

SCARPER: *(Entering DSR in the blackout)* Snatchet? What's happened? Where are you?

SNATCHET: *(He takes out a torch and shines it upwards onto his own face.)* Over here, Scarper.

SCARPER: *(Also shining a torch onto his own face)* What are you doing?

SNATCHET: I cut off the electricity to Dame Dimple's Dairy, like you told me to.

SCARPER: Oh, no, you dipstick! You've gone and cut the main supply cable to the village!

SNATCHET: Oh, dear – don't say we're gonna have to watch the telly in the dark!

SCARPER: You're stupid!

SNATCHET: Don't call me stupid – now say you're sorry.

SCARPER: Okay, I'm sorry you're stupid!

SNATCHET: That's better! Now, let's see if we can repair the damage.

(SCARPER shines his torch onto SNATCHET, who jams the two ends of the cable together again and bright lights come back up.)

SCARPER: Let's hope the Health & Safety bloke didn't see that!

[The following business always gets a great reaction from the audience, and particularly children, no matter how many times they've seen a version of it before. They like to be "in on the joke", so there need be no fear of repetition. It could, however, be omitted by proceeding to Rancid's entrance below.]

SNATCHET: Anyway, what are we doing here outside Dame Dimple's Dairy?

SCARPER: We've come to put her cottage up for sale, remember? *(Picking up the sign:)* Now, I'll hold this sign and when I say "Right-oh!" you give it a bash! ... Ready? *(He holds the sign with the post vertical, ready to bang into the ground and shouts:)* Right-oh!

(SNATCHET picks up the soft-headed mallet, takes an almighty swing with it and hits SCARPER on his right foot, accompanied by a crash from the drummer.)

SCARPER: *(Reacting in pain and dropping the sign)* Ouch! What did you do that for?

SNATCHET: I bashed your right toe, like you said!

SCARPER: I said "Right-oh", not "Right toe", you doughnut! I'll have to make it more obvious. I'll get the sign again and when I wiggle my bum, you whack it! ... Have you got that?

SNATCHET: *(With a knowing look to the audience)* Yes – when you wiggle your bum, I whack it!

SCARPER: That's right! *(He bends over, holds the sign again and wiggles his protruding backside.)*

(SNATCHET hits SCARPER on the rear with the mallet, knocking him over, accompanied by 2 more crashes from the drummer. SCARPER reacts, gets up and rubs his backside.)

SCARPER: I didn't mean that, you plonker! ... Let's use a different signal. I'll have the sign once more and this time, when I nod my head, you give it a clout! ... Okay?

SNATCHET: *(Smiling at the audience)* Yep – when you nod your head, I give it a clout!

SCARPER: At last, I think he's got it! *(He gets ready with the sign again, then nods his head.)*

(This time, SNATCHET hits SCARPER on the head with the mallet to yet another crash!)

SCARPER: *(Reacting in pain)* Ow! ... Oh, I give up! I'll tell you what – I've got a better idea for this sign.

SNATCHET: A better idea? Go on then – hit me with it.

SCARPER: Hit you with it? Alright!

(This time, SCARPER gets his revenge on SNATCHET, using the sign as a beater.)

SNATCHET: *(Running around, reacting in pain)* Oof – ouch – ow – yaroooh!