

written by: springstien.

'war on single parents'

THIS SKETCH IS A 'RUNNER' THAT COMMENTS ON THATCHERS DISTAIN OF THE POST-THATCHER TORIES. IT IS BASED ON THE FACT THAT SHE HAS BEEN ADVISED ON MEDICAL GROUNDS "NOT TO ENGAGE IN PUBLIC SPEAKING". HER VERY OWN 'GAGGING ORDER'.

FADE UP TO:

EXT. EST' SHOT OF EVIL CASTLE - LIGHTENING SFX - NIGHT.

WE HEAR A DOORBELL.

SFX. 'DING DONG'

CUT TO:

INT. MARGARET THATCHERS CASTLE. BEDROOM - NIGHT.

WE SEE AN ORNATE FOUR-POSTER BED. THATCHER IS IN BED. SHE IS WEARING ERMINE ROBES AND A CROWN. SHE IS ATTENDED BY HER HUSBAND, DENNIS, A FOOTMAN (REPLETE WITH DUSTED WIG ETC'), AND HER PERSONAL PHYSICIAN WHO IS ATTIRED IN FULL GREEN SURGICAL GARB - INCLUDING MASK AND BRIGHT YELLOW 'MARIGOLD' GLOVES. A NURSE IS SEEMINGLY OCCUPIED FULL-TIME WIPING DROOL AND GREEN SLIME FROM THATCHERS MOUTH. OUR LAST ATTENDANT IS A PRIEST WHO SPLASHES HOLY WATER ABOUT THE PLACE AND LOOKS PERMANENTLY TERRIFIED.

FOOTMAN

It's Lilley Ma'am...

PETER LILLEY ENTERS BEHIND THE FOOTMAN.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

THATCHER

Ah... Peter. Peter. Peter. Come to me
Peter... Come to me and feed.

THATCHER PULL OPEN HER ERMINE ROBE TO REVEAL SIX BREASTS. WE
HEAR GASPS FROM OUR LITTLE GATHERED CROWD. LILLEY MOVES
NERVOUSLY TO HER BEDSIDE.

Tell me Peter... how goes the War on
Single Parents?

HE LEANS TOWARDS HER AND WHISPERS IN HER EAR.

THATCHER (SCREAMED)

Whaaaaaat!

DENNIS

Please, Margaret...

THATCHER (LOUDER)

The fucking War is over!!!!

DENNIS (PLEADING)

Margaret, please... Doctor! Do something!

CUT AWAY TO:

PHYSICIANS P.O.V. - SAME.

WE SEE OUR PHYSICIAN PULL OUT A PRESCRIPTION PAD. BEYOND HIM
WE SEE THATCHER WRITHING IN AGONY. SHE IS SCREAMING NAMES
FROM THE PAST ("CECIL! CECIL!) HER HEAD STARTS TO TURN 360
DEGREES.

DENNIS (OVER)

Doctor! Please Hurry!

OUR PHYSICIAN STARTS TO WRITE ON THE PRESCRIPTION. WE HEAR
HIM HURRIEDLY MOUTH THE WORD AS HE WRITES:

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PHYSICIAN

Nooooo... moree... pub... lic...
speaking!

SFX. WRETCHING.

THATCHER, WHOSE HEAD IS NOW FACING OUR PHYSICIAN, PROJECTILE
VOMITS GREEN SLIME ALL OVER HIM.

WE NOW HAVE A COMPLETELY GREEN SCREEN.

THE SLIME FALLS DOWN THE SCREEN TO REVEAL THE NEXT SKETCH

END.

Contact: Anvil Springstien @
'Near The Knuckle'
33 Stratford Grove West.
Newcastle upon Tyne
NE6 5BB

0191 265 2012
0788 504 7856
sketches@anvil.springstien.co.uk
<http://www.anvil.springstien.co.uk>