

## **COMEDY SKETCHES 2**

written by

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## ENGLISH TOURISTS

EXT. WILDLIFE PARK GATES - DAY

TITLE: *Spain 2032*

A beautiful Mediterranean day.

A man slowly drives his wife and two children through the gates of a public park with a plaque WILDLIFE PARK.

Wearing a safari type uniform, the gatekeeper approaches the driver's open window and the man hands him a ticket.

The family is cultured and enthusiastic about their tour.

GATEKEEPER

Enjoy your visit, senor.

Courteously smiling, he steps aside and the car continues into the park.

EXT. WILDLIFE PARK - DAY

The car slowly passes a small, covered compound bearing the plaque SNAKES.

Inside, various snakes lie coiled in the shade of a tree beside a pond.

Others are in the tree and the ground vegetation.

The snakes are docile and show no hostility or fear.

The family is thrilled by the creatures as they pass.

EXT. WILDLIFE PARK - LATER

The car comes to an enclosure bearing the plaque LIONS.

Inside, beside a small lake, a pride of lions are lying in harmony with each other and their surroundings.

A young lion curiously approaches the car and an adult female moves protectively to its side, halting its progress.

They do not seem concerned with the passing car or its occupants and all remain at ease.

EXT. WILDLIFE PARK - LATER

The car passes another enclosure bearing the plaque CROCODILES.

Some crocodiles lie on the bank of a small lake while others are in the water.

The reptiles are content and restful and are no threat to each other or the visitors.

EXT. WILDLIFE PARK - LATER

The car moves to the next enclosure.

This time, the usual fencing wire is reinforced by thick barbed wire and two heavily armed sentries dressed in safari uniforms guard the enclosure.

The plaque reads ENGLISH TOURISTS and underneath is written in bold red text: *DON'T LINGER.*

Inside the enclosure, different groups of holiday-makers are sitting on deck chairs around a swimming pool. They are drunk and some wear Union Jack shorts or T shirts.

Three young men, COLIN, LENNY and DEREK, are standing by the pool, pints of lager in their hands, shouting soccer slogans with their arms around each other's shoulders for support.

Beside them two young women, SANDRA and DEBBIE, are dozing on deck chairs in a drunken stupor.

Lenny looses his grip on his colleague's shoulder, stumbles over Sandra and falls into the pool, still holding his pint.

As his friends roar with laughter, Sandra gets to her feet and steadies herself.

SANDRA

Hoi! Wot's your fuckin' game, Lenny?

Debbie wipes her half-open eyes, raises herself up on her elbows and defends her fallen hero.

DEBBIE

Leave 'im alone, ya drunk slag.

SANDRA

Wot?

DEBBIE

Just 'cause 'e won't shag ya.

SANDRA

You fuckin' bitch.

Sandra kicks Debbie off her deck chair and falls to the ground with the exertion.

Primed for battle, the women get to their feet, but Derek and Colin manage to hold them apart.

DEREK

Leave it out, Sandra. Leave it out.

Gripping his pint, Derek leads Sandra away from the confrontation as Debbie snorts indecipherable obscenities.

Suddenly, he stops and nonchalantly vomits, splashing Sandra.

Sandra doesn't give it any attention.

SANDRA

She gets on me fuckin' tits, Derek.

Thinking she is referring to his vomit, Derek attempts to wipe it off her front.

DEREK

Didn't mean to get it on yer tits,  
love.

As she leans against him for support, Derek becomes aware of the shocked, staring visitors.

Incensed, he leaves Sandra's side and she falls to the ground.

Salivating with great ferocity, he approaches the wire.

DEREK

Wot you fuckin' lookin' at?

He raises his pint in the air and prepares to throw it.

DEREK

Want some a'this... do ya?

Before the man in the car has time to drive off, Derek throws the glass.

It smashes against the protective wire, splashing lager everywhere.

A guard, standing beside the plaque on the compound, turns his gun on Derek.

GUARD

Get back, you. I said get back.

Derek ignores him, grabs the wire with both hands and tries to break through it.

The anxious guard turns to the driver and shouts.

GUARD

Don't look at them. Keep moving. Quick.

The driver finds gear and moves off as quickly as possible.

THE END

## SKILLED LABOURER

EXT. LONDON STREET - DAY

Typical London street. Hoarding, fencing and scaffolding surround part of a building, BURLEIGH ACCOUNTING, which is being refurbished.

INT. BURLEIGH ACCOUNTING BUILDING, CORRIDOR - DAY

MICHAEL, a big, awkward, weather beaten labourer with a happy face, is pushing a wheelbarrow along a narrow corridor.

