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Chatterbox Live

By Sarah Millican

- Five minutes, Sarah.
- I'm just gonna go and have a quick snack.
Ladies and gentlemen,
please welcome Sarah Millican.
Hello.
Thank you very much.
Thank you very much.
What a lovely warm welcome.
- Thank you. How are you? Are you well?
- Yes.
Excellent. Thank you very much
for coming to my show.
Er, it's much appreciated.
I was gonna start off with a bit of advice.
I'm not really very good at giving out
advice. I'll give an example of how.
I was in a supermarket and I saw
this young couple wandering around,
and the girl said to her boyfriend,
"Have we got everything?"
And he said, "I think so. "
And I looked in their basket
and all they had was a bottle of ros
and a cucumber.
And I just thought there's no way
they've got everything else
they're needing for a salad.
And what I should have said is,
"Lube, love.
"That's what you need.
"Lube. "
But I didn't.
She's gotta learn the hard way.
The bit of advice I've got is
for the ladies in the room.
I've discovered, as a woman, how you know
whether or not you're overweight.
It's during the throes of passion
when your partner picks you up,
whether or not they say
"One, two, three" first.
It's my favourite joke.
It's getting less funny
as the days go on.

Thank you for coming to the show.
The show is called Chatterbox,
cos that's kind of what I've always been.
Talking was sort of the only thing
I was criticized for at school.
Er, I mean by the teachers.
I was criticized by the other kids
for loads of things.
Something of a nerd.
It's really hard to believe, isn't it?
Oh.
I think it's quite cool that the thing
I was criticized for is now my job.
That's quite cool, isn't it?
Fuck you, teachers.
Just hope the same fate
didn't befall the school bike.
At an early preview
a man came up to me and said,
"Is your show Chatterbox
based on the film Chatterbox?"
I had no idea that there was a film called
Chatterbox, so I got in and I goggled it.
Such a film does exist.
It's American. It was made in 1977.
It's not available on DVD,
which gives you a fair indication
of the quality of the thing.
And the film Chatterbox is
about a woman with a talking vagina.
So that man who came up to me...
must have thought it was gonna be
a live stage version.
He must have walked in and gone,
"That microphone stand's too high
for a start. "
But I have managed to get a hold
of the film on video, proper old school,
and I've only seen the first two minutes but
I've already decided that it's brilliant.
In the first two minutes,
a man and a woman have sex,
they finish, she says something like,
"That was lovely. "

That doesn't sound very American, does it?
I can't really do accents.
I've made it sound more Geordie
than it actually was, haven't I?
"That was champion, pet. "
That's what I say after sex.
Unless it wasn't champion.
I'm no fucking liar.
So she's relatively positive
about the experience
and then her vagina goes,
"It was all right. "
How many times
have you wanted to say that?
"It'll do.
"I'll do it properly on my own later on.
Don't worry. "
The women are laughing
and the blokes are doing this.
"This is gonna be shit. "
But, I, er... It's nice to be out
among so many people.
I do spend a lot of time on my own.
I live on my own.
I do like living on my own, though.
When I first decided to live on my own...
My mam and dad don't really understand
why people would want to live on their own.
My mam said, "People only live on their own
if they've got no friends. "
And then my dad made me look up
the word "hermit" in a dictionary.
But my dad did give me some good advice
when I was looking for flats.
He said, "I don't think you should get one
that's got a balcony.
"Cos what with living on your own,
there will be a high suicide risk. "
Wonder if I should have been bearing
that in mind when I was viewing properties.
You know, "Is that oven gas or electric?
"Is that light fitting really strong?
"Can it hold a decent weight?
"Ten stone?"

"Fuck off. "
"Eleven stone. "
And a half.
And then another fucking half.
But I do, I like living on my own.
Does anybody else live on their own?
Give us a wave if you live on your own.
We've got a nice lady here. What's your
favourite thing about living on your own?
- The telephone.
- The telephone?
I like that you did that.
Just in case, you know. It's just the North
I live in. It's not, you know...
the Dark Ages.
The telephone.
What do you... Did somebody not let you
have a telephone in the old days
when you lived with other people,
you poor bugger?
Did you live under the stairs?
In what way the telephone?
So I can speak to people.
"So I can speak to people", she said.
No, I know what a telephone's for, love.
It's gonna be one of those nights,
isn't it?
Who else lives on their own?
Give us another wave.
Hello, flower.
Nice lady at the back there.
What do you like about
living on your own, love?
- Walking around naked.
- Walking around naked.
There's a confident woman.
It's good cos I've got
a friend who lives on her own.
I said, "What's your favourite thing
about living on your own?" She said...
"Whenever I do a massive fart,
"I go, 'Good girl'."
You can have that
if you like.

Lady at the back, er...

- Is it a flat or a house that you've got?

- Flat.

And if somebody broke into your flat while you were in it, what would you hit them with?

- Have you thought this through?

- Not so much.

No? Well, let's have a think now.

If you're like...

We've got to fix her.

If you're, like, in the living room, for example,

is there something to hand

that you could clobber somebody with?

- Remote control.

- A remote control, you see.

Multipurpose. "I can watch whatever telly I like and I can fucking hit somebody. "

I asked a lady recently

and she didn't know either.

And I said, "What's normally to hand?"

And she went... "Empty bottles. "

I said, "I don't even think you'd notice if somebody broke in!"

"I don't care who you are,

shut the door on your way out,

"cos I can feel a fucking draught. "

My friend's got a rounders bat

down the side of her bed.

Er... I mean for protection. Whoa.

But she's been told that that's not allowed,

it's classed as an offensive weapon.

She's allowed to have a rounders bat

down the side of her bed

if it's accompanied by something

it would normally accompany.

So now she's got a rounders bat

and a rounders ball as well.

And I'm the same cos I've got

a massive knife and a massive fork.

So if somebody breaks in

with a big lump of steak, I'm champion.

But I live in a flat as well,

and the flat opposite mine has been empty

the whole time that I've lived there, so
I just never bothered getting any curtains.
And I regularly wander around in just my
knickers, cos I'm 35 and I don't give a shit.
And a friend came around
for a cup of tea and she said,
"Have you noticed some young lads
have just moved into the flat opposite?"
I said, "I hadn't noticed. " She said, "Don't
you think it's time you got some curtains?"
As far as I'm concerned,
if some young lads are looking at me
wandering around in my knickers,
I'm still the winner.
Just wonder how long it's going to be
before they get fucking curtains.
Look at me.
Shoop!
Please.
But I think I'd quite like
an animal at home.
I think that would make the place feel
a little bit more sort of cozy.
Give us a cheer if you've got a pet at home.
See, I'd quite like a cat.
If I could have any animal,
I'd probably have a cat.
But I can't have a cat cos my boyfriend's
allergic to cats, so I can't have one.
- Dump him.
- Well, precisely, flower.
We'll split up and that'll sort it out.
Most people don't have something to look
forward to at the end of a relationship.
"I can't wait till he starts
fucking other women.
"I'm off to the pet shop. Fuck you!"
But if I did get an animal,
I'd have to be careful
cos whenever I had animals as a child,
I always loved them
a little bit too much.
There's a name for people like me.
It's Hamster Squeezer.

Look at his little face.

When I was about seven, I had a little dog,
and I loved it so much!

Have you ever stroked a dog so hard
you could see the whites of its eyes?

When you stroke along its back, its little
back legs buckle cos of the pressure.

I do worry about my boyfriend.

Cos I love him so much.

Love him so much!

Look at his little face!

Is spunk supposed to be red? No.

That's a great reaction.

The women are laughing
and the blokes are going,

"Don't do that. That's not fucking funny. "

Now is probably quite a good time to tell you
that I'm a lot ruder than I am on the telly.

So brace yourselves.

I tend to feel guilty as well.

The thing I feel guilty about the most at the
moment is the fact that I don't give blood.

Give us a cheer if you give blood
on a regular basis.

A few. Could always be more.

I think it's the marketing that's to blame
cos I heard the advert on the radio,

and the advert goes like this -

"Would you like to save a life?"

And I thought...

"Not really bothered.

"Do I know them?"

But I've heard that you get
a half-hour sit-down. Is that right?

Yeah, and you get a cup of tea,
is that right?

- Yeah, and a biscuit.

- Oh. "Biscuit.

"Did you know about the biscuits?"

Who said biscuits?

Where are you, love?

Nice lady there.

What kind of biscuits?

What's the best biscuit

that they have at your place?

- Bourbons.

- Yeah!

Bourbons, and somebody

in the middle went, "Yeah!"

Got a big Bourbon fan in tonight.

So can anybody do...

The Bourbon's pretty good.

Can anybody do better than a Bourbon

at their blood place?

- Club biscuits.

- Who said that? Where are you, fella?

Hello, fella. Do they have a variety of

Club biscuits or just the one flavor?

- I just go for the orange ones.

- You just go for the orange ones.

You're not a hero at all, are you?

You're just going for the free orange Clubs.

Excellent. Are we gonna get any better

than an orange Club? I don't know.

Who? What was that?

- Party Rings.

- Party Rings.

Are you nine?

Do they... Are they fanned out,

like on a plate, all fancy?

That's what I'd want.

Jelly and ice cream as well. That would...

Party Rings.

I haven't had a Party Ring in years.

Can anybody do better

than Party Rings or orange Clubs?

No, that's it. They've got no...

Sorry, I could...

I could compete with the lady

with the Bourbon,

but I'm fucked against the orange Clubs.

This is the sort of thing that we need

to know. This should be in the advert.

The advert shouldn't be,

"Would you like to save a life?"

The advert should be...

"Do you like sitting down?"

