something as basic as that.

Fletcher : Are you sure about ...

Jonathan : I've seen all the movies, Fletch. Trust me ... not one shit.

Fletcher : Well, come on, we don't really know what's inside that leotard he's wearing. Maybe he

Jonathan : Believe me. He wouldn't be up on that billboard if there was a mountain of shit inside his leotard. OK.

Fletcher : OK. Just maybe ... Maybe humans are different. They 'save it up' till they land and ... go somewhere private ... you know ... whip off the old leotard ... do their naughties ... and it's the open skies again.

Jonathan : I really do grieve when I hear you sometimes, Fletcher.

Looking back on my life, I realise you haven't got a bloody clue at all. Do you?

And, do you want to know something absolutely weird ...

Fletcher : Yes. But maybe No. OK, what is something absolutely weird ...

Jonathan : They call us 'Bird Brains' Swear to God, that's what they call us.

Not just you, but me as well. Bird-Brains is what they call us all.

While Jonathan holds his head in a hurt but superior position accepting the slings and arrow that this clearly cruel world has bestowed on him, Fletcher hangs his head in silent supplication.

END

House Ghost Guest

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

A woman, Aimee and her man, Bradley, are asleep in bed in the wee hours of the morning. The bedside illuminated clock shows 3.10 am.

A clashing sound comes from downstairs and Aimee instantly awakes.

Sitting up in bed, she is shocked and panting ... but Bradley remains asleep.

Bravely ... alone ... she gets out of bed to investigate by herself as the distant sounds of dishes banging together can be clearly heard.

With great trepidation, she ventures downstairs through the vague light as the kitchen dishes sounds get louder.

On the ground floor, she approaches the open kitchen door and peers through it ...

... and is horrified.

A female spectral figure ... a ghost ... is stacking the dishes from the open dishwasher and arranging them - appropriately - into the various open shelves and drawers.

Absolutely horrified, she runs back upstairs, jumps into bed and wakes her man.

Aimee : Arkle ... I mean Bradley. Bradley! Wake up!

Bradley : Jesus! It's a bit early for any of that stuff. I'm not a stallion. Hello!

(considering the sex) But maybe you can get me interested ... Guinevere.

He begins to fondle her body but she pushes him away.

Aimee : Shut up and listen. There's ... there's someone downstairs ... in the kitchen.

Bradley : *(shocked)* What? Who?

Aimee : I don't know. It's a woman. Doing the dishes.

He lies back on his pillow again deflated and clearly disappointed with Aimee.

Bradley : My God! And you woke me up for this?

Aimee : *(at her wits end)* Woke you up for what?

Bradley : She's my housekeeper.

Aimee : It's 3.15 in the morning. What are you saying to me Bradley?

Bradley : I'm sorry love. OK ... I understand ... I know what you mean.

Aimee : Then maybe you can you explain it to me, please!

Bradley : When I bought this place and moved in I realised I had inherited a ghost.

And it was a female ghost. OK

It soon dawned on me that she wouldn't be great for sex or even a blow job. I would also need a sexy flesh and blood female like your good self.

He attempts to fondle her body again and she aggressively shrugs him off.

Aimee : (*shouting*) Bradley!

Bradley : (*casually*) OK. Can you please let me explain!

She is a friendly house-trained ghost. I was so lucky when I bought this place.

Strange, but the thing that clinched the deal for me was that the Estate Agent blurted out suddenly there is a ghost in this building. I guess she felt guilty if she didn't tell me. Of course I was unhappy to hear this. I loved the house, good price etc. But when she told me it's the ghost of a domestic servant who had worked in the house, you can imagine how absolutely relieved I was.

Aimee remains lying beside him staring at the ceiling, too shocked for words.

Bradley : So, I bought it instantly without even haggling for a lower price.

Think about it. It's a big place. She's a domestic servant.

Hello! I didn't even need a housekeeper. Great savings in that area, let me tell you. Do you know what housekeepers cost?

Aimee : But ... but ...

Bradley : Look love! Her name is Mabel. But she isn't able - know what I mean!