NIGEL, a smooth, younger man looks inappropriate in his semi-building site surroundings. He is dressed in an expensive suit and is standing beside a door with the plaque ACQUISITIONS MANAGER.

He appears concerned, engrossed in the financial accounts he holds in his hands, and does not hear Michael approach.

Michael has to stop and he speaks in a soft Irish accent.

MICHAEL

Excuse me, sir.

Nigel steps aside as Michael navigates the wheelbarrow around him.

Because of their proximity, Michael feels obliged to comment.

MICHAEL

A penny for them.

NIGEL

What?

MICHAEL

A penny for your thoughts.



NIGEL

Oh, yes. My thoughts. Of course.

*(condescending)* Thank you. But believe me... they're worth more than a penny.

MICHAEL

*(quietly)* There's not much in this world that's worth more than a penny.

Nigel arrogantly holds out the accounts he is holding forcing Michael to stop.

NIGEL

Let me tell you... Carter Holdings are worth more than a penny.

MICHAEL

Ah! The Carter Holdin's acquisition. I was readin' about that in the papers.

Nigel frowns in surprise as Michael shakes his head, in empathy.

MICHAEL

Sounds like a tough one, all right. Good luck to ya.

As he continues onward, he glances over his shoulder.

MICHAEL

Now... of course I'm not an expert on that particular case or anything...

But if you want my advice... watch your FRS7.

NIGEL

FRS7?

Nigel's shock forces Michael to stop and clarify what he has said.

MICHAEL

Yeah. You know... Financial Reporting Standard... number seven.

NIGEL

Yes. I know what FRS7 means.

MICHAEL

Aw, well. You'll be all right so.

Michael is about to continue on his way but Nigel is, to say the least, intrigued.

NIGEL

Why do you say that?

MICHAEL

Now, I could be wrong, mind you. As I say, I'm not an expert.

It just seemed like it at the time...  
well, the bit I read.

Nigel sarcastically presents him with the accounts.

NIGEL

Then why don't you have a look...

and see if all the identifiable assets  
and liabilities are recorded at their  
fair values.

Impressed, Michael drops his wheelbarrow.

MICHAEL

Ah yes. You know your FRS7, all right.

He takes the accounts in his dirty hands and delves into them.

MICHAEL

I havn't a lotta time, you understand.  
But I'll give it a shot.

Nigel's attempt to disparage this underling having failed, he smirks at Michael's attempt at speed reading the substantial documents.

INT. BURLEIGH ACCOUNTING BUILDING, CORRIDOR - LATER

Eagerly, Michael scrutinizes the accounts as Nigel stands beside him, bemused.

MICHAEL

Yes. Yes. Everythin' so far seems all right.

Suddenly enthused, Michael points at a particular item.

MICHAEL

Ah, now. What's this?

Nigel leans closer to examine the identified item.

NIGEL

What's the problem?

MICHAEL

I think this is a provision for accruals... for future operating losses.

Nigel studies it, trying to absorb what Michael is saying.

MICHAEL

*(encouraging him)* It shouldn't therefore... ya know... affect fair values at the date of acquisition.

Nigel is stunned as the outlined truth dawns on him.

MICHAEL

See what I mean.

NIGEL

Yes.

Devastated by this, he quickly reverts to the comfort of sarcasm.

NIGEL

And what about the Tangible Fixed Assets? Are they all right?

Accepting the question as genuinely asked, Michael answers sincerely.

MICHAEL

They look OK.

NIGEL

And the Contingencies?

MICHAEL

As far as I can tell... they're fine.

NIGEL

Stocks? Work-in-Progress?

MICHAEL

*(suddenly animated)* Oh, my God. Work-in-Progress.

He looks at his watch and is startled by what he sees.

MICHAEL

Jaesus, would ya look at that.

Sorry. Can't waste any more time.

I've work to do. See ya.

Glad that he has been of help, Michael smiles, hands the accounts to Nigel and picks up his wheelbarrow.

MICHAEL

Nice talking to ya.

And if ya need a hand with anythin' and I'm not busy... just give me a shout.

Nigel is unable to respond as Michael continues on his way.

THE END

STAMMERING

EXT. HOTEL FRONT DOOR - DAY

A Rover car pulls up outside the front door of an impressive hotel.

The rear door opens and TERRY steps out, good looking and confident, carrying a briefcase and dressed in a business suit.

As he puts on his overcoat, he addresses his two business colleagues sitting in the front seat.

