

COMEDY SKETCHES 3

written by

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UNDERWATER ALIEN CRAFT

SEABED. SHIPWRECK - DAY

The skeleton of a sunken ship lies protruding from the silt at the bottom of the ocean, eerie in the half, flickering light.

Three fish swim uneasily above it, captivated but keeping a safe distance from the strange spectacle.

(Voice-overs are used for the communication the fish have with each other.)

FISH 1

Yeah, that's easy for you to say,
Salty. But you still can't explain what
the hell it actually **is** ... can ya?

FISH 2

Keep your hair on. Jeez.

OK, I'm not 100% sure. But what could
it possibly be?

It has to be a whale of some sort.

FISH 1

(shouts) A whale? A whale?

Are you outta your friggin' mind?

When did you ever see a dead whale that
looked even remotely similar to ...
THAT.

The last one of these we saw you said
it was *(mimicking Fish 2)* ... the
skeleton of a Giant Manta Ray.

And the time before that it was a ...
Giant Squid.

Do me a favour, Salty.

FISH 3

Look guys. We can't hang around here
all day fighting about what it is and
what it isn't.

The truth is ... we don't have a bloody
clue.

FISH 1

All I'm sayin' is ... right ... and you
guys have heard the stories, don't say
you haven't ...

there's some kinda crafts that, ya
know, come from up there ... *(eyes look
upward to the ocean surface)*

that come down here ...

FISH 2

I don't believe it. I simply don't
believe you said that.

You know Fingers, sometimes you are the
dizziest fish in the ocean.

You better stop smokin' that stuff.

Surely you don't believe all that crap
about craft with strange creatures that
come from ... *(creepy voice)* ABOVE THE
WAVES.

FISH 3

Hey Salty, don't be so hard on him.

Truth is, there's a lot of reliable
reports of fish being sucked up ...

by some kinda force we don't understand
...

and taken up above the waves ... never
to return.

FISH 2

Jeez. Not you as well, Fillet.

What's the matter with you guys?

FISH 3

And it's not just individual fish.

What about all those reports of entire families of fish, even entire tribes of fish, being taken up at the same time ... never to be seen again.

FISH 2

I refuse to dignify that with a response. That's just plain looney.

FISH 3

And what about the ones who escaped and made it back down here?

What about their stories, eh?

FISH 2

Oh my God! My God!

Surely you are not talking about those sad losers without a life and desperate for some attention?

FISH 1

Look. We've had this debate before. Can we just ...

FISH 2

(interrupting) And I suppose you guys believe there's a second sun up there

... smaller and not near as bright as the big one ...

that can move every drop of water in this entire ocean ... over and back ... over and back ... every day?

FISH 1

I suppose it's ... it's possible. Isn't it?

FISH 2

(exasperated) OK. Wow! Where do I start?

Let me ask you guys a question. Do you believe in mermaids?

FISH 1 & FISH 3

No.

FISH 2

Good. Good. So you're not completely nuts.

But we all heard the stories ... since the day we were born. Right?

FISH 1

Look we know you have a point but ...

FISH 2

(ignoring him) Now, listen up.

Remember that time we saw the huge cigar-shaped thing moving through the water in a very unnatural way ...

in a completely straight line ...

no mouth or gills or fins ...

and it's tail was rotating at an incredible speed and making a strange mechanical sound.

FISH 1 & FISH 3

Yes.

FISH 2

(indicating the wreck) Well, that's just a dead one of those.

It's a bloody dead whale, guys.

OK. I admit it's a weird species of whale. I can see that.

But it's a whale. Come on!

Fish 1 and 3 are overwhelmed by Fish 2's logic but clearly remain sceptical.

THE END

UFO GRAINY FILM

INT. TELEVISION PRODUCTION OFFICE - DAY

Mr Fairley, sits at his large desk in a spacious office talking to another man, Mr Coulter.

A knock on the door.

FAIRLEY

Come in.

Grenville, a beaming young man opens the door and enters, full of enthusiasm and excitement.

On the door is written Mr Seymour Fairley, Head of Production.

GRENVILLE

Hi I'm Grenville.

Mr Fairley, it's such a pleasure to meet you. I've always admired ...

FAIRLEY

(interrupting) Yes. So you've brought a film.

GRENVILLE

I sure have. It's such perfect quality. You just won't believe ...

FAIRLEY

(interrupting again) Let's have a look, shall we?

Undeterred by their apathy, Grenville takes a flash disk from his pocket and hands it to Fairley who inserts it into his PC.

