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Ricky Gervais: Out of England 2 - The Stand-Up Special

By Ricky Gervais

(Music playing)
(Cheering, applause)

Announcer :

, welcome to the stage
creator of "The Office"
and "Extras,"
writer, director,
actor,
producer,
philanthropist,
winner of
three Golden Globes,
two prime time Emmys
and seven BAFTAs,
all the way from England,
Mr. Ricky Gervais!

(Cheering)

Hello.

Hello.

(music ends)

Thank you.

Hello, Chicago.

How are you?

Wow wow.

(Cheering, applause)

Thank you so much.

Thank you so much.

Thank you.

I, um...

Thank you. Thank you.

That was an amazing welcome.

I should explain something
straightaway.

Usually when I come out
onstage, it's amazing, okay?

I'm doing cartwheels
and backflips.

It's fucking spectacular,
right?

But I've hurt my back.

That's true actually.

I've pulled a muscle in
my spine playing golf.

I know what you're thinking...
Serves me right for playing
such a stupid game as golf.
But no, I've been in agony.
I'm actually on painkillers right now,
so... No, it's true.
If I suddenly start talking like
Paula Abdul, you'll know why.
I'm not drunk.
So when the doctor...
This is true.
When the doctor gave me
the painkillers,
he said, "Now, you can't
drink alcohol with these."
And I went, "I don't
want them then."
And he went, "What?"
I said, "Give me something
you can drink alcohol with."
And he went, "Well, you're not meant
to drink with any painkillers."
"Who are you,
my fucking mother?
Just..."
So I've been walking round
like the elephant man for days,
but without the big cock
obviously.
I assume he had a big elephant's
cock to match the head.
That would make things
all right then, wouldn't it?
That would sort of
balance it out,
because then he'd look in the
mirror and he'd sort of go,
(muttering)
"Oh no.
Oh look at that fucking head.
Hold on, though.
What's going on down here?"
Like, "Hey!"
Swings it round about.

"So let's celebrate.
The buns are on me."
So yeah, that's my problems.
I didn't cancel though.
Don't you hate that,
when a night is canceled?
You turn up, it goes, "Concert
canceled due to sore throat."
Aw. Or "I couldn't go on.
I was depressed."
Aw, poor little artist.
Can you imagine
the laborer trying that?
Turning up and going, "I've got a
little tickle and I'm fed up."
Aw, move
the fucking bricks, mate.
Never cancel.
I had a gig in Dublin
a couple of months ago, okay?
- And as you know, Dublin is in Ireland...
- (Applause)
Which is off of...
Yeah, it's off the coast of Great Britain.
It's not part of Britain,
but it's very close.
It's sort of like
our Cuba, I suppose.
It's like...

Man:

(Laughs)
And... and so...
Okay, so Dublin, O2 arena,
10,000 seats sold out
well in advance,
flights booked,
really looking forward to it.
A few days before the gig,
they start grounding
the airplanes
because there's a volcanic ash
cloud over Britain, okay?
And if you fly through it,

apparently,
it would make the plane
fall out of the sky.
And it was like that was it.
You couldn't fly in that.
I mean, a volcano goes off
in Iceland and we can't...
What's the point
of Iceland, really?
You know what I mean?
What are they think...
Just fill in all the volcanoes
with concrete, okay?
Just...
In fact, tarmac the whole country
and make it a car park
for real Europe,
because it's a waste
of fucking space, okay?
And so I'm thinking,
"Well, I've gotta get there.
I can't cancel."
And there were pop stars and
people coming over from America,
and they were canceling their flight
because they couldn't get in and out.
I thought, "I can't."
So I hired a helicopter
to and from Dublin.
It cost me 12,000, right.
Just because I couldn't bear
to let anyone down
or take the ferry.
That was...
They were still running, sure.
But that would have meant
mixing with the general public,
and I don't...
This is about as close
as I ever... you know.
So...
I don't know if you were affected
by the volcanic ash cloud,
but I had friends that were

stuck all over the world.
And they missed weddings
and funerals,
and they had to
put themselves up in a hotel
for extra days
they hadn't budgeted for.
And they couldn't get their money back
because the airlines were saying,
"No, we can't pay you because the
insurance companies won't pay us,
because they're saying
it's an act of God."
Well, what isn't an act of God?
Look, if you believe in God,
that's sort of a definition
of him, isn't it?
That he does everything.
Isn't that right?
Everything is an act of him.
He's all-powerful.
He's everywhere at once.
He invented every...
There was nothing before him.
He invented time, everything.
He's across it all.
He doesn't miss a trick
and he's not absent-minded.
A volcano going off isn't like him
going, "Fuck, I left the oven on."
You know, it's...
And who are these
insurance companies
that can decide what is
and isn't an act of God?
How do they know?
Have they got a hotline to God?
They call him up, do they?
Ring ring.
Ring ring.
"Yello?"
"Uh, can I speak
to God, please?"
"Speaking."

"Oh, I didn't think you'd answer the phone yourself."

"What do you want?"

"Oh, um, that volcanic ash cloud..."

Was that you?"

"Yeah yeah.

Yes, that was

an act of me, all right."

"So I shouldn't pay out?"

"No, don't fucking pay 'em a penny, son, no."

"Brilliant brilliant.

While I've got you here, did you make a tree fall on Steve Baxter's car?"

"There's a lot

of Steve Baxters."

"Steve Baxter, 2 Acacia Road, Hounslow.

It happened at 2:15 on the 3rd of June this year."

"2:

No, that wasn't me.

I was in Africa that day giving AIDS to babies."

He does everything.

He does everything.

Mm, I don't make the rules.

And well, I'm glad I didn't cancel because it's fantastic to be here seeing your happy smiley faces, probably feeling very fortunate that you managed to get a ticket to see a living legend.

- Or am I...

- (Cheering, applause)

Shut up.

I know, I know.

You lucky fuckers.

You really... I'm joking, of course.

The pleasure is all mine.

Thank you so much

for coming out,

spending your

hard-earned cash.
I know there's been
a recession on.
Someone told me.
I hadn't really...
Is it still...
I don't...
It really didn't affect me
if I'm being honest.
Oh dear.
We can laugh about it now.
No, come on.
I don't understand
the recession.
It wasn't till last year
I found out
you could go
into your bank and say,
"Can I withdraw
my cash?"
And they could go, "No."
"What?"
(Weaselly voice)
"No, we ain't got it."
"I've got 50,000 saved."
(Laughs)
"You ain't. You ain't."
"Where is it?"
"Lost it."
"Well, have you checked
the vault?"
"It's empty."
"Well, what was the point of that?
You might as well have kept it in a
drawer, you spotty little twat."
I don't...
I hope you enjoy the show.
Or you'll let me know,
won't you?
If I say something funny,
you'll laugh and I'll go,
"Oh, I'll keep that in
for the rest of the tour."
If I say something that isn't

funny, you won't laugh
and I'll go,
"I'll lose that bit."
So some bits tonight
will be exclusive to you.
They... they will be
the shit bits, granted.
Okay, let's start the show.
Let's get on with it.
No one wants to be here
all night.
You can have too much
of a good thing, can't you?
Like heroin.
What?
Though too much heroin
is death, basically.
That's when you know
you've had too...
You go, "Fuck, I'm dead.
I'm fucked."
That's the thing though
with heroin.
Try anything once, kids,
sure, but know this.
No no.
You think, "I'll try a heroin.
I'll just try one.
Give me... give me a heroin.
Give me one heroin, okay?"
Just have one.
"What's it like?"
"It's fuckin' lovely.
I want more.
I can't just have..."
It's like Pringles.
It's like once you pop,
you can't stop.
That's... I think that's how it works.
I'm not an expert.
Believe it or not, I've
never been a heroin addict.
No round of applause for that?
See? No.

