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Dara O Briain: Craic Dealer

By Dara O'Briain

This programme contains strong language and adult humour.

Ladies and gentlemen, please, put your hands together and welcome on stage Dara O Briain.

Good evening. Good evening, ladies and gentlemen.

How are you? Hello, hello, hello.

You're very good.

Ladies and gentlemen, welcome.

- How are you? Are you in good form?

- THEY CHEER

Course you are - it's Edinburgh, it's spectacularly warm, it's almost unnaturally warm in Edinburgh.

The glow off the heads of the lot of you is insane.

Welcome to the show, ladies and gentlemen.

We're five months into the tour at this stage and, generally, in relatively good health under the circumstances. Even the throat is holding up.

Right at the start of the tour we were in Dublin, I felt a tickle in the throat and you're going,

"Oh, Jesus. Don't lose the voice now."

And I went into a Boots and I said, "I'm about to do

"a lot of talking, and a lot of roaring, do you have anything?"

This is the pharmacy counter. "Do you have some...?"

Practically leaning in and kind of,

"Not the shite you sell these fecking eejits behind me.

"The good stuff."

And the woman goes, "I have just the thing," and stepped out from behind the counter, walked to the throat section, picked these things up and said, "These are very good.

"Because not only can you suck them, but on the inside, there's honey."

LAUGHTER:

I went, "I'm sorry? Are you explaining Locketts to me?"

LAUGHTER:

"Cos they've been on the market for some time now, pet,

"we've mastered that technology.

"Tell me, how do Rolos work?"

Now, the joy about it is, I'll be doing a lot of the talking, but you'll be throwing things in. That changes the show.

It's one of the joys of doing live stand up.

If you do a TV show and something goes weird or wrong, they make you do it again.

Do another take of that, right. If you were doing a stage play, you've got a script and you've got to stick to that.

This stuff, if something changes, or you say something weird, or someone runs naked across the stage or whatever, right, you've got to go with it.

You've got to commit to it.

There are very few things in the arts in which you have to commit... There are very few things in life you just have to absolutely go for. One thing. One thing.

When you rent a car in a foreign country where they drive on the other side of the road, and you're fucked if you're taking any instruction from the kid who gives you the keys, cos you've been driving longer than he's been alive.

"So get into the car, Mary and let's go."

And the first road you drive on is a roundabout to a motorway and you don't even know which way round the roundabout they drive... But you're going to go for it. Let's get into gear.

Oh, Jesus, where's the gear stick? Why is the window going down?

What? What the fuck is the gear stick doing here?

What are you doing here? Get off the roundabout.

Any turn, any turn. Which one is that one?

- Oh, Jesus, it's the airport, it's your man. Head down, head down.

- LAUGHTER

You've just got to commit to it.

There's one event that sums up perfectly for me, that kind of - boom, and here we go.

One event that occurred last November which some of you will know about, because it occurred in a small Scottish town called Oban. Right. Now.

Oban, you'll be familiar with here.

Oban, for those that are joining us that are not from Scotland - beautiful little ferry/fisheries town.

You take the boat there to visit the Mull of Kintyre and the Highlands and Islands.

There's a distillery, lovely part of the world. Beautiful community. And last November, they went out to watch their annual firework display...

LAUGHTER:

And what a fabulous evening it was for the people of Oban.

Glorious, almost flawless.

Almost without one teeny-tiny technical error.

Hardly worth even...

The entire fireworks went off at the same time.

A massive explosion - the entire sky erupting in an...

Those who haven't seen it - Google it and YouTube - it is fucking epic.

LAUGHTER:

The sky erupting in colour as the people of a small Scottish town cling to their children as they're being blown back by the velocity.

"No-o-o!

"We're going into hyperspace."

47 seconds of the greatest firework display in history.

Immediately followed by 30 seconds of silence...

..and then a voice goes, "You can all go home now."

LAUGHTER:

Oh, if you could just create that kind of moment, it would be fantastic. There will be moments we create. There will be things that are random and different as they are in any given show.

Some rules of engagement, for example.

I will be speaking at this speed for most of the show.

This is an Irish thing.

I'll be saying "fuck" and "feck" a bit, right.

Go with me on that. There's one really bad word a little bit later in the show - keep an eye out for that.

And I'll be doing... Are there any other Irish in, by the way?

- SOME PEOPLE CHEER

- A few Irish.

There'll be more of that as the years go by, there'll be more Irish appearing here in the UK

because things are a little tough at the moment in Ireland and...

- You sent us a bail out - thanks for that.

- LAUGHTER

We were supposed to spend it on whisky,

Welsh lamb and Kit Kats and we thought, "Screw that.

"We'll just spend it on tickets to go and live in the UK."

Keep an eye out for the new Irish - soft hands, soft, we've been working with IT hands.

There isn't a construction worker amongst them,

ladies and gentlemen, but when they get here, they'll take the gig.

They will happily stand...

"I'll do that. You want me to do that?"

"You want that knocked through and...?"

"No problem. We can do that.

"That's not an issue, we'll get that done.

- "Google it. Google it."

- LAUGHTER

"Bound to be a website somewhere that explains what he wants.

"Jesus!

"Well, translate it from Polish."

LAUGHTER:

APPLAUSE:

You will be sending planes to Warsaw to fly back the Polish builders that you were so dismissive of.

Oh, yeah, it's funny the first time you flush the toilet and the lights go off, but...

- LAUGHTER

- The shite we're about to make your houses...

In six months' time every Wickes, every Homebase, every DIY store in this country is going to be rammed with Irish "builders" trying to describe tools they vaguely remember from a generation ago.

"Do you have anything that'll make wood shorter?"

LAUGHTER:

"Cos I have a gap and I have a plank

"and I can't get the two of them to match up.

"There must be some way, do you have a tool for that?

"While I have you, I have a tin of paint and a wall.

"How do I transfer the paint...?"

"I have tried lifting it. I have tried scooping it.

"I have tried flinging it.

"I have tried smearing it.

"In my mind, there's a thing like a Jedward's head."

LAUGHTER:

"I could lower it in and run it along the wall.

"Does such a thing even exist?"

I honestly believe that this country needs more Irish people to come into it.

The Irish occasionally need to emigrate, just to see more of the world and also give their unique takes on things.

