

*Live Sketch from 'Style & Panache' (Adelaide Fringe 2013)
performed by Dave Bloustien, Lliam AMor and Amanda Buckley*

INT. SENSATIONALIST CURRENT AFFAIRS DESK - NIGHT

NEWSREADER

Tonight: bar room sprawl! A
Campbeltown man, celebrating after a
football match, has become the latest
victim of alcohol related violence. We
now present this dramatic reenactment.

SFX: FANFARE

NEWSREADER (CONT'D)

The National Shakespeare Company
present: Bitter Ale

INT. TYPICAL AUSSIE PUB - DAY

Dave and lliam wear the beanies and scarfs of opposing football
teams. There is also a bar-tender, quietly cleaning glasses
behind the bar. The dialogue is as close to iambic pentameter
as possible.

DAVE

Bar keep, an ale! And make it dry for
I
Have travelled far and not yet heard
results
Of football teams both local and
abroad.

LLIAM

Tis not good news my feathered friend
for they
emblazoned on your hat. The swans have
sung
Their final song. They lay the golden
egg
Not in the nest, but wear it pon their
face.

Lliam laughs victoriously.

DAVE

Why sir, you jest.

LLIAM

No jest, my friend. The mighty
Geese have fallen. They Performèd like
a clod
Of clucking girls. The rooster be a
hen.

DAVE

And I suppose that team of evil crows
 Much better fare? They who eat the
 flesh
 Of fallen brothers like a rutting dog?
 And yea, as rumoured: rut with the dog
 as well?

LLIAM

How dare you sir? Think well upon the
 words
 That drip like algae from your beaky
 lips.

DAVE

Thou poisoned puke

LLIAM

Thou jellied eel.

DAVE

Have at thee!

Dave and Lliam smash their glasses on the bar and start circling each other in a highly choreographed Shakespearean fight.

Dave presses the advantage, Lliam pushes him back. Lliam presses the advantage, then Dave curves his glass around, flinging Lliam's into the air. Lliam seems disarmed, but catches his glass and the two parry each other for a few more strokes.

LLIAM

Nay stop! Stop. Why do we fight?

DAVE

I forget. It's fled my mind, just as
 Migrating swans do flee the winter
 cold.

LLIAM

That's right, Geese!

Dave and Lliam go back to their fight for several more clashes, until they leap apart once more.

DAVE

Stop! Stoppeth this ere madness foul.
 Are football teams not forged on same
 field of play?

LLIAM

Aye, tis true. The passions of the
 game run deep.
 Tho brotherhood of blood run deeper
 still.

DAVE
What fools we fans of football be.

LLIAM
Come, put aside
Your broken flagon and embrace me like
a bro.

Dave does, but as he walks towards Lliam with hands
outstretched, he trips and impales himself on Lliam's glass.

LLIAM (CONT'D)
No!

DAVE
Oh, loathsome fragility, I ... am
slain.

Lliam goes down on one knee and cradles Dave's head.

LLIAM
On shattered glass, thou self same
self are shattered.

DAVE
Avenge me ... brother.

LLIAM
Nooooo!

Lliam looks around then stabs himself comically, and dies next
to Dave.

INT. SENSATIONALIST CURRENT AFFAIRS DESK - CONTINUOUS

Newsreader
Up next, babies with jobs.

End

Unproduced TV Sketch from Dave Bloustien's History of Sex

Int. Hospital - Day

A small boy (Max) is in a hospital bed. He looks upset. A kindly doctor is holding a syringe and trying to be soothing.

Doctor

It's okay, Max. It's just a needle.

Max shakes his head and shrinks back.

Doctor (CONT'D)

I know. I saw someone in my bag who might to be able to help, would you like me to check if they're still there?

Max nods, still upset. The doctor opens an old black medical bag and buries his face in it. When he pops up again, he's wearing a silly red nose and a goofy expression. Max smiles.

The doctor puts on a clown wig and wiggles his fingers. Max shyly wiggles his fingers back.