"Bloody love sitting down. "

"Do you like cups of tea?"
"I love cups of tea. "
"We've got Party Rings!"
"Oh, if you've got Party Rings,
"why don't we see if you need some
fucking bone marrow while we're on. "
I did a show in Manchester
and a lady shouted,
"At my place, if you pretend
you don't feel very well,
"they give you a sandwich. "
"Prawn mayonnaise. "
But I, er... In this job,
I tend to travel, mostly around the UK.
I'm from a place called South Shields.
Have we got any North Easterners in?
Excellent. The loud women, hello.
No, welcome.
Thank you very much for coming.
I mean, I'm from South Shields
but I actually live in Manchester now,
and I mostly work around the UK.
Occasionally, I get to go abroad.
I went to Australia last year
for the Melbourne Comedy Festival,
which was great.
It was great until it came time
to come home.
When because of the "fucking volcano",
got stranded for an extra week, and you find
you don't get any sympathy off your friends
if you tell 'em you are stranded for
an extra week.
My friend said, "You were stranded.
"For an extra week.
"In Australia.
"Well, boo-fucking-hoo. "
I said, "But listen to the word that you're
using. It's 'stranded'. It's not a good word. "
You could be stranded
on the end of Brad Pitt's cock
and you'd want to go home eventually!
I mean, after a week or so, obviously.
For snacks if nothing else.

I think that explains why his girlfriends are always so skinny.
Doesn't provide enough snacks.
But while I was in Australia, I got a call from the fraud department of my credit card company inquiring why I was spending so much on my credit card.
She said, "Can I check a couple of transactions?" And I said, "Of course. "
The first one was a cashpoint withdrawal, and I had withdrawn the money, so that was all above board.
The second one, she said, "You spent a 102 in a place called... "Holt's. " And I went, "Oh... "Um, yeah, er, yeah, that's right.
Er, it's a chocolate shop. "
And she went, "102!"
And I went, "Yeah, it was for presents. "For me. "
Cos I was nowhere near Brad Pitt's cock.
I did get a nickname while I was out there.
I've never had a nickname before.
I've been called things but that's different, isn't it?
I think that's bullying.
My nickname is The Cake Pigeon.
Cos whenever I walk past a cake shop...
Walk past.
Whenever I press myself up against a cake shop, I go...
And because I talk about cakes on stage, sometimes people bring cakes to shows for me, which is lovely but can sometimes be a little bit weird.
Some lady came up to me a few months ago at the end of the show, she handed me a small fruitcake and said, "This is for you. "
And I said, "That's lovely. Thank you. What a nice thing to do. "

And she said, "I'm sorry it's just that...
"but it's all we had in. "
I said, "Have you been looking
through your cupboards?
"It's not the fucking Harvest festival, pet.
"You buy the ticket,
you can just come to the show. "
Which really pissed off
the woman behind her
who was standing
with a tin of fucking peaches.
But I have developed... People call it
a muffin top if it hangs over your jeans.
A muffin top. I don't really like that name.
So I've started calling mine my cake shelf.
It's nice, though, isn't it? Cos it sounds
like a good place to keep your cake.
Somebody said to me,
"Are you pregnant?"
I said, "Only if I've been
fucked by Mr. Kipling.
"And, yes, it was exceedingly good. "
But I'm a bit of a... a bit of a worrier.
I don't worry about age anymore.
I'm 35. I'm past caring about age.
I did worry when I was about to turn 30.
I worried about turning 30.
So I asked friends who were
also approaching their 30th
how it was going to affect them.
One guy said,
"It means I'm closer to retirement. "
Which I thought was a positive way of
looking at it.
But my favourite answer
came from a bloke who said,
"I just need to make it to 34,
and I've beaten Jesus at living. "
But I was gonna say I worry about my weight
but not enough to do anything about it yet.
Although I bought a cross trainer,
but apparently that's not enough.
Just to buy it.
Although it's in the spare room

and whenever friends stay over,
I have to move it into the hall
and then back again,
and I break a sweat and I think,
"Ooh, it's paying for itself. "
I think the problem is just the fact that
I eat whatever I like and I don't give a shit.
Some people who are very
similar to me in the audience.
It's probably
the longest our mouth's been open
without some fucking food in it.
Huh!
Exactly the same as me.
It's a fucking hobby.
I was in a restaurant with my friend,
and I said, "I like it in here
cos they've got multicolored food. "
And she said, "I think you'll find
they're called vegetables. "
But I don't worry any more
about the fact that
I can't really see my fanny.
Er...
Just the thought of my fanny or all fannies
make you feel quite sick, sir?
Is it my fanny in particular
or you're just not a big fan of fannies?
You're not a fan of fannies.
I've got some cock stuff later on.
You'll fucking love that.
I don't need to see my fanny any more
anyway cos I've got people for that now.
Er, one person.
"People" sounds bad, doesn't it?
Well, there's two. It's a job share.
I can't see my fanny cos of my belly,
but I can't see my belly cos of my tits.
Hurray!
As long as they stay, I'm all right.
If they go, I'm fucked.
Well, probably less so.
I started buying women's magazines. I
bought one recently, cos on the front cover

it said that some female celebrities had put weight on and they were now curvaceous. I thought, "Let's have a look and see how curvaceous they are. " So I flicked through and the fattest woman in there, it said that she had "ballooned". I repeat, she had "ballooned" to a size 12. Size 12. I'd give my right arm to be a size 12. My right arm might be a size 12! But in a moment of stupidity, I was letting it toy with me... be getting myself some thigh-high boots and sort of fishing for a compliment, I said to my sister, "Where would I get thigh-high boots that would fit my thighs?" And she said, "Well, trannies must get them from somewhere. " I've discovered the most horrific way you know you've put weight on. I don't think this is commonly known so I feel like I should spread the word. This happened to me in January, and it is genuinely upsetting. Where my boyfriend lives is a block of flats. Round the back of the block of flats is a car park. In order to get into the car park, you have to go through a barrier like an arm that lifts up... when it senses a car is near. I mean, I was carrying two big bags of shopping, but it still thought I was a Peugeot 206. But a friend of mine... Actually, I'm not going to call him that. It's not appropriate. I'll call him a male acquaintance. Let's do that. A male acquaintance of mine with whom I have never had a dalliance... said to me, "You know what,

if you lost a couple of stone... "

I said, "The rest of this better be a fucking equation. "

"If you lost a couple of stone, we could probably go out. "

I said, "Only if the couple of stone I lost was me fucking head. "

I was on holiday with my boyfriend last year and he lifted me up, like in a romantic fashion. And put me down again, obviously. Um, in a different place. Otherwise that would just be weird, wouldn't it?

Play the guess the weight of the lady stall at the fairground.

"Too fucking much!"

And when he put me back down, cos I'd been reading Jane Austen on holiday, I came over all sort of... Like I needed a fan.

And I said, "Was I, er... Was I very heavy?"

And he's supposed to follow the lead and say something along the lines of "Why, you weighed no more than a dry leaf. "

Well, he didn't.

He went "Manageable".

But I found recently that I'm not very good at relaxing. I get... I get quite wound up. I'm on the go all the time. I'm a bit of a workaholic, to be honest. And when I get in from work, wherever I've been, I'm rubbish at that winding down bit before you go to bed. I'm quite interested in how other people relax. Nice fella in the front. How do you relax when you get in from wherever you spend your days? Is there something that you do

to help you wind down?
Probably sit down, watch TV.
You sit down. That's a good start, isn't it?
Just sit down. "Oh, I'm relaxed. "
And you watch telly.
What time do you normally put the telly on?

- About 6:

- About 6:

Anything from 6:

quite good for a few hours, isn't it?
When I get in from work,
it could be anything from midnight

to 4:

So, unless I've remembered
to record something,
I'm stuck with...
fucking Babestation.
If you don't know what Babestation is,
it's a soft porn channel
where on the screen
is a relatively uneducated lady...
I'm guessing. And, er...
And she's on the phone
and across the bottom of the screen
is a telephone number that you can ring,
presumably to talk to her for sexual reasons.
Although I don't think there are
any rules that say you can't ring her up
and chuck her a couple of sums
and see how she gets on.
I'd probably just give her careers advice
cos I used to work for the job center.
"You're very good on the phones.
You could work for Orange.
"They're used to people
ringing up and moaning. "
So we've got telly watching
from the fella at the front. Thank you.
What about nice fella there
in the nice blue shirt?

- What would you do to relax?
- Take the dog for a walk.
Take the dog for a walk. So is it the exercise
or the fresh air or a combination of the two?
- Fresh air in London? Yeah...
- Fresh air in London? Oh, yes, I forgot.
Do you have to wear a little mask?
Do you?
No. Do you just go under a certain level
and then you're all right?
What time do you go walking with the dog?
Is it tea time?
Four o'clock.
- Tea time.
- Three o'clock.
Three o'clock. The specifics
aren't that important, love.
We'll come back to me in a minute,
don't worry.
Three o'clock in the...
So that's afternoon?
Cos I used to go...
Like years ago, I used to go running.
I know, fuck off,
it's hard to believe. Er...
It didn't last very long.
But I used to go... I used to go running
around the park but really early on.
There's a time,
there's a window that you can go.
Cos it has to be before everybody
gets up to go to work
cos they're the people
that point and laugh.
But after the dog walkers
cos they're always the ones
that find the bodies, aren't they?
It is, isn't it?
It's always that. It's always...
"Oh, found by a dog walker. "
Thank fuck I went out after them.
So I've got walking the dog.
What else do we do to relax?
Let's have people shouting out.

Self-gratification.

OK, do you just tell yourself you're brilliant or do you have a wank?

Cos I did a show, er...

I did a show in Birmingham, and I asked a man how he relaxed when he got in from work and he said one word.

The beginning of the word sounded happy

and midway through the word it just changed and sounded desperately sad.

I said, "How do you relax when you get in from work?"

And he went, "Masturbation".

I don't find that very relaxing. Er...

Am I sharing too much?

I don't find masturbation very relaxing cos I'm a bugger for multitasking.

I've been known

to put my tash cream on and go,

"I've got five minutes,

I'll have a quick... "

You make sure you don't

mix your hands up, though.