Because we've kind of slipped off the radar in the UK, you've kind of forgotten who we are.

Even, for example, the sign of the show - Craic Dealer, that's the pun which I presume most people got, craic being an old Irish word meaning fun.

And I went online and went,

"Jeez, I have to come up with a name for a DVD.

"I'm sick of calling them Live At The... and Live here."

And somebody suggested Craic Dealer. We said, that's brilliant.
A fantastic title for a show.
We stuck in on the box and showed to loads of people who went,
"Fantastic. Dara O Briain: Craic Dealer, I get it, that's great."
Apart from one major retailer in this country.
One massive chain of shops in this country that said,
"No, we won't stock something called Craic Dealer."
"Because it promotes drug use."

LAUGHTER:

As if people would walk into their supermarkets, see a DVD with
Craic Dealer on it and go, "Jesus, I'd love a bit of crack."

LAUGHTER:

"It'd really hit the spot.
"I've been meaning to try it for years
"and I was scared by the reputation it had.
"But if the man off the telly is selling it then clearly
"they've ironed out those initial problems.
"Kids, will we have some crack?"
"Let's have some crack, Daddy! Let's have some crack!"
Now, I'm not so unprofessional as to tell you which major
retailer in this country refused to stock a DVD...
I wouldn't dream of doing such a thing.
I would merely point out that
if you were to come up with an advertising slogan that best
sums up the day-to-day existence of a class A drug addict,
you're not going to do better than "Every little helps."

LAUGHTER:

APPLAUSE:

This may backfire on me,
cos the thing is, on the back of the DVD box there is
a picture of the show as it goes along,
so it means even if I keep it off the front,
the back of the box will have tiny letters of Craic Dealer,
which they're not going to be happy about.
I should be more sensitive to their desires not to have had this
here where they would see it.
I've got to do everything I can to avoid them
being embarrassed or angry by the words appearing...

LAUGHTER:

APPLAUSE AND CHEERING

How unfortunate.

There will be messing around.

Look at your little faces.

Look at the people I'm going to come to and have chats to and it's going to be fantastic.

Some more than others, by the way.

Don't be shy, just throw it out...

Go with it, enjoy yourselves.

You can probably...

You're quite young, how old is this group here?

24, 24. How old are you?

Who's young, who's young? 22. How old are you?

- 21.

- 21. Any teenagers here?

- You. How old are you guys?

- 19.

19. Lovely stuff. Right, you're off the hook, I'm not talking to you. You know why? Cos you've fucking done nothing.

LAUGHTER:

You guys, I might not take the gamble - you're only starting doing stuff.

But this lot - nothing.

Hey, what do you do? I don't need to know an essay title, right.

You're only just starting off.

Look at these gnarled fuckers here.

Far more interesting to talk to.

There is a point for a comedian, where the comedian goes,

"Hey, what do you do?"

We do it like we have any clue,

like we have any notion of the real nature of jobs.

This is the rubbish we do, we don't know the actual nine to five, the commute, the tension, the hierarchies -

all that stuff that exists when you work within organisations.

We know none of that stuff.

We have no skills in that world - nothing.

This is all I have done.

I would be gone. I have nothing transferable.

If this ends, I got nothing, right.

Nothing. I am institutionalised at this stage.

I'm like that guy in Shawshank who ran the library.

LAUGHTER:

Sorry. Sorry, I've lost you there.
It was a film that was released in the '90s.
Much like yourself.

LAUGHTER:

APPLAUSE:

When we go, "Hey, what do you do?"
we genuinely know nothing, we haven't a clue about stuff.
Particularly people who work in large organisations.
Do you work in a large organisation?
- You work for yourself? What's your name, firstly?
- My name's Keith.
- How are you, Keith? Are you a local?
- No, I come from Dunblane.
You've come from Dunblane. Good to have you down, Keith. Andy Murray, of course...
- Keith, what do you do?
- I have my own business.
You've your own business?
Oh, you're at the top of that kind of stuff, right?
Oh, this is exciting.
- How many people do you employ, Keith?
- Only three.
Only three.
Keith, you are the bedrock of this economy.
You have three now, but Facebook started with three, four or possibly 12 - I don't know.
Apple.
They all started with three.
Keith, you will take your industry and you will...
- What do you do?
- I sell furniture.
You sell furniture. Maybe not so much.

LAUGHTER:

Really, most of us have chairs at this stage, Keith, it's done.
- Do you make it or sell other people's furniture?
- Sell other people's.
You sell other people's furniture.
What's the big thing going out the door at the moment in Dunblane?
- Hardly anything.
- Hardly anything?

LAUGHTER:

Harsh, Keith.

You say you've got three, is one looking a big shaky at the moment?

Have you already got your eye on which one it is?

Is it last in, first out, or is there a difficult chat to be had?

"We're not selling a lot of chairs here, lads, tick-tock, tick-tock.

"That's all I'm saying.

"Bring some of those lamps home and see if you can shift them

"on the open market at the weekend. Back of the car - anything."

What's the...?

Any ridiculous thing that you've never had to shift?

How many beds do you have, for example?

- A dozen, or so.

- A dozen, or so at any given time.

Do you ever...? Do you ever sleep in the office?

Do you ever...? Do you ever jump from one to one?

Do you ever line them up, right...?

It's quiet, you're not selling anything.

Do you ever line them up and bounce from one bed to the other?

Have you ever come back and caught the lads doing that?

They make tunnels... They make forts out of all the furniture.

Oh, the fun they have when you're not here.

When you fuck off down to Edinburgh to see the show, do you know what they've done to the place?

It's insane. Two of them are dressed as cowboys,

the others as Indians, they're firing arrows across the place.

"Shite, Keith's back! Flatten the beds."

How big are the beds? How small are the beds?

- Oh, up to seven feet square.

- Up to seven foot square?

- Who the fuck needs a seven foot square...?

- LAUGHTER

Possible...

Giants are coming into...

"Hello. I want to buy a bed.

"I can't go in the door for I am seven foot tall

"and also seven foot wide."

LAUGHTER:

"I am a giant who likes group sex. Please...

"Please, can I find a bed that is large enough for me

"and the many women I lure back to it?"

What kind of sexy basketball players are hanging

around in Dunblane looking for beds to ship women through?

What is the target market for a seven foot...?

49 square feet of bed.