GRENVILLE

I know you guys see a lot of things ...
but just wait till you see this.

It'll like blow you completely away.

The film begins on screen and Grenville explains excitedly
what's happening, pointing at the screen.

GRENVILLE

OK. So me and my girlfriend, Pam, are
like out on the prairie beside ...

FAIRLEY

Yes. We know the details. Thanks.

GRENVILLE

Anyway, I saw something that looked odd
up there and pointed my camera at it.

There it is. Can you see it?

The men nod their heads and remain in complete apathy as
Grenville points and stares eagerly at the screen.

GRENVILLE

Look at the speed it's travelling at.

In three seconds ... I've timed it ...
three seconds ... it's hovering over
us.

Rotating, suspended in mid air.

Look at the lights flashing, man.

And look ... it lands beside us.

And ... the door opens and one of them
comes out.

Look at him. There he is ...

As you can see, he's not your typical
Grey ... more like Yoda, isn't he?

The two men just look at the film, dispassionate. All the emotion is on Grenville's face as he continues.

GRENVILLE

At this point I hand the camera to Pam and I go to him.

I wasn't frightened at all.

Just look at me running over to him.

I swear, he looks like he's smiling, doesn't he?

Pleased to meet me, eh?

(giggles) Look at me. I'm putting my hand on his shoulder.

Mr Fairley leans back on his posh chair and positions his hands behind his head.

FAIRLEY

OK. I think we've seen enough.

Unfortunately, it's not something we can use.

Well, not in it's present condition.

Grenville is stunned.

He looks into both men's bored faces.

Finally, he stutters a response.

GRENVILLE

Mr Fairley ... this ... this film is perfect quality.

I've never seen quality like this.

FAIRLEY

Exactly. The quality of the film is perfect.

But that's the problem. It's too perfect.

That's why you haven't seen quality like this before.

(to Coulter) Do you think your lab boys can do a job on it?

COULTER

Don't see why not.

Reduce the quality way down. Take it back to 1917.

Make it as grainy as Myrtle Beach.

Lots of smudges and wobbles.

Lots of fingers blocking the view.

Remove Grenville's voice.

Add noise ... dogs, motorway and lots of hissing and cracking etc.

We can block out most of the craft. That's easy enough.

Not all of it, of course, that would spoil it.

(satisfied) Yeah. I think I can make it look like a hoax.

FAIRLEY

Well, if you can do it, I'll show it.

(to Grenville) Thanks for dropping in.

We'll let you know if we can use it.

Grenville is coming out of his shock, but still unable to understand.

GRENVILLE

OK. Like, I don't know what's happening here.

This is definite proof ...

FAIRLEY

Yes. No doubt about it. It is.

But the people who watch this stuff don't want that, Grenville.

The last thing they want is proof.

Grenville is still unable to comprehend so Fairley continues.

FAIRLEY

Grenville, this film will remove doubt.

There would be no mystery any more.

We get many films and photos like this ... that we can't use.

Interest in our alien visitors would evaporate overnight.

(smiling) And we would lose a lot of money.

The weight of this revelation leaves Grenville even more perplexed.

Fairley tries to alleviate his confusion and puts a comforting hand on his shoulder.

FAIRLEY

Look Grenville. It's like sex.

GRENVILLE

Sex?

FAIRLEY

OK. Which is sexier?

(dramatically) A very clear picture of a completely naked woman ... legs apart ... smiling at the camera.

Or a woman in shadow ... obscured ... vulnerable ... partly clothed or her nakedness only partly covered without her, apparently, being aware of the camera.

GRENVILLE

N ... never really thought about it.

FAIRLEY

Look. I can't speak for everyone but, believe me, nobody wants jugs and beaver stuck in their face in all it's resplendent glory.

It's mystery that gives it ... spice.

Seeing his audience still in the throes of disbelief, Fairley tries again to unravel his coils.

FAIRLEY

Or religion!

GRENVILLE

Religion?

FAIRLEY

Look. If all the different gods suddenly came together and held a press conference and answered all the questions from their various believers

... religion would die overnight.

Take away a person's sense of mystery and you remove all that makes them feel good about the world they are in.

We can't do that to them, Grenville.

Fairley stands and speaks in as reassuring a way as possible.

FAIRLEY

The UFO people want their photos and
films grainy ... as grainy as Hell.

Anything realistic and mayhem will
follow.

They'll have to search the bins looking
for a life that someone else didn't
want.

It would be tragic for them. Believe
me.

GRENVILLE

(lying) I understand.

FAIRLEY

Good man.

They shake hands as Coulter heads off with the flash disk.