And, you know, you get it done on time, cos if you don't you can smell burning flesh.

Some people are genuinely appalled by that.

And other people are going,

"That's a really good idea. "

How do you relax?

Shout out different ways.

Wine.

It was a nonspecific amount as well.

"Wine. "

I don't really drink much.

Anybody like me who doesn't really drink?

- Yes.

- Oh, they sound so sad.

"We've gotta drive these fuckers home tonight. "

Are we big drinkers?

Cheer if you do like a drink.

See, I'm not a very good drinker.

I've had some quite bad experiences.

I once went out with a friend of mine.
She's lovely, but her husband's a bit iffy.
And... Yeah, we went out for a few drinks.
And the next day I was really ill.
And I rang her and I said,
"I've got no idea why I'm this ill. "
We'd only had like two glasses of wine.
And she said, "Oh, that'll be Dave.
He will have spiked your drink. "
I said "Really?" She said, "Oh, yeah,
he spiked mine once with speed.
"But I didn't mind so much
cos I got loads of hovering done. "
So you got telly, we've got drink,
and how else do we relax?
Knitting.
Yeah, where the fuck are you?
Where are you?
Knitting.
- I'm from Boldon.
- You're from Boldon. Hello.
This means nothing to them but hello.
Oh, OK.
So you knit. Do you just knit like a long...
I imagine it's just always scarves.
Or do you knit actual things that you can
force onto people as "presents"?
Socks.
And it does actually look like a sock.
Well done, lady.
That's what I'm doing.
Oh! Have you brought it in case
you were a little bit bored during the show?
"Cocks. She's talking about cocks again. "
So knitting is a good answer.
My friend said to me, "Have a bath.
It's a good way of relaxing. "
I thought, "That is quite a good idea. "
I normally have showers.
I think showers are more time-efficient.
But I still buy all the things
you put in the bath -
the lotions and potions
and the bath bombs, all that sort of stuff.

My bathroom looks like

I've ram-raided Lush.

The only time I ever have a bath is when I'm in a hotel, I'm on the road, maybe, and I'm in a hotel room.

I've got a bit of time to myself.

But I don't take my lotions

and my potions, cos you don't, do you?

Instead I'm stuck with time, but like an inch of shower gel/shampoo/fucking toothpaste.

With which I'm expected to wash a 12-stone woman.

I mean me.

I don't provide a service.

"Come on in, Brenda. Get on the scales.

"You're all right.

Go get your clothes off. "

So, my friend said, "Have a bath", so I had a bath and it was all right.

It was all right. But I thought,

"I bet I can make this better. "

So I had a cup of tea in the bath.

There's something really satisfying about being the same temperature on the inside as the outside.

I was in the bath the other day.

I had a cup of tea.

Had a bath bomb in.

We all know what a bath bomb is.

It just fizzes around and makes the water all smell nice and feel nice.

My boyfriend was walking past and I shouted him in and he said, "What's the matter?"

I said, "Doesn't it smell nice?"

He went, "It does smell nice. "

I said, "Feel my arm", and I lifted it out the water, "Feel that", and he went, "Ooh...

"slimy. "

So I relaxed for another 20 minutes and then it was time to get out the bath.

But I still had a bit of tea left.

And I thought, "I'm not going anywhere till I finish my tea. "

So I just pulled the plug

and let the water all drain out.
And I ended up sitting in an empty bath.
I felt a little bit beached.
But it wasn't altogether
a horrible experience.
Nobody was like spraying us with water
trying to keep us alive.
So I finished my tea
and as I stood up to get out the bath,
a tidal wave of water came from behind me.
I was totally confused.
I looked at the front and it was empty.
I looked behind, still about that much.
I had formed a seal around the bath
with my ass.
That wasn't very relaxing.
But I do sometimes
struggle sleeping as well.
Just occasionally, I have the odd bout of
insomnia, and I thought maybe I'll buy a CD,
and get these CDs that have got
soothing sounds and music on.
I thought I'd get one of those,
that might help us drift off to sleep.
I noticed Paul McKenna
has got a CD out, hasn't he?
I Can Make You Sleep.
He's a very confident man,
Paul McKenna, isn't he?
It's not "I'll give it a bash. "
I Can Make You Sleep.
He's also got I Can Make you Thin,
which I had thought about getting
cos it sounded like a challenge...
for him.
I Can Make You Thin.
Can you? Can you, Paul?
Bring it on, motherfucker.
He's also got I Can Make You Rich,
and I thought,
"I wonder if that's his happiness box set -
thin, rich, sleep, done. "
When I first started going out
with my boyfriend,

I was living in a flat where the boiler
was broken and it was freezing,
and he sent a text saying,
"If I was there,
"I would make you warm, I'd make you come
and I'd make you breakfast. "
And I thought,
"Now, that's a fucking box set, isn't it?"
I'm not suggesting that that should be
Paul McKenna's next box set.
I Can Make You Come.
Can you? Can you, Paul?
Oh! Fuck, he just did.
He's good. He's good.
I thought I was giving up smoking.
I do a lot of driving in this job.
I don't find driving very relaxing.
I get quite stressed behind the wheel
and I bought something that I thought
might help in certain situations.
And what I bought was a Shewee. Now...
Some of you know what it is.
If you don't know what a Shewee is,
it's a little funnel
ladies can use to have a wee standing up
without having to remove any clothing.
It's quite practical, quite functional.
Women use it for music festivals, or for
going walking or hiking or that sort of thing.
I bought it cos I got stuck in traffic.
I wasn't just like at the lights
for ages going,
"Come on. Come on.
Fuck it. I'm just gonna piss myself. "
No, I was driving on the M6
between Manchester and Birmingham
and a lorry jack-knifed and there's 150 cars
stuck for two and a half hours.
All the men got out of their cars,
they all had a chat with each other
and then they stood in a big, long line
on the hard shoulder and had a wee
and I was really jealous.
So I got in, ordered a Shewee.

It arrived. It's pink, obviously.
And I also bought an extension pipe.
Cos I thought if that ever happens again
and I get to wee
alongside the men on the hard shoulder,
wouldn't it be great if
I had the biggest cock?
"Is that all you've got, love?"
"Has anybody got a shoulder
I can rest mine on?"
But I'm quite practical like that.
I've only been driving a few years,
but when I first passed my test, my dad,
who I get my practical side from, said to me
"Right, the following things you should
always have in the boot of your car -
"you need a blanket,
"you need a flask,
"you need a shovel. "
And he's right, cos whenever
I've killed a man, I'm always parched.
But I am quite practical, I'm quite logical,
in some ways I've got quite a male brain,
and in other ways, I'm quite girlie
and quite feminine, quite emotional.
To be honest, I think
I'm a bit of a mishmash of the genders.
I mean in a personality way.
I don't mean like,
"I've got a bit of a
knobble I can't explain.
"Does yours look like that?"
My friend invited me round for tea.
She said, "Come to mine,
I'll cook all your favourite food. "
What a lovely thing to do,
so of course I went.
Couple of hours later, we're sitting
on the sofa putting the world to rights.
And she blurted out, just out of nowhere,
she blurted out,
"I don't think my lady parts look like
other girls' lady parts. "
What the fuck

am I supposed to do with that?
I realized the whole night had been a ploy.
Favourite foods, my ass.
"Come and look at my fanny. "
I said, "I'm not looking at it.
I'm not looking at it.
"But if you draw it on a bit of paper,
"I'll have a look at that. "
So she drew it on a bit of paper, and I drew
mine as well, and we compared them.
And they were very similar.
She seemed much happier.
She said mine was tidier.
I don't really know what that means.
But I know I definitely don't want to look
at hers now that I know that it's messy.
But it could have been worse
than drawing on paper.
I could have just put some paint on
and done a potato print.
Sometimes wouldn't
even need the paint. Oh!
But what I've been doing
with audiences is asking the ladies
what's best about being a woman,
and the men what's best about being a man.
And then working out whether
I'm more male or female
depending on you guys tonight.
It changes every night and it's fun for you,
but it's ever so slightly terrifying for me.
Let's get cracking. I'm gonna write
them down cos I've got an awful memory.
Let's get some ladies shouting out.
What do we think...
- Always being right!
- Fucking hell!
"Always being right. "
Where are you, love?
- Oh, there you are. Always being right.
- Yeah.
Wow. Are you in a relationship
at the minute?
- No.

- Yes.

You are? Is your partner
with you tonight?

- Yeah.

- Are you all right, love?

Yeah? Always being right is a good answer.

We need a couple more from the ladies.

Best thing about being a woman?

Free dinners!

Free dinners?

- Where are you?

- Cos blokes pay for them.

- Free dinners.

- Yeah.

OK.

- Who pays for the actual dinners?

- He does.

- The fella?

- Yeah.

OK.

They're not really free, though,
are they, love?

Ah!

Hope that pizza's worth it. Ah!

Oh! Wow. And one more for the ladies.

Best thing about being a woman?

- Nothing.

- Nothing?

Did you just shout out "nothing"?

Nobody's ever said that before.

Why don't you like being...

Are you, like,

due a big operation soon, love?

"I'm done, I've had enough.

"I'm gonna get a cock. "

Would you rather be a man?

- Maybe.

- Oh, you're not really sure?

So, you're not... OK, I'm just gonna put
"indecisive" down for you.

Maybe that fella will buy you a dinner.

- Then I would change my mind.

- Then you would change your mind?

Wow. Shallow as well.

Let's get some ladies shouting out.

What do you think the best thing
is about being a woman?

Tits.

Hello, lady.

"Tits!"

How long have you had them?

Quite a while.

I got mine when I left school.

I mean, that's when they grew.

I don't mean like, "You've done quite well
in your GCSEs. Have some tits. "

"Tits" is a good answer. Thank you.

And there was another lady shouted out.

Are you upstairs or downstairs?

The lady who shouted out something...

Oh, yeah, yeah, hello, love.