There are flats in London you would just use that as carpet.

Just push it through the door - thump.

How great would that be?

"Honey, do you want to come home? This is my house, this is my house."

Boing.

That'd be great.

How high is the bed? Does it have things underneath it?

Does it have drawers and shelves - can you hide?

- If you want to, yeah.

- Do people ever hide?

Do you ever do hide and seek during the day?

When somebody goes into a cupboard, they go, "Boo!

"I'm here, Keith. Ah-ha-ha-ha!"

You see, it's not the most business-minded conversation you have with people about what they do.

Have you ever sold a seven foot bed?

You have? How big was the person you sold the seven foot by seven foot bed to?

He was five feet three.

He was five foot three!

LAUGHTER:

Lying on the bed, just swirling around.

Stars, crucifix - every possible shape.

I'm going to sleep this way and this way.

Was he single or was he married?

He was married.

And was the wife nine foot eight?

He could have slept in one corner in a foetal position while she slept like a starfish.

Was she a starfish? Did he marry a giant starfish?

She was six foot and she was Russian.

She was six foot and she was Russian.

I love the details you know.

LAUGHTER:

Typical of those Russians coming in here and demanding huge beds.

They're like that, the Russians.

Are there any Russians in the room tonight?

- ONE MAN SHOUTS OUT

- Good. What are the fucking chances that that's a Russian?

What are the chances? Going "Hey, yeah, I'm Russian."

Via Leith.

So you genuinely are Russian?

Is your chair large enough for you at the moment,
or do you wish to spread out?

So to impress the Russian wife, he had the bed, very good.

Are you related to Keith, that lad there?

And do you work in the same industry?

- Do you work in a big company or a little company?

- I've got my own.

You've got your own company.

Lads, this is impressive.

It's like the Dunblane Small Business Association night out.

LAUGHTER:

It's like the Chamber of Commerce.

Promoting local industry in the Dunblane area.

How many people do you employ, my friend?

- Eh, 18.

- 18!

Don't look down on him!

LAUGHTER:

What does the company do?

We're opticians.

You're opticians. Could be 18 - could be nine - you're never sure...

LAUGHTER:

You can move further back and around.

Wait a minute! That's the same guy.

"Yes, I'm here to collect my pay."

Fucking hat change.

"I am here to collect my pay."

"This is for my beautiful Russian wife, Olga."

18 opticians. People in Dunblane -
big beds, can't see for fuck...

LAUGHTER:

What kind of...?

Who needs 18 opticians? Is it one branch?

- 18 staff.

- You've got 18 staff.

How many opticians?

- Five.

- Five, OK.

And there's loads of support staff doing all the bits and pieces?

Still, it's a fairly huge branch, isn't it?

No, no, we've got four places.

Oh, four places. So, five opticians and four places.

What does the fifth optician do?

Is he just there with an engine running the whole time on a moped?

"We've got an optical emergency. You've got to get to branch four.

"I'll be there in half an hour."

MIMICS MOPED ENGINE

"I'm here."

"Thank God you're here. We had two people come in at the same time -

"I can't deal with that kind of pace.

"One's saying E, the other's saying G, the other's saying L -

"I'm confused!"

"It's just a blur of Fs and Gs and Ls.

"I just have to put the Qs up to fuck them up.

"Just have loads of Qs

"and someone in a holding pattern just going, "Q. Q...

"Q."

"This isn't very difficult."

"I'll be back with you when the other optician comes!"

- MIMICS MOPED ENGINE

- Good work, my friend.

I'm 40 now - 40 with a couple of kids, which means that

I am now the focus of a phenomena that I hate.

It's a thing that television producers do,

and it's called "something for the dads".

Something for the dads is that really irritating

phenomena of putting totty into a show, particularly family shows,

as it's presumed it's the only way I'll keep watching.

If there's a bit of flesh on show.

Like, the lady dancers' outfits in Strictly Come Dancing is

textbook "something for the dads".

That's the way you say it - something for the dads.

Filthy, dirty, Sid James, "Ha-ha-ha! Something for the dads!"

It is cos you sit down with your family and you go,

"Are we watching the bloody dancing thing again?

"There's nothing for me in this. Hello."

Women on game shows standing next to prizes,

Doctor Who's sexy assistant, weather girls.

I mean, the presumption that I have to be kept slightly horny

all the time or I'll get angry about it - "I'm not horny.

"I can't concentrate unless I'm a little bit horny.

"What rain? Give me horniness or I can't concentrate on the rain."

Irritating. I hate the "something for the dad" thing, cos it's patronising to men, and limiting to young women. Men get fecking tragic as we get older. Women, I know it's difficult, but men - it's ludicrous. Apparently, all I have to look forward to when I hit my mid-50s is a pair of leather trousers and hovering around the back of a lap dancing club, until the shift finishes, to go, "Please, give me a chance, Aurora, this is real." That kind of shit.

"But, Starburst, this could work."

Starburst is a top quality name for a lap dancer, by the way. She didn't make a penny when she was called Opal Fruits.

LAUGHTER:

The minute she changed it, the cash came rolling in. If you're going to come up with a lap dancing name, confectionery is a bit of a mixed bag, I'm afraid. Some of them work beautifully.

"On the main stage, Candy
"and Bubblicious are on the stage at the moment.
"And on the second stage, Double Decker. Double Decker..."

LAUGHTER:

"..and Tunnock's Tea Cake.
"Tunnock's Tea Cakes is dancing on the second stage for your pleasure."
It may be that I'm sensitive cos I've got little ones -
I've got a daughter and a son.
The whole gender thing is one of these things that's raised.
Nationality is another thing as well.
I'm Irish, my wife is English and we live in London.
But I want our children to be respectful of the two traditions that they came from.
You'll understand that. You want them to celebrate that.
Even when we were naming our children, I wanted their names to be respectful and part of the two great histories.
My son is called Patrick Cromwell O Briain...

LAUGHTER:

Love that you get that.
It's not true.
Ridiculous, course not, no.
Other issues, for example,
I was watching a football match with a two-and-a-half-year-old of mine, and I get very passionate and I was roaring at the television.

Roaring, like that, right.
And then game ends and I go quiet and I'm in repose
and I look at this little face.
This little face that was glowing with learning
and this child looks at me and goes,
"Bloody Jesus Christ."