Aimee : Can you please shut up and tell me.

Bradley : Pretty difficult to shut up and tell you at the same time ... but I'll try.

OK. She does the washing, cleaning and ironing.

She's from a bygone time but she's learned to use modern electric appliances. That's really cool. Come on! You must admit!

You don't need to do any of that stuff. Or any other babe I bring in here.

Aimee : I remember admiring how house-trained you were when you first brought me here. Everything was so clean and tidy. It was the main thing that attracted me to you ... probably the only thing.

Bradley : *(laughing)* It's because I am rich - that's why all you babes are attracted.

But ... yes. I should have told you then, I suppose. But I was bashing in your admiration. I'm only human, come on!.

Aimee : I think you mean basking. Jesus!

Bradley : Whatever. I'm not brilliant like you. Sorry!

Baking is wrong - I know this.

Baking is when something is being cooked in the oven and ... Let me tell you something I discovered ... Mabel doesn't do any baking. She really doesn't like the heat of the oven - for some reason.

Aimee : Can you please shut up and tell me what is happening.

Bradley : Again I must shut up and speak to you at the same time. But OK.

Seriously Aimee, it's a good arrangement. If you think about it - you will understand.

Only once, she did the Hoovering late at night and I had to get up and tell her to stop all that noisy stuff till I was gone to work in the morning.

But, apart from that and the odd mistake like tonight ... she's great.

Aimee : Bradley! Are you saying that ... you live with a ... gho ...

Bradley : A ghost, yes. Ghosts are no different from me and you.

OK. I can't have sex with her and she can't even give me a blow job but ...

Aimee : Shut up ... you already told me that!

Bradley : OK. But think of all the savings and benefits.

They are in a perfect state ... unlike us.

Aimee : Please fill me in on this. I'm not really sure I understand ...

Bradley : Aimee. They are disembodied entities. They are not encumbered with the physical bodies that we poor morons have to drag around every day.

They do not have a concept of Space.

There are no physical Earth constraints for them.

That means they can walk through a wall - because there is no wall for them - it is us who have a wall. And we have to deal with it.

Aimee : OK. But why is she emptying the dishwasher at 3.15 in the morning? Jesus!

Bradley : Well, that's a problem. You see, they have no concept of Time either.

The thing that completely dominates our life - has no meaning for them.

3.15 in the morning is the same as 3.15 in the afternoon.

Or it's the same as any other time ... day or night.

She is still continuing go absorb what she is hearing and is clearly failing to do so.

Aimee : But what does she do all day? If she doesn't sleep ... how does she divide up her day.

Bradley : Seriously, I do not know. I seriously do not know that.

Sleep is the other problem we physical creatures have to contend with.

They don't. They do not sleep at all.

Aimee : I really don't understand and ... this is too much for me.

Bradley : That's ok. It took me a while as well. She probably sits in the corner and waits for me to get home.

Some call it Obsession.

I'm only presuming here - it's what some experts say about ghosts.

I'll have a word with her tomorrow.

OK. Must get some shut eye - (*suggestively*) as you're clearly not interested in anything else tonight Aimee. No naughty stuff, eh?

Aimee : You really are a pig - do you know that?

Bradley : No I didn't. But let me say ... Oink Oink ... and good night.

He rolls away from her and closes his eyes. She remains shocked and staring at the ceiling - still listening to the sounds from the kitchen.

END

Unsolved Murders

INT. POLICE STATION, DETECTIVES OFFICE - DAY.

Two police detectives are eagerly probing a report in a busy police office and are clearly perplexed by what they are looking at.

Sargent : Any ideas at all? What springs to mind? Anything at all?

Detective : Well, I can't just jump to conclusions ...

Sargent : *(interrupting)* Jump to as many conclusions as you want to.

That's how cases are eventually solved.

We'd be still waiting on the identity of Jack the Ripper if we didn't ...

At this point he realises what he has said and coughs to break the tension.

Detective : *(clearly wary of his superior)* No sir. Nothing leaps up at me.