I just said that we're better at everything.

That's all.

- We're better at everything.

- Yes.

I love that. One woman went "Yeah!"

and the rest of you went "Oh, fuck. "

"It's gonna kick off now. "

Better at everything. Everything!

OK. Er, do any of the fellas wanna
shout out something that they think
they may be better than that lady at?

Everything.

Pissing through letterboxes.

Pissing through letterboxes.

We've got Sheweese.

We can fucking do that now.

Maybe you are right, lady. Well done!

And we need one more from the ladies.

Best thing about being a woman?

- Being psychic.

- Being psychic.

Oh, OK. Are you trained?

No. Are you in a relationship
at the moment?

Yes. Is this... Oh.

Oh, lovely... Hello, lovely lady.

Tell me, is your lovely lady psychic?

No, she's not, is she?
That's cos it's not real, is it?
The reason she's not
is cos it's not possible.
Er... What do you think
I'm thinking now about you?
That you've what?
Got nice glasses.
Er... Well, OK.
Let's go with that to make her feel better
about herself.
"That I've got nice glasses. "
That's brilliant.
No, that you're a loon
is what I was thinking.
Whatever. OK, let's get some fellas.
Nice fella here.
You're quite young. How old are you?
- I'm 23.
- Twenty-three.
What do you think is the best thing
about being a man, love?
- Saturday football.
- Saturday football.
- Do you play football or is it watching?
- Watching.
Is it gonna kick off if you say
who you support? Will it kick off?
No, it should be all right.
Should be all right. Are we ready?
- Who do you support, love?
- I'm an Arsenal fan.
I've had this answer before
and I said to this fella...
He said football and I said,
"Will it kick off?"
And he said, "I don't know. "
And it was exciting and the whole room
was tense and it was in Liverpool,
the sort of place
where it might well divide opinion.
And he went, "Hull!"
And everybody in the room went, "Who?"
Watching football is a good answer.

Thank you very much.

Let's get more fellas. The fella who shouted out about pissing through letter boxes.

- Is that your answer?

- Yeah, that's it. Nothing else.

Nothing else? The best thing about

being a man. "That's it, done. "

"Pissing through letter boxes. "

I've got a Shewee now.

I'm definitely gonna have a go at that.

There was a... A bloke said the best thing about being a man was peeing standing up.

I said to him, "Where's the weirdest place you've had a wee?"

And I was doing this, and he went,

"In a water bottle on a stage once. "

Oh, OK. Let's put that back.

I'm very thirsty. It'll be champion.

So, thank you very much, fella.

Let's get some more fellas,

best thing about being a bloke?

Not being a woman.

Is that you up there, fella?

What did...

Somebody said... Was it you?

"Not being a woman?"

What do you think you'd hate about being a woman?

Not being able to wee

at the side of the road.

Yes, you just take things that have been said before and pass them off as your own, love.

What would you hate about being a woman?

Not being right.

Not being right?

It's gone from being quite a nice answer to, like, a rally, hasn't it?

Bless him. She's... Yeah.

She's just doing that "I'm sorry" face.

"I'm sorry. I have this all the time.

He's a dick, I cannot help it. "

Well done, lady,

for putting up with that shite.

You've taken him off the street so we

don't have to go out with him, well done.
We had another fella shout out,
but I didn't quite hear it.

Orgasms.

That's the best thing about being a man?

One at a time.

That's like, "Do you want
that whole packet of biscuits?"

"I'm happy with one biscuit.

"I'll come back to you in about half an hour
and I'll try for another biscuit. "

His wife's going "Ah, ah.

"It's fine, I can feed myself, love. "

I've never made a parallel between
orgasms and biscuits, but I like it.

Thank you very much.

Let's get some fellas shouting out.

Best thing about being a bloke?

- Not having a vagina.

- "Not having a vagina. "

Ooh.

I think some of the men
are disagreeing with you.

Which is quite an odd turn of events.

Not having a vagina.

I feel... You're so against vaginas, sir,

I feel like, you know,

somebody should rub one in your face

before the end of the show.

It's not gonna be me. Fuck off.

I've got knickers on that go up to my bra.

It would take too long.

When was the last time you saw one?

Like, on the way out. Yeah.

Was it on the way out? Maybe...

- About 14?

- Yeah.

That was when you were born? No.

That was when you last looked at one.

- OK.

- I have seen them on TV...

You've seen them on TV?

As far as I'm aware, you have to sort of
seek them out on telly, don't you?

I don't think it just pops up
in the middle of, like, Crimewatch.
Maybe it does.
You've seen them on TV?
Is your reaction much like whenever I do
a joke about vaginas and you do that, "Oh!"
Is it the same then?
Do the noise that you do
whenever you see a cock.
What was that he... There was no noise.
He just... He got so excited.
No noise came out.
It was almost an intake of breath,
wasn't it?
Rather than a noise like a...
Like that?
Like when I see a big cake
and nobody around.
Not having a vagina.
Thank you very much.
Let's get two more fellas shouting out
best thing about being a bloke.
- Reverse parking.
- Who said that?
It's, like, three men clapping.
"Reverse parking. "
Reverse... Let's test him.
Shall we test him?
There's a lady in the front.
"Yes. Test him. "
Reverse parking.
How long you been driving, love?
About 30 years.
30 years. It was easier then, though.
It was like horses and carts and that.
And can you... Let's test him.
Can you... Can you reverse,
like, in first time?
- Mostly, yes.
- Mostly. Oh, at least he's honest. Mostly.
Er... And can you...
Er, let's have a think, what else?
Can you reverse around a corner?
- Yes.

- Fuck!

Have you got any points on your license?

No.

Yes!

Ooh!

Relationships stand for fuck all

when it's men against women,

have you noticed?

"Yes, he has. "

Officially my favourite answer now.

What did you say, love?

Three points for speeding

while rushing to help an old lady.

While you were rushing to help the old lady,

you could have killed her friend.

That would have been funny. Well...

In hindsight. Maybe it's not at the time.

Thank you very much for your answer.

- Best thing about being a bloke?

- No periods.

"No periods. "

Oh!

Well, the women all hate you.

That's a good answer.

Let's get some more fellas shouting out.

Best thing about being a bloke?

- Having a beard.

- Having a beard!

Having a... Er, is that laziness

or do you like the way it looks?

- Feels.

- Feels? You like the way it...

Do you just sit at home

and just...

OK. I do this when I'm driving. People pick

their nose when they're at traffic lights,

I do what I call feeling for beard.

So I do that.

Fuck, I've got one! I've got one! Fuck!

Let's get some more fellas.

Best thing about being a bloke?

- Grindr.

- Grindr.

Ooh, there was one clap.

You might have found a mate.
Do you want to explain to those
who don't know what Grindr is?
It's all right.
Is that an app where you can find
a gay man, is that right?
- Yes.
- Excellent. OK.
It's good that there was
one other clap, though, isn't it?
I feel like he might have
found somebody tonight.
But chances are you probably already
knew where he was
and had sussed him out
and decided you didn't fucking like him.
We've got more for the blokes.
We need another one from the ladies.
- Best thing about being a woman?
- Multiple orgasms.
Multiple orgasms.
A small pocket of women are clapping
and some of the men are going... "What?
"Do you mean, like,
Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday?
"January, February, March.
"2009, 2010... "
Multiple orgasms. Okeydokey.
Now let's work out whether
I'm more male or more female.
This is ever so slightly terrifying.
"Always being right. "
I don't think that applies to me.
"Free dinners. "
Fuck, no, I've got self-respect. Er...
Tits. I'm with you all the way, love.
So I'm gonna tick tits.
Sounds good. I like that. Tick tits.
I don't think we're better at everything.
"Not having a vagina. " Well, I do.
So I can't tick that one.
And reverse parking.
Sometimes I get it in first time and
I'm genuinely surprised when that happens.

Nobody more surprised than me.
I just pull in and go, "Ooh, it worked!"
So I can't tick that one.
And I can't tick "No periods. "
I clearly can't.
I don't mean clearly. Oh, uh...
I mean, I have periods,
but it's not... Is it? No.
If I walk ahead will you
check the back of my skirt?
And yeah, "Multiple orgasms. "
Tick. I can now piss through a letter box.
Awesome.
"Watching football. " I'm not interested
in football so that doesn't apply to me.
And Grindr wouldn't really help me
an awful lot, I don't think.
Beard. I'm going to tick that as well.
It's like a part-time job
keeping on top of mine.
You're laughing, but it's my life.
So, I am one, two parts woman and...
Oh, no! Two parts man.
I feel like I should show you
at least a bollock.
I'll tell you my favourite answers.
My favourite girl answer.
She wasn't even a woman, she was a girl.
She was 16.
And she said,
"The best thing about being a woman,
"we can look at boobs whenever we like. "
It was a good answer. She said, "Well, men
have to earn the right to look at your boobs. "
I thought she seemed awfully young
to know about such things.
I said, "Give us an example of something
a man would have to do
"to earn the right to look at your boobs. "
And she quite simply said,
"They have to be nice. "
- Aw.
- And it was a lovely moment,
but loads of the women in the room went,