LAUGHTER:

And my wife goes, "Dara!"
And I go, "What? We're atheists!"
This is hilarious.
We've gone non-denominational, secular education.
There's no religion in our schools, yeah, that's the way we're doing it.
So imagine my surprise - the twist - that I have had to sit
through two Nativity plays already.
We're atheists in a non-denominational school.
What the hell am I doing watching...?

HE MUMBLES:

There is, by the way, a crib under the baby Jesus, here.
This isn't the first ever production of Limbo Christ.

HE MUMBLES:

My objections are predominately theatrical rather than theological.
But I've got to sit it through a lot of these things on tiny
chairs in school halls.
It's not comfortable. I'm saying to my wife, "Why are we here?"
She's going, "Dara, it's a Christmas story."
And I'm going, "There are lots of Christmas stories they could do."
They could do A Christmas Carol - a delight.
It's A Wonderful Life - a beautiful...
- Die Hard...
- LAUGHTER
Die Hard is one of our finest and most beloved Christmas tales.
Who among us would not prefer to see an under-fives version of Die Hard?
- Small, barefoot child shouting, "Yippee-ki-yay,
- BLEEP!"
- as they run...
- LAUGHTER
..to a cardboard representation of the Nakatomi Plaza.
I, for one, would love to see that.
At the Nativity play, there was a nice moment,
cos they went really quiet - even a hard-hearted old cynic like me.
There was a presentation of the baby and they all leaned in

and it was all very quiet and still and nice.
Then one voice at the back of the room goes,
"Bloody Jesus Christ."

LAUGHTER:

I felt proud.
As I'm sure she did, cos at the end her teacher came out and said,
"Thank you all so much for coming along
"to class 1A's Christmas production this year."
And, I, at the back of the room, nudged my wife and went,
"Finally, something for the dads."

LAUGHTER:

The thing about this proper big type of room, you see the other
shows that are on are musicals and they're all big shows.
A lot of the time you're playing with, you know, cover bands
and psychics - a lot of psychics.
I was in Wolverhampton a couple of weeks ago and there was a
book you have to sign at the end - "Thank you very much for the night."
And I flipped back through to see who else was there.
Derek Acorah was about ten pages before me.
And his message was quite sweet, he just wrote,
"Got away with it again!"

LAUGHTER:

Sally Morgan, TV psychic, I find myself on tour in the same
venues as her a lot.
Either there just after she's been or before she's been.
And it's a bit of a chore.
Sally Morgan comes onto my radar because of my nerd rants -
I have a tendency to look at things that offend me
on a rational level and to get irrationally angry about them.
My current favourite nerd rant at the moment is the
Dettol No-Touch antibacterial soap dispenser.
Pisses me off.
For those unfamiliar with it, it is a soap dispenser that you
wave your hand underneath and it squirts out the soap.
Thus saving you touching that plunger that has been
touched by, urgh, your family.
Pox-laden creatures like that.
You certainly don't want to be catching any
bacteria in the microsecond before you wash your fucking hands.

LAUGHTER:

My favourite at the moment -

I'm in a battle at the moment with astrologers.

Now, I say astrologers in the knowledge that half the room, myself included, have to do a quick, "Jesus, which one was that?"

"Astrologer, astronomer. Astronomer, astrologer. Which one is which?"

Irritating it is that these two things that have incredibly different philosophies have such ridiculously similar names as astrology and astronomy.

Karren Brady off The Apprentice, ultra-efficient as she is, very professional woman, very smart, I met her just before I did the show Stargazing LIVE, the science show I did with Brian Cox. I met her just before that in the BBC. She said, "What are you doing next?" I said, "I'm doing a show about astronomy."

And Karren Brady went, "Ooh, you don't believe in that, do you?"

LAUGHTER:

I went, "Yes, Karren, I believe in the stars."

Everyone makes that mistake.

In fact, I will give you a little hint, a little learning aid so that you don't...

Remember "Richard Of York Gave Battle In Vain" to remember the colours of the spectrum?

Here's a very simple one to remember which one is astronomy and which one is astrology.

It's all in the word.

Astronomy - "nomy",

"nom", as in nom, nom, nom,

Brian Cox is delicious.

LAUGHTER:

Astrology - "logy",

"log", a unit of poo.

LAUGHTER:

We got into a fight with astrologists cos on Stargazing we had a model of the solar system - all eight planets out and we were going to show that it was rock, rock, rock, rock, gas, gas, gas, right?

I had an extra point - I got the earth and I spun it around, I went, "There it goes.

"Round again in a year. And look, there it goes around in another year."

The earth has an orbit of exactly a year. None of the other planets have an orbit of a year,

or any multiple of a year or a fraction of a year,

like, a year later they're all over the place.

The year after that they're all over the place even more.
There's no reason you would share any personality traits with
somebody born the year after you, it makes no sense.
Brian Cox, to his eternal credit, stood beside me and went,
"Obviously, on behalf of the BBC, we must have balance."
"Can I just say, yes, astrology is nonsense."

LAUGHTER:

And we got a million letters from angry medieval soothsayers
furious that we weren't giving them due credit.
And on Twitter, they were tweeting me, going,
"If you were a real scientist, you'd be more open-minded about the
evidence."
And I'm going, "Lucky for me, I'm a fucking comedian."

LAUGHTER:

And they all want...
They all wanted to come onto this BBC science show to
give their side of the "argument".
And you're going, "No, you can't come on. Why? It's a science show.
"You can't come onto it, cos your work clothes are a cape, with...
"stars sewn onto it."
"You're called Madame Zacharino."
"That's why you don't get to go on a science show."
"You get to do premium rate phone lines in the back
"of the newspapers, you don't get to do science shows."
"These are the choices we make, so..."
There was a part of me going, "Jesus, bring them on. Bring them on."
That means I am allowed - quid pro quo -
to appear on any television show they do.
Just on Daybreak on ITV, I'd be sitting at the end of the couch just
reading the newspaper,
while they're over there warbling on about Aries this or Virgo that.
And the host goes, "Thank you very much, Madame Zacharino,
"but under broadcasting regulations, I must turn to Dara."
And I put down my paper and go,
"Ah, everything she said is shite."

LAUGHTER:

"Same time next week? We'll see you then. Good stuff."
A lot people say it's a very soft target.
It's a bit of craic, we all know that.
You open the paper in the tea break in the office and you go,
"Ah, John, you're going on a long journey."