THE END

ALIEN ABDUCTION

INT. PRISON CELL - NIGHT

A weak electric light from outside shines through a little barred window into a tiny, dreary, dark prison cell.

A truly horrific scene is dimly illuminated.

A big naked prisoner, LLOYD, covered in tattoos is busily fucking another inmate from behind.

JOHN is also naked, terrified and in excruciating agony as the enormous Lloyd holds him down on his beaten up bunk bed and uses him for sex.

Lloyd finishes with a horrific, guttural shout.

He moves away from John and casually puts on his pants.

LLOYD

Hey! That was fuckin' good.

Hope you enjoyed it as much as I did,
baby.

Hearing the sobs from John, he offers some consolation.

LLOYD

Listen babe. You're in here for
life ... just like me.

Let's make the most of it, eh?

We're lifers man.

We must learn to enjoy it.

He climbs awkwardly onto his top bunk as John rolls onto his bottom bunk, his face writhing in pain and degradation.

Within seconds, Lloyd is snoring with Earth-shattering bellows.

With tear-filled eyes, John looks to the window and the meagre light entering his horrific world.

Suddenly a bright, moving, eerie light is shining through the window of the cell.

Terrified, John just stares at it.

He rubs his eyes, unsure what he is seeing.

Through the strange light, John can see two creatures in the cell.

They are traditional Grey aliens and are standing still, without any emotion on their white, blank faces.

Their large black eyes hold John captive.

As they reach for him he is unable to move or scream.

One places his long sinewy fingers over John's eyes and he loses consciousness.

INT. ALIEN SPACECRAFT - NIGHT

John regains consciousness in an alien space craft.

He is naked and lying on his front on a pristine, white operating table.

The room is spacious and clean with white light everywhere.

The two Greys are standing over him and examining him.

They take a large probe and begin their traditional rectal examination.

John writhes with the pain of this huge invasion of his anus.

The Greys, seeing his discomfort, try to console him. One strokes his head as the other speaks in a mechanical whine.

GREY

Don't worry.

Soon we will take you back to where we
found you.

John's scream is practically inaudible.

He pleads with them but only a weak voice can be heard.

JOHN

Please. No. Plleeeaaassseeeee.

Put me anywhere ... but not there.

The Grey's clearly don't understand what he is saying.

They continue to comfort and console him.

GREY

It's OK. We will take you back to your
friends and your home where we found
you.

JOHN

No. No. Don't take me back.

Let ... let me stay here.

It's so clean and bright.

Plleeeaaassseeeee.

Seeing his extreme distress, the Greys look at each other and communicate telepathically.

They discontinue the rectal examination.

John's hopes are short lived, however.

A Grey puts his long sinewy fingers over his eyes and John loses consciousness again.

INT. PRISON CELL - NIGHT

The weak electric light from outside shines through the little barred window into the dreary, dark prison cell.

John is lying naked on his bunk bed and regains consciousness.

The horror of his environment is unbearable ... his brief taste of freedom over.

He shouts in abject frustration. Then quickly puts his hand over his mouth in a futile attempt to muffle the sound.

His terrified eyes look towards the other part of the cell.

Unseen before, on the other side of the cell, another big prisoner, WADE, is wakened by John's shout.

He sits up on his bunk bed.

WADE

What's wrong, baby.

Can't sleep?

John sobs and cannot respond.

Wade rises from his bed, totally naked and tattooed all over.

He poses his huge body for John's attention.

He smiles and approaches John.

WADE

I think both of us knows what baby
needs, don't we?

The dim light on John's horrified face is blocked out by the
approaching frame of Wade.

THE END

SPEED TALKING

INT. FILM SET - DAY

A director stands in a film set. He is looking at a stopwatch/timing device in his hands and is clearly disappointed as he shakes his head.

A female actor stands before him, breathless and panting.

She is clearly intimidated by him.

He begins walking dramatically away from her with his hand on his head.

The voice-over is in documentary fashion.

VO

The new craze in movies is speed talking.

For some unknown reason, they think that if you talk really, really fast ... you are more intelligent, interesting, sexy, whatever.

It's like the Victorian writers who thought that if you could write one sentence using 10 lines ... with a whole bunch of colons, semi-colons and commas ... then you were a better writer than the guy who could write a sentence using just one line without any punctuation.

The director walks purposefully to the actor and hands a piece of dialogue to her.

DIRECTOR

OK. Let's relax, shall we ... and try this one.

VO

In casting for a modern movie a
dialogue piece that was written to be
delivered in about 10 seconds ...

must be delivered in no more than three
seconds.

