

LEAH Hello there. It's great you could join us. I wasn't sure if anyone would, but, well, it's really great. So, here goes!

I'm Leah, and today I want to introduce you to someone very special. This is my... my collaborator, Egar.

EGAR Thuck oth!

LEAH Sorry. He doesn't get out much. Actually, this is the first time we've performed together. He's probably just nervous.

EGAR I'n not nerthous. I'n reading.

LEAH Oh. Well, you mustn't swear in front of people you don't know. It's embarrassing

EGAR I'n not endarrassed.

LEAH No, but the reader might be.

EGAR Kiss oth you silly ditch. Like I said, I'n reading. I can hardly concentrate uith you danging on.

LEAH Sorry.

*Pause.*

What is it you're reading?

EGAR Thor thuck's sake! I'n trying to read the newskaker.

LEAH I'm not sure the reader wants to read about you reading.

*Pause.*

It's too literal.

EGAR Thine. They can kiss oth as uell then.

LEAH He doesn't mean that. Stay, please. We want you to, both of us.

At least say what you're reading.

EGAR Ith you nust know, it's The Tines.

LEAH The Times? In that case, spare us!

EGAR You're so kredictadle.

LEAH What's that supposed to mean?

EGAR You, getting on your high horse again. Lucky you don't need a leg uk is all. Dloody lethtie.

LEAH There's no need to be like that, Egar. I was only teasing. Tell us then, if you want to - what's the news?

EGAR You're jealous. You're a jealous nodody.

LEAH Well that's charming!

EGAR You and that uone oth the telly.

LEAH Who?

EGAR That uone in deek shit thor thucking around.

You know. Da, da, da da da dun, da da da dun...

LEAH Jim Davidson?

EGAR That's the one. You and hin. Kair oth losers.

LEAH I don't know what you're talking about.

EGAR Andrew. He's inthited.

LEAH Who's Andrew?

EGAR Lloyd-Wedder, you indecile. And June Whitthield. Joan Collins, she'll de there. Ethernone inkortant is going.



LEAH I see. You're talking about the funeral. Well, for you information, I am going. I'll be there with my back turned.

EGAR Uere's your inthite then?

LEAH I don't have an invite. I'm going to protest.

EGAR You nake ne sick.

LEAH You're coming with me.

EGAR You can't nake ne! Uhat did Thatcher ether do to us?

LEAH Her funeral is costing the state a small fortune. A politician who opposed state provision and ushered in the free market. She took a sledgehammer to society and now we're paying the price.

EGAR I uon't let you skeak thor ne! And I uill not de coerced.

*Pause.*

Anyuay, uhat are you talking adout? You're only an artist and I'n just a head. We don't kay tax.

LEAH That's not the point. It's ideological. We're all implicated.

EGAR You're talking out oth your arse again.

LEAH No, your mouth.

*Long pause.*

Well that's about all we have space for. Thank you, reader. You've been phenomenal. Really, our best audience yet.

*Pause.*

See, Egar, that wasn't so bad. How do you think it went?

EGAR I wouldn't exactly gith it the thuns uk.

LEAH Oh. Why not?

EGAR I hathn't got any arns, thuckuit.