"Oh, Mary, you might come into some money."
That's fine, it's just a bit of a laugh, I get that.
In fact, in Newcastle on the tour,
we had three prison officers from a prison called Frankland Prison.
And we were saying to them, how brilliant would that be if every
day they went round to the cells and read the lads their horoscopes?
How fantastic? "Oh, you might be going on a long journey. No..."

LAUGHTER:

"Oh, but there's new love!"

LAUGHTER:

It is a soft target, but here is why I like doing it.
They took a complaint against me and they submitted it to the BBC
and they did one against Brian Cox as well.
Every time the complaint was rejected they'd resubmit it, so it moved up
the levels.
And it kept going up the levels to a thing called the BBC Trust,
which is like the head of the BBC.
You should read the ruling of the BBC.
You should just read the tone, which is just,
"Ah, would you ever fuck off?"
"What? I've got to worry about this?"
"I've got all of Mexico complaining about Top Gear."

LAUGHTER:

"I don't give a shite about this."
Cos the bloke who runs the BBC Trust is an old Dublin lad going,
"Ah, Jesus, stop it..."
"Ya big prick. Ha-ha-ha-ha..."
Sorry, just one for the Dubs.
Sorry. Anyway, they took the complaint.
If you want a fight, let's have a fight.
Very, very straightforward. Here's my argument against them -
you have to come with me a little bit, but I know you will.
This is how it starts.
A lot of people are very down on racism.
I do like pausing at this stage and feeling an audience go,
"Where's he going with this?"

LAUGHTER:

"An unexpected twist!"
Very down on racism -
they say it is one of the worst social evils they can imagine.

"How dare you do that?" they say.

"How dare you ascribe to me personality traits?

"You don't even know me, but you tell me that you know me

"and you know these things about me.

"You say I share these traits with a large group, you don't

"know them, I don't know them,

"and you're saying not only do we have these same character traits,

"but we have some sort of common history and some common destiny.

"And you make all of these horrible presumptions on the back of what?

"On the back of a fluke of birth.

"How dare you do that? What?

"Oh, Capricorn."

LAUGHTER:

Here's the thing.

If you want a clumsy tool to divide the population into distinct groups so that you can make predictions, racism is way better than astrology.

In fact, if you remember nothing else from this gig,

if you wake up with everything else out of your head, remember just that fragment where I went,

"Racism is way better than astrology."

That's your hashtag for the gig - #racismiswaybetterthanastrology.

Don't mix it up. Don't you...!

If I find any of you going, "What was the show about?"

"Oh, it was great. He said, 'Racism is for the dads.'"

LAUGHTER:

"When you're a dad, you're allowed to be a little bit racist."

"He's right, I've learnt a lot of things..."

Anyway, racism - way better than astrology.

Here's the proof.

Write down all the star signs - 12 of them.

Then get another piece of paper

and write down all the different racial groupings you can think of.

You get to 50, 60, easily.

Then, if you're Irish, you can start going county by county.

That's another 32.

Here, in this country, you start going,

"Glaswegians do this, whatever.

"Geordies do this and Scousers..."

You'll get up to 80 easily, at which point racism is six or seven times more powerful than astrology in dividing up the population.

And here's the clincher...

how much better would Daybreak be...

LAUGHTER:

..if once a week they had a racist in making predictions?

LAUGHTER:

We'd all tune in to watch that.

"So, Terry, what's ahead of us for the next seven days?"

"Well, it's going to be a big week for the Jews."

LAUGHTER:

That's my racist face.

I am a nerd. I'm a tech-nerd as well.

I quite like watching us scramble to keep up with technology.

We think because we're at the very breaking edge of all technology that somehow we're geniuses.

If we ever fell back in time, fell through a wormhole and landed in Renaissance Italy and we landed in front of a council of the finest minds - Leonardo da Vinci, Botticelli, Michelangelo - and we think we'd be gods.

They'd look to us, like, oh, my God.

We'd jump-start science. We'd be a wonder of the age.

We'd tell them things they've never heard - it would be incredible.

No, we're three questions away from looking like fucking eejits.

Question one - "What do you have in the future, traveller in time?"

And you go, "We have an amazing think called a computer.

"A computer sits in the room. We have them in all houses in the world

"and it sends information all over the world and it draws information in."

"My God," they'd say, sketching furiously, "that is amazing." "And how does it keep going?"

"Well, it's connected to the wall by a cable."

"And what happens there?"

"I don't really know."

LAUGHTER:

"They've tried to explain it to me any number of times.

"I've never really got it, to be honest.

"Basically, there's a thing that lives in the wall...

"and it makes the pictures change."

They are walking away at this stage and you are clutching,

"Wait, wait. We have a thing called a fridge in the future.

"A fridge is an amazing machine because it keeps cold on the inside and we can put food in it

"and it doesn't rot and that means we are healthier for longer..."

They'll go, "That's amazing. How does it work?"

- "It hums."

- LAUGHTER

"And the humming is in some way related to the cold."

"What keeps it humming?"

"Ah, it's connected to the wall..."

LAUGHTER:

"Is this the same thing that made the pictures change?"

"Could be."

Name a simple machine we use every day.

MAN:

Microwave is the simplest fucking machine you could think of?

What house of the future do you live in where the simplest machine you have...? "I'll just go to the microwave...on my jetpack."

- Simpler than that.

- AUDIENCE SHOUTS OUT

Kettle, toaster - very good.

Could you imagine explaining a toaster to Michelangelo?

"You take a piece of bread, you put it into the machine.

"You press down...and you wait."

LAUGHTER:

"What happens? Does it double the bread, change the bread into other foodstuffs,

"thus ending hunger?

"Does this machine stop famine?"

- "No, it just makes toast."

- LAUGHTER

"But we can make toast. We hold bread up to a flame on a fork."

"Ah, but this does two sides."

LAUGHTER:

APPLAUSE:

"500 years of science and advancement

"and you can make two-sided toast?"

"I like two-sided toast."

"And what keeps the machine hot?"

LAUGHTER:

HE MUMBLES:

"It's connected to the wall."

All right. Non-electrical.

Simple non-electrical machine we use every day?