TERRY  
(*stammering*) W...Well, lads. W...W...  
Wish me luck.

1st MAN  
You'll be fine.

2nd MAN  
Knock him dead, Terry.

Self-assured, Terry slams the car door shut and enters the hotel.

INT. CAR - DAY

Terry's business colleagues clearly admire him.

1st MAN  
He'll do all right.

2nd MAN  
I know. It's important he gets more confidence.

1st MAN

I must say, that was a good idea of yours arranging this meeting with *(dramatically)* Frank The Finisher.

I mean, if anything, he has a greater... *(struggling for the right word)* speech problem...than Terry.

2nd MAN

Frank's their best man. And Terry knows it. It'll do him good.

1st MAN

Does Terry know...*(indicating a speech impediment)*...about Frank?

2nd MAN

Of course not. I wasn't going to draw attention to it. Terry's the only one who worries about it.

1st MAN

Strange, isn't it? It's only words beginning with 'W'.

2nd MAN

Yeah. And, curiously enough, in Frank's case, it's only words beginning with 'S'.

The first man shrugs his shoulders, finds gear and drives off.

INT. HOTEL LOBBY - DAY

Terry is sitting in the hotel lobby reading a report with his briefcase and a cup of coffee on the table in front of him.

The hotel concierge talks with FRANK, an affable, quick walking man who has just entered.

The concierge leads Frank to Terry's table.

The concierge makes hasty introductions.

CONCIERGE

*(pointing to Terry)* Mr Terry Simms.

*(pointing to Frank)* Mr Frank Watson.

His mission accomplished, the concierge returns to his desk.

Frank puts his briefcase down and stretches a hand to Terry.

FRANK

Hello.

TERRY

Hello. Mr W...W...Watson.

Frank is unnerved at this and tries to overcome it. He glances at the report that Terry had been reading.

FRANK

I s...see you've s...started already,  
Mr S...S...Simms.

Terry is shocked. He does not realise that Frank is referring to the report and thinks he is mimicking his stammer.

FRANK

Anyway, I've s...seen what you s...sent  
me and there's s...some things I want  
to clarify.

Let's begin, s...shall we?

Terry is unable to contain his anger.

TERRY

Mr W...W...Watson. I w...want you to  
know I don't think you're being in the  
least bit funny.

Frank also is unable to control the hurt he feels at this insult to his speech defect.

FRANK

And you s...sir are probably the most  
ins...solent person I've met in years.

Enraged, Terry gets to his feet with clenched fists.

TERRY  
(*shouts*) W...W...Wanker.

Equally furious, Frank adopts an aggressive posture.

FRANK  
(*shouts*) S...S...Shithead.

At his desk, the concierge hears the shouts as do the other hotel guests in the lobby.

As he gingerly approaches the scene of the conflict, Terry picks up the report and hurls it at Frank.

Frank pushes Terry's briefcase off the table, scattering the contents on the floor and spilling the cup of coffee.

Terry pushes Frank backward and he falls awkwardly across a nearby table.

Frank struggles to his feet and rushes at Terry.

They join battle and collapse on the floor wrestling furiously amid the fallen tables and chairs as the shocked guests look on.

The concierge, supported by a porter, tries to break up the fight.

THE END



DEAD DOG

INT. CAR - DAY

KEVIN, a middle aged inoffensive businessman, is driving unhurried along a winding road through a picturesque countryside.

He is tapping his fingers on the steering wheel and humming along to the light classical music on his music player.

As he rounds a bend in the road, a dog walks out in front of him.

Desperately, he tries to stop, but he hits the dog and grinds to a halt.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - DAY

Kevin emerges from the car, his shocked state incongruous with the pleasant music coming from his car.

He goes to the rear and sees the motionless dog lying there.

He looks for signs of life, but the dog is dead.

He goes to enter the car again, but reconsiders and checks his environment.

The only house to be seen is a short distance away.

He goes to the little, flowery lane leading to the house, weary with the heavy news he is bearing.

EXT. COTTAGE - DAY

Kevin arrives at a charming cottage surrounded by well-tended gardens.

He steels himself and knocks on the door.

The door opens and a friendly old woman emerges, peering up at him over the top of her round glasses.

OLD WOMAN

Well... Hello.

I don't often get visitors. Are you selling something?

He struggles for the right words.

Overcome with the pleasure of another's company, she continues.

OLD WOMAN

Would you like to come in?

KEVIN

No. (*correcting himself*) No, thanks.

I... I won't come in... and I'm not selling anything. You see...