See?

No round of applause for never
having been a heroin addict.

If I'd have come out here
and go, "I used to be a heroin addict..."

I used to mug people and
shit myself in doorways..."

- (Cheering, applause)

- Exactly. "Oh yeah!

He... he hasn't done
those things for a while.

He hasn't done those things
that we never did

in the first place."

Why are you applauding someone
for suddenly acting
like a normal member
of society?

It's like I've lost
a bit of weight.

I've lost about 20 lbs.

Exactly!

- (Cheering, applause)

- What? No no.

You're basically applauding me
for only eating
as much as I need now.

I should have... I should have
always been doing that.

I got fat because I was
a greedy, lazy bastard.

There's no other explan...
and I needed people to...

They come up to me now and they go,
"Oh, well done. You look great."

But they weren't telling me
I looked terrible.

They're basically saying
I looked terrible,
but no one told me at the time.

It was really taboo.

I needed waiters
to come over and go,

"Fuck off.

You've had enough."
And I've been criticized
in the past
for having a go at fat people.
I've never had
a go at fat people.
I've only ever pointed out
the fact that you get fat
if you take in more calories
than you burn off..
That's simple science.
I don't judge them in any
other aspect of their life.
But that's what happens...
You get fat if you take in
more calories
than you burn off.
That's indisputable, okay?
Now the thing is people think
I'm having a go.
I'm not because
I don't judge them.
If I see a fat person, I don't
make assumptions about them
other than how they got fat.
And, this is the other thing,
they...
No, wait wait.
Not only is that
what makes you fat...
People know that's what's
making them fat.
No one got fat
behind their own back.
No one ate and then went,
"What the fuck's that?"
It's not a surprise.
It's a gradual process.
You have loads of time
to back out
from this project at any...
Also, no one's sneaking
into thin people's apartments
and then injecting their lettuce

with a million calories.
That doesn't happen, okay?
They know what's doing...
If you go to a bloke and he's surrounded
by cakes and pies
and you go, "You know what's
making you fat, don't ya?"
He doesn't go,
"Is it all the running?"
He knows what...
But I don't make judgments
other than how they got fat.
If I see a fat person,
I don't go,
"Oh, he's fat, therefore he's jolly,"
right?
A lot of them are miserable,
aren't they?
If... if I see a fat girl,
I don't go,
"Oh, she'd be pretty
if she lost weight."
That's rarely the case.
So don't fall for that.
A lot of them started eating
because they had fuck all
to lose, so...
No.
But there's no stigma
attached because...
People don't even want to use
the word "fat" now
because they think
it's derogatory.
It's a real taboo subject,
so they use euphemisms.
They go, "Oh, you know Brenda,
the f-- big girl?"
"What, seven foot?"
"No no. Not tall."
"What does she look like?"
"Brenda... you know, she...
She's the one who's clammy
even in winter."

Just say she's fat. Nothing wrong with it.
It's their choice.
It's up to you if you wanna be fat.
But they don't.
They go, "You know, Brenda...
She's out of breath just standing up
at her desk."
Just...
But even though
it is their own fault...
and it is their own fault...
I feel sorry for them,
all right.
No, I do,
particularly fat women,
cause fat is a feminist issue.
Men get fat and we just go, "Fuck it.
All bought and paid for."
You know.
We don't come under the same
constraints of society,
whereas women are inundated with
images of how you should be...
size 0 models, this diet,
that diet.
Look like this.
Keep your man.
And they make such an effort,
don't they, fat girls?
They've always got lovely hair.
Aren't they?
They're always having their hair done.
They've got lovely hair.
Always got lovely hair.
Always got those lovely
false nails, don't they?
They make an effort.
Anything but jogging, right?
They love high heels,
don't they?
They think it makes their legs look less...
It doesn't.
It just...
You can just hear them

coming now.

I don't want any fat people to feel uncomfortable at one of my gigs.

So next time, buy two seats.

I'm... I'm joking.

There's... I'm joking.

Shut up.

I'm not having a go; I'm just pointing out, you know...

I was listening to the radio in England a few weeks back.

Radio 4, quite highbrow.

There was a discussion about political correctness.

My name came up straightaway.

And there was this woman on there going,

"Oh yeah, well, it's not right.

Ricky Gervais, he makes jokes about fat people.

He wouldn't make jokes

about gay people, would he?

And being fat

is like being gay."

What? No it's not.

What?

You can't choose your sexuality.

As we've established...

You choose whether to eat too much or not.

You know, with your sexuality,

you're born, you grow up,

you discover you like

same-sex relationships,

and that's it.

You're gay, okay?

For being gay to be

the same as being fat,

you'd have to be born,

be straight,

grow up knowing

you're straight,

but gradually and consciously

wean yourself onto cock.

"Happy 16th birthday, son.
This is Raoul.
Suck his cock."
"Sorry, father?"
"Suck his cock.
16 now. Suck his cock."
"I... I'm heterosexual."
"Oh, with his newfangled words.
Suck his cock,
come on."
"I... I don't
like cock, father."
"'Doesn't like cock.'
How would you know
if you've never tried it?
Ah! Suck his cock."
"I don't..."
"Suck one cock. Suck..."
"Ugh." "Well, that's not sucking it.
That's playing with it.
Put it in your mouth.
Put it..."
"Ugh. Oh."
"Look, have a go.
You might like it."
"Ugh."
"It's not so bad, is it?"
"No, it's not.
I fucking love these!"
If that happened,
then being gay
would be the same as being fat.
But it doesn't,
so it's not, okay?
I was on a plane last year
going from New York
to L.A.
And me and my girlfriend
were on one side of the plane.
There was the aisle.
And the other side...
There were these two huge, fat men.
Proper proper proper fat.
One of them just got on and went,

"Can I have a belt extension?"
"Yeah, of course you can.
You've earned it."
So... proper...
In fact, I was thinking
of calling the pilot out
and going, "Should one of us
swap with one of them?
Otherwise we're just
going to Canada.
Do you know
what I mean?"
And one of them was even
fatter than the other one.
She was there and she'd
got on the plane
with one of those take-away
buckets of fast food.
Bucket!
I mean,
there's your first clue.
When did that happen?
When did fat people
just give up?
When did they go into a shop
and go, "Oh, fuck it.
Just treat me like
a farmyard animal."
"Really?"
"Give me it in a bucket.
In fact, just strap it to my fuckin' head
and I'll just..."
"A bucket? Really?
You want your meal
in a bucket?"
"Yes."
So she's there
and she's chowing down.
And I swear she turns
to her fat friend and says,
"This is the best fried chicken
I've had all day."
But I'm not having a go.
I'm not having a go.