AUDIENCE SHOUT SUGGESTIONS

Toilet! Of all the things. Can you imagine explaining a toilet to Botticelli?

"You gather your robes around you and evacuate your waist into it.

"Then you press a button and it's all taken away."

"Where does it go?"

LAUGHTER:

"It goes into the wall."

LAUGHTER:

"Does it feed the thing that makes the pictures change?"

"Yeah, whatever, eh..."

I love the fact that people get bewildered by technology,

I love the fact that people get really negative about it, like, there's something wrong about this.

Twitter, I am very fond of Twitter, for example.

I think it's great fun, that title came from Twitter.

It creates community and jokes get passed around.

Twitter's very good

because it's allowed up to 40,000 people to contact me directly and tell me I look like Gru from Despicable Me.

LAUGHTER:

APPLAUSE:

Hate the round of applause that gets every night.

Eh...

I think it's good for...

And also, people say there's something natural

about the form of communication, it's brevity, it's what we do.

Brevity is the very soul of wit, we've known that since Shakespeare.

It is brief and to the point.

If you're a comic, you love a thing that you explain in seconds.

I had a routine that I used to do about,

what's the stupidest thing you've done on your holidays? I've retired it.

I've almost entirely rested it because it was won.

It was won in January by one bloke from Killarney.

Just nailed it, right.

Now, we just ask to set the bar.

All I want is the first line -

what's the stupidest thing you've done on your holidays?

- **MAN:**

- Gone to the wrong place.

Went to the wrong place - loving that! What was that that just occurred there?

Went to the wrong place. What did you shout?

- **MAN:**

- Married my wife.

- Married your wife. Aw!

LAUGHTER:

Thing is, up there's a woman going, "Did you get a big laugh?

"Did you like that? Funny, was it? Did you get a good laugh off them?

"Why don't you go home to bed with them

- "cos you're not going to bed with me right now."

- **LAUGHTER**

I went out in Killarney and said, "What's the stupidest thing you've ever done on your holiday?"

One bloke goes, "I kicked an armadillo."

LAUGHTER:

"That is epic, my friend.

"Why did you do that?" And he said, "I don't know.

"He just walked out in front of me, I didn't know what the fuck to do."

He was on a jungle trek, like, a guided tour of the wildlife, with the local guide showing him,

"This is the nest of the such-and-such.

"You can see the tracks there and occasionally,

"those birds will find their fruit and they will bring it..."

All this kind of stuff and in the background he's standing next to a bush and an armadillo walks out and he just goes, "Oh, fuck!" And he just hoofs it.

LAUGHTER:

Properly...boof!

Apparently, got his foot underneath it with the instep, lifted it over a tree.

See, I don't know what I find more exciting about that, the face of the local guide, going, "Don't kick the fucking wildlife," or of the armadillo, going, "This is a bad day for me."

LAUGHTER:

Apropos of nothing - stupidest thing I've ever done on my holidays was on Bondi Beach in Australia.

I was watching the surfers go fizz, fizz, fizz up and down, standing on the boards, comfortable, looking very...

And I went, "I can do that."

I went to the board rental area, rented the largest board they had, ran to the water with the music from Hawaii Five-0 playing in my head. Ran to the water.

It's amazing - the minute you hit the water it instantly goes from surfboard to bar of soap, floomp - out of your hands.

LAUGHTER:

And then there's an interesting moment of tension.

Cos when they rent you a surfboard, they strap it to your leg.

So it goes...and then you go as well.

Drags you out of the water. You're hoping nobody spotted. You run back in again.

Every time I tried - floomp - gone. Then - floom - again.

Just 20 minutes of watching this thing disappear off and yank me with it.

That sounds like it's just embarrassing.

No, it's actually painful, cos the underside of a surfboard has three bloody razor blades stuck onto it.

They're meant as guides or something, but it cuts across your thigh each time it shoots out of your hand.

I got all these scratches and nicks and dinks.

After 20 minutes, I looked like some weird emo chick.

Just sitting in the water with all these tiny little cuts.

I was bleeding into the waters off Australia.

LAUGHTER:

I'm luring sharks into Bondi Beach.

But I kept trying.

I ran into the water, I caught a wave coming at me, just about shoulder height - very important in that situation...

Surfing 101 - when that happens, lift the board over the wave, or break the wave with the pointy end of the board.

Don't do what I did...

which is hold the board up flat...

LAUGHTER:

..in an effort to deflect the Southern Ocean away from myself.

I managed to harness the entire gravitational pull of the moon.

Boof - "Aw, Jesus!"

- LAUGHTER

- "Agh!" Gone, right.

Now, there's a man looking at me and laughing.

Just standing there in his trunks laughing at me.

I'm going, "I'm going to do this, right."

Ran into the water and leapt onto the board, as if to mount it - like a rodeo thing.

I went, "I've fucking... I've got you now! I've got you!

"Oh, Jesus, you're not as buoyant as you let on."

End up forcing it down and wedging myself on the sand with the waves just lapping in and out around me.

I'm just staring at the other surfers, going,

"How are you, lads? Good day in the water, isn't it?

"Couple of great breakers out there, aren't they? Fantastic.

"Might take a bit of break myself as I'm weak with the blood loss."

But I had to walk past your man.

I picked up the board, walked past the man, who was in tears laughing at me.

I walked past him and I vividly remember - this is a true story -

I walked past the man just going, "Ooh!"

Your man looks at me, and in the thickest accent

I have ever heard, just goes,

"Oh, Jesus, Dara, we Irish are shite at surfing."

LAUGHTER:

Where was I? Oh, yeah, I was talking about the technology.

One of the things I love about Twitter, for example, is just that instantaneous community.

We see an event happening,

and we react to it and we have our water cooler moment there and then.

It's fantastic. It's good if you're all watching the same TV show.

It's particularly good for political events.

Last summer during the London riots it was very evident as well.

Did you watch the London riots?

About seven of you did.

The rest of you, waiting for the box set to come out?

There was a big deal at the London riots.

The reaction to it was fast, but it wasn't necessarily profound.

Everyone's reaction was that standard hackneyed

reaction to the riots, which was, "I wouldn't have done that.

"Look at those children. Those 16-year-olds are feral.

"I would not have done that when I was 16."

I would not have done it when I was 16.

