

OPTION B:

ABNORMAL LOAD – PAUL SLABOLEPSZY

GREG: So I say to her, I say – hang on a moment, lady, stick around, just hold your horses, here – all I want is a ticket. She says, sorry, I haven't got a ticket. Now you must know, I been standing there over two hours already – I'm buggered if I'm leaving empty-handed. I say what else you got? She says, like what? I say, like anything. Like, you know, like Clint Eastwood, Jack Nicholson, Al Pacino – anything! She says, no nothing. I say what d'you mean – no, nothing? Have a look, man! She says no, she knows... I say, what – you mean to tell me there's not one movie with either Clint Eastwood or Jack Nicholson or Robert de Niro on the whole bladdy circuit!? She says, no.

I say – OK, what about Stallone. No. Schwarzenegger? No. Jackie Chan? No. Now, I'm getting really pissed off now, because this is getting ridiculous now.. (STOPPING AND INDICATING THE GLASSES ON THE TABLE) Sorry – can I get you another drink...! You sure? OK, so where was I?

So, all of a sudden this other bloke pipes up. He's about five back, down the queue. He says, excuse me, he says – you got a problem? I say no, I haven't got a problem – have you got a problem? Because if you haven't got a problem, I'll give you one! Now I'm ready for action, hey – I just wanna kill.

Pow! – glass all over the place.

Next minute – whistles, sirens, cops, security guards – total chaos. I say to myself, oh-oh – Home time! I duck out the back – down the escalators. I'm gone. I wash my hands of it. (HE ALLOWS THIS TO SINK IN) Ja. Moral of the story – if you wanna book for a show, don't try to do it on a Saturday morning. (RAISING HIS GLASS) Cheers.