OLD WOMAN

Yes?

KEVIN

Have you got a dog?

OLD WOMAN

A dog? Yes.

KEVIN

It's just that... I was driving by and... well, this dog came out in front of me and...

(*he manages to finish*) I hit it with the car and the dog's dead.

The old woman remains staring up at him.

Finally, the realisation of what he has said dawns on her.

KEVIN

I... I couldn't stop. I... *(unable to continue)*

OLD WOMAN

But Rex is a good boy. He never goes to the road.

Anxiously looking about her, she shouts the dog's name.

Silence.

There is no sign of the dog.

She shouts the dog's name again and again.

But to no effect.

Her desperation mounts.

OLD WOMAN

What does the dog look like?

Hopelessly distraught at this point, he misunderstands what she means and resigns himself to what she asks.

He lies on the ground and, in a graphic simulation of the dead dog, he contorts his face into a grotesque expression and rolls his eyes until only the whites are showing.

His tongue falls out from the side of his mouth and twists his fingers into claws.

This vivid portrayal is too much for the old woman.

She clutches her chest and falls on the doorstep.

Terror stricken, Kevin jumps to his feet feels for a pulse.

She is dead from a massive heart attack.

He stares at her, gasping.

Suddenly, a small dog comes running from a nearby field, goes to the old woman and licks her face.

The surrounding countryside is filled with the dog's pitiful whining as Kevin staggers away from the scene.

THE END

POLICE ESCORT

EXT. SUBURBAN STREET - NIGHT

A policeman and policewoman are casually strolling on their beat in a quiet suburb.

As they pass by a public house, they see a middle aged man lying on the pavement by a gable wall beside some parked cars.

They go to his aid and raise him to a sitting position.

MR HINTON is well dressed, dazed and mumbling incoherently.

Both police officers are accosted by the smell of drink from the fallen man but, otherwise, he has no sign of injury.

POLICEMAN

Did you fall over, sir?

POLICEWOMAN

Are you all right?

Mr Hinton speaks in a drunken slur.

MR HINTON

No. I'm not bloody all right.

Three b...bastards stole my wallet and keys...

*(pointing along the road)* and then they... then they took my wheels.

The police look at each other, shocked at his obvious intention to drive home.

POLICEMAN

You won't be needing your wheels tonight, sir.

POLICEWOMAN

Were you mugged?

MR HINTON

Yes. I was bloody mugged.

POLICEMAN

Where do you live, sir?

MR HINTON

Cherry...Cherryfield... 12 Cherryfield Drive.

POLICEWOMAN

*(to her colleague)* That's just up there... on the left. We can walk?

POLICEMAN

*(to the man)* Mr Hinton, we must get some details from you... but first we're going to help you walk home.

Mr Hinton looks at the police in a strangely euphoric manner.

MR HINTON

OK.

The police officers take an arm each and laboriously help him to a standing position.

His legs are leaden, hopelessly uncoordinated and provide no support.

He grips their shoulders and tries to cooperate.

POLICEMAN

*(struggling)* Mr Hinton, you must try to help us... please.

MR HINTON

I'm trying... I'm trying.

It is obvious that his drunken efforts are useless.

The police resign themselves to their laborious fate.

They set off carrying the full weight of the man.

EXT. CHERRYFIELD DRIVE - NIGHT

The two exhausted police officers turn the corner into Cherryfield Drive struggling with the dead weight of Mr Hinton.

They stop to catch their breath.

POLICEMAN

*(to Mr Hinton)* You really are no help.

MR HINTON

*(dejected)* I'm sorry.

POLICEMAN

*(to his colleague)* We should have called for a car.

POLICEWOMAN

I know. But we're almost there, now.

They continue with their cumbersome journey along the road.

EXT. CHERRYFIELD DRIVE - LATER

Panting audibly and looking at the house numbers, the police officers inch forward with their uncooperative load.

POLICEWOMAN

*(relieved)* Number twelve. At last.

POLICEMAN

You alert his wife. I'll hold him.

The policeman holds Mr Hinton's in a standing position while his colleague goes to the house and knocks on the door.

EXT. HOUSE, FRONT DOOR - NIGHT

The front door opens and MRS HINTON, a pleasant middle-aged woman, emerges clearly concerned by a late night visit from the police.

POLICEWOMAN

I'm sorry to disturb you, but I'm looking for Mr Cyril Hinton's wife.

MRS HINTON

Yes. I'm his wife. Is he all right?

POLICEWOMAN

He's fine. It's just that... he's a bit *(indicating drinking)* under the weather.