Suddenly, Shawn, an impeccably dressed smiling bespectacled man sitting at a computer, politely interrupts them in a dramatic way.

Shawn : Sorry guys. Sorry. Excuse me. But ... I couldn't help but hear your conversation about this case ... and ...

Sargent : You've been ear-wigging again, haven't you?

Shawn : Oops! Sorry. I probably have - silly me.

Detective : What do you 'bright' guys call it ... Don't tell me ... let's see ... Eve Dropping.

Sargent : It sounds like Sheep Poo.

Both men roar with laughter at their rare sharing of humour. Shawn adjusts his glasses and continues unruffled.

Shawn : In a manner of speaking ... Yes. I was eves dropping. But you were speaking loudly and I'm right beside you and ...

Sargent : Don't you have something to do - a silly little thing called work?

Shawn : I've done it. It was easy. Just waiting on the next report to come down to me.

Sargent : OK. What do you want to say? 'Cause you definitely have something to say. I know you. But please make it sensible this time.

There's a reason you didn't make detective.

Detective : Or policeman

Sargent : That's right. You didn't make policeman either.

(still smirking) So - although I know I'm going to regret this - but please tell us what's on your mind?

Shawn gets himself suitably primed to deliver a lecture and loves the attention he is getting from the detectives.

Shawn : All right! No matter what TV program you care to watch about an unsolved murder – they all seem to have the same essential elements.

Points they all have in common. Four points actually.

The men remain stony-faced and do not respond. He continues unabated.

Shawn : OK. I realise you maybe don't like me telling you your job but ...

Sargent : Get on with it.

Shawn : ... they should be easy to solve. Come on guys!

In almost all murders ... *(using his fingers to count out the four points)*

The door was a Jar ... there was a Grizzly scene ... there was Fowl Play ... and the murderer is at Large.

Shawn closes his extended fingers into a clenched fist and points theatrically to each knuckle in turn.

Shawn : So let's knuckle down and solve this murder right now. Shall we boys? And let's examine this ... point by point.

The men remain stony-faced and do not respond. He releases each finger, in turn, from his fist and uses his extended fingers again to identify each point.

Shawn : Point Number one. 'The door was a jar.'

Why anyone would use a jar as a door is not possible to understand. It is a completely inappropriate item to use as a door but, for some reason best known to themselves, murderers tend to do this. They use a jar - presumably a very large jar - as a door and, presumably, keep the original door open or just take it off its hinges.

Point number two. 'There was a grizzly scene.'

OK. It may not be an actual Grizzly Bear because they are quite rare. It may be just a common Black Bear. But for sure there is some type of bear in the vicinity, or even at the actual scene, when these murders happened or were discovered. And in areas where there are no bears at all, then, for certain, we are dealing with either an escaped animal from the local Zoo that may be a bear or an animal that looks remarkably like a bear ... or, more probably ... and you probably know what is coming next ... an extra terrestrial creature like a Sasquatch ... you know, Bigfoot. Many times they are mistaken for bears.

The two detectives are too bewildered to speak and do not even blink as he, unphased, moves on to his third finger.

Shawn : Foul play, gentlemen. Foul play.

And here we come to probably the strangest part of all. It never says what type of fowl - chickens, geese, ducks or turkeys - or what type of game are they playing. But as chickens are the most common fowl and soccer is the most common game played, you can deduce - bet what you want on it boys and you can take your winnings to the bank - that at the murder scene, or in very close proximity to it, a group of chickens will be playing football.

The two detectives remain wide-eyed and speechless as he, enthusiastically believing they are transfixed with admiration, moves on to his fourth finger.

Shawn : And ... finally ... the murderer is at Large.

Surely if the police get a few geographers together ... and they don't have to be expert geographers either - just guys who know the Globe or even rudimentary maps - and discover where this place called Large is then they can get there and round up all the murderers who haven't been caught and are hanging out there.

Many unsolved murders and murderers hiding from the law will be solved in one move.

Why so many murders are left unsolved when they seem to have so many unique identifiers – extremely unique identifiers, I'm sure you can see – remains the only mystery to me.