"Oh, my God! She's right.
"We've been showing our boobs
too bad men for years. "
My favourite male answer is a man said,
"The best thing about being a man
is dicking things. "
I had to have this explained to me.
I didn't know what it was.
Dicking things is the act
of hitting things with your dick.
Two days after I met him...
.. I met a lovely lady, and she said,
"Do you remember the man
who said 'dicking things'?"
And I said "Yes".
She said, "Well, he's my fianc. "
I said, "Did you know
about the dicking things?"
"No. "
She said she had to go over
all the surfaces with a Flash wipe.
I've only been doing stand-up
for about six years.
And before that, my life was
quite substantially different.
I was married
and I had a job that I hated so much,
I used to try and get knocked over
on the way in.
I wasn't suicidal.
Just a couple of ribs or a leg.
Well, like I say,
my life is quite different now.
I spent some time with my sister recently
and she said, "You've changed. "
Ooh! You know that voice
that they put on.
The big-sister voice, that even though at 35
and 41 still frightens the shit out of us.
"You've changed. "
I said, "How have I changed?"
She said, "You never used to eat peas
when you lived with us. "
That's the kind of crazy lifestyle

she thinks I've got now.
I always get free peas everywhere I go.
Obviously, we stay in hotels.
When you're on the road,
you stay in hotels
and normally quite reasonable ones,
but sometimes I get put in quite posh ones.
People put me...
I've never... I've never been
in a hotel room before that had a bidet.
Has anybody else... Give us a cheer
if you've had a go on a bidet.
Where the fuck have I been?
- Has anybody got one at home?
- Yeah.
Shut up! Who's got one at home?
The knitter.
You've got two bidets?
Are they, like, side by side, so you can,
you know, at the same time?
Well, we bought the house
from some Italians.
Oh, well, that explains it all
if you bought the house from some Italians.
Well known for their dirty bits.
You've got an upstairs bidet
and a downstairs bidet?
That's amazing.
Maybe you can answer this question, then.
Cos I've never been on a bidet before.
I know, I'm 35. Shut up.
I said, "I'll have a go. "
I had a bit of time. Uh...
But there aren't any instructions
and I didn't really know how it worked.
Maybe you can answer this question.
Am I supposed to face the wall?
No. Is that not right?
I didn't know. Is that not right? No.
I didn't know, but like I say,
I had a bit of time so I tried it both ways.
One way it was all right.
The other way it was bloody lovely.
By the time I'd finished

you could eat your dinner off it.
Of course, I had to go back on then
cos it'd be covered in gravy.
We don't have bidets where I'm from.
Just have damp flannels.
But I'm never gonna get a bidet.
I've got a flat with four rooms.
I'm never going to get something that
takes up so much space that I'd rarely use.
Having said that,
I have still got a cooker.
I'm not very good in the kitchen.
I know where it is,
cos that's where the biscuits are.
I couldn't remember the verb "to cook"
the other day
and I rang me boyfriend and said,
"I've just ovened a pie. "
But Jamie Oliver's got these
30-minute meals now, hasn't he?
30-minute meals, bless him. He still thinks
we've got half an hour to do the tea.
30-minute meals,
nothing to boast about.
I can do a good spaghetti Bolognese
in four minutes on high.
In 30 minutes, I expect to have ovened it,
eaten it, fucking shat it out by then.
I tend not to see my friends of an evening,
cos I work most nights.
So I see my friends,
we go out for lunch.
I really like going out for lunch
with my friends.
Went out with one of my friends...
She's lovely, but she's bit of a moaner.
Went out for a nice meal,
she complained about the food,
so we had to send the food back,
and I made some hilarious remark
about how the chef's now gonna
go and wank in our soup.
She came out with the best answer ever.
She just went, "Oh, good.

I haven't had sex in ages. "
Now, surely she doesn't think
that merely ingesting spunk...
is the same as having actual sex.
If only it was that straightforward
when you can't really be bothered.
"Just bung it in a smoothie.
I'll have it later on. "
Could be one of my five a day.
I took my mam, dad and my sister
out for a nice meal just before Christmas.
And midway through the meal,
my mam said,
"When me and your dad go,
we're gonna go together. "
I said, "What are we talking about now?"
"When me and your dad go,
we're gonna go together. "
I said, "Are you talking about
a suicide pact?"
And she went,
"No. We're not gonna call it that. "
So, I sort of did the "What the fuck?" face
at my sister. The...
And she quite calmly just said,
"As long as they leave me
a letter explaining it,
"cos I'm not gonna go to prison for them. "
Just getting steadily worse.
So I looked at my dad, cos my dad's
like the voice of reason in our family.
And I said,
"What do you think about this?"
And he went, "First I've heard of it. "
He did look genuinely gutted as well.
Like he had massive plans for what
he's gonna do after my mam had died.
When I was in Australia
I missed my family terribly
and I used to Skype them once a week.
You know Skype where you can see
each other through your computers?
It makes home feel closer, I think,
if you can see people's faces

as well as hear their voices.
They'd sit around their computer -
Mam, Dad, my sister -
in a semi-circle, once a week.
And at the end of every call,
- they'd lean in and kiss the webcam.
- Aw.
Which was lovely,
but terrifying the first time it happened.
Ahhh!
I know my sister knows about computers.
I know my dad used to work
with computers,
but I'm pretty sure my mam
doesn't really know how it works.
I know that she definitely doesn't know
that I can still see her face
even when I'm not talking to her.
Cos I'd talk to my mam, then I'd move on
to my sister, and I'd go, "How's work?"
And my mam would do this.
I used to Skype my boyfriend as well
and I Skyped him every day.
And I work, you know, away from...
There'll be people in this room tonight
who work away from home,
and I don't think it gets any easier
the more you do it.
I was in Australia for six weeks
and midway through
I just got quite flat and quite sad,
and just really wanted to go home.
And on one of those days,
when I rang my boyfriend,
when his face came up on the screen
there was such a well of emotion in here,
that the first thing I said to him
wasn't hello.
The first thing I said was,
"You're too far away. "
- Aw!
- So he moved the webcam.
I didn't have the heart to tell him
I meant geographically.

He just got the laptop and went like that.

"Is that better, love?"

Bless him.

But whenever I spend time with my sister,
we always go shopping.

Cos my sister's a really
good influence on me.

For example, if I buy make-up

I always buy cheap make-up.

Cos if I buy cheap make-up,

I can buy more make-up.

That's how my mind works.

My friend said to me the other day,

"I like that glittery eyeliner you've
got on. Where did you get that from?"

I said, "It's from ASDA."

She said, "Really?"

I said, "Yeah". I said, "It smarts a bit,
but it was only four pound. "

But my sister said, "Why don't we just buy
one thing that's good quality,

"a bit more expensive and will last?"

I said, "That's a good idea. "

So I bought a blusher.

And you know how make-up,
all the colours have names these days.

My blusher's called "Orgasm".

I said, "Why does it
have to be called Orgasm?"

Why can't it just be fucking peach?

I mean, "Peach".

Would be more fun if make-up
was swearier, though, wouldn't it?

- I like your nail varnish. - Thanks
very much, it's called Shitting Red.

My sister was determined to embarrass me
in front of our parents.

And she went,

"Tell Dad what your blusher's called. "

"No. "

"Tell Dad what your blusher's called. "

"No. "

I said, "Look, we're 35 and 41.

"Are you really going to

reduce us to children?"
And she went,
"Tell Dad what your blusher's called. "
I said, "Right, shut up. I'll tell him. "
So I said, "Dad... " You gotta
limber up for this kind of conversation.
I said, "Dad. " He went, "Uh-huh. "
I went, "My blusher... "
"My blusher's called Orgasm. " And he
thought he'd do a funny joke and he said,
"When you put it on does it make
your face do this?" And I went, "Whoa!"
"Whatever you're about to do,
you must never do when I am there. "
God!
I do... I like going shopping,
but I don't find shopping very relaxing.
What normally happens is
I go in a shop that I like,
I try on some clothes that I like.
Most of them won't fit,
and I walk out shouting something
along the lines of,
"Oh, so I'm an 18 in here?
Well, fuck off. "
And then I have to go and buy a handbag
to calm down.
Cos you're never too fat for a handbag.
Although these days they've got those ones
that have just got the short straps
and they just go right under your arm.
I think it's just a matter of time before
I have to get buttered out of a handbag.
And I know what I'm talking about as well,
cos I was once cut out
of a dress in Monsoon.
That wasn't my favourite day.
The lady said, "I'll just go
and get the scissors."
"Why are you crying?"
"Cos I'm gonna have to wear this dress
for the rest of my natural life
"and I don't even know
if I fucking like it. "

I've been buying myself
new knickers recently.
Whenever I buy knickers,
I always buy daft knickers.
So they've always got like
cakes or cats or stars or hearts
or slogans, that sort of thing.
Generally from a supermarket,
occasionally from Marks and Spencer's
if they've got an offer on.
Three for a tenner, try and fucking stop us.
One of the supermarkets has recently
had a range of superhero knickers.
And they're awesome.
And I've got enough pairs now that
I can be invincible for five days in a row.
I rang my sister cos I thought
she'll want to know about these.
She said, "What sort of thing
have they got on?"
And I said, "I've got some with Wonder
Woman on and some with She-Ra on. "
And there was a little pause,
and she went, "The footballer?"
I love that she thinks I've got knickers
with Alan Shearer's face on.
I love a slogan on a knicker.
I love a slogan on a knicker.
Erm... The best slogan I ever had,
it said, "I'd do anything for love. "
And on the back, "But I won't do that. "
I mean, it was written on in Biro,
but still.
I went into Marks and Spencer's recently
to try some clothes on.
And the same thing happens that always
happens when you try clothes on in there.
The lady took the clothes off us
that I wanted to try on,
she hung them on the rail,
she gave us the tag,
she swished the curtain.
All very normal so far.
But as she swished the curtain,

her parting shot.
She said, "Just give us a shout
if you need any bigger sizes. "
Whoa.
So I swished it back just as quickly
and went,
"I think you'll find you mean 'different',
you bitch. "
While I was in Marks,
I went to the lingerie department.
In the lingerie department
they had a stretchy, lacy,
all-in-one kind of body
stocking type of thing.
Presumably for sort of sexy time.
I can't imagine any actual practical use.
Maybe straining vegetables.
And on the bottom of the packaging, it said,
"One size fits most. "
That clearly used to say, "Fits all".
You gotta pity the poor woman
who had to go in and go,
"You need to change
your packaging, pet.
"It doesn't fit all.
"It's still on one leg. "
But I told you I don't have children.
Give us a cheer if you have got kids.
And if you haven't.
More energy, I like it.
I don't have children, and it's by choice.
I just don't really like them.
I've never been very maternal.
Apart from the tiny kittens.
There's a reason right there.
Shouldn't have fucking kids.
"I'm sorry, it just popped. "
I think if you ask any woman who doesn't
have kids what would worry them
about having kids,
the answer would be childbirth.
It's a reasonable thing to worry about
cos what you're basically doing
is you're forcing a person out.