No, I'm not.
No, I'm not.
Because even though
it is their own fault...
and it is their own fault...
I don't know if you know this
about fat people...
They fucking love cake.
They love it.
They love it, right?
And I blame
the food industries,
because you go
into a supermarket
and it's just packed
with that stuff.
Everything's packed
with hydrogenated fats
and extra calories and sugar
and butter and everything.
And they...
they love that.
And there's always a big door,
isn't there, to a supermarket.
There's always a...
They've got a quadruple door, isn't it?
No one's ever been too fat to get through
the door of a supermarket, okay?
And it opens automatically,
so they don't have to
waste calories
pushing anything.
There's just...
And it's a good job it opens automatically
because usually it's glass and they
can see the pie from down the road
and they're in like that.
Grazing, right?
So I say keep the big door.
Keep the big door.
Sure, keep the big door.
Come on, fat people. Come... In you go.
But when they get in there,
it's all fresh fruit and veg.

It's all whole grain.
It's all stuff
that's good for you.
Of course they'll
be confused at first.
They'll go, "What?"
That's not real food to them.
They think Brussels sprouts
is packaging.
They're... they're looking...
"Where's the cakes?
Where's the cakes?"
The cakes are over here.
The cakes are through
a different door,
but this door
is human-sized.
So now they'll go,
"There's the cakes."
They're gonna...
"Oh fuck, I can't get in.
I can't... I can't get
through the fuckin' door.
I can't..."
(Whimpering)
And they're starving.
They'll go, "Oh God, I've got...
what's this?
I've gotta eat.
What's this? A banana."
(Retching)
Right?
And they'll go back.
"Oh no, I still can't..."
Back and have a carrot.
(Retching)
They're back and forth for days
and the fat's falling off them.
Soon they can slip through
the door and have a cake.
They can't get out again.
No, but I mean...
But we've gotta do something.
We've gotta intervene.

And people say, "No, it has
nothing to do with you.
It's up to them. It's their body.
It's their life."
And that's true, but we don't say
that about wearing crash helmets.
Or if you've got a heroin
addict in the family,
you don't go, "Oh, it's his life.
He loves heroin."
You know, you... you go,
"No, you've gotta stop this.
Please don't die."
And you get him and you
throw him in a cupboard
for three weeks or something.
You can't throw a fat person
in a cupboard.
You'd do your back in like me.
But, you know, heroin addicts...
They don't weigh anything.
You can throw them around
willy-nilly, right?
In fact, when they're lying there
with a needle hanging out,
you just get
the needle and flick,
and they just go
into the cupboard like that.
Fat people, you've gotta
lure them in...
a little trail of chocolates.
And they just follow that
anywhere, like that.
But we've got to do something
because a third
of the world are obese
and a third of the world
are starving.
The fat ones are eating the
skinny ones' food basically.
I know most of the skinny
ones are in Africa,
so out of sight,

out of mind, I know.
But...
No no.
I can talk about Africa
like that
because I'm from Britain
and we used to own it.
We did when we had the empire
and we ruled the world.
Before you took over we used to...
We owned Africa.
But then in the '50s and '60s
Africa wanted
to be self-ruled.
They wanted independence
and they said,
"We'd like to run ourselves."
We went, "Fine."
So gradually we started giving
Africa back to the Africans.
And by the '70s
it was totally run
by the, you know,
Africans themselves.
And of course in the '80s,
we get a phone call.
"Hello?"
"Hello?"
"Who's that?"
"Africa."
"What do you want?"
"We're starving."
"You should've thought of that
before you wanted
independence."
"Well, we didn't know there'd
be a drought, did we?"
"Drought?"
"I'll give you a drought."
This is true. When I was a kid...
I was about 10...
we had a really long hot summer
and there was a hosepipe ban.
You couldn't water

your flowers.
We've all suffered.
So...
That's true actually.
One long hot summer,
and the water ran out.
We didn't know what to do.
We thought, "What could we do?"
And there was people
coming round your house,
trying to tell you
how to conserve water.
They were saying, "When you brush your
teeth, don't let the tap just run.
Put a little glass down."
And they came round.
They were putting house bricks
in the cistern of the toilet
to save water.
And there was public information
films on the television.
There was one advert...
It was like an animation
and it was, like,
a couple in the bath,
and it said, "Conserve water:
Take a bath
with a friend."
Which I did.
I say a friend; He was more
a friend of my granddad's.
But...
No.
10 is a lot to a kid
in England.
What?
He taught me a lot.
He taught me a lot...
Stuff like, "You don't
wash it like that.
Give it here."
No, he was a sweet old man.
I used to call him
granddad Charlie.

He wasn't my real granddad.
He was just an old bloke
who lived across the road
who used to come round
whenever he saw
my parents go out.
And he'd come round...
"Mom and dad out?" "Yeah?"
"All right, do you wanna see
a magic trick?" "Yeah."
He'd draw the curtains and
he'd make me close my eyes,
and he'd sit down and he'd put a
top hat on his lap like that.
A magic hat, right?
And he'd go, "Close your eyes
and feel the magic rabbit."
I used to go up
and I used to...
I used to go in.
I used to feel the little...
A weird little thing it was.
Didn't have any fur or ears.
And it used to go...
And it was scared stiff,
it was.
It was terrified.
And he'd make me
stroke it for...
And I stroked it so fast once
that it was sick all down my...
Shut up. Shut up.
Fuck off.
Oh dear, oh.
Where was oh yeah, famine.
Famine is a problem,
which brings me
to this next fad
that we need to stamp out.
This happened
Christmas before last,
exchanging gifts with old
friends, good friends,
quite well-off friends

if I'm being honest.
I got them a coffee-making
machine from Harrods.
Top of the range.
They loved it.
They gave me my present.
It was just an envelope.
I thought, "Ih, what's this?
Vouchers?"
Opened it up.
It wasn't vouchers.
It was just a card with
a picture of a goat on it.
And I said,
"What's this?"
They went, "Oh, our gift to you
is we gave a goat
to an African family."
"What?"
I'm looking
at the coffee machine,
thinking, "Is it too late
to take that back?"
"And what is..."
"Oh, we gave a goat to an African family."
"Did you? Oh."
So I've got fuck all then
basically.
Mean, I don't even know
this African family.
Why would I give them a goat?
It doesn't make...
This serves no purpose at all.
This is no good for anyone.
They're 50 quid down.
I've got nothing.
The African family's going,
"Not another mouth to feed."
Right?
The goat is going,
"Where the fuck am I?
This... what the f...
This is shit.
A week ago I was gamboling

round the Cotswolds.
There was grass and tourists
with nuts and...
This is a fucking dust bowl."
There's no way that goat
wanted to go to Africa.
It was basically...
It was kidnapped. It was abducted.
It was put in a sack and
bundled on a boat to Africa
like "Roots" in reverse.
There was no...
There was no way.
They went, "Do you want
to go to Africa?"
It went, "Definitely not.
No no."
"Oh, come on.
Why don't you wanna go to Africa?"
"Um, lions."
"Come on.
Why don't you wanna go to Africa?"
"Um, AIDS."
"Well, that shouldn't
affect you."
"It shouldn't."
So just be careful
with that charity shit,
particularly at Christmas.
That's when they get you.
They give you a guilt trip
at Christmas.
All the adverts of a charity
at Christmas.
You're sitting at home,
aren't you,
having your Christmas lunch...
loads of food, too much food.
Probably gonna throw
a lot of it away, right?
And things like this
come on the telly.
This runs every Christmas
day in England.

It goes, "Is there
an old lady near you,
cold and lonely
this Christmas?"

Yeah.

I fuckin' hate her.

Nosy bitch winds me up
all year round, okay?

I can't wait
for the cold weather.