MRS HINTON

*(relieved)* Oh... you gave me a fright.

Drunk again, is he? I'm sorry if he was a bother to you.

POLICEWOMAN

Actually, he's been mugged... and his car's been stolen.

MRS HINTON

*(agitated)* Mugged? Car? But he hasn't got a car.

POLICEWOMAN

Well... we haven't got the details yet. We decided to bring him home first...

Mrs Hinton sees her husband being held in a standing position by the policeman.

She brushes past the policewoman and rushes to him.

MRS HINTON

My God, Cyril.

*(shouts)* Where's your wheelchair?

The police officers stare vacantly as Mr Hinton struggles to respond.



MR HINTON

Three... three young b...bastards took  
it. And if I ever get my hands on  
them...

Mrs Hinton hisses contemptuously at the police officers.

MRS HINTON

Help me get him inside.

The policeman takes Mr Hinton's arms, as his equally shocked  
colleague supports his back.

Mrs Hinton lifts his legs and all three struggle to carry him  
to the front door.

THE END

## TURNING ON THE COMPUTER

INT. OFFICE - DAY

MARGE, a Marilyn Munroe-type sits at a workstation in an office environment. Her computer is switched on.

She is holding a flash disk in her hand and looks confused.

She glances over her shoulder and calls to a colleague.

MARGE

Ahh... Jerry. Could you come here a minute, please?

JERRY approaches her desk, aware of his misfortune.

JERRY

Yes.

MARGE

I was just wondering... what do I do?

JERRY

Look. It's no big deal. Just install the software first.

She looks sheepishly at him, obviously hoping he will do it for her.

But he is determined and points to a manual on her desk.

JERRY

It's easy. Just follow the instructions.

MARGE

OK.

She picks up the manual and he walks off.

MARGE

O... K...

She opens the manual at the first page and reads quietly.

MARGE

Number 1. Make sure the computer is turned on.

She is startled by this.

Vacantly, she alternates her attention between the manual and the screen, unsure how to proceed.

She glances at Jerry. He is engrossed in his work.

Confidently, she moves her face closer to the computer screen.

MARGE

You really are a very, very, sexy computer.

She opens the top two buttons on her shirt, revealing a significant cleavage and leans even closer to the screen.

MARGE

I've had the hots for you right from the start.

She puts her hand under her desk where the box of the computer is located in an upright position and begins stroking it.

MARGE

You're such a horny thing. Do you know that?

Jerry has become aware of what she's doing and stares in disbelief.

She becomes aware of his attention.

She points to the manual in justification of her actions.

MARGE

I must turn on the computer first.

JERRY

OK. But when you are turning it off,  
please don't pour cold water on it.

She accepts this as genuine advice and resumes turning on the computer.

THE END

## PREPARING THE CHICKEN

INT. KITCHEN - EVENING

On the table is a collection of vegetables and stuffing and a glass bowl containing an uncooked chicken.

MARGE stands bent over, her hands resting on the kitchen table. She addresses the chicken with genuine concern.

MARGE

Now look. I know this is rough. And I really wish someone else would do it.

But... well, it has to be me.

She holds the bowl firmly in both hands and continues courageously, trying to control her inner turmoil.

MARGE

Listen. It's like this... OK.

I'm sorry, but we have to put you in a ... in a hot oven... and bake you.

We have to cook you... for about an hour... with all these vegetables.

She hesitates, as if waiting for the chicken to respond.

INT. SITTING ROOM - EVENING

An oppressed looking man is sitting on a couch holding a beer can and watching TV. Marge enters cheerfully from the kitchen and speaks quietly.

MARGE

Well. I'm sure I did it OK.

I've prepared the chicken.

She smiles reassuringly at him. He looks painfully at her.

THE END

## SINN FEIN'S SITCHEEATION

*(Using existing interview footage)*

INT. TELEVISION STUDIO - EVENING

A sharp, television talk show host is sitting at a desk with a global, world affairs backdrop.

TV HOST

As part of their attempt to attract a greater share of the middle class vote, Sinn Fein have embarked on a radical new tactic.

As it is their most commonly used word and the one they unfortunately use for emphasis, Sinn Fein have instructed their spokespeople to properly pronounce the word SITUATION... or don't use it at all.

So, *(mispronouncing in a Derry accent)* SITCH...EE...ATION will henceforth be referred to merely as *(properly pronounced)* SITUATION.

Some argue that a radical change such as this is ill-advised and may lose some traditional voters.