That's what you're doing,
you're... forcing a person out.
I've never forced a person out.
I've forced a couple in.
With a shoehorn.
No, it was just my thumb.
One of the reasons
I'm not very good with kids,
I was never around them as a child.
I was always the youngest.
My mam had my sister, then she had me,
then she had her tubes tied.
When she went to the hospital
the nurse said, "Are you sure?"
She said, "Yeah, we only wanted two.
We got two.
"We'd like to go ahead with the procedure. "
And the nurse said,
"What if one of them dies?"
And my mam was like,
"It's not like I just want any two. "
"Well, we've got a set of bunk beds.
It seems a shame to waste one. "
I do have friends who are mothers. Mothers
do a brilliant job, don't get me wrong.
But the kind of mothers that I don't like,
and we all know one of these,
are the mothers
who have four or five children,
and who think that you don't know
how to do anything
because you don't have kids.
It can be the simplest of tasks,
you know the sort of thing, sort of,
"Well, I mean,
I know how to open a tin of beans,
"cos I've got children.
"Don't know how'd you know
how to open a tin of beans,
"cos you don't have children, do you?
"No. Aw!"
"But I could probably open a tin of beans
with my fanny, but I bet you fucking couldn't.
"With the ring pull as well. "

I say that so you don't think
I've got a big jaggedy fanny.
I was in the shop and this little boy
came running over,
maybe about five-year-old, came over, put
his hand in mine and shouted, "Mummy!"
And I thought, "Ooh, I sometimes forget
my keys, but I think I'd remember that. "
Then his dad came over.
I thought, "I wonder if this is like
the best chat-up line ever. "
And his dad's gonna go,
"No, no. That's not your mummy.
"Remember your mummy left us
cos my willy's too big. "
I had to go to family planning
just before Christmas.
Oh, my God! I was the oldest by 20 years.
I was mortified!
And the lady said, "Do you want
some free condoms while you're here?"
And I thought, "Out for nowt. "
Just before Christmas, probably use them
as stocking fillers or something.
And she said,
"Would you like flavoured ones?"
And I thought, "You bugger, this is
advanced compared to when I used to go. "
And I said, "Look, love, I'm 35.
"The only flavor I'd want a condom
to taste of is cock. "
Apparently they don't do those.
So I had to settle for
the two most popular lines,
which were Lambrini and Greggs pasties.
Told you there'd be some cock ones
coming round for you, flower.
Let me ask you guys a question.
Shout out, anybody in the room
who's ever broken anything during sex.
Takes a bit of settling in.
Yeah. You broke something?
- Where are you?
- Lamp.

- A lamp or a lamb?

- A lamp.

Where are you, love?

There you are. Hello, love.

It was a lamp. What kind of lamp?

It had a, like, ceramic base to it.

Ooh, a ceramic base.

Oh. And did it just... Was it, like, movement and it just toppled off or...

- Yeah, pretty much.

- Pretty much.

- Did anybody get hurt or was it all right?

- No, it was all fine.

It was all right. So, we've got a lamp/lamb from the lady over there.

Lamp is a good answer.

Thank you very much.

- What else have we got?

- Bed.

A bed. Where are you, love?

Hello, flower. Up there.

And you broke the bed. Was it fixable or did you have to buy a new one?

- We got a new one.

- You got a new one?

OK. There's lots of giggling going on there.

Is it... Let's have a look.

Is it the partner that you're with?

Well, I mean, sorry,

but if you sit in couples like that I'm gonna make assumptions about you, flower.

Er, so it's this lady here, the one that's looking desperately like she wishes she wasn't here.

So, did you insist on the new bed?

Was it a chance to get a new bed?

It was at uni and the landlord said I had to buy a new bed.

It was at uni and the landlord said you had to buy a new bed.

Did he come in and inspect it?

Did you lose your bond?

It's what happens, isn't it,
when you fuck a bed to death.
Something's gonna have to go.
Was anybody hurt or was it all all right?
It was fine. So, we've got a bed,
thank you very much, couple,
who love sitting next to each other
so much.
So, we've got a bed
and we've got a lamp.
- What else have we got?
- Dessert table.
A dinner table? Who said a dinner table?
- Dessert table.
- A bird table?
Were you the bird on the table?
- What did you say? Shout louder.
- I said dessert table.
A dessert table?
All of my tables are dessert tables.
I'm just guessing, but are you quite posh?
"Er, this is for the bruschetta.
"Then we move over here and we've got... "
I don't know, sausage and mash?
Don't know.
Er... I can't even think of
a posh main course.
Did you say coq au vin?
Fucking surprise!
He's got it on the fucking brain!
Do you really have a table
just for desserts?
- Yes?
- No. We worked in a restaurant.
Oh, you worked in a restaurant.
So you're really not posh. No.
And was it... Did it have...
Why were you having sex at work?
I like that there's at least
60 per cent of the room going,
"My sex life is rubbish. "
So, was the restaurant still open?
Were people, like, trying to get the jelly
and ice cream from round you, and that?

We were under the dessert table.
Under the dessert table.
Don't I feel like a proper tit now.
See, if it was me, I'd probably... I'd want
to be in, like, writhing in amongst it.
And then I'd just go, "You know what, fella,
I don't really need you. "
Oh, crme brle!
See, I thought of a posh pudding. Yes!
Did you get caught?
No. Well, now everybody knows
cos it's on a DVD, isn't it?
"I think I used to work
in Nando's with her. "
Dessert table is a good answer.
Thank you very much, love.
What else have we got?
Rear-view mirror.
- A what?
- A rear-view mirror.
A rear-view mirror.
OK, there's lots of questions here. Erm...
Hello, by the way.
- Er... was the car moving?
- No.
No, OK, that's safety first.
Gotta get that out of the way.
Was it knocked off with an ass,
by any chance?
- I think so, yeah.
- You think so.
Did you not notice till you were
trying to drive away?
"There's something not right.
No, it's not the spunk in my hair, it's...
"That's normal. It's Tuesday.
"Can't seem to see behind me. "
"You've still got it
in the cleft of your ass, love. "
Now, just... Did it shear off
or just unclick?
Because you can slot them back in,
can't you? Apparently. Shut up.
- Did it?

- It was quite an old car. It just came off.

It was quite an old car.

Oh, yeah, classy, aren't you?

Having sex in an old car.

- Well done! Was it through the day?

- No!

No, no, obviously.

Look, you're like, "What do you think I am, some kind of monster?"

Anybody else... You know how everybody talks about dogging and everything, and I don't know anybody who does it. Maybe I do.

But every time I see two cars together, I just go, "Dogging".

Just automatically.

One of them sometimes is an RAC van.

"Dogging. "

No, they're not.

So, a rear-view mirror is a very good answer. Thank you, flower.

- Have we got anybody else?

- Blood vessels.

Blood vessels.

We've gone all the way from lamp to blood vessels.

Er...

Where were the blood vessels?

Laying there as you do,

I thought he was dribbling on me.

You thought he was dribbling on you.

We need to know the rest otherwise I'll not sleep.

Just put your fingers in your ears if you're already feeling a bit sick.

We've all... Did you just say "You've all been there"?

Then there was a bit too much dribble.

Too much dribble.

It's a telltale sign, pet.

Turned the lamp on

and looked like a butcher's slab.

You turned the lamp on

and he looked like a butcher's slab.

You looked like a butcher's slab.
He was champion.
He was ready for the next go.
- Passion killer.
- So...
Yes, it would be a passion killer.
If it wasn't a passion killer,
there's something wrong with you.
So, you didn't actually work out
where the blood came from?
- It was his nose.
- Oh, it was his nose.
It could have been a lot worse. Probably
the most painful one I've had so far,
- a man said he'd broken his banjo string.
- Ohhh!
It's about cocks. You should like this one.
Snapping them and that. No.
If you don't know what a banjo string is,
you should just google it when you get in.
I'm not gonna tell you, I'm not your mam.
Ew! Shouldn't be your mam
that ever tells you that.
"Now, things you need to know.
What can snap on a cock?"
I love that noise
when you say "banjo string",
and a lot of people in the room
know what it is,
and other people are going,
"Why was he playing a banjo?"
"I don't get it.
Doesn't sound very sexy to me.
"It's not a sexy instrument. "
Thank you very much for that, flower.
God, I hope everybody is all right now.
Jesus Christ.
There was a man, actually...
I did a show and a man shouted out
that he'd broken his foot during sex.
And I said,
"Did you carry on or did you stop?"
And he said, "Carried on. "
And I recognised his accent.

He was a Geordie.
And I thought he probably didn't even
put his fucking pie down.
It's a very personal question
and I am grateful to those of you
who did join in, thank you very much.
What sometimes happens is people go,
"I won't tell her in front of all those people,
but I'll send her an email when I get in. "
And I'm like,
"Ooh, I've got an email. Oh! Oh!"
Although I have got a man who, er...
a man who sorts my website out.
So, he actually filters my emails.
Mainly because I'm not very technical,
but also...
Because for a while I was getting loads
of pictures of men's cocks just sent to me.
And now he can print them off
so I can put them on the wall.
Just as a border. It's not too much.
"Would you like to sleep in the cock room
this evening?"
But probably my...
Probably the best one
that I've ever had by email,
a lady said she'd broken a man's pelvis.
Yeah, it was a one-night stand,
she was on top. He was screaming.
She thought he was
having a marvellous time.
But my favourite one in a show,
a lady said she'd broken a man's spirit.
Think we've all done that
from time to time.
I broke my vibrator once.
That counts, right?
And normally when I break things,
I give them to my dad to fix.
I cannot do that.
So I just whacked it off the bedside cabinet
and got it going again!
It's not really a joke, that one.
It's just a tip for the ladies.