There's no old lady near me.

She died last year
of hypothermia.

So result, yeah.

Brilliant.

The other big one is "A dog is for
life, not just for Christmas."

I'm right behind that.

I'm really into animal welfare.

And that's obviously aimed
at parents whose kids go,

"Can I have a puppy?

Can I have a puppy?"

And they go, "No."

"Can I have a puppy? Can I..."

And they get them a puppy
to shut them up, right?

And the kid likes it when it's cute.

It grows up.

The kid gets other interests,
gets bored with the dog.

They lumber the parents
with it.

The parents get bored with it.

They abandon it.

11,000 pets were abandoned in England
last year, which is terrible.

And I think, you know,
kids should have pets.

I think it teaches them
life lessons.

I haven't got kids, but I've got
loads of nieces and nephews.

And they've got kids

of their own now.
I want to be a cool uncle
and give them what they want,
but I want to be
a responsible one too
and not add
to the stray problem.
But I think I've solved
the dilemma.
Here's a tip.
This is what I do, anyway.
You've gotta wait
till Christmas eve.
And always go to an animal
rescue center, not a breeder.
I go along to an animal
rescue center Christmas eve,
and I go to
the veterinary part.
They've usually got, like,
a runt who's been born
sort of disabled
with no quality of life,
and they're just putting that
out of its misery.
And I go, "No, don't kill that one.
I'll take that one."
And they go, "It's only
gonna live a day."
Perfect. Perfect.
So... so...
and I run home.
I'm going, "Don't die yet.
Don't die yet.
Hold on."
A little bit of Starbucks.
A little bit of Starbucks.
And I rush in. I call my niece.
She comes running.
"Uncle Ricky!"
"Got you a puppy."
"Uncle Ricky,
you got me a puppy!"
"Yeah, your best uncle

got you a puppy.
Yeah. Go on,
play with it quick.
Go on, play with it."
She takes it to bed with her Christmas
eve and she sleeps with it.
She wakes up Christmas day,
it's dead, cold, stiff, gone.
So result.
Not a problem.
And they always come down
the next day, they go,
"Oh, my puppy's dead.
My puppy's dead."
They go, "Oh, what?
The puppy your uncle got you?
He did his bit, and whatever happened
after that isn't his problem."
They go, "Yeah."
And I go, "Maybe you rolled
over it in the night."
"Oh, did I?
Oh no! Oh no!"
And then they start
"I killed my puppy."
"I killed my puppy."
And they go,
"No, you didn't kill your puppy."
Jesus killed your puppy
on his birthday
'cause you didn't spend enough
on your uncle's
Christmas present."
They usually buck
their ideas up the next year.
The other big campaign

at Christmas:

Don't drink and drive.
Right behind that as well.
A lot more stigma attached
to that these days.
When I was growing up, it was whether
you got away with it or not.

But people now know
it's sort of... It wrecks lives.
I'd be getting in the car when I
was a kid with grown-ups, family.
I'd be going, "No, you can't drive.
You had too much to drink."
And they go, "It's all right.
I won't get caught."
But now people know
that's wrong.
I've done it once
and I'm not proud of it.
I'm fucking ashamed of it.
That was Christmas.
I wasn't drunk,
but I was over the limit.
I took the car out
and I knew I shouldn't.
I knew I shouldn't be driving.
But I learned my lesson, because
I nearly killed an old woman.
No, in the end
I didn't kill her.
In the end I just raped her.
But as I say,
nothing came of it.
Luckily for me,
a thousand-to-one shot,
she had Alzheimer's.
So not a credible witness.
Spiders... Oh, spiders.
They're always ready,
aren't they?
Aren't they always ready for...
They're always ready
for action, a spider.
It's always completely fucking
ready for action like that.
Always ready
for action, always.
I mean, some animals
are sometimes ready.
You startle a cat
and it'll go...

(Gasps)

For a few seconds.

Then it goes back to chill.

Most of the time a cat is just
laying on the floor, isn't it?

Just on its side,

all four limbs

just stretched out

in one direction.

You will never see

a spider like that.

You will never see a spider

just lying on the carpet,

its head down

and all eight legs

just stretched out like that.

They're always... Ugh.

They're always ready, okay?

And they're always ready

in every direction

like the fucking "Matrix,"

like that.

They don't have to turn.

They've got 10 eyes...

eight legs and 10 eyes.

It's over the top.

They're even ready when you

don't think they're ready.

You can see an empty web

and you go,

"That spider's

not ready."

"No? Touch the web."

"What?"

"Touch the web."

And it's there, like that.

I fucking hate them.

37,000 different species

of spider.

37,000 different

species of spider.

I mean, millions and billions

of individuals

in each species.

And that's just one class,
arachnid,
of one phylum, arthropoda.
There could be five million
species of animal
alive now on the earth.
Best guess, okay?
And that's 1%
of all animal species
that have ever existed.
99% of all animal species
that ever existed
are now extinct,
and that remaining 1%
is five million strong.
Take one of those species...
termites.
If we were to weigh
every termite alive now,
it would be 10 times
the tonnage
of every human being on earth.
And it's statistics like that
that make me think
that this book
isn't totally accurate.
It's the book of Noah,
the children's edition.
I actually got this
awarded to me
when I used to go
to Sunday school every week.
I believed in all this
till I was eight.
"St. Agnes Sunday School.

Presented to:

Rikki Gervais..."

R-i-k-k-i.

Like a fucking mongoose, right?

"...For regular
attendance."

Not even for being good at
anything; Just for turning up.

"He's always here. Give him a prize.

He'll be back."

"Thank you.

Thank you."

Let's have a look

at the evidence.

"Long long ago, when God

first made the earth..."

I'll let both those points go.

We haven't got time.

Right.

"Long long ago" by the way,

according to the Bible,

is 5,000 years.

According to the old testament,

the earth is no older

than 5,000 years old, okay?

It's actually

4.6 billion years old.

Let's pop that in, pop that in.

"4.6 billion years ago,

when God first made

the earth and sky..."

All right, don't bring it up.

It comes as a package

really, doesn't it?

I mean... Do you know

what I mean?

The sky was never

an optional extra.

It's like, "Made you a planet."

"I can't breathe."

"Would you like

an atmosphere?"

"Of course

I fuckin' would."

So, well done, but...

"Everything was peaceful,

everything beautiful.

God made human beings too,

and he wanted them

to be good like himself."

Arrogant, right?

"But very soon,

they wanted their own way.
They would not listen to God.
They became wicked
and did wicked things."
Look at them doing
wicked things there.
You don't get much more
wicked than that, do you?
"Fuck... Oh, fuck off, wicked!"
Whee.
"Fuck off, wicked!"
Whee.
"Ah!"
God just looking on.
"Oh, carry on.
See what happens.
See what happens.
Oh, see what happens, yeah.
Oh, see what happens."
The bloke there running off
with a big bag of money.
Don't put it in a bank,
you cunt.
(Groans)
Right.
"God looked at them
and said to himself,
'they are so wicked,
I will have to
wipe them off
the face of the earth.'"
really? Really?
Straight to genocide?
What happened to one verbal
and two written warnings?
Straight...
Straight to the annihilation
of the entire human race
because
a fatty-yellow-trousers
picked someone's nose?
Really?
Fuck.
Anger management, man.

Just calm the fuck down.

Let's... just chill.

Let's talk about this.

Wow!

I read that

to Karl Pilkington, right?