But, they have grasped the nettle and... well, good luck to them.

He turns to a television monitor on which MARTIN MCGUINNESS is being interviewed.

The sound is activated and, in his first full sentence, Martin inevitably refers to the 'sitcheeation' at hand.

The sound is de-activated and the TV host indicates his disappointment with a shake of his head.

TV HOST

Never mind, Martin. Old ways die hard.

Let's see how Mitchel McLoughlin coped.

Again, he turns to the television monitor where MITCHEL McLOUGHLIN is being interviewed.

Mitchel completes a long sentence without a hitch.

The TV host is impressed and indicates this.

In his next sentence, Mitchel says 'sitcheeation'.

The TV host recoils as if stabbed and the sound fades.

TV HOST

First night jitters. Happens to us all.

(pause)

So, after many long weeks of tuition,  
they were ready for the media again.

He turns to the monitor where Martin McGuinness is again being interviewed.

This time, Martin is provoked and emotional. He is outlining some dearly held beliefs.

His first sentence is completed without hiccup much to the TV host's pleasure.

But, in a more emotional second sentence, he stumbles through the dreaded 'sitcheeation'.

The sound is de-activated and the TV host is disappointed.

Without comment, he proceeds to another interview with Mitchel McLoughlin.

Mitchel is calm and stony faced, responding courteously. Two sentences go by with no mention of the 'S' word.

In the third sentence, Mitchel unfortunately cannot complete it without referring to the pressing 'sitcheeation'.

The sound is killed again. The host is disappointed.

TV HOST

Sic transit gloria mundi.

THE END

RALPH THE SHEEP SHAGGER

INT. PUBLIC HOUSE - EVENING

SIMON, a well-dressed, professional enters a rural public house.

At one end of the bar, a group of casually-dressed men stand drinking and enjoying each other's company.

Anxious to fit in, Simon smiles at the group of men and sits at the other end of the bar close to an older man who sits alone drinking a pint.

The man is shabbily-dressed and looking a bit shell-shocked. He only becomes aware of Simon when he orders a pint.

Simon smiles and the man nervously returns it.

The uneasy silence that follows is broken when Simon extend his hand in greeting.

SIMON

Hello. My name's Simon. How are you?

The man seems genuinely touched to be greeted in this way and struggles for words.

MAN

Oh, I get by. And how are you?

SIMON

Can't complain, I suppose.

The barman places a half pint of beer in front of Simon.

SIMON

Would you like a drink?

MAN

No, thanks.



Simon pays the barman and feels more relaxed.

SIMON

So ... what's your name?

MAN

My name is Ralph... Ralph Durham.

Where are you from?

SIMON

Bellbridge.

RALPH

That's about 30 miles away.

*(resigned)* Yeah, you've heard of me.

SIMON

I have? So ... who are you?

RALPH

Ralph the Dam Builder?

SIMON

*(embarrassed)* No. Sorry.

RALPH

The youngest prize-winning dam builder  
in Europe?

The Waverley Dam... that's one of mine.

SIMON

Wow! Was that you? I was...

Still resigned, Ralph doesn't allow Simon time to praise him.

RALPH

What about Ralph the Mountain Climber?

SIMON

*(again embarrassed)* Sorry. No.

RALPH

I conquered some of the highest peaks  
and steepest cliffs... the world over.

Nearly lost my life a few times.

In his discomfort, Simon can only shrug his shoulders.

RALPH

But my real passion was boats...  
yachts.

Don't suppose you've heard of Ralph the  
Boat Builder?

SIMON

Sorry.

RALPH

I came up with a hull design they  
called revolutionary.

And I suppose it was. It certainly was  
a winner.

I even won the Sydney to Hobart race  
with it myself in '85.

A nervous silence as both men take a slow, uncomfortable drink.

RALPH

Let's see then. Have you heard of Ralph  
the Sheep Shagger?

SIMON

Yes.

Simon is momentarily delighted to give a positive response.

His smile quickly fades as the realisation dawns on him.

RALPH  
Yes. That's me as well.

*(pause)*

*(bitterly)* One mistake. Just one bloody  
mistake... and they forget everything  
else, don't they.

Simon is humiliated but Ralph is not offended.

The men at the other end of the bar say their goodbyes to the  
barman and go to exit.

Before leaving, they glance towards Ralph, giggle and make  
sheep bleating sounds.

Ralph just accepts it.

THE END

## MEALTIME IN THE SAVANNAH

*(Using existing wildlife footage)*

EXT. SAVANNAH - DAY

A shimmering hot day in the savannah lands of Africa.