I told you I live on my own.
My boyfriend also lives on his own.
Some people think that's quite odd
that we've been together a few years
and we don't live together.
We feel like
we've got the best of both worlds,
because we have a few days a week
together and a few days a week apart.
And it's sort of ideal.
There was a time that he moved in with me
for three months
because he was between flats
and it made sense.
And I was fine with it
because there was an end date.
I'm a bit stuck in my ways.
"I love you, but bye!"
And while he was at mine
for those three months
I worked away for a week,
and when I came back
some things had changed in my flat.
And I said, "Er, love, erm...
"er... one of the towels
smells of bums.
"You got any idea what that might be?"
Without even thinking, he just went,
"That will be my bum towel. "
So when he did eventually move out,
as a housewarming present
I brought him a small, brown hand towel.
It's good because it's brown.
He doesn't have to wash it.
He can just crack it and use it again.
But his mam came round to his flat...
His mam's lovely.
She came round to his flat and she said,
"Got you a new duvet set. "
He said, "I don't need a new duvet set. "
She said, "You have one you just wash and
put back on. This way you'll have a change. "
He said, "That's lovely,
thank you very much. "

So, she put it on and it was lovely.
It was all patterned, sort of matching.
It was really nice.
It was a little bit flowery for him,
just a little bit flowery for him.
And he went to have a look
and he didn't want to hurt her feelings.
He came back out and he went,
"She's made my bed gay. "
I said, "No, love, just cos it hasn't got
spunk and dinner on it doesn't make it gay. "
"Clean, that's the word you're looking for.
It's clean. "
And his mam had overheard
and she came in and she said,
"It's not a gay bed. If it was a gay bed,
there'd be shackles. "
What DVDs has she been fucking
watching?
But he is a lovely man. He's lovely.
We were in bed the other day
and he got quite animated. And, er...
And he shouted out "Feel how hard that is!"
And I thought, "You bugger, it's Tuesday,
we didn't have this booked in. "
Turns out he was talking about
the skin on his feet.
I thought about taking him to one of those
places that are popping up all over,
where it's got a tank with a fish in
and you put your feet in,
and the fish nibble at the hard skin.
I thought about taking him to one.
I cannot do that.
The poor little fish.
They'll think he's got fucking shoes on.
I'm just gonna take him
to a blacksmith instead.
But he's the nicest person I've ever met.
He's a genuinely good man.
And in January this year, I said to him,
"I think it's about time
we started talking about the future. "
And that's what I expected from him,

like an awkward silence.
Maybe some footsteps
as he walked the fuck out of my life.
But he didn't. He just smiled.
Just really like a beaming grin.
And I was really touched and I thought,
"Oh, my God!
He wants to spend his future with me.
"Yay!"
And I said, "Are you sure you're all right
talking about the future?"
And he went,
"What? Like flying cars and that?"
But I've never cheated on a boyfriend
and I never would.
But I think I've found
the acceptable face of adultery.
I was sitting on a train,
on the aisle seat, and a blind man got on.
And he was using the tops of the chairs as
sort of leverage to get along the carriage.
And at one point the train wobbled
and he lost his balance.
And he put one hand firmly on my boob.
And I let him.
I even crossed over
for when he came back from the loo!
But we've started sort of spicing things up
in the bedroom.
There's different ways you can do this,
as I'm sure you know.
The first way is you can have a shower.
Nice couple here at the front.
Have you ever had a shower together?
Oh! He thinks he might
and she doesn't.
Because the first thing I said to my fella,
I said, "You know what?"
He was going in the shower and I said,
"Maybe you'd like some company?"
And he said, "Just give us five minutes
till I've washed my ass. "
But whenever we have a shower,
it always starts off really well,

and then halfway through I realise,
"This is just cleaning now, isn't it?
"There's nothing sexy going on any more. "
It's when he says the words "Arms up. "
But he is very thorough.
Other things you can do...
You can get dressed up.
Got a nice couple in the middle.
Fella, have you ever dressed up,
like in an outfit? No, you haven't.
How old are you guys?
I'm 38.
Thirty-eight. See I asked a couple
much older than you guys,
so late sixties, early seventies.
And you can always tell
when a couple have been together too long.
They had that sort of empty, sad,
hollow expression.
And the way you can tell is when you ask
them how long they've been together,
and before they do a number,
they always do a little horse impression.
So, you go, "How long have you two
been together?" And they go...
"30 years, 40 years. Fuck knows. "
So I asked the old man, "Have you ever
dressed up in an outfit or a uniform for sex?"
And he went "No. "
I looked at his good lady and I said,
"Is there anything you'd like him
to wear in bed?"
And she went "A shroud. "
But I also asked a young lad,
much younger than you, sort of 16 or 17...
I shouldn't have been talking
to a 16-year-old boy about sex.
But I just thought it would give us
something to rub my button to later on.
Does everybody...
People know what that is, don't they?
People have different names for it. My
friend said, "What's rubbing your button?"
And I had to do a little action.

And she said,
"Ah, you mean checking your lettuce. "
Don't know what that is.
But this young lad, 16-year-old,
of course he'd never dressed up for sex.
Just having sex is excellent.
But I asked him if he got dressed up,
what would he dress up as?
And he went, "Fireman. Fireman...
"Ooh, ooh, Spider-Man! Spider-Man!"
"We're not talking about sex any more,
it's just pyjamas. "
I was gonna say that I've dressed up, but
I haven't really. It's slightly different.
I was once on top and he tried to put a sock
on one of my boobs.
It's not the same thing, is it?
No girl ever wants to hear that her boobs
are lovely and long.
And it stayed on as well. And I wasn't sure
whether to be pleased or not.
Other things you can do.
You can use food.
Let's get... What about...
Fella on the end, what kind of food
you think you could use in sex?
- Ice cream.
- Ice cream is a good answer.
What about nice fella in the nice shirt,
what kind of food you think?
- Chocolate.
- Chocolate!
Did somebody shout cucumber?
Ice cream and chocolate.
And what about nice fella here?
What kind of food you think to use in sex?
Absolutely no idea.
Oh, look at his wife's face.
To be honest, she looks quite happy,
like they haven't even needed that.
"We haven't got to that stage that you're at
with your boyfriend of five years". Fuck off!
I like asking fellas, cos fellas come out
with a variety of interesting answers.

No offence to the ladies,
but ladies always say chocolate.
Chocolate sauce...
Fucking hell!
Put a Twix up there, whatever.
As long as I can have
a chocolate bag afterwards.
I asked a man recently
what kind of food he had used in sex.
And he said noodles.
I've had a bloke say chips
and a bloke say curry.
I think men are picking things they're
probably gonna have for their tea anyway.
Just using their partners as plates.
But I asked an old man,
an old man in his eighties.
I said, "What food do you think
would be good to use?"
He said ice cream. And ice cream's
a good sort of classic answer.
But it wasn't so much the answer he gave
as the noise he made while he was thinking.
Because he went like this...
What was he thinking
while he did that noise?
"What goes well with vagina?"
"Ice cream!"
My favourite answer
was a guy who just said cream.
But he went like that...
Like squirty.
I thought, "Well, obviously,
you're not just gonna spoon it at her,
"hope she catches it
in all the right places. "
Then he went like this,
he went, "Pack her full. "
Oh!
I'm so glad that you're as horrified
as I was!
"Pack her full. "
To be fair, he was a plasterer.
"Just smooth that over. Not getting

any more bother from that crack. "

But the last thing you can do is dirty talk.
We thought we'd give it a go.
We've never done it to previous partners.
We thought we'd give it a go.
And I said, "Well, I'll start off. "

Because I'm, you know,
an independent woman.
I didn't do that. That'd be a really
weird way of starting off, wouldn't it?
"I'm ready. "

I didn't know what you're supposed to say
and I just sort of went, "Ooh, er... "

"Erm...
"I've been a bad girl!
"I'm sorry about that. "

And he just went, "Apology accepted. "

But recently, I've had a bit more practice
and he went,
"You've been such a bad girl... "

".. that I think I'm going to
have to punch you. "

He's gone too far there. Hasn't he?
But I misheard him. He hadn't said punched,
he said punish.
Which is apparently entirely acceptable
in terms of sexy lingo.
But he hadn't thought it through,
cos I said,
"What kind of punishment
did you have in mind?"
He said, "Do the dishes!"
But we're clearly not married.
Give us a cheer if you are married.
And if you're not...
More energy again.
Have we got any divorces in?
Yeah!
Fucking... The happiest of all.
"Been there, done that. Fucked it off. "

Now, I'm divorced. And when I got divorced,
it came as quite a surprise to me. Erm...
Surprise is probably the wrong word,
isn't it? Shock's probably a better word.

Surprise just sounds like you
burst out of a big cake.

It would've been better had he done that,
cos at least there would have been
fucking cake.

For a while after getting divorced, I found
I wasn't invited to quite as many weddings.
I think people thought I was going to
walk in like the bitter divorce and go,
"Uh-huh.

"You enjoy your fucking day.
See how long this bastard lasts. "
I've recently been invited to more weddings.
I went to one a few months ago
and instead of having a wedding cake,
they had a spiral cake stand
that had cupcakes all the way around
and a massive cupcake on the top
that I sort of had my eye on.

But I suspected maybe one of
the wedding party had claimed that as well.
The groom came over to me and said,
"Thanks for the recommendation. "

Cos I had recommended
the cupcake shop.
That's a scary day, when you've just
recommended a cupcake shop
and you don't even live
in that fucking town.

He said, "Thanks for the recommendation.
I know you want the cake.

"The band's gonna come on in a minute,
do two sections.

"In their break, that's when
we're gonna do cake stuff. "

So pretty much every time
the band looked like
they'd come to the end of a song,
I just stood up.