- Who is... Yes.

- (Audience cheering)

Yes.

Head like a fuckin' orange,

I know, yeah.

I read that bit to him.

"They are so wicked, I will have to
wipe them off the face of the earth."

And Karl said,

"He sounds gay."

I said, "What...

what do you mean?"

He went, "Some gays

are a bit like that."

He thought God was, like,

having a hissy fit.

Like he's going, "No, they

treat me like a bastard,

I'm gonna treat them

like a bast...

I'm gonna show them.

I'm gonna wipe 'em out."

I said, "Karl,

God is not gay, okay?

Read the Bible.

He hates them."

"They are so wicked, I will have to

wipe them off e face of the earth,

and every living thing

with them."

What's the squid ever done?

Real... God has gone mad.

What?

But he's not gay.

God is not gay.

"But there was one man

who was still very good.

His name was Noah.

He was a friend of God."
Just a friend,
so don't... No.
Just a friend...
A friend with
big hooped earrings.
Rouge.
What... what's he doing...
He lives in a cave.
What's he doing with this?
"What... what are
you doing?"
"Seeing God.
You never know.
You never know."
Handlebar mustache.
Holding God's hand,
who's wearing a blouse.
God is not gay.
"God said to Noah,
'I am so angry
with men...'"
"You mean men and women?"
"Whatever.
Whatever."
"'I am so angry with men
that I have made my mind up
to destroy them all.
I have stretched my bow in the sky.
It is a rainbow.'"
that's got to be the world's
first pun, hasn't it?
"'It will make so much rain
pour down on earth
that everything will be
drowned, but not you.
I want you to build an ark.
It must be like a big boat with
three decks and a roof over it.'"
"Yeah, I know how to build a boat, mate.
Oh, cheers."
"'And you will make a door
in the side of it.'"
"Do you think I'm a complete idiot?"

I know..."

"Noah did exactly
what God told him.
And then God said
to Noah..."

Now...

Okay okay.

Now this is aimed
at children, admittedly,
but it's taken from the old
testament story in the Bible.

But I don't think
the author of this book
is a zoologist.

As we've said, there could be
five million species of animal.

I don't think
he knows them all,
the way he backs out very quickly
in this next sentence, okay?

"'I want you to take two of every kind
of animal with you into the ark...

Two lions, two tigers,
two elephants and so on.'"

"What?

I've got lions, tigers, elephants... so on.
On you go."

"'Look after them well
and keep them alive.'

and Noah did
what God said."

Now I want you to study
that scenario.

Okay, so God is angry
with mankind.

He's fed up with them.

They're wicked.

He's gonna wipe them out
and just start again
with Noah and his wife.

He's angry with the animals
too for some reason.

I don't... So he's gonna
start again

with just two of each species.

He calls a flood.

They build an ark.

Noah goes, "Right,
two of each species.

Two, just two.

Quick, first two."

(Trumpets)

There's a stampede.

(Trumpets)

Two elephants.

(Trumpets)

Two toucans...Just walking.

There's no rush.

Just strollin', baby.

I think this one

is a bit more concerned
than this one.

This one's probably going,
"Should we fly?"

"Nah."

"No?"

"Nah."

I could do this all night.

"No?"

"Nah."

(Snorts)

"Sure?"

"Yeah."

"I mean, we've...

Well, we've got wings."

(Laughing)

"We've got feet as well."

"Why don't you wanna
push in?"

"That elephant's
looking at me funny."

"Yeah, I... I fuckin' am.

If you try and push in,
I'm gonna stamp on you,
you... you big-nosed twat."

"Hold on. Who are you
calling big-nosed?"

"What do you mean?"

"No, it's just pot
calling kettle black."
"What the fuck does that mean?
What does 'pot... ' "
"Well, you know, if a pot's...
Oh, forget it."
"I can't forget it.
I'm a fucking elephant."
(Laughing)
Oh.
Two camels, two lions,
two ostriches,
two leopards,
two tigers, two zebra.
Ah, here's the crux
of my point.
Just one species on the ark

at the moment:

They got there first...
Longer legs, okay?
Five million more species
to get on there.
So two of it... So two animals on the ark
at the moment.
10 million more animals to go.
10 million more of those, ok?
Million as far as...
10 million of them
to get on there.
Just two on there
at the moment.
Look how much room
they're already taking up.
It's at a third capacity.
What's it going
to be like on there
when these two
fat cunts get on?

Man:

"Then God bent the bow
of his anger
d the rain came flooding down,

covering the earth with water.
It rained for 40 days
and nights.
The flood water rose
higher and higher,
until it covered the tops
of the highest mountains.
Every living thing
was drowned except Noah
and the animals
in the ark."
And the fish.
They were fine, weren't they?
They were fine.
They were loving it.
They were better off.
In fact, all the sea creatures.
I mean, mountains underwater...
Their domain had increased,
like, tenfold.
It's so much more interesting.
You've got crabs going,
"I'm on a fucking mountain!
This is amazing!
I never want this flood to...
I've never been
up here before."
I think of that
when you see on the news,
like if there's a little
village in Gloucester
flooded or something.
It's really sad.
You see people...
They've lost their homes
and they're in dinghies,
carrying their pets.
And you see a little row
of antique shops
completely underwater.
And I think of a fish
just looking in the window
of the antique shop
for the first time.

"So that's a chaise longue."
"For 150 days the earth
was covered with water.
Then Noah opened the window
of the ark and looked out.
The water seemed to be going
down, but how could he be sure?"
Well, ask God. You've been chatting
to him all the way through.
Why are we...
Why are we getting cryptic
all of a sudden?
"He sent a raven out,
but it soon came flying back.
It could find
nowhere to settle.
Noah waited another week
and he sent out a dove."
Why did the raven lose his job?
"But the dove
came back too."
See? The raven wasn't bullshitting.
This is...
"There was still no dry land anywhere...
"But one day
the dove flew out and..."
Why did the dove
get a second go
and not the raven?
Racist.
"But one day the dove flew out
and brought back
a green olive branch.
And Noah knew that
God was no longer angry.
Then God told Noah to the
animals out of the ark.
'They must once more fill
the Earth with living things.'
the first thing Noah did
was to build an altar.
He offered a sacrifice to God
to thank him for saving them.
And Noah said "I'll make a pact

of friendship with you."
'I will never again send a flood
to destroy the earth.
The rainbow,
which I've put in the sky,
will no longer be a sign of my
anger, but a sign of peace.
It will be a sign
of my friendship with men... '"
That is...
That is how it is...
That is how it is used today.
They took it literally.
"'It will be a sign of my friendship
with men, which begins today,
and which my son Jesus
will one day prove
by shedding his blood
for men.'"
"Who?"
"You'll see."
There was... there wasn't
a teaser campaign
in the old testament.

Coming soon:

"And so when you have
done wrong
and you are feeling
very sad about it,
think of the rainbow
and the peace
which God wants to put
into your heart.
He has promised to be your friend.
Promise to be his."
And that's just one of 12
in the dove books series.
I've only got one:
Number nine... "Noah."
Although I think my favorite
would be number eight
just from the title...
"Jesus and the Cripple."

(Cheering, applause)

Thank you.

Cheers.

Oh dear.

I...

I read that whole book to Karl and uh...

He believed it all.

Why wouldn't he? It's written down..

And I said, "Karl, think.

How could they get 10

million animals on a boat?"