I wouldn't have been phoning round organising riots at 16,

cos when I was 16, we had one phone in the house
and it was in the sitting room with the TV and the couch.
And there was literally no way you could organise a riot...
"Yeah, we're going to have a riot. It's going to be amazing...
"I'm on the phone. Leave me be, I'm on the phone."
"We're going to smash the system,
"We're going to destroy capitalism - it's going to be amazing.
"Plea... I am allowed my calls as well. It's a private call.
"I'll see you in town in half an hour.
"See you in town in half an hour. Yay-hay, very good.
"I need a lift into town."

LAUGHTER:

Besides which, I was 16 in 1988.
In 1988, NOBODY is looting a television.

LAUGHTER:

"How fucking heavy is this thing?"
"Bloody... God almighty! Me arms are killing me!
"Hello, officer."
I haven't even got out of the shop yet.
What was intriguing for me about the way Twitter reacted,
cos the corner of Twitter I live in will be quite media,
quite liberal, quite left-leaning, right.
It was amazing how quickly these people,
seeing riots in the streets, went authoritarian.
Went very harshly right wing, right.
Suddenly, they're all crying out for rubber bullets to be used
and water cannons to be introduced to the streets.
These things are not as sweet and whimsical as these names suggest.
Rubber bullets in particular.
"Oh, we've got some rubber bullets, what do we do with these?"
"People have taken over the bouncy castle - boing, boing, boing!"
"And water cannons. What do we do with water cannons?"
"Distract them with the rainbow."
"Oh, so many colours, it's lovely."
"Oh, I'm all wet - sexy time."
That's what they're for, right.
People get scared,
they get scared of crime as they don't want it to affect them.
When you've got kids, you get scared very, very quickly, cos you want
the walls built higher, you don't want crime coming into your home.
I have a very specific fear about crime in the home, cos I work nights.
I'll be giddy every evening cos I work until 11 o'clock

at night, I don't get to sleep until four/five in the morning.

Most nights I'm up till four/five in the morning.

I'm an owl.

Basically, I will be up when the burglar comes.

And I know the way I say that makes me sound like my own mother.

"Oh, I was up when the burglar came.

"Oh, Jesus, the burglar's here.

"Go down the shops, we've nothing here.

"Go down get some biscuits for the burglar.

"Burglar, don't look at the mess. The place is a state."

It's a genuine fear cos I'm going to be in my hall

and there's a burglar in my kitchen.

I'm going to be behind the hall door, which has wood to here

and frosted glass to here, and I'm going to...

I don't want to fight the guy.

I want to threaten him out of the house. I want to scare him out.

I don't know how to do a threat, I've never done a threat in my life.

I have a vague sense that it has to be quite punchy.

You can't threaten somebody and let it tail off.

You can't go, "Get out the house now or I don't know what I'll do, I'll do something, it'll be bad."

If I'm behind the door, give me the first thing you'd shout.

MAN:

Get tae fuck!

LAUGHTER:

It's more the exasperated tone, "Get to fuck."

Like it's a wasp.

Like you're at a picnic and you're going, "Ah, get tae fuck!"

"Ah, fucking, ah! Sick of the fucking burglar. Get tae fuck."

The key is, once you get past the "get tae fucks", then you're into,

I'm in the hall, what world can I create in the hall to scare the guy away?

I was in Cork and I made the mistake of saying,

"What world will we create behind the door?"

And a bloke in row three, with genuine excitement, went, "Narnia."

LAUGHTER:

As if I should slightly open the door

and throw fake snow into the gap.

And go, "You must leave now. The Ice Queen is coming."

What would you do behind the door to create the illusion you've got something with you? Bark! Of course, like a dog.

Let's hear you do it, right.

I'm the burglar, this is the door, I'm rooting through your stuff when I hear this...

None of the rest of you now.

I hear this noise...

WOMAN BARKS:

LAUGHTER:

Nothing scares a burglar more than a tiny dog.

A tiny dog released from the handbag he lives in.

"Go on, go on!"

HE BARKS:

"Fucking thing."

If you can kick an armadillo, you can kick that fucking dog.

No difficulty doing that. Anything else? One more over here.

- WOMAN:

- Peekaboo!

LAUGHTER:

I'm sorry, my attention has entirely been got.

That was the scariest thing I have ever heard in my life.

Is it just me, or is that woman going, "Peekaboo,"

the most frightening thing you could possibly...?

What kind of fucked-up horror movie...?

The doll is alive, "Peekaboo!"

LAUGHTER:

What kind of crazy, haunted,

possessed house does the guy think he's in?

Should I put a plate on top of a fishing line

and wave it around as well

and go, "Peekaboo. I've got you."

Why don't we just play jack-in-the-box music?

HE SINGS "HERE WE GO ROUND THE MULBERRY BUSH" TUNE

"Peekaboo!"

LAUGHTER:

"You're mine now."

There was one answer - not as creepy and weird as that...

There was one answer that always appears in Ireland, interestingly.

Always appears in Ireland

and it would 100% work in getting an Irish burglar out of an Irish house.

It never gets shouted in the UK, ever.
AUDIENCE MEMBERS SHOUT OUT
You're just shouting every...
I'm waiting for potato to be shouted,
the level of the stuff that's been poured out.
What did you say down there?

- WOMAN:

- Jesus is watching.
Jesus is watching.

LAUGHTER:

These days, I think
you might be overestimating the power of the Catholic Church!
If you said the local priest is watching,
that'd be more scary for them!
The killer phrase, in Ireland, if you want to get an Irish
burglar out of your house, you open the door slightly and just shout,
"I know your mother."

LAUGHTER:

No Irish burglar stays in a house. "Jesus! You probably do."
And they're gone.
Listen, they're all brilliant suggestions.
You're creepy. They're all brilliant suggestions.
Don't get me wrong, I have an alarm.
I'm not an idiot, I have an alarm in the house.
In fact, I'm not showing off here, I've got a motion sensor alarm in the
house.

AUDIENCE OOHS:

They're great. Nothing to do with home security,
but every time you come home pissed, you try to beat it.
I thought being a homeowner was really responsible,
but now I find myself tiptoeing through my own house, going,
"I've almost got it this time."
The amount of times I've gone to bed and my wife has gone, "Did the alarm
go off?"
And I've gone, "Shh. Shh. Go to sleep now."
"Nothing to be worried about. It was a short circuit - some sort of error."
"Nothing to be worried about. You go to sleep. Everything is safe."
"Sleepy time for you. Sleepy time for you."
She's gone, "Were you playing Mission: Impossible again?"