A tiger hides in the long grass and watches a herd of wildebeest lazily grazing nearby.

*The voice-over outlines his thoughts and is spoken in a smooth manner but with a seriously malevolent undercurrent, like Shere Khan in Jungle Book.*

VO

Hmmm. Wildebeest.

Nature's great walking larder.

He scans his environment before again resting his gaze on the herd.

VO

They're bunched up again... for protection.

Poor idiots.

I don't think it'll do them much good.

Stealthily, he moves closer to his quarry, rests again and inspects the herd.

VO

Let's see now. Hmmm.

Young ones... old ones...

One of the wildebeest is hobbling on an injured leg.

VO

A few lame ones...

A typically ugly newborn wildebeest calf is trying to stay on its feet beside its mother.

VO

Ahh. Yes. And a few pretty little newborn babies.

Hmmm. My personal favourite.

The first steps. How sweet.

Never mind, pet. Don't bother learning to walk.

The calf finds its mother's teats and eagerly drinks her milk.

VO

Drink up, my pretty. Enjoy.

He breaks from his reverie and again surveys his environment.

VO

I wonder should I get some support?

Maybe some help to distract the mother would be nice.

Resolved, he turns again towards the wildebeest herd.

VO

No. I'll be fine. They're such idiots.

He rises from his hidden position and trots casually towards the herd, staying wide of his target.

He whistles a happy tune in an attempt to present himself as something completely innocent.

EXT. SAVANNAH - LATER

The herd are observing the tiger and have primed themselves for an attack, keeping a fearful distance from him.

Still whistling, he ambles nonchalantly occasionally glancing in their direction.

VO

Guys, guys... I'm alone. Jeez. Relax.

The herd adopts its usual half-hearted attempt at defence.

Some stare at the intruder as threateningly as they can and position themselves between him and their calves.

The rest of the herd break up and wander aimlessly.

The tiger doubles back, still keeping his distance from the staring mothers.

VO

I only want one. God in Heaven!

He gathers speed and begins his attack on a calf on the periphery of the group.

The mother tries desperately to protect it.

EXT. SAVANNAH - LATER

The tiger feasts on the dead body of the wildebeest calf, his face covered in blood. *(The voice-over is through an orgy of barbaric eating sounds.)*

VO

Hmmm. Yummy. Now this is living.

I missed my calling in life.

I should have been a midwife.

Get myself a nice nurse's hat.

Set up advertising all over the Savannah.

He surveys his environment for a while and continues with his eating orgy.

VO

*(dramatically)* Yes ...

The Wildebeest Midwifery Service.

Give your calf a nice hassle-free birth.

It would've made my life a helluva lot easier.

The calf's mother stares helplessly at the horrific spectacle.

EXT. SAVANNAH - LATER

Again whistling innocently, the tiger ambles a short distance from the confused wildebeest mother who continues to gaze at him.

As if in response to a question, he stops and looks directly at her.

VO

Baby? What baby?

I didn't see any baby. Jeez.

What kinda creature do you think I am?

Clearly offended at being accused of such a heinous crime, he indignantly turns and continues on his way.

THE END

## COPULATING WILDEBEEST

*(Using wildlife footage. It can be any herd of animals.)*

EXT. SAVANNAH - DAY

A tranquil, pastoral, African landscape.

A herd of wildebeest is grazing peacefully in the grasslands.

*The voice-over is DAVID, a presenter of a wildlife documentary as he outlines events in a hushed BBC-style. (Only his voice is heard as the camera films the scene being described.)*

DAVID

Almost miraculously, the rain brings  
forth lush new grass...

...providing rich pickings for all who  
share the Savannah.

Some of the animals begin to frolic with each other.

DAVID

The herd can temporarily forget about  
their endless migrations and continuous  
search for food.

A frisky male wildebeest with an erect penis approaches an  
ambivalent female.

DAVID

Suddenly, there's more important things  
to think about

...like the preservation of the species.

The female walks off but with no real attempt to escape.

DAVID

The female is receptive to the male for  
only a short period of time.



The amorous male attempts to mount the moving female.

DAVID

It always beats the hell out of me how they can get such a hard-on for such ugly tarts.

The male wildebeest successfully mounts the female.

DAVID

Without even some porno... or at least a few pints of lager. Jesus.

The male penetrates the female and thrusts aggressively.

DAVID

Yes. That's it, boy.

Give her a good hard shagging.

As they copulate, David grunts suggestively and mutters to himself.