Karl went, "They said

it was a big boat."

Yeah, they did.

That's true.

I said, "Put they're all

part of the food chain.

They would have literally had to

have eaten each other to survive.

Why didn't the lion

eat the antelope?

Why didn't the spider

eat the fly?"

And Karl said, "'Cause in a

crisis you all pull together."

Amazing.

I'd love to do a book

of his quotes.

I love books of quotations.

I love just reading them

for... for pleasure.

I've got a few

of these compilations.

And one of my heroes

is Winston Churchill.

When I read "Give us the tools

and we will finish the job,"

I thought, "How inspiring."

And when I read "Never in

the field of human conflict

was so much owed

by so many to so few,"

I thought,

"How patriotic."

And when I read
"It is a good thing
for an uneducated man to read
books of quotations,"
I thought,
"You cheeky, fat git."
People always say to me
that Oscar Wilde
is the greatest genius
that's ever lived.
Let's have a look to me
at the evidence, okay?
Here's one of his.
"All women become
like their mothers.
That is their tragedy.
No man does.
That is his."
That sounds a bit gay to me.
Don't you think?
I... No, just...
Give him another go.
Here's another one.
"I couldn't help it.
I can resist everything except temptation."
That sounds gay as well.
I think...
I want to start that
with an "Ooh."
I wanna go,
"Ooh, I couldn't help it."
Do you know what I mean?
And I want to end it with, "I can
resist everything except temptation.
Chance would be a fine thing."
You know?
And when he went through
customs in New York
all those years ago...
And the customs officer,
just doing his job, said,
"Have you anything to declare?"
Oscar Wilde famously said,
"Nothing but my genius."

Ooh.
That wasn't witty.
I bet he planned that.
I bet the first time
he went through customs
in a foreign country it was all
"Yes sir," "No sir."
"Anything to declare?" "No."
"Thanks. On you go."
"Oh, I just thought
of something
fucking brilliant to say.
Oh!
I'm always doing that.
Excuse me, can I go back through...
No? Ugh!"
He had to wait weeks in those days,
back on the boat to England,
just thinking,
"If they say that again...
'Anything to declare?'
'Nothing but my genius.'
I'll be in a book
of quotations."
He gets there again
weeks later,
finds the same bloke,
goes up to him.
The bloke goes,
"On you go."
"Didn't even fucking
ask me that time.
Fuck.
Excuse me, they didn't
ask me if...
Random,
fucking random."
Right?
Back on the boat.
Three weeks later, getting it.
Gets there this time,
finds the same bloke.
Is time he's started looking
shifty so he gets picked out.

Like that, right? The blok, right?...

"Did you buy anything?"

"That's not the question.

Say 'Have you anything
to declare?'"

"Okay. Have you anything
to declare?"

"Nothing but my genius."

"Whose are the butt plugs?"

"They're mine.

They're mine.

They're mine."

Incarcerated in reading jail
for homosexuality.

We've come a long way
from it being punishable
to total equality,
as it should be of course.

In England the gay
age of consent is the same
as heterosexuality now... 16.

And even gay marriage.

Although, ironically,
the one place

that was really
ahead of the game
fell behind a little at the
last election... California.

They had a referendum.

They put it to the vote
and they voted no
to gay marriage.

I mean, California
there's people going,

"That's why
we moved here."

I mean, it's a strange
sort of bigotry
that you can affect
someone else's lifestyle
that doesn't affect you back.

It's not like they asked
a bloke once,
said, "Sorry, do you mind

if these two men get married?"

He went, "No. Fine."

"Okay, Jack 'em then."

"What?"

I didn't know that was..."

That doesn't happen, does it?

That doesn't happen.

It's also a strange

sort of bigotry

because these people

that object to that

were presumably

the same people that said

gay people were immoral

and promiscuous.

But now they don't want them

to be monogamous

and respectful

in the eyes of God.

And it must be so confusing

to a gay guy in California,

thinking, "That's the bit

they don't like.

With all the other shit we get

up to, it's the marriage bit."

They'd be so confused.

They must go to judges and go,

"Sorry, can I get

the rules straight?"

"What do you want

to know?"

"I just didn't know

what we can and can't do."

"Ask away."

"Can I marry a man?" "No."

"Can I fuck him up the ass

and give him

a little reach-round?"

"Please."

"I..."

Can't marry him, no.

But I... and a little...

Can I...

Can... can I pick up

a stranger in the bushes
and take him home
and jizz on him
and throw him out in the morning
all crusty and homeless?"

"Of course you can, yeah."

"But I couldn't
marry him?"

"No."

(Retching)

"No, and don't ask again,
all right?"

"Can I line up 15 men..."

I'm just riffing here.

"Can I line up 15 men
and just jack 'em off
for a laugh?"

"If you want,
yeah yeah."

It would be difficult,
wouldn't it?

Jacking off 15 men at once.
It'd be like plate spinning,
wouldn't it?

No.

Because you'd have...

You could only do
two at once really.

So you'd have these two
ready to blow,
but then they'd be losing it.

And you'd go, "Fucking hell.

Here you go.

Oh, fucking hell.

All right, all right,
all right."

Ain't it knackerin',
jacking off 15 men at once?

I never thought I'd say that.

Again. No.

There's these people that say,

"Being gay isn't natural."

Well, it is natural, and

I've got a book to prove it.

Homosexuality occurs
in about the same incidence
in the animal kingdom
as it does in human society.
This is a real book.
It's called
"Biological exuberance:
Animal homosexuality
and natural diversity"
by Bruce Bagemihl, okay?
"The evidence is compelling
and it seems there is
virtually no species
which does not have
its gay community."
That doesn't mean, like, chimps
on one particular street
wearing leather caps and stuff.
It just...
They sort of
spread it out more really.
This is a real book.
Can we have
the first slide, please?
Right. Okay?
Right.
This is a real book, okay?
Right?
Absolutely real, okay?
"Two male stump-tailed macaques
in mutual fellatio."
Mutual...
They're sharing.
They're sharing it round.
Next slide.
Okay.
"A male squirrel monkey, right,
performing a genital display
toward another male."
(Stammering)
I...
He's just going,
"What do you think of that?"
And this one's going,

"What?"
"Suck it."
Look at his little hand.
"Why?"
"Because we're gay."
"I'm not."
"You fuckin' are."
Look at the way
he's holding him.
And he's got his leg up
for extra purchase.
He's going, "Get in there.
Get in there.
Get in there."
Look at him.
(Gibbers)
Can you imagine face
when I discovered this book?
Oh my God.
(Giggling)
Next slide, please.
Ah, okay.
"A female Olympic marmot
mounting another female."
Now I don't know
what is in that
for either of them...
Unless the one on top
is wearing a strap-on dildo.
One more.
One more slide.
Oh, this is a doozy.
Okay.
"Two forms of copulation
between male dolphins:
Genital slit, or anal
penetration, above;
and below,
blowhole penetration."
Oh yeah.
Oh yeah.
Basically...
He is fucking him
in the head!