When I was eventually right,
I went over to the cake stand,
I picked a cake,
my boyfriend did the same.
My friend, my friend's wife.

Four of us picked our cakes,
went back to our seats,
smug as fuck that we'd missed the queue.
"Mmm, mmm, mmm. "
Glanced across expecting to see
a long line of people.
The only people that were there
were the bride and groom
having their photos taken at the cake stand.
The groom came over later on, I said,
"I'm really sorry, but I think
we might've jumped the gun on the cakes. "
And he said, "Don't worry,
when I put the photos up on Facebook,
"I'm gonna tag every gap
with your fucking name. "
Me and my fella try and be romantic
to each other whenever we feel like it.
Sometimes we celebrate Valentine's Day,
sometimes we don't.
We didn't this year, we did last year.
Last year, a few days
before Valentine's Day,
he said to me, "I could do with some
suggestions, sort of on the present front. "
I said, "That's fine. " Because I know
some women like a surprise,
but I'm happy to know what it is,
cos I'm really busy and I don't have time
to take the bugger back.
So I said to him, "There's a shop
called Accessorize that I love.
"You could pretty much get anything in there
and you'd be on safe ground. "
I described the kind of thing that I like,
it's relatively inexpensive costume jewellery.
This sort of thing, sort of beads
and little flowery earrings.
Sort of quite plasticky, quite girlie.
You know, quite cheap.
Nothing that looks like actual jewellery.
And he said, "Fine. Logged. "
I do love him,
but that's what he's like. "Logged. "

And off he went.
And I want to show you what he bought us.
Bearing in mind, the last thing I said was,
"Nothing that looks like actual jewellery. "
First thing he bought us was
nine pairs of identical diamant earrings.
Just in case I was thinking,
"That's not enough diamant earrings
"for a girl who has got her ears pierced
just the once",
another three pairs of
almost identical diamant earrings.
The ladies might well have noticed,
especially near the front,
that they're not from Accessorize,
they're from Claire's Accessories.
So I said to him,
"They're lovely, thank you. "
"But you didn't... So you didn't make it
to Accessorize, then?"
He said, "I went to the girl shop. "
I said,
"Yes, it's a 12-year-old-girl shop. "
I reminded him that that's where we got
presents for his nieces, who are 11 and 12.
And he went, "Yeah, cos they're girls. "
His logic was brilliant.
I thought he must have walked in
Claire's Accessories and gone,
"She wants anything from in here. "
I'm lucky that he didn't come home
with a tiara with fucking kittens on it.
He said, "There's something else
in the bag. "
"Oh, great!"
He said, "I got you a couple of bangles. "
I said, "They're earrings. "
He said, "They're bangles. "
I said, "They're earrings. "
They're like, "I'm off to McDonald's
and I want to fit in. "
I said, "They've got a hinge,
so that you can get them in your ears. "
He said, "That's so that you can

get them on your wrists. "

He thought of everything
apart from anything I told him.

I said, "I hope that when you got to the till
you didn't say they were for your girlfriend.
"Cos if you did, you might well be
on some kind of fucking register now. "

What I've decided to do to help me relax
is just to find things that make me happy.
Because I think generally whatever
makes you happy makes you relaxed.

And I thought at 35
I knew everything that I liked.
But in the last 12 months, I found
two new things that I didn't know I liked.
The first one was courtesy of a nice lady
on Facebook who said,
"I understand that you like chocolate,
but I don't know if you know this fact,
"that if you have a square of Dairy Milk
"and a square of Galaxy at the same time,
"it's so good
"that it makes you do sex noises. "

I mean like good ones, I don't mean like,
"Ow! Ow! Get it out, get it out!"

I can tell some of you are now working out
your route home via a newsagent's.

Ah!

This show should be sponsored
cos I'm telling you to go and buy chocolate.
The show is not sponsored, but if
a future show is called Dairy Millican...
then maybe things have changed.

The other thing I didn't know I liked.
I told you I don't have kids.
A friend of mine had a baby in August
last year.

I thought I'd buy a present for the bairn,
because that's what you do.
I went into Marks,
went into the baby section.
Had a wander round.
Realised that while I don't like children,
I really love tiny clothes.

Picked up a couple of baby clothes
for the actual child
and then saw the smallest jeans
I've ever seen.
So I bought them.
And I didn't give them to my friend.
I brought them with us to show you.
They do look a little bit like
aspirational jeans, don't they?
"Someday, I'm gonna get in those fuckers. "
I don't know what to do with them. They've
been in a bag since August last year.
Can't put them in cupboard because I don't
have a cupboard for children's clothes.
I can't bin them. Imagine finding
a black bag with just those in.
I might have to kill a child
to avoid looking weird.
Well, I started thinking of different ways
to justify keeping them like...
what if a baby visitor
got caught in the rain?
That has slightly sinister qualities
as well, though, doesn't it?
"Well, let's get you out of
those wet things. "
So I goggled "people who like tiny clothes"
thinking there must be more than me.
There's probably a website,
maybe a support group
where me and my tiny jeans could fit in.
Nothing.
The only name that kept coming up
over and over again was Cheryl Cole.
Because she fucking wears them.
So, if Cheryl Cole ever comes round
to my house and shits herself...
And if when she shits herself,
she accidentally gets a little bit
on her shoes...
These are only like a month old. A different
friend of mine had a baby a month ago.
I said to my boyfriend,
"I'm gonna get a present for the bairn. "

And he knows me so well that he said,
"While you're there,
why don't you treat yourself?"
Yes! So, I picked up a little cardy and a
little pair of jeans for the actual child,
and then I saw those and I thought,
"I'm fucking having them. "
I'm aware that it's weird.
Don't worry about me, I'm fine.
But I didn't want it to look weird
to the lady on the till,
so I made sure
they're all the same age group.
And all sort of matched colour-wise
and I put them on the counter.
She said, "These are lovely. "
I said, "They're for my friend.
She just had a baby. "
She said, "If that's the case,
would you like some gift receipts?"
And I said, "Just for the cardy and the jeans
cos I'm going to keep the plimsolls for me.
"Oh, shit!"
My friend said, "Are you gonna get
a denim jacket to go with them?"
I said, "I'm not trying to build
a tiny Bryan Adams. "
I'm so grateful for you all to come tonight.
Thank you very much for coming.
I'm going to leave you on a story.
Me and my fella don't really get
nights off together very often.
So when we do,
we try to make the most of it.
And went out... We call them a date night.
Went out on a date night recently.
Had a curry, lovely curry. Got in,
put a DVD on. Everything going really well.
Halfway through the film, started getting
a little bit amorous, little bit frisky,
which I suppose is one of the points
of the date night.
Seemingly, we'd forgotten that
two hours before that, we'd had a curry.

- Nevertheless, he went downstairs.

- Ugh.

Don't mean for a glass of water.

I already told you I live in a flat.

Fucking work it out.

The only reason he'd go downstairs
is to do the bins.

And that should never be
a euphemism for that.

"Do you fancy, er...

"Do you fancy doing the bins later on?"

It doesn't work, does it? No.

So he went...

.. downstairs.

Do you know why I do it like that,
in that little stupid voice?

"Downstairs. "

That's not how I ask him for it, by the way.

"Downstairs,
will you go downstairs later on?"

"Will you do the bins?"

So, he was...

.. downstairs.

And there's no nice way
of saying this to you lovely people,
but I could feel a fart brewing.

Nobody knows what to do, do they?

There's no plan of action for this.

So what I did,

and I don't really know why I did this,
certainly don't know

why I'm telling you lot.

Similar to in the film Rain Man,

I started going, "Uh-oh.

"Uh-oh.

"Uh-oh. "

And he carried on,

cos, as he told me afterwards, he thought
I was doing an impression of Beyonc.

We've clearly not got the hang
of the whole seduction thing.

I think that's fairly evident

from what I've told you so far, isn't it?

I walked in on him the other day and he was

lying on the bed just in his pants.
You know how men think
that's attractive.
And he had one bollock hanging out.
And I thought, "I'm gonna have to
pull him on it. " No! Er...
Question him on it, not pull him on it.
If only they made that noise!
If they made that noise,
I'd never leave the little buggers alone.
I said, "Do you know that you've got
a bollock hanging out?"
He said, "Yes, I do.
I put it out especially for you. "
You lot have been such a joy.
Thank you so much for coming out tonight.
I've been Sarah Millican.
Thank you very much, good night!
Hello.
Thank you very much.
I'll tell you a little thing
and then I'll let you go home.
I've started doing this thing.
Maybe some of you do this.
I've started listening to people's
conversations on the bus and train.
And I was listening recently to two old
ladies.
They were talking about what they would do
if they were men for a day.
I thought, "This is gonna be good,
"because these old ladies
have got this wealth of experience.
"These answers are
gonna be quite insightful. "
I was out for lunch with my friends
and I asked them the same question.
I said to my first friend, "What would
you do if you were a man for a day?"
Without even thinking, she just went,
"I'd have a wank!"
"It sounds like you need to.
You sound a bit tense, pet. "
Second friend, "What would you do?"

She said, "I'd do everything. "
And I thought she meant like in
a sexual way, like she'd fuck everything.
I said, "Is that what you mean,
you'd do everything?"
And she went, "No, no,
just all the little jobs around the house. "
But these old ladies, different generation
to me and my friends.
In their eighties they were,
and one of them just said,
"Edith, what would you do
if you were a man for a day?"
The other one said,
"Knowing my luck, I'd get a Tuesday.
"And what can you do on a Tuesday?"
And my third friend,
and I will leave you with this,
my third friend took ages to answer.
I said, "Come on, give us an answer. "
And she said, "OK.
"The first thing I would do
is go and find my ex-boyfriend,
"and thwack my hard penis across his face!
"And see how he likes it
first thing in the morning!"
You've been lovely.
Thank you very much! Good night!