LAUGHTER:

"I got to the stairs."

LAUGHTER:

The bloke came in to install this alarm and stood in the kitchen and went, "Sensor over there. "Sensor over there and a sensor over there." And as he was doing this, one of our cats just walked past him. Your man goes, "Is that a cat?"

LAUGHTER:

When a grown man does that, you just have to savour the moment before you launch in and go, "Is that what it is?"

LAUGHTER:

"We have been Googling furiously for weeks. "We've even scanned him in at one stage. "We've narrowed it down to slightly larger than a hamster, "but smaller than a small elk. "With this new information, we can narrow the search down even more. "Honey, it's a cat! "I know, we never thought. That's great." "Yeah, it's a cat. So what?" And your man goes, "Well, it's not going to work now." I said, "What do you mean?" He says, "Because of the system. "The system cannot tell the difference between a cat "and a burglar." I'm standing looking at him, going, "Well, let me explain it to the system." "A cat is about this height. "A burglar is about this height. "If a cat ever breaks into my house and it's this height, "I want the fucking alarm to go off."

LAUGHTER:

"I don't want any debate, any pause, "I want the alarm to erupt into life and go, whah-whah-whah. "Get up, there's a sabre-toothed tiger in your kitchen, get up! "Get up, there's a tiger in the house! "Relax, he's found the Frosties, we've bought some time." "If your system cannot tell the difference between a cat "and a burglar, rip it out, "and we will dangle a piece of string from the ceiling. "And in the morning, I will come down "and find the burglars batting distractedly at the string."

"And I'll open the back door - get out, get out!
"Sick of the burglars coming in here every night.
"It's the neighbour's burglars, we're infested with them."

LAUGHTER:

"It is a digital alarm system," I said.
"Can I not just upload a sound file to it?
"Like an MP3 of a voice going, 'Intruder. Intruder. Intruder.'"
No burglar stays in the house if the house goes, "Intruder. Intruder.
Intruder."
But it filters delightfully, because cats don't move.
I've leaned over my cat and gone, "Intruder. Intruder. Intruder."
And the cat has just looked up and gone, "I am on...the phone."

LAUGHTER:

A friend said, "That is amazing.
"If you could upload any music, you should upload the Benny Hill theme
tune."
How epic would that be?
A burglar breaks in and suddenly the house goes...
HE HUMS THE BENNY HILL SHOW THEME TUNE
Naturally, you run down in your underwear from bed.
HE HUMS THE BENNY HILL SHOW THEME TUNE
Around the burglar, back out into the hall.
Back in again. With you, two girls in stilettos.
Something for the dads.

LAUGHTER:

My wife said, "No, you are not having Aurora
"and Starburst hanging round the house." I said, "It is for home security.
"You are not taking the security of this family seriously enough."
I do not want to have to deal with the burglar in that situation.
I will give one piece of advice before I pretend to walk off -
I'll do the thing where I'll walk to there, come out again.
Keep an eye on it.
If you are ever facing a burglar in your home,
don't be fooled by the propaganda of the frying pan industry.
If you hit a person with a frying pan, it doesn't go, "dong".
And the person goes...like that.
There is no setting for stun on a frying pan.
There are two settings on a frying pan.
You're either going to hurt and anger them,
or you're going to fucking kill them.

LAUGHTER:

Either you've got a burglar in your kitchen, going,

"What the fuck did you do that for?"

Or you're in your own garden...digging a grave.

With a frying pan.

You're dragging the corpse, you're patting it down.

You're looking at your own hands which are covered in soil and blood and brains.

You're going, "Oh, my God. So much evidence, how can I get rid of it?"

"If only I'd bought the Dettol No-Touch antibacterial soap dispenser."

Ladies and gentleman, I'll walk to here.

CHEERING:

Going to here...almost disappearing.

And I'm back out again!

CHEERING:

Absolute pleasure to talk to you, you've been fantastic.

Going to leave you with a story. Phones are great, but...

There was a piece in the Guardian not long ago,

they'd seen an interview with Paul McCartney,

where he said he can't finish a meal without people constantly coming up for a photograph on the phone.

And the Guardian were quite snarky about it and quite,

"Oh, Paul, if this is the worst thing you have to face with your millions..."

You're going, "It probably is a hassle."

Paul McCartney's the eighth most famous man in the world.

We'd all want a photograph with Paul McCartney if we saw him, right?

I'm the 9,000th most famous man in Ireland, I can't

finish a fucking pint in Cork, in particular.

Cork is a great town,

but Jesus, they're obsessed with their Facebook update status.

If I go for pints in Cork,

the next day I could flick through Facebook and in the correct order I could watch a stop-motion animation of myself.

LAUGHTER:

Once, I was sitting in a bar in Dublin, I was drinking angrily.

You know those occasions where you just...

Having a pint about something with a mate of mine.

A woman came over and tapped me on the shoulder with a camera and said,

"Is there any chance of getting...?"

And I said, "Of course. Of course."

I took the camera off her, put my arm around her,
held the camera and went click, click, click, flash.
I handed it back and said, "There you go, have a lovely day."
Away she goes. I turned to my mate who is laughing, and I said, "What is so
funny?"

"This is what you have to do now. It's what you have to do."
And he said, "I'm not sure it is, really, to be honest."
"I think she just wanted you, or anyone,
"to take a photograph of her and her friends."

LAUGHTER:

There was nothing more earthing, more grounding,
more good for the soul than slowly turning in a bar to see a woman
holding up your face on a camera and mouthing the words,
"Who the fuck...is this?"

LAUGHTER:

"Who is this man who insisted I be photographed?
"Who put his arm around me and went,
"'You don't want them, you want this.'"
"This is the happy memory you want of your trip to Dublin.
"Give me a big smile.
"There you go, pet, have a lovely weekend. Bang."

LAUGHTER:

It has been a pleasure talking to you, to every one of you, it's been a
delight.
You've been a joy, as always.
I'm Dara O Briain, good night, see you later.

CHEERING:

Absolute pleasure, ladies and gentlemen. We'll see you again.
Good night, folks. See you.

CHEERING:

Good night, folks. Good night.