It's in the head.
He's fucking him
in the head, ladies...
I have never seen that
on any wildlife documentary.
I've never... Why have I never
seen that before?
Why are they doing that?
Maybe it's not in the wild.
Maybe it's in seaworld,
which is like their prison.
And they're going...
they're going,
"Fuck's sake,
they've put in two males.
Some people think we're fish.
We might as well
fucking do it."
I mean,
look at his face.
Like that.
He's going, "Dave."
"What?"
"Could... could we not do it
up the ass like them?"
"No. It's in the head
or nothing."
(Laughing)
"D-Dave?"
"What?! What?!"
"Dave, Dave,
I love you...
But I can't
fucking breathe."
That is a real book.
That is a real book.
Can we have the...
Look.
I love the fact that he found,
like, a turkey in drag
to show how gay
animals can be.
The gayest animal in the world.
I... I hope I haven't

offended anyone
with any of the subject...
No, I do. I do.
That's not the point.
I don't try and offend.
If I have offended anyone,
and I'm sure I have,
I don't apologize.
No, I think you shouldn't.
You have to be able to justify
everything you do.
I always think that a
comedian should take you
to taboo places
you haven't been before.
Otherwise you could
do it yourself.
There's enough
anodyne comedy out there...
Just doing things, obvious
stuff that, you know,
doesn't make
any difference at all.
And there's this
spate of comedians
saying sorry
when they go too far.
I just think, you know,
you should...
They go, "Oh, sorry,
I didn't mean it."
Well, you should've
known better then.
There's also a witch-hunt at
the moment with people saying,
"Is there anything you shouldn't make
a joke about?"
No, there's nothing
you shouldn't joke about.
It depends what the joke is.
(Cheering, applause)
Comedy comes from
a good or a bad place,
and it's for you to decide

what that is.

I think that there's a big
debate about sick jokes.

"Comedians doing
sick jokes."

Now the thing
about sick jokes...

When we tell a sick joke,
it's with the express understanding
that neither party
is really like that.

I wouldn't tell a sick joke
to a known pedophile.

I wouldn't go, "Here, mate,
you're gonna fuckin' love this
more than anyone, son."

Do you know what I...

I've never been in trouble
for anything I've said
in my professional career
because I refuse to apologize.

What can they do to you,
you know?

Growing up, you try...
try things out
and you get taken
the wrong way a little bit.
Not like the dolphin.

I mean, you know, not...

When I was about 23, 24,
me and my girlfriend met up
with this other couple.

They had moved down from the
north of England to London.

They used to come
in the place I used to work
and we had a couple of
drinks with them.

They were cool people
and they were fun.

After we had met them
a couple of times,
they invited us to a party
at their house.

And we went along.
One, it was a dinner party,
which they hadn't
warned us about.
But two, it was
for their family
that had come down from the north
to see how they were getting on.
And it was both of their
parents and grandparents
and great uncles...
average age about 85, right?
And I think we were
an afterthought.
They thought, "Oh God, we don't
know anyone our own age.
Oh, that Ricky and Jane."
So we went along.
And we were still
getting to know them,
so we just spoke to them
all night.
We didn't really mingle
with the older people.
And as I say,
we use comedy as a sword
and a shield and a medicine,
but usually
as a getting to know you.
We use comedy to break the ice.
Are you like-minded?
What can you take? What do you like?
And I've always pushed
the boundaries a little bit
to try and make people laugh at
things they didn't think they could.
But, you know... But then everything
turns out okay, I suppose.
I started off lightly.
I told this joke.
Why did the little girl
fall off the swing?
'Cause she had no arms.
Yeah, sweet.

And they laughed...
A little bit louder than that.
There was only two of them,
so thanks.
No. So I thought,
"Okay, they get it."
And so you up the ante
a little bit.
You push...
and I told this joke.
Ooh, I need a drink.
Start the car, seriously.
Right.
I told this joke.
Made sure the old people
couldn't hear, like that.
I went, "Okay, a father
is sitting at home,
just reading the newspaper.
His little girl comes running in.
She's only six.
'Hello, darling.'
'Hello, daddy.'
'You've been playing?'
'Yeah.'
'In the park?'
'Yeah.'
'With your friends?'
'Well, until the man came along.'
'Till the man
came along?'
'Yeah, a man came along and he asked
my friends to leave,
so it was just
me and him.'
'Darling, come...
Come over.
Whatever happened,
none of it was your fault.
Okay, darling?
None of it was your fault.
But tell daddy every detail.
What happened?'
'Um, he took me behind a tree

so no one could see
what we were doing.'
'Oh God, darling.
And then what happened?'
'um, he took
my dress off.'
'Oh God. What happened next?
What happened?'
'Um, he took
his thing out.'
'Oh God, darling.
And then what happened?'
'Nothing.
That was it.'
'Oh well,
make something up.'"
- Cheers.

- Man:

(cheering, applause)
Don't tell anyone that.
I want it to be a surprise.
So I told that joke.
Carried on,
getting a bit drunk
and telling jokes.
Eventually we sat down for the
meal at about a quarter to 10:00.
They put two tables together.
The hosts sat at either end
and they put me in the middle,
opposite this very sweet,
but very deaf 80-year-old man.
So the conversation
was a bit stilted.
After about 20 minutes,
Ian, one of the hosts,
pops up and says,
"Oh, Ricky, tell that joke."
I went, "What?"
All the old people went,
"Oh, we love jokes."
"Do you?"
I looked at Ian and Ian went,

"It'll be fine."
I went, "Okay." And he got on with
his conversation.
And so they're all like that.
I went, "Um, oh... Uh...
A father is sitting at home,
reading the paper.
A little girl comes running...
" Told the whole joke.
Got to the bit,
"Well, make something up."
They went, ahem.
Silence.
I looked at Ian, he went,
"Not that one!"
Thank you so much.
You've been fantastic.
Good night.
(Cheering, whistling)
Thank you.
Thank you very much.
Thank you so much.
Cheers.
Thank you.
Fantastic.
Thank you so much.
I fucking love Chicago.
Isn't it brilliant?
- Isn't it amazing?
- (Cheering)
I've had just the best time.
Thank you...
Thank you so much.
I'll tell you,
I'd risk coming again
through volcanic ash clouds...
anything to get here.
It's fantastic...
terrorist attack.
I've actually always been a
nervous flyer, to be honest.
I flew a few weeks
after 9-11.
After 9-11,

the world went a little
bit crazy, you know?
Understandably.
The rules changed
and there was a lot
of anger and fear
and confusion
and finger-pointing.
And I had always
considered myself
quite a rational,
liberal sort of guy,
and I tried to remain
that way after 9-11.
And even in the pub with mates
I'd be the one who was going,
"No, you can't say that.
No, that's a generalization.
That's ridiculous.
No, that's unfair.
You can't tar everyone
with the same brush.
No, it's still the safest
form of transport.
It's 60 million to one,
the chance of a..."
You know, trying to be rational.
That's in a pub.
When I'm flying it's more like,
"Check him again.
Can we check him again?
He's getting on this...
Do you mind if I check him?
Can I just...
can I just..."
After 9-11,
with all the checks,
I still tried to remain
rational and philosophical.
I was thinking, "Right, it's
harder now than it ever was
to get a bomb on the plane.
This is... You know, the restrictions
are tight. It's safer now."

And then I found out
that a terrorist
doesn't even have to get on
the plane now with a bomb.
They found
heat-seeking missiles,
and they could just park up
in some sort of lay-by
and take the plane out within the
first 10 minutes of take-off.
So now I'd be
on the plane going,
"Right, we're out of range.
Who's got the bomb?"
As I said,
I flew a couple of weeks
after 9-11,
internal flight.
We're up in the air.
I had done the thing.
"We're out of range.
Right, okay."
I was still a bit nervous
and I said to the air hostess...
I said, "Have you got
any magazines?"
Think of this. She said, quite loud,
quite blas...
she said, "No, honey,
we've got no magazines.
We've had to undertake
severe cutbacks
because we're one of the
companies being sued over 9-11."