The actor tries to settle and prepares herself mentally with
her hands on her waist, breathing as deeply as possible.

The director gets his stopwatch/timing device ready.

He points his finger in the air like a coach at the running
track.

DIRECTOR

Ok ... Ready ... Steady ...

(dropping his finger) GO!

The actor takes off at a truly blistering pace.

ACTOR

Hence loathed Melancholy
Of Cerberus and blackest midnight born,
In Stygian Cave forlorn
'Mongst horrid shapes, and shrieks, and
sights unholy.

She completes the impossible dialogue at the same blistering
pace.

Although her performance was brilliant, she clearly fails the
speed test.

The director shakes his head in utter disappointment and
despair.

He motions to the distraught, panting woman to try it again.

THE END

DIVINE INTERVENTION

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

In an untidy bedroom, a man and woman are naked in bed, having sex.

Their clothes are thrown about, clearly discarded in a frantic hurry.

He is working diligently on top of her, grunting in a lazy, mechanical manner.

Lying on her back, she is enjoying it and shouting wildly.

WOMAN

Oh my God ... God ... Oh God ... Oh
God.

A gentle but commanding voice is heard from behind them.

VOICE

Yes.

The man instantly stops, petrified because of his vulnerable position.

The equally scared woman slowly rises up on her elbows and peers out over her man's shoulder.

GOD is standing there, long white dress, sandals, white hair ... radiant aura ... the works.

He is benignly smiling through his long, white beard.

GOD

What is it, my child?

She screams in abject terror.

Her man rolls off her and holds the sheet against their naked bodies, too scared to speak.

She is the first to find her voice and exclaims in total surprise.

WOMAN

Jesus Christ!

God is stunned at first and stares wide-eyed at her.

Then he is clearly disappointed as he lowers his noble head.

Crestfallen, he looks upward and calls out.

GOD

Hey son ... it's you she wants.

Not me.

Again ... not me.

I'm suddenly not ... popular ... since
you were here.

Suddenly, Jesus appears as silently as God.

Clearly with the same fashion sense as his Dad, except that his hair and beard are a more youthful dark.

JESUS

Yes. And what do you want, my dear?

She is unable to speak properly.

Only unintelligent gibberish emanates from her stunned face.

Her man is too disturbed to make a sound.

Not even gibberish issues from his wide open mouth.

JESUS

Look. I'm not the pushy type but ...

Well, we are busy men ... as you can probably imagine.

We have, like, the whole universe to run.

He waits dramatically for something from the shocked couple.

Nothing is forthcoming from them.

JESUS

Clearly whatever was the matter is now past. Am I right?

But, hey, if there's something we can do for you in the future ... don't hesitate to ask.

No problem.

You are obviously not in the mood right now ... but that's ok.

Later, eh?

God and Jesus smile benevolently.

They give a very positive thumbs-up gesture and disappear as silently as they arrived, without even a puff of smoke.

THE END

COWBOYS

EXT. WILD WEST STREET - DAY

In a dusty main street of a typical Wild West town in the Nineteenth Century, two cowboys face each other menacingly.

Crouched and defiant, they move closer to each other as their hands are ready to draw their guns.

Tense silence. Each man waits for the other to make the first move.

COWBOY 1

(threateningly) Well ... whazza matter?

Afraid to draw?

COWBOY 2

(normal, calm voice) No. It's not that.

I just forgot to bring my crayons and pencils ... everything, in fact.

COWBOY 1

Very funny.

You should be on the stage.

Cowboy 2 suddenly straightens up as if hit by lightning.

He desperately reaches into his breast pocket.

He finds his watch and looks at it.

COWBOY 2

Damn! You're right.

It's 3 o'clock. The stage leaves at 3.

Cowboy 2 takes off running down the street as hard as he can, holding his hat and gun belt.

A stagecoach is beginning to depart.

It stops as he approaches.

Grateful, he waves and shouts 'Thanks' to a stunned Cowboy 1 as he enters the stagecoach.

THE END

FUTURE REALITY SHOW

INT. TV GAME SHOW SET - NIGHT

A typical Piers Morgan/Simon Cowell-type TV game show host desperately trying to present himself as anything other than the person he really is.

Displayed beneath him in blinding neon lights is £200

Standing between him and the cameras are Mr and Ms Hyslop, classical low-life who have no idea how disgusting they are. She is holding a baby.

The voice-over is typical documentary style.

VO

There can be little doubt that the Dumbing Down of television is getting significantly worse.