The doctor takes out a long, bendable balloon and blows a bubble in it. He wraps the rest around Max's arm and pumps the bubble a few times, while pulling a funny face, as if he were taking Max's blood pressure. Then he snaps the empty balloon into the air. Max giggles.

The doctor then blows up another balloon that has markings like a thermometer. He puts it under max's arm and lets the air fart out. He makes a mock 'shocked face' and Max laughs.

The doctor then pulls the syringe out again and shows it to max.

Max nods bravely and smiles. The Doctor smiles back and sticks it in his arm. Max pops like a balloon.

The doctor looks horrified.

End

Bought (but unproduced) TV sketch from 'The Elegant Gentlemen's Guide To Knife Fighting' (ABC 2013)

EXT. ROMAN MARKET - DAY

CORNELIUS

Flavius!

FLAVIUS

Cornelius! Did you just come from the gladiatorial games?

CORNELIUS

Aye, I did! Moronius was in pitched battle against the unarmed Moor. They fought like cats, Moronius slashing left and right, planting gashes on his foe, up until the final stroke where the Moor ...

FLAVIUS

Up-pup-pup! Cease your meticulous commentary brother, I would not want the details of the battle to be spoiled.

CORNELIUS

Ha! And spoiled they would have been! Just like the intestines of Moronius now lie spoiled upon the arena floor.

FLAVIUS

Cornelius! I BEG of you!

CORNELIUS

Oh, you ... you haven't seen it?

FLAVIUS

Nay.

CORNELIUS

Oh Cornelius, I apologise. I apologise without reserve. I assumed that everybody had seen it.

FLAVIUS

In truth, that was my intention. But the lines to the amphitheatre were long, and the tickets so expensive. I just figured I'd rather see it later in the comfort of my own villa -

CORNELIUS

Oh, Flavius, nay! This was such a fight! A fight made to be seen in the iMaximus. I've seen it three times.

FLAVIUS

As it happens, I do know an Athenian pirate who snuck a troop of slightly blurry dwarves in to watch the battle, and he is giving them to me to recreate the -

CORNELIUS

(hushed)

Flavius! That is illegal!

FLAVIUS

Everybody does it. The amphitheatres are full of blurry dwarves these days, or so I hear. And anyway, I never saw the first one.

Pause

CORNELIUS

I have the first one.

FLAVIUS

(beat)

Blurry dwarves?

CORNELIUS

Blurry dwarves. I'll lend them to you.

Cornelius and flavius walk away together.

FLAVIUS

These dwarves, I don't suppose they know any good romantic comedies?

END

Unproduced Sketch.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

JON and INGE are in bed. Inge has a strong Swedish accent. There is a crash and Inge wakes up. She starts waking Jon.

INGE

Yon! Yon! I heard a noose.

JON

You heard a noise?

INGE

Ya, a noose. I think we might haf a bugler in the laughing room.

JON

A burglar? In the living room?

INGE

That is what I said. A bugler making a noose in the laughing room. We should go and stop him taking our thongs.

JON

Okay, I'll check it out. Stay here.

CUT TO:

INT. DOWNSTAIRS - CONTINUOUS

Jon makes his way downstairs in the dark. We hear more clattering, as he carefully opens the door to the living room. Inside there is a man with a bugle standing on a chair to tie a noose, while surrounded by clowns, while holding a pair of thongs. He blows a sad 'wah wah' on his bugle.

END

Unproduced Radio Sketch

SFX: heraldic theme music

Balor

They call me Balor, son of Grogath,
heir to the realms beyond the shining
sea. Slayer of the Ghibberac hordes
and scourge of the evil sorcerers of
Wozenvile. Known in the frozen wastes
as the bringer of dessert and eater of
all things fried deeply. Herald of the
5th apocalypse, friend to the elderly
and infirm, accursed opponent of
injustice against whom every knee must
bend

RECEPTIONIST

(beat)

Thank you, Balor. And are the primary
account holder?

BALOR

Aye.

END.