One:

Surely a new rule book
went round.
"Don't mention 9-11 when you're
handing out the coffee."
Do you know what I mean?
Right?

Two:

"Severe cutbacks."
Severe cutbacks...
if someone says that,
I don't think
of magazines anymore.
I think of a bloke in an aircraft
hangar earlier that week going,
"Do we really need
all these rivets?"
It's just...
What terrible bedside manner.
I mean, I take first-class
flights everywhere.
I know you wouldn't
have it any other way.
I do it for you, really.
Some of the flights I take
cost 10,000 pounds, okay?
And for 10,000 pounds,
in a disaster
I expect the front end of my plane
that I'm in to gently break off
and float down
to a desert island.
It doesn't.
I'd die with the rest
of you fucking loss.
That's not fair, is it?
I know you'd try to save me,
but you couldn't.
We'd just be on the news.
I'd probably be the only one who'd
get name-checked on the news.
You'd be "230 others,"
which is some consolation.
But anyway...
So, okay.
Once I was flying back
from New York...

9:

J.F.K. to London Heathrow,
b.A., first class.
Okay, now this is my point.

It's fear that threatens
rational thought, I think.
I'm there.
Now the whole week
leading up to that flight...
I don't know if you remember it
or it's happened
more than once.
It was a couple of years ago.
On every news channel
in America
there was a rolling tickertape
that said
"America on red alert.
We've had intel
there's going to be
another 9-11
in a major city,
probably New York or L.A.
this weekend.
Do not fly unless
you absolutely had to."
I had to.
I was filming.
And...
(Laughs)
Right?
So I'm the only one
in the first-class lounge,
and I still tried
to remain rational.
I was thinking,
"No, it's safer now.
Everyone's looking
for a terrorist today.
They'll leave it
till Monday."
Right?
And then it happened... the thing that
threatened my rational thought.
I had a little... a bit
of a mini-breakdown.
Into the first-class lounge,
about 30 minutes

before boarding, came this guy.
I don't whether
he was north African
or Middle Eastern or Asian,
but he had all the gear, right?
Beard,
steel attach case, okay?
And here's your
middle-class liberal.
I went...
I was suddenly engaging staff
in banal conversation,
going, "Flight on time?"
They're going, "Yeah."
"What's the weather like in London?"
Like they were gonna go,
"It's a bit cloudy, but... There he is!"
Right?
Didn't happen.
So I'm left there, right?
I'm looking over at him
and I'm thinking of all the...
The running up to it
and the week coming up to...
All the news and everything.
But now there's a fight
between good and evil,
between rational
and irrational.
This one goes, "Ooh,
that's a suicide bomber."
"Oh, don't be stupid.
Of course it isn't."
"It is."
"How do you know?"
"That's what
they look like."
"What?"
"Beard."
"Don't be stupid,
all right?"
Then he makes a phone call.
I couldn't understand
what he was saying,

but he sounded a bit angry.
This one goes,
"Oh, he made a phone call!"
This one, "No, you just made
a phone call."
"Yeah, but not
in foreign."
"Shut up, all right?
He's been checked.
Like the rest of us,
he's been checked."
"Did they check the beard?"
"Yeah, they checked the beard.
Yeah, they checked
the beard."
Then I'm looking at him...
Must have been absent-minded
with all this going on
in my head.
He catches me looking
and he does this.
It goes, "Oh, he knows,
he knows!" Right?
This one goes, "No, he knows
why you're looking at him.
He's had that prejudice for months now.
Stop looking at him."
"Ooh, the beard."
"Yeah... " Right?
But this one starts winning.
The fear starts beating all the
rational thought in the world.
It starts going,
"No, but it could be."
"Well yeah, it could be.
Probably not."
"Well, no.
The stats are up today."
"Yeah, but still,
it won't happen..."
"Don't say it won't
happen to us.
The people of 9-11 said
it wouldn't happen to them."

"Yeah,
but all the tests..."
"Yeah well, they find new ways
of getting through
our detection.
Then we have to up the game."
"Yeah, you're right."
And suddenly I thought,
"Oh my God, this is it. This is it."
That wave of nausea,
and you suddenly realize,
"Oh my God,
I'm witnessing this..."
this one goes,
"Okay, right, let's report him."
This one goes, "No."
"Why?"
"In case someone think
we're racist."
"No, fuck that.
Let's report him
and be a wrong, embarrassed,
live racist,
just in case."
And I go, "No."
So I don't.
And so now I think
he is a suicide bomber.
I think I'm gonna
get on the plane and die,
but I'm not gonna do
anything about it.
I'm nearly in tears.
And all this happens
in a few moments.
I look over and he's joined by
his wife who's got all the gear
and his two little girls.
And I suddenly go, "Oh, of course
he's not a fucking suicide bomber.
If you're off to see
72 virgins,
you don't take
the wife and kids along."

Right?

So... No.

I got on the plane, and of course he wasn't a terrorist.

I was a bit embarrassed and

I saw the funny side of it.

I was relieved and everything.

He was a businessman

and a family man.

He was playing

with his two little girls

who kept running up and down

and banging into my chair.

He wasn't doing anything

about that at all.

Nothing about that at all.

He was chasing 'em and they were

squealing really high, going through...

After half an hour,

I was hoping

someone would blow the fucking

plane up, to be honest.

But a really weird thing

happened during that period.

I got so paranoid

about terrorist attack

that I started taking

private jets

and helicopters everywhere,

just because I was so rich.

No no.

No.

No, again, my philosophy was

I'm the only person

on this plane

and I definitely

haven't got a bomb,

so we're all right, you know.

I was taking

a helicopter one day

and I was waiting

on the helipad.

Rewind two days before that.

I'm at home, having my

cereal, my cheerios,
and there's
a carton of milk there
with the missing person
things on the back.
And I've seen
a thousand of them.
This one was different because it was a
missing child, which is always sadder.
Well no, it's sad
when anyone goes missing.
But presumably,
because of her age,
this was an abduction
and, you know.
It was also the language.
It was a plea from the mother.
It was the wording.
She just said
the name of the little girl,
which I won't say.
I remember it, and the day and
place where she was last seen.
And she just said,
"Five years old,
blonde hair, blue eyes,
always happy.
Please help me."
And it must have
stayed with me.
Two days later, I'm there.
It's like a wharf development,
waiting for this helicopter.
And I'm looking down
onto some disused
warehouse space.
I look in one, right?
Someone had put up
a brown blanket
with this duct tape.
It was like a curtain.
And it had fallen away
and I can see in.
This is a true story.

It's an empty room
apart from a mattress.
And on the mattress is a little
girl with her hands tied.
And my fucking heart...
Five years old, five years old.
Blonde hair, blonde hair.
Blue eyes, blue eyes.
Always happy,
crying her eyes out.
What?
It... it couldn't
have been her.
I left it.
Thanks very much.
You've been amazing.
Goodnight, Chicago.
Cheers!
Thank you.
Cheers.
Oh, thank...
Thank you so much.
Thank you so much.
Thank you.
Cheers.
Thank you.
Cheers, everyone.
Goodnight, everyone.
Thank you.