For those who worry about the effects this has on society there seems to be a much greater number who say 'Shuddup ya fuckin' borin' fuddy-duddy wanker'.

HOST

Come on now.

Play the game, Mr and Mrs DeSlob.

Stand about 10 feet apart.

MR HYSLOP

(angrily) It's Hyslop.

HOST

(to the audience) Sorry. It's not DeSlob ... it's Hyslop, ladies and gentlemen.

As the audience snigger, he smiles confidently at the camera, relishing that here is someone on this Earth that is even more disgusting than himself.

He motions them apart with his hands and they comply until he is satisfied they are the required distance apart.

As the host issues his command, the enlightened audience knows his wonderful catch-phrase well and screams in unison.

HOST and AUDIENCE
Okkkkkkk ... and ... GO!

Mr Hyslop looks at his woman and shuffles like a goalkeeper waiting for a penalty kick, albeit in a very drunken manner.

Mrs Hyslop, desperately focuses on her target.

She throws her baby towards her man.

The cameras record the event in super suspense, very slow motion ... focusing on the baby's terrified face and on Mr Hyslop's slobbering, tongue-hanging-out face demonstrating his determination to fulfil his part of the arrangement.

Eventually, the baby arrives at it's destination.

Mr Hyslop's hands reach toward it.

He fumbles it ... fumbles it again ... but miraculously catches the baby by a leg before it hits the ground.

The camera reverts to normal motion.

The audience roars their appreciation as does the host.

Dramatically, the gracious host bangs on a big red button beside him and the prize money amount is raised to £250.

HOST

Well, are ya chicken-shit or not?

Mr and Ms Hyslop look uneasily at each other.

HOST

Think of al the beer and pizzas 50 quid
gets ya.

Mr and Ms Hyslop look at the prize money and are convinced.

They move another five feet apart, wipe the slobber off their
faces and concentrate hard.

A roar of applause is heard from the audience and host.

HOST and AUDIENCE

Okkkkkkk ... and ... GO!

He steadies himself as best he can and throws the baby to
her.

The cameras again record the event in super suspense, very
slow motion ... again focusing on the baby's terrified face
and the determination on Mrs Hyslop's face to try and do her
bit as heroically as her man.

Eventually, the baby arrives at it's destination.

Mrs Hyslop's hands reach toward it.

She fumbles it ... makes a grab at it ... fumbles it again
and succeeds only in pushing the baby further into the air.

The baby falls behind her and lands on the floor with a
terrible thud.

As the camera returns to normal motion, a distraught Mrs Hyslop is only concerned by the reaction of man.

A medic approaches the fallen baby, prods it with his finger and shakes his head negatively at the host.

Mrs Hyslop does not look at the child but approaches her man with outstretched arms.

MRS HYSLOP

I'm sorry, love.

MR HYSLOP

Whatcha doin' ya stupid fuckin' bitch.

We just lost 50 quid.

The audience and host laugh uproariously as Mrs Hyslop consoles her distraught man.

THE END

THE EXORCISM

INT. BEDROOM - EVENING

An Hispanic woman, Mrs Hernandez, is tied to a bed in a disturbed bedroom.

Two WASP 'priests', dressed in American military uniforms, stand over her reading from Bibles.

The woman has clearly endured a harrowing time and is trying to remain calm. Her tears have smudged her eye make-up.

She finds the courage to speak. Her voice is normal and restrained.

MRS HERNANDEZ

Can we please stop this now?

The two 'priests' ignore her and continue reading and responding from their Bibles.

MRS HERNANDEZ

All I said was ... why do we continue to send our military into foreign countries and kill the people there and steal their resources ... especially oil?

One priest is shocked and recoils at this blasphemy.

The other priest remains steadfast and reminds him of his duty.

PRIEST

Do not be affected by such foul words.

They are designed only to confuse the righteous.

The steadfast priest drops his Bible on the bedside table and rises up his eyes and arms, dramatically.

PRIEST

In the name of our Anglo Saxon God, I command you to depart this deluded woman and return to the fires of Hell ... and allow her son join the honourable American military.

MRS HERNANDEZ

But can we at least give our children time to know what life is ... before we give them the right to take it away from others.

PRIEST

Lord, if this is indeed the words of Mrs Hernandez and not the Evil One, show us a sign.

Silence from all in the room.

The priests' eyes look around in expectation.

Mrs Hernandez's eyes also scans the room, dumbstruck with the farcical situation.

Nothing happens.

Satisfied, both priests begin untying Mrs Hernandez from her restraining ropes.

PRIEST

Thanks you Lord.