DAVID

That's it, boy. Show her who's boss.

Only David's grunting and muttering is heard as the camera records the copulating wildebeest for a while.

Then it pans to David and we see him for the first time.

His back is to the camera and he is lying against an embankment that he and the crew had been using for cover.

Oblivious to the camera, he is staring at the animals.

He is wearing a long coat and his trousers are at his ankles.

He is masturbating.

He becomes aware of the intrusive camera and points his finger at the wildebeest.

DAVID

The other way, you idiot.

CAMERAMAN

*(off)* But... you told me to get all the good bits.

DAVID

Idiot.

The camera pans back to the wildebeest as the grunting from David continues.

THE END

NEWS FOR THE DEAF (1)

INT. TELEVISION NEWSROOM - EVENING

CAROL BLAKE is sitting at the news desk arranging her papers.

She is conservative, lacking in confidence and conscious of her image.

Sitting passively beside her is JONATHAN FLYNN, her signing colleague.

He is serious and dull and is allowed, by Carol, only a small portion of screen space.

VO

News For The Deaf is now read by Carol  
Blake and signed by Jonathan Flynn.

She looks solemnly at the camera and speaks very slowly and carefully as Jonathan demonstrates what she says in sign language.

CAROL

There... is... still... no... cure...  
for... deafness.

Tune... in... tomorrow... and... we...  
may... have... better... news... for...  
you.

Jonathan finishes signing and they both smile sympathetically.

THE END

NEWS FOR THE DEAF (2)

INT. TELEVISION NEWSROOM - EVENING

CAROL BLAKE is again at her desk, delivering the News For The Deaf.

JONATHAN FLYNN again sits passively beside her signing what she says.

Clearly she is not happy with his input and is intent on demeaning it.

She speaks much too fast for him to do his job properly.

CAROL

The early Monsoons continue their  
destruction in Southern India.

She waits for Jonathan's cumbersome gesturing to catch up and shows her disdain to the viewers, allowing them to sympathise with her plight.

She continues, her delivery even faster and more excited.

CAROL

Hundreds die as villages are covered in  
mudflows.

Jonathan desperately tries to finish quicker than he should, made more poignant by the tragedy being communicated.

Carol looks at him with contempt and steels herself for the next round.

Her delivery is explosively fast.

CAROL

Farming communities are devastated as  
rivers break their banks.

She immediately turns to Jonathan and indicates to him and the viewers that he is not fast enough as he frantically completes what she has said.

Instead of addressing the viewers, she remains staring at Jonathan and continues as before.

CAROL  
Relief Agencies.

She stops.

Unsure, he signs what she has just said, glancing at the production team behind the camera.

She relishes his mounting insecurity.

CAROL  
And the Security Forces.

Again he struggles and she finishes like a machine gun.

CAROL  
Are appealing to the international  
community for help.

As he desperately signs, she triumphantly prompts him to speed up.

THE END

NEWS FOR THE DEAF (3)

INT. TELEVISION NEWSROOM - EVENING

CAROL BLAKE is again presenting the News For The Deaf, slowly and carefully.

ANN BEDFORD, has replaced Jonathan in the sign language role.

Carol clearly does not relish the presence of the more expressive, enthusiastic and better-looking Ann.

Disgruntled by what she regards as a territorial intrusion and a reduction of her role as newsreader, she continues.

CAROL

The emergency services were called to  
Devon this morning

... when a yacht with five people on  
board got into difficulty

... in heavy seas.

All were rescued unharmed.

The confident gesturing of Ann enhances Carol's resentment.

She is increasingly aware of Ann, her unease growing.

CAROL

A Government Committee has released its  
findings on environmental pollution.

Concerned groups have already expressed  
disappointment.

Ann takes some time to finish this news item, much to Carol's disquiet.

Shaking her head in disapproval, she invites the viewers to share in her disdain.

Her body language becomes more territorial and she moves closer to Ann in order to gain more screen space.

CAROL

The baby at the centre of the Millbrook Incident has finally been reunited with its mother.

Although physically encumbered by Carol, Ann expresses the great joy of the reunion of mother and child.

Carol reaches breaking point.

Without warning, she pushes Ann off her seat to the floor.

CAROL

Piss off.

Much relieved by this, Carol positions her seat to occupy centre screen, smiles and speaks sombrely.

CAROL

There has been another earth tremor in Indonesia, bringing the total to five for this month...

Carol continues with her presentation as if nothing is amiss.

Dazed, Ann stumbles to her feet, looks in disbelief at the production team and walks off screen.

THE END