Convinced he has resolved their conundrum, and all their other unsolved conundrums, he makes a grand gesture signalling the end of his delivery.

Waiting for the unrestrained enthusiasm and applause of his captive audience - he is disappointed with their non-reaction and casual response.

Sargent : Shawn. Do you have a girlfriend?

Shawn : No. Well ... yes. Well, no ... not as such ...

Sargent : She is your welfare nurse, is she not?

Shawn : She visits me a lot - like any good girlfriend.

Sargent : You should get a girlfriend Shawn. A real girlfriend. Believe me!

Detective : Or a boyfriend or whatever else there is out there.

There's all kinds of substitutes now. But do something. ASAP.

Even an extra-terrestrial ... and be abducted. That'd be cool wouldn't it?

Sargent : And please stop watching television. OK.

Shawn is shocked by this, unable to understand why his brilliant insight isn't accepted for the brilliance that it is.

EXT. RURAL SETTING - DAY

A country house has a huge glass jar in the place of the open doorway.

Outside a bear (a stuffed Grizzly) is overlooking a bunch of hens with a football on the lawn.

Nailed beside the house is a sign which reads ...

TRY IF YOU WANT COPS!
BUT YOU'LL NEVER FIND WHERE I'M AT.
IT'S CALLED LARGE.

END

Gestapo Station

INT. GESTAPO TORTURE BASEMENT - DAY

A naked man is being tortured in a grimy basement cell and has clearly endured extreme brutality. He is panting in distress.

A violent Gestapo man, clad in his black uniform, is holding a whip and his victim's back, buttocks and legs are badly lacerated and bleeding.

The Gestapo man, exhausted from his whipping duties, stops to find his breath and struggles to regain his composure.

Gestapo Man : (*shouting*) Donner unt Blitzen ... you don't seem to understand.

I need to know his name. That's all I need. Then you can leave.

When you tell me his name ... everything is ok for you.

Victim : But I told you over and over again that I don't know his name.

Gestapo Man : But we already know that you know his name.

Mein Gott in Himmel. Don't you understand ... I will not stop till you say it.

Both exhausted men glance at each other and clearly both want to progress from this.

Pregnant Pause

Victim : (*compliant*) OK. I may tell you his name.

Gestapo Man : Well, finally. You have come to your senses. What is his name?

Victim : (*heavily panting*) I will only tell you ...if you promise something to me.

Gestapo Man : (*wanting to get it over*) OK. I promise. What?

Victim : I will tell you his name ...

Gestapo Man : Yes ...

Victim : ... if you promise not to stop whipping me.

He looks sheepishly at the stunned Gestapo man and smiles suggestively.

END

Meriwether and O'Driscoll

EXT. DUSTY WILD WEST TOWN - DAY

Two cowboys are slowly approaching each other menacingly in a grimy wild western street. They are crouched defiantly and about to draw their pistols as the church bell ominously chimes.

Meriwether is your classic brute who frequented the saloons of the Wild West.

O'Driscoll couldn't look more different but his sensitive, artistic face is fearless.

Meriwether : We had enough of yer goddam ... bullshit ... in this 'ere town.

O'Driscoll : Sorry. I just tried to bring some civilization.

Didn't mean to offend you or anyone else.

There's nothing wrong with art ... and culture. In fact, it's wonderful.

There is nervous hesitation from both men ... as the church bell suddenly stops.

Meriwether : Well ... whaz a matter O'Driscoll? Afraid ta draw?

O'Driscoll seems suddenly hit by a lightning bolt, moves his hand away from his pistol and stands upright.

O'Driscoll : No Meriwether. Absolutely not. I love to draw ... and paint.

You can't imagine how much. It's my life's passion.

Nobody can imagine how much - certainly not you.

It's just that I forgot to bring my crayons and pencils ...everything, in fact.

Goddam my poor short term memory ... and my brilliant creative ... mind.

Meriwether : Very funny O'Driscoll. Ya should be on da stage.

O'Driscoll : Beyond what? I don't understand you.