It is just the words of a delusional, deceitful woman who has abandoned your path for the ways of the flesh.

MRS HERNANDEZ

(angry) Women are not just the sex objects that they are depicted in the popular media.

Both priests are shocked by this.

One presents to her face a picture of Jesus with blue eyes and blonde hair.

PRIEST

May God forgive this blasphemy.

It's well known in the Bible what God thinks of females.

Mrs Hernandez is too angry to respond and is glad to be free of the ropes.

The two priests quickly leave her bedroom as she fixes her dishevelled clothing.

She hears the bang of her front door as they depart her flat.

She looks straight ahead, relaxes and begins to smile.

Slowly, her face contorts wildly and her jaw and eyes move erratically.

Her face settles into a demonic sneer.

She speaks in a threatening malevolent male voice.

MRS HERNANDEZ/THE EVIL ONE

Those do-gooders are just too damned easy to fool?

Mrs Hernandez/The Evil One laughs satanically at this easy victory.

THE END

PUB CONVERSATION

INT. PUBLIC HOUSE - EVENING

Two middle-aged men, LARRY and BILL, are sitting at a table with two pints of lager in a quiet public house.

Both are grubby, slouched and unrefined, at ease in each other's company and dressed in working men's clothes.

Unconcerned by his surroundings and more uncouth than Larry, Bill nonchalantly pulls his shirt out of his trousers, scratches his large, naked belly and belches.

A beautiful young woman enters and walks seductively past their table, taking their attention with her.

She sees a male friend and cheerfully joins him at his table.

Larry and Bill return their attention to their lager.

LARRY

Bill. What do you like most in a woman?

Bill is surprised by this question.

He thinks hard, his uninspired face twisted with the effort.

Finally, his dilemma is resolved.

BILL

My penis.

They both laugh uproariously and drink some lager.

But Larry is intrigued and his face reverts to its former dead-pan expression.

LARRY

Seriously.

BILL

Seriously?

LARRY

Yeah. You know... what attributes?

BILL

Attributes.

Again Bill descends into the arduous task of thinking.

And eventually continues.

BILL

Well... she's gotta be very good
looking... great body... rich... and a
really good personality

...and compatible with me.

Bill is relieved at reaching the end of his list. Larry is genuinely shocked.

LARRY

And compatible with you?

BILL

Yes. It's important, Larry. It's very
important.

LARRY

I know it's important. I know.

And, for that reason, do you think you
should aim for it?

Bill is uncomprehending. Larry tries to clarify.

LARRY

...first, I mean.

Bill takes a large mouthful of lager, dribbling some of it on his shirt.

He wipes his mouth with his dirty hand.

BILL

Maybe you're right. It is the most important.

LARRY

Bill... you can say it's none of my business but... do you think that type of woman would find you interesting?

BILL

Sure they would.

They probably wouldn't fancy me, though.

Larry laughs but Bill is aflame and he continues with great depth, clearly remembering a past love.

BILL

Women need a soul mate as much as a physical mate, Larry.

They want to sip red wine under a spreading palm tree... watching the sunset on a beautiful Caribbean island.

They want to waltz in a long flowing dress... in the moonlight... looking into the eyes of the man they love.

They want to hear the wind whispering through the valley in the night and... in the morning... they want to touch the dew drops on all the flowers.

Bill is temporarily overcome.

He lowers his head and wipes a tear.

BILL
(quietly) They give so much.

And the only thing they want in
return... is for you to... love them.

Larry is transfixed by the emotions that Bill has unearthed.

Bill quickly regains his former state.

BILL
So, you can see why I avoid them like
the plague.

You can see why I prefer men.

Both men are relieved, laugh and finish their pints.

Larry rises, straightens his posture and smiles seductively
at Bill.

LARRY
You coming?

Bill returns his smile and shuffles away from the table,
tucking his shirt into his trousers.

Hand in hand and waving goodbye to their friends at the bar,
the men swagger to the door and exit.

THE END

THE PUNCH BAG

INT. STORE/UTILITY ROOM - EVENING

A punch bag is hanging from a roof beam in a very untidy store room.

A middle-aged man walks in wearing shorts and boxing gloves and begins aggressively punching the bag.

After some seconds he is exhausted and walks out of the room.

A woman enters the room wearing leather dominatrix sex attire ... boots, gloves, suspenders etc. and carrying a whip.

She whips the punch bag very violently a few times, sneers at it and walks out again.

A young man runs into the room, quickly kicks the punch bag and runs out again.

A young woman, conservatively dressed, walks into the room.