Meriwether : (*shouting*) Ya should be on da goddam stage.

O'Driscoll seems hit by another lightning bolt and desperately searches his pockets much to Meriwether's nervous consternation as he fears a gun will be produced.

He finally finds the timepiece he is looking for and looks at it, in shock.

O'Driscoll : Damn! I forgot. What time does the stagecoach leave?

Meriwether : Three o'clock every day ... Every goddam critter knows it.

So, ya gonna draw or what?

O'Driscoll : Thanks Meriwether. I really appreciate that.

You may think you are an idiot but you know stuff - that the critters know.

Sorry - but I have to go. No time left.

Can't hang around here drawing or painting or killing you or anything else.

He takes off running down the street as fast as he can, holding his hat and gun belt and shouting over his shoulder.

O'Driscoll : Thanks Amigo. Appreciate that! God bless you!

He jumps onto the already moving stagecoach waving appreciatively at a very confused Meriwether who takes off his hat and throws it contemptuously into the dusty street as the stagecoach passes him.

END

German Invasion

EXT. BOHEMIA 1938, CLOSE TO THE GERMAN BORDER - DAY

A line of Panzer tanks had crossed the border and entered Czechia. They are driving on the right (in German fashion) and meet a Czech farmer with a horse-drawn hay-cart who is on the left (the Czechs drove on the left at this time). So, they are all on the same side of the road and on a collision course.

The farmer gets his horse to a stop and all the Panzers are forced into an ignominious grinding halt also.

A furious tank commander emerges from his hatch and screams madly at the farmer, pointing to the other side of the road.

Tank Commander : Get to the other side of the road.

Farmer : But I'm on the proper side of the road. You are on the wrong side.

Tank Commander : Listen, you idiot. We must get to Prag very fast. We don't have time for this. We are invading your country.

Farmer : Yes. You are invading my country ... again ... I understand this.

I heard it might happen. But, if you want some advise, you will not get very far if you don't drive on the proper side of the road.

It's common sense - you're bound to know that.

The commander dips into his tank and closes the hatch. A shell is shot from the tank at point blank range into the farmer and cart-horse.

The tanks resume their advance over the bloody remnants of the peaceful farmer and his horse ... as pieces of hay rains down on the horrific scene.

Text : **Don't be driving a Panzer Tank when you get Road Rage**

END

Standup

INT. STAGE - EVENING

Voiceover

... and tonight a very warm welcome to that very cool Arab ...

SHEIK ROCK N ROLL

To the sound of traditional Rock N Roll music, the Sheik struts out onto the stage in his traditional Arab attire, headdress and sandals but also wearing shades and a leather jacket with obligatory upturned collar. He has a few gold medallion hanging around his neck on his very hairy chest.

He allows the applause of the audience ladies to eventually die down.

The Sheik

As you all already know, there is so much I don't understand about your world. Who know it? Do you? But I had to adapt, ladies.

For example, you can shag pussies here - as many as you want.

Uproarious applause from the female audience.

As many pussies as you want - even in one night - and the girls want more and don't report you to the morality police to get your cock cut off.

Massive applause from the female audience amid shouts of 'Bitches'.

Yes. Bitches is right. And they also demand that I have a shower - many showers. Many many showers. What the Hell is that?

So, sometimes I do what they say - I mean, I have to adapt. Right!

Applause from the female audience amid shouts of 'No. You're perfect'.

Thanks, I know. But let me return to the thorny world of ... **Showering**

Where I come from, the water used in one shower could provide enough water to keep an entire family alive for a week.

But Allah be praised! My family is very rich and we don't have to worry about that. So ... is that why I am so cool?

Massive applause from the female audience amid shouts of 'Cool'.

At home, my servants - my female servants - have different temperature buckets of water to pour on my body. The different buckets have different soaps and conditioners and colognes. Very civilised. I normally start with a bucket of cool water to cool me down ...

Screams from the female appreciative audience.

... and finish with a bucket of cool water to cool me down again before I make love to one of the girls.

Screams of delight.

... or make love to all of the girls.

Hysterical screams of delight.

So, as you can see, I'm kind to them. Only once a girl asked me could she take the bucket of water to her family ... so I slapped the bitch and dismissed her from my service.

Massive applause from the female audience amid shouts of 'Yes'.

However, in this country, I am 'obliged' to have showers after fucking a bitch. It's extremely difficult for me! And bewildering! But I'm trying to adapt.

Massive applause from the female audience amid shouts of 'Don't adapt'.

Is it only me that is intrigued – though 'intrigued' is a very sane word indeed for the insane murderous rage that I am forced to endure – not only for constant showering but for being forced to understand the names the manufacturers put on shampoos and conditioners.

Surely the makers of these products know that a shower is the most improbable place the unfortunate person in the shower would be wearing READING GLASSES. Allah be Praised! Hello!

Did they presume that the showeree is actually reading the Financial Times newspaper in there. The best reading glasses in the world would not help them understand the present Futures, Options and Hedge markets while their very newspaper is dissolving in front of them in a heavy deluge of water and disappearing down the shower hole.

So, lets say it is safe to assume that people are not wearing reading glasses whilst they are showering. Naturally, there will be a tsunami of people objecting to this racist, transgender, homophobic, whatever, I haven't caught up yet, opinion and begin legal proceedings to get me arrested as a dinosaur.

The most we can do in a shower ... unlike the super powers of Spiderman, Superman, Batman etc. that the product is clearly intended for ... the average person can only do in a shower is to squint through the soap blinding their eyes at the label they are holding in their very unsteady feet or in their shaking hands is to see a vague outline of things like ...

SURE AND SIMPLE

What the fukk is that? It could be any American politician, a power-drill, or the name of the new contraceptive for idiots. With suds burning the shit out of your eyes and you have tragically forgotten to wear your reading glasses whilst having a shower – surely the only word you want to see in bold capital letters is – SHAMPOO

STRONG AND GENTLE

What the fukk is that? It could be anything at all actually. From the mix construction workers put in concrete to make it smooth ... or to paper towels you use in your kitchen to – yes, again it is true - the name of the new contraceptive for idiots. With suds burning the shit out of your eyes and you have again forgotten to wear your reading glasses whilst having a shower – surely the only word you want to see in bold capital letters is – CONDITIONER

Maybe I'm just an idiot and everyone else instantly knows that SURE AND SIMPLE is definitely a shampoo and STRONG AND GENTLE is definitely a conditioner.

But they invent new conditioners and shampoos every month – all of them with the usual ridiculous names in bold capital letters. And not one of them have SHAMPOO or CONDITIONER in bold fukkn capital letters.

Something you can see without wearing your reading glasses.

And now they have invented new shampoos for split ends and conditioners for stuff that retains your natural (dyed) colour and adds years to your life.

Can you imagine trying to read these labels in a shower with water blasting on your head like the Niagara Falls - and you're not - for some weird reason - you are NOT wearing your Reading Glasses in a shower.

The only solution for this is Taste. The other senses would not work. They all sound the same, look the same, smell the same and feel the same. Taste is the only identifier.

The one prerequisite for the person venturing into the shower is to familiarise themselves in advance with the taste of the Shampoos and the taste of the Conditioners.

May I recommend that the Shampoos taste like human pee and the conditioners taste like human poo. A very distinct and clear difference I'm sure all would agree who have experienced these tastes - like I have.

So when the unfortunate showeree is being bombarded with water and is not wearing reading glasses and trying not to fall out of their tiny shower, they must squirt some liquid from each bottle into their mouth and decide which they will use on their hair.

When I came here first, I just shaved off all my hair. I couldn't take the persecution. My body was like a baby's bum all over.

Massive applause from the female audience amid shouts of 'Not Cool'.

It's truly amazing that more people are not killed by heavily armed screaming lunatics in mass murder sprees in shopping malls.

END

I Needed That

INT. SOLICITOR'S OFFICE. DAY

Peter, a slightly built man is standing in an office area holding a document. Distraught and close to tears, he is addressing a disinterested male colleague while his other work colleagues ignore him and do not listen.

Peter : I just can't believe it. I'm being blamed for all that happened last week.

The whole stupid mess is somehow my fault ... again.

Makes no difference what happens around here ... I'm the one that gets blamed ... every time.

What'll it be next? If the trains breaks down, or a tsunami hits or another hurricane ... or the crops fail. What?

But it makes no difference. It'll somehow be my fault. This office'll be the death of me.

The man he is talking to suddenly slaps him hard across the face and walks off.

Peter doesn't react. Resigned, he looks at the floor and says to himself.

Peter : I needed that.

EXT. CITY STREET - EVENING

Still distraught, Peter leaves his office building carrying his briefcase and walks alone along a dark street.

Suddenly, two thugs jump from the shadows and viciously punch and kick him.

He falls to the ground.

The two men grab his briefcase and run off.

Peter doesn't react. Resigned, battered and bruised, he looks away and says.

Peter : I needed that.

INT. FRONT HALL - EVENING.

Battered and bruised, Peter staggers through the front door of his house, shuts it behind him and stands awhile panting with blood dripping from his mouth.

He hears male and female laughter and shuffling from upstairs.

Peter : Hi Sybil. I'm home.

Sybil meanders down the stairs, smiling with her skimpy clothing dishevelled.

Sybil : Hi Peter. Jesus, you look terrible. Where's your briefcase?

Without waiting for Peter to respond, she flits past him and into the living room.

While still standing there, Jason comes down the stairs.

Jason : Peter, how are you? Christ you look rough. You really should take Vitamin E

Through a blood splattered mouth, Peter is finally able to formulate a response.

Peter : I do take Vitamin E. Have you been upstairs with my wife?

Jason : Well you do have some deficiency. Take it from me Peter. I've known you all my life and, as your best friend, believe me you need some supplements.

Peter : Jason. Have you been upstairs with my wife?

Jason : Yes, we were shagging. We didn't want to be doing it down here in case you came in. Come on! We're not animals.

Peter : You were shagging my wife ... in my bed.

Jason : Well, not your wife any more nor your bed, old boy. She is moving in with me and getting a divorce. And then she will be moving back in here and so will I and you will be moving out. But at least we're not strangers. Eh!

Peter : So, she is getting divorced and taking my house in the settlement.

Jason : Peter. It's the way divorce goes. Come on! I don't have to tell you that?

We all have needs Peter. I'm bigger, better and longer lasting than you.
Come on! Be fair here. You're not what she needs.

Jason follows Sybil into the living room and they resume their playful giggling.

Peter : *(with tearful eyes)* I needed that.

END

Norman

EXT. FRONT DOOR OF HOUSE - DAY.

Two middle aged women nervously arrive at the front door of a large unkept, gloomy house.

Woman 1 : Strange, isn't it? How life goes. I used to love coming here. It was so full of life. He was distant and unapproachable all his life but she was great. And then he died.

She's so like her son now, isn't she?

Woman 2 : I know. And you couldn't get two people more different from those two if you walked a thousand miles. They were as different as cheese and chalk.

Woman 1 : I think you mean chalk and cheese.

Woman 2 : (*angrily subdued*) OK. Chalk and cheese. Water and oil. Oil and water. You are so picky sometimes. Aren't you? Always looking for problems.

Remember that time when you

Woman 1 : Let's be civil please, shall we?

Woman 2 : I am civil all the time. You want to be civil when it suits you. And when you can twist things - that suits you ...

Woman 1 : Please. We can have this discussion tomorrow or any day. Right now we are at the Bates house. Please.

Woman 2 : You may paint an orange yellow and call it a lemon just to prove a point. But it is always an orange - no matter what it looks like on the outside.

Both women realise they shouldn't have gone down this uncomfortable path between them. They adjust their clothing and breath calmly to steady their frayed tempers.

Woman 1 : But really! You couldn't get more different than those two. She was always so friendly and funny. Everyone loved her in the community. Always there at charity affairs and he was well, you know.

Woman 2 : Always peeping out from behind her skirt. Terrified he was as a boy and he'd run a mile before he had to say Hello to someone. So, we all knew not to say Hello to him.

Poor boy!

Woman 1 : It's the old story - really. Isn't it?

Woman 2 : I know. The apple never falls far from the tree.

Both women shake their heads in acknowledgement and, without knocking or ringing, they push open the front door and enter saying a tentative 'Hello'.

INT. LIVING ROOM HOUSE - DAY

The two middle aged women are standing in front of a woman rocking on a rocking chair. She is dressed like a young man and is paying no attention to them.

Woman 1 : Hello love. How are you Norman?

She just looks away, growls in an angry deep voice and doesn't respond.

Woman 2 : Come on. Don't be like that? We are your friends ... Norman Bates.

I have a friend just passing through and she would like to stay for a night in your guest house if that is possible.

END

Mobile Phones

EXT. STREET. DAY

Colin, a 'cool' guy, swaggers along a street carrying a bulky shoulder bag. He meets Mike, a guy he knows.

Mike is clearly cursing his bad luck to bump into Colin who is delighted by the chance encounter.

Colin : Hey Mike! Gotta show you something.

Mike : Something cool, I wager.

Colin : You can definitely say that again. Check out my new phone.

He withdraws a 'phone' from his hip pocket. It is tiny, smaller than a postage stamp. He opens it out. It is still smaller than a matchbox.

Mike : *(halfheartedly)* Cool.

He holds it and squints desperately attempting to touch a tiny button. He is unsuccessful.

Colin : Hey man. What are you doin'. You can't use your fingers on this baby.

With great difficulty, Colin withdraws a large microscope from his shoulder bag and holds it in place over the target area. He adjusts the viewer and focuses on the tiny phone buttons. He then withdraws from his shoulder bag a hand-held pointer with a sharp point and is able to – very slowly - type.

Mike : That's even cooler than I thought. You do realise the letters are too small to read.

Colin : Not so, my negative friend. *(pointing to the microscope)* You can with one of these.

Mike : What is this obsession with size when it comes to cocks and mobile phones. Every 'cool' guy wants a much larger cock and a much smaller phone. Why? What's wrong with ... Normal.

Colin : Ya wanna see my cock. Is that it?

Mike : Not really Colin, if that's ok with you. But, you have the microscope handy so ... give it to me and ... whip your cock out.

Colin : You're a funny guy. Always were. So, lets see your phone.

Mike : It's at home.

Colin : I'm not talking about your landline. Where's your mobile phone?

Mike : As I say ...it's at home. It's too important for me to carry it around and lose it.

Colin : You were always so goddam lame, weren't you?

Mike : Lame? I have important stuff on that phone. Way too important to lose. My banking information, my pussy contacts, my family photos and photos of your tiny cock that I took when you were showering in the gym that day.

Colin is stunned but tries his best not to show how vulnerable and exposed he is. He does this with exaggerated laughter.

Colin : So, you are the only person in the world who has a mobile phone ... but it is not mobile ... is it Mike ... it is stationery.

You have a stationery mobile phone. Now that's lame.

Mike : Lame?

Colin : Yes, you keep your mobile phone in the safety of your bedroom. Unbelievable!

Mike : My bedroom? Are you mad? It can be stolen there. And i don't keep it in my arse pocket either. It can be stolen much easier there.

Colin : So where do you keep it?

Mike : You'd like to know, wouldn't you? So you break into my house and remove your little cock pics with your full body and face etc.

And, anyway, my mobile phone is way more mobile than someone like you can imagine. As we speak, it is travelling at thousands of miles an hour. And nobody can stop it.

Colin : You're mad. You always were. What are you talking about?

Mike : I'm talking about a satellite orbiting the Earth all the time. I'm talking about a Time Capsule called My Phone that will always remain intact.

I will give you the coordinates and you can buy a very big telescope and observe it for as long as you wish every day. It's way more exciting than TV.

Mike signals a goodbye and walks off leaving a bewildered Colin speechless.

END