She is holding a hot coffee cup and sneers at the punch bag.

YOUNG WOMAN

Let that be a lesson to you.

She throws her coffee at the punch bag and walks out of the room.

THE END

FEMALE SNOOKER REFEREE

INT. SNOOKER HALL - EVENING

Suspenseful game of snooker. Two professional players, one standing at the table and the other seated.

Standing behind the player is a female referee, equally professional, rigid and serious.

The player at the table takes a shot.

The cue ball connects badly with the red ball and he misses his shot.

Frustrated, he sits down as the other player approaches the table.

He glances at the position of the cue ball, turns to the referee and says quietly.

PLAYER

Clean it, please.

Only the eyes of the referee move. She seems shocked.

She glances at the audience and the other player.

Eventually, the player has to try again. This time he speaks a bit louder.

PLAYER

Can you clean it, please?

The referee is totally stunned, not comprehending.

She looks at the player and the table.

Awkward silence as the players continue to look at her.

Suddenly, she emits a snort and storms off, leaving the players confused.

The players remain surprised and are very unsure what to do next.

The player at the table, examines the table trying to discover the reason for her behaviour.

He shrugs his shoulders at the other seated player.

The referee returns to the snooker table in a very agitated state.

She is carrying a bucket, scrubbing brush and cleaning cloths and has her sleeves rolled up.

She marches to the snooker table, splashing water from the bucket as she goes, muttering inaudible to herself.

She aggressively rolls all the balls off the table into the pockets.

She grabs the bucket and throws the sudsy water all over the snooker table, splashing the snooker player.

REFeree
(almost inaudible) Bloody male
chauvinist pig.

She takes the scrubbing brush and climbs up on the table.

On her hands and knees, she begins to vigorously scrub the cloth surface, humming in very tense frustration.

THE END

AMERICAN ANGLOPHILES

INT. TELEVISION STUDIO - DAY

A female, American TV presenter is enthusiastically introducing her programme.

TV PRESENTER

And now... continuing our series on
world cultures... this week we are off
to... merry old England.

So, lets join our team in London
and... Chip Fisher.

She maintains her rehearsed smile for an inappropriate length
of time.

TITLE: *What The Viewers Didn't See*

EXT. LONDON STREET - DAY

Typical grey day in a busy, London street.

CHIP FISHER, appropriately WASPish and dressed in a plaid
jacket, is bravely smiling and attempting to maintain his
footing on the pavement in front of his camera crew as
unsmiling pedestrians aggressively brush past him.

His meagre IQ and inappropriate sense of his surroundings
makes his task incongruous.

CHIP

Yes Leanne. Here we are in England...
home of the royal family, country
mansions and the House of Parliament.

Let's do some talking.

Chip turns to the pedestrian throng, attempting to find a
friendly face.

A well-dressed, gum-chewing, pretty young woman advances.
Chip intervenes.

CHIP

Excuse me, please.

The woman stalls and smiles, absolutely self-assured.

WOMAN

Yeah?

CHIP

We're doing a programme for
American television about world
cultures.

So, how would you synopsis English
culture?

She looks at him in bewilderment but retains her confidence.

WOMAN

How would I what?

CHIP

(delicately re-wording) How would you
describe... English... culture?

WOMAN

English culture?

CHIP

Yeah, you know... folk traditions,
music, dance, food... things like
that.

WOMAN

I like dancing... Ibiza, yeah.

She puts her arms in the air and 'performs' her favourite
Ibiza dance. Unnerved, Chip gallantly proceeds.

CHIP

I was thinking of something more
traditional... older...

WOMAN

You mean ballroom dancing?

Before Chip has time to react, she releases a shriek of laughter and slaps him hard on the shoulder.

WOMAN

Ballroom dancing. Dancing with baggy trousers.

Failing to see the humour, Chip waves to his crew.

CHIP

Cut.

To the woman's great disappointment, the crew stops filming.

EXT. LONDON STREET - LATER

Chip has stopped an overweight couple dressed in tracksuits and eating from a bag of chips which the woman holds.

The woman is leaning on her pram containing an unhappy child.

Accepting the interview as evidence of his wisdom, the man is philosophical.

MAN

Well. I dunno, really. I mean, it's indefinable innit...really.

I mean, one man's meat is anufer man's poison...innit.

Chip addresses the woman, hoping for a more enlightened response.

CHIP

What kind of leisure activities or hobbies do you have?

The woman stares at Chip, eating casually, showing no outward sign that any mental process is at work.

Chip is stranded.

The man ignores the attempt to involve his woman.

MAN

Like what?

CHIP

Well, I suppose... literature, music,
the arts...

The couple stare blindly at each other and then at Chip.

CHIP

(hope fading) museums... galleries...

MAN

I like music.

CHIP

(relieved) Music. Good.

MAN

Yeah...

Unfortunately, the man smiles, revealing disastrous front teeth.

MAN

Metal music.

The child begins to cry.

The man nudges the woman, indicating she attend to the problem.

Emotionless, the woman roughly pats the child's head.

WOMAN

It's o'right, Jill.

CHIP

I meant...

Unconcerned by Chip the man continues eagerly.

MAN

Yeah. Metallica and... Motley Crew
and... Ozzy and...

The child cries even louder.

Again, he aggressively nudges the woman.

MAN

Shut 'er up. Give 'er somefing to eat.

Without a soothing word, the woman takes a chip and presents it to the child's mouth.

The child turns away and cries even louder.

WOMAN

D'ya want somefing to eat or don'tya?

She pushes the chip into the child's crying mouth.

Dejected, Chip turns to his crew.

CHIP

Shit.

The crew discontinues filming as the man is unable to comprehend why the interview is being terminated.

EXT. LONDON STREET - LATER

Chip is more comfortable as he interviews a well-dressed older man with a stiff military bearing, carrying an umbrella.

The man does not react to the question he has just been asked and looks away in genuine, deep thought.

Chip expedites a response by re-phrasing the question.

CHIP

What has been the greatest contribution made by this country... to the world.

The man comes alive and straightens his posture even further.

MAN

The army.

CHIP

The army?

MAN

Undoubtedly. It was the military that gave us the means to civilise the rest of the world.

CHIP

And what did these people like most about your culture?

MAN

Nothing. Damned rabble... all of them. Pearls before swine.

(pause)

And they're all over here now.
There's gratitude for you.

Chip gives up the ghost. He waves a halt to his crew and shouts aloud, in frustration.

EXT. LONDON STREET - LATER

Chip has begun his interview of a well-dressed young man who is brimming with confidence.

YOUNG MAN

Don't know much about all that. But I know a bit about sport.

CHIP

(relieved) Sport. Good. What kinds of sport?

YOUNG MAN

'D'ya mean what kind? Soccer a'course.

None of yer faggots in tin hats there, mate.

He punches the air and shouts the soccer chants of his team which involve brutalising the opposition and the referee.

A bewildered Chip signals to his crew to stop filming.

Believing he is a star performer, the young man takes exception to this.

From a few inches distance he stares threateningly into Chip's eyes.

YOUNG MAN

What's your fucking problem, mate?

Don't like soccer, eh? Well, I don't
fucking care much for you neiffer.

He begins furiously punching Chip.

Chip's camera crew intervenes as best they can.

TITLE: *What The Viewers Saw*

EXT. GEORGIAN MANSION - DAY

An idyllic Georgian mansion surrounded by trees and gardens and a huge front lawn sweeping down to a river.

INT. GEORGIAN MANSION - DAY

Chip and film crew are in the drawing room of the house amid lavish furnishing and paintings.

He is relieved as he ceases an interview with an elegant, impeccably dressed woman.

The woman discards her previous poise, slouches forward and speaks in an uneducated London accent.

WOMAN

Was tha' o'right?

CHIP

Yes. That was very good.

Now let's get ready for the next
part.

The woman picks up a script and begins reading it carefully.

Chip turns to his cameraman. His left eye has been blackened
in the fight with the soccer fan and he points to it.

CHIP

Don't forget. Keep well away from
this side. OK.

The cameraman agrees. Confident with the rehearsed interview,
Chip addresses the woman.

CHIP

Ready?

WOMAN

Yes.

She drops the script. He raises an authoritative finger and
the woman regains the supposed bearing of the aristocracy.

CHIP

All right... roll it.

He drops his finger and she speaks in a spiritual manner
using a nasal, upper-class accent.

WOMAN

And then after tea, in Summer, we
normally play a spot of lawn croquet.

Chip is overcome by the refinement of it all as she
dramatically acts her part.

WOMAN

Sometimes we go boating on the Thames... but an evening is rarely complete without the majesty of a Shakespearean play... or the opera.

CHIP

Lovely.

WOMAN

This weekend, my husband and I will visit the Duke of Southerby in Buckinghamshire and stay in his castle... built in the sixteenth century.

That can be most pleasant...

The banquets... jousting... dressage.

Very invigorating...

As she speaks, the camera pans the opulence